The Queenstown News.

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

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Pat Crowe must be very much disgusted to note that a lot of cheap kidnapers are putting prices down to a figure as low as $200.

One of the most cheerful signs of promise for the future is the eager hunger for knowledge felt by young men and women who began life in poverty and ignorance.

The total value of the wheat crop last year was $323,515,000, an increase of $4,000,000 over the previous year. The year 1900 was one of the best the American farmer ever had.

A branch of the Society of the Mayflower Descendants has been organized in Wisconsin. Only another exemplification as to how far children may stray away from home.

Cornelius Vanderbilt is following up his career as an inventor by designing a new boiler. By and by he will be able to build all the locomotives for the family himself and save a great deal of money.

The supply of foreign noblemen who aspire to American wives appears to keep up to the demand. Meanwhile a lot of young women are not inclined to judge of the future from the analogy of the past.

According to President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, the main thing in bringing up a boy is "to have a care, not so much for the activity of the child or his school training, but for the food he eats."

According to popular science, some mosquitoes carry malaria germs and some do not. Unfortunately there is no way of discriminating with certainty until after you have been bitten, and then it is impossible to identify the offender.

Facts that came to light after the suicide of a young Russian in London the other day give some idea of the misery involved in sweat-shop labor. The unfortunate youth was paid thirty-seven cents a dozen for "finishing" shoes, a process that comprises nearly half the work of making the shoe.

When a "community of interest" encounters the interest of the community, what is likely to happen? When Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, was asked by the Parliamentary committee what would happen if a cow got on the railroad track, he answered: "It wud be verra bad for the coo."

Great interest is being taken in Canada in the subject of rural free mail delivery, owing to the success which has followed its establishment in the United States. Parliament is interested in the matter and promises to give it early consideration, with a good prospect of starting a few experimental routes.

A veteran policeman who has just died in Chicago, after a continuous service of twenty-seven years, made only one arrest in all that time. He used to say that a policeman's duty was to "kape the peace and not be making trouble by aristin' any man." His superiors say he always maintained excellent order wherever he was placed.

The inventive genius of the American is illustrated in the fact that 650,000 patents have been issued by the Commissioner at Washington, D. C., since 1837, 20,000 of which were for vehicles, 18,000 for stoves and furnaces, 10,000 for harvesters and the same number respectively for lamps and gas fittings, boots and shoes, and packing and storing vessels.

At last the cattlemen of the West have awakened to the fact that it is the very refinement of cruelty to use a hot branding iron upon cattle, and are adopting the New Zealand plan, which consists of applying a composition from a cold iron. The mark made is durable, as it destroys the hair, and yet gives no pain to the animal, besides does not injure the hide.

It is said that Formosan savages are puzzled by an extremely simple arithmetical problem. If two of them are to share five articles of food they divide by taking two apiece and throwing the fifth away. But that is not so bad, after all. It even shows that they have made progress. In earlier times the stronger of the two would have disposed of his unesteemed contemporary, and appropriated the whole. It is a movement onward and upward when the rights of others are recognized and respected.

The Cincinnati Commercial Tribune makes the excellent suggestion that the tramp problem may be profitably solved by setting it over against the good roads problem. By setting the tramp to work on the roads out of evil may come good. There is another felicity in the suggestion arising from the fact that in improving the highways the tramp necessarily toils for his own benefit as well as for that of the community. The tramp is the knight of the highway; it is his own particular stamping ground.

THE WAY OF IT.

You tell me that I cannot sing
Unless the air is warm with spring
And scent of flowers,
That never lark, with tuneful throat,
Flings on the breeze a single note
When storm-cloud lowers.

But cage the lark from out her nest
Her heart will break within her breast;
Then, friend of mine,
Such notes from out that heart of pain,
Like liquid drops of summer rain
Seem all divine.

The violets bruised beneath your feet
Give forth a perfume far more sweet
Than they that lift
Their nodding heads, like cherubim,
In some far forest, lone and dim,
In purple drift.

Bird song, and bloom of early spring,
New hope and joy to all things bring;
But this I know:
The crushed grape yields the golden wine,
The broken heart the song divine—
God wills it so.

—The Ladies' World.

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

I AM shy, awfully, dreadfully shy! I blush like a peony, although I am twenty-four, if a young lady speaks to me or smiles upon me, in presence of company. I never seem to know clearly what to say when I am thrown into society, and any one, particularly a lady, addresses me. My heart goes pit-a-pat if I catch any person in church regarding me closely—in fact, my whole existence is a misery, owing to my terrible bashfulness and nervousness.

My aunt, with whom I live, and whose heir I am, has a very large estate, not many miles from Bradford, with a capital old hall. Being a widow, without children, and I her only nephew, she took me, when fifteen years old, giving out publicly that I was to be her heir. I never caused her the slightest trouble or anxiety from then until I was twenty-two, except that she was naturally, annoyed at my excessive modesty, blushing and nervousness upon the most frivolous occasions, and often spoke to me of it. But I could do nothing, could I? So when at twenty-two I began to get somewhat better of it, and grew visibly bolder, she evidently thought it time to speak out.

"Fred," said she, one day, as we passed down the avenue, "I have, indeed, been pleased lately to observe how much you are improving. You know what I mean. And now, therefore, I think I ought to say to you what has been on my mind for some time. You know that Mr. Wilson's estates join mine on the Bradford side—you know what fine estates they are. Even better than our own, I think! Well, as you know, Mr. Wilson and I have been the best neighbors and friends for years. We have often talked it over, and each has quite recognized that if the two estates were united, there would be nothing to equal them for miles around! You will see to what I am drifting, my boy. You have the succession of my lands; Mr. Wilson has only one child, Marian. It is true that, being away in France at school, with her wealthy aunt, you have not seen Marian, as the only time she was ever here, some four years ago, you were at Hastings all the summer. But her father and I have already settled it, if you two are agreeable; and, now that you are twenty-two and Miss Wilson is twenty-one, I think something ought to be done by you. She will be coming home next week, and I wish you to propose to her, if agreeable to you, at the earliest opportunity. I can assure you, from what I saw of her in Paris last year, that she is a capital girl, and one whose beauty, talents, et cetera, will do credit to the owner of such fine estates as yours will then be. I have no fear of your liking her; and, without dictating to you in any way, I simply wish you to lose no time, for if you don't secure the prize very soon somebody else will."

"All right, dear aunt," said I, "you may rest easy. I will do my best to please you." And I felt quite bold at the mere thought of it.

"That's a good fellow," replied she. Then, after a few moments of quiet thought. "Now, look here, Fred! These things want tact and management. Girls are ticklish creatures, I can tell you! They will insist on pleasing themselves; and, if Miss Wilson were to get to know that we three had arranged all this beforehand, it would be all useless, I think, therefore, the best thing to do will be for you to meet her and her parents—by accident, of course,"—and the old lady chuckled—"at Filey's next week. They're going for a few weeks' stay, and, as it is rather dull there, though exceedingly pretty, Miss Marian will, doubtless, be glad of a visitor to relieve the ennui, especially such a one as yourself. This will be your chance, Fred, and I've not the slightest doubt it'll turn out all right. Remember, you've her father behind you, and that's three-parts of the thing."

I effusively agreed, and it was so settled. You may wonder how I found my nerve, but I did find it, I assure you. Perhaps it was my aunt's picture of her as a young beauty, with deep, blue eyes, golden hair, and pretty, lace-bedecked heliotrope dress; perhaps her glowing description of her sweet smiles, kind words and charming figure. Anyhow, without having seen her, I felt I knew her, and should love her. She was my own ideal lady, too, of many day dreams.

On the appointed day I set out for Filey, having to go by the Scarborough line and change at Seamer. I reached the latter place all right, and, having left the Scarborough train, waited for the one which was to carry me to Filey—and bliss! It was a quarter of an hour's wait, and looked like two hours. It is simply astonishing, as I dare say you've observed many a time, how slowly time does go when you are waiting for it to pass, and watching the clock; only equalled by the speed it goes at when you are somewhere enjoying yourself and want it to go slowly. It is one of those mysteries of life which is unfathomable to me.

At last the train came, and taking the first carriage I came to, I got in. Only when the train had got off did I notice that I was alone except for a young lady opposite me, whose charming features and figure at once attracted my attention.

I felt myself blushing deeply. I was dumbfounded. The more I looked the more I was certain of it! There was a music portfolio on the seat marked "M. Wilson." I could see the name clearly! And it seemed to me that my companion had most lovely blue eyes, and golden hair; whist, on closer examination, of course, without appearing to notice her particularly, I saw that she had on a dress which I should certainly say was of heliotrope color. There could be no doubt about it at all! I was in luck's way. Chance had thrown Miss Marian Wilson and myself together at the very earliest opportunity; and, despite my awful trembling and vivid blushes, I resolved to make the best of my time on that short journey to Filey.

As for the lady, naturally, she was quite at ease. She did not know me, or that I was her father's next-door neighbor, so to speak. She looked out of the window a little; read, or pretended to read, a novelette; and more than once, I caught a quiet, quick glance of keen scrutiny directed over my way. No doubt she was wondering and speculating as to who her fellow traveler was!

I wanted to make a good impression on Miss Wilson at the beginning. Being at a loss how to start the conversation, it struck me at last, like a brilliant flash, that the lovely weather might afford a topic. So I suggested that we were having a very fine summer, and that this day in particular was most delightful. She graciously answered that it was so. My stars! you should have heard her voice; how low and sweet it was! I became more and more intoxicated as those blue eyes beamed down upon me.

We talked of many things in that short ride which was rapidly coming to its end, and I felt I ought to say who I was, and propose at once, while undisturbed—for already I was hopelessly in love with Miss Marian. And she, I thought, could not be altogether indifferent to myself. Her conversation, her laughter, her bright flow of spirits, all seemed to me—though inexperienced in these things, except from books—to prove that the impression she had formed of me in that short time was distinctly good. As I knew that the house Mr. Wilson had refitted was some short distance out of the little town, along the coast, I thought that, after all, the best plan would be to walk on with her toward home, and propose as we went. It would be a nice, quiet walk, and I should doubtless have more time and opportunity, for the train was already nearing Filey.

I carried out my plan admirably. Getting out with her at Filey, I asked if I might accompany her toward her destination, which she had casually stated was "Brickfields"—just as I had long ago known!—as I was going that way; and, to my inward delight, for I had scarcely expected it, she consented.

I said nothing till we had got well out of the town—nothing of a proposal, I mean. Then I began gradually to speak of "love at first sight," "the pleasure of accidental meetings," "lives flowing placidly together forever," and a dozen such things as I recollected from my poetic readings. She listened cogently, and evidently not without much pleasure.

I cannot tell all that I said to her, at this distance of time; but I am sure no young lady was ever more devoted or freely loved and wooed that summer than she was on Filey strand.

As yet she had made no reply, and we were approaching very near to "Brickfields." Round the next jutting rock and we should be almost at the path leading to the gardens. I must have her answer before we rounded that rock, while we were yet alone, unseen and unheard. She spoke not yet and, as a final appeal, on our reaching the rock, I took her hands, which she did not withdraw, in mine and, falling on one knee, in the regular attitude of the knights of old, proffered my hand and my heart, for evermore!

"I will make you happy forever, my love. My life and duty are yours eternally! Do say the word; do say 'yes' and make me the happiest fellow alive, Miss Wilson."

She gave a sharp cry, which brought me to my feet. Brute that I am, thought I. I have squeezed her hand too hard! As I jumped up on the sand, I saw a young lady, with an amused smile on her face, coming round the rock. It was clear she had heard, if not seen, all that had passed. But, what struck me most, was her likeness to this girl I had proposed to! I felt in such a queer way that I pinched my leg to see if I was dreaming! No, it was all wide-awake life. And then I heard my charmer's voice, in quiet tones, raying, with some dignity:

"You are mistaken, sir! I am not Miss Wilson, but her cousin. This is Miss Wilson coming toward us."

I looked around again, utterly dazed. Yes, I saw it was—my heart told me so! There was a great similarity in the hair and eyes, and somewhat in height and figure; but I ought to have known that the charmer's features were not like Miss Wilson's.

It was, I saw at once, a huge mistake of mine from beginning to end! I was, as I said just now, quite dazed, as red as a turkey cock, and certainly at an utter loss what to do. I wished the sea would come up and sweep me away!

What did I do, you ask? I turned and fled as fast as I could, while subdued laughter behind me told me my secret was out. I have not seen Marian Wilson since, though it is nearly a year ago. My bashfulness and shame won't let me. In plain English I daren't!

But my aunt, who scolded me well for my bungling, assures me that now Miss Wilson would pardon that awful blunder, and I fancy she must have good grounds for saying so. Still I have not yet got my courage up to another proposal, and until I can do so, I must remain a bachelor.—Waverley Magazine.

Boston pays $166,000 a year for its schoolhouse janitors.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

Hunted Tigers With Edward.

PROBABLY no one in Milwaukee has taken a keener interest in all that has been going on in England of late than has Colonel Fred Woods, of the Zoo, who at the time Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India accompanied the Prince of Wales when the latter was sent as a special envoy to the Earl of Dufferin, then the ruling Viceroy. It was just after the Burmah war, and Colonel Woods, who was with the Seventh Hussars, the King's own regiment to-day, had received a medal from the Queen for distinguished services, and as a special mark of favor was placed on the staff of the Prince, and for six months traveled with His Royal Highness through India, participating in the magnificent social events that marked the journey of the Prince and—what was more to the taste of both—taking part in some exciting tiger hunts.

In the party that sailed from England with the Prince were Sir Beaumont and Lady Florence Dixie, the latter one of the best huntswomen in England; Colonel Woods and Captain Grant, with a throng of lesser attaches and a small army of servants. They went to Calcutta, where the Viceroy received them, and then by leisurely stages they journeyed through India, going to Bombay, Singapore, Ceylon, and plunging into the jungle for the tiger hunts in which the Prince delighted.

"The Prince was a good sportsman and a fine shot, but I saw him pretty badly frightened once," said Colonel Woods. "For that matter, all the rest of us were frightened too, though for another cause. We got word that a maneater had been seen at Mount Everest, which is about 100 miles from Calcutta. There was a little settlement there of the usual Indian type huts built of mud, with thatched roofs, and the whole place was in a state of great excitement, because the tiger had carried off a man a day or two previous, besides having made away with several children. The Prince hailed the opportunity for a hunt with delight, and we set about organizing one at once. Most of us went on elephants, Lady Dixie included, while we carried with us a small army of native Hindoos to 'beat' up the animal. We hunted for four days before we got trace of the beast. You know how a tiger hunt is conducted, don't you? The hunters form a wide circle, leaving a pathway so that if anything should happen the tiger could get out without doing great damage. The beaters go ahead making a noise and burning red fire in long dippers, and the animal is run into the enclosure and despatched by whoever is lucky enough to get a shot at him.

"The Prince was riding the first elephant, a great beast, and was in the lead when the tiger was finally spotted. Some one shot at him, making a slight wound, and maddened by the pain the animal jumped into the air as only a tiger can when it is angry. And he jumped straight on the head of the Prince's elephant, clinging there and snarling and preparing to climb into the howda where sat the Prince. It was not a particularly cheerful moment. When you are serving on the staff of a royal Prince you become more or less responsible for his safekeeping, and it gives a loyal Englishman a shock anyway to see a ferocious tiger in close proximity to his future ruler. Some one shot at him and he loosened his hold, but only to make another spring, and this time he landed on the top of the howda itself. There was the Prince below and the tiger above, and every second was precious. Colonel White took aim and fired, and the beast dropped dead, shot through the head. I think we all, including the Prince, breathed easier. There were no more tiger hunts for a time, and the next time we went on one the Prince did not take the lead.

"The miracle was that the tiger jumped on the top of the howda. A foot lower and he would have sprung on the Prince and none of us would have been able to save him from a horrible death. For," said Colonel Woods, reflectively, "when a tiger gets its claws on a victim it never lets go. They cling and sink deeper and deeper and when they come away they bring with them whatever they had had in their grasp. It isn't a pleasant thing to wrestle with a tiger."

On another hunt that Colonel Woods tells about the Prince brought down the trophy and the skin hangs to-day in Buckingham Palace.

"The Prince was on foot that time," he says. "It was at Hyderabad, a small settlement which was distinguished by a pyramid of rocks which I recall because the pyramid played a part in the hunt. Some of us were on elephants, but the Prince, who had had enough of elephants at Mount Everest, was on foot. When the tiger was spotted and the beaters had driven him into the circle, a good many of us took a shot at him. The beast started to run about the pile of rocks and the Prince, coming in at one side, managed to get a drop on him. Or at least he always insisted that it was his shot that finally despatched the animal, and when our Prince says that you've got to admit it. The skin was a beauty, and nothing that he carried back from India gave the Prince greater delight than it did."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Shaft Sounded Rotten.

"I see that the big liner St. Paul lost one of her propellers through the shaft snapping off during the last trip across," said a former sea captain now in business here.

"The strain put on a propeller shaft in any large vessel is something frightful, and it has to have extraordinary strength to withstand it. The worst part of it is when the stern lifts out of the water during a pitch. Then the propeller blades have nothing to play against except air and, naturally, they begin to race. While they are whizzing around at top speed they souse into the water again, and you can imagine the shock. It makes the whole ship tremble like a scared horse. If there is the slightest flaw in the shaft it is apt to snap off like a piece of glass.

"I remember, before I quit the sea," continued the ex-captain, "I was once first officer on a fine cargo tramp from Liverpool. Our chief engineer was an old Welshman named Dawes. He was a rough old fellow, with mighty little of what you might call book education, but if ever there was a natural born genius he was the man. Engineering seemed to be a kind of instinct with him, and when there was any trouble with the machinery he could put his finger on the exact spot, where another man might be puttering around for a day.

"At the time I have in mind we had cleared from our home port with a mixed cargo for Rio, and on the second day out old Dawes all of a sudden stopped the engines. It was my watch and I went below to find out what was up. 'There's something wrong with that propeller shaft,' said he, and he took a lantern and started to go over it inch by inch. Inside of an hour he found two holes that had been bored in it about midway down, where the strain was greatest, and nicely filled up with soap and plumbago. It was evidently the work of an assistant engineer who had a row and quit at Liverpool. Any big shock would have been certain to break the shaft in two, but, as Providence willed it, we had smooth weather up to that time. Dawes riveted a steel collar around the weak spot and we made Rio without accident under about three-fourths speed.

"I often asked him afterward how he came to suspect anything was wrong, and all he could tell me was that the shaft 'sounded rotten.' I suppose there was some false note in the vibration; either that or it was the biggest piece of luck on record."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

His Frightful Lesson.

A gentleman who was traveling in the West says that one day in a railway car he came unexpectedly upon a little story of possible tragedy. He had been into the dining-car, and when he returned to his place it was to find the seat occupied. A brakeman sat there, turning the leaves of a novel which had been left behind. He rose at once and laid down the book.

"No," said the traveler, "sit still and read, if you like."

"No, sir," replied the man, resuming his seat. "I never read novels while I'm on duty. Something happened to me once from doing that."

"Tell us about it."

"Well, sir, I was readin' a story one day, a blamed good story, too. I was breakin' on a freight—rear-end brakeman. We ran off the main line onto a sidin' to wait for the fast express to pass us.

"It was a lonesome little place, and I was sent back to throw the switch for the express-train. She was late, and I walked along to the switch, readin' as I went, and would you believe it? I never throwed that switch at all. I just set down on a bank, under a tree, and read away.

"All of a sudden I heard the whistle of the express, and here she was, a-comin' round the head like—like—well, she was makin' forty miles an hour, maybe.

"At that minute I see the target of the switch was pointin' straight at me, and I knew that switch wa'n't throwed, and in a minute she'd be crashin' into that freight and there'd be trouble.

"I tell you I dropped that fool novel and put for that switch; and I got it, too. But I hadn't no more'n throwed it over than the front wheels of the engine passed over it. 'Twas a mighty close call!"

"Well, what did you do with the book?"

"I just set there on the bank, tremblin', till the conductor called me into the caboose. I never picked up the book again; just left it there by the road. Never finished the story, either."

Jumped For the Highest Wager.

In the "History of the West Branch Valley" Mr. Meginness tells the story of Marcus Huling's famous jump.

Huling was walking along the riverbank when he suddenly became aware that he was pursued by Indians. Realizing that his only hope of safety lay in flight, he ran with all speed toward the precipice at Blue Hill, but the Indians rapidly gained on him.

Driven to the edge of the frightful precipice, with the savages yelling in his rear, he determined to jump, preferring to die in this manner rather than to fall beneath the tomahawk.

Seizing a large overhanging branch of a tree he leaped over the brink and landed some ninety feet below on a shelf of rock, unhurt! From this point he jumped forty feet farther into the river and escaped with only a dislocation of his shoulder.

The savages were obliged to run round for a mile, and Huling had time to make his escape. It is supposed that the branch broke his fall, and saved his life. Huling, on being asked about it, replied:

"I jumped for a great wager. I jumped for my life!"

A Fearless Woman.

The late Miss Mary Kingsley may sometimes have been nervous, but it has been said more than once that she was quite ignorant of fear. A writer in the Spectator corroborates this by quoting Miss Kingsley herself. Once as she paused from telling an escape from drowning in a cataract, one of her hearers ventured to ask:

"Have you never known what it is to be frightened, or at least flustered, when you have seen death not only staring into your face, but shouting into your ear?"

Miss Kingsley replied, quite candidly: "I have never felt that. I don't know what it is; I have an idea if I once did feel so I should collapse entirely. But whenever I have been in real instant danger, which simply needed every effort of every bit of me, I had a strong salt taste in my mouth. Whenever I feel that I know I've got to take myself as seriously as I know how."

Up-to-Date Mourning.

The London Free Lance says, with a directness that is quite convincing: "I am in a position to announce that the burial of her late majesty Queen Victoria marks a time when dark gray clothes, dark gray gloves, a black tie and a two-inch hatband constitute a sufficient sign of outward mourning."

NEW YORK A COLOSSAL BUYER

The Various City Departments Expend $5,000,000 Each Year For Supplies.

The suggestion that there should be established a department for the purchase of supplies for all municipal departments, as there is one department for the pay of all municipal officials, a second for legal guidence to the various departments and a third for the scrutiny and correction of their accounts, is not a novel one, but it calls to notice very forcibly the extent to which New York, under conditions not always favorable to its tax payers, is a large purchaser of sundry supplies, which if procured in bulk by one department, would probably be obtained on much better terms.

The supplies of all kinds needed for the Department of Public Charities this year will cost $784,000 in Manhattan and the Bronx, $217,000 in Brooklyn and Queens, and $12,000 in Richmond—a total of $1,013,000. The supplies required by the Board of Education, all boroughs, amount to a little more than this—$1,028,600 this year. The supplies needed for the Department of Correction are to the amount of $285,000, for the Police Department $312,000, and for the Department of Buildings, Lightings and Supplies, $190,000 for Manhattan and the Bronx, $140,000 for Brooklyn, and $39,000 for Queens and Richmond, a total of $369,000, exclusive of the supplies needed for armories, which come under the head of this department.

The Fire Department buys during a year supplies to the amount of $500,000, the Department of Street Cleaning supplies to the amount of $200,000, and a modest estimate of the total number of supplies purchased by all municipal departments (in the accounts of some of them the cost of supplies is indistinguishable from the labor employed in their use) is $5,000,000. A sum so large offers many opportunities for reduction when purchases are made at wholesale, but the present system is for each department to purchase separately what supplies it needs.—New York Sun.

Flying High and Low.

There are many young men in Philadelphia who eat, when they are alone, in the cheapest restaurants they can find, but when they have young women with them they dine fashionably and expensively. Some of the habits they have formed in the cheap eating houses are hard to shake off in the better places, however, and the young men make, before their fair friends, certain breaks that tell clearly where they are accustomed to be fed. A youth will say to the waiter, for instance: "A cup of black coffee—black," repeating, as well as accenting, the adjective. Of course, in a fashionable restaurant, there is no need to say that, because there the coffee is always brought on black, with a little pitcher of cream, to be used or not according to one's tastes. But it is very necessary in a cheap restaurant to say "black" because the simple order: "A cup of coffee," causes the drink to be served there with the cream already in it. Another break the young man makes is to say: "Bring me a check," when he means: "Bring me a bill." At a very fashionable cafe the other night a waiter misunderstood the words: "Bring me a check." He thought the young man was short of cash and wished to fill out a blank check for the amount he owed. A blank check was served, on a silver plate, accordingly, to the young man's great mortification.—Philadelphia Record.

Dangers in Ventilation

When it comes to the matter of ventilation the woman theorist shines. If, indeed, she has thought about it enough to have a theory at all (and many have) she does nothing short of scintillating. As a consequence more persons die every year from too much fresh air than the record from vitiated atmosphere can show. Not one person in a hundred can sleep—in the winter-time—with an open window in their room without bad consequences, or at least without running dangerous risks. Many more cases of pneumonia may reasonably be said to be due to "ventilation" than to all other causes combined. I recall the death of a trained nurse, while on duty in the home of a neighbor, from pneumonia, contracted from sleeping near an open window. As a graduate from one of the leading training schools she had thoroughly studied the subject of ventilation under supposedly intelligent professors. Yet she died in her youth from downright ignorance of the subject.—Ella Morris Kretschmar, in the Woman's Home Companion.

Best Advertising Mediums.

In the choice of advertising mediums there is much to be considered—circulation, standing and appearance. Circulation is important, but quality of circulation is all-important. Better a moderate number of buying readers who value the publication sufficiently to pay for it, than a multitude of mere names on a mailing list.

A safe rule to follow in placing initial advertisements is to take moderate spaces in the best edited and most interesting of the trade journals circulating in the trade to be reached, and later modify the list as the resulting inquiries indicate and recommend.

Again, it is absolutely necessary that the space purchased in the journals selected should be used to display matter that is attractive, pointed in phrasing, and calculated to make a favorable and lasting impression. Such an advertisement is possible, and no one now disputes that the advertising pages are examined as closely as any other.—The Engineering Magazine.

Wake Up, England.

Chalmers Roberts writes from England for the World's Work a vivid description of the present English industrial problem. "Everywhere," says Mr. Roberts, "is the same exhortation, the almost plaintive cry, "Wake Up, England." So fast have Germany and the United States been forging ahead and so conservative have English manufacturers and merchants been that English pride is beginning to be hurt. "But," the writer concludes, "these men who have set the seal of progress on all nations will not lag behind, once they realize they are assailed. When they are fully awake to any danger, they meet it with the qualities that have conquered the world."

THE DECAY OF MANNERS.

The Common People Alone Truly Polite.

"I have, in this ungrateful task, taken most of my instances from the East. I believe the manners of men in the West and in the South are very much better. But the East sets the fashion and makes the pace. What is the vogue in New York reaches San Francisco and New Orleans in time, and the nearer place sooner. So, if it be the thing to be rude in the East, we may expect that it will be the fashion also on the Pacific and Gulf before very long. But there is one class of people in America, which, I fancy, is not likely ever to become infected with the bacilli of rudeness. I allude to the plain people, the common people. They are too good and too substantial at bottom ever to become very vulgar. They have never been adepts in the graceful social arts. On the contrary, they have never been acquainted with them, and care nothing about them. But they are honest and kind, and they hate meanness and nastiness for the deadly sins that they are. And they know them, too, at sight. They are simple and unaffected, but they are as far as possible from being foolish. A lady of experience told me the other day that she believed the plain, every-day, common American man was the most dependable creature alive. They never fail you. There is no kindness they will not undertake, no service they will not render. And I recently learned of a young girl who knew this fact by instinct. She had to journey to Chicago alone. From the start she was molested by the attention of this man and that. She became almost frantic in her nervousness. In desperation she gave up her seat, and to quote her own words, 'I went over to where there was a plain, common, kind-looking, middle-aged man sitting and asked if I might sit with him. He said "certainly," and made room for me. That was the end of it. He seemed to understand, and the other men also.'"—John Gilmer Speed, in Atslee's.

WISE WORDS.

Better a little chiding than a great deal of heart break.—Shakespeare.

He that swells in prosperity will be sure to shrink in adversity.—Cotton.

The more honesty a man has the less he affects the air of a saint.—Lavater.

Reserve is the truest expression of respect toward those who are its objects.—De Quincy.

He who is most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in its performance.—Rousseau.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we may fall.—Goldsmith.

Pride defeats its own end by bringing the man who seeks esteem and reverence into contempt.—Bolingbroke.

Chief Justice Marshall.

In 1775 Marshall was about six feet high, straight, and rather slender, of dark complexion, showing little if any rosy red, yet good health, the outline of the face nearly a circle, and within that, eyes dark to blackness, strong and penetrating, beaming with intelligence and good nature; an upright forehead, rather low, was terminated in a horizontal line by a mass of raven-black hair, of unusual thickness and strength, says James Bradley Thayer, in the Atlantic. The features of the face were in harmony with this outline and the temples fully developed. The result of this combination was interesting and very agreeable. The body and limbs indicated agility rather than strength, in which, however, he was by no means deficient. He wore a purple or pale blue hunting shirt, and trousers of the same material fringed with white. A round black hat, mounted with the buck's tail for a cockade, crowned the figure and the man. He went through the manual exercise by word and motion, deliberately pronounced and performed in the presence of the company, before he required the men to imitate him; and then proceeded to exercise them with the most perfect temper. Never did a man possess a temper more happy, or, if otherwise, more subdued or better disciplined.

The British Wolf.

Britain has been infested with wolves from that remote period conventionally termed "the earliest times." Their fossilized remains are frequently discovered, their bones lie about the untidy floors of prehistoric caves, the barrow-folk made necklaces of their teeth. They are mentioned in Welsh and Saxon laws. The Norman, however fond of the "tall deer," was not affectionate toward the wolf, for in many feudal tenures, down to the year 1433, appears an obligation to hunt him. An entry in the account rolls of Whitby Abbey (quoted by Mr. Harting) records a payment for dressing wolf skins in the year 1394—possibly the latest strictly historical evidence as to the English wolf. Mr. Harting mentions a tradition that one Barnes, in the time of Henry VII., was nicknamed "Roast Wolf," because he destroyed so many of these animals, which infested Durham and Yorkshire (according to another legend) during the reign of Elizabeth.

In Scotland, owing to its physical character, they existed until a much later period. So recently as 1777 an act of the Scottish Parliament ordained a wolf hunt in each barony four times a year. Sir Ewen Cameron slew the last wolf in Lochaber in 1680.—London Spectator.

Old Age in Spain.

A Madrid correspondent says that since many municipalities announced that they would confer a pension for life on all persons in their respective localities who had attained the age of 100 years on the first of January, hundreds of centenarians have appeared. At Seville there is a beggar in his 108th year. Barcelona boasts of a farmer 116 years of age, while Valencia rejoices in a mason who claims to have attained the great age of 130 years and is still hale and hearty. At the age of thirty-eight he was old in war against Napoleon and remembers the principal episode in the great Bonaparte's career. At Tortosa there has been baptized a girl named Elisa Sagarra, in the presence of her mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, and great-great-grandmother. The latter, who was ninety-eight years of age, stood as godmother.

LIMBS AND THE MAN.

That ancient suit of buff and blue
Has lain in its cedar chest
Safely preserved a century through,
Brave as its pristine best.
Near Grandma's loom, no longer bright,
And her ebony spinning-wheels,
Grandpa's garb thro' the righteous fight—
He never showed his heels.

Now grandson takes it with sober care
From out of its hiding-place,
And thinks of the wigs and powdered hair
They wore in those olden days.
And fain would figure in old-time reels;
But hopeless for him such revels,
His grandsire never showed his heels—
He dares not show his shanks!

—W. S. Adkins, in Puck.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"'Tis he!" the girls in novels always say
"It's him," you overhear 'most every day.
—Chicago Tribune.

She—"It's a libel to say we women can't keep a secret." He—"So it is. Most of you keep your age very well."

Blobbs—"Old friends are dearest."
Slobbs—"Yes; they usually owe you the most money."

Nell—"She may not be pretty, but her face lights up well." Belle—"Is she lantern-jawed?"

New Clerk—"Who is that old duffer that has so much to say?" Old Clerk—"Oh, he's the firm's silent partner."

"What is meant by 'teaching the young idea to shoot?'" "I guess it's got something to do with triggernometry."

"So the poet is financially embarrassed?" "I should say so. Why, he actually has to eat breakfast foods for dinner."

Willie—"Pop says I'm bad because it's bred in the bone." Bobby—"Huh! Then I s'pose when you're good it's cake in the st'mach."

Butcher—"Leg o' mutton? Yes'm." Mrs. De Riguer—"And let it be off a black sheep, if you please. We're in mourning, you know."

Hoax—"They tell me your friend, the musical director, has skipped without paying his musicians." Joax—"Yes; he beats the band, doesn't he?"

I love her, ah! I love her well;
My love I fain would utter.
I love her more than tongue can tell,
Or phonograph can splutter.
—Philadelphia Record.

"To resume the thread of my story," went on the tiresome man, "I——" "What that story needs is a rope, not a thread," murmured the brutally frank fellow.

Scribbler—"What are you doing now?" Scrawler—"Writing an historical novel." Scribbler—"You don't know anything about history." Scrawler—"That's why I'm writing it."

Mrs. Dove—"My husband always kisses me when he leaves the house in the morning." Miss Spiter—"Funny how good-nature, some men are when they are getting away from home for a whole day."

Nell—"Old Mr. Kashtiburn died last night." Belle—"O! my! That's terrible. Awful!" Nell—"You seem to regret it very much." Belle—"I do regret very deeply the fact that I refused him only three months ago."

LEFT-HANDED CHILDREN STUPID.

It Must Be True, For a Chicago Professor Has Discovered It.

Professor F. W. Smedley, of the child study department of the public schools, declares a connection between right and left-handedness and intellectuality in children has been discovered. From experiments he is convinced that right-handed children are naturally the brighter. He has found that a large percentage of the boys at John Worthy School are ambidextrous. Pupils whose speech is affected and who find difficulty in articulation are most often left-handed.

The explanation is this: The right hand is controlled from the left side of the brain and the left hand from the right side of the brain. Speech is controlled by the right side of the brain. The over-development of one hand or the other is thought in this way to affect speech.

Professor Smedley is guarded in his statements, saying that it will take a long time to work out the problem, if it is solved, of the connection between the hand and the brain. He does not believe that dexterity is directly connected with intelligence, but that it is noticeable through its effect upon speech.

"I am not sure what we shall be able to do with this knowledge when we are more certain about it," said Professor Smedley. "It should lead to discoveries of methods in the training of children which may be beneficial. At present I am inclined to advise parents not to struggle with left-handed children to make them right-handed. There is a physical reason why they have a tendency that way."—Chicago Tribune.

Quenched.

Knowledge of any sort being built on study and research, the pretender to its possession generally has a short rope. An illustration in point comes from the "Memoirs of Baron Stockman."

A friend of the baron's went to an evening party at Frankfort, where he expected to meet Herr von Radowitz, who was somewhat inclined to pose as a scientist. On his way he saw a barn burning, stopped his carriage, assisted the people, and waited till the flames were nearly extinguished.

When he arrived at his friend's house, he found Herr von Radowitz, who had previously taken a party to the top of the building to see what he supposed to be the aurora borealis, learnedly dilating on terrestrial magnetism, electricity, et cetera.

"Have you seen the beautiful aurora?" he said to Stockman's friend.

"Certainly!" was the reply. "I was there myself. It will soon be out."

During the explanation which followed Herr von Radowitz quietly stole away.—Youth's Companion.

Counting the Stars.

To-day the stars visible from the first to the thirteenth magnitude aggregate about 43,000,000, of which nearly 10,000,000 have been photographed. In the most powerful telescopes, even the fifteenth magnitude has been revealed; of this magnitude perhaps 100,000 stars are suspected, but knowledge concerning them is uncertain. In the milky way alone there are some 10,000 stars, separated by vast distances. To the eye at the telescope the sky seems no longer dotted with constellations, but powdered with gold dust.