THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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An aeroplane can be quickly transformed into a geoplane by pulling the wrong lever, observes the Boston Transcript.

It is stated that an ambitious disciple of Luther Burbank is at work on the production of a scentless onion. Let us alone!

One of the great problems of life, to the New York Press, is when there is so little in it how much less is there out of it.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes held that a thawing conservative was a much more agreeable person than a freezing radical.

The strength of the country, observes the Christian Register, is vested in those millions of good, honest, trustworthy farmers and mechanics and professional men who are living in comfort, doing their work quietly, and voting according to their principles when occasion offers.

It can be safely assumed, claims the Boston Globe, that flying machines, principally for amusement purposes, are bound to appear in larger numbers in the future. Nor are the foreign inventors to have the field to themselves. American invention in this line is still progressing.

Observes the Chicago Tribune: The connection between the mosquito and yellow fever is no more certain than that between the common house fly and disease. It is an active agency in spreading dysentery, tuberculosis, smallpox, scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria and other diseases. In a large number of cases the sufferers are children. But the mortality among adults due to this cause is not small.

The public playground has become a fixed institution in the United States and still it is only in the first stages of development. Persistent missionary work has been necessary to persuade the lawmakers and administrators that no better field for investment could be found. That stage of the campaign has now been well passed, contends the Washington Star. The playground idea has become established, and it remains now to carry it out in execution to the fullest extent of its possibilities.

A kind nature makes numerous friendships and close companionships with many human beings less and less necessary as we travel toward old age. The old man, if a fully developed, mature man, does not need many friends. He does not need chatter to stimulate thought. He could not tolerate the close daily intimacy with many which makes up the charm of life in youth, moralizes the New York Journal. The old man gets along with less friendship, as he gets along with less sleep. Nature arranges it that way.

To adapt reasoning to the French dueling practice, it is obvious to the same intellect, argues the Pittsburg Dispatch, that meeting on a blood-stained field cannot wipe away stains upon a personal honor. The dueling practice had it origin in a semi-barbarous state of society and was the legitimate successor of the theory that he could have who could hold. It had to do mostly with affairs of the heart and had some semblance of sense in its practice where a fair lady was the reward of the survivor. But the duel as an arbitrament of a question of veracity or honor is an absurdity run mad.

The text of the new ruling on ice cream, promulgated by the State Department of Agriculture, will be read with different feelings, notes the New York Times. Of course, "cream" has always been a generic term, and the ice cream vendors have availed themselves of this knowledge to such an extent that, as is well known, their product is usually guiltless of cream that comes from the cow. But few customers will be shocked by the labels printing the facts, that pure milk, sugar and flavoring extracts, with gelatine or eggs as a "binder," make the ingredients of commercial ice cream. They are wholesome.

The National Prosperity Organization, of St. Louis, affords a test for the New Orleans Daily States to say that there is no doubt that the American people are a unit in favor of the return of prosperity, but that there is doubt whether it can be drummed up. It goes on to say: There is no doubt that it is well to be cheerful and look on the bright side of things, but it is necessary also to look at things as they are, or they are likely not to work out right, for it is impossible to hypnotize whole communities into the belief that a situation is entirely contrary to what it really is or to make it so by pronunciamento. It is evident that the restoration of prosperity will have to be brought about by hard work and not by resolutions and addresses. Moreover, it is safe to say that more is being done to bring about renewed industrial activity by business men whose voices will not be heard in conventions than by all the politicians who are now engaged in an attempt to produce wind-made prosperity.

Robert and Rupert.

The Surprise They Gave Miss Thorne of Los Angeles.

(W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain-Dealer.)

The young woman in the doorway paused a moment. The young man at the desk looked up inquiringly.

"May I come in?" the young woman asked.

"Certainly," said the young man, and pointed to the chair beside the desk.

She was a pretty girl with a bright look and a firm little mouth, and her clothes betokened taste and skill.

The young man put down his pencil and drew back in his chair.

"You are Mr. Robert Somers?"

"I am Robert Somers."

"I am Cecilia Thorne."

The young man bowed.

"Does the name awaken any slumbering memories?" the girl inquired.

He shook his head.

"No," he replied.

"You might have added that the fact was a matter of regret," said the girl. "But I can see how it is. You are the retiring brother."

"The retiring brother?" the young man echoed.

"Yes. It is your brother who is bold and masterful."

The young man's eyes opened wider. A flush tinged his cheeks.

"Are you not making some mistake?" he asked.

"I think not," replied the girl. "Anyway, you must let me tell my story. Then if you find there is anything in it to correct, you must say so frankly. That's agreed? Then listen. I am Cecilia Thorne from Los Angeles. My home has been with my late uncle, James Temple. My uncle died six weeks ago. Perhaps you have heard his name?"

The young man nodded.

"I saw a notice of his death. He was a retired capitalist and very wealthy."

"Yes," said the girl. "And he was also very eccentric." She paused. "Now I am coming to the point that interests you. My uncle's will was not opened until last week. In it he leaves half his wealth to me unconditionally. The other half will be mine providing I marry a son of the late Henry Carlton Somers, of New York."

The face of the young man grew red. He slightly gasped.

"Please say that again," he murmured.

"I hope you are not going to faint," said the young woman.

He straightened up.

"But why in the world should your uncle insert such a preposterous condition?"

"Sir!"

"I mean such a singular condition?"

"That's better. It seems that when your father and my uncle were young men my uncle in some way did your father an injury. Took advantage of him in business and wronged him. This unfairness worried my uncle in later years—more especially after he heard of your father's death. He talked with me about it and made me promise to do my best to right the wrong. Of course he didn't allude to that interesting clause in his will." She paused. "I'm a Western girl, Mr. Somers," she added, with a quick change of tone, "and I believe I am a business woman. For a year or more I have had the handling of my uncle's estate, and that has been no easy task. Now I am treating this matter of the will in a business way. The amount involved is a very large one, and if the provisions of the will are not carried out it will go to establish certain queer hobbies of my uncle's that have nothing save their queerness to recommend them. I want to be frank with you. I take you to be a gentleman. At present I have nothing to suggest. But later on I would be very glad to ease the burden my uncle has placed upon me by a suitable payment from the conscience fund he has placed in my hands."

The young man flushed again.

"That is quite impossible," he said. "I know nothing about this old debt. My father never mentioned it."

The young woman leaned forward a little.

"Well," she said, "the first thing to do is to get your positive refusal to consent to this matrimonial condition."

He looked into the eager roseate face and drew a quick breath.

"I—I don't think I could bring myself to do that," he stammered. "You must settle the—the matter to suit yourself. Why should you come here at all?"

"Because I am doing my best to carry out my dead uncle's wishes. I have a tender conscience, too. You will help me greatly if you will say that it is impossible for you to—to marry me?"

"But I can't say that," he persisted.

"You are not thinking of the money?" she abruptly asked.

His flush deepened.

"That is unkind," he said.

"So it is," cried the girl. "Forgive me. Then you refuse to help me for purely quixotic reasons? Of course you are not already married?"

"I am very glad to say I am not married," he replied.

"You shouldn't say it so seriously," said the girl with a quick smile. "If I were looking for compliments I should—but, there, this is a business interview. And you refuse to refuse me?"

"Wild horses couldn't draw such a refusal from me," he said. He was beginning to get his breath again.

"It isn't necessary to be so emphatic," said the girl. "Well, I've failed with you. Now I want to see your brother."

"My brother! What do you know about my brother?"

The girl smiled.

"Not long before my uncle's death he sent a Western man to find out all he could concerning the Somers family. It is quite possible that the glare and hubbub of the great city proved too much for this impressionable messenger. Anyway, he spent a good deal of my uncle's money and came back looking very tired. His report, too, was somewhat meager. He said that Henry Carlton Somers left two sons—I'm afraid he was in a condition to see almost any number—and that the boys were radically different in dispositions. One of the sons was quiet and reserved and a hard worker. The messenger understood that the father's affairs were found to be in bad shape, and this quiet son was doing his best to straighten them out—working day and night to pay the creditors and save what could be saved. Then he heard about the other son. He was different. He'd been a famous man at his college—a great runner and football player. He was in his junior year when the Spanish-American War broke out and promptly enlisted and went to the front and saw real fighting and did something particularly fine—carried a wounded comrade away on his back, or something. After he left college he went out to a Western mining camp and was made town marshal, I think, and helped to civilize the town. My uncle's messenger only heard about your brother; he didn't see him. But he saw you and talked to you a few moments on some trumped up business."

"And may I ask how I impressed him?" the young man inquired.

"I will tell you what he said. He said you seemed lacking in spirit and apparently knew nothing about life outside your dull business grind. And now where can I meet your brother?"

"Here."

"And when?"

"I think I can find him in a few minutes. Will you wait?"

"Yes. I want this business settled as soon as possible."

The young man arose.

"I will bring him here."

"How old is your brother?"

"Our ages are the same."

"Twins! How delightful!"

"Not if we are rivals," said the young man steadily. Then he hastily added: "While we may differ in dispositions, you will find us a good deal alike in appearance, although it is quite possible you will consider Rupert better looking."

"Just now it is a question of what he considers me," said the girl.

"Do you care for his brother's opinion?" the young man quietly asked.

"I can't see how that enters into the present business," said the girl quickly. "It is your brother's opinion that interests me now."

He bowed, and, taking his hat, passed into the hallway.

It was a fifteen-minute wait. The girl remained in the chair by the desk, her eyes taking in the meager furnishings of the room and the dull outlook through the long windows.

Then a step caused her to turn. A young man was entering, a brisk young man who came directly toward her with outstretched hand.

"Glad to meet you, Miss Thorne," he said. "I'm Rupert Somers. Robert has told me all about you and your jolly queer mission. How do you do?"

Cecilia gave him a quick glance. He was very like his brother in looks. Perhaps he was a little taller, and there was a different shade to his complexion. That might have been accounted for by his gray business coat and his pale blue tie. But there was a wide difference in the facial expression of the two Somerses. Robert was quiet, almost grave. Rupert was sauve and smiling.

"So your brother has told you about my uncle and his will, and—and about me?"

"He spun it out in a hurried way, but I fancy I grasp the essentials. Bob seemed precious serious about it, but the romance caught me."

"Romance?"

"Don't you regard it so?" he lightly asked.

"Certainly not. It's cruel. It's abominable!"

He laughed softly.

"You take it too seriously," he said.

She resented his tone.

"What is it that you think I take too seriously? The matrimonial suggestion?"

"Perhaps. At the same time that needn't bother you materially. It's all in your hands. It isn't as if you were facing poverty, you know."

"I don't think that would make any difference," she said, with a little snap in her voice.

He looked at her in his lazy way and nodded.

"I don't believe it would with you. Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me?"

"Telling you what?"

"Telling me what you forfeit by not carrying out your uncle's new way to pay old debts?"

She hesitated, then lightly laughed.

"Call it in round numbers two millions."

He softly whistled.

"That's surely a pot of money!" he said. Then he added: "Do you know I don't think it was quite fair for you to come and tell us this fairy story. It's disquieting."

"You like money?" said the girl.

"Yes. Perhaps I might say I respect it, too. I never saw much of it. Dad had to scrimp to get me through college. When I came out I didn't seem to have any way of earning money, except by playing baseball, and dad wouldn't hear to my becoming a professional. Then dad's affairs got into a tangle—they had been going from bad to worse for a long time—and I had to give up what I was doing—it was something brisk and bustling that promised very fairly—and come into the office here."

"Then you and Robert are associated in the business?"

"Yes, we're together. It's share and share alike with us."

She looked at him curiously.

"I have heard you were quite a famous man at college?" she said.

"It was the sort of fame that shrivels in the autumn wind," he laughed.

"And you went to war?"

"It was a very little war."

"And did something particularly fine?"

"Pure melodrama. I was considered very good in amateur theatricals, you know."

He looked dismayed as she arose.

"Please don't go yet," he said. "I fear I have blundered. Anyway, you will wait until Bob returns." She hesitated. "I—I know that Bob means to ask you out to dinner. It will be such an unusual pleasure for Bob."

She looked at his distressed face and laughed and sat down.

"Do you know," she suddenly said, "that if you and your brother could be combined you would make an unusually agreeable personality. You lack his steadiness, and he lacks your liveliness. It's almost a pity you can't make a composite of yourselves."

His face cleared. He suddenly laughed.

"Would the united Somerses prove sufficiently agreeable to solve that bothersome clause in the will?" he quickly asked.

She flushed again.

"Isn't it time for your brother's return?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. "Bob allowed me fifteen minutes." He arose and seemed to hesitate. Then he walked quickly to the desk and seating himself bent over the papers for a moment. When he looked up his expression had changed. The liveliness and sparkle had faded from it, his hair was pushed back, his eyes were grave and steady.

"So you have seen Rupert?" he quietly said.

The girl started up and stared at him.

"You!" she stammered, and came closer. "Are—are you Robert or Rupert?"

"I am both," he answered. He slowly smiled. "I am the composite. Forgive me for the little play. I told you I was an amateur actor. When you seemed so positive there were two Somers I suddenly determined to introduce the other one. I borrowed the coat and the tie, and the rest was art. Besides, I—I wanted to show you that there was another side to my character. I resented that picture of me your uncle's messenger brought home."

She continued to stare at him.

"That was very well done," she said. She paused a moment. "I hope you will not put away Rupert entirely when you put away the coat."

His face brightened.

"I knew you hadn't detected me when you spoke of the—the clause."

"Bother the clause," said the girl.

He suddenly arose.

"Will you let me take you out to dinner?" he asked.

She nodded.

THE GIFT OF CORN.

By Sophie Bronson Titterington.

Many of the Indian legends are beautiful, but none of them are more quaint or delicate in fancy than the Ottawa legend of the origin of Indian corn. It was taken from the lips of one of the old members of the tribe:

The beautiful Manitoulin Islands, in Lake Huron, were long the abode of the Ottawas. Mass-wa-we-in-ini, the magician of the tribe, was crossing a wide plain when he was accosted by a little man with a red feather on his head.

"Where are you going?" asked the little man cheerily, and invited the magician with the long name to smoke with him. "Tell me," said he, as they smoked, "wherein does your strength lie?"

It seemed a strange question, but the magician made straight and true answer. "My strength," answered he, "is that of mankind; no more."

"We must wrestle," said the man of the red feather. "If you should make me fall, you will say to me, 'I have thrown you, Wa-ge-me-na.'"

The magician was nothing loth, and so they wrestled. For a long time the issue seemed doubtful, so strong and active was the little man; but at length the stranger was thrown to the ground.

"I have thrown you, Wa-ge-me-na," he cried, and immediately his opponent vanished into the earth.

On looking at the spot where the little man had disappeared, Mass-wa-we-in-ini discovered a crooked ear of Indian corn (mondamin) lying upon the ground, with the usual red, hairy tassel at the top. While he gazed, wondering, he heard a voice say, "Divest me of my covering and reveal my body. Separate me into parts, and cast me upon the plain. Return in one moon."

The magician obeyed these directions, and when, at the end of the moon he returned, he found the spikes and blades of young corn, and where he had thrown the cob, pumpkin vines were thriving luxuriantly.

Again the mysterious voice addressed him: "Mass-wa-we-in-ini, you conquered me. Had you not done so, your life would have been forfeited. Victory has crowned your strength, and henceforth my body shall give nourishment to the human race."

Thus it was that to the Ottawas was given the gift of corn. They have made good use of it, for this tribe has ever been noted for their fine crops of this useful grain; and, indeed, it was from this custom of trading in Indian corn that the tribe was called Ottawas.

TALES OF ADVENTURE

A RACE FOR LIFE.

Late in May of this year, and well up to the head of the Kuskokwim River, two miners were coming down from the icy streams that wash the yellow metal from these undefiled deposits of Alaska's frozen banks. They had had an unsuccessful prospecting tour. They had found good indications, but the money of the trip was all gone and no provisions were to be had. Then toward the lower reaches of the river they had turned their faces, where food could be secured. In the mountains they could stay no longer. The dead-lock on travel had just been removed by the bursting of the rivers from their icy fetters, and to drop down the river was a pleasant matter, compared to the many laborious days spent in ascending, when nothing but the hope of great success could spur man to the dangers and perils of such ventures.

Partly satisfied with the trip, they were ready now to return. One day was spent in making the land trip to the main river, which, by the aid of the dogs, could be done by each packing a load. The dogs were accustomed to this; but being underfed at this time of the year, they felt the weight more than if food had been plentiful. Prospectors may quarrel and separate, but one true friend never leaves them, and that is the dog. Whether food be plentiful or scarce, he is ever at his master's side to do his part, carry his loads, or draw the sledges; and if he cannot go in the boat, if it is summer, he runs on the bank and swims the icy streams if he can but be with his master at camp.

Disappointed in the hope of gold, and without money or provision, the two partners and the dogs had camped on the bank of the river, and were now breaking camp in the morning, preparatory to leaving for the coast. By an unexpected mishap, one man accidentally shot the other through the leg. The bullet shattered the bones into many pieces. A few other prospectors encamped near by came to the aid of the distressed pair. The nearest doctor was about 800 miles distant, with an ice-bound coast between. Men of the wilderness do things when they need to be done, and do not lose much time in preparation. The limb was secured as best they knew how, and the trip begun with much haste. The oars fell heavily, as the boat moved from shore. Some things must be left, and among them the dogs, which, as was their custom, ran along the bank, howling, as the boat disappeared from their sight. No food was left in camp and none could be had in the forest, and their only friends were leaving them in the boat. The sick man required too much room to take the dogs in the skiff, though to leave them was distressing, even to the suffering master. Presently the decision was reached and the boat swung to shore. The dogs were mercifully shot.

On the second day of the race for life, to the joy of both, a steamer was sighted. She was tied to the bank and taking on wood for the trip down stream. The friendly captain took them on board. A few days more and the steamer would be at the upper mission station where word could be had of the doctor. Finally the cheering news came to the sufferer: "The mission is in sight," and though the doctor was absent the kindest skill and care of the missionaries were expended for the injured man. But he must go to the hospital, and so, from one boat to another, the poor sufferer traveled until the coast was reached. A schooner in winter quarters was soon put in readiness, and though two weeks had elapsed since the accident, the race for life still urged on energetically.

Then followed a dreary experience of storms and fog and the crossing of flats and rolling in the trough of the sea, with misery and discomfort too lengthy to relate. Not until a week after taking the schooner did they dare to round the cape, and then the heavy fogs bespoke ice near by. The wind decided them to take their course for the Nushagak, but it died out before they rounded Cape Constantine, only to come up in a southcaster, with a tide drifting shoreward. Their position became most critical as the gale increased and the anchors began to drag. To avoid stranding on the shallows, the sails were set, the chains slipped and the craft headed straight for the cape. Soon a heavy bump was felt and the seas rolling over the deck told them they were near land. Presently the ebbing tide left them on dry land. Few had thought of anything but their lives. It was found that the terrible pounding of the little schooner had loosened the dressings on the injured limb, and added cruelly to his sufferings.

They were wrecked forty miles from the hospital. The captain and another man started out to get help, and in forty-eight hours were at the hospital, footsore and hungry, but thankful to the people who had helped them on the way. Supt. Berglund, of the Alaska Fishermen's Packing Company, placed his steamer at their disposal for the rescue, and in twenty-four hours more the injured man was brought to the hospital. He was almost in a dying condition, for blood-poisoning had apparently set it. His temperature was 101. At the operation a captain who was present said: "Why torture him further? It would be as well to dig one grave for all of the man as for part of him."

A few days after the operation, when he had strength enough to speak, the sick man said, "I am a countryman of Carnegie, but I have not his wealth. If I cannot pay you missionaries for saving my life the Lord will repay you, and if any of my claims turn out, I hope to do so myself." This man is still with us, well, but crippled. We have applied the $20 the Christian Herald readers sent us on his account, and we assure you that your wish that God might bless the gift, the distributor and the beneficiaries, has already had its fulfilment, and we trust that the blessing of the Lord may be the portion of the benevolent giver also.—J. H. Romig, in the Christian Herald.

THE DEED OF A HERO.

Not all the courage of war is expended on the battle-field. A man died lately in Calcutta who performed a deed which contributed greatly to save the Indian Empire. At that time, in 1857, he was a mere lad, employed as an assistant in the telegraph service. His name was W. Brendish, and he sent, at the risk of his life, a despatch from Delhi to Umballa, which bore the first news of the outbreak. This message, repeated to every town which could be reached, proved of priceless value. Colonel Edward Vibart, in his "Sepoy Mutiny," tells the story of how, to quote the judicial commissioner of the Punjab, "the electric telegraph saved India."

It was the custom to close the telegraph offices on Sunday between the hours of 9 and 4. On May 10, 1857, as the operator at Delhi was about to close his station, he received a message from the Meerut office announcing an uprising in that section. At 4 o'clock, when the office was reopened, connections with Meerut were found to be interrupted.

The telegraph force at Delhi consisted of the chief and two young assistants, Brendish and Pilkington. The office was situated outside of the city, about a mile from the gates.

On discovering the break in the connections, the chief sent the two lads to test the cable across the river. They found that they could signal to Delhi, but not to Meerut, and reported the fact on their return. It was too late to do anything that night, but the next morning Mr. Todd, the chief, went out himself to investigate the line. He never returned, and although his fate is unknown, there is little doubt that he was murdered.

The office was thus left in charge of the two lads. Signs of trouble began to be evident close at hand. Brendish, stepping from the door, met a wounded officer, who cried to him, "For God's sake get inside and close your doors!"

The revolt crept closer and closer. The boys felt that their lives were in danger; soon they became sure of it. But before they fled to a place of comparative safety they waited to send out to the Indian world the news of the revolt.

Brendish ticked out the message which caused Sir Edward to say:

"Look at the courage of that little boy! With shot falling all round him, he stayed to manipulate the message that was the means of saving the Punjab."

The government rewarded Brendish for his services by giving him a life pension, and the other day the old man died in the India he had helped to preserve.

AMAZING SOMNAMBULISM.

In a hospital in Birmingham, England, is a patient whose strange powers have attracted wide attention there and have been submitted to eminent psychologists here. The patient is a music teacher, whose habit of walking in her sleep had developed so far as to alarm her family. She became in fact a confirmed somnambulist, and this strange development caused much sorrow and no little uneasiness to her relatives. They sent her to the hospital in the hope that it might be cured. She was allowed to do as she chose, but was kept under observation while her case was studied. She habitually left her bed after three or four hours and busied herself in various ways, including descending into the music room and playing the piano, tuning a violin and fitting new strings to it, and crocheting. Her most remarkable feats, however, were reading and writing in the dark. This development is extremely rare in somnambulistic cases. If there was even a faint artificial light in the room she would avoid it and go over to the darkest corner, where she would read, study and write letters. When awake she has no recollection of having been reading or writing. An examination of her eyes reveals no reason for her being able to see in the dark. Her condition is obviously abnormal, but it is an indication that the human personality, in spite of the theories of materialists, is gifted with powers of which we have no conception in our present state.—Christian Herald.

Getting Even.

"No, I don't believe in expensive practical jokes," said a San Francisco business man, "except by way of retaliation.

"Now last year I received a telegram from a friend who was traveling in Italy. It came collect and cost me seven dollars; and when I opened it, all I read was, 'Thank you, I am well.'

"Then I sallied forth and sought me out a cobblestone—a nice, large cobblestone weighing about eleven pounds. And I wrapped it in excelsior, pink cotton and white paper, and I boxed it up in a handsome box; and I sent it by express, collect, to my facetious friend far across the bounding billows.

"And when he had paid his little fifteen dollars, and had opened the box in St. Petersburg, if I remember rightly, he found in addition to the precious contents a note from me that explained, 'This is the load that rolled off my heart on receipt of the news of your good health.'"—Woman's Home Companion.

Better Than Expected.

A defeated suffragette of Paris has received so many offers of marriage that she regards her campaign as a substantial success.—Philadelphia Ledger.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

Chinese iron dealers buy horseshoes and sell them to knife and tool manufacturers all over the province. It is claimed by the Chinese that the temper of this class of iron makes it the best obtainable for knives and cutlery.

Cement may take the place of steel plates as armor on French battleships in the near future, as exhaustive experiments have shown that a certain cement of French invention, the formula of which is kept secret, shows a remarkable resistance to shells fired from the heaviest naval guns. It is stated, however, that the weight of the cement armor on a vessel would be must less than steel plates now in use.

Electricity excells all other mathods of transmission for convenience, says the Scientific American. An electric cable may be strung where required, and machinery may be arranged in any position without reference to line shafting. There are instances, however, where rope drive will save both in first cost and in cost of operation, particularly when the process of manufacturing calls for a number of parallel shafts with machines nearly in one plane.

M. Dufour, a French scientist, has succeeded in making thermometer tubes of pure quartz. Not only are these tubes exceedingly transparent, but their resistance to heat and other advantages make them superior to glass for thermometers intended to measure high temperatures. In such thermometers melted tin takes the place of mercury, and the scale reads from about 465 degrees Fahrenheit up to 1000 degrees. It could be run up to 1800 degrees, for quartz does not soften below that temperature.

A public electrical museum and laboratory lately opened at Brussels is designed to promote electrical enterprise in the country, and is equipped with all kinds of models and apparatus, that can be seen and tried by the visitor. The museum has four main halls. One is given up to the demonstration of the laws of the electric current; the second contains machines producing electric or magnetic phenomena, electrochemical apparatus, lamps, motor-driven agricultural machines, etc., with sections of telegraphy, radio-telegraphy and telephony, the third is a large reading room, with many scientific publications; and the fourth has dynamos, motors and other heavy machines. A number of professors give their time to lectures and laboratory work.

Why He Could Not Change.

The story is told of a Lutchman who certainly needed the services of the far-famed "Lady from Philadelphia" if ever any one required her assistance.

He was assigned to a seat in the coach which obliged him to ride backward through the Black Forest. At the first stopping place he asked the postmaster to give him another seat, saying it made him ill to ride backward.

"Ask the man opposite to change with you," said the postmaster, gruffly.

"But there is nobody opposite to me," complained the Dutchman, "so I cannot ask him."—Youth's Companion.

For Children at Home

"NO! NO! LAND."

'Tis running here and running there,
And all about the place;
'Tis little "Patterfeet" take care,
Or sad will be your case!

'Tis "No! no!" here, and "No! no!" there,
For danger lurks at hand,
And baby pouts, "It isn't fair!"
For babes can't understand.

"Oo goes allwhere about, but 'No'
And 'Mustn't' cries to me.
It isn't fair; I wants to go
An' see what is to see.

"I wants a work-box, well as 'oo
An' ickle pins and fings,
An' nice cut-cuts, what cuts in two,
With big roun' holes for rings."

But, baby, we're your angels, and
We'd keep you out of harm
We're older and we understand
The causes for alarm.

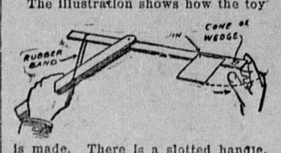
When all are wiser, baby, dear,
And filled with more of grace,
Then we will leave this "No! no! Land"
And find a freer place.

—McCall's Magazine.

MAKING A CARD SKIMMER.

Here is something for the boys. It does not make a noise like the dangerous toy pistol, but it is a more amusing and more interesting toy in every way.

The illustration shows how the toy



is made. There is a slotted handle, in which is pivoted a slip of wood with a notch in the upper end. Around the notch and handle is sprung a strong rubber band. On the lower end of the wooden slip is a short pin and a slight cone. To use the skimmer, you stick the card on the pin, and pull back and suddenly release the slip. The card swings around on the pin, strikes the the cone, is thereby lifted off the pin and goes flying through the air to a great height or distance. A little practice will enable you to skim the card a hundred feet.

Study the illustration, and you can make the skimmer yourself.—Good Literature.

OLD INDIAN LEGEND.

This is an old Indian tradition which is told concerning the origin of tobacco, Indian corn and wheat.

Long ages ago two Indian youths, pursuing the pleasures of the chase, were led to a remote and unfrequented part of the forest, where, being fatigued and hungry, they sat down to rest themselves and prepare food.

While they were thus employed the spirit of the woods, attracted, it is supposed, by the unusual and savory smell of the venison, approached them in the form of a beautiful girl, and seated herself beside them. The youths, being struck with gratitude for the condescension which she had shown them in becoming their guest, presented her in the most respectful manner with a share of their repast, which she was pleased to accept with seeming satisfaction.

The repast being finished the spirit, having thanked them cordially for their attention and informing them that if they would return to the same place after the passing of twelve moons they would find something that would recompense their kindness, disappeared from view.

The youths, having counted the moons, and having returned at the appointed time, found that upon the place on which the right arm of the goddess had reclined an ear of Indian corn had sprung up, from the place where her left arm had been a sprig of wheat, and from the spot on which she had been seated was growing a flourishing plant of tobacco.—Washington Star.

CUSTER AND THE BIRD'S NEST.

Not many soldiers have proved so daring in fight as was brave General Custer.

Few leaders not having command of great armies have captured more flags, guns and prisoners than were taken by him.

Though so dashing and brave when he met an enemy in arms, General Custer was gentle and tender to helpless dumb creatures.

Once General Custer was riding over the wide Western plains and behind him came his troops. Tramp, tramp went the feet of the horses.

At a certain point the general's sharp eye caught sight of a frightened little bird. He saw her nest and the young birds in it. It was directly in the pathway in which he was leading his men.

No, he would not bring sorrow to that harmless mother bird. He would save her young from the iron tread of the horses.

Instantly reining his horse aside, he commanded a change in the line of march. The troops obeyed, of course, but wondered.

As they advanced they saw the nest on the ground and helpless pretty creatures in the nest. The soldiers knew then why the leader passed them.—Henry Tamke, in the Brooklyn Eagle.

THE BRAVE DOG.

One day a boy and his dog Rex went fishing in a boat. They brought their lunch, and after their lunch they started again fishing. All at once the boy got a bite. He pulled it out; it was a big trout. He was glad he caught it. After a while he got another bite, as he thought. He was caught in a log and it pulled him into the water.

As soon as the dog saw the boy in the water he jumped in after him, and caught him and brought him to the boat. The boy got in first and the dog next.

When they got to the bank they hurried home, and the boy told his mother. He was glad he was not drowned.

After that they called the dog "Brave Rex."—Edward J. Nolan, in the Brooklyn Eagle.