The Queenstown News.

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

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The United States ranks first among the iron, steel and wheat producing countries.

If the North Pole doesn't care to be discovered during the year it should lose no time in passing an exploration exclusion act.

Since 1875 the sailing ship tonnage of the world has gone down from 14,185,000 tons to 8,690,000, and yet ocean tonnage has been constantly increased The seas are not sailed, but navigated.

Russian experiments in growing American seeds have proved successful. We naturally wonder what will happen when it comes to giving the products Russian names. Apples, peaches, corn and cotton are sadly unprovided with ks and ffs.

Flogging is still practiced in England. The boys feel no sense of wounded personal honor in a sound thrashing, and prefer it to other forms of punishment. In the early part of the century a master at Eton enjoyed the distinction of having flogged half the ministers, secretaries and even the bishops in the kingdom.

Early in the new century the long neglect of the fame of Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution, should be atoned for, thinks the New York Herald. Andrew Carnegie says he is ready to help the good work. Morris in his day was relatively as big a man as our millionaire iron master, and he died poor. This ought to directly commend him to the library specialist.

The census returns of Texas present some curious facts. For instance, Bailey County has but four residents; Cockran has twenty-five; Andrews has thirty-seven; Lynn has seventeen, and Dawson has thirty-six. Twenty-five other counties have populations of less than 500 each. Some counties have no running stream within their borders, some are hundreds of miles from a railroad, and others are almost wholly inhabited by prairie dogs, jack rabbits and rattlesnakes. Tom Green County, the largest in the State, is larger than the whole State of Ohio, and has but 6804 inhabitants.

The Philadelphia Ledger observes: "The White House is not only a marvel of architecture, but has the most precious associations in the minds and hearts of the American people. It should be preserved exactly as it is exteriorly, with only such interior changes as may fit it for the purposes of a residence. Our men of affairs do not live in their law offices or counting rooms, nor should the President of the United States be compelled to eat and sleep in his place of business.. Give the President the White House as a home, and build him an office worthy of the head of a great nation."

In the last ten years the United States has increased its wealth $28,000,000,000, which makes the wealth of the nation $91,000,000,000. This gives an average per capita wealth of $1125. This is not so great a per capita wealth as Great Britain's, for her figures are $1300 for each inhabitant. But her aggregate wealth sinks into the background before ours, for she has only $50,000,000,000 against our $91,000,000,000. Her increase in wealth in ten years is $19,000,000,000, as against our $26,000,000,000. The increase in wealth in this country in the last ten years has been $337 for each inhabitant.

One cause for the slight increase in the population of Canada during the past decade may be discovered in the aptitude of the French Canadians for acquiring citizenship in the United States. They have invaded New England in particular, where the factory towns welcome them and provide employment for parent and child alike at a satisfactory scale of wages. Ordinarily the newcomers Anglicize their names, transforming Lenoir into Black, Letoile into Starr, etc., and within a few years, except for a swarthy complexion and minor temperamental characteristics, they are not readily distinguishable from persons of unsullied Puritan ancestry. And they make very good citizens.

How does education make a man a better worker in his profession? Partly by teaching him to do in the school or the laboratory things which he would afterward be compelled to learn more slowly in practical life, whether on the farm, in the shop, or in the office. This is what is known as technical training. Partly by teaching him, in his school or college days, theoretical principles which in the experience of practical life he would not be likely to learn at all. This is the idea of scientific training. The distinction between the two ideals is a radical one, states Professor Arthur T. Hadley, in the New York Independent. The former aims to save the time of the student and to put him as quickly as possible into a position to do good work and make money; the latter aims to increase the range of the student's conceptions, and to give him command of theories which will enable him to advance the methods of the business which he undertakes.

THE FOUR GUESTS.

A knock at the door—but he
Was dreaming a dream of fame;
And the one who knocked drew softly back,
And never again he came.
A knock at the door—as soft—
As soft—as shy—as a dove.
But the dreamer dreamed till the guest was gone—
And the guest was Love.

A knock at the door—again
The dreamer dreamed away.
Unheeding—deaf to the gentle call
Of the one who came that day.
A knock at the door—no more
The guest to that door came.
Yet the dreamer dreamed of the one who called—
For the guest was Fame.

A knock at the door—but still
He gave it no reply;
And the waiting guest gave a cheery hail
Ere he slowly wandered by.
A knock at the door—in dreams
The dreamer fain would grope,
Till the guest stole on, with a humbled sigh—
And the guest was Hope.

A knock at the door—'twas loud,
With might in every stroke;
And the dreamer stopped in his dreaming thought,
And suddenly awoke.
A knock at the door—he ran
With the swiftness of a breath;
And the door swung wide, and the guest came in—
And the guest was Death.
—Josh Wink, in Baltimore American.

LOVE AND LAW

"JIM," said Mr. Perkins to his office boy, "put on some more coal."

"Yes, sir."

"And, do you hear? Take this packet of papers around to Penn & Ink's, and ask 'em what they mean by sending me such a blotted piece of work."

"Yes, sir," said Jim, evidently preferring the snow freighted air and slippery sidewalks of the outer world to the close little law office, darted off like an arrow out of a bow.

Mr. Perkins took out a fresh bundle of quill pens and a quire of legal foolscap and began to work in good earnest, when, all of a sudden, a tap came to his office door.

"Come in," said Mr. Perkins, in a voice that sounded considerably more like "Clear out," and a young lady entered, dressed in currant-colored merino, with a little plumed hat and a neat looking flat satchel on her arm.

"I haven't anything to give," said Mr. Perkins, sternly.

The young lady sat down unInvited, and then Mr. Perkins saw that she was very pretty.

"I was not begging, sir," she said.

"May I ask then, what is your business?" said Mr. Perkins, more frigidly than ever.

The young lady took a parcel from her bag.

"I don't want to buy anything," said Mr. Perkins.

"I was not selling, sir," said the lady.

"Please explain your business at once," said he, tartly. "I have no time to spare."

"Please allow me to do so, then," said the young lady. "I was soliciting subscriptions for——"

"I don't want to subscribe," hastily interrupted Mr. Perkins.

"How do you know whether you do or not," inquired the young lady, with some spirit, "until you have seen the work, at least?"

Mr. Perkins smiled a little. She was brusque, but he didn't altogether dislike that. And, besides, she was decidedly original.

"Because there have been at least three of your craft before you this morning," said he, "all selling 'Illustrated Lives of Great Men.'"

"But mine is quite different. Mine is 'Careers of Famous Women,' with steel plate engravings," persisted the young lady.

"Your business is overcrowded," said Mr. Perkins. "No; you needn't take the trouble to show me the book. Why don't you do something else?"

"Will you tell me what?" said the young lady, despairingly. "Will you help me to get anything whereby I may support myself?"

"What can I do?"

"That is what everybody says," she answered, "and between you all I should starve. You are a lawyer. Will you give me some law copying?"

"Can you write a clear and legible hand?" Mr. Perkins asked.

The young lady sat boldly down at a desk by the chimney-piece.

"I'll show you what I can do," said she.

Mr. Perkins looked over her shoulder as she wrote, in a quaint, distinct style, the words:

"My name is Amy Archdale, and I want to earn my own living."

"Amy Archdale," repeated Mr. Perkins. "Rather a romantic name, isn't it?"

"I had no hand in naming myself," retorted Miss Archdale, "so I can't justly be held up to blame in that matter."

Mr. Perkins looked meditatingly at her for a second or two.

"I should think you might teach," said he.

"I did try it," said Miss Archdale. "I was governess in a private family."

"And why did you give it up?"

"Is this a catechism?" said Miss Amy, smiling. "Well, I have no objection to answering. Do you want me to tell you the plain truth?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, it was because my lady employer did not like to have her grown-up son address me with common politeness. Perhaps she thought I was endeavoring to fascinate him, but she was entirely mistaken."

"Oh!" said Mr. Perkins. "Please write down your address."

"Are you really going to give me some copying to do?" she asked eagerly.

"I am going to try you."

For the first time the tears came into her eyes.

"I'll try my very best—indeed I will," she faltered. "For—I don't mind telling you now—I haven't got a single subscription, and I was so discouraged."

And so Miss Amy Archdale walked off with a red-tape-tied parcel of papers under her shawl.

"If she does them well and promptly," said Mr. Perkins, in a sort of mental soliloquy, "there's no reason I can't let her have some more work. If she doesn't, it won't be the first case of female swindling in New York. But she had a pretty, innocent little face, too——hang it, I've half a mind to go to her address on the sly and see if she really is a deserving object of—charity. I was going to say. But it isn't. She wants work, not alms. There's always somebody wanting something in this great, chattering Bedlam of a city of ours," added Mr. Perkins, irately, as he drove off two match boys, an apple girl and a vendor of pins and shoestrings from his doorstep.

Mr. Perkins followed up his crochet and walked up to No. 6 Meassey street about dusk that self-same evening, heedless of snow and sleet.

"Does a lady named Archdale live here?" he asked in the grocery which occupied the first floor.

"Yes, sir, she do," the grocer's wife interrupted, pushing herself before her husband, "and a nice, hard-working young lady she is as ever breathed the breath of life, and pays her rent regular every Saturday night if she has to live on a cup of water and a crust. And if she's got any rich relations——"

"You mistake my purpose," said Mr. Perkins, coldly. "I am no rich relation—to anyone."

Yet the woman's testimony, coarse and rudely given as it was, unconsciously influenced him in Amy Archdale's favor.

She brought the folios next day, neat, legible and without blot or erasure, and Mr. Perkins gave her some more work.

"You needn't bring it," said he, "I—I have business that way, and I'll call for it myself."

* * * * * * * * *

"We haven't seen your Uncle Elisha lately, dear," said Mrs. Molyneux Martin to her eldest daughter. "Kate must work a penwiper for him and you must embroider him a pair of slippers. It won't do to let him lose sight of his nearest relatives."

"Ma," said Miss Katherine, "it's a pity you discharged Miss Archdale so suddenly, because she was so handy at fancy work."

"And, besides," added Edith Rosabelle, "it really and truly wasn't her fault because Walter chose to make eyes at her!"

"Don't use such vulgar expressions, my dear," said the mamma. "She was a pert, bold-faced thing, and would have eloped with your dear brother if she had remained in the house another week. And I told her so, pretty plainly, too. Who's that? The postman? Give me the letter at once, Edith Rosabelle!"

"Somebody has sent us wedding cards," cried the youngest hope of the family of Molyneux Martin. "Open it, mamma, quick, and let us see whom they are from."

Mrs. Molyneux Martin hastily tore open the envelope, and giving one glance at its contents, fell backward with an hysterical scream."

"Elisha Perkins!" she shrieked. "Girls, it's your uncle. Alas! my poor, disinherited pets!"

For Mrs. Molyneux Martin had educated her daughters in the full belief that each and every one of them was to be an heiress in the right of Uncle Perkins's money.

"But, mamma, who's the bride?—whom has he married? You don't tell us the name," persisted Katherine, who was endowed with a goodly spice of Mother Eve's bequest.

"I don't know! I don't care!" screamed Mrs. Molyneux Martin, tapping the soles of her slippered feet on the carpet in a way that threatened a yet more violent attack of hysterics.

"Pick up the cards, Kathie, and look," urged Edith Rosabelle.

"Amy Archdale!" she read aloud. "Why, ma, it's the governess you discharged! It's our Miss Archdale!"

"The old fool!" shrieked Mrs. Molyneux Martin. "To go and marry a girl young enough to be his granddaughter! Well, that caps the climax!"

"You forget, ma," said Edith Rosabelle, "Uncle Elisha's only two years older than you are. I've heard you say so lots of times."

"Hold your tongue, you ungrateful, undutiful daughter," ejaculated Mrs. Molyneux Martin. "I'll never speak to him again."

But she did. Sober second thoughts convinced her that it was better to submit to the inevitable—and she was one of the first to call on Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Perkins in the elegant brownstone house that the lawyer brought and furnished for his bride.

And perhaps one of the most triumphant moments of Amy Archdale's life was that in which she extended a gracious and patronizing greeting to the woman who had turned her out of doors scarcely three months before.

"Things do balance themselves evenly in this world, if one only has patience and faith to wait!" she said to her husband.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Simple Minded Person.

"I wish somebody would tell me," said the Cornfed Philosopher, "why the man that takes up a trade or profession that has no chances of dishonesty in it is always kinder sorter looked down on?"—Indianapolis Press.

A Useful Bird.

The meadow lark is one of the most useful birds of the fields. Grasshoppers and other grass eating insects, May beetles, caterpillars and other leaf eating insects constitute a large part of its bill of fare,

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

Train Goes Over Boy.

ADNEY EDMONDS, nine years old, had a miraculous escape from death recently. He fell between two freight cars of a moving Big Four train, and after fourteen cars had passed over him he emerged unhurt.

Adney's mother witnessed the accident, and as the big train of cars flashed past the spot where her boy had fallen she almost became hysterical.

As she was begging piteously for some one to save her son, the daring youngster staggered to his feet and began wiping the dirt off his face. Mrs. Edmonds ran to him, and the sight which greeted her eyes was beyond her belief. Adney cried and whimpered to his mother that he was "all right," but this she refused to believe until the family physician pronounced him uninjured. Then she gave way in a paroxysm of nervousness, which required the attention of all present.

In company with Adney and her two little daughters Mrs. Edmonds started to walk into Garden City in order to gratify her boy's desire to see a match game of baseball.

As they neared the town a passing freight train came in sight. The engineer reduced the locomotive's speed, and Adney who, his parents say, has always been an adventuresome child, sprang from her side and attempted to board the thirteenth car ahead of the caboose.

He succeeded, though the jump was a dangerous one, and climbed up the ladder to a seat on top of a brake handle. Mrs. Edmonds started in pursuit. Before the boy was out of her sight she experienced the harrowing sensation of seeing him tumble feet first from the dizzy perch he had occupied between the two cars.

Her screams for help were drowned by the roar of the train as it again got under full sway. It was soon past and the mother hurried ahead, expecting to see the mangled form of her boy.

Instead the little chap jumped up like a jack-in-the-box and rubbed the dust out of his eyes. He owed his life to his own coolness and bravery. But Mrs. Edmonds wouldn't have it that way. Such an escape appeared to her to be miraculous, and impossible. She put her cape around him and sobbed as though he would soon be beyond the sound of her grief. "I'm all right, mamma; I'm not killed; don't hold me so tight," put in Adney.

Mrs. Edmonds was too terrified to hear his talk. She made her way to the doctor's office, and when assured that the boy was not hurt the shock was too much for her. She required more attention than Adney. Upon recovering she made her way home in a farmer's rig that chanced to be going in her direction.—St. Louis Republic.

Told of a Chinese Heroine.

The moral and intellectual standards of the Chinese are so different from ours that their popular characters are as likely to appear ridiculous in our own eyes as to look sublime. When, for instance, they accord memorial honors to a young woman who cut slices from her arms and added them to the medicine of an aged parent in the hope of imparting to him some of her own youthful vigor, our sentiment of admiration is not unmixed with other feelings.

Still, there are Chinese characters whose heroism we can admire. One of them—and a great favorite with Chinese historians and poets—is Queen Mi, wife of the Emperor Liu.

During the rebellion of Tsao, a great battle was fought, the chroniclers relate, in which the forces of the Emperor became scattered and his household dispersed. While the combat still raged Queen Mi found herself alone, abandoned, cruelly wounded by an arrow, and tottering feebly through the bloody grass on her "three-inch gold lilies" (compressed feet), bearing in her arms the little A-tou, heir to the line.

She was not his own mother, but her maternal devotion was none the less perfect. Dragging herself painfully to a half-ruined hut she crouched against the wall with the baby wrapped in her robe. Presently a horseman rode up and discovered her. He proved to be Chao-tzu-lung, a faithful General of the Emperor. Prostrating himself at her feet he begged her to mount his horse with the child, he would fight on foot at their side, and endeavor to break through the enemy's lines to the loyal army on the farther side.

Ceremoniously bidding him rise the grateful Queen in her turn knelt, "not to her General, but to his loyalty," and assured him that she trusted him to rescue the heir, but that he must leave her to die. A warrior on foot, with a wounded woman as well as a baby, would be at a fatal disadvantage. He must ride and carry the child.

"Place him beneath your corselet, next your heart," she said, "not too tightly nor yet so very loose."

But Chao-tzu-lung could not bring himself to abandon the Queen, seeing which she suddenly stooped, laid A-tou at his feet, and running with the last muster of her strength to a well near at hand, sprang down it to her death.

Then, indeed, the General took the baby as she had bidden him, and charging the enemy in a fury of grief and rage, broke through their lines, bore the heir in safety to his father, Liu, and told him and his guard the story of the Queen's self-sacrifice.—Youth's Companion.

Lost For a Week in a Swamp.

After having been lost for one week in the swamp surrounding Lake Willibigoshish, Bena, Minn., little Fannie Olson, the daughter of a homesteader, has returned to her home. She is but nine years of age, yet she wandered alone in the trackless swamps, beset now and then by timber wolves and suffering the pangs of hunger.

Fannie, accompanied by her father, visited the cabin of a neighbor last Sunday and on the return home became lost. How the child reached the Winnibigoshish swamp no one knows, but reach it she did, and there she wandered until to-day, when she was found by an Indian and brought here.

Twice trailed by wolves, the child crawled into the little houses the Indians erect over the graves of their dead, where she remained until the wolves went away. She says the animals tore at the boards covering her retreat until she feared they would give way. All the food she had was some uncooked venison she was carrying when she became lost. At night she slept in hollow stumps.

Captive of Eskimos.

Professor J. W. Tyrell, a noted explorer of Canadian wilds, has returned from a tour of 5000 miles through the barren lands of northern Canada, having been sent out by the Canadian Government.

Professor J. M. Bell, of the Geological Survey, second in command, went in August on a side tour of 500 miles up one of the branches of Thelon. There he rescued an Englishman named Charles Bunn, who had been held in captivity by Eskimos for five years.

Professor Bell was in the lead of the party when they entered a village just before nightfall, and was amazed to see a tall, well-built man, dressed like an Eskimo, come running up and address him in English.

Bunn told a marvelous story. He said he went out from Edmonton in 1896, and wandered far into the interior, shooting and trapping. He ran short of provisions and applied to an Eskimo family. They took him to their village, where he was compelled to remain, living as one of them.

He had several thousand dollars' worth of furs. He joined Bell's party and came out to Edmonton with the explorers.

Wonderful Courage.

That was a magnificent feat performed by a French regiment when they were fighting the Austrians. It happened a long time ago, but the incident was marked by such superlative valor that it will never be forgotten.

The regiment, under Colonel Walhubert, was sent to take an intrenchment of the Austrians in the heights of the Simplon Pass. Arriving at the point, they found the enemy solidly intrenched in what appeared to be an impregnable position. In front of their redoubts and quite separating them from the French forces was a deep chasm through which ran a mountain torrent.

How to get across was a problem seemingly impossible to solve. But the Colonel was equal to it. He found a long, straight tree with a trunk almost a foot in thickness. This he ordered to be cut down, and the trunk was actually thrust across the chasm under a galling fire. The Colonel gave the word to pass over—one man at a time.

The first was shot and pitched down to death in the chasm. The second and third shared his fate, but presently a few succeeded in the desperate attempt. Then the Colonel followed, formed the little party on the other side and charged. The enemy, dumbfounded at such extraordinary bravery left their position and fled.

Torn by a Grizzly Bear.

While hunting in the mountains near Takuah Harbor, British Columbia, W. J. Lamrick, of Vancouver, came suddenly upon a big grizzly and two cubs. The grizzly made toward him so rapidly that he had no time to charge his unloaded rifle, and he feared to run.

He continued backing away and the bear continued to follow him. Not being able to look where he was going, Lamrick stumbled on a stone and fell on his back. Before he could rise the bear was on him. She seized his knee, and her teeth met the bone on both sides. Unable to rise, Lamrick belabored the bear over the head with the rifle until she let go his knee and seized his foot, tearing the flesh from the bones.

At this juncture one of the cubs commenced to snap at Lamrick's face. This flank movement on the cub's part saved Lamrick's life, for he struck the cub with his rifle and it ran screaming away, the mother in her anxiety running after it.

Lamrick dropped into the bushes and hid there for two hours, finally reaching the coast, ten miles distant, by painful stages. The injured man was brought to Vancouver by steamer and is in the hospital. He may lose his foot.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Wolves Attack Mourners.

A small party of settlers were attacked by a pack of wolves while engaged in burying a child near Roseau, Minn. Just as the body was being lowered into the grave a pack of wolves burst from the underbrush surrounding the cemetery. The leader of the pack, a gigantic brute, made a dash into the party of mourners, and bit Axel Johnson through the fleshy part of the left leg. This attack emboldened the rest of the animals, and they came to the aid of their leader.

For a few minutes a battle raged, the mourners striving to protect themselves, and at the same time to prevent the wolves from reaching the coffin. After several of the men and one of the women had been bitten by the wolves, a fire was started around the grave, near the edge of which the little party hovered, and this prevented the wolves from making a further attack. They remained in the vicinity until a party of settlers appeared with rifles and drove them off.

In the Act.

"My gracious, James, what are you here for?" exclaimed the kindly slumworker on a tour of the station houses.

"Burglary," replied Jimmy Dorg, coolly.

"Oh, you don't mean it? Well, I am surprised at that!"

"So wuz I, or I wouldn't be here."—Philadelphia Press.

There are no less than 11,000 rooms in the papal palace, and many of them never receive a ray of sunlight.

Half-Hour with the Children

"I Thank You, Dear."

Four little words of love to hear—
Four little words so sweet,
They make my work seem oh! so light
And put wings to my feet.
I think if folks knew just how nice
They sounded in my ear
For every little thing I do
They'd say, "I thank you, dear."

Why, goodness me! I race the stairs,
Run up and down all day
For things my sisters leave around,
Or brothers put away.
And when at last I find them,
And bring them with delight,
They only say, "Why, mercy! child,
I thought you'd stay all night."

Oh, Grown-ups, if you only knew!
My heart was in my boots!
I work so hard for those few words,
But seems like nothing suits.
No matter if my feet were tired,
I would not cry one tear,
But happy be if folks to me
Would say, "I thank you, dear."

A Railway's Moving Stairway.

An electrically propelled moving stairway is to be installed at one of the high stations on the New York elevated railroad. The elevator itself is like a narrow, long treadmill. It is covered with small rubber cleats that give the passengers' feet a firm grip. It rises at an angle that makes it necessary to throw most of the weight on one foot, placing the other a little higher up, as though ascending a stair. The belt, which is eighteen inches wide, runs over a sprocket wheel below the level of the sidewalk. It is kept in motion by an electric motor, which turns another sprocket at the level of the train platform. The hand rail at the right of the belt moves at the same speed, so that the passenger can brace himself as much as he pleases. When the passenger reaches the top he glides easily onto the platform. The belt slips into a hole in the floor in such a way that it is impossible for the most careless or weak person to have his foot caught. There is no descending elevator, the passenger walking down by the other half of the steps, not cut away in order to make room for the eighteen-inch strip.

If necessary, this stairway can be made to carry passengers down as well as up. Its speed is ninety feet a minute. It will lift passengers from the sidewalk to the platform in forty-two seconds. It will carry 3,000 passengers an hour and can be run for ten hours at a cost of $1.25. The railway company which has erected the stairway is hopeful that if it should prove a success, and consequently be adopted on the other stations of the system, it may do much toward bringing back the immense passenger traffic alienated by the old inconvenient stairways and other notorious discomforts.—Chicago Record.

Popular Cats on Ocean Steamers.

Every large ocean liner carrying passengers has on board from six to ten cats, these being apportioned to various parts of the ship, as well as appearing on the vessel's books for rations.

And even, beyond this, on most of the big lines particular employes are instructed to feed daily, as a part of their duties, certain cats in their part of the ship. And there is promotion for pussy as well, for any cat that is particularly amiable, clever and interesting is permitted to enjoy the run of the first or second or third class saloons, according to the popular vote. In this way certain of the first-class saloon pussies have become quite celebrated, especially on the long-voyage boats that go to India and Australia, and the stewards of the various classes are quite commonly eager to push their own favorite cat into first place. "Of course," says Tit-Bits, "there are amazing favorites with the staff of the ship that are fine hunters and do not seek 'society.'"

When the ship is in port a certain man has the duty of feeding the cats at regular hours and of entering rations in a book; but every cat on the ship that has been long there seems to wait with eagerness for and to recognize at once the professional ratcatcher, who always goes to work in the hold of every passenger liner when it comes to dock, and who lives by ridding ships of rats. The "staff cats," as the stewards call them, never leave the rat man until he has finished his duties. Large sums have been offered for one saloon cat on a great liner, and the staff have to guard it strictly from inquisitive admirers, in whose luggage it has several times been found.

The Dog Laughed.

The proprietor of a Third avenue store owns a little black kitten that cultivates a habit of squatting on its haunches, like a bear or a kangaroo, and then sparring with its fore paws as if it had taken lessons from a pugilist.

A gentleman took into the store the other evening an enormous black dog, half Newfoundland, half collie, fat, good-natured and intelligent. The tiny black kitten, instead of bolting at once for shelter, retreated a few paces, sat erect on its hind legs, and "put its fists" in an attitude of defiance. The contrast in size between the two was intensely amusing. It reminded one of Jack the Giant Killer preparing to demolish a giant.

Slowly and without a sign of excitability the huge dog walked as far as his chain would allow him, and gazed intently at the kitten and its odd posture. Then, as the comicality of the situation struck him, he turned his head and shoulders around to the spectators; and, if animal ever laughed in the world, that dog assuredly did so then and there. He neither barked nor growled, but indulged in a low chuckle, while eyes and mouth beamed with merriment.—New York Telegram.

The Germ of the Royalist Party.

There is no room to doubt that royalty and nobility are looking up. We have a royalist deputy in Congress from Hawaii. He can hardly form a party by himself, or even a group, but he will be able to do service as a nest egg.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

LIVES ON FIVE CENTS A DAY.

Indiana Laborer Thrives on Exclusive Diet on Oatmeal.

William Hamlin, a laborer, of Mishawaka, Ind., employed in very active work, and who spent the summer as a laborer in digging sewers and laying water-mains, has subsisted throughout the summer and fall on five cents a day, and is still continuing the experiment. Mr. Hamlin selected oatmeal for his diet, paying two cents a pound therefor, and consuming two and a half pounds a day, or seventeen and one-half pounds a week of seven days, at a total cost of thirty-five cents.

Hamlin's daily bill of fare since last summer has consisted of the following menu: Breakfast, plenty of hot drinking water and three-quarters of a pound of oatmeal; dinner, plenty of drinking water and one pound of oatmeal. For supper he takes a hot or cold bath, sometimes only a foot bath, three-quarters of a pound of oatmeal and plenty of drinking water. Mr. Hamlin says that after eating supper he often feels frisky as a colt. Whenever his appetite becomes rebellious and his stomach seems to crave other food he simply lays the oatmeal away on the shelf until the appetite returns and the stomach becomes subjugated. Several citizens of this place, acquainted with Mr. Hamlin's eccentricities, vouch for the accuracy as detailed, and assert that Mr. Hamlin is as well satisfied with his present physical and mental vigor that he is not desirous of returning to the old order of things.

Fathoming a Dark Mystery.

He occupied a seat in the centre of a car on the Kings County "L" train where he attracted much attention. Not that his attire was remarkable, for that was mean enough. Nor was he more than an ordinary-looking man with his rich, black beard which fell to the second button of his shirt-waist and his bronzed and furrowed face. But the interest was due to the two things he had with him. The one, a gold-headed cane of the finest kind, in striking contrast to his appearance; the other a large bundle wrapped around with a linen cloth, the corners of which were knotted together. The bottom of the bundle was stained with blood and that circumstance, in conjunction with the cane, gave rise to all sorts of ideas in the minds of the passengers. More than one young man with Sherlock Holmes aspirations instantly set to work to solve the riddle on the mathematical basis that two and two makes four. The bundle, the cane, murder and robbery. The object of suspicion did not shift his gaze from the street until a brakeman stuck his head in through the door and yelled "Bridge!" Then he got up with a firm grasp on his cane, took hold of the bundle, which appeared to be extraordinary heavy, and made for the door. Half a dozen followed him, intent on fathoming his secret or bringing the criminal to justice. He stumped slowly over the covered passageway leading to the Bridge trains, the amateur sleuths so close behind that they almost trod on his heels. They kept to him through the crowd like a pack of hounds on the spoor of a deer. They wouldn't have lost him for a thousand. In fact, more than one of them expected a reward for capturing the "murderer." So as the man proceeded, every one within sight looked, and having looked stopped to stare and join the odd parade behind. But of that he was totally oblivious.—New York Sun.

Americans Are Best Machinists.

One of the greatest obstacles to the general introduction of American machine tools into continental Europe is the ignorance of the average European machinist. This is especially true of the higher class of machine tools. The intelligence which enables an American mechanic to understand and operate a machine seems to be dormant or entirely wanting in his European brother. The American Manufacturer quotes the sales manager of one of the leading manufactories of machine tools in this country as saying: "Install a fine machine in a shop on the continent, and unless the maker has sent with it from the works an expert to break the dunderheads into the using of it, the chances are three to one that the perfect mechanism will be a wreck inside of forty-eight hours after the power is appiled to it. Accustomed to work with tools that are crude and simple, compared with the ingenious and intricate American inventions, the operating machinists of Europe are slow to comprehend the latter and often do them a lot of damage by stupid handling. These facts are so well recognized by our machine tool builders that when giving an estimate on any considerable amount of work, care is had to add enough to the price to cover the sending of a man or men to install the machines and stay with them until they have proved their merits."

A Queer Apple Tree.

An apple tree on the farm of Jacob Kessler, near Reading, Penn., is attracting a great deal of attention because of the effect of the moon on it. Full moon can always be told by the color of the trunk, which assumes different shades as the moon waxes or wanes. Kessler says that whenever the full moon approaches the tree gives out an odor similar to illuminating gas. This gradually subsides as the moon wanes.

Another peculiarity of the tree is that one side of the trunk has an oily appearance. The tree annually produces a fair crop of apples, but they are bitter. The owner of the farm recently found bright yellow pieces of quartz in the ground near the tree. He thought it gold and at once began prospecting, which brought many people to the vicinity. Instead of gold, Kessler discovered a valuable deposit of paint ochre, in which his queer apple tree has its roots.—New York Press.

Woman's Work in Japan.

Japan is wheeling into line in regard to increasing the opportunities for women's work. "Mademoiselle Chrysantheme" is now employed in the clerical department of one of the railway companies. In some small towns in England girls are used as telegraph messengers, and even as caddies on the golf links.

HIS WIFE'S MOTHER.

Who soothes the children when they cry?
Who at their call is quickly by?
Who gives them candy, cake and pie?
My mother-in-law.

Who mends my clothes when they are torn?
Who darns my socks when they are worn?
Who cheers me when I feel forlorn?
My mother-in-law.

Who keeps a watch of the furnace fire,
Who rules the servants that I hire?
Who tells the iceman he's a liar?
My mother-in-law.

Who always has some cash to lend,
On which, in need, I may depend?
Who is, in short, my dearest friend?
My mother-in-law.
—Somerville Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"What are you reading, Dorie?" "Papa's sermons." "Been naughty?" —Punch.

Blobbs—"You're nothing but a rounder." Slobbs—"I'll get square with you for that."

The color fled her cheek ere yet
The storm burst us upon,
Which showed me quite conclusively
Her color wouldn't run.
—Detroit Journal.

"Paw," asked Tommy, "what does the 'D.' in John D. Rockefeller's name stand for?" "I don't know," said Mr. Tucker. "Dollars, I guess."—Chicago Tribune.

He—"Do you think it is proper etiquette for a gentleman to take a lady's arm?" She—"No, but he might ask her for—her hand." — Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

He was a baggage smasher,
And trunks he'd smashed galore.
A trunk fell on his head one day
And chopped it off. He's 'neath the clay,
Trunkless forevermore.
—Philadelphia Record.

Sportsman (to Smith, who hasn't brought down a single bird all day)—"Do you know Lord Peckham?" Smith—"Oh, dear, yes; I've often shot at his house." Sportsman—"Ever hit it?" —Fun.

There are three things yet to be discovered—perpetual motion, a flying machine that will fly and a woman who does not face to the rear when getting off a street car.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Lucille—"Why do you treat that poor Mr. Wintergreen with so little consideration? I declare, I'm surprised that he puts up with you." Genevieve—"Oh, but we're engaged." Lucille—"Oh."—Cleveland Leader.

"Eusticla has such lovely humanitarian ideas." "Has she?" "Yes; she has started a skirt and shirt waist parlor to teach all classes of women how to make those garments hang together."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Mildly—"Mrs. McFadden, your neighbor, Patrick O'Donnel, has applied to our society for work. Is he a steady man?" Mrs. McFadden—"Steady! Whist, ma'am! If he was any steadier, he'd be dead."—Harper's Bazar.

"I have decided to be a hospital nurse," said Amy. "I saw it stated that seventy-five per cent. of unmarried men fall in love and propose marriage to the women that nurse them through severe illnesses." "I saw that statement, too," added Mabel, "but my recollection is, that it said pretty nurses."—Detroit Free Press.

"What is the cause of this long and pensive silence?" asked a patriarch of the tribe. "I am trying to reach a decision on a very difficult question," answered the barbarian. "I have been looking over these instruments of perpetual torture—tight patent leather shoes, high collars and starched shirts. I am trying to make up my mind whether I would rather be civilized or shot."—Washington Star.

DEVICE TO WARN SHIPS.

Remarkable Invention Which May Result in Great Saving of Life.

An invention which, if it may not go some way toward making lighthouses obsolete, is expected to be of much value in the prevention of shipwrecks, was recently shown at Southend-on-the-Sea, England, before the marine authorities and navigators.

They were all much struck by the possibilities of the invention. It is an automatic system of signaling, and will warn ships of their approach to dangerous rocks and coasts in all weathers, when a flashing light might not be seen and the boom of the foghorn might be unheard.

A metallic conductor is fixed on an elevation ashore or a lightship or a reef or lighthouse. From this aetheric waves are transmitted over a zone which has a radius of seven miles. All vessels within that area fitted with receivers are warned of their proximity to danger.

A bell rings, and the receiving instrument records the name of the place which is being approached.

The automatic part of the machine consists of steel bearings, with a number of teeth which pass over a Morse transmitter. No operators are needed at all. The machine works automatically. In its elementary principle the system resembles Marconi's wireless telegraphy, but in detail the system is essentially different. A syndicate is already taking up the invention, which will shortly be put on the market.

Some of Mr. Wu's Questions.

Minister Wu Ting Fang talked Sunday morning to the Ethical Culture Society in Carnegie Hall on "The Teachings of Confucius." After the meeting the representative from the Flowery Kingdom met a dozen people, who followed him on his way to a dressing room. Professor Adler introduced one woman, and Mr. Wu, not catching the name, said:

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

"Then where is your husband?"

An elderly man was presented. Mr. Wu looked at him through his big glasses, saying:

"A Jew?"

"Yes."

"Good," said Mr. Wu.

And they shook hands heartily.—New York Press.

The oldest marked grave in America is supposed to be that in the Dorchester, Mass., cemetery of Bernard Capen, who died November 8, 1638.