The Queenstown News.

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

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American shoe stores are to be started in Germany. Nothing like getting a foothold.

Speaking roundly, the Irish people at home have decreased nearly fifty per cent. in the past sixty years.

To speak properly, Andrew Carnegie gives library buildings and the cities and towns are supposed to do the rest.

A lecturer on sociology wants to hear a reasonable explanation of why a man has twenty pockets and a woman none at all.

In Arkansas the Legislature has approved a constitutional amendment providing that three-fourths of a jury may return a verdict in civil cases.

The common people of Spain are described as very abstemious and good-natured. They have to be in order to support the kind of government they have had.

A doctor has certified that a woman "died of worry." Perhaps we shall hear an's death was caused by "dyspepsia of somebody succumbing to "a broken heart and the grip."

The Swedish Navy, for the size of it, is possibly the most effective of any among those of all the nations, not only because the vessels are substantial, but because the sailors of Sweden are known to be the best in the world.

Tycho Brahe was the founder of modern practical astronomy, who died three centuries ago. The Royal Academy of Sciences of Sweden is preparing to celebrate the third centenary anniversary of his death on the 21th of October next.

The lot of the Prefect of Police in St. Petersburg, Russia, can hardly be happy, and is certainly unsafe. According to the tragic record of the past forty years, since Alexander emancipated the 23,000,000 serfs, assassination has left the position open for a new Prefect upon the average once in about six years.

Some idea of the coach horse business is suggested by these high priced roadsters indulged in by wealthy owners of coaches. The sensational price of $33,000 to $41,000 paid by Robert Bonner for Dexter and Maud S. respectively, have not been duplicated in the past decade, yet the Abbot sold recently for $26,500—quite a fortune to invest in a single animal.

In ordinary apple years the waste of skin and cores amounts to 500 to 600 car loads, and during years of abundant yields it runs as high as 1200 and 1500 car loads. All this waste now goes to the factories, which make cheap jellies. There are upwards of 140 of these factories in the United States and they have an annual capacity of 200,000,000 pounds.

The progress of medical science is too swift for the lay mind to begin to keep tab on. Professor Weinzirl, of the University of New Mexico, has discovered another cure for consumption. So far as we can grasp his scheme, it is to keep the patient moving so constantly from plain to mountain and from mountain to seaboard that he won't have time to die.

There are more teachers who hold fine theories of education than there are who consistently follow these theories out in daily practice. This common failing is well hit off in the bit of satire which represents a little boy as describing the "moral suasion" which prevailed at his school in these words: "We get kep' in, and stood up in corners, and locked out, and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at, and jawed at, and that's all." At the same time a "moral suasion" that is both moral and persuasive to right is worthy of being put into common practice.

Physicians who have declaimed against the banefulness of kissing are likely to indulge in many an "I told you so!" over a recent occurrence at Friendship, Me. Three young women visited a sick friend, and all kissed her when they parted. Next day the invalid died, and a few days later all three of her visitors come down with diphtheria. The anti-kissing moral seems to be clear enough here, but the incident conveys another also, that when one can do no good by coming in contact with them, suspicious cases of "sore throat" are things to avoid.

Where irrigation is really necessary to fertility the Government may well foster it. There are not a few people in various sections of the country, not directly interested in the work of irrigation, says the Springfield Register, who recognize that every reclaimed acre of land means a stimulus to business, and an eventual benefit to the country—means more crops, increased population, advanced civilization, new needs, and consequently a greater volume of business. What Congress has to guard against is schemes to benefit mere private enterprises at public expense. A project so guarded will be beneficent, and the people of every section of the country can consistently approve it. There ought not to be a dog-in-the-manger feeling on the part of people who do not live in an arid country.

THE OLDEST CHEF.

Old Father Time—they've given him,
In jest and song recitsl,
A host of curious legends and
Many a name and title;
But I have never heard him named—
And faith! I am not deaf—
I never heard the people call
Old Father Time a chef.

And who but he may spread the clod
With harvest? Who is able
To turn the upland and the plain
Into a loaded table?
Behold him keep until the last
The richest, rarest brew,
And serve it in the vesper hour—
A goblet filled with dew.

Who bakes the tuber in its hill,
The pippin in the sun?
Who drops the cherry and its wine,
When sweet and ripe and done?
Who gathers up the heat and light,
And rain and summer breeze,
And mixes in the sugar sip
Of flowers and fruiting trees?

Old Father Time—and who are guests
At this delicious feast?
The whole wide world of fish and fowl,
And every man and beast.
And as we sip the breakfast from
His overflowing hand,
He is preparing supper, too,
Upon the mellow land!
—Aloysius Coll, in Good Housekeeping.

A Pardonable Deception.

"BUT, Bella, you can't possibly be thinking of giving up Paul because of this misfortune? You don't really mean to break your engagement? I can't believe it of you; it is too heartless."

Nora Clavening spoke indignantly, her cheeks flushed, and her dark eyes turned angrily on her sister.

They were wonderfully alike as far as height, build and features went, but their coloring was different.

Bella was fair, with light, golden hair, and forget-me-not blue eyes, while Nora's eyes were blue, too, but almost violet in hue, and her hair was the shade of ripe chestnuts, and her skin less dazzlingly fair than her sister's. Their voices again had a marvelous resemblance; it seemed as if the same person were speaking when the one ceased and the other spoke. They were twins, which accounted for the strong physical resemblance that they bore each other, but their characters were the very opposite, and their tastes also.

Bella stood moodily by the fire shifting the little ornaments on the mantlepiece with restless fingers.

Her sister continued: "You wrote me such glowing letters of Paul, giving me to understand he was everything that was perfect, and now—"

"Now he is not so; that's all," interrupted Bella, flippantly. "How can I be expected to marry a blind man? The thing is impossible; he went away full of hope that this wonderful German oculist would cure him; now, you see"—holding out a letter—"he writes telling me he has returned totally blind, and with little hope of ever regaining his sight, and begs that I will go and see him as soon as possible. How can I? What am I to say?"

"What are you to say?" passionately. "Why, that you will marry him as soon as possible; that you will be eyes to him now, and by your love and care will try to compensate to him for the terrible loss of his sight," answered Nora.

"What a pity it wasn't you instead of me to whom he was engaged. It's no use, Nora, the thing must be at an end, and what I want you to do is to go and break it to him. If you won't, I suppose I must write, for it's no use my seeing him; I can't do that, it would only mean a painful scene, which may as well be avoided," and Bella gave an impatient kick with her daintily-shod foot to a coal that had fallen from the bars.

"I break it to him? But he does not know me; you forget I've not been home a week," remonstrated Nora.

"That doesn't matter; he knows you from your letters, which he was always interested in, and said he thought you must be charming. You must do it, Nora; you have tact and can soften the blow, for he'll feel it pretty badly, I'm afraid; still, how can he expect any girl to marry him now? Fancy being tied to a blind man! Oh, I couldn't face such a future."

"You are cruel as well as heartless, and I'm sorry for the man who marries you. Yes, I will go, and I'll do my best for him. I must ask for his sister, I suppose; she lives with him, doesn't she?" demanded Nora.

"Yes, she is faded and forty, and capricious, but not a bad sort, although she never took to me, but was only civil for her brother's sake, whom she adores. What are you going to say?"

"Heaven knows!" ejaculated Nora, fastening her sailor hat on with a jet pin.

"Well, do it gently," called her sister, as the other girl opened the glass door leading into the garden and started on her thankless errand.

"She might have shut the door," muttered Bella, with a shiver. "How cold it is for May," she said, as she closed the glass door and turned back to the fire. She drew a low chair close up to the fender, and, stretching out her hand for a new magazine, was soon immersed in the contents of an interesting article on coming fashions.

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"Will you go in and see him at once? The news you bring is only what I expected; your sister never really cared for Paul; she thought she did, and admired him, and was flattered by his attentions, but there was no real love. You have a painful task before you; do your best to comfort him, if that be possible."

And Miss Beresford turned away, motioning Nora to enter the room where Paul Beresford was seated. He was quite alone, sitting by the fire. It looked odd to see no papers on the table beside him. He heard the soft rustle of the woman's gown, and turned his sightless eyes in her direction. He was an extremely handsome man; his features almost perfect, and his dark-brown eyes had not yet become vacant and expressionless. Nora faltered out some words of sympathy and compassion, and his face lit up at the sound of her voice; he rose and felt his way to meet her. "So you have come, and so quickly; how good of you Bella! Come here, dear, and let me feel your hands in mine. Oh, my darling, if I have you I can bear this terrible blow. Your love and sympathy and sweet faithfulness are more than sight to me," he said, in a voice that shook a little with emotion, and then, before Nora could answer him, she felt his arms round her and his lips pressed against her own.

Sometimes love steals into a woman's heart step by step; sometimes it comes with a sudden leap. With that kiss and passionate embrace Nora's heart gave a great throb, and her pulses beat with a strange, overwhelming passion. When she drew away from the shelter of his arms her face was crimson, her eyes full of tears, and she was trembling violently. He had mistaken her for Bella—how was she to tell him?

Miss Beresford sat in her drawing-room waiting, and wondering greatly when half an hour went by and Nora had not returned. She went into the hall and listened for a moment, thinking, perhaps, the girl had left without seeing her again, but she heard voices, and, stranger still, the sound of a laugh fell on her ear. Paul was actually laughing, and it was a natural laugh of pure gladness.

Marcia Beresford went back to her room greatly puzzled. Another half hour passed and then she heard the library door open, and the voice, so much like Bella's, saying, "Yes, I will come to-morrow, quite early, by ten o'clock, and will read to you as long as you like. Now, you are not to get downcast while I'm gone. Oh! do you really want me to say good-by again, but I shall never go!" Then there was the sound of her skirts fluttering across the room again, and a few minutes afterwards she reappeared in the drawing-room with flushed cheeks, eyes bright with tears, and trembling lips.

"My dear, I don't understand," exclaimed Miss Beresford. The girl closed the door, and then flung herself on her knees beside the elder woman's chair.

"Oh, what have I done! What have I done!" she sobbed.

"What! What have you done?" cried Miss Beresford, more and more mystified by her visitor's manner.

"I could not tell him; it was so sudden; he thought— he thought I was Bella!"

"Bella! Oh, I see; I understand!"

"And I comforted him. I made him forget his misery, because he thought I was Bella. Oh, Miss Beresford, what am I to do?"

A flash of hope came into Marcia Beresford's worn face.

"Could you go on with it?" she asked, in a low voice.

"What do you mean?" and Nora looked up, bewildered.

"Go on being Bella," was the reply.

"But he must know sooner or later."

"Yes, but if it be later he will have grown to love you so much that he will never regret the real Bella, but will love the false one better. Think of how dreary his life will be without you, and the difference your love and care will make to him. A wife is so different from a sister. It is true. I am urging you to choose a life of self-sacrifice—"

"Self-sacrifice! Oh, no! It wouldn't be that," murmured Nora.

"Then, you will come again to-morrow?"

"Yes, I will come!" was the answer.

And so the days slipped by, and Nora became everything to Paul Beresford, and no one but his sister knew of the strange deception that was being practiced. The real Bella was glad to get her freedom, and chaffed her sister about her daily visits as reader to the blind man.

"Who knows? You might console him after all, Nora," she said, one day, jokingly.

"More unlikely things might happen, certainly," was the reply.

Nora was cutting some roses to take to Paul. "Don't take all the best," said her sister.

"You surely don't grudge him the pleasure of your flowers," exclaimed Nora, hotly.

"Well, give him one from me. I've half a mind to go and see him myself to-day. There's no reason why we shouldn't be friends, Nora. I'll take him the roses. Here, give them to me," said Bella, holding out her hands for the flowers.

Nora's face turned pale.

"What's the matter? Why shouldn't I? Marcia is gone down to the village, so I sha'n't run across her, thank goodness. I saw her go by a few minutes ago. Come, Nora, I'll go. A month has passed. It is time we shook hands and he forgave me. Who knows when once I see him again old feelings may be roused once more. I feel as if I want to see him again."

When Bella was determined to do a thing she did it, and she walked deliberately down the garden and through the gate. The Beresfords lived but a few steps down the road in a pretty house, with a garden sloping to the river. Nora knew that Paul would be seated under the big beech there, waiting for her. It was a sheltered corner at the bottom of the garden, where they spent many hours now that the days were warm and sunny. What was she to do? She had never thought of this. She had let things drift, and had shut out of her mind all thought of the future. But he must know now; the truth must be told; and the full sense of her deception stood out clearly before her. He would never forgive her. She had done a terrible, an unwomanly thing, and she loved him—she loved him with her whole heart and soul.

Nora quickly overtook her sister and accompanied her. They went across the smooth, turfed lawn with soft steps, but the blind man's ear was quick to hear, and he was listening for Nora. It was she who spoke.

"My sister has come to see you," she said.

"I have brought you some roses," said Bella.

Paul looked from one to the other. "Your voices are exactly alike. How am I to tell one from the other?"

"By touch," said Bella. "See, we will each give you a rose; touch the hand that gives it, and you will know then."

"But why? Our hands are the same size," said Nora, beginning to tremble.

"The touch of the woman I love will thrill me; the other will give me no sense of rapture," said Paul, with confidence.

The two girls advanced, each offering a rose. In Bella's hand was one of deepest crimson; in Nora's one of purest white. Her heart was throbbing painfully. Would his love for Bella be awakened by her touch? She glanced at her sister; her lips were parted expectantly, and there was an eager look in her eyes.

The blind man clasped the hands of each. Then, taking the rose from Bella's fingers, he gently dropped her hand; but Nora's he held close in his.

"This is the hand of the woman I love," he said, softly, and touched the white rose with his lips.

Bella flashed a look of uncomprehending astonishment at both faces; then the color fled from her cheeks. She understood. Her voice was slightly husky when she next spoke.

"Yes, Paul, that is the woman you love, and the woman who loves you, Nora, I think I will leave you now," and she went across the sunny lawn into the shadow of the house.

"Why did she call you Nora?" exclaimed Paul.

And she told him.

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It was a long time that they lingered beneath the dark branches of the copper beech, and when they moved from beneath its shadows and stood in the broad sunshine the day of their marriage was fixed.

They had not been married six months when the skill of Professor Pratt, the famous oculist, began to attract the attention of the press. His cures were wonderful—some of them were really considered miraculous. Paul Beresford was induced to put himself under his care. The result was favorable, although for a long time the efforts of the physician seemed useless. At the end of three months Paul Beresford's vision was restored. So, after all, Nora had excellent reasons for congratulating herself on the part she had enacted in a pardonable deception.—New York Weekly.

YELLOW JOURNALS.

Where the Name Applied to Sensational Dailies Came From.

"It is interesting, in the first place, to note the casual way in which this term, yellow journalism, now world-wide in use, had its origin. Among newspaper men I find some controversy on the subject, but the consensus of opinion is that when Mr. Arthur Brisbane, now managing editor of the Evening Journal, suggested to Mr. Outcault, the artist, that he introduce in the Sunday World one of Phil May's gutter-snipe sketches from a London publication, he lay the fuse that was soon to be touched. Brisbane was then on the Sunday World, and that paper immediately became popular for its comic supplement containing Outcault's 'Kid Pictures.' On the Sunday that New York entertained Li Hung Chang, Mr. Outcault brought out his tough boy, who had always worn a sort of nightgown, in vivid yellow, with the words issuing from his mouth: 'Gee, I got a yellow shirt, too!' Thereforward the comic prodigy was kept in that same colored garb.

"What had been a passing thought and fancy of Mr. Brisbane now developed into a valuable asset to the business office of the World. Accordingly, when Mr. Hearst bought both Mr. Brisbane and Mr. Outcault, and they carried with them to the Journal their yellow kid, bitterness reigned on Park Row. The damage suit for fifty thousand dollars which the World brought against the Journal, I believe, was never forced to an issue owing to the terrific rush that followed our declaration of war against Spain. It was near the end of the war when, newspaper men say, the term yellow journalism emerged from the colloquial mint, and the credit for its coinage is ascribed variously to Richard Harding Davis and Peter F. Dunne (Mr. Dooley). Of Mr. Davis it is said that upon arriving in New York, after having had some disagreement with Mr. Hearst, he remarked savagely to some correspondents: 'Well, I'm done with yellow journalism.' Mr. Dunne's friends insist that he first used the term in one of his 'Dooley' articles, and neither of these gentlemen has as yet succeeded in convincing the other of his unworthiness of the claim."—Allen Sangree, in Ainslee's.

England's Elderly King.

With one exception, never since Egbert—the first King of England—came to the throne has a successor ascended it who exceeded, or even approached, the present king in years. The Saxon and Danish sovereigns had short reigns, and for the most part died young. Even Alfred the Great, who made England and ruled for thirty years, was only fifty-two at his death. The very first of our monarchs to attain the age of three score and ten was our first great queen, Elizabeth, and she was twenty-six when she came to the throne. All the house of Hanover, of whom the present king is the seventh, have been long-lived, George I., who died at sixty-seven, being the youngest. William IV. did not succeed his brother until he was sixty-five, and he was older than the king by six years. George IV. was a trifle younger when he came to the throne.—London Chronicle.

Dangerous Broken Bottles.

Investigations into the causes of the numerous prairie fires in the cattle ranges of Montana and Western Dakota seem to show strong reasons for the belief that many of them, at least, owe their origin to the presence of broken bottles that are scattered freely along the trails and wagon roads of that section.

It is reported that in many cases the origin has been directly traced to this source, the evidence pointing clearly to the theory that the sun's rays, focused through the curved glass, have caused ignition of the dry prairie grass, from which the fires have spread, and assumed their tremendous proportions before they were discovered.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

A Daring Rescue.

A veteran member of the life-saving service, who has passed many years on the storm beaten coast of Virginia, gave the Washington Star an interesting account of a thrilling rescue recently effected by the crews of Stations 2 and 3 in the vicinity of Virginia Beach.

"On the night of the 20th of December last, or more correctly speaking, of the morning of the 21st," said he "occurred one of the most tragic events that has marked the history of the Virginia coast.

"Nearly ten years ago, March 21, 1891, the Norwegian Bark Dictator was wrecked at Virginia Beach, and almost every soul was lost, notwithstanding the bravery of the life savers. On the night of December 20 last, when the storm was at its height, the schooner Jennie Hall met with a similar fate about three miles below the scene of the other tragedy. At 3.30 o'clock in the morning the schooner was sighted coming ashore head on. Captain Barker, of Station No. 3, was immediately notified by the patrolman then on duty, and at daybreak his force was joined by Captain Partridge and his crew of life savers from Station No. 2. At that time it was impossible to launch a lifeboat in the tremendous surf; however, the mortar was fired, a hawser landed on the deck of the distressed and now hopelessly grounded schooner. The breeches buoy was manned and John More and Joseph Crosby (both colored) of Gloucester County, Va., were safely landed. Upon the second trip to the buoy Mate B. T. Bragg was brought ashore in a critical condition, being almost frozen. Bragg had been wrecked on this coast once before, having been saved by Captain Partridge, then stationed at No. 4.

"The next rescue was Richard Coombs, an able-bodied seaman of Newfoundland. Coombs was in good condition, and recounted the horrible situation of the remainder of the crew. He said that the steward was tied to the crosstrees and absolutely numb from cold; his condition was such that it was necessary for some one to go out for him. At once John Neil, of Station No. 3, volunteered to risk his life in the effort to save the helpless man. Throwing off every piece of unnecessary clothing, Neil stepped into the breeches buoy and was launched on his errand. The wind was blowing sixty miles an hour, and several times the brave man disappeared from sight. At last he reached the almost frozen man and found it impossible to do anything without help, so he returned to shore. Then several men volunteered to launch the lifeboat, and, though Neil had done his duty bravely, he insisted on returning to the fated vessel. Thereupon Captain Barker, with a crew of picked life savers from numbers two and three, launched the lifeboat, taking with him Neil and Horatio Drinkwater, an ex-life saver. These two men volunteered to go to the vessel and consented to be left there to complete the rescue, or, if necessary, die in the effort to save the helpless men still aboard, for a stowaway was also tied up in the rigging apparently frozen. The lifeboat made the trip successfully, and Drinkwater swung himself aboard, followed by Neil. In order to escape being dashed to pieces the lifeboat immediately returned to the shore, and on its way thither another tragedy threatened.

"An immense sea broke over the boat, throwing Life Saver Sparrow overboard, and the boat passed over his body. Every member of the brave crew bent his energies to the rescue of this man, and they finally succeeded in pulling him in safe and sound. Before the two rescuers reached the wreck, the stowaway, Ben Maul, of Trinidad, who had been hanging by his heels in the rigging, where he was tied, dropped into the sea, frozen to death. Upon reaching the wreck, Drinkwater, apparently unmindful of the snow and sleet, barefooted and without even oilskins or a coat, made for the rigging, where he untied the stiff body of the steward, a dead weight of 250 pounds, put a rope around the helpless man's waist, but on account of his immense bulk could not get him into the buoy, so tied the body under the buoy and sent it ashore, where it was received and medical attention rendered. After incessant work of five hours there were evidences of life at last. Neil was next sent ashore in a buoy, and last to leave the ship was Drinkwater, who landed in good shape and ready for more work if necessary. The unfortunate schooner Jennie Hall was bound from Trinidad to Baltimore, loaded with phosphate, when she met her fate."

Out of a French Prison.

During one of the wars between France and England, Mr. Midshipman Bays, R. N., placed in command of a merchant prize, with orders to proceed immediately to Catalonia and join Lord Nelson in the Victory, fell into the hands of the enemy instead, and was committed to the prison of Valenelennes.

There he remained four years. Then the time came when a scheme to get away, in which he was joined by three companions, seemed practicable. They must scale a wall, ascend the parapet unseen, escape the observation of three or four sentinels, and the patrols, descend two ramparts, force two locks and get over two drawbridges; but by the grace of God they expected to manage it.

In one way and another they procured ropes and picklocks, and when the night came it was dark and cloudy, while the wind blew and the leaves kept up a rustling favorable to the enterprise.

At half-past eight, Boys and Hunter, with woolen stockings over their shoes, each having a rope, a small poker, a stake and a knapsack, went into the back yard, climbed over the wall, passed through the garden and palisades, crossed the road and climbed on their hands and knees until they reached the parapet over the gateway leading to the upper citadel.

With the utmost precaution they crept upon the summit, and down the breastwork toward the outer edge of the rampart.

Both the poker and stake were then driven into the ground—by rising and falling with his full weight Boys hammered them in with his chest—and the rope made fast.

This done they let the rope down through a groove in the ramparts, and Boys descended. About two-thirds of the way down, part of a brick fell, but he caught it between his knees, and carried it down without noise.

When Hunter had also gone down, they crossed the drawbridge and found themselves in an arched passage, ending in the door which separated them from the upper citadel. This was the moment for the picklocks to be proved, and they were tried in vain! The bolt was of cast iron; filing was useless; and the stone in which the bolt was fastened was so fortified with bars of cast iron that it could not be cut out.

"Checkmate!" murmured Hunter.

"We must undermine the gate," said Boys. "We have our pocket-knives."

They had worked about a quarter of an hour, making little headway, for the paving-stones under the gate were about ten inches square and closely bound together, when they were alarmed by a noise like the distant report of a gun. As the sound became fainter, it resembled the cautious opening of the great gate.

For a moment all seemed lost. Stories, only too true, of the barbarous treatment of fugitives had often reached Valenciennes; to be overtaken meant a horrible death. There was a faint sound of footsteps in the passage, and the two men rose to their feet and stood back to back.

"Boys!"

It was Whitehurst's whisper, and instantly all was hope again! The noise had been caused by Mansell dropping his knapsack on the echoing bridge. Whitehurst had remained perfectly still while he heard the sentinel walk up and examine the inner side and then walk away. It was a narrow escape; the fugitive and the soldier were scarcely more than a yard apart.

They all began work now, and at half past ten the first stone was raised, and half an hour later there was a hole large enough to creep through. The first and second drawbridges they crossed on the iron handrails, and thus gained the upper citadel. They then proceeded to the northeast corner, fixed a stake and fastened a rope upon the breastwork of the fourth and last descent, feeling as if they were already embarked for England.

As Boys was getting down, with his chest against the edge of the parapet, the stake gave way. Whitehurst, who was sitting by it, snatched the rope, Mansell seized Whitehurst by the coat and Boys laid hold of the grass, and by all these means together he was saved from a fall of about fifty feet.

They all came down safe at last, with their knapsacks, and this fourth descent had landed them fairly outside the fortress; and in excess of joy, like true Britons, they all shook hands.

Getting out of a citadel like that of Valenciennes was one thing, and to leave the enemy's country was another, but at last, after many adventures, the young lads' lunch were able to offer up their humble thanksgiving for deliverance on English soil.

Fierce Encounter With an Eagle.

William L. Long, an old and experienced trapper and hunter, had a thrilling encounter with a monster black eagle which he ran across on the Elston Darby farm, near Mountainside, N. J. Long was chopping wood on the farm when suddenly he saw the eagle rise up from the ground a short distance away and circle around his head several times.

Anticipating an opportunity for a shot, Long had taken his rifle along and stood it against a pile of wood near by. He ran for his gun, and in a moment had taken aim and fired at the big bird. He shattered one of the bones in one of the eagle's wings, and the bird fluttered to the ground, a short distance away. Not appreciating serious trouble then, Long started for the injured eagle, and as soon as he got within ten feet the bird flew at him in a rage, attacking him with its beak and claws. For the moment Long was discomfited by the vicious onslaught, and when he recovered his presence of mind, he found that he was no match for the sharp claws of the prey.

The lower part of his trousers were torn in shreds, and his hands were badly cut. Disentangling himself from the eagle, he picked up his shotgun, which he had dropped at the first attack, and with a swinging blow on the head, knocked the life out of his antagonist.

When measured the eagle's wings were found to be seven feet across from tip to tip. Long sold the carcass to Township Attorney Paul Q. Oliver, of Westfield, who will have it mounted and placed in his office.

Strange Place For Baptism.

An extraordinary ceremony was performed in Cape Town a few weeks ago. A lion tamer had been giving an exhibition for several days, and one evening he informed the audience that he had just become a father and he intended to baptize the infant on the following day in the lions' cage. Those who heard him thought he was joking, but when they reached the exhibition hall the next evening they found that he was in dead earnest.

In the cage he stood, surrounded by his assistants, and near him were seated three women—his wife, one of her friends and the godmother of the infant. To the left of them stood the clergyman holding the body in his arms, and behind him was a gigantic African named Leo, who was to act as godfather on the occasion. Facing this fearless group were two huge lions, whose every action showed that they were immeasurably surprised at the intrusion of so many strangers into their domicile. Moreover, their surprise was the greater since, in honor of the event, their cage was wreathed with flowers and splendidly illuminated with electric light.

The ceremony was duly performed, and while it lasted the lions behaved with "perfect propriety," much to the satisfaction and surprise of the immense crowd which thronged the hall.

The Land of Bye.

The great round sun has hidden his head
And gone to sleep in a golden bed,
And the silver moon's climbed up in the sky
To show you the way to the Land of Bye.

The mother-bird calls to her children, "Peep, peep,"
And says, "Little birdies, 'tis time to sleep!"
So she cuddles them up in the nest so high
And they all start off for the Land of Bye.

The little gray nest is round and warm,
And she covers them safe from the cold and storm,
And says, "Peep, peep, you must shut every eye,
Or you never will get to the Land of Bye."

The little gold stars twinkle down from above
To see if you, too, are not sleepy, my love,
For even they blink in the dark blue sky,
When the birdies go off to the Land of Bye.

The breezes blow gently from out of the west
And rock the wee birdies to sleep in their nest,
The same way that mother, when sleepy-time's nigh,
Will rock you, dear heart, to the fair Land of Bye.
—Dixie Wolcott, in Detroit Free Press.

Highest and Lowest States.

Every schoolboy knows which is the smallest and which is the largest State in the Union, but how many know which is the highest?

According to the recently announced results of measurements and calculations made by the United States Geological Survey, Delaware is the lowest State, its elevation above the sea level averaging only sixty feet. Colorado is the highest, averaging 6800 feet above the sea, while Wyoming is a close second, only 100 feet lower than Colorado.

In minimum elevation Florida and Louisiana dispute for second place after Delaware, the average elevation being for each, 100 feet. Taking the United States as a whole, our country lies slightly above the average elevation of the land of the globe.

How Nig Saved the Train.

Station Master Davis's dog Nig has been the talk of Fork Creek, Col., for years, but one day when he flagged a train on the Colorado & Southern railway he saved the lives of the train's crew and passengers and became a topic for the whole State.

Nig is of mixed breed, largely spaniel. Forks Creek has only two houses and a water tank, so the dog, always at his master's heels, learned how to throw a switch and to wave a flag almost as well as his master. So expert was he at switch-throwing that his master grew to depend on him for the work.

But a few days ago when Nig bounded up the track to throw the switch for a train that had signaled he found that snow had made it impossible to move. He did his best, then turned and dashed back to the station, seizing a red flag and flying up the track toward the train rounding the curve.

By that time the station master saw trouble and ran for the switch, but he could not move it, owing to the ice. But far up the track Nig sat upright, holding the flag in his mouth and with a sense of relief Davis saw the train slow up. The ice was cut away, the switch turned, and the train pulled in, with Nig riding modestly in the cab. Superintendent T. H. Sears was in the one special car, making a tour of the line, and one of these days Nig may be pensioned.

Dust and Daylight.

What a strange thought it is that the splendid sun depends on so apparently insignificant a medium as the dust particles of the air for diffusing its rays so as to give us daylight! Yet it is absolutely true that, if it were not for these particles, we should have no daylight. When a beam of light from the sun enters our atmosphere its rays are scattered laterally in all directions by the myriads of fine dust particles, and as these particles are more easily scatter the blue rays than the red an appearance of blue is given to the sky.

The finer particles are in the upper air, the lower air containing the coarser ones. The latter, however, help to make daylight, for they reflect white light, which, added to the blue, increases the illumination. When the air is hazy there is an excess of the coarser particles, and the light reflected by them gives the sky a whitish glare, not because the finer particles no longer scatter the blue rays, but because the excess of the coarser particles adds so much white light as to overcome the blue. When the air is very clear the sky is very blue, because less white light is added.

The sky always appears of a deeper, purer blue when looked at from a high mountain, because, at such an elevation, there are comparatively few of the coarser particles in the air and less white light is added. Those that have seen it from an elevation of 15,000 to 20,000 feet say that it is almost as dark as indigo, quite different from the sky to which we are accustomed.

What a strange world this would be if we had no atmosphere and the dust particles that are suspended in it! Darkness would cover the face of the earth and the sun would appear like a glowing fireball in a sky as black as blackness itself. That is the way things are on the moon, for the moon has no atmosphere, and therefore no dust particles to scatter the sun's rays and diffuse them into daylight.—Philadelphia Record.

Scrooge.

In connection with the Dickens celebration of yesterday it may be remarked that the local habitation of Scrooge has been lately identified in an old jeweler's shop at Ludgate Hill, a little way from St. Paul's on the left hand side. Here lived a curious miserly old man, much such as Dickens described, and the most extraordinary entries were found in his book (when the accounts were gone over after his death). The shop answered exactly to the description of Scrooge's office, and it is probable that Dickens saw it in one of his many walks about London.—London Chronicle.

A PLEA FOR THE PRETTY GIRL.

The homeliest girl can't always cook the best,
Sometimes a pretty girl can make a bang-up pie.
A girl, in short, is not to be condemned
Because her face is pleasing to the eye.

The best is always plenty good enough,
And beauty should by no means be despised.
Philosophers may praise the homely girls,
But pretty girls should equally be prized.

It's true that "handsome is as handsome does,"
But one can handsome be and handsome do.
So when a young man falls in love, he ought
To choose a girl that's smart and pretty, too.
—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"No, Maude, dear, the financial news is not all written in money syllables."—Philadelphia Record.

Teacher—"Name a nation that is very much talked about just now." Bright Pupil—"Carrie."—Chicago Journal.

She—"I wonder why they hung that picture?" He—"Perhaps they could not catch the artist."—San Francisco News Letter.

A man can work from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done,
Because when begged to stop and rest,
She toils right on with martyred zest.
—Detroit Free Press.

A fool and his money are soon parted, and there are lots of men who would like to be fools if they had the money to part with.—Kansas City Star.

"I suppose you sometimes find it a trifle lonely out in your suburb?" "Lonely! Why, we all run to the window when a dog goes by."—Chicago Record.

Magistrate—"You are charged with assault and battery. What have you to say?" Prisoner—"Not a word, yer onner. It was saying too much got me into this scrape."—Tit-Bits.

He talks like a book, his
Admirers all say.
What a pity he doesn't
Shut up the same way.
—Baltimore American.

There was a fearful dispute on in the chicken coop about precedence and particular sets. "There's no incubator blood in me," cried a specially vehement hen. "I came of the best stock." Philadelphia Times.

Brown—"So you lost your lawsuit with Smith." Jones—"Yes; but it's a satisfaction to know that Smith did not win anything." "But didn't you have to pay him $1000 damages?" "Yes; but his lawyer got that."

It was after he had been rejected the third time. "What first attracted you to her?" asked the sympathetic friend. "Her eyes," he replied. "And that, I suppose, led to her noes," chortled the sympathetic friend.

Aunt Hannah—"Oh, you fool of a girl! Just because a man tells you you are the prettiest woman in the world, and the wisest and sweetest, you believe him?" Arabella—"And why shouldn't I? Do you know, aunty, I kind o' think so myself."—Boston Transcript.

A New Incandescent Lamp.

In a report to the State Department Consul General Guenther, at Frankfort, says:

"It is reported that C. Petersen, of Christiania, has constructed a new incandescent lamp, which is of interest on account of its peculiar arrangement. For the radiation of light, a conductor of the second class, which conducts electricity only when heated, is used, the same as in the 'Nerst' lamp. The conductor in this new lamp, however, is not a thread, but a small rod, which is brought to a white heat and thereby emits light. Around this 'second class' conductor a thin metal wire of good conductivity is wound, which is connected with the current conductor by equalizing resisters, which serve the purpose of heating the second-class conductor and increasing the resistance of the current. The second-class conductor takes up the greater part of the current. This arrangement results in a great saving of the electric power, which about equals that of a Nerst lamp, but yields a considerably stronger light."—New York Times.

Right to Will Your Body For Dissection

The Supreme Court of California, in the case of Enos vs. Snyder, has decided, in a contest between next of kin, on the one hand, and claimants under a will on the other hand, for the possession of a corpse, that a man cannot by will dispose of that which, after his death, will be his corpse. The custody of the corpse and the right of burial belong to the next of kin in preference to the administrator. This view is based on the fact that the general English and American legal authorities establish the rule that, in the absence of statutory provisions, there is no property in a dead body. If this ruling is correct, the sooner statutory provisions are obtained enabling a man who feels that a great benefit to humanity will accrue through increase of medical knowledge by the continuance post mortem of an investigation into his case, or that new light may be shed upon anthropological, psychological or other scientific problems, to authorize by will such use of his corpse, the better.—New York Medical Journal.

A Haughty Barber.

It was a barber who had long served on the crack of an Atlantic liner whose saloon was visited by one of the owners. The indications of the general notion trade done by this tonsorial artists were much in evidence, and were set out with a skill that would have put an Oxford street window dresser to the blush. "I don't quite like this," said the owner. "This is a ship, not a store," and then jokingly added, "I think I shall have to make a change." "I wouldn't do that if I were you," retorted the barber. "I've been with you now fifteen years, and if you dismiss me I'll start an opposition line right away."—Marine Journal.

Government Wedding Gifts.

It is not generally known, says the London Telegraph, that the Government gives from $50,000 to $60,000 a year in wedding presents to young ladies who have been in the postal and telegraphic services for a number of years and leave to get married. The telegraph estimates this year provide for only $32,500 for wedding gratuities, as against $37,500 voted last year