The Queenstown News.

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

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In his recently issued annual report the Canadian Minister of Education refers to the liberality in the United States in the matter of free high schools, and suggests that it would be well for Canadian municipalities to consider if larger expenditures for this object would not be advantageous to the great body of taxpayers.

The Westminster Gazette, of London, likens the British campaign to "the fruitless series of campaigns in which the large, disciplined armies of Spain sought to crush the Cuban insurrection," adding, "Of course our troops far excel in valor and discipline the conscript armies of Spain and the climate is in our favor. But our enemies equally excel the ragged levies of the Cuban insurgents."

The school children of Pittsburg, Penn., lead all the other cities of the country in their deposits in the bank through what is known as the "school saving-bank system of the United States." Since the system was established there two years ago the pupils have placed in the Pittsburg Bank for Savings, which is the depository for the fund, nearly $35,000; of this amount about $5000 has been withdrawn.

A man who was hurt in a railroad accident recently sued the company because the hospital attendants into whose care he was delivered after the accident amputated his leg and did not return the severed member to him after he recovered. They couldn't, because they had cremated it. So he sued the railroad company presumably for having delivered him to such inconsiderate persons. The court said he had no cause for action.

The Division of Botany of the Department of Agriculture has issued circulars to stimulate interest in artichoke raising. Artichokes are now raised in comparatively small quantities in Florida and Louisiana, and the early varieties, which appear in February, bring about $2 a dozen in the New Orleans markets. In April they sell for fifteen or twenty cents a dozen in the Southern cities, but always command much higher prices in Northern markets.

The Philadelphia Record, commenting on the value of a college education, observes: Quite tragic is the young man's discovery that there has been a good deal of waste in his college years. In spite of the great improvement in the past half-century, it is still charged that his education is not just what is required by the conditions of modern life, and that it takes too much of his time. There is no longer the fear that college learning is acquired at the cost of any mother wit the boy may have. Still, when he comes forth with his hard-earned diploma (now a man past his most impressionable years) he is not qualified for any bread winning pursuit unless he has been through a special school. At the moment he is not superior to others who have had only a common school training and the education of circumstances.

It will be a source of pleasure to every enlightened American, as we hope it will be a source of gratification to the Government and people of France, that next to the French Republic itself, the United States is the best-shown country at the exposition, remarks the New York Times. This country, with 6564 exhibits, one-sixth the number of France herself, and more than three times the number accredited to any other country except Belgium, which stands next to us with 2500, has accepted the invitation of the French Government in a manner worthy of the generous spirit in which it was tendered. And we contribute to the success of the fair not merely the exhibits of six thousand American producers, but probably something like twenty times as many visitors, for it is not an extreme estimate that more than a hundred thousand Americans will go to Paris this summer. That is not a much greater number than we send every year.

At the close, on April 1 last, of the ar which was asked for a trial of new convict lease system in rgia, the reports presented by the ison Commission were highly satisctory. The new plan is better than old in many respects, particularly its more humane care of the con- and in the financial returns. er the new system the actual con- of the convicts was taken out of hands of the lessees, the State re- ing this control by the employ- t of guards not under the di- tion of the lessees, only in a busi- ess way. The men are clothed and fed by the State and all the lessees have to do is to point out the work for the convicts. When the State practically sold the convicts, labor and all, to the lessees, the annual profit seldom exceeded $12,000. During the year just closed the hire of the convicts brought into the treasury $200,389.13, not including a clear profit of $5000 on the prison farm. Of this amount $120,000 was appropriated to meet the expenses of the department, although not all this appropriation is needed, leaving at the lowest figure a profit to the State of $85,000.

A Tale of Early Kentucky Days

Desperate Straits of Pioneer Morgan Attacked by Indians.

ISAAC MORGAN, while living in the State of Maryland, married at an early age and, in company with several of his neighbors, emigrated to the wilds of Kentucky, where he built a cabin and cleared off two or three acres of ground for a garden or "truck patch." In a short time he had deadened the timber on about ten acres, inclosing it with a rail fence, and in the following spring planted it in corn. A more contented, happy couple could not be found. Morgan's wife was a woman of education, an ardent lover of nature. Often after her housework was done, she would take the baby in her arms and retire into the depths of the forest that surrounded their cabin, where, seated on a log in the shade of some broad-spreading tree, while the baby slept upon her lap, she would engage in sewing, making or repairing garments for the family, while she enjoyed the profound solitude that reigned about her.

For nearly three years this happy pair had passed their lives uninterruptedly, in the exclusive enjoyment of each other's society, until finally this condition of things was brought abruptly to a close. It came one afternoon in the month of August, 1782, as the sun was declining behind the treetops. A grateful breeze had sprung up after the oppressive heat of the day, so intense that Morgan did not venture on his work again that afternoon. He had seated himself on the doorstep of his cabin, with his infant on his knee; while his young and happy wife was busily engaged in preparing the evening meal. That afternoon Morgan had accidentally found a bundle of letters which he had finished reading to his wife, just before he took his seat in the doorway. It was a correspondence in which they had acknowledged an early and ardent attachment for each other, and the perusal left evident traces of joy on the countenances of both. The infant, too, seemed to partake of its parents' feelings, by its cherub smiles, its playful humor and infantile caresses.

While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard, then another and another followed in quick succession. Morgan sprang to his feet, his wife ran to the door, as they simultaneously exclaimed "Indians!" The door was immediately barred, and the next moment all their fears were realized. There was a bold and spirited attack from a small party of Indians. The cabin could not be long successfully defended, and the time was precious.

Morgan, cool, brave and prompt soon decided. A puncheon was raised and while Morgan was in the act of concealing his wife under the floor of mother's feeling overcame her. She arose and seized her infant, but was told that its cries would betray her place of concealment. She hesitated gazing silently on it. A momentary struggle between affection and duty took place. She pressed her child to her agitated bosom again and again and kissed it with impassioned tenderness. The infant, alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell on its cheek looked up into its mother's face threw its little arms around her neck and wept aloud. "In the name of Heaven Eliza, release the child, or we shall be lost!" said the distracted husband, in a soft, imploring voice, as he forced the infant from the arms of his wife.

He hastily replaced the puncheon took up his gun, knife and hatchet ran up the ladder that led to the garret, and drew the ladder after him In a moment the door was burst open by the savages. By this time Morgan had secured his child in a bag and lashed it to his back; then, throwing off some clapboards from the roof of the cabin, he resolutely leaped to the ground. He was instantly assaulted by two Indians. As the first approached he knocked him down with the butt of his gun. The other advanced with uplifted tomahawk. Morgan let fall his gun and closed in The savage made a blow, missed his aim, but severed the cord that bound the infant to his back, and it fell. The contest over the child now became warm and fierce and was carried on with knives only. The combatants thrust and plunged their deadly instruments into each other with desperate fury. The robust and athletic Morgan at length got the ascendency. Both were badly cut and bled freely, but the stabs of the white man were better aimed and deeper. The Indian now became frantic with rage and disappointment. His teeth were clenched, the veins in his neck swollen, his eyes seemed to emit sparks of fire as he grasped Morgan by the hair, elevated himself on tip-toe and raised his bloody knife. It descended with desperate intent, but Morgan, watchful as he was brave, took advantage of the moment, made a quick and violent thrust at the side of the Indian, the blood gushed out, the savage gave a feeble groan, and sank to the earth, Morgan hastily took up his child and gun and hurried off.

The Indians in the house, busily engaged in drinking and plundering, were not apprised of the contest in the yard until the one that had been knocked down gave signs of returning life and called them to the scene of action. Morgan was discovered, immediately pursued, and a dog put on his trail. He rushed on with the speed of a hunted stag and soon outstripped the Indians, but the dog kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible either to outrun or to elude the cunning animal, trained to hunts of this kind, he halted, waited until it came within a few yards of him, fired and brought it down, reloaded his gun and again pushed forward.

Bryant's station was not far off; firing was heard; he stopped for a moment and again advanced. Fires could now be distinctly seen, extending for some distance on both sides of Elkhorn Creek. The station was in view; lighted arrows fast descended on the roofs of the cabins. It was no longer doubtful; Bryant's station was besieged by a large force and could not be entered at that time. He paused; the cries of his infant, that he had again lashed to his back, aroused him to a sense of his own danger, and his wife's perilous situation. Another effort was made, and he in a short time reached the house of a brother, who resided between the station and Lexington, where he left the child, and the two brothers immediately set out for his dwelling.

As they approached the clearing a light broke on his view; his speed quickened, his fears increased and the most agonizing apprehensions crowded on his mind. He emerged from the woods beheld his house in flames and almost burnt to the ground. "My wife!" he exclaimed, as he pressed one hand to his forehead and grasped the fence with the other to support his tottering frame. He gazed for some time on the ruin and desolation before him, advanced a few steps and sank exhausted to the earth. Morning came and still found him seated near the almost expiring embers. Morgan arose. The two brothers now made a search and found some bones, almost burned to ashes, which they carefully gathered and silently consigned to their mother earth, beneath the widespread branches of a venerable oak, consecrated by the purest and holiest recollections.

After a spirited but unsuccessful siege, Simon Girty and his men withdrew from the station in the direction of the Lower Blue Licks. In the action known as the massacre of the Lower Blue Licks Morgan participated. While attempting the fatal retreat, as Morgan was in the act of leaping from his saddle, among the last who had crossed the river, he received a rifle ball in the thigh, and just as an Indian fell on him, with his hair seized in one hand and a scalping knife in the other, he recognized his wife's handkerchief about the head of the savage and made an almost superhuman effort, grasped the Indian in a deadly embrace, and plunged his knife into his side, and held him until he expired in his arms. Lying helpless on the field, among the prowling wolves, he had given himself up to despair, when his wife, who had escaped from the Indians after the attack, and had seen the riderless horse of her husband, discovered him in the darkness of the night.

She had escaped from her captors in the following manner: The Indians, seeing Morgan flowing with the child, concluded that his wife was secreted somewhere about the cabin, but were unable to find her. There were three of the savages left in charge of the cabin, the others having gone in pursuit of Morgan. The Indians left behind were badly intoxicated, and set the cabin on fire. Soon the interior was in a blaze, when she threw off the puncheon that covered her, and escaped to the outside and was made a prisoner. The Indians, with their captive, at once plunged into the dense forest, and after traveling a short distance they gave out and lay down to sleep, without making any particular effort to secure their prisoner, who, during the night, in the intense darkness, made her escape and continued in the vicinity of their destroyed home. On leaving the Indians she helped herself to some jerked venison she found in one of their pouches, for she was hungry.

The following night, being on the alert, she discovered the riderless horse of her husband, which soon led to his discovery. What a Godsend was this meeting! During the night they managed to reach the fort, where the almost frenzied mother found her child. Language is inadequate to describe that happy reunion.

Morgan's injuries were of a very serious character. He was "laid up" for a long time, unable to do any kind of farm work. His health was so badly shattered that finally, after disposing of his holdings, he joined one of his neighors, who, with his family and a brother-in-law, were about to return to their old home in Pennsylvania. After a long and tedious journey, without accident, he reached their former home near Baltimore, Md., where in a few years Morgan's health was completely restored.—Indianapolis Press.

Which Birds Have the Largest Wings?

There exists all grades in the spread of wings of various birds, between the frigate-bird, with its length of wing of from twelve feet to seventeen and a half feet from tip to tip, and the wings of the condor, which are four times the length of the body, enabling the bird to rise to the height of nearly 25,000 feet, and the little winglets of the auk, which are no use to it in flying, and those of the penguin, smaller still, being nothing more than short, flattened stumps without proper feathers, and covered with fine, hair-like down, which might be taken for scales. The wings of another group of birds—the Brevipennes—are wholly unsuitable for flight, but, as a compensation, their long and robust legs permit them to run with extraordinary speed, for which reason they have been called the running birds. In the apteryx the organs of flight are hardly apparent, consisting simply of a very short stump, bearing a thick and hooked nail.—Tit-Bits.

City Gate Uncovered at Thebes.

M. Legani, in setting up the fallen columns at Karnak, Egypt, discovered a city gate. It is the first found in Egypt and is of great height. It bears the date of the Eighteenth Dynasty. It was erected by Amenhotep.

A second and more important discovery at Thebes is a large tomb of the Eleventh Dynasty in perfect preservation.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

In a Dark Room With a Coyote.

CAN it be possible that there is, after all, a ground-work of truth under the old Indian belief that when a victor eats the heart of a fallen foe he inherits the desirable qualities of that foe? A case came to the attention of the police surgeon of Denver, Col., recently, which reminds one very forcibly of that legend.

M. J. McMahon, a ranchman, living near River Bend on the Union Pacific road, eighty-three miles east of Denver, came into town for surgical treatment, and the story he tells is weird and startling in the extreme. Mr. McMahon is not much interested in the psychic phenomena involved, nor is that to be expected when he apprehends that he is in danger of hydrophobia. The prevention of that dread malady and not the solution of the problem of transmigration or kindred questions is what brings him to Denver.

Mr. McMahon is a widower, and lives with two of his hired hands at his ranch. He was awakened about 3 o'clock a. m. by a heavy blow against the window near his bed. He lay still and listened, and presently he again heard a sound as of a body being hurled against the window. Three times this was repeated, and at the fourth blow the window gave way with a loud sound of splintering frame and falling glass, and an animal sprang into the room. It was too dark for Mr. McMahon to see what kind of a beast had come to visit him. The room was very dark, and he had not a firearm in the house, nor a weapon of any kind at hand. So he lay quiet and waited. The animal came up to the bedside, and, instead of leaping upon him as he had feared, it stood quietly looking at him, and finally laid its head on the bed and gazed at him. Its action was so much like that of a collie which Mr. McMahon used to keep that he had put out his hand to touch it. He put his hand on the animal's head and stroked it down over the back, as he used to do to his dog, and he did this several times without a sound or a motion on the part of his strange visitor.

Then the weirdness, the strangeness, the unnaturalness of the uncanny situation dawned upon him, and he was seized with terror. He was certain that he had either a strange wild beast from the plains or a mad animal to deal with. His two hired men were asleep in the second room from his, and he was alone in the darkness with this strange presence. His overwrought nerves demanded action, and would no longer remain still. Seizing a blanket he leaped from the bed and, protecting his hand with the blanket, he grappled in the darkness with the animal. Probably the challenge was accepted, and a pair of great fangs pierced the blanket and sank into his right hand. With his left McMahon got a grip on the brute's throat, and wrenched his right free, tearing two long gashes in the flesh. Then, still holding the throat with his left, he wound the blanket and coverlets around the beast's head in an endeavor to smother it. His frantic grasp on the throat of the animal was so fierce that his thumb was sprained and almost dislocated, yet that writhing, leaping form threatened momentarily to get free from his grip and clutch his own throat. He screamed for his hired men to bring a light that he might see, at least, what he was fighting. They were so slow in coming that he knew the battle would be over before they arrived, so he threw his antagonist on the floor and got outside the door.

Then he told his hired men the situation. They lit lamps, armed themselves with clubs, and peered cautiously in at the door. At first they could see nothing, but they finally made out the form of a very large coyote lying on the bed. He lay outstretched, with its paws on the pillow and his head between them, just as the faithful collie used to lie. The men wanted to kill him with their clubs, but Mr. McMahon forbade it, and told them to drive him into a vacant room and hold him prisoner. Mr. McMahon went to the kitchen and began to bathe his wounds while the men prepared the room for the coyote.

Before they were ready he leaped out at the window by which he had entered, and walked round to the kitchen. Standing on his hind legs the animal placed his front feet on the window sill and for several minutes stood gazing at Mr. McMahon as he cleansed his lacerated hand. Then he got down and walked dejectedly away over the plain and was lost to sight.

Mr. McMahon is greatly exercised over the affair, believing that the brute was suffering from rabies. Those who are disposed to delve into the weird beliefs of the redmen are wondering if this may not be the coyote who ate the heart of the collie, and is now inhabited by his spirit.

Private Epps and His Seventeen Prisoners

Private Epps, of the Thirty-third Volunteer Infantry, Company B, is to have a medal of honor, and thereby hangs the tale of one of the most remarkable of recent incidents in the Philippines.

It was in the great fight at Vigan—the fight in which the gallant Thirty-third was led by Colonel "Jim" Parker. Out there this battle is on record as one of the hardest-fought engagements of the war. The Tagals, in considerable force, had sought shelter in houses and in all sorts of odd places whence a rifle could be fired at the detested Americanos. It was Colonel Parker's business to clear them out, and the job was a hot one while it lasted.

The Thirty-third Infantry is composed chiefly of Texans—rough and tough frontiersmen—every one of them a practised marksman. What with their appetite for fighting and their shooting ability they are probably the most formidable regiment in the army. Private Epps is merely a sample.

On the occasion of this big fight Private Epps suspected that a certain house might shelter some insurgents, so he went to investigate it. The dwelling was in the middle of an enclosure surrounded by a stone wall. He jumped upon the wall, which was about five feet high, and, looking down, saw no fewer than seventeen Filipinos crouching with rifles ready.

Without a moment's hesitation he called upon them to surrender. Five minutes later, when Colonel "Jim" came up, he found them disarmed and under guard by Private Epps, their guns conveniently stacked.

When Private Epps was summoned later to headquarters and formally complimented for his achievement, he seemed surprised, and remarked that he couldn't see anything especially notable in his performance.

"Why," said he, "what could they do but surrender? I had the dead drop on them."

Nevertheless, Private Epps is to have a medal of honor.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Mr. Moore's Cold Ride.

The Cincinnati Enquirer details an unpleasant experience endured by a business man named Moore, while on his way home from Washington.

Just at daybreak the train made a brief stop about forty miles this side of Hinton, West Virginia. Moore had been unable to sleep for several hours, and he arose, slipped on his trousers and shoes and stepped out on the platform to look around. Just then the train started slowly.

Moore let the day coaches go by, intending to get on one of the sleepers. The vestibule doors on all of them were closed, leaving only a few inches of the lower step protruding. He grabbed the handle of the vestibule door of the last car with his right hand, and stepped on the narrow strip of the step that protruded beneath it.

In a few moments the train was going at the rate of forty miles an hour, and Moore's position became extremely dangerous. He yelled for help, but the noise of the train and the heavy plate-glass windows in the vestibule door prevented the cries from being heard.

With no hat, coat or shirt, attired only in his nightshirt and trousers, he soon suffered from cold. At length his hand became tired, and he began to feel alarmed.

Finally he got hold of the doorhandle with his left hand, and then struck the plate glass with all his might with his right fist. His heavy Masonic ring broke the window with a crash. He crawled in through the opening, and thanked God for his deliverance.

A Perilous Descent.

Teresa Falciola, a woman of Zuarna, Italy, recently found out how it feels to fly. Near her home, which nestles in a valley, is a high, wooded mountain. To it, says the New York Herald, it has been her custom to go for firewood.

To carry this wood from the precipitous mountain to her cottage was quite an arduous task. Therefore she sent it down by means of a strong metal wire, stretched from the valley up to the mountain-top.

A few weeks ago she and her two little daughters ascended the mountain, and after gathering three goodly bundles of wood, prepared to send them down. Just as the mother had fastened the first bundle to the wire, and had launched it on it its downward course, her wedding ring caught in the rope with which the bundle was tied, and in a flash she was carried off her feet.

Half-paralyzed with fear, her little daughters watched her as she sped from their sight, and then they ran down the mountain, fully expecting to find her laying dead at the end of the wire. And their fear was quite natural, since the mountain-top from which their mother had been torn is eight hundred yards above the valley.

But the children found their mother entirely uninjured. Her fall had been broken as she was reaching the earth by some friendly branches. The bundle of wood, too, was in some measure a bulwark against the shock.

Capture of Kitchener's Men.

The Cape Town correspondent of the London Standard gives details, hitherto obscure, of the surrender to the Boers of a squadron of Kitchener's British Horse.

"It was the day of the relief of Kimberley. The squadron had been left to guard a farm on the Reit River, while General French advanced to the besieged town. The object of leaving them on the river was to hold a well, pending the arrival of another column. The latter, however, never came, and the troopers found themselves besieged for four days by a body of 400 Boers. There were but fifty men, but they pierced loop-holes in the walls of the farmhouse and made a desperate stand for three days. "They fought gallantly, and all the time without food. But, on the fourth day, they managed to catch a goat, which they quickly devoured. There was not a blade of grass on the neighboring veldt, and all their horses died of starvation. The stench in and about the farmhouse was something awful.

"On the fourth day General De Wet sent a message calling on them to surrender within a few minutes. The situation was hopeless. The Boers had two twelve-pounders with them, and the squadron was in the last stage of exhaustion. Seeing that there was no chance of relief, they agreed among themselves to surrender."

Memory of Somnambulists.

The memory of sleepwalkers is occasionally prodigious. There is an instance of a poor basket-maker, who was unable to read or write, yet in a state of sleep he would preach fluent sermons, which were afterward recognized as having formed portions of discourses he was accustomed to hear in the parish church as a child more than forty years before. Quite as strange a case of "unconscious memory" is referred to by Dr. Abercrombie. A girl given to sleepwalking was in the habit of imitating the violin with her lips, giving the preliminary tuning and scraping, and flourishing with the utmost fidelity. The physician ascertained that when a child she lived in a room adjoining a fiddler, who often performed on his violin in her hearing.—Popular Phrenologist.

The military rule is that five times the number of an entrenched enemy are required to dislodge the latter.

HOW FAST DOES A TEAM WALK?

Farm Work Done at a Speed Less Than Two Miles an Hour.

A few evenings ago I chanced to overhear some conversation by some young farmers, and the subject was pretty well discussed as to the rate of speed made by the average farm team when at work in the field, and, like young America, generally, they were ready to admit that they had good working teams. I know that some of them prided themselves in making their teams show off their good qualities, and the general opinion was that teams would walk two and one-half miles or more an hour when at work in the field, while some thought the three-mile mark would be reached in some kinds of work.

It is a very slow horse that will not walk more than two miles an hour, while a good walking horse will go three miles an hour, and some will do even more than that. Let us do a little figuring and see what would be accomplished. We will start with the two-and-one-half-mile gait, and there is scarcely a farmer who is willing to admit that his team is slower than that; but we will take that, and for convenience count it at ten hours a day; twenty-five miles; that looks rather large when we are plowing sixteen-inch furrows. It takes a little less than six miles of travel to plow an acre, so you see by the time we have reached the twenty-five-mile post there are about four and one-third acres plowed. Pretty big, isn't it? Well, three acres a day, that will do, then; about seventeen and eight-ninths miles will be traveled, which would be about one and one-fourth miles an hour.

Well, let's start out to harrow. The harrow takes fifteen feet wide, and a strip of land that wide, twenty-five miles long, would make a trifle over forty-seven acres. Two-thirds that many acres would be a good day's work, and one and three-fifths miles an hour would do it. Now, when planting. My planter is three and one-half feet, and it takes a little more than one and one-seventh miles of travel to plant an acre, and thirteen acres a day is good work; a little less than one and one-half miles a hour would do it. To illustrate it another way, and see how it looks: We are most of us familiar with the eighty-rod field. In plowing seven-inch furrows it is no difficult matter to make four rounds an hour, which would be 640 rods' travel an hour, and ten hours would be 6400 rods, or twenty miles—just two miles an hour; working at that rate would plow nearly three and one-fourth acres; so we find that farm work is generally done at a speed less than two miles an hour.—L. C. Greene, in the Maine Farmer.

How Color Affects Industry.

A gentleman who has traveled much said the other day that the principal drawback to a wider extension of American commerce in certain parts of the world is that manufacturers in the United States do not sufficiently study the wants, customs and tastes of their prospective customers. "For example," said he, "a certain American firm sent some electrical goods, which were decorated in green, to Japan. They did not sell any. No Japanese would bring such things into his house; it would mean an invitation to the evil deities. Green is an evil color in Japan. What a Japanese wants is red things. Upon this simple matter of color rested the failure of that manufacturer.

A German employer of labor said: "I like American machines so far as their performance of the work is concerned, but they demoralize my men. They come here in sober colors of paint and with no bright parts. The men who tend the machines do not have any brass to keep clean or any surfaces to rub and they get lazy. The German workman needs to be kept busy with things of this sort."

Here, now, are some practical instances of what the American manufacturer must learn before he can attain the widest success in foreign trade. Do not sent to Germany catalogues in the English language or to Japan things decorated in green, or to the Isthmus of Panama anything with blue spots on it. It looks as if we need in this country a commercial kindergarten in which such information as the above may be taught.—Chicago Chronicle.

He Paid For the Suppers.

Three friends who had been spending the evening at their club agreed that the one who did not do as his wife told him when he got home should pay for an oyster supper.

Smith, in trying to find the matches, trod on the cat.

"That's right," said his wife, waking up, "kill the poor cat and have done with it.

"Well," thought Smith, "I'll have to kill the cat or pay for the supper." So he killed the cat.

Brown was no less fortunate when he arrived home. In the dark he stumbled against the piano.

"Why don't you break the piano?" demanded his wife.

Brown at once broke the piano.

When Jones got home he stumbled on the top step of the staircase.

"Go on!" said his wife from the bedroom. "Tumble down stairs and break your neck!"

"Not me!" answered Jones. "I'll pay for the supper first."—London Answers.

Dressing Room Measured by Miles.

What do you think of a dressing room literally miles in length, where women during all hours of the day and evening may be seen primping before mirrors? There is such a place right in New York City, with numerous small branches in various sections of the town. This dressing room—though it is unroofed—has many attractions for the women who line its sides, gazing into the mirrors, arranging their ribbons, placing their front hair in proper position, adjusting their veils to bring the dots to the desired points, and, above all, seeing that their hats are on straight. If you want to see these operations going on walk along Broadway in the great shopping district, where shopkeepers are cunning enough to display goods in mirrored windows. You may think the women are looking at the merchandise—which they often do—but if you observe closely you will see the primping process going on.—New York Herald.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

The solutions to those puzzles will appear in a succeeding issue

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105.—Word Half Square.

1. Regal. 2. Unclosed. 3. A tree. 4. The indefinite article. 5. A preposition.

106.—Drop Letter Proverbs.

N-r-s-w-t-o-t-t-o-n.

107.—Rhomboid.

Across—1. Ability. 2. Relating to nativity. 3. Pertaining to dower. 4. At no time. 5. Fruit.

Down—1. A consonant. 2. A preposition. 3. A small mass of paper used to prevent the discharge of a gun. 4. A celebrated college. 5. Scolded. 6. Melted matter flowing from a volcano. 7. To allow. 8. A musical note. 9. A letter.

108.—Decapitations.

1. Behead spite, and leave a feminine name.
2. To split, and leave to go.
3. Part of the head, and leave water.
4. To hesitate, and leave to assert positively.
5. Glossy, and leave a vegetable.
6. Wide, and leave a highway.

ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS PUZZLES.

101.—Numerical Enigma—"Moderation is the pleasure of the wise."

102.—Diamond—

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    C
   ART
  CROAK
   TAG
    K
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103. — Metagram — Mean, Dean, Gean, Jean, Lean, Pean, Bean.

104.—Word Square—

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CALM
AREA
LEAL
MALL
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A KLONDIKE CANINE HERO.

A Party of Gold Prospectors Owe Their Lives to a Dog.

Deeds of heroism have been enacted in Alaska which history will never chronicle. Truth prints a story of one party of prospectors who owe their lives to a dog.

Upon the desolate waste of that inhospitable glacier, the Valdes, which has proved a sepulchre to so many bright hopes and earnest aspirations, last winter a party of prospectors were camped. Day after day they had worked their way forward, death disputing every foot with them, until it was decided that the main party should remain in camp, and two of their number, accompanied only by a dog, should endeavor to find a trail which would lead away from the glacier.

For days the two men wandered, until nature succumbed and they lay down, weary and exhausted. Their faithful companion clung to them and the warmth of his body was grateful, as they crouched low with the bitter ice-laden wind howling about them.

Their scanty stock of provisions was well-nigh exhausted, when one of them suggested sending the dog back to camp. This was a forlorn hope, but their only one. Quickly writing a few words on a leaf torn from a book, they made it fast round the dog's neck and encouraged him to start back on the trail.

The sagacious animal did not appear to understand, but after repeated efforts they persuaded him to start and he was soon swallowed up in the snow, the mist and the storm.

Two days and nights passed, during which the men suffered untold agonies. On the evening of the third day, when all hope had gone and they were becoming resigned to their fate, out of the blinding and drifting snow bounded the faithful dog and close behind him came ready hands to minister to their wants.

The remainder of the story is simple. The whole party returned, having abandoned their useless quest, and on the last Tom [illegible] "The south were two grateful men [illegible] as we [illegible] ordinary-looking dog. [illegible] never want as long [illegible] said a grizzled and sun[illegible]

"Beans and Brown Bread."

I recall especially the impatient criticisms made by a young German lady who had come to this country when she was about nineteen years of age. She had learned English well in ten years, and had renounced her allegiance to all foreign potentates, especially to the Emperor William II. Going back to Germany to visit her friends for a year, she became so homesick for Boston that she wanted to return in three months. "Everything here in Germany," she said, "is too slow, too oldfashioned." Amusement would scarcely convince her that there was anything over there which we might adopt to advantage, unless it were a few more German citizens. At last I tried to awaken her pride of birth by referring to her native tongue. "Well," I said, "you, at any rate, like the German language." "Oh, German," she said, "is so awkward and clumsy; it is so artificial; English is far better for business." "Well," I said, "when you get angry don't you find German more convenient?" "No," she answered, "I can scold a great deal better in English; it has more snap to it." "Well perhaps, you like German for love making?" "No," she persisted, "I think English is much better even for that." After this experience I am prepared to believe the story of the German who, after living several years in Boston, went home with his family to live in Germany. Finding that they could not get "Boston beans and brown bread" in that country, life became intolerable, and they returned.—The Forum.

Flour Made From Potatoes.

"I suppose you never thought of a potato being luscious," says a Michigan man. "You thought that peaches were the only things which were luscious. Perhaps you never ate a Petoskey potato. We make flour out of these potatoes. Out of the flour we make bread, soup and any other prepared food into which potatoes are put. The flour is kept in cans until ready for use. The bread is very palatable. It forms one of the regulation articles of diet in the German army."

INVINCIBLE.

I kind o'-like an argument. It eases up your mind.
As exercise, it seems to me the best thing you kin find.
But there is one debater that I'm anxious to avoid.
When he comes 'round fur talkin' I am otherwise employed.
Whenever he starts in an' lifts his voice up to recite,
I simply hold my peace an' say, "Well, maybe you are right."
I ain't so very nervous an' I'm never very proud,
But I always quit a person when he gits to talkin' loud.

You might give yourself brain fever with your thinkin' so profound,
But your thoughts'll all be wasted when the shouter comes around;
'Cause he'll bawl out somethin' at you which is fur from apropos,
An' clinch the argument by yellin' up, "Haw! haw! haw! Ho! Ho!"
You kin pack up your ideas an' start in fur a retreat,
For every time he hollers he declares he's got you beat.
An' he gits the whole attention of the idle passin' crowd.
There ain't no use o' buckin' 'gin' the man that's talkin' loud.
—Washington Star.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Willie—"Pa, what is a 'Congressman-at-large?'" Pa—"I guess that's one who has managed to keep out of jail."

"How's your new apartment?" "Oh, it's all right; we are just good walking distance from the elevator."—Chicago Record.

"And you have no clew, Mr. Hawkshaw?" "I have plenty of clews, chief, but I can't make any of 'em fit this case."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

First Grocer—"Why do you have your goods displayed before a mirror in your show window?" Second Grocer—"That's food for reflection." Should women propose? Why, yes, of course,
Whenever they can;
Provided that they have enough cold cash
To support a man!
—Philadelphia Press.

May—"Are you very particular about how your chaperon looks?" Fay—"Um—yes; I want her to look the other way."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Lots of people get through life on self-assurance. Even the bearded lady of museum fame wouldn't stand much of a show if it wasn't for her cheek.

"A financier is a man who makes lots of money, isn't he, pa?" "No, Freddy; a financier is a man who gets hold of lots of money other people make."—Puck.

"Don't you have horror of books?" "No, I haven't any of lending books, but I have a horror of not getting them back again."—Chicago Record.

Miss G.—"Oh, I think printing must be just lovely. What does the foreman do when you make a pi?" Cholly S.—"He gets crusty."—Baltimore American.

Doctor—"Did you follow my instructions and take those powders in water?" Finnigan—"Oi did thot, but, sure, whin Oi got in de bath de wather was thot cowld it was a-givin' me a chill."

Biggs—"They say Morton is a somnambulist—walks in his sleep, you know." Little—"Nonsense! The report probably comes from the fact that he often walks in his baby's sleep."—Boston Transcript.

"How shall I make him prove his love?" she inquired, thoughtfully. "I thought he had already done it," answered her dearest friend. "You certainly told me it was your custom to sing to him, and he still calls regularly."—Chicago Post.

"I hear you caught a couple of burglars in your house. How on earth did you do it?" "Easy enough. I've got a telephone in my room." "Called up the police, eh?" "No; nothing so slow as that. I rang up the fire department, and they came in a jiffy and put them out."—Philadelphia Press.

RIGHT WAY TO DRINK WATER.

Sipped Slowly It's a Stronger Stimulant Than Wine Gulped Down.

Professor Silkham says that there are few people who thoroughly realize the value of water as a beverage, or who know how to obtain greatest advantage from it. The effects produced by the drinking of water vary with the manner in which it is drunk. If, for instance, a pint of cold water be swallowed as a large draught, or if it be taken in too large portions with a short interval between, certain definite results follow—effects which differ from those which would have followed if the same quantity were taken by sipping. Sipping is a powerful stimulant to the circulation, a thing which ordinary drinking is not. During the action of sipping the action of the nerve which slows the beat of the heart is abolished, and, as a consequence, that organ contracts much more rapidly, and the pulse beats more quickly, and the circulation in various parts of the body is increased. In addition to this, we find that the pressure under which the bile is secreted is raised by the sipping of fluid.

And here is a point which might well be noted by our readers. A glass of cold water slowly sipped will produce a greater acceleration of the pulse for a time than will a glass of wine or spirits taken at a draught. In this connection it may not be out of place to mention that sipping cold water will often allay the craving for alcohol in those who have been in the habit of taking too much of it, and may be endeavoring to reform, the effect being probably due to the stimulant action of sipping.—Hamilton (Ont.) Times.

Large Cucumber Farm in Kansas.

Kansas is to have a cucumber farm on a large scale. The promoters of the project are negotiating for a tract of eleven hundred acres near Lawrence, on the line of a proposed electric railroad. The cucumber crop matures just as the school term ends, when pickers may be easily secured.

More Ships For Great Britain.

Fifty British warships are at present under construction. Seventeen of these are torpedo boat destoyers.

A black lioness has been added to the collection of animals in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. Lions of this color are found only in the interior of the Sahara, and are scarce anywhere.