The Queenstown News.

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

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In all the new school buildings of New York City space has been left for installing a system of shower baths. Baths are now ready in two or three of the schools on the east side, where bathing facilities are most needed. Children are required to furnish their own towels and soap.

Sometimes the girls here and there have organized societies for the purpose of mutually declining to receive the attentions of young men who should refuse to sign total abstinence pledges. It is now for the boys to neatly turn the tables by declining to pay attention to any girl wearing the wings or feathers of one of our song birds in her hat. The vice of intemperance is not so very much worse than the hideous vanity which in its thoughtlessness or cruelty sacrifices the choristers of the forest for its gratification.

There is probably no one machine whose perfection has cost more unpaid labor than the rotary engine, or steam turbine as it is usually called. Its perfection has at last been successfully accomplished, however, by Mr. Charles A. Parsons, an English engineer, whose engines have for several years been successfully operating various plants in England. The building of the yacht Turbinia, which ran forty miles an hour last year, drew public attention to the invention, and now the applications of the new engine are so rapidly increasing that it behooves every one to learn something about its construction and operation.

The water supply plants of the United States are stated by Mr. Allen Hazen to have reached 3200 in 1897, about three-fourths of them being operated by pumping. Only about one-tenth of the cities and towns have filtered water supplies, although the importance of filtration in lessening typhoid fever is generally recognized. Mr. Hazen favors slow filtration through sand-beds, but finds that filters of this kind are used in the United States only by cities of an aggregate population of 260,000, but in England by cities of 10,200,000 inhabitants, and by a total population in the world of 21,400,000. Mechanical filters are employed by an aggregate population of nearly 1,600,000 in the United States and Canada, although practically unused in other countries.

The system of portable schoolhouses, having proved satisfactory in Milwaukee, will be adopted in St. Louis, where, owing to the shifting population, it has become necessary to provide suitable accommodations for children whose education is now being conducted in storerooms and dwellings hired for that purpose. The portable schoolhouse is made in sections, bolted together, and placed upon any available foundation. It is said that a structure of this kind lasts for years. The school board has allowed $130,000 for the four buildings to be used in St. Louis for the accommodation of about 200 children. Each building will have a floor space of twenty-four by thirty-two feet, and seats for forty-five pupils. The buildings will be heated by stoves.

Naturalists all over the world are deploring the craze that exists for killing rare animals and birds whenever the chance offers. There seems to be no cure for this craze, which grows worse and worse, the rarer certain kinds of birds and animals become. It may be said without fear of contradiction that should a specimen of the great auk be reported as having been seen on some distant point in Greenland, Labrador or some such comparatively inaccessible region, every effort would at once be made by "specimen collectors" to annex the skin of the bird. Some men would do it simply for the sake of adding it to their collections; while others would go for it just for the value of the specimen as a marketable commodity. In the United States the relentless pursuit by poaching hide hunters of the few remaining specimens of the buffalo is a case in point.

THE THREE LETTERS.

BY LOUISE CLARK.

ANSWER this question, who is she?"

"Old John Sargent's daughter. He died when she was a child, you know, and left his entire fortune to her."

"Why isn't she married?"

"They—say she has a buried heart in Charlie Cutter's grave. You remember poor old Charlie was thrown from his horse some five years ago, broke his neck and her heart at one blow. She is a stunner, though, isn't she? No use trying to get her, Billy. Settle down and calm yourself. My sister says she never had a spark of sentiment about her, but now she seems to have lost all interest in everything. Oh, no, not a mean, stingy streak in her nature! She is very generous with her money, but gives as though she did not care a straw what she was giving the dust to—unnatural, very. I am afraid of her myself, but she is a thoroughbred; never saw her do or look a thing out of the way."

"By Jove! I think the girl has a heart within her, and if I were going to be in town this winter I would try and reach it? She walks like a queen. What is she doing here?"

"Going to the cemetery. They say she comes here at all hours of the day, but there is never a flower on Charlie's grave. She makes no outside show. Give me a match."

"Does she live alone?"

"Not a houseful of servants, and a cousin or something as a companion. She used to go slumming, but I heard she got mixed up in a row one night and was hustled off to the station house before the policeman found out who she was. Then the whole force went down on their knees, and she was sent home, so they say, in the Black Maria. Anyway, she gets some one else to slum nowadays, and she pays the bills."

"Is she a blue stocking?"

"Certainly not; she is nothing but what a man would want his wife, mother or sister to be—with a couple of millions thrown in. She takes a box by the season at the Savoy, and turns it over to the young folks like a dear that she is; but, by Jove! she might give you what you could not otherwise have!

"Nothing but pity for Marion's children, for my children, can tempt you to come to me now? Come! I will make you love me, I will, and you must know it.

"No man ever gave to a woman a purer love than is offered to you again.

"Give to me this one word I crave, in the name of the innocent woman who knew she held the heart that he longed to another. I cry to you—and not in vain! JOHN H. NORTON."

Rigid and white as death, she threw the letter on the burning coals, and watched the flames devour the paper till there was nothing left but a gray mass that trembled and fell to pieces as a whiff of wind blew across the grate.

Opening the second letter, she read:

"Dearest—For the years I have known and loved you I have never till now dared to tell you of my love.

"You were rich, I was poor. Shame on me that I would so belittle you As though you did not know an honest man's heart is worth more than Croesus's wealth.

"You know what I have done in the scientific world, but you do not know what I have accomplished has been through you, and that for you alone I have succeeded.

"I dare now offer to you the heart and life which will go on and on working for you, spurred by the glorious knowledge that you have said, 'I love you.'

"May I come to you and take you in my arms and hold you close to the heart that beats for you alone?

"That I have told you of my love makes me happy. That you will hear me come is the prayer of thine.

"SYLVESTER NEWCOMB."

As the poor girl finished reading this letter she threw it, as she had done the other, in the fire. As she watched it burn, she said aloud:

"I could be happy with him; his profession would be more to him than he imagines, and he might not see I cannot love as he does."

And she read the third letter.

"My Dear Dorothy—You were a little girl when I saw you first. I loved you then because your beautiful eyes were so like those God had given to the woman I was soon to marry.

"You know of the short year of happiness which was granted me, and you know what a long, weary life I have led since my wife died.

"You, dear, have been and are the one woman in this world to whom I can offer myself and what is left of my life and heart.

"Thou art not my first love,
I loved before we met;
But the vision of that summer dream
Is pleasant to me yet.

"Thou art my last love,
I will not say my best;
My heart has shed its outer leaves
To give thee all the rest.

"I do love you, not with the boyhood passion you may crave, but with the true and honest love of a man old enough to be your father. For years I have loved you thus, but would not tell you, dear. I wanted you to have the happiness which a young man might give you, and I loved you so tenderly I wanted you to have what would please you most.

"You know your own heart's story. I do not ask you to tell me anything, but if you will be my wife I will do all in my power to make you as happy as I know you can make me.

"Send me one word, dear, and I will promise to watch over the treasure God has trusted to my care, if you will bid me come. Faithfully yours,

"THOMAS SEWELL."

"He asks so little. I ought to be able to live with him and be happy. I shall be making less sacrifice if I say 'Come' to him, and his dear old gentle life will be a benediction indeed."

With tears in her eyes she laughed aloud as she threw this last letter in the fire, and while watching it burn she said:

"I can't marry them all."

Taking a sheet of paper in her hand and smoothing it gently as though giving it a little blessing, she dipped her pen in the ink, and, with a shudder as though it were her own blood she were writing, she wrote the one word:

"Come!"

Folding the paper, she put it in an envelope and sealed it.

She then drew another sheet from the case before her and wrote upon it

"My Dear, Dear Friend—I love you too well to give myself to you, and myself is all I have to give.

"God grant you may find a woman worthy of your honest love, is the prayer of DOROTHY SARGENT."

Inclosing this letter in an envelope and sealing it, she gave a sigh of relief and took another sheet of paper, on which she wrote:

"No woman living ever grieved more in saying no to a devoted suitor than does your sincere and unhappy friend, DOROTHY SARGENT."

And she sealed this, as she had the others, and went to the library, leaving all three of her answers on her desk.

Touching the bell in the hall, as she passed through, the butler answered her call.

"James, tell Poole to bring me the three letters on my desk. She may stamp them first."

Her maid brought her the letters. Stepping to the table, she bowed her head and whispered:

"God help me to direct these aright."

On one she wrote:

"John H. Norton, Esq., National Club, Charing Cross."

On the second:

"Professor Newcomb, Cambridge."

On the third:

"Hon. Thomas Sewell, Hotel Cecil, W. C."

"Give these to James to post. I am not at home if anyone calls this evening, and will dine alone."

"PAT, THE BLACKSMITH."

A Humble Artisan Made Famous by His Picture.

"Paint me as a blacksmith," said Patrick Lyon, and the artist did so. So it came to pass that Lyon's portrait is probably the best representation of an actual living blacksmith at his work, in the world. It is a full-length picture, life size, Lyon standing by his anvil, in his blacksmith's apron, resting his brawny arm and blackened hand upon his hammer, while a youth at the bellows renews the red heat of the iron his employer has been laboring upon. The original, painted by John Neagle in 1826, is in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; the replica is at the Boston Athenæum Library.

"Pat, the Blacksmith," as he was familiarly called in Philadelphia, was born in London, in 1779, and came to Philadelphia in 1793, where he died April 15, 1829. His early struggles made him become an ingenious blacksmith, and he was a local celebrity. He built many fire engines.

He was once sent for to open an iron chest made by himself; the owner had lost the key. Pat dexterously performed the operation, and, holding the lid with one hand, presented the other with a demand for $10. It was refused. Pat let fall the lid and walked off, leaving the treasure as fast sealed as before. There was no remedy, and reluctantly the owner of the strong box again sent for Pat. He promptly appeared, and the box was instantly opened. The first demand of $10 was quickly struck out, but no, "I must have $20 now," said the operator, and $20 was paid without a murmur, for the lid and the lock were still in the iron grasp of the locksmith.

The story of his incarceration was this: Lyon was the blacksmith and locksmith of the Bank of Pennsylvania. The vaults were entered and a large sum of money was carried off. Suspicion fell upon Lyon. Pat was arrested and imprisoned for a long time in the Castle, which, by his desire, the painter has introduced into the historical portrait. In process of time, the real culprit was found to be the watchman. Pat was released and made his old employers and recent persecutors pay handsome damages—$12,000, I believe. He went back to his anvil, forged his wealth and hammered iron bars into bank notes and eagles.

The Antarctic Whale Fishery.

Although little information has been allowed to reach the civilized world in regard to the voyage of the Southern Cross, which took Borchgrevink's expedition to Victoria Land, it is known that she fell in with whales in Antarctic seas, and that two of these monsters were caught. The publication of this fact has inspired suggestions in England that the almost extinct industry of hunting whales in the Southern waters might be revived with profit.

This proposition is discussed in a recent number of the Pall Mall Gazette by an expert who signs himself a "South Sea Mariner." He inclines to the belief that more whales are to be found between latitudes forty five and fifty-five than nearer to the South Pole. But the value of sperm oil has so fallen off of late years, owing to the discovery of petroleum, that whale fishing is no longer remunerative. It would be almost impossible to catch whales so quickly and economically as to make it worth while to go so far after them. There is a good demand for whalebone, because no satisfactory substitute for it has ever been found. The Southern right whale, however, is smaller and yields less whalebone than the Arctic while. There is room for doubt, then, as to the wisdom of undertaking the proposed industrial revival—New York Tribune.

How They Get Their Fire.

Various savages have different methods of obtaining fire. In New Holland a pointed stick is twirled between the palms of the hands until the wood on which it stands begins to smoke and at last breaks into flame. Other savages obtain a spark by sticking one bit of wood upright in the earth, cutting a slit in it lengthwise, in which they rub another bit of wood with a protruding piece until it flames.

The most ingenious method is, however, that followed by the inhabitants of Western Madagascar. These use a string of animal hide, by which they twirl the upright stick rapidly and thus hasten the fire lighting. To us, who have merely to strike a match under the mantelpiece the value of fire is little appreciated, but suppose that we were caught in the wilderness without a match, how would we go about lighting a fire to warm ourselves or cook our food? Perhaps the savage will point a way, especially as every boy of any account has a piece of twine in his pocket.—Washington Post.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

White and His Lost Mine.

THE lost mine most discussed in the Rocky Mountain camps, especially those in northern New Mexico, is the White Cement. A few old miners who knew White personally still remain in the Rocky Mountains, and their narrative of the excitement he caused when he showed his rich specimens of gold ore is always heard with interest. It is safe to say that several thousand men have at one time and another hunted for the mine. The late millionaire silver king, Nat C. Creede, of Colorado, spent a year in trying to find a lead to it. White was a New Englander, sixty years old, who was in California in 1849. One day in July, 1858, he came into Horse Head Gulch from northern New Mexico, driving a mule and looking utterly used up. He got something to eat. Some one bantered him about his vain searches for a mine.

"Well, just look at that," said White, handing out several pieces of what looked like hard white clay, glittering with specks of metal; then he suddenly became mum, and putting his specimens into a bag went out to find an assayer named Helyat in the camp.

Before night it was known that White's specimens showed 1000 ounces of gold to the ton. In the morning a party headed by Senator Sharon's brother Henry called on White and told him that he must pilot the men to his find; he could have the pick of the claims and help to work it, but go he must. He was warned that his life would not be worth shucks if he stood off the camp. For a long time he gave excuses, and said he didn't know where the mine was. But when the miners showed that they would kill him if he didn't take them to where he got his specimens he finally consented to guide them.

The trail led northwest across the Rockies. It was a very difficult journey, even for the old miners. It led along rocky trails, up and down canyons and across mountain crests. The first day was a race, and two-thirds of the men broke down. By the end of the second day the party was in the heart of the mountains, in a desert where perhaps no human being had ever been before. Many of the animals were lost, and the men were haggard with fatigue and excitement. White led his aching, thirsting and wornout followers into a blind canyon, nearly on the boundary between New Mexico and Colorado. There every one was glad to take a rest by the side of a brook.

"Boys, we'll be there to-morrow. It's about thirty-five miles over that way," said White, pointing to the northwest. "I've got 'way off my trail, but now I've got my bearings. You'll be the richest of any miners alive when you get over where I'm pointin'."

A ringing yell went up from the men, tired and almost famished though they were. The camp fire was made, supper was cooked and eaten, the stock was fed, and every one but old White lay down in blankets to sleep and dream of wealth. As for White he said:

"I guess I'll go and see about my horse. I'm too nervous to sleep now that I know I'm so near the biggest thing on earth," and he went down the canyon to where the horses were picketed for the night.

When daylight came no one could find White. His horse was gone, too. A maddened lot of men tried to trail him, but they could not follow the old fellow in that region for more than a few miles. For weeks the country was vainly prospected. Not a trace of rock like that White had shown could be found. About one-half of the party, after incredible suffering, got back to civilization, and yet despite their story 100 men started back over the trail shortly after. Three years later White reappeared in Salt Lake City with his cement specimens as before, incredibly rich, and again disappeared, and from that time to this he has never been heard of. He lent $60,000 to a Mormon rancheman at Provo, Utah, and never came to get interest or principal. The White Cement Mine is still one of the Rocky Mountain miner's dreams.

Brave Fight of Sick Soldiers.

Edward F. Sexton, a member of the Hospital Corps attached to General Schwan's brigade in Luzon, sends the following account of an attack made by Filipino insurgents on an ambulance train and of the warm reception they got. The letter is dated Santa Cruz, Laguna Province. It says:

"Two ambulances traveling on the military road from Majajai to this place with twenty-one sick and a few wounded suddenly ran into an ambush about two miles out of the above town and four miles from Santa Cruz. Without any warning from both sides of the road there issued the crackling roar of a Mauser volley and the shouts and yells of the wretches who make war on the sick and wounded and who hoped by attacking ambulance trains to have an easy victory. But on this occasion they were sadly mistaken, for the sick and wounded, angered into momentary forgetfulness of their condition, tumbled headlong out of the wagons and ramming the chambers and magazines of their rifles full of cartridges proceeded to punish the insurrectos with such a will and vim that the rebels, retreating before the fierce fire of the twenty-one wounded, the two Hospital Corps men and the two drivers of the ambulances, left ten dead and wounded on the field. Our casualties were two wounded, one of them in the left hand, the other in the left shoulder.

"A pathetic incident of the fight was the death of one of the ambulance mules, a pet of all the drivers, and a handsome animal. He was shot squarely in the breast by a sharpshooter in a tree, who aimed for the driver, but aimed too low and hit the mule. The bullet made a clean round hole in the animal's breast. On being hit the poor beast turned his head and looked at the driver in a most pitiful manner, as if asking, 'Why is this?' In a few minutes he fell down on his knees in a pool of his own blood, and nibbling at a tuft of grass gave a sort of low moan and with a last puzzled glance at his master expired.

"Having substituted a cavalry horse for the fallen animal the ambulances made the best of their way into Santa Cruz, where the sick and wounded were cared for at the field hospital of Schwan's brigade. This incident emphasizes the fact that these robber bands do not respect the Red Cross nor the men of the Hospital Corps who, in addition to their pouches, litters, etc., are compelled to carry carbines or pistols of large caliber as well as ammunition, thus adding to the already multifarious duties of this hard-worked and little known branch of the service."

Beset by Wild Fowls.

One of the keepers of the Hog Isl and Light, off the Virginia coast, relates a remarkable experience with wild fowls by the keepers of that light on a recent night.

Between 7 and 8.30 p. m. the watch on duty was aroused by the "honking" of wild geese and brant, accompanied by the crash of breaking glass. He instily summoned the other keepers, who responded with shotguns. They opened fire on the bewildered birds with every gun. The battle lasted for an hour and a half. The guns got so hot that it was dangerous to use them and the shoulders of the men became sore from the recoil.

The supply of ammunition gave out and the fight ended. In the morning there were found 268 dead brant, geese and ducks at the foot of the tower. On the following Saturday morning the tower was again attacked by the birds. There being no stock of cartridges on the island, the guns were useless, but the keepers fought with sticks and captured 150 fowls, when a flock, apparently containing thousands, rushed upon them. They were compelled to seek shelter within the tower. So powerful was the flight of the frightened geese that the wire screens were penetrated, the lights in the watchroom extinguished and the panes in three windows destroyed. These fowl had taken wing because of the severe weather prevailing upon their feeding grounds and were blinded by the intense glare of the powerful light at the top of the tower.

Hog Island light marks one of the most dangerous shoals on the Virginia coast. It is an iron tower and stands 180 feet above mean high water. It is a first-class light and can be seen from the bridge of a steamer a distance of about twenty-five miles.

"Bear and For Bear."

Grizzly bears are becoming scarce in California; still they are occasionally found in the mountains, and when found, their great size and strength make them formidable antagonists. Experienced hunters fear them accordingly, while the novice rashly seeks an encounter. In "Sketches of Life in the Golden State," Colonel Albert S. Evans narrates the rash exploit of an oversanguine hunter.

A venturesome Yankee came to Santa Barbara some years ago, and soon became an adept at throwing the lasso. Hearing the Mexican cowboys talk of lassoing the grizzly bear, he decided to show them what he could do in that line if he ever got a chance.

One day he came upon a grizzly in a favorable locality. He threw the lasso with skilful aim, and reined back his trembling horse to give the bear an astonisher, when the reata—which is always attached to the pommel of the saddle—came up taut.

Judge, of the man's astonishment when that bear quietly assumed a sitting posture, took hold of the lasso, and began to draw it in hand over hand!

The hapless descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers stuck to the horse and saddle until he saw the slack all drawn in, and the bear and horse coming rapidly together. Then, in a panic, he descended and ran for a tree, abandoning the horse to its fate.

Two skilful men, operating from opposite sides, can master a bear and choke him between them; but with only one man, one horse and one bear, it is another story.

Carlin's Swing for Life.

There was an incident in Lieutenant Carlin's experiences in the Vandalia in the Apia hurricane which is well worth recording. While the ship was pounding on the beach, Carlin, before he sought safety with the rest in the rigging, was carried off his feet by a wave that broke over the poop deck. As he was going over the side he managed to grasp the spanker outhaul with his right hand and hung on. The back draw of the wave swung him back and he crashed through the cabin skylight, still gripping the rope. For a few seconds he swung to and fro in the cabin, like the weight on a pendulum, and then the geyser-like out rush of the water carried him to the deck again. When he was struck by the wave Carlin had on a coat, underclothes, trousers and socks. When he came back his sole apparel was the right sleeve of his undershirt and you couldn't put your two fingers on a spot on his body that wasn't black and blue.

Remarkable Experience of a Bell Ringer.

A singular accident occurred at the People's Church at Galesburg, Mich., on a recent Sunday morning. The regular sexton being ill, a colored man, formerly body servant to General Shafter, was engaged as a substitute. While ringing the bell for the morning service his neck by some means became encircled by a loop of the rope, and he was drawn upward with such terrific force that his head penetrated the ceiling, breaking an oak joist three by twelve inches in size. Beyond a slight abrasion of the scalp the man suffered no injury.

Extent of Ocean Cables.

At the present time the extent of ocean cables is nearly 200,000 miles. The total distance of all land wires it is impossible to state with exactness, but it is rather more than ten times the total for the cable systems. In the United States alone there are above 800,000 of wire in use.—Ainslee's Magazine.

During last year 1465 persons were inoculated for hydrophobia at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, and of these only three died.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

The solutions to these puzzles will appear in a succeeding issue

—23—

89.—Vegetables in Anagrams.

1. Fair low clue.
2. Or cart.
3. Hit rake Co.
4. U gasp Sara.
5. Be set.
6. Lee cry.
7. Let E. cut.

90.—Word Half Square.

1. A bird. 2. To leave out. 3. Large. 4. A pronoun. 5. A letter.

91.—Letter Enigma.

In Christmas, not in Fourth of July.
In hippopotamus, not in fly.
In lilac, not in rose.
In linger, not in pose.
In yielding, not in hold.
Three countries now unfold.

92.—Double Acrostic.

The primals and finals, read downward, each name a flower.

1. To fold over. 2. Wrath. 3. A game at cards. 4. A girl's name. 5. To weep.

ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS PUZZLES.

85.—Diamond—

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    L
   TOP
  LOIRE
   PRY
    E
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86.—Numerical Enigma—"Birds of a feather flock together."

87.—Word Square—

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PETER
EVADE
TAPIS
EDICT
RESTS
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88.—Metagram—Frown, Brown Crown, Grown.

SUSTAIN THE LOCAL PAPER.

It Cultivates a Neighborhood Spirit That Is Akin to Patriotism.

A discussion was lately started as to the value of the local country or village newspaper. For our own part we have no doubt of their usefulness in a community. The local flavor gives an interest which induces members of the family to read and thus often starts a reading habit. There is also a kind of neighborhood esprit de corps that is cultivated by such papers which is an equivalent to patriotism. It takes one out of himself and imparts an unselfish motive. Local enterprises are cherished, local improvements secured and a progressive spirit is kindled, all of which go to make the difference between a slow-going, backwoods, run-down and do-nothing place and one that is alive and in touch with current movements of the country and the world.

No one will decry the use of cosmopolitan newspapers and magazines when the income of a family will allow of these; but the natural step to a taste for good newspapers and periodicals comes by first encouraging the home paper.

Many of these papers are well edited. By this we mean that they often contain much good reading. They treat current news and current subjects of public interest with candor and ability and help to make public sentiment. Ability in editing is shown as much by judgment in selections and in condensing and reproducing the thoughts of others as in origiual articles. In fact there is very little absolute originality in any paper.

If the current facts and discussions are presented in a racy and attractive way and in a manner to illustrate great principles of economics, or of social life, or politics, it is about all the originality that the average reader wants. —Farm, Field and Fireside.

When Gold Was Found in California.

In February, 1849, a workman digging a mill race in the Sacramento valley, California, discovered shining particles of gold clinging to his shovel. A careful examination of the ground showed that the soil for miles around was laden with the valuable mineral. In an astonishingly short time, considering the absence of railways and telegraph, the news spread to all parts of the world. Even thousands from America, Europe and even Asia hurried to the new gold fields in search of wealth. In eighteen months 100,000 persons from the United States alone rushed to the new El Dorado, where it was asserted that a fortune could be taken from the soil with little labor and in a few days' time. This gold fever continued for several years, with the result that the great city of San Francisco sprung into life, and California became famous the world over. During the half century that has followed the discovery of gold on the Pacific coast, it has been steadily mined there in large quantities, having made vast fortunes for many.

A Pessimist Dictionary.

A "pin-tray" is a flat convenience wherein you may find nothing but needles when you are gasping "a pin, a pin, my kingdom for a pin!"

A "warranted watch-dog" is a supposedly vicious beast who develops a huge appetite and sleeps so soundly that it is necessary to put beef-steak under his nose to awaken him from his slumbers at any other than meal time.

"Tacks" are useful little articles which are usually found by the point—when one is not looking for them.

"Soup" is a more or less liquid food which serves the double purpose of setting the dinner bell rolling and burning your mouth.

"Sympathy" is a quality which prompts a person to ask "if it hurts" when you are howling with a toothache.

"Tact" is that which enables one to swallow a pin, or something, when asked a question it is not politic to answer.—Philadelphia Record.

Monkey Protests Against Darwinism.

A pet monkey belonging to a son of the Rev. W. G. Herbert, pastor of the Caroline Street Methodist Church, of Baltimore, got into the study of the clergyman the other evening, opened a volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica, and tore out sixteen pages of the article on Darwin's "Origin of Species." Then it turned to Butler's Analogy, and it was examining it with great apparent delight when the clergyman returned and put a stop to the proceedings.—New York Tribune.

THE SCHOOL-COMMITTEE MAN.

Sometimes when we're in school, and it's the afternoon and late,
And kinder warm and sleepy, don't yer know,
And p'r aps a feller's studyin' or writin' on his slate,
Or, may be, chewin' paper-balls to throw,
And teacher's sorter lazy, too—why, then there'll come a knock,
And everybody'll brace up quick's they can;
We boys and girls'll set up straight, and teacher'll smooth her frock,
Because it's him—the school-committee man.

He'll walk in kinder stately-like and say, "How do, Miss Brown?"
And teacher she'll talk sweet as choc'late cake;
And he'll put on his specs and cough and pull his eyebrows down
And look at us so hard't would scare you to shake.
We'll read and spell, so's he can hear, and speak a piece or two,
While he sets there so dreadful grand and cool;
Then teacher'll rap her desk and say, "Attention!" soon's we're through,
And ask him won't he please address the school.

He'll git up kinder calm and slow, and blow his nose real loud,
And put his hands beneath his coat,
Then kinder balance on his toes and look round sorter proud
And give a "Ahem!" to clear his throat.
And then he'll say: "Dear scholars, I am glad to see you here
A-drinkin'—or—the crystal fount of lore;
Here with your books, and—er—and—or—you teacher kind and dear.
And with—ahem—or—as I said before."

We have ter listen awful hard ter every word of his
And watch him jest like kittens do a rat
And laugh at every joke he makes, don't care how old it is,
'Cause he can boss the teacher—think of that!
I useter say when I growed up I'd be a circus chap
And drive two lions hitched up like a span;
But, honest, mero I think of it, I believe the bestest snap
Is jest ter be a school-committee man!

—Joe Lincoln, in Puck.

RUMOR OF THE DAY.

Teller—"Dolly Hunnigirl acts like one possessed!" Cleverton—"Yes, she is engraved to me."—Harper's Bazar.

P.—"Have your wages gone up?" C.—"I guess so; the boss made an assignment to-day."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Exhorbitant prices never scare me." "Why not?" "When prices get too high I quit needing things."—Chicago Record.

Tommy—"Paw, what do they put water in stocks for?" Mr. Figg—"To soak the investors with, my son."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Hello!" exclaimed the chicken, as he saw the eggshell from which he had just emerged; "there's my cast off ova-coat."—Boston Transcript.

He blushed and stammered when he came,
He really was not very game.
She helped him out, that youth so tame,
And later her pater did the same.
—Chicago Record.

Bridget—"If yez don't pay me the wages yez owe me, Oi'll kape dunning yez till yez do, Deacon Hardduppe—"Well, dun, good and faithful servant."—Life.

Employer—"Were there many people at your grandmother's funeral yesterday?" Clerk (absent-minded)—"Yes, indeed. Every seat in the grand stand was occupied."—Tit-Bits.

"That man cheated me out of a good million." "Ah!—wouldn't let you marry his daughter, I suppose?" "No; he let me marry her and doesn't give us a cent."—Detroit Free Press.

He (addressing the little sister of his betrothed)—"Don't you know me, little one? Who am I then?" Little One (brightly)—"I know. You're my sister's last chance."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Clerk—"While you were at luncheon Mr. Slopay were here. He left this dollar for his shoes." Shoedealer—"Half-soled?" Clerk—"No. I should say one-fourth sold. He took a $4 pair."—Philadelphia Press.

She—"They've got a new girl at Hiram's." He—"Is that so? Can she cook any better than the last one they had?" She—"Well, hardly. This one is only about twenty-four hours old."—Philadelphia Record.

Sympathetic Mother—"I can't understand why you should have so much trouble with your wife. Perhaps she only married you to please her parents." Son—"Not much. She isn't that kind."—New York Weekly.

"They say," said Mrs. Oldrox, "that Mr. Wisherley is a coming man." "I should say he was," her husband snarled. "He's been coming every night ever since Mabel got back from Florida."—Chicago Times-Herald.

He—"I wonder if you really love me?" She—"I guess so. I dream of you nearly every night." He—"What do you dream, dearest?" She—"That I see you in a jewelry store looking at diamond rings."—Harper's Bazar.

"Keep out of debt, my boy," cautioned the old man; "people will think the better of you for it." "I don't know about that," remarked the argumentative youth. "It seems to me that the people I owe money to are the ones who are gladdest to see me."

Carried the Majuba Flag of Truce.

Sergeant-Major Harry Jones knows something about South Africa already. He was a conspicuous figure at Majuba, where he was the man who bore the flag of truce.

The Sergeant-Major's fighting career, however, goes farther back than that. In 1869 he went to India as a corporal in the Fifteenth Hussars, and remained there almost constantly until the Afghan war, in which he served in 1878, 1879 and 1880. He was one of the Prince of Wales's escort in India.

He was on Sir George Colley's staff when the General was killed, and was afterward orderly to Sir Evelyn Wood. In a life of hard fighting the Sergeant-Major had frequently been conspicuous for deeds of personal gallantry. He is a finely made, upright man. He wears two medals.—London Star.

Printers' Language Growing.

Composing machines are responsible for the forming of ten new words from the Greek, as additions to the language of the printer. They are: Autotype, graphotome, graphotype, linotype, monoline, monotype, stereotrotype, tachytype, typebar and typograph. The rest of the machines have been satisfied with plain Anglo-Saxon nomenclature.