THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

L. XXVI. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1908. NO. 37.

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cussed purely as an acad- Isn't good butterine y way to poor butter? icago Tribune. But, matter, retorts the ch if good butterine more reason for what it is and not by representing that it article.

ntestable fact that slov- of church music is the the exception in thou- churches week after s Dr. H. Walford Davies, n Record. Side by side may be found such care, nce in concert music, at festivals and elsewhere, place our average church eath contempt. It is a nal reproach.

time and energies in d fruitless "fights" over nworthy the attention of up men, we wrangle over the st trivialties and we leave the issues of right and expediency fer or to die of neglect, con- the Argonaut. Incidentally, the grossest injustice to our- and to our city first of all, and who have a right to demand on sense and good faith at the of the municipality.

e Wall Street Journal is not a ver in the efficacy of legislation st dealing in futures. "The nan act forbidding all sales for re delivery did not stop specula- " says that financial contem- ary, "but it resulted in greater tuations than had occurred be- . Exactly the same form of con- ct is employed in the New York change by those who are investment as by those ho are buying for speculation.'

The extended campaign of the milk roducers in Massachusetts was not without results of benefit to all ship- ers to Boston market, asserts the merican Cultivator. The abolition he double milk standard and the duction in the requirements during the winter months was a possible gain oward a more simple and reasonable standard. The advocates for sale of milk under guarantee of its purity without a definite standard are re- ported not satisfied, and are very like- ly to renew the contest another year.

The Philadelphia Record thinks it essential that there should be such profusion of edible plants in the season of meat famine. Under the circumstances it is quite possible to get along quite comfortably without chops or porterhouse steaks. We eat too much meat, anyway. The annual per capita consumption in the United States is 185 pounds, as compared with 121 in Great Britain, 79 in France, 70 in Belgium, 62 in Sweden and 46 in Italy. These statistics go to show that it is quite possible to make a fifty per cent. reduction in meat consumption without risk of harmful result.

A paper devoted to the doings of society seeks to bring the non-dancing man to confusion by citing the examples of the great dancers of the past. In classical as well as Biblical times, it seems, notes the New York Tribune, dancing was not considered beneath the dignity of the greatest men. David danced before the ark, and Socrates and Plato somewhat despised those who could not dance with ease and grace. The famous Sully, Minister to Henri IV., was a noted dancer, and so was the notorious Cardinal Richelieu. Why, then, should the modern young man consider it beneath his dignity to trip the light fantastic toe?

IT.

The Earth is floating like a little ball
Upon thin air—and on its back—a man;
Since that strange chaos from which all began
So hath it bobbed—sea, mountain, man, et al;
Yet not a one hath ever had a fall,
Though land and water, envious of place,
Have shifted often, leaving little trace,
In such proportions do both stretch and sprawl,
And all around, above, about, below,
Are other bubbles dancing on the air;
Some million billions, rolling here and there,
And on their shells more men, for all we know,
Yet, in this scheme stupendous, our great wit
Saith, once for all—Man and his Earth are IT.

—Lurana W. Sheldon, in the New York Times.

The Further Research of Wickham.

By RITA KELLEY.

Thomas Henry Wickham was good-looking, intellectual and—twenty-eight. He had always considered girls unworthy of attention, and had devoted his time to research in old Gothic.

To be sure, once or twice during the year he had taught in the Western university he had accepted invitations to places of amusement where ladies were present. But that was because, it being leap-year, the ladies had done the honors, and Miss Eugenia Harned, instructor in French, was not a young woman to be refused.

Now the year was over and he was off for his home in Boston, glad to be free from Western crudeness forever. He had planned to leave on the evening train for Chicago, where he would join an excursion going past Niagara and Toronto, down the Hudson, arriving at Boston in three days. He flushed with pleasure as he bade the president good-by. The old man was saying with admiration: "Good work, my boy. You are doing well to be called back to Harvard after one year of teaching, and I wish you success." Wickham was still blushing as he left the office and ran into Fanshaw, fellow in English, and Jenks, of the philosophy department.

"Hello!" Jenks said. "They tell me you're leaving to-day?"

"Yes," Wickham announced; "I go out on the 10.30."

"Why," laughed Fanshaw, "Miss—" he suddenly choked—"we'll be down to see you off," he finished lamely. Wickham, absorbed in the business of getting out of town, walked off through the campus, unconscious of the winks and nods of the two men in front of the executive office.

He reached the station barely in time that night, and found the platform crowded with men of the younger university set and young women, among them Miss Eugenia Harned. Apparently they were down to see him off, and Wickham was flattered. He had never thought much of popularity, but if this was posing in the public eye he liked it. The train thundered in and he climbed aboard, after several of the young women, including Miss Harned, had preceded him. Some of the men followed, and when he got inside he saw a whole host of them coming from the other end of the Pullman. His heart warmed. He had never considered himself a general favorite before, and the thought pleased him.

Something was flying through the air like confetti on a fete night. The passengers in the other sections were all looking toward his end of the car and laughing uproariously. As he dropped his traveling bag on the seat an old shoe, thrown through the air, glanced off his sleeve. He turned and saw Miss Harned, the French instructor, in the opposite section, surrounded by bags and suit cases. She was blushing furiously and looked vexed. Wickham thought she was going to cry. He opened his mouth to speak. Something hit against his teeth and he bit on it. It was white and hard, like a kernel. He saw that it was sprinkled over seats, people and traveling bags, and that the floor was peppered with it. Someone at the door called out, "Where's the bride?" The bell rang, the train began to move and the young people all scuttled.

The train was getting well under way as Wickham stepped out on the platform and slammed the door behind him.

Jenks and Fanshaw, returning from the station arm in arm, were rendered speechless by the apparition of Wickham coming toward them from the second corner.

"Why—why—what's the matter?" stammered Jenks.

"Nothing," returned Wickham; "I just came down to meet you. I'm going out on the morning train," he announced. "The lady is more comfortable so," and, turning, he walked with them up the street.

He barely made an east-bound train out of Chicago the following afternoon, and was walking down the aisle looking for a seat when he stopped short, staring blankly. There before him sat Miss Eugenia Harned, looking very pretty, in a cool brown and gold dress. Strange, he had never thought her pretty before! She was smiling at him in a timid way. He pulled off his hat and sat down in the seat facing the one which she occupied.

"Miss Harned," he gasped; "this is indeed unexpected."

"I'm sorry if you regret meeting me again." Her long lashes swept her cheek as she looked down. Then she glanced up at the man glaring discomfited at her. "But I'm glad I have a chance to tell you how unutterably mean you were to leave me in that—situation—last night."

"Why, Miss Harned—" Wickham was growing more uncomfortable every moment; "I couldn't do anything else. If I had stayed on they would have believed—"

"It was true. Exactly," she finished for him. "And they did. I spent half the night explaining that you had dropped off to save yourself from false accusation."

"But, Miss Harned, I tried to save you!" Wickham was flushing in his effort to justify himself.

"Well, you didn't," she announced, looking him steadily in the eyes. "They decided you had been kidnaped, and they are all on tiptoe to see you make this train."

"Here—now?" Wickham looked around him. "Are these the same people?" he asked, with a blank expression.

"Yes," she said; "the excursion train was held over for twelve hours by a freight, and they are all bound for Boston."

Wickham groaned. Miss Harned settled herself in the extreme corner of her seat and looked steadily at the flying scenery. Wickham took to studying her face, because there was nothing else to do.

"Three whole days of this," he thought, and he decided to move on into the smoker. He made some attempt to excuse himself without attracting the attention of the passengers, but she ignored him. He fell to wondering if she would forgive him for the embarrassment of the evening before, and remembered that he had not asked for pardon. She seemed unconscious of his gaze, and he watched the sensitive outlines of her face vary in expression. Really, she was very interesting. The brown of her dress just matched the sheen of her hair and eyes. He found himself adjusting his panama on his blond head, squaring his shoulders that had been broadened by rowing in the Harvard crew. If only they had not been thrust together under such trying circumstances! He met her eyes and looked at her till she spoke.

"And you are such a woman-hater, too—" she said.

"Oh, but I'm not!" He flashed it out and smiled dazzlingly at her to see the light in her eyes. Truly, Wickham was waking up. "Some women, perhaps; but certainly not of you."

"Oh, your husband has found you, I see!" exclaimed a thin, little voice. And Wickham turned to see a motherly person beaming upon them with kindly eyes. He bent toward Miss Harned with the least bit of a wicked gleam in his eyes.

"We'll have to stick it out to the end," he said.

"To Boston," she corrected.

"Madam, won't you be seated?" He rose and bowed gravely to the odd little person in a brown alpaca dress. She slipped into the seat shyly, her thin, worn hands fingering a pleat down the front of her dress. Her eyes redeemed her plain face; they grew large and almost wistful as they looked at Miss Harned.

"You must be so happy," she said, her voice lingering over the words. Eugenia Harned flushed crimson.

"Pardon me," the little woman hastened to add. "I know just how you feel; it is all so new and—wonderful. And you can't hardly realize that it is all true yet—that you've got each other." She looked from Miss Harned to Wickham. That wicked person returned the glance steadily and smiled.

"Exactly," he agreed.

"I remember when John and I were married," she continued, "we went from Meadowville to Chicago on our wedding trip." She smiled reminiscently. "That isn't such a nice one as yours—" Eugenia squirmed in her seat by the window. She threw Wickham a glance that should have softened his heart, but it didn't.

"Are you going to live in Boston?" the little woman was questioning. And Wickham, with a charming bow, acknowledged that they were.

He looked at Miss Harned. He decided all at once that he wanted a smoke. He bowed himself off as smoothly and as quickly as possible. By the time he had reached the smoker he had forgotten all about cigars. His face betrayed unusual perturbation of mind, and he adjusted his hat several times before it rested entirely to his satisfaction. He was conscious that he had gone too far with Miss Harned, and he had the uncomfortable thought that she would never forgive him. And through all he knew he should be proud of Miss Harned if she were actually his wife.

His wife! The mere thought had all the flavor of wildest romance. To the man's man—to a digger of old Gothic roots—the first realization of femininity as a potent force in life struck him broadside with a force that made him gasp. His wife! Why not? He started up with his chin out, a full light of determination in his eye—he would go and ask her now. And he swung down the aisle.

Miss Harned was being entertained by the little woman in the brown alpaca dress. She looked tired and cross, and a red spot glowed in either cheek. He ignored the little woman, who looked up brightly at him, but went on talking, and, leaning over toward Miss Harned, he said steadily:

"Come on out here; I want to talk with you."

She threw him a glance that was half scorn, half entreaty.

"Then they all got the measles and Johnny took the whooping cough—" Miss Harned shot to her feet and was crowding into the aisle before the amazed little woman could finish her sentence; but Wickham bent over and looked into the hurt, brown eyes.

"Thank you," he said, gently, letting his fingers sweep over her worn hand. "We'll be back presently," and he strode after Miss Harned, overtaking her on the platform.

"I am sorry, Miss Harned," he said, taking hold of her arm and closing the door at the same time. She confronted him with angry eyes brimming with tears.

"Oh, forgive me," he said, with a world of compassion in his voice. "It is all a miserable mistake, and I'll go back and kill those university people if you say so." He looked so vicious that she laughed through her tears.

"No, no; let them live. The poor dunces! They've nothing else to do."

"But their asinine foolishness has made you uncomfortable."

"Really, I'm beginning to enjoy it—it's all so—so unusual." A rounding of a curve sent her into Wickham's arms.

"Yes, it is," he assented, steadying her and looking down at the brown head so near his shoulder—"and nice," he added, watching the tendrils of her hair stream out in the wind.

"Don't, don't!" she pleaded; "don't you see they are all looking?"

Wickham became conscious that his arm was still about her and that there were people in the coach ahead. A sudden light came into his eyes. It was a mingling of Satanic glee or triumph. Eugenia could not tell which; but the arm around her tightened. Instinctively she knew her hour had come—that there was no escape.

"It is quite the customary thing for a man to put his arm around his wife when they are looking at the scenery," he said, assuredly. Eugenia gasped. She tried moving away naturally, as though to take another look at a telegraph pole flying past. He moved with her, keeping her firmly in front of the plate-glass door. "And especially on the rear platform of a railway coach; it is dangerous otherwise," he added.

"Then I shall go in," she said angrily.

"I'm sorry, but I'm really afraid the door is locked—a little formality the porter saw to. This road is particularly kind to newly-married people."

"Dr. Wickham," her eyes blazed dangerously as she confronted him, "are you a fool or a madman?"

"Neither, my dear," he said, soothingly; "only this thing has got to end here, and the only way out of it is for you to promise to marry me. Will you?" Again Miss Harned could only gasp.

"You see, these people are mainly Bostonese, and I've met a few who are personally acquainted with our families (may the Lord forgive me)," he said under his breath, "and there is really no other way out of it. Will you, Eugenia? You see, our family has known yours for generations, and it is truly not so bad, and—and I love you, Eugenia. Say yes."

His arm was like iron about her. The people in the coach sat with eyes turned discreetly away. She looked up at his broad shoulders, his fine head, and reluctantly into his serious blue eyes. She had half expected to find them mocking, but they held her reluctant ones with a quiet force that fascinated her. She could not look away.

"Will you, Eugenia?" he asked.

She could not bring herself to say either the one thing or the other. His eyes were searching hers, and she felt herself yielding irrevocably. She made a last futile effort to get away, and stopped motionless.

"You will, Eugenia," he said, softly, and bending over he kissed her full on the lips. He smiled to see the hot color surge in her face. She laughed with embarrassment.

"Have it your own way," she said. "But, thank heaven, getting engaged doesn't mean getting married. If I ever get off this train—"

"You'll marry me," he said, smiling down at her.

"Well, we'll not speak of that now," she said, disengaging herself with a sigh of relief and glancing into the car.

"Yes, time enough when our friends meet us at Boston," he assented, lazily. "Have you had enough fresh air?" he asked, turning toward the door and opening it.

"Why — I'll never speak to you again!" she said, looking at the open door. "You said it was locked."

"All's fair, you know," he said, stepping aside for her to pass, and looking so handsome that she had not the heart to more than frown.

"I'll say good-by to you for a little while, Mrs. Wickham," he grinned as he left her in her section.

It is not known definitely what Wickham did in the following two days, but he must have made himself very engaging, for Eugenia had promised to marry him in the fall, and they were on good terms when the train pulled into Back Bay station.

She was stunned to descend into a very bedlam of old friends and rice—rice everywhere. She threw one vanquished glance at Wickham, who stood smug and complacent, his arm around an elderly woman with nose-glasses, who clung to his coat buttons with tremulous hands.

"But I thought you were going into further research, Thomas," with a discomfited glance at Miss Harned.

"Yes, so I have, mother. Come, meet my wife," and he went toward Eugenia, who stood expostulating to the hilarious and utterly incredulous crowd. He bent over her.

"We'll run out to Cambridge tomorrow at 10 and have it fixed up," he said.

She looked at him with relief and resignation in her eyes.

"I guess we'll have to!"—McCall's Magazine.

His Dream of Buried Wealth.

For a week past Thomas Wade, a prosperous farmer in Tuckahoe district, Henrico County, dreamed each night of a buried box bulging with gold in ingots and ancient coins. The spot where this treasure was secreted was indicated unvaryingly in his dreams by an old stump, which he recognized as being on his farm.

Yesterday, with the assistance of Constable I. H. Henley, he went to the place indicated in his dream, and after digging for several hours his shovel struck the traditional "hard metallic substance."

Believing his dream of wealth realized Wade fainted from emotion, but the constable nursed him back to consciousness and then the box was unearthed and examined. It contained three big copper cents of ancient date and four fishhooks.—Richmond Correspondence, Washington Post.

As it is now running between Barking and Whitechapel a train with nine cars, carrying nearly 1000 passengers, the London District Railway claims the longest multiple unit electric train in the world.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

SILENT LETTERS.

Of vowels, all—good, better, best—
The loud, round "O!" is noisiest;
The rest have ways more laudable,
Because they're all in-A-U-d-I-b-l-E.

—Nixon Waterman, in St. Nicholas.

A SYRUP-CAN MOTHER.

Dorothy Deane and her little brother Laurence were standing by the window watching for papa. Every night when it was time for him to return home they waited until they saw him come in sight around the corner, and then ran as fast as they could to meet him.

Unless papa was very tired indeed, he always carried one of them home on his shoulder, while the other took hold of his hand, and both tried to tell him of all that they had been doing that day.

"There he comes!" cried Dorothy at last, and the children raced toward the corner as fast as their chubby little legs would carry them.

"Careful, now!" said papa, warningly, as the two hurrying little figures reached him. "Don't hit against my dinner pail!"

"What is in it?" asked Dorothy and Laurence in one breath, as they stood on tiptoe, trying to peep inside the cover.

"Guess!" said papa, laughingly. "A nickel to the one who guesses right!"

"Candy!" cried Laurence.

"Oranges!" said Dorothy.

Papa shook his head at both these guesses, and at all the others that followed, until they had reached the house.

"Now let mamma have a turn," he said, holding the dinner pail up to her ear.

"Why, it isn't—" mamma began, with a look of the greatest surprise.

"Yes, it is!" papa declared. Then he took off the cover and tipped the pail gently over in the middle of the kitchen table, and out came ten of the fluffiest, downiest little chickens that any of them had ever seen. Several of them stepped about timidly; but most of them huddled together near the pail, peeping softly.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried the children, delightedly, jumping up and down in their excitement. "Are they really ours? Where did you get them?"

"They are power house chickens," papa replied, smiling at their enthusiasm, "hatched right in the engine room!"

"What do you mean?" asked mamma in astonishment, gazing at the pretty little creatures.

"Just what I say," replied papa, who was an engineer in the big power house down town; "they were hatched on a shelf in the engine room."

"You are joking," mamma declared, but papa shook his head at once.

"It was just this way," he explained, hanging up his hat. "Tom Morgan brought me a dozen eggs from his new hennery about three weeks ago. I put them up on the shelf, intending to bring them home that night, but never thought of them again until this morning, when there seemed to be something stirring up there. I looked, and, sure enough, there was a fine litter of chickens just picking their way out of the shells!"

"But how did it ever happen?" asked mamma in a puzzled tone, while Dorothy and Laurence scattered tiny bread crumbs near the newcomers.

"Because the engine, running night and day, gave the eggs just as much heat as they would have found under a hen's wings," papa replied; "and so they thought they were put up there to hatch."

"Oh, aren't they darlings!" cried Dorothy, clapping her hands as the chickens began to eat the crumbs. "They are the nicest pets that we ever had in all our lives!"

"The only question in my mind is how they are to be mothered at night," papa said, patting Dorothy's bright curls as he spoke. "If mamma can decide that question for us, I will agree to make a nice home for them."

Mamma looked thoughtful for a moment, then told papa that, if he would make the little house, she would soon have a mother ready to put inside it.

While papa was making a nice coop out of a wooden box, mamma found an empty tin can that had once held a gallon of maple syrup. She filled this full of boiling water, screwed the cover on tight, and then wrapped it up in pieces of flannel.

"There," she exclaimed, triumphantly, fastening the last strip, "let us see how the chickens like this for a mother!"

Setting the can carefully in the centre of the coop, she put the little chickens close by it. Finding it soft and warm, they cuddled up against the flannel cover, and began to chirp as contentedly as if it were a mother hen. Then she pinned a square of flannel to the upper side of the can, letting it spread either way like a mother hen's wings, and leaving the ends open for the chickens to go in and out.

"We will fill the can with hot water every night," said mamma, "and it will keep the chickens nice and warm. They will never know that it is not a real mother."

Whether or not this was true, the chickens certainly lived quite happily with their syrup-can mother, until papa declared they were large enough to go to roost in the barn.—Mary Gilbert, in Little Folks.

WISE WORDS.

Many years ago, when your grandmother and grandfather went to school, they had reading and spelling lessons very much like ours to-day, only now they seem to us "old-fashioned." Here are some of the sentences from their old English spelling book:

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel than to avenge it.

He is always rich who considers himself as having enough.

Sincerity and truth are the foundations of all virtue.

He can never have a true friend who is often changing his friendships.

There is no real use in riches, except in the distribution of them.

By taking revenge for an injury, a man is only even with his enemy; by passing it over he is superior.

It forms no part of wisdom to be miserable to-day, because we may happen to become so to-morrow.

Which do you think you prefer, the old-time reader, full of advice, or your own pretty book, with its wealth of stories?—Washington Star.

BOAT TO SAIL AGAINST THE WIND.

You can even make a boat that will sail readily against the wind, and it's quite simple at that.

For the deck or body of your boat take a piece of wood about twenty inches long, six and two-thirds inches wide and about five-sixths inch thick. Taper at the ends.

Draw a line from end to end along the flat surface. On this line and about five-sixths inch from the end, which will finally serve as a stern, make a hole and insert in it a little mast about seven and one-third inches high and one-half inch in diameter. To its top fasten a little ringbolt.

Then, at about half an inch from the prow of the boat fasten another ringbolt of the same diameter hole as the other—about one-third inch.

Your propeller should be thirty-three inches in length and thirteen inches in diameter, tapering at the ends. To one end you will attach the "sail" and to the other the "paddle."

This diagram shows you exactly how the different parts of the boat are put together and how they look. By following these details of measurement carefully and using a little patience in construction you will soon have a fine little sailing vessel that will make good time through the water.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

Dr. Edmund Otis Hovey, of the American Museum of Natural History, who visited the West Indies immediately after the eruptions of Mont Pelee and La Soufriere in 1902, has made an extended tour of the islands with a view to supplementing his studies in vulcanology.

A large horse breeding and training place has been established at Kalgan, chiefly for the supply of horses for the Chinese army, and it is estimated that at least 20,000 good animals should be available every year. The manager is a Chinese, who has been studying horse breeding in Japan.

The American Museum of Natural History has received samples of the hair, wool and hide of a mammoth, probably the only samples of the outer covering of this extinct animal now in America. They are from Elephant Point, Alaska.

Most of the opium in India is produced in the agencies of Bihar and Benares, which have, respectively, 106,000 and 215,000 acres under cultivation. The net revenue derived from the opium in 1907 amounted to $14,574,893.

A learned Italian doctor says that gigantism is a morbid process—a disease due to an enlargement of a part of the brain which is endowed with growth—regulated functions. When that part of the brain enlarged, the limbs grew to an abnormal extent and other physical changes occurred, the excess of growth being chiefly in the lower jaw, the arms and legs. The average life is only a fraction over twenty years. Ireland has produced at least four giants—McGrath, born in Tipperary, in 1736 (he was 7 feet 5 inches in height); Malone, 7 feet 6 inches; Murphy, 7 feet 3 inches, and Charles Byrne, 7 feet 6 inches. None of them ever reached great mental development.

TALES OF ADVENTURE

THE RAID OF THE TUSKER.

"We were all seated under the shamiana, a sort of fringed canopy under which East Indians sit in the cool of the evening," says Mr. Inglis, in "Tent Life in Tiger Land." "Our hunting togs were discarded and our guns were being cleaned." As they sat thus, unprepared for any emergency, piercing screams were suddenly heard.

"Run, sahibs, run! The tusker has gone mad. He has broken loose!"

All started to their feet, and the terror-stricken servants flew in every direction. The great elephant made a run for the cook, who was bending over a stewpan. With admirable precision of mind the man delivered the hissing pan full in the gaping mouth of the furious beast.

Our first impulse was to run for our guns, but they were all taken to pieces. Not one in the camp was ready for use.

The elephant next made a rush for the shamiana; the ropes snapped like burnt flax, the lacquered bamboo poles broke like pipe-stems. Like the collapsing bulk of a punctured balloon, the canopy crashed to the ground, while we made our escape in all directions.

One of the party, Mac by name, a man of great strength, who kept a small meerschaum pipe continually between his lips, tumbled over, and could not rise before the brute was on him.

The rest of us stumbled over the tent ropes, dashed to the river, plunged in and swam across. Then we paused, and missed Mac. From the servants came the frightened wail, "Oh, the sahib is dead! Alas!"

From the river bank we could see the brute in a perfect fury of rage, trampling on the shapeless heap of cloth, furniture and poles, digging his tusks into the canvas in an abandon of uncontrollable madness. There was little doubt that Mac lay crushed to death, mangled out of all likeness by those terrible tusks. We waited an age, it seemed, in an agony of suspense. By the clear moonlight everything was as plain as by day.

The elephant tossed the strong canvas canopy as if it were a doormat, giving thrust after thrust, and screaming in a frenzy of wrath. Finally it shook its massive bulk, made for the dining-tent, and after demolishing that, made for the jungle.

There was an awful silence, broken only by a stifled sob. Then some one said, "Poor old Mac!"

After a time we ventured to the spot. From the shapeless mound of canvas there proceeded something like a groan. Then a voice said:

"Look alive, fellows, and get me out of this or I'll be smothered!"

"O Mac!" we blubbered. "Is it really you?"

"Who did you think it was?" was the answer.

We set to work to extricate our friend. Tables and chairs were on top of him so that he could breathe but not stir. It was a narrow escape. One thrust of the tusks had passed between his arm and his side. The tension of nerve was so great that at one time he lost consciousness.

Mac's first care, when he was once free from the tangle, was to search for his pipe.

BATHING IN THE DEAD SEA.

It is well known that the waters of the Dead Sea are much heavier than those of the ocean. This is due to the great amount of salt held in solution. A few years ago Mr. now Sir Gray Hill, of England, made trial of swimming in the sea and then in the Jordan, to compare the two. He tells the result in his book, "With the Bedouins:"

Many tourists while at Jericho bathe in the Dead Sea and the Jordan, and for very shame I could not pass by without doing so. But my experience was peculiar. I had with me one of the Jericho sheiks and one of the muleteers, and we rode first to the Dead Sea. Its waters are generally perfectly still and of a splendid blue color; but now, owing to the storm, they were very rough, the waves ran high, and for some two hundred yards from the shore were of an ugly brown.

I looked askance at it as I undressed, but felt bound to go in. The waves very promptly knocked me down, and filled my mouth, nose and eyes with their strong brine. Again I tried, and again, picking up one after another of the bare branches of trees which are carried down by the Jordan and washed on to the shores of this strange lake, with which I tried to steady myself as I walked in. But the force of the waves, aided by the great floating power of the water, twisted the branches out of my hands, and knocked me down time after time until, feeling that I had done enough for principle, I acknowledged that the victory did not lie on my side, and scrambled out, smarting most unpleasantly.

Then we galloped off to the Jordan, where I thought I should succeed better. So I cast about for a suitable place to jump in, for I did not like to crawl in ignominiously at the pilgrims' bathing-place, near which we were, and which would have been the wisest course to adopt. I wanted to take a header. So procuring a long stick, I ascended the stream a little, and made sure by sounding with it of a deep spot under an overhanging tree.

In I plunged, intending to swim down to the regular bathing-place where I knew there must be a good bottom for getting out. Down I came with the fast-flowing yellow flood, striking out in the fullest enjoyment.

But when I was just about to put my foot to the ground, I was brought up sharp with a tremendous blow on my right breast. If it had struck me on the heart it would, I think, have killed me on the spot. I had come down on to the end of a stake pointing up-stream, and driven in to mark the upper boundary of the bathing-place, but which was hidden, owing to the rains having raised the surface of the river. I had some difficulty in crawling out again, and was black and blue in the chest for a month afterward. There is nothing like a little experience to teach one wisdom.—Youth's Companion.

A LAST LESSON.

Putting the finishing touches to a bronco's education is sometimes exciting business. "Bronc" was a big black beauty of a colt, but about as mean as he was handsome. He had never been properly broken by his first owner, and his second master put him into the hands of the best horse-breaker in camp, hoping for an improvement. How his education was completed is described in Out West.

"They called this pony a outlaw before I took a holt of him," remarked the "bronco-buster," when the training of the black beast was well along. "Shucks!" Nowadays if a hoss bucks his saddle-blanket off'n him the boys say, 'Outlaw! Bad bronco! Guess I'll ride that ol' hoss over yonder.'

"I've sweated most o' the ugliness outen him a'ready," continued the trainer. "He ain't got but one mean habit left, an' to-day I'm a-going to l'arn him to fergit it."

The mean habit referred to was this: When Bronc decided to go straight ahead, he'd go. Over rocks and down the steep banks of a wash, through cactus and the well-named cat's claw; and if the chollas pricked him or the curved claws of the brush snatched at his flanks, he would throw in some fancy bucking for good measure as he tore along. But turn? Never!

The trainer took his riata from the saddle-horn, tied one end to the rope bridle, or hackamore, and fastened it securely under the jaw. Then he petted the colt, working toward its flanks, until the animal allowed him to reach the tail and fasten a loop of rope in its heavy strands.

The free end of the riata was passed through the loop in a way which would bring the horse's head and tail together when tightened, and by passing the riata once more through both hackamore and loop it was prevented from slipping when released.

"Now for the grand merry-go-round!" announced the trainer; and standing away from the colt's heels, he pulled the riata taut till the animal was bent nearly double. "Keep turning till I say ye can stop!" he commanded; and in fact the bewildered creature was revolving like a top, slowly learning the old lesson of his race—that man's will is law for the horse.

At the end of twenty minutes or so the trainer decided that the stiff neck was sufficiently limber. When he mounted he discovered his error; the frightened horse pranced and bucked with him, and finally tried to roll over the rider, who sprang from the saddle just in time.

But his patience was by no means exhausted.

"Here's a sure way to make 'em limber," he announced; and picking up a large flat stone, he tapped the horse's neck for a few minutes steadily, but not with sufficient force to hurt him. "He'll feel that pretty soon, an' find it easier to turn than brace his tender neck against the reins."

When the pony had been reversed—that is, tied head and tail on the opposite side—and allowed to rotate another half-hour, he was dripping with sweat and completely subdued.

The trainer mounted, and the colt allowed himself to be ridden about the flat until he tangled in his trailing riata and fell, the rider still on top.

"Now we'll turn him loose an' see how he behaves hisself," remarked the trainer; and unslinging the ropes, he again mounted and rode the now tractable horse in circles and figure eights, turning and wheeling at will.

"I'd a heap sooner twist this critter's neck with a rope," the trainer concluded, "than have him break his neck an' mine, too, over yonder cliff."

This was the justification of Bronc's hard lesson.

In a Wireless Tower.

To the men in the tower the air seemed full of noises. Signals were picked up from Washington, Cape Henry, Fire Island and Glace Bay. Late in the morning the electrical school in the Brooklyn navy-yard added the charm of music to the performances. Wireless telephonic experiments were being conducted between two points in the yard and the senders were using the band records of a phonograph. Once it was necessary to telephone to the manager of a coast station to ask coastwise ships to cease sending messages for a few minutes.

The successful experiment, while proving the efficacy of the land wireless for news service, was useful also as indicating some of the difficulties which must be overcome by improvements in the mechanical equipment of the stations. In course of time the danger of delay by interference will be minimized. The humorists in the wireless service, too, will get tired after a while of their wireless jokes.—New York Times.

Cold and the Skin.

Sharp frosts or cutting winds have an unpleasant way of finding out the weak points in the cutaneous system, and unless special attention is paid to the hygiene of the skin a good deal of unnecessary discomfort, or even actual suffering, must needs be endured.—London Hospital.

Charles Martens won a place on the Springfield (Mass.) police force by having his neck stretched three-tenths of an inch in five weeks by means of weights.