The Queenstown News.

JOHN M. AKERS, EDITOR. "INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL." 50 CENTS A YEAR.

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Estimating the population of England at 31,000,000, there are 15,305,000 females of all ages, and 15,695,000 males of all ages. This looks bad for the banns. The war is steadily reducing the number of males. The spinsters are over 200,000 strong already. What is to be England's hope?

No one hears anything nowadays about the good old Don't-Worry Club. Has it gone into decay? Life seems still to have its petty annoyances and living its sensitive nerves. Worry is still doing business at the same old stand. Are the don't-worry women all talking the Boer war and joining the Society for Political Study? queries the New York Press.

The list of societies co-operating with the committee appointed at the Northfield Summer Conference of Christian Workers in the attack upon Professor Atwater's experimental analysis of alcohol inevitably suggest the questionable values of latter-day "expert" testimony where the deductions of the particular scientist point unerringly to the side which employs him.

European Governments are learning military science from the younger nations of the earth. Emperor William, after observing the Funstonian method in the Philippines, now trains his men to swim and dive, and France is organizing rifle clubs for the purpose of teaching its possible soldiers to shoot after the fashion of the Boers—a fashion that seems to be somewhat annoying to the British.

Two-thirds of all the sugar in the world is now produced from beets. California is the principal beet sugar producing State. The sugar producing area of the world in less than half a century has been shifted from the tropics northward; and the farmer of the temperate zone has shown ability not only to compete with the low priced labor of the tropics, but in doing so to reduce by one-half the cost of the articles produced.

A notice has been posted in the offices of eight Chicago milk companies offering $500 reward to the ten drivers who shall before January 1, 1901, return the greatest number of milk bottles of the company above those given out to regular customers. It is stated that since the company began the delivery of milk in bottles at least 11,000 of these bottles have been retained by the customers. The bottles are worth about five cents each to the company.

The sight of a fleet of our great battleships always awakens a thrill of pride, and with good reason, for they are majestic in their size and power. And yet the older boats of our navy are none the less a source of patriotic enthusiasm, though they be relatively insignificant in comparison with the new leviathans. Scarred with the marks of active service, many of these tall ships are still doing active work, not in fighting the enemy's vessels, or in defending our national honor, but as training schools for the lads who will some day carry our colors to the remote parts of the earth. Several of these ships, dismasted hulks as they are, are homes for the embryo Admirals in various ports, while others are in constant demand for cruises in various waters.

Although it is a violation of a city ordinance for any citizen in Achison, Kan., to feed a tramp, that city professes to feed tramps better than any other city in the United States. It also contends that it has the tramps better regulated. Citizens are instructed to refer all beggars to the city building, where they are furnished with meals and lodging. The fare is of good character, and in return for it each tramp must work two hours on the rock pile, breaking up macadam for the streets. If a tramp applies a second time for lodging and meals, he must work six hours on the rock pile, and if he shows up a third time he is fined for vagrancy and thrown into jail for from twenty to a hundred days. Tramps are not taken care of in this manner altogether on humane grounds. The system collects them under the eye of the law for the night, and they cannot commit offences.

It seems to be the rule of civilization that valuable economic lessons emanate from the most unexpected quarters, observes the San Francisco Chronicle. One would as soon look for lessons in floriculture from the Polar Sea as to expect the harsh climate and harsh topography of Sweden to furnish any suggestion of value in the department of aboriculture, yet the most valuable lesson of the century comes from the little town of Orsa, in Sweden, and its forest reserve. It is announced that this thrifty community has, in the course of a single generation, sold $5,000,000 worth of trees, and that by means of judicious replanting it has provided for the realization of a similar income every forty years. This forms the only income of the place. Taxes are unknown. Railways, telephone service, schoolhouses, public instruction and many other good things of life are absolutely free to all the inhabitants.

WHEN DAYS ARE CHILL AND DAYS ARE FAIR

When the wild wind ripped
Like a maddened thing,
And his ears were nipped
By the fierce frost king;
When the deep pipes froze
And clear drops dripped
From his glowing nose;
When the slow wheels creaked
And the panes were streaked
By the etcher who
Is never seen,
He longed for the days when the skies are blue
And the fields are green;
"Oh, for the glad, warm days," he cried,
"When the loosened streams may flow,
For a summer day is worth," he sighed,
"More than all the months of snow!
And if this keeps on," he shivering said,
"I fear the fruit'll be frozen dead!"

The glad sun smiled
On all below;
The winds so wild
A week ago
Blew gently from the south and sent:
The frost king skulling penitent;
The picture melted from the pane,
And birds came singing from somewhere;
A verdant tinge spread o'er the plain,
And all the scene was fair,
But he who had condemned the blast
Was still unsatisfied,
And many a hopeless look he cast
Across the fields and sighed:
"The sun is warm and bright,
But, oh, it isn't right
That fields are green to-day
And birds are on the wing!
Alas, we'll have to pay
For all this in the spring!"

—S. E. Kiser.

Sacred Ben, the Whale of the Cross.

BY JAMES COOPER WHEELER.

I SHALL always claim that a better man than Portuguese John never slapped the deck of a whaler with his foot. All of marine New Bedford—thirty years ago—which was fiercely skeptical of Dago virtue, freely allowed that John was the exception which proves the rule. Therefore no one was surprised when old Hank Trimrod, master of the Java, signed him as fourth mate. As this officer acts as captain's boatsteerer when the "old man" lowers, and heads the starboard boat when he does not, it goes without saying that he must be good timber through and through.

It was not common, on an American whale ship, for a Portuguese to berth aft, but before the Java had crossed the western ocean on her way to the southern whaling grounds John was accepted by Coffin, Holder and Bigelow, the mates, as an all-around good fellow, and as capable a seaman as ever sniffed brine. His whaleman-ship was an unknown quantity, for none had sailed shipmates with him before. But they took it for granted, and grew fond of the grave, undemonstrative man who never courted, but always welcomed their rough fellowship.

One day, in the South Atlantic, a "lone" bull whale was raised from the mainmast head. It was breaching a long distance to windward, and it took the blind-bowed Java three hours to bent up to where the lonely monarch could be seen from the deck. Bigelow, the third mate, was in the slings at the main-royal yard with his glasses. He scanned the whale long and closely, while it lay spouting without thought of enemies. Suddenly he sent his voice to the deck:

"I never seen a sperm bull like this 'ere, Cap'n Trimrod. He's queer an no mistake!"

The "old man," pacing his quarter like a penned animal, paused in his swift stride and looked inquiringly aloft: "What do you make of him, sir?"

"I'm blowed if he's a Protestant!" answered Bigelow with a brief chuckle. "He's marked with a cross on his head."

Portuguese John, who stood by the starboard boat near the master, gave a sudden start as the whale was described, and was about to speak, but restrained himself, and Bigelow continued:

"Seems like the cross was painted on with white lead. The long streak goes from the nose to the hump, an' the cross bar reaches clear athwart his head."

(The body of the sperm whale is covered with what may be described as a black pigment. It is slightly thicker than a coat of paint, and may be readily scratched off—bringing to view a dull white skin which covers the blubber. It seems possible that Sacred Ben may have carelessly scratched his head on the rocks at the bottom of the sea in the regions where he is supposed to chase the giant squid. In that way the religious symbol which so astonished Mr. Bigelow may have been produced.—J. C. W.)

Captain Trimrod happened to glance at his fourth mate, and to his surprise John's swarthy face had turned that livid yellow which takes the place of emotional paleness in the Latin races.

"What is it, John?" he asked, in surprise.

The Portuguese's voice was husky, and he shivered as he answered, pointing in the direction of the bull: "Sacred Ben, sir! The Whale of the Cross!"

"Hey!" exclaimed the "old man" with an expression of deep interest. "I've heard of him before. He's got a bad record!"

Portuguese John moved nearer, and laid his unsteady hand on the master's arm. "Captain," he said in a strained whisper, "that whale means death. He kill my broth', three year ago, in the Indian Ocean. And many more! He stove three boats of the Mary, an' get away with four 'irons' and all the lines. That time I know for I was there. My broth', Anton, he steer Misser Brown, the mate; an' all that boat crew Sacred Ben kill. An' many more! I hear of him in othair ships. He always kill, an' always get away."

"I heard of the Mary losing her boats. I was in the Okhotsk that year," answered Trimrod. "Well, what of it, John?"

"Captain, for Christ his sake, do not lower after the Whale of the Cross!"

The sailor in Hank Trimrod quaked because of the superstition begot by the sea, but after a moment the tough Yankee spirit of the New England whale-hunter surged up in his breast. "Sacred Ben will try out like any other whale, I reckon!" he grimly muttered.

John made the sign of his faith. He saw the skipper's jaw set, and knew the breed. With the instinctive gesture he resigned his welfare to the care of his patron saint, and braced himself to do his duty—whatever might befall. The "old man" took the glasses from the companion-way rack and climbed the weather main rigging to a height where he could see the bull plainly.

"The Whale of the Cross, right enough!" he murmured when he had adjusted his focus. "I'll give him a whirl, for luck!" Then he snapped his glasses together, and roared "Stand by to lower away!"

The mastiead lookouts seemed to drop to the deck. The crew, on hot foot since Bigelow's first call from aloft, ranged themselves at their stations.

"Lower away, all!"

The falls creaked; in a twinkle all four boats touched the water, and the men were on their thwarts. Timrod, with the smartest crew, was the first away from the side. "'Vast pulling!" commanded he. "Peak oars! Step the mast! Shake that sail loose! throat and peak halyards hoist!"

Almost as he spoke the well-trained men had the mast secured, the sheet passed aft, and the sail took the wind.

"Drop your centreboard. Let her go!" he said to the midship oarsman. Down it went and held the boat up to the wind, as the "old man" laid her head straight for Sacred Ben. "Pull all!" The men lay back on their oars again, and the foam curled from the cutwater.

Captain Timrod—the only man in the boat with his face to the whale—looked out ahead with mischief in his gray eye. His blood was afire with the chase. The Whale of the Cross, doughty old sea warrior as he was, had an antagonist who would tax his art and test his fighting quality. A mile—two miles—were passed, and the black bulk lay a quarter-mile distant, looming like a bare rock in midocean. His great hump was six feet above the sea. At times he spouted, sending a jet of steam thirty feet in the air, and anon in the wantonness of might he thrust his huge body half above water with a writhe of his muscles, and falling back, splintered the brine into foam a hundred yards around.

Nearer came the boat. Portuguese John, watching Timrod's eye, saw it glow; but he never turned his head, though he knew that Sacred Ben was close behind. Then the captain spoke again as he threw the boat's nose in the wind—this time in a strained whisper that shivered along the men's nerves like an electric current:

"Take in the sail—cleverly! Down with the mast. So! Stand up, John! Pull hard!"

He accompanied the last order with a swing on his steering oar, and by the time Portuguese John had knee in clumsy cleat and hand on his "iron" he was facing the Whale of the Cross not ten feet abaft his fin. John, the Dago, was grit clear through, and if Timrod remembered his shaking hand when the whale was first sighted, he knew now that the fourth mate would send his harpoon home with as brave heart as beat under his own Yankee ribs.

"Give it to him!" The old man spoke in a fierce whisper. The hearts of the men leaped, and they gripped oars in arrested stroke with fingers of steel that almost dented the ash. John's "iron" went above his head like lightning, and, with a swish its barbed point sung through the air and stabbed deep into the side of Sacred Ben.

Like report of gun after touch on trigger he responded. A hundred tons sprang into activity as lightly as a wildcat meets its foe. "Starn all!" roared Timrod, "for your lives starn all!" With their very souls in the strain the crew pushed on their oars. A maelstrom of blinding foam encompassed the boat. Whirlpools of angry water spurted vicious gushes over its side, and a deafening rush as though of Niagara was in Portuguese John's ears, while the boat reeled and danced beneath his feet. But the latent tiger at the bottom of his heart was aroused, and he did not give back an inch. Wiping the spume from his face with his left hand, with the right he sought and grasped the "second iron."

Timrod, at the stern, had for a moment a clearer view than his boat steerer, and now he cried: "See, he's milling!"

So it was. The bull had settled in the water at the prick of the steel, and with two strokes of his fins, and a lash of his flukes (which had caused the vortex) he was milling (turning) his bulk as though on a pivot, with the effect of bringing his tail underneath the whale boat. Timrod was too old a blubber hunter not to know what that meant. An upward stroke of that tremendous engine of destruction would send boat and crew fifty feet in the air as though thrown aloft by an exploding mine. He gave a great heave on his long steering oar, and the boat whirled about. John stood, harpoon uplifted. His eyes, searching the whirling eddies in front, saw the flukes of the Whale of the Cross, curved like a bow, ascending from the depths.

The next instant Timrod bent to his oar again, and the boat again swung from the rising death. The captain did his best, but even as the bow turned the great tail came from the sea, smoothly, silently, as though driven by some irresistible mechanical force. John gazed at the black horror in momentary paralysis, his "iron" poised for the dart. Its point was caught by the corner of the fluke, and flipped as a boy jerks his knife in mumble peg. The harpoon turned on its axis—and John was impaled upon it. In continuance of the motion the flukes rose high in the air, and then sunk from sight. Sacred Ben had sounded, and the line hissed over Portuguese John's prostrate body [illegible] chocks in the bow.

There is no time for horror in a whaleboat. All is action. The men, scarcely realizing the tragedy, but knowing the whale to be fast, peaked their oars. Timrod reached for the line, and tossed two flakes from the tub to give play that he might bring it over the snubbing post in the stern sheets. It coiled through his hands like a hissing serpent, and in the very act of accomplishing his purpose a flake leaped into the air, and opening like the loop of a cowboy's lasso, dropped over his shoulders. It seemed for a second that nothing could save him from being cut it two. But the boat oarsman happened—by the Almighty's favor—to see the fatal loop as it sprang in the air. In a heart-beat his sheathknife flashed, and the line was severed before it had time to nip, or become taut on the "second iron."

"The old man" cast the loosened coil from his body and settled back in the stern sheets. "Jonas," he said to the bow oarsman, "I guess you saved my bacon. But now look to John. I'm afraid this blamed old Whale of the Cross has fixed him."

Jonas reached to where the body of the fourth mate lay on the thwart, and turned his face to the sky. On examination it was found that the harpoon he had turned against Sacred Ben had cloven his own heart in twain.—New York Independent.

WORDS ABOUT WOMAN.

What the Old Codger Said During One of His Meditative Spells.

"Woman," said the old Codger, during one of his meditative spells, "is a perpetual paradox, a chronic conundrum without an answer, an unknown quantity possessed of unexpected possibilities, a perennial prize-package of peculiar potentialities, a conventicle of characteristic contradictions and an amaranthine aggregation of other attributes which are not alliterative.

"She is man's greatest earthly blessing, and the cause of most of his misery. She is his chief inspiration to the achievement of all that is good, grand and glorious in this world, and at the same time a labor-saving device to help him make a fool of himself. She soothes his tired nerves with the coo of her gentle voice, but she always has the last word in every controversy with him—and, incidentally, about ninety-seven per cent. of the preceding conversation. She brings him into the world, and a few years later talks him to death.

"Most of man's trouble is caused by woman, but so deftly does she pile the load on him that whenever his burden of trouble is lifted he wanders uneasily about hunting for more—otherwise, there would be very few second wives. She will cheerfully go to the stake for the truth's sake, and lie about her age without even being asked. She will grow weary of an indulgent husband, but will cleave unto death to the man who beats her regularly. She will break her heart because a man does what she don't want him to do, and love him all the better for so doing.

"She scorns all advice in the selection of a husband, but takes two other women along to help her pick out a hat. The less actual comfort to be obtained from a thing, the more enjoyment a woman gets out of its possession. At sixteen she is a young woman, at twenty-five, if still unmarried, she is a girl. She will face the grim spectre of death without a tremor, and swoon at the sight of a mouse. The only time she ever does what you expect her to do is when you expect her to do just what you don't expect her to do. The sole reason why she does anything is simply because she don't know why she does it. She jumps at conclusions and always lands on them squarely, for the simple reason that when the conclusion skips to one side, thinking to avoid her, it gets exactly in her way. She is the dearest thing in all the world, and the most aggravating. She is as she is, and that's all there is to do about it. The only man who ever fully understands a woman is the man who understands that he don't understand her, and has got sense enough to let it go at that."—Tom P. Morgan, in Puck.

Heavy Guns and Ears.

The stunning report of each gun as it is fired is something that a stranger on the deck will long remember. There is an old saying, "deaf as a post." Now, in the royal navy, this is changed to "deaf as a post captain." No man can go through a long series of gunnery practices without having his hearing very seriously affected. Some men put cotton wool in their ears, but even this precaution does little to deaden the terrible shock. And if the firing of one or two guns has such a shattering power, what would be the effect if the whole armament were in action together?

It is almost impossible to conceive the strain upon nerve and senses of the rending concussion. If a visitor watches the firing of one of the monster nine-inch guns, and then places himself beside one of the smallest pieces, the report made by the one will not appear much louder than that of the other. The extra distance to the muzzle of the big piece discounts the sound. The only apparent difference between the two appears to be that the small pieces have a sharper, higher-pitched note, and that the six and nine-inch guns speak with more of a bellowing roar. One piece of advice may be given to any one who finds himself in the neighborhood of a gun in action. The noise will not have nearly the same effect if you are watching the gun as if the crash comes unexpectedly. Unconsciously nature prepares you to resist a shock which is known to be impending.—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Harbor of Durban, Natal.

The great harbor works of Durban, Natal, were begun in 1867, with the object of removing the bar which obstructs the entrance to the port, and the deepening of the water in the bay itself. The inner basin of the harbor covers about seven and a half square miles. Much of this is, however, mere shoal water, but a fleet of constantly working dredges is increasing the area available for ships.

Durban is a place in which fruit grows well. It is in consequence largely cultivated there, and many varieties quite unknown to Europeans are in constant use. Among them are the custard apple, soursop, mango, rose apple, papaw, guava, grenadilla, lomal, shaddock and mattie.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

Fought to the Death.

R. J. ARMSTRONG, of Denver, went to the Philippines, not to fight, but to tack shoes on the feet of the regimental horses supposed to accompany the First Colorado. Judging from the scarred and battered appearance of that gentleman it is presumed that he saw more fighting than horseshoeing during his stay abroad.

Among the volunteers who returned was Armstrong. He marched in one of the companies, but with the conclusion of the welcoming ceremonies hastened to his home and there donned a civilian dress, in which he wandered downtown to shake hands with his numerous friends. In reply to a question from one of them as to whether or not he had seen any fighting he pointed with some pride to his right eye, over which is to be seen a scar fully an inch long.

"That is a relic of one of my fights," said he, "and this is another." At the same time he rolled up his sleeve covering his left arm, displaying what was once a deep gash about three inches in length on his forearm.

The worthy man of brawn went on to relate that the strip of white skin taking the place of his right eyebrow came as the result of one of the regiment's early engagements. His place was in the rear, where he would be accessible should [illegible] services be needed for the tightening or removing of any of the shoes belonging to the officers' horses. A Mauser bullet happened to fly high in the air and to return to the earth in Armstrong's immediate vicinity. Had he not thrown his head back suddenly just at the moment that the ball whizzed by he would not have returned. As it was he lost his eyebrow.

It was the forearm scar that elicited the better story. Armstrong was following the regiment on one of its active days when Irving Hale was still a colonel and in command. The colonel's horse was sent back to have a shoe tightened, and the regimental shoer dismounted from the steed which he was riding, leaving his saber against the back of a bamboo shack near which he had stopped. Taking his hammer and nails and pincers he went after the refractory shoe to the tune of a little Irish profanity, but had proceeded only a little way with his task when he was startled to see a 200-pound Filipino, almost naked and brandishing a heavy saber, coming toward him in a war-like attitude. Armstrong took in the whole situation at a glance. The native was between him and his horse, where his pistol had been left, and his saber stood some feet distant on the other side. As quick as thought, and just as the Filipino was about to strike a heavy blow, the Colorado man hurled his hammer in the direction of his foe and bounded toward the shack to recover his saber. The hammer did not hit the mark at which it was aimed, but the Filipino's weapon did. It struck the horseshoer on the left forearm, cutting to the bone. This did not deter the American from making things interesting for his adversary, however, for as soon as he could unsheath his trusty steel he was brandishing it in the face of the black man. The battle that followed in that diurnal solitude was fierce and to the death. When both combatants had been worn almost to exhaustion Armstrong struck the Filipino a blow that split his skull from forehead to neck.

Then he tightened the colonel's horse's shoe. The orderly had to wait for a few minutes when he returned for the steed, but Armstrong made no excuse for the delay.

Encounter With a Canadian Lynx.

A Montagnais Indian known as Pierre was visiting a line of marten traps near the forks of the Moisic Labrador, when he met an Indian with a sledge drawn by two dogs. It was a heavy load, and as it was growing dusk, he asked permission to take the sledge into the lodge of the hunter. "for," said he, "I have a body there, and I am afraid the dogs will eat it if it is left outside." After the two had smoked together for some in silence according to the Indian manner, the visitor was induced to tell his story.

"Did you bring the body far?" asked Pierre.

"Six days up the St. Marguerite, eight days in all from here."

"How did he die?"

The other looked at the fire and for some time said nothing. It was evident that he had a very sorrowful tale to tell or he would have spoken at once. After a long pause he said: "He is my cousin. I am taking him to be buried at the post. He asked me. I promised him. It is a long journey in winter but he wished it, and he will soon be there."

Then he told how it happened. "He and I," he said, pointing to the body, but mentioning no names, "were hunting together, when we came upon the track of a loup cervier, or Canada lynx, and followed it. My cousin was first and he turned round and said to me, 'I'll go round that mountain if you go up the valley with the dogs and we are sure to get him.' We separated. In an hour I heard a gun, and then sat down and waited long. As night was coming on I thought I would go and look. I could find nothing, so as it was getting dark I fired my gun. No answer. I fired again. No answer. 'Something,' I said, 'has happened to my cousin. I must follow his tracks as soon as it is daylight.' After sleeping that night on a number of spruce branches spread on the snow I followed the tracks early in the morning, and before I got half way round the mountain I saw my cousin. He was nearly dead and could not speak. Close to him was the loup cervier frozen stiff. My cousin had slipped into a cleft of the rock just after he had fired and wounded the lynx and when he was within twenty yards of it. One of his legs was broken. As soon as he fell the lynx sprang upon him and tore off part of his scalp. He killed it with his knife but could not get out of the hole in the rock on account of his broken leg. Nor could he reach his gun to fire it off and let me know. There he must have remained and died alone if I had not chanced to come. I lifted him out of the crack but his fingers snapped off—they were frozen."

A Skipper's Heroic Wife.

Captain John Kelsey and nine seamen of the big New Haven schooner W. Wallace Ward owe their lives to the inspiring bravery of the skipper's wife. For five weary days and nights the men had battled with waves that almost wrecked their vessel. Worn out with loss of sleep and food, the pumps choked, the cargo listed and the rigging torn, the men were in despair.

"Cap, we give it up," said the sturdiest of the lot when his exhausted companions had abandoned the pumps and were climbing into the rigging. "It's no use; we're done for."

The captain, weak from anxiety and equally discouraged, shook his head and begged the men to work a little longer. They refused and lashed themselves to the rigging. Then Mrs. Kelsey rushed out of the battered cabin. Waving a hand to the men, she cried:

"For God's sake stick to the pumps! Help will surely come. I know you're not cowards. Come on, now!"

She went to work herself, and her courageous example gave the men new life. They sprang to the pumps and worked with superhuman energy, but even this was unavailing, and the Ward was settling when the Norwegian steamer Themis hove in sight. Captain Anderson saw the distress signals flying on the Ward and ordered a lifeboat out. It was stove in at once. Then he called for volunteers and had another boat launched. Five of the best men he had clambered aboard.

For two hours they strove to reach the schooner and take off Mrs. Kelsey and the others. When they finally made fast to the schooner the captain's brave wife lay limp in the cabin, her strength gone. She was lifted aboard and the perilous trip back undertaken. After hours of labor all were rescued and cared for on the steamer.

Heroic Hand to Hand Conflict.

Expeditions from India still go up through the Khyber pass and the other passes along the Indian frontier, ostensibly to punish rebellious chiefs, and actually to keep the boundary line between Russian dominion and English dominion from edging over any nearer to India than it is now. Of such a nature was the famous bitter fight with the Kanjut tribes of the Kashmir in 1891, when a small expedition sent to Hunza found itself confronting a narrow gorge with precipitous sides through which the road to Hunza ran. The sides of the gorge were as steep as stone walls and everywhere at points the face of the rock were little nests of natives, protected by some breast works. The Englishmen went patiently to work to take the Nilt fortress, which was on a flat rock half way up the side of one of the cliffs. Pushing breastworks before them, they got so near to the fort that Captain F. J. Amyler was able to make a wild dash at the war gate and blow it up with slabs of guncotton before the natives could collect themselves sufficiently to take good aim at him. He was wounded by a shot fired so close to him that it burned his uniform. The British worked from the fort to the top of the ridge surmounting it. From that point they kept up a sharpshooters' fire on the breastworks one the other side of the ravine, 100 yards away. The Kanjuts were not able to look over the edged of their breastworks or to roll rocks down from them while the sharpshooters kept up their fire. Thus protected, a column of fifty picked climbers worked their way up the face of the cliffs and drove the tribesmen out of their roost in hand to hand conflicts. This exhibition of nerve, muscle and skill completely terrified the Kanjuts, and they fled before the British from the whole Kanjut Valley.

A Shark Adventure.

A fisherman, Charles Cox, accompanied by one of his sons, aged eight, went to Governor's reef to fish for squid, and anchored in twelve feet of water. They were half a mile from the shore, when suddenly the squid darted away, and a huge shark, fully twenty feet long, came to the surface and rushed at the keel of the boat. It seized it in its jaws and shook the boat with such force as to send one of the gunwales under water. A moment later the teeth of the monster were crunching into the bottom boards of the boat. The shark then stood off and charged from astern. It missed its mark and shot its head some two feet over the bows of the boat. Cox then heaved the anchor and cleared away, reaching the shore without further trouble. An examination of the boat showed that the shark's jaws were two feet long, with an opening capacity of fully eighteen inches. A portion of one of the teeth had broken off in one of the boards, and when drawn out measured two inches.—Perth (Australia) Chronicle.

Queer Human Remains.

During the last few years the Government has dug up some queer human remains in various places. From a prehistoric mound in Alabama was obtained a skull that was completely filled with snail shells, though for what purpose cannot be imagined. Near Chillicoths, Ohio, were unearthed several skeletons wearing copper masks—another unique discovery in archaeology. Most remarkable of all was a human skull of iron—not produced by artifice, mind you, but so made by nature. It was found imbedded in a mass of iron ore, and evidently it was inclosed in that way originally by some accident. In the course of centuries the bone was disintegrated gradually by the action of water, each particle being replaced by a particle of iron, until at length the skull was no longer bone but metal. Its structure in the iron is perfect in every detail, save that the top of the head and the lower jaw are missing. This is one of few human fossils that have been disclosed up to date.—Chicago Tribune.

Great Britain's Tea Colony.

The Island of Ceylon, a British colony, has 405,000 acres under tea, out of a total of a little more than 2,000,000 acres under the plow.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

The solutions to these puzzles will appear in a succeeding issue.

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57.—Rhomboid.

Across—1. Method. 2. A tree. 3. A famous garden. 4. Dilatory.

Down—1. A letter, 2. Elevated. 3. An untruth. 4. Extremities. 5. An elongated fish. 6. A negative. 7. A consonant.

58.—Metagram.

Whole, I am a number, Change my head and I successively become to plunge, under water, to bestow, a box for bees, to exist and to split.

59.—Diamond.

1. A letter. 2. To repent. 3. To erect. 4. An animal. 5. A letter.

60.—Charade.

The whole is a nimble second.
The first by the whole is eaten,
The whole is a pest to farmers,
Not to be easily beaten.

ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS PUZZLES.

53.—Buried American Cities—Hartford, Raleigh, Eastport, Richmond, Utica, Troy.

54.—Double Acrostic—

J O C U N I
O B T U S E
N A R R O W
E F F A C E
S A V O R Y

55.—Decapitations—B-old, C-hide, C-raven, F-alter, G-aunt, P-refer.

56.—Word Square—

B E N D
E R I E
N I L E
D E E D

THE TROLLEY-CAR MOTOR.

Most All Lines Equip a Coach With Two Power Generators.

In almost every instance railway cars are provided with two motors. This arrangement is adopted not because one motor cannot furnish all the power required, but simply for the purpose of making the equipment more reliable. Everything of human make is liable to fail[illegible]ce if only one motor were used there would be more or less liability of its giving out at a critical moment, and then the car would be helpless. If two motors are provided, should one give out the car would not be disabled, for the remaining machine would be able to run it to its destination. In order that this result may be successfully accomplished, each motor is made of sufficient capacity to run the car without being overtaxed, unless the load is abnormally large; but even under the latter conditions the machine will in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred withstand the strain. Some roads, in small towns, where the traffic is light and the expense must be kept down to the lowest point, use single-motor cars; so as to affect a saving in the first cost. This course, however, is very seldom followed, except in places where there are no heavy grades or where there is very little probability of the loads becoming excessive, except at rare intervals. If the cars are provided with a single motor, when one becomes disabled from any cause it has to wait until overtaken by the car behind it, so that it may be pushed by the latter to the end of the road.—From "What Makes the Trolley Car Go," in Appletons' Popular Science Monthly.

Typhoid Fever in South Africa.

Professor Sambon, writing in the Journal of Tropical Medicine, says: "Typhoid fever is the most prevalent and fatal disease in South Africa. In the Galeaka Gaika war it was stated by the principal medical officer to have been undoubtedly the most serious disease during the war. In the Zulu war of 1878 typhoid appeared at the headquarters at Helpmakaar and at Rorke's Drift in the middle of February, accompanied by diarrhœa and dysentery. Helpmakaar became so unhealthful that it had to be evacuated. The troops were moved to Utrecht and Dundee, but the fever immediately broke out at both there places.

"I do not contend in the least that water may not be a vehicle, and possibly the principal vehicle, of typhoid infection, but there are many outbreaks that cannot receive as comfortable an explanation. Some of them are strikingly limited and their limitation is rarely in accordance with the distribution of the water supply supposed to be polluted.

"Dr. James Allen, of Pietermaritzburg, from his observations in South Africa, came to the conclusion that typhoid fever depended chiefly upon infected cattle. He describes a specific enteritis occurring in calves, subject to relapses and very contagious, and holds that the excrements of animals affected with this distemper, on gaining access in any way into the human body, will give rise to typhoid fever. He holds that typhoid fever thus arose in a great measure among the British troops in the Zulu war."—Medical Record.

Literary Log-Rolling.

A writer in a New York paper suggests, "as the next step in development of literary advertising, the engaging of gentlemanly persons of social tastes to talk, for hire, about any given book among all the reading people he meets." This would not be a new departure, however, for it has long been the practice in England, where it is called "log-rolling." A very small author can get a dinner occasionally out of the process, and perhaps gravitate toward a second edition of a very poor book by having the town crier applaud it publicly. "Have you read my book?" asked an author of his friend, the Georgia colonel. "Yes," was the reply, "but I'm better now!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Spurgeon's Odd Compliment.

Once Mr. Spurgeon, the famous London preacher, officiated at a marriage. When all was over he said to the bridegroom, "I really cannot compliment you on your choice of a bride.' The guests were amazed; the poor bridegroom fairly gasped for astonishment. But all was explained when Mr. Spurgeon added quietly, "Any stupid with half an eye could see that she would make a man a good wife so no discrimination was needed in your case, and I very heartily congratulate you upon your choice."

A CITY EDITOR'S SONG.

I would fly from the city's rule and law,
From its fashions and forms cut loose,
And go where the strawberry grows on its straw,
And the gooseberry grows on its goose;
Where the catnip tree is climbed by the cat,
As she clutches for her prey—
The guileless and unsuspecting rat,
On the rattan bush at play;
I will catch at ease the saffron cow,
And the cowlot in their glee,
As they slip in joy from bough to bough
On the top of the cowslip tree;
And list while the partridge drums his drum,
And the woodchuck chucks his wood,
And the dog devours the dogwood plum
In the primitive solitude.
Oh! let me drink from the moss-grown pump,
That was hewn from the pumpkin tree!
Eat mush and milk from a rural stump,
From folly and fashion free—
Nor gathered mush from the mushroom vine,
And milk from the milkweed sweet—
With luscious pineapple of the pine;
Such food as the gods might eat;
And then to the whitewashed turn,
Where the dairy maid [illegible]
Her ruddy and golden-rod butter to [illegible]
From the milk of her butterflies;
And I'll rise at morn with the earliest bird
To the fragrant barnyard pass,
And watch while the farmer turns his herd
Of grasshoppers out to grass.

—Pacific Union.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Any attempt to abbreviate 1900,'" observed the professor, "will be almost sure to come to naught."—Rome Tribune.

Mr. Borem (11 p. m.)—"My motto is, 'Pay as you go.'" Miss Cutting—"Well, I'm willing to lend you a small amount if it will help you out."

Teacher—"Now, boys, who can tell me which is the most difficult thing to acquire in cycling?" Chorus of yells—"The bicycle, sir."—Tit-Bits.

"Do you know what Miss Wellon's age is now?" "No. All I know about it is that she doesn't keep the family Bible out of sight any more."

She received a birthday present,
Which her friends said was nice.
But she was awfully disappointed—
She couldn't learn the price.

"Pa, what [illegible]
tesy?" "W[illegible]
the table [illegible]
under th[illegible]
nal.

Bacon—"You say you[illegible]
lege writes a bold hand?" Egbert—"I should say so. He's just writ[illegible] for $150 more."—Yonkers Statesman.

Edna—"I love to ride [illegible] tandem." Jack—"You [illegible]" Edna—"Because, no ma[illegible] happens, there is always so[illegible] fall back on."—Chicago N[illegible]

He—"To prove the sin[illegible] intentions, I have bought [illegible] adornment for your [illegible] finger." She—"I must [illegible] friend, that your speech has th[illegible] ring."

It is no wonder the humorist feels bitterly toward the cooking schools, when these have all but eliminated the woman who thinks sponge cake is made of sponges. — New York World.

"What, ho! Within there!" shouted the knight at the castle gate. The warder gat him up, yawning prodigiously. "Another man with a ho[illegible] said he to his faithful varlet.—Indianapolis Press.

Little Wife—"I saved thirty dollars to-day." Loving Husband—"You're an angel. How?" Little Wife—"I saw a perfect lovely easy chair that I knew you'd like, and I didn't buy it."—New York Weekly.

Wickwire—"Look here! This is the fourth time this morning you have been in here asking for the price of a meal." Dismal Dawson—"Yep, am the absent-minded beggar, don't ye know."—Indianapolis Press.

Frantic Woman—"Oh, sir! My husband returned to our room after we had fled." Fireman—"Do you think he's in danger?" Woman—"He may be. Please go to him and tell him not to forget my diamonds!"—Jeweler's Weekly.

A schoolmaster sends us an answer given by a boy in a "general information" examination. Asked who Tom Mann was, the boy replied, "Tom Man is what one calls a woman who behaves like a man, and one calls a boyish girl a tom boy."—London Truth.

An Impossible Task.

The girls in one of the classes of a Louisville private school found themselves up against the "real thing" a short time ago. It was in the English class and a new teacher had just been employed. She was from the North, and called all the pupils "Miss," at which they marveled greatly.

On the first day the teacher told her class that she would not give a regular lesson, but each girl should write down all the slang she knew and bring it to the next day's recitation.

That was a "cinch." Several girls who possessed brothers and the rest who possessed other girls' brothers set them to work. The result was marvelous. When the class was called next day there was not a girl who could not show two closely written pages of slang expressions. The teacher looked.

"Very good," she said. "Now translate them into readable English."

They haven't fooled with her since. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Freaks of Temperature.

On one day recently the thermometer registered thirty degrees in New Orleans, or two degrees below freezing, while at the same time in points in Dakota it registered forty-four degrees. As the difference in latitude is something like seventeen or eighteen degrees, the difference in temperature upon the day in question is almost startling. But to show that it is not exceptional, a gentleman to whose attention the matter was called told of a summer experience he had some years ago, when he was in Quebec, about the middle of July. At that time the thermometer was in the nineties during a certain day and in the seventies at New Orleans. So the oddities are not confined to any season nor to any year. — Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

When a Woman Is Ever Young.

No woman is ever young [illegible] any wrinkles till she has [illegible] —New York Press.