THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

OL. XXVI. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY. JULY 18, 1908. NO. 34.

...in a recent ser-
...ce of the press
... than that of the church

...anism is growing into wide
...ven the great inventor,
..., Edison, has become a par-
...t to it.

...imes, says an actress, are
...y woman's extravagance.
...e doesn't imply that it's
...conomy that drives them
..., protests the New York

...records a triumph in the
...a hydrophobia patient in
...whose life could not be
...tes the Louisville Courier-
...it who was so treated that
...no pain.

...tutional church is perhaps
...limit in the establishment
...rting room" promised as
...f the Christ Presbyterian
...Chicago, predicts the New
...d. Cozy corners, screens,
... and chaperons—Chaper-
...to be provided. But even
...careful and approved out-
... the church be invariably
...the matches will prove to
...made in the proverbial and
...glons?

...s the Pittsburg Dispatch:
...h is to maintain a special
...t for its members, it is
... frequent amendments
...ary in order to keep it
...east of the times. For
...dist discipline pro-
...nce at horse races, but
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...e constantly being in-
... would be necessary for
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... called by the New
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...is not necessary to put up
...rbidding hunting on private
... property owners may pros-
...ters for tresspass, whether
...gs are displayed or not.
...it should be. A trespasser
...a trespasser because he in-
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...hing, and the fact that he
... gun does not make his
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...ences a bit less offensive.

...or Brandl, of the Univer-
...lin, has issued a long state-
...intaining his contention
...merous critics that the av-
...can American speaks Eng-
...rrectly and as purely as the
...educated Englishman, and
...s this fact to the bad educa-
...ystem in England, which is
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...languages. He points out
...bridge University has no
...modern English, and asserts
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... all modern languages, men-
...the study of English at Har-
...of German at Philadelphia.
... all district and
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...t the nasal sound and vulgar-
...of the educated American's
...g begin to disappear?"

...valry" was the subject of the
... Charles F. Aked's sermon re-
...at the Fifth Avenue Baptist
... New York. "The great trou-
...n us to-day," said the clergy-
...is that we have been carried
...with an idea that we must each
...e all in all for himself. It is
...ult of the age. There is too of-
...lack of that feeling for the hero
...t whom we brush in daily life.
... try to cultivate the feeling of
...y that will bring us to an ap-
...of these ideals—not the
...s pomp men went forth to
...whether for justice or not. Our
...experiences tend to make us
...hearted. It is better to go
...h life deceived, disappointed,
...d on all sides, than to lose
...onfidence or belief in human
... In America we find less than
...other country in the world the
...aking a slave of the woman.
...erican husband is the ideal
...d."

... Bible as a standard for the
... use of words has been urged
...aders by Professor Lounsbury,
...e, writing in Harper's Mag-
... "Make up your mind," says
...or Lounsbury, "that the Bible
...de to be followed grammati-
... much as it is morally. The
...e of our version belongs to
...eenth century. It, therefore,
...y contains expressions which,
... proper at that time, are not
...rd with the common usage of
...y. When it was originally
...ted, which was generally the
... pronoun referring to persons.
...we say, Our Father which art
...ven. More than this, the sub-
...tinction found in the employ-
...of shall and will had not then
...e established in the language.
...ese do not affect the correct-
...f its procedure in regard to ex-
...ons still met with everywhere.
...ch cases accept its authority
...t question, and conform your
...e to it."

A SONG O' LOVE.

Oh, lay your hand in mine, sweetheart, and let us go a-Maying,
The woods are full of blossoms and the world is full of song,
And down each fragrant pathway a lazy breeze is straying,
And with your hand in mine, sweetheart, the way is never long.

Like summer is your sunny smile; like sunshine are your tresses
Like roses are your crimson lips (and honey o' the bee),
And like an angel's whisper is the truth my love confesses—
And, oh, my Love, 'tis summer time, and will you marry me

The honey bees are humming to the blossoms in the grasses,
And the mocking birds are mating in the tangle of the vine;
The world is full o' life and love, oh, dearest lass of lasses,
And my happy heart is singing, "You are mine! mine! mine!"

—Celia Myrover Robinson, in Woman's Home Companion.

A DEFIANCE OF FATE.

BY GERTRUDE FOXE.

The girl pulled on her coat slowly, staring at her reflection in the mirror. Then she fastened it with great care and precision, looking to see if the back were free from wrinkles. Lastly, she began to put on her gloves, with eyes still intent on the looking glass. The doctor, with his back to her, was gazing out of the window, evidently absorbed in the doings of his neighbors.

On the last button of the right hand glove she paused. "How long?" she asked coolly. The doctor turned. He expected to meet a face of despair, and was surprised by the smile which accompanied the question.

"Well," he said reluctantly, "perhaps a year, perhaps less; not more."

"Ah," she responded quietly, slipping her fur over her shoulders. "Thank you for speaking out. I hate indefiniteness. Good-bye." She held out her hand, which he took. Even through the glove he could feel that it was burning. He might have known, he said to himself, that her indifference was only assumed. It was brave of her to hear her own death sentence pronounced with such self-possession. He had seen strong men break down under similar circumstances.

"Good-bye," she said again, and turned to go with a little laugh.

"What are you going to do, Margaret?" he asked, unconsciously making use of her first name.

She paused in the doorway and threw him a glance over her shoulder. "I am going to be happy," she said steadily. "For the first time in my life. There is no need for me to study duty or appearance now. In a year, whatever I shall have done, good or bad, will be buried with me. I am going to be happy!"

He met her reckless glance uneasily.

"Margaret," he said, "I have known you since your childhood. Listen to me. If you take the bit between your teeth you may make the time shorter still."

She turned away, laughing lightly. "I have taken the bit between my teeth," she said, and, lifting her skirt gracefully, she went down the stairs.

The doctor heard the page boy open the door for her, and then rang the bell for the next patient to be shown into his consulting room. Margaret laughed again as she went on her way. It would be rather funny to hear them making arrangements for her, speaking of next year and the year after, while she kept her own counsel. She had bound the doctor to secrecy.

"I have never been happy," she said to herself, as she took off her hat in her own room. "I have been afraid to grasp at happiness, because afterward, when it is gone, I cannot face that terrible blackness. But there will be no afterward now. Duty has no right to stand at my elbow with her chill commands. Conventionality must vanish at the approach of death. The little hour of life which is left me is mine, mine, mine! How happy I shall be. And then—nothing—not even pain."

There are two other persons in this story. They are the man she loved and another woman. This man, Kaye, was very attractive. He had personality about him. He was tall, he walked with a swing, held his head confidently and had a masterful manner. It had been love at first sight with Margaret. She never forgot the day of his introduction to her. She was in the stalls of a theatre with some friends. He was with another party in a box on her right. She noticed him at once. His face was of the type she admired—clean-shaven, straight lips, a chin inclined to be square, level brows. But she dared not hope for the good fortune of having him presented to her. However, she was lucky that day, for one of her party said: "There is Robert Kaye, the artist. He is a fine fellow. I will bring him round after this act. You will like him."

So it happened that a few minutes later Margaret found herself sitting beside Kaye and discussing the piece which was being performed.

From this they drifted into other subjects more interesting to both of them, and found that they had many tastes and ideas in common.

After this Margaret and Kaye met frequently, but, while the man looked forward with calm pleasure to conversations with her, the woman suffered cruel moments whenever they met, . . . and between whiles. The anguish with which she dreaded his not coming when he was expected was equalled by that of hearing him talk of art and literature when she wanted to discuss personal subjects, and was exceeded by the pain of parting from him. For she had soon discovered that it was only her brain in which he was interested. As a woman she was of little moment to him. He showed this in small things, perceptible to Margaret, because she was in love with him, but which were unnoticed by himself and others. At first she thought that his indifference to her was due to the coldness of his nature, which she hoped in time to melt. But when she found that he possessed a sensitive temperament and a warm and affectionate heart she was greatly puzzled by her failure to make any impression on him.

Then one day the mystery was explained. He rather shyly showed her "That is my fiancee," he said.

Margaret felt as if her heart had been turned to a stone, but, determined that he should not guess the truth, she forced a smile and congratulations to her lips. As soon as he had left her she faced the truth with desperate courage, which exhausted her physically.

When Kaye saw her next he was charmed by the kindness with which she spoke of his fiancee, and delighted with the invitation which Margaret extended to her to come and stay with her for a few weeks.

Muriel Hayden was a young, fair girl, redolent of innocence and not too intelligent. She fell in love with Margaret at once, and confided in Kaye that she was "perfectly sweet." Margaret sustained her part beautifully. She did not even flinch when she saw Kaye holding Muriel's hand under the table. But she suffered terribly; many times she left the lovers together and face downward on her bed, her form shaken by dry sobs, she bewailed her misery, and railed at her own weakness in not taking the only sensible course, which was to go away and stay away until she had conquered her ill-fated love. But, though it was pain to see him, she could not steel herself to the prospect of never seeing him again.

But when the doctor had told her that she had only a year, at the most, of life left to her, her attitude towards everything had seemed to change in an instant.

She began to play an unscrupulous game, like a gambler who has nothing to lose.

The odds were dead against her at the starting point, for Kaye was genuinely in love with Muriel. But by degrees she began to exercise a fascination over him. She watched his growing passion, and nourished it tirelessly. The approach of death seemed to have given her a subtler intelligence and a power to bewitch.

Kaye did not yield without a struggle. He wanted to be loyal to Muriel, even though he had not been able to help owning to himself that she was rather stupid; but Margaret was becoming more and more of an absorbing enigma to him.

It was nine months after the doctor's warning when Margaret heard Kaye knock at the door of her mother's house. She smiled quietly to herself, knowing the mood in which he had left yesterday. "Muriel can easily regain what she has lost. . . . She has all her life before her," she said to herself.

Kaye strode into the room. He looked excited. He took both her hands. "I had a dream about you," he said. "I came to assure myself that it was only a dream. . . . I dreamt that you were dead. . . . Margaret! . . . I have never known before what your death would mean to me. . . . Margaret!"

She sank into his outstretched arms and sobbed wildly on his breast. He kissed her lips, her eyes, her hair . . . laughing softly. "It was only a dream, thank heaven!" he said. "We are young . . . and strong. . . . We love one another, and all life is before us. . . . Don't cry! . . . Don't cry, Margaret! . . . Why—?"

"Because I am so happy," she murmured.

"Then laugh!" he said. "Tears are for sorrow . . . I shall kiss them away . . . and there must never be any more."

Margaret had her month of happiness, and only suffered when Kaye alluded to the marriage, which she knew could never take place. Then she began to wonder whether death was inevitable. Why should she be cut off in the midst of life . . . when she had just begun to be happy?

One morning she rose, feeling particularly well. She looked at her own reflection. "I am not dying!" she said. "I won't die! The doctor must have been mistaken. I shall consult a specialist."

She dressed carefully, for she expected Kaye. At 11 o'clock a visitor arrived, but it was not her lover. It was Muriel Hayden, looking like a shadow of herself. She faced Margaret reproachfully. "I know you are surprised to see me," she said with great bitterness. "But I am not ashamed to plead my own cause. . . . I ask you now, if you have any heart at all, to give Robert up. . . . He does not love you. . . . It is only an infatuation. . . . He is mine . . . by rights."

Margaret laughed almost pityingly. "He does love me," she said. "He is mine . . . absolutely. Wait and see him with me . . . and you will not doubt it."

Muriel suddenly burst into tears. "You are a cruel, wicked woman!" she sobbed. "I wonder how I could ever have thought you good. . . . You have spoilt my life . . . you and Robert between you."

Margaret's heart was touched. She knew what it was to love Robert . . . in vain. She went to the girl and placed a hand on her shoulder. "Listen!" she said. "I did not mean to make you unhappy . . . I only wanted Robert to love me for a little time . . . so that I might die happily. But now I am not going to die. . . . I have robbed you . . . of him . . . entirely! . . . I am sorry for you . . . very sorry, but I have bought this happiness. . . . Heavens! you don't know what I have suffered!"

Muriel faced her. "So you thought you were going to die when you stole him from me?" she cried. "You are dying! . . . I see it in your face. You have taught Robert to love a dead woman!" she laughed hysterically.

"No! no!" wailed Margaret, covering her face with her hands. "I am well now . . . I shall live!"

"You have snatched your happiness," continued Muriel unmoved, "at the expense of mine and Robert's. When he has mourned for you and for his broken life long enough, I may have him back again, I suppose?"

"No!" said Margaret vehemently, "for I shall not die. I shall live to make him happy . . . I feel it—"

Muriel laughed again. Despair seemed to have transformed her into a fiend.

"Here is Robert," she said calmly.

"Go!" Margaret managed to utter. "Go!" Muriel moved toward the door, but Kaye threw it open before she reached it.

"Muriel!" he said, turning pale. Her presence seemed to presage disaster. He looked apprehensively toward Margaret, who put her hand to her throat, choking.

"My dearest," he cried, taking her in his arms. "What is it? . . . what has she—?"

She fell on his breast, and the dead weight of her terrified him. "Margaret!" he said, sharply, "Margaret! speak to me . . . Margaret!"

Muriel went softly out of the room, and left him alone with his dead.—London Onlooker.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

Solfatara, a semi-extinct volcano near Pozzuoli, has opened a new crater 250 feet from the ancient one. It is emitting a voluminous column of sulphurous gases. The activity of Solfatara always is supposed to coincide with the inactivity of Vesuvius.

The International Committee on atomic weights has recently announced the changes in the list of elements for 1908. These are, with one exception, practically the same as those announced for 1907. The only notable change is the addition to the list of a new element, dysprosium, whose atomic weight is given as 162.5.

It is reported that a student of the Electro-Technical Institute of St. Petersburg, named Freudinberg, has invented an apparatus for exploding mines by wireless telegraphy. Numerous experiments already made are said to have proved remarkably successful. The apparatus is also claimed to be suited for directing Whitehead torpedoes at long ranges.

In Denmark only the inter-provincial, the inter-communal and the international telephones are worked by the State, while the local telephones are worked by private limited companies, under concessions.

The staff of Greenwich Observatory announce that they have discovered an eighth satellite of Jupiter. During an examination of photographic plates of Jupiter, Mr. Melotte, one of the assistant astronomers, discovered a faint marking occupying slightly different positions on the different plates. The satellite has a retrograde motion.

Remarkable expansion has taken place in the Indian manganese industry, statistics showing that while the total quantity of manganese ore shipped through the Kidderpore Docks during the whole of the year 1906 was 14,587 tons, the shipments up to the end of October last year amounted to 40,349 tons. The Carnegie Steel Company, of Pittsburg, has acquired large manganese properties in India, and it is expected that these figures will be yet further increased.

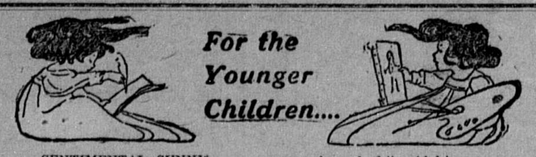
Training a Beagle.

With regard to the training of a beagle, he has to be treated on quite a different plan from the setter and pointer. In their cases a great deal of work of training is to conquer natural propensities, whereas with the beagle you encourage him to go on and do all he can in seeking and chasing when found. Young dogs are usually put down with an older one, and a very few lessons suffice. It comes as natural to a beagle to run scent as for a terrier to kill rats, and if there is no apparent inclination one lesson usually provokes it. The less one interferes with a beagle running a line the better for the dog, so long as he is not pottering in one well tested place, but casting all about when he has lost the trail.—Field and Stream.

The tropical seas contain a greater percentage of salt than those of the more northern latitudes.

THE FARM THE NATION'S RELIANCE.

The hope of the Nation is in the farm and suburban home and in the country and suburban town and village. It is not in the cities that this country now needs the service of the flower of its patriotic manhood. It is in the country where the great National problem of the improvement of the rural life is to be solved, where more beautiful towns and villager and better roads are to be built, better schools to be established, telephones and trolley lines constructed, and all the influences put to work that will improve the country, and drive away the isolation and hardships that were formerly its drawbacks.—George H. Maxwell.



For the Younger Children....

SENTIMENTAL SUNNY

Sentimental Sunny
Was a very funny bunny,
Tearing daisy petals off to try his fate;
But his love, the Lady Rabbit,
Didn't like the daisy habit,
So she turned her back on him and went and ate.

—Stella George Stern, in St. Nicholas.

BOY'S COURAGE SAVED COUNTRY

Holland is dotted with windmills and lined with canals. You ask why? Because this land was once covered by the sea and the people had to reclaim it by building great dykes, or walls of earth, around the shallow places to shut out the sea, and then pumping out the water with windmills. In rainy seasons these mills are kept busy pumping out the water. They are also used to grind corn and beat hemp.

Probably some of you have read the story Phoebe Cary tells of the brave little boy who stopped a leak in one of the dykes. You remember his mother sent him one evening to carry a plate across the dyke to the hut of an old blind man. Little Peter did his errand quickly and was coming home more slowly, stopping now and then by the side of the dyke to gather flowers. He heard the sea roaring against the dykes and felt glad that the wall was good and strong, for he knew that if the dyke should break the people near would all be drowned.

All at once, through the noise of the waters, came a low, clear trickling sound that made his face pale with terror. He dropped his blossoms and hurried up the bank, where he found the water trickling through a hole in the dyke. Even as he watched the hole grew larger and the water poured through in a stream.

He gave a loud shout, kneeled down and thrust his arm into the opening, thus forcing back the weight of the sea. No one was near. He shouted until his voice was gone, but no help came. He would not leave, for he felt that it was better for one little boy to lose his life than for many men, women and children to be drowned.

Early in the morning a search party found him in a faint beside the dyke with his arm still stoping the leak. They carried him home, and for many days they were anxious about him, but God spared his life. Long years have passed since then, but when the sea roars like a flood the Hollanders take their sons by the hand and tell them of brave little Peter, whose courage saved the land. —Inez McFee, in the Normal Instructor

OUR DANDY.

Dandy is a little black dog. He always wears a white shirtfront and four white slippers. He has a tiny tuft of white on the tip of his silky black tail. He is a cute little animal. Besides being cute he is very fond of sweet things and doughnuts are his special delight; you know the kind, with a big hole in the middle and all covered with sugar.

Dandy's mistress does not think doughnuts are good for him, and she has expressed herself so often that Dandy knows quite well what she thinks.

Now Dora, the cook, did not know, so the day before Thanksgiving while she was baking Dandy watched her so eagerly and frisked about so joyously that she selected one of the largest cakes and threw it on the floor for her pet.

Dandy was surprised to say the least, how good the doughnut looked and "M-m," how good it smelled. He looked it all over. He sniffed at it daintily. He poked it with his paw. He looked up at Dora as if he wanted her to say something.

Then he picked up the cake and carried it in his mouth, trotted soberly away straight into the sitting-room where sat his mistress.

Dandy dropped the cake at her feet, looked pleadingly up in her face and waited for orders to eat.

His mistress thought he had stolen the sweetmeat and calling to Dora, she asked, "Do you know how Dandy got this doughnut?"

"Shure, mum; I gave it to him."

Dandy barked.

His mistress laughed. "Good dog," she said. "You have earned your dessert; now eat it quick before I change my mind."

Dandy wagged his tail and ate the cake, even to the last crumb of sugar, and then ran out to tell Tabby, the cat, all about his treat.—New Haven Register.

ROBERT'S DREAM.

Robert had been asleep all afternoon, but when he awoke he was ready to tease everybody. The day was very warm, and his pets had slept all afternoon. Then he went to Prince, his dog, and gave him a kick; then he said, "Get up, you lazy fellow," and when he did not get up he got three more. At last he got up and walked around.

Princess, his cat, also was asleep. He came to her and lifted her high in the air, but the cat gave him an awful scratch. "Oh, you naughty cat," he said. "Oh, you naughty boy," said his mother, who was sitting on the porch, and saw all.

"You must go to bed, because you've been bad," said his mamma.

"Oh, can't I stay in the hammock, please?" he pleaded.

But he had to go to bed. "Show how good you can be, and go upstairs." So he went up to bed. Soon he was again in the garden, and he understood the language of the animals. Prince went to Princess and said, "Don't our master treat us mean?"

"Yes, I'm not going to live here any more," she answered. "He picked me up in the air, and I gave him a good long scratch," said Princess.

"Well, I wouldn't do that, but I got four awful kicks, and I feel it yet," said Prince.

"Let us run away to-morrow right after he feeds us. We can live in the mountains, and then something will tell us to come back when we think he'll treat us better," was Prince's idea.

"Come, get up and dry your eyes. What are you dreaming about? We are going to have supper; papa is waiting for you," said his mamma. He was glad it was a dream, and from that day on he treated them with respect, and they often wondered what happened.—Lulu Maurer, in the Brooklyn Eagle.

I DON'T CARE!

Charley was a little boy who always said "I don't care!" no matter what was said to him. For instance, his mother remarked at the table: "You can't have any more cake. It will make you sick."

"I don't care!" said Charley. "I'll get well again."

Sister said: "Please show me how to do this example. I can't do it."

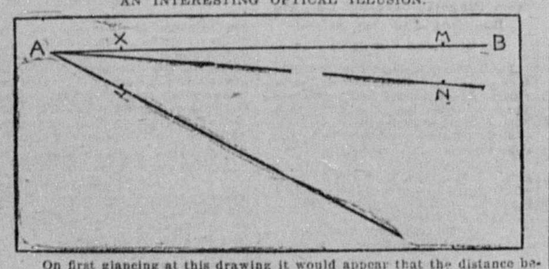
"I don't care!" says Charley. "Find out for yourself and you'll know how next time."

"Don't you see aunt is standing? Get up, Charley, and give her your chair."

"I don't care! There are other chairs for her to sit on."

"Come play with baby; he is crying for you."

AN INTERESTING OPTICAL ILLUSION.



On first glancing at this drawing it would appear that the distance between X and Y is greater than that between M and N. However, if both distances are measured, it will be found that they are equal, each being one-third of an inch in width.

"I don't care! Let him amuse himself. Mother said it was wicked for me to frighten the birds, but I don't care. My cousin beat me running down hill, but I don't care. I'm at the foot of my class, but I don't care. I missed in all my lessons today, but I don't care."

One day his mother called him to her knee and said: "Don't care, did you say? You surely do not know the importance of these three words. When you go to your father and tell him you are hungry, does he say to you 'I don't care?' When you come to me and tell me you are sick, what would you think of me were I to say 'I don't care!' and then go about my business? You would have as much right to be hurt as I am at your constant repetition of the phrase."

It is needless to say Charley mended his ways after that.—New Haven Register.

What It Costs to Run New York.

The State of New York is the largest in the Union, and it takes a good deal of money to run it. According to the figures furnished the Rochester Post-Express by Senator Armstrong, chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance, it took about $30,000,000, exclusive of trust funds, to meet the appropriations of the regular session of the Legislature recently adjourned. As would be expected in an enlightened commonwealth, the greatest expenditures were for the benefit of charities and schools. Hospitals received $5,661,118, and the common schools (not including normal schools and academies) $4,665,625, a sum exceeding by a half-million the appropriation of last year. Charitable institutions other than hospitals received $2,583,759, and the judiciary $1,368,696. The remainder of the $30,000,000 was distributed among the score of other departments of State work in amounts ranging from $50,000 to $500,000. One conspicuous item is that of $450,000 for printing, which seems very excessive. The total appropriations exceed by nearly $3,000,000 those of last year, but the law allows the Governor to cut out unnecessary items in appropriations bills, and he considerably lessened the amount.—Leslie's

A Cave of Nature's Jewels.

By proclamation of the President the Jewel Cave National Monument has been established in the Black Hills National Forest in South Dakota. This formation is, in some respects, unique. It was explored in 1900, and consists of a series of chambers, connected by passages and galleries, the walls of which are encrusted with beautiful calcite crystals. It is situated in a canon, on a limestone plateau, 6000 feet above sea-level. It is believed to have been the channel for the waters of a now extinct geyser.—Youth's Companion.

In a cemetery at Middlebury, Vt., is a stone erected by a widow to her loving husband, bearing this inscription: Rest in peace—until we meet again.

SPORT AND ADVENTORE

HIS BATTLE.

The soldier's greatest victory is not always on the field. Nor are the enemies in his most terrible contests always his fellow man. One such contest is described in L. E. Chittenden's "An Unknown Heroine." During the Civil War Lieutenant Bedell was shot in the thigh. The bright red gush of arterial blood told him where the immediate danger lay. In vain he tried to check the stream. Then he called for aid.

"Cord it, boys," he said. "Take a handkerchief or anything, only be quick! Try a sash and bayonet," he added, seeing their futile endeavors.

At last the flow was stopped. The officer was carried in a stretcher to the temporary field-hospital. Amputation of the leg must take place at once, and the patient might die under the knife. Bedell heard the diagnosis.

"Is not this wound certain to be fatal if you do not operate?"

"Yes."

"Then do not lose a moment's time."

They laid him on the table. His native vigor was in his favor, but his great size was against him. Sixty-four inches of flesh were laid bare before the operation was over. The right hand was crushed, but the surgeons dared not touch it until it was seen whether the patient would rally from the amputation.

That evening the camp had to move, and the jolting journey was an awful ordeal for the wounded man. At last, expecting his death at any moment, the doctors had him carried to a farmhouse by the way. In the morning he had gained a little strength.

"You doctors think I have my fatal wound," he said. "I know perfectly well the chances are against me. But I have wife and children who want me. I am going to make the hardest fight of which I am capable. Will you help me?"

A consultation was held. Only one young surgeon thought there was the slightest hope of life. In his care Lieutenant Bedell put himself.

"My life is not my own property," said he. "For a year it belongs to the United States; after that to my family. I shall not throw away one chance to save it. Doctor, I am ready."

Again he was laid on the operating table. He did not wish to take an anesthetic, but he submitted when the doctor said:

"The operation on the hand and the dressing of the wound will be very painful, and therefore exhausting. You must husband every particle of strength."

On a hard bed of straw, his only covering an old army blanket, the wounded man with his young doctor fought the fight for life. And they won.

CAPTURED A BIG TIGER.

Probably the most difficult of all wild animal trapping is that of a well-developed Bengal tiger. There is with the Barnum & Bailey Show a trapper who recently returned from Calcutta with a consignment of Asiatic animals. He is a walking library of animal stories. His experiences in capturing tigers make an interesting story.

"I recall capturing an unusually fine specimen of the Royal Bengal with the use of bird lime," said the trapper. With my shikari assistants, we hung a quarter of fresh venison from the limb of a tree, just high enough to make it impossible to reach. The ground beneath we covered with leaves and bird lime. Then we concealed ourselves in a banyan tree.

"After several hours' waiting we heard a loud purr-r-r booming through the jungle, and we saw a tiger coming out of the underbrush, his broad, whitish throat and beautiful coat shining in the sunlight. He was crouching, after the manner of the house cat when making her approach to some unwary bird. His eyes appeared to flash fire as he bent them on the tempting venison, hanging just above his reach.

"He seemed nonplussed that he could not get at the meat. After a moment's pause he gathered up his long back and sprang high into the air, but without success. Uttering an angry growl of disappointment, he made another attempt. All at once the great brute realized that something unusual had happened to his feet and legs. He raised his paws and saw a lot of leaves sticking to them.

"Showing signs of annoyance, he tried to rub the leaves away by passing his paws over his head and against his cheeks. He succeeded in getting most of the leaves off his foot, but they adhered to his head, ears and jaws. These he attempted to remove by using his paws, but he only added more, by this time covering his eyes. Then he tried rubbing his head along the ground, temporarily blinding himself.

"By this time he had lost all patience, and thought only of freeing himself. Springing into the air, dashing himself against the trees, scraping with his huge paws, growling, howling and screaming, he finally exhausted himself and sank upon the ground. In this condition he was covered with meshes of a strong netting and rolled into a heavy, iron-bound temporary cage."—New York Times.

A TICKLISH TRICK.

The feat known as the bag and spear trick has been considered one of the greatest of the Hindu magician's art. In this trick, says a writer in the New York Press, the Hindu fakir has his assistant get into a sack, the mouth of which he firmly secures, and then unceremoniously hurls his helpless victim to the ground. Without a sign of warning, the fakir drives his spear through the centre of the bag.

After withdrawing his weapon, upon the point of which no blood-stain appears, the fakir stands and gazes dreamily over the heads of the spectators. The body within the bag flounders about as if in mortal agony. At last, when the opponent is apparently dead, the fakir again plunges his spear into the motionless body. The same antics are repeated. Then the fakir releases his attendant from the bag, and he steps out without a scratch upon his body.

Although the trick is performed with all the carelessness imaginable, it calls for more patience, skill and exactness than any of the so-called black-art achievements. From the time the attendant enters the bag, both fakir and assistant count every breath they take. When a stated number of breaths have been taken, the fakir makes his thrust, and the occupant of the bag is prepared to avoid it. Then the count begins again, and at the proper time the spear is driven through the bag a second time. In order to evade the spear and make it appear to pass through his body, the assistant doubles up in as small a form as possible. His legs are drawn up close, with the chin resting upon the knees and the arms folded round the lower limbs across the shins. When in this position, at the fiftieth breath, the spear passes under the attendant's arms between the abdomen and the thighs.

The slightest miscalculation by either the fakir or his assistant would mean a serious if not a mortal wound for one and an unheard-of disgrace for the other.

That fakir and assistant are able so to train themselves to breathe in perfect unison while giving one of these performances, when the slightest variation in time by either would be fatal, is certainly wonderful.

A SUPERSTITIOUS ARMY.

Some time ago a number of Swazi chiefs came from their South African country to lay their grievances before King Edward. If the political superstitions of the people are as vivid and effectual as those of their military department, many difficulties must be encountered in dealing with the nation. Mr. Dudley Kidd, in his book, "The Essential Kaffir," describes the Swazi army and the easy check which can be put on its action.

I saw the Swazi impi, or army, on parade, and during a sham fight. The sight was impressive.

The men were dressed in special colors, the shields of the regiments being made from hide, in one case of brown cattle, in another of black, and in still another of black and white. The warriors wore rings of hide of the same color over their shoulders.

The masses of men raced over the ground with earth-shaking tread, chanting their war-song. They came like a whirlwind, dancing up in the air at parts of the chant. Now and then they stopped to spear an imaginary foe which they had trodden down, every man plunging his assagai into the ground with a great whir.

They speared the foe again and again. It was not a case of "thrice he slew the slain;" he did it a dozen times, bragging loudly of his prowess and bravery. Whir—whir—went the assagais, accompanied by a similar sound from one thousand deep-throated voices. Then all would jump and yell and stab the fallen foe again.

Having finished, they resumed their march, and their tramping ranks sounded like "some deep multitudinous murmur that swells from the soul of seas." The impression was that of overwhelming, irresistible force, sweeping over the veld, and tramping every living thing on its surface.

It seemed as if nothing could withstand that whirlwind of fury. Yet if a rabbit or a calf had run out in front of that huge force the whole army would have fled with fear at the bad omen, and would have refused to fight that day.

CLOSE QUARTERS WITH SHARK.

Captain Charles Adams, pilot and master pearl diver from Tapeete, Tahiti, in the Pacific, while at work off the island of Aphki, of the Pomotu group, scouring the bottom of the sea in search of shells, was suddenly confronted by a shoal of sharks. With the knowledge of an old diver, Adams opened his jacket, letting loose a flurry of bubbles. The ruse was successful, for all but one shark fled. To Adams' horror that one proved to be a monster. At every turn it came closer, its jaws gaping and its tiny eyes snapping viciously at him. Adams cast loose his diving suit in an effort to escape. With the speed of a bullet he shot toward the surface and clambered in the waiting boat. At that very moment the shark had swallowed the diving suit. The life lines were cut.—Answers.

Dried Venison.

The most foolish of game laws is that forbidding the sale of dried venison. Of all meats it is the best. In the open season great quantities of deer meat are wasted, as we all know; all of us who go to the woods to shoot big game must confess the fact, if we be honest. Why not let this unused venison be smoked, dried or jerked, call it what you will, and allow it to be sold in the markets at any time? When a man is permitted to kill three deer in season, he usually kills from ten to twenty, conceals the fact, eats the choicer parts and either burns or buries the rest. How much better it would be to let the guides dry the meat and sell it!—New York Press.

The White Man in Africa.

"The footprint of the white man is like the footprint of the elephant," says a Swazi native proverb; "it remains in the ground."

Another proverb: "White men are like and yet unlike quails. When you see one in your country you will soon see a flock. But the quails leave you again, the white men never."

The conditions of the Arctic atmosphere are so favorable for the transmission of sound that it is possible for two persons to converse through a mile of space.