The Queenstown News.

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

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Dr. Cabell White, head assayer of the Seattle mint, predicts that in ten years' time Alaska will produce one-half of the world's supply of copper.

The young man in business is a distinctly American institution, and accounts for the rapidity of our progress, observes Profitable Advertising.

A procession of whales three miles long is reported from Alaska. This helps sustain the impression that Alaska is one of the most imaginative countries on the map.

A prune promoter offers to give away a book showing how the fruit may be cooked one hundred different ways. He offers no guarantee, however, that the flavor will not be the same in each case.

Although the population of the United States has increased less than fifty per cent. in two decades, the sale of postage stamps is threefold what it was twenty years ago. Popular education and a growing commerce are doubtless responsible for it.

The French art critic, M. Arsene Alexandre, has discovered that American machinery showed a distinct beauty of racial type. The national character was clearly marked, he thinks, even in our locomotives. This theory is an ingenious one, and is worthy of elaboration.

Ireland lost by emigration last year 45,288 souls, an increase over 1899 of 8347. Over eighty-two per cent. of these were between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five. Of the total number of emigrants 37,765 came to the United States, Great Britain received 6050, New Zealand sixty-four, Canada 472, and Australia 834.

The Russian Government grants subsidies for the purpose of helping new settlers. This money is spent in encouraging farming and fruit-raising. Subventions are given for the first six years. During the following ten years these subventions must be repaid in yearly payments. Since 1894 $2,605,500 has been spent in that way.

Dr. A. M. Gardner, a famous San Francisco specialist, recently delivered an address in which he assumed that pauperism, crime and insanity are largely the indirect results of nervous disease, and that nervous disease is largely the direct result of the competitions and over-refinements of modern society and civilization. As civilization becomes more and more refined it becomes more complicated and its demands increase. The result is minds overtaxed with study, emotions strained to a dangerous tension, digestion ruined by worry and anxiety, and a gradual breaking down of nerve force, the whole system, mental and physical, being called on to endure more than is proper for a healthy mind and body. Dr. Gordon proposes no remedy for this diseased condition of society.

Recent news from Europe has convinced every reader that the wearers of crowns oversea are taking the philosophical view of King Humbert of Italy with regard to the perils which beset thrones. When attacks on his life were made he coolly remarked that risks of that kind were a part of the business of royalty. Reports from Constantinople say that the Sultan, when he was holding a council of his ministers, was not affrighted when the palace was shaken by an earthquake; in fact, he was the most serene and undismayed of all present in the chamber. The German Emperor is known to possess the highest type of personal courage, and he assures his people that he is not in the least intimidated by any plots against him. But there is so much uneasiness, so much turmoil in the Old World that the peaceful American citizen rejoices that his New World sovereignty is not troubled by dynamite alarms or threats of murderous discontent.

The American Journal of Insanity recently published a paper presenting the statistics of suicides in various countries and among different professions, and the percentages of increases during the last half century. Among those classed as paupers, only one out of every 2500 committed suicide forty years ago, one out of every 1430 servants, one out of every 2000 professional men, one out of every 1250 soldiers, one out of every 7615 carpenters, masons, etc. There was only one suicide to every 92,000 of population in Sweden, while in Russia there was one to 35,000, and in the United States one to 15,000. In the cities of London and St. Petersburg the ratio of suicides to population was about one to 21,000. The increase of suicidal mania in France is shown from the figures given for that country during the last fifty years. In 1845 the ration was nine suicides to every 100,000 of population, while in 1894 it had increased to twenty-six suicides for the same number of inhabitants. In eighty years the suicides in Belgium have increased nearly seventy-five per cent., in Sweden about the same, and in Denmark about thirty-five per cent. In Prussia it has more than quadrupled, in France it has more than tripled, and in Austria and Saxony it has more than doubled.

"Mine Own Familiar Friend."

By Elsie Snowe.

SINCE the time when my memory goeth not back to the contrary, we had been so poor in worldly wealth that I hope it may be considered excusable in me if I felt almost light-headed when I suddenly inherited a little fortune of $10,000, but the dizzy sensation was produced by pure joy, and in no sense by conceit, or any form of the evil described by the apostle as being "puffed up," or "vaunting one's self."

I was already an old maid, that is to say, I was nearing thirty, and the one romance of my life had been my engagement to Oscar Eckstrom. He was a clever young Swede, of good station in his own country, and of marked ability as an engineer, by which trade he had hoped to make a sufficient income to permit him to take on himself the expense of a wife, and a mother-in-law; for my dear mother, who was a helpless invalid, had so long been a part of me that the man who married the daughter would be obliged to consider the mother as a part of her while she lived. This often troubled my dear mother, but I would not allow her to speak of it, or indeed to think of it, either, so far as I could prevent it.

Oscar and I had now been engaged for about five years, but, although he was steady and industrious, the time when we could appoint our wedding-day had not yet come, and I still retained my position in the school where I had been first appointed to the primary department, when I was not yet fifteen years of age. My salary made a comfortable support for my mother and myself, and Oscar was each week laying a small sum in bank, and we confidently looked forward to better and brighter days to come.

And behold they came—In a way we had hardly anticipated. My Uncle Samuel, after whom, as he had been my mother's only brother, I had been named, died in some far away place in Australia, leaving me what at first seemed the almost fabulous sum of $10,000!

Perhaps a girl who had been dowered with the name of Samuella really deserved a compensation of that sort, but I don't know if I thought that way about it, being just so happy and grateful that I was simply light-headed, and my joy was not even tempered by sorrow at the loss of my uncle, for I had never seen him in my life.

In every way I was glad and grateful over my inheritance.

In the first place Oscar and I could now be married; in the second place long years in the school-room, and a series of vacations spent in the hot city, had taxed my strength more than I dared confess to myself (although the doctor had commanded a rest, and a summer in the country for both my mother and myself), and lastly, I could indulge in the extravagance of having my one girl friend come and pay me a visit.

I had long known of a cosy little house in the country, which I could get on easy terms at any time when I was in the position to bid for it; my first act now was to take advantage of this lucky chance.

I then sent in my resignation of my position in school, and procured a substitute for the balance of the term, for I was not going to sacrifice the early spring beauty of the country—the months of April and May, which had always seemed to me the true holiday of the year—and then Oscar and I had a little talk about our long-delayed wedding-day. At last we decided on the first of September, and I gave myself up to the luxury of a few days of shopping, not mere looking in show windows and pricing of goods, but genuine shopping, for I had my modest little trousseau to prepare, and except my wedding dress and bonnet, I had determined to make everything I required with my own hands.

By the end of a week I was settled in my dear little cottage home; and though Oscar had complained of the long time to wait, I soon realized how wise I had been to put off my wedding-day for several months to come, for what with the gardening to do and my sewing, it was well if I would be quite ready by September.

Three evenings in the week Oscar came to see me. The railroad journey was about half an hour's duration, and it allowed him to remain from 6.30 till 9.30, and though the three bright hours flew by almost like minutes, the memory of them lingered with us both during every moment of the time between, and each time when we met again we resumed our conversation almost at the word where we had dropped it on the evening before.

Of course I had long since written to Clare, and she had promised to come to me as soon as I was settled in my new home, and though she had not yet named the day on which I might expect her, I was not in the least surprised when she appeared one evening, in the middle of May, in company with Oscar. I knew her in a moment, and far off, though I had not seen her for years, and I thrilled with delight to see that she was as pretty as ever—prettier, indeed, as I soon decided when I became once more accustomed to her face.

"We arrived from different points of the compass at the same time, almost," she exclaimed, gayly, "and I was still inquiring my way when Mr. Eckstrom, hearing your name, and guessing at mine, was so good as to take charge of me and bring me here, and one of the natives, who drove a very dilapidated animal that may yet, in the course of evolutionary processes, become a horse, has promised to bring over my trunk some time in the course of the evening."

Clare Nelson was seven years younger than I, and just now in the full bloom of her beauty. I had first known her as a mere child, in the school where I had been so long engaged, and she had loved me—not as a teacher merely, but as her friend, and when she had removed with her parents to a distant city she had written to me constantly, and our friendship, instead of lessening, had grown fonder and stronger with years.

And now to have her entirely to myself, and to pour into her willing ear all the secrets of my uneventful life, secrets so innocent and delightful—and which a certain old-maidish shyness had kept even from my mother. I felt half afraid to be so happy. In the cool mornings and evenings we gardened together, Clare and I, pulling off the dead leaves and flowers, rooting up weeds, raking the paths and keeping my pretty bit of ground a model of neatness and beauty, and in the heat of the day we sewed and read, or swung in the hammock that Oscar has swung for us between the peach trees, and after tea we devoted ourselves to our visitor, for Oscar had fallen into the habit of coming to us on every night of the week. This had come about so naturally that I had not noticed it, and it was my mother who first drew my attention to it.

"Is Oscar here to-night, too?" she asked one evening. He had come in late, and when I chided him for not coming to tea, he answered, almost pettishly, that he had "taken something in town, and I needn't bother about getting him anything to eat."

"Yes, mother, dear," I answered, "he comes almost every night now—indeed, every night, I think, of late."

A half audible sigh escaped my mother's lips.

"I thought I heard his voice," she said, presently, "though I haven't seen him yet."

"He's in the garden with Clare," I answered. "She is so charming, and he enjoys her company so much."

"I have observed it."

My mother spoke almost bitterly, and again she sighed, this time deeply and audibly.

A sharp pain went through my heart, and I dared not ask myself the reason. As the evening shadows deepened, and I moved about to place the lamp on the table and then to find a match to light it, Oscar and Clare entered the room together, merry and laughing. We all chatted and laughed, in a somewhat forced manner, and then Oscar got the backgammon board and challenged Clare to a game. I could not but remember how I had learned the game merely to please him, and that he now never asked me to play it. The evening passed quickly, but not happily; a cloud seemed to be hanging over us. Oscar put off his "good-night" till the last moment, then suddenly looking at his watch he started to his feet, declaring that he would have to run to catch his train, and in the next moment, as it seemed, I heard his hurried step crunching the gravel on the pathway, and then the sound of the gate closing after him.

That was a wretched night to me, and when at last I slept my dreams were troubled. Clare looked pale and sad when we met at breakfast in the morning, but I thought she had never seemed so lovely—her paller, her dewy eyes, her sweet and tremulous tones and plaintive mouth, prettier than ever with the gentle baby-like pout on the delicate lips, had a peculiar fascination. I loved the girl, and though in some undefined way I felt that she had brought darkness into my life, I could not hate her for it—at least—not yet.

Oscar did not come that evening, three days passed and he did not come—but in the evening I received a little note from him. It was kind and affectionate, and like himself. I read it more than once, and wondered what could have made me feel unhappy—he was, as always, my own true lover! Could it be possible that I had been—almost—jealous? I rated myself soundly in my own thoughts, and went gayly singing about the house. When Clare talked, next morning, at breakfast of going home, I would not listen to her, and I compelled her to promise me at least another month.

By this time we were well into July and the cherries were ripe. Oscar had been very busy, and came only two evenings in the week, and as I remembered afterward, Clare contrived to be occupied on these evenings in her own room. But on a certain Wednesday evening I had begged them to pick a basket of cherries for me that I might make a cherry pie for tea on Oscar's next visit, and though Clare had begun by making some excuse it ended by both going out to get the cherries.

They stayed a long while, and as it was getting dark I went to call them, and when I found them he was kneeling at her feet, her hands were tightly clased in his, and she was sobbing bitterly.

"You love me," he was saying, "your eyes have said it, and you dare not deny it."

"I do not love you," she said, angrily, but her voice faltered. "And I do not respect you—what should I think of myself, either—I would despise myself even more than I do you, if I could listen to words of love from the man who is to marry my own dear friend."

"But you love me in spite of all that!" he interrupted, triumphantly. "Oh, don't think but I despise myself! I have kept away from you that I might not see your maddening beauty, but your heavenly eyes have danced before me. Your enchanting voice has rung in my ears. Among a thousand men and women I see but your face. Among ten thousand sounds I hear but your voice. Sleeping or waking I see but you, you alone, only you, forever. Hear me, Clare, and don't lie to me or to yourself. You do love me."

"I do not—I cannot love my friend's betrothed husband," she said, faintly, but he had started to his feet, and in a moment he held her in his arms, and in another moment I was beside them.

"He is so no more; he [illegible] man, and you are free to love [illegible]"

I shuddered at my own voice; I knew it sounded like the voice of doom to them.

Clare gave one quick, sharp cry, and pushing him violently from her, turned and fled away in the darkness.

Oscar said nothing. I was glad he did not ask me to forgive him; it would have seemed so heartless then, so terribly cruel.

"Do not grieve," I said, at last, for I saw that I must speak. "It is so much better that I should know now than—afterward. She will listen when you speak to her again, and—she will love you. Good-bye—be happy."

I don't know if he answered anything; I didn't hear him. I found my way through the darkness to the house, and to my own room. When I came down stairs in the morning Clare was gone, and we never met again.

But she wrote to me about a year later. She did not marry Oscar Eckstrom; she married a man who had loved her long and quite hopelessly. She made him understand that his love was no longer hopeless. On the day she married him she wrote a last good-bye to me, for she was going with him to India as a missionary. They both died there within a few years, and it was with a thrill of triumph that I realized how my own familiar friend, though tried and tempted sorely, had not after all been faithless to me.

When I next saw Oscar Eckstrom he was a nobler and a better man; his face was furrowed and his dark hair was streaked with gray, and I—had not grown younger. My dear mother had died, and I was alone in the world, and I had never ceased to love him, and he knew it.

"And I never ceased to love you, Ella," he said, meekly enough, but very sincerely. "Believe me, dear, it was a mere midsummer madness; the glamour thrown me by her beauty; every moment of the time my soul was true to you. Forgive me, dear one! The years are going fast—let us waste no more of them."

Well, I answered nothing much then; but somehow Oscar got in the way of coming as he used to do, and one day a poor woman came begging for work, and, as she could sew nicely and fit dresses, I turned over the cedar-chest in which I had laid away the wedding garments begun so long ago.

The long-neglected sewing was all done at last, and in the springtime of the year—in the autumn of our lives—Oscar and I were married. The lilacs and peach trees were in bloom, and the robins twittered and sung, and, yes, I may as well confess it, in my heart was beating the same old tune we call "Love's Young Dream."—Waverley Magazine.

PASSING OF FORT CHARTRES.

Famous Illinois Landmark Fast Being Destroyed by Relic Hunters.

Old Fort Chartres will soon be a thing of the past, as the walls are fast crumbling and being carried away as souvenirs by the many relic-hunters who visit the place each summer.

The fort was first commenced of wood in the year 1718 and completed in less than two years. It was located twelve miles south of Red Bud, Ill., about three miles from the eastern bluff of the Mississippi River, and one mile from the river. The fortress was called, by way of eminence, "Fort des Chartres," having a charter from the crown of France for its erection.

The first fort contained all the necessary buildings to accommodate the seat of government and garrison. The quarters of the officers and barracks for the soldiers were finished in the neat and becoming style of the country in pioneer times. Surrounding the whole was erected a strong palisade, fortified with earth between the walls of wood, until it bade defiance to any enemy that might approach it in this remote situation. The headquarters of M. Philip Renault were also established in this fort. It was from this point he left Illinois in the year 1741 to return to France. About the time of his arrival in his native land he died.

Under the mild and impartial government the country commenced to grow and flourish, and the seat of government, Fort Chartres, became the centre of fashion, business and gayety of all the Illinois country.

Under Governor La Buissoniere Fort Chartres was built entirely new. Its reconstruction was of solid and durable limestone. The rocks were quarried at the bluffs, three miles east of the fort, and then rafted and boated over the lake to the building. This fort was constructed in the year 1756. In 1776 a great flood swept over the Mississippi River Valley, partly destroying the fort. The English Government then abandoned Fort Chartres and established its authority at Fort Gage, on the bluffs east of Kaskaskia.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Fish-and-Lizard Story.

One afternoon I thought I would go down the river and troll. I had on my hook a live minnow, and in little while had a strike and I hooked my first fish, which seemed to be quite a large one. I reeled him where I could see him and found it was a large pike, twenty-five or thirty inches long. I pulled him up to my boat, but when I lifted him from the water he was as light as a feather. I measured him and found he was just thirty inches long, and should have weighed eight or nine pounds, while he only weighed two. He was just skin and bones. I killed him, took my knife and cut him open, and found a live lizard, five inches long, in his stomach. The reptile was as black as coal and very lively, living twenty-four hours after I took him from his prison.—Field and Stream.

Bought Paul Revere's Bell.

Paul Revere's first church bell, whose peals were heard in Boston more than a century ago, will be heard again, it having been purchased by St. James's Episcopal Church of North Cambridge, Mass. The bell was first used in the First Church, at the old North End, and held its place in the towers of the three different edifices afterward used by the First Church. When the society moved into a building on Temple street there was no room for the bell and it lay idle for some time. No provision was made for the historic relic and recently it was voted to sell it for $500.—Boston Dispatch in New York Sun.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

What is Courage?

"SOME years ago at Fort Sill, Indian Territory, there was a Government scout, whose name was Thomson," says Richard Harding Davis, in Everybody's Magazine. He furnished me with a story of an incident which he considered was the best illustration of the highest form of real courage.

An Indian agent had sent in word to the post that the Indians were on the point of an outbreak, and that he believed they might sweep down upon him at any moment. Thomson and a boy lieutenant just out from West Point were detailed to ride over to the agency and make an investigation. While they were seated on the veranda of the agent's house, and while he was reciting his reasons for believing an uprising was imminent, about two hundred Indians came galloping towards them across the prairie. They were in war-paint and war-bonnets, and they came yelling and brandishing their Winchesters. The Indian agent retreated to his second-story and concealed himself beneath the bed. Thomson remained seated with his feet against the rail of the porch, and calmly observed the advancing whirlwind of painted bodies, eagle's feathers, and fluttering blankets.

The boy from West Point imitated Thomson. He knew that if on their return to the post the famous Indian fighter should give a good account of him to the old officers, his reputation would be instantly and pleasantly established. That was allowing, of course, that they ever did return to the post. So he kept his feet on the railing and puffed at his cigar. The Indians fell off their ponies in front of the scout, and their chief men began to boast, and to threaten him, while the young braves kept up a wild and nerve-racking chorus of whoops and yells.

Thomson related what followed in this way:

"I was talking to old Red Wolf, and telling him what would happen if he let loose against the settlers. I was talking fast, for they were sure enough starting on the war path, and I knew if they weren't stopped at the start, the few of us at Fort Sill couldn't stop them after they got going. I was threatening him with the whole United States army, and trying to make him hear me, when the youngster from West Point turned his head towards me and grinned. 'Thomson, he said, 'who's your fat friend?'

"He had his hands in his belt and his cigar in his mouth, and he spoke so quiet that I couldn't make out what he meant, but he was looking behind me, so I turned and looked too. An old chief, weighing about three hundred pounds, had slipped off his pony and crept up behind me, and was pointing his Winchester at full cock just back of my ear. When I turned my head the muzzle punched me in the cheek. Now, what I say is, that any man that knows he's got to die can be cool and funny about it himself, and let on he don't care, but a man who can be cool and funny when his friend has got to die is a very brave man." For the benefit of those who want to know what happened after that, I can only tell them that Red Wolf interfered in behalf of Thomson, and that he and the lieutenant were allowed to return to Fort Sill, where for many years after Thomson quoted the boy as being the bravest man of his acquaintance.

Carried Off by a "Bear Man."

A young lady out in Marble Falls, Texas, was carried off by a "bear man" and returned home unhurt to tell the tale.

The Kickapoo Indians of this region have long believed in a great "bear man" who rules all the bears of the mountains. Miss Ramie Arland, the heroine of this thrilling adventure, believes her encounter was with the chief bear himself.

Ramie Arland is a pretty girl and the acknowledged belle of Marble Falls. She has always been a sceptic as to the existence of the "bear man." The remarkable story she tells has, however, gone far to convince the most sceptical.

The "bear man" in this case ventured almost to the back door of the Arlands, says the San Francisco Chronicle. Ramie went out recently early one evening to gather her flock of sheep, which were grazing near by. This was a common occurrence and her absence was not noticed by the family until her mother heard her daughter scream wildly a short distance from the house. She rushed to the door. The screams were repeated, but this time accompanied by the scream of a panther.

The mother seized a gun and rushed into the woods, but could find no trace of her daughter. She returned to the house and, collecting a hunting party, searched the woods all night. No trace of the missing girl could be found.

It was not until the next day that a hunter, wandering in the woods several miles from Marble Falls, found Ramie Arland walking aimlessly about. He helped her home, where she quickly recovered from her experience.

"I was walking along a narrow trail," she says, in telling her story, "when a large black bear suddenly appeared in front of me. He quickly turned to run away, when a curious-looking animal, running on four feet, sprang out of the chaparral into the trail. I saw at a glance that the monster in some way resembled a human being, and it flashed across my mind that I was confronted by the 'bear king' of the Kickapoos. It threw one of its long arms about my neck, glared into my eyes and uttered a horrible sound. I expected to be torn to fragments. The creature seized me and ran toward the mountains.

"It reached its cave at last and then left me lying on the ground. I tried to escape at once, but the creature struck me repeatedly on the head when I did so. I gave myself up for lost. Finally, however, he lay down to sleep. I waited fully an hour before attempting to steal away."

When the settlers and cowboys heard this strange story they at once set out in the direction of the Moon Mountains for the purpose of destroying the monster.

It ground its teeth together, and while pounding its breast it would roar and scream like a panther. It was now so apparent to the hunters that the thing was at least human in shape that they hesitated to fire upon it. While they were deliberating it suddenly bounded with rage straight toward the astounded hunters. They were compelled to kill it in self-defense.

Thrilling Experiences of a Nurse.

Trained nurses who go to the far West find nursing yet in its infancy and meet with some strange experiences.

A graduate of the Boston City Hospital writes as follows of her work at Livingston, Montana:

"My advent here was hailed with a storm of opposition from the untrained nurses practicing in the town. It is the custom for the nurse to be engaged and advise the patient as to whom she thinks is the best doctor. We arrange things a little differently. I am in a doctor's employ, and nurse his patients when such assistance is required.

"While nursing a case on a ranch some distance from town, I had to carry water from a sunken well some hundred yards from the house. There were only four sheets in the house, no provision having been made for changing, so that a daily wash became necessary. The family bill of fare was bacon and potatoes t.i.d. My patient did not like milk, and so I was forced to fall back on the few eggs I could get. I boiled them, poached them, fried them, scrambled them and made omelets and custard till my ingenuity was exhausted. We had no coal, and a wood fire soon burns out, so several times in the night I had to get up and build a fire.

"When nursing a severe case of typhoid fever ice was not to be had, but some little distance from the door of the log-house or 'shack' ran a creek, a tributary of the Yellowstone, whose waters were cold with the melted snow from the surrounding mountains. This made the creek a convenient ice chest. I put my milk and drinking water in jars and stood them in the running water. I used to shiver at night when I went to the creek for things I needed, it was so dark and lonely, and the coyotes (kyottes), or wolves, made such an uncanny noise. These wolves are found on all the ranches near the mountains, and, while they are not known to do any harm, are rather alarming to a 'tenderfoot.'"—Trained Nurse and Hospital Review.

A Sleepwalking Feat.

William Newton Ireland, who, with his mother, is visiting his uncle, William Ireland, treasurer of the Broadway Theatre, at No. 1651 Humboldt street, was not kidnaped on Saturday night. The boy returned to his home early yesterday morning, safe and sound, and in no way injured by his thrilling experience. His mother spent an anxious night wondering where her son had disappeared, and the police were asked to look him up. The only one who was not worried was the young man himself, and he was sound asleep while every one else was worrying.

William had been left in the house while his mother and her friends visited the Elks' fair. When they returned the boy was not to be found. Part of his clothing lay beside his bed, and it was evident that he was preparing to retire. The police were notified and the neighborhood was scoured for any trace of the missing boy, but he could not be found.

In the meantime young Ireland was sound asleep in the house of Dr. J. N. Thomas, who lives across the street from the Ireland home. The doctor had gone to the door earlier in the evening and had found the boy on the doorstep, sound asleep. He did not know the boy, and, fearing to awaken him too suddenly, had taken him to a bed and let him sleep undisturbed. William was only partly dressed, and it was evident that he had started on a somnambulistic trip of exploration.

When the boy returned home yesterday morning he was unable to give any account of his strange adventures, as he remembered nothing until he awoke in a strange bed and in a strange house. He was not frightened by his experience, but seemed to enjoy it. This is the first time that he has been known to walk in his sleep.—Denver Republican.

Heroine Saves Lives.

The life of Father Panze, of the Order of the Blessed Sacrament, was saved and a possible panic, involving the lives of more than 200 young women and girls, was averted by pretty Miss Anna F. O'Connor, in the basement chapel of the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, Seventy-sixth street, near Lexington avenue, New York.

Father Panze was conducting the services for the Sodality of the Children of Mary.

During the reading of the service Father Panze, in full vestments, stood to the left of the glass-covered casket containing the relic of St. Anne, which has effected many hundred cures upon the faithful. Three candles burned on either side of the casket, resting on a pedestal in front of the altar.

A sudden commotion among the congregation was followed by a cry of "Oh, father! You're afire!"

The next instant, and before the priest could realize his danger, Miss O'Connor, with the swiftness of the wind, rushed forward, pushed open the gate at the railing, and, whipping off a fur boa from about her neck began to lash the priest.

The left sleeve of his surplice had taken fire from one of the candles, and the deep lace trimming, reaching from the bottom to the shoulder, was ablaze. Simultaneously nearly all the girls were on their feet, but the young woman's presence of mind prevented a panic. Quick as a flash she brushed her boa up and down the burning fabric and it was extinguished.

Without any comment from the priest he continued the service to the end. Then he thanked the girl for her heroism and she went home.

Half-Hour with the Children

Little Johnnie's Questions.

Oh, tell me, papa, tell me why
So many stars are in the sky?
Why does the moon come out at night?
What makes the snow so very white?
Oh, tell me, papa, tell me quick.

Oh, tell me, papa, this one thing—
Why are the leaves all green in spring?
Why does the bark grow on the tree?
How did the salt get in the sea?
Oh, tell me, papa, tell me quick.

Oh, tell me, papa, if you know,
What makes the grass and flowers grow?
Why do we walk upon our feet?
And what has made the sugar sweet?
Oh, tell me, papa, tell me quick.

And tell me, papa, tell me how
The milk and cream get in the cow?
How many scales a fish has got?
What makes the heat so awful hot?
Oh, tell me, papa, tell me quick.

And tell me, papa, don't forget,
What is it makes the water wet?
What holds the sun up in the sky?
When you were born, how old was I?
Oh, tell me, papa, tell me quick.
—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Make a Kitchen Garden.

Every boy and girl likes to see things grow. If you are like other boys and girls you might enjoy a little farm on the window sill in the kitchen. All you need is a soup plate, a glass cover, a piece of white blotting paper and some mixed bird seed. Cut the blotter circular just like the soup plate and lay it in. Take some pins for fence stakes and divide the farm into two lots by fastening threads from one stake to another. Sprinkle on the blotter a handful of bird seed and then moisten well. Put on the glass cover and keep in the sun. In a few days the seeds will sprout and your farm will be flourishing.

Where Sarsaparilla Comes From.

During the summer many boys and girls—and grown people, too—line up before the soda fountains in our cities and call for sarsaparilla without stopping to think, and perhaps without knowing what that extract is that gives a rich brown color to the beverage. Sarsaparilla is taken from the root of several species of smilax, a great vine that grows in South American forests. Jamaica, Mexico and Central America also export quantities of the smilax root or the extract. One species of smilax grows to prodigious size in the great forests of the valley of the Amazon, and the Indians of that region sell large quantities of it to white merchants.

The Indians dig the root of this smilax, which sometimes reaches nine feet in length, growing horizontally from the stem. It is then dried and is usually shipped in that state, the sarsaparilla being extracted by manufacturers. These Indians of the Amazon, however, although far down in the scale of civilization, place great faith in the medicinal qualities of the juice, and perhaps the nature of the region in which they abide is responsible for this. They show much skill in extracting the sarsaparilla, which is done through a process of boiling.—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Oriental Kindergarten Game.

One bright spring afternoon a Chinese official and his little boy called at our home, on Filial Piety Lane, in Pekin. Father and son were dressed exactly alike — boots of black velvet, trousers of blue silk, waistcoats of blue brocade, and skull-cap of black satin. In every respect, even to the dignity of his bearing, the child was a vest-pocket edition of his father.

The boy carried a t'ao of books, which I recognized as "The Fifteen Magic Blocks." Now, a t'ao is two or more volumes of a book, wrapped in a single cover. The one that the boy had contained two volumes. On the inside of the cover was a depression three inches square, snugly fitted with the fifteen blocks. These blocks are made variously of lead, wood or pasteboard.

All of the blocks are in pairs, except one, which is a rhomboid, and all are exactly proportional, the sides being either half an inch, an inch and a half or two inches in length.

The blocks of Chinese children are not used as in our kindergartens, simply to familiarize the child with geometric figures. The more specific purposes of the fifteen magical blocks is to picture scenes of history and myth that will have a moral and intellectual effect on the budding brain. Of course Chinese children build houses, bridges and wagons just as our do, but primarily their blocks are intended for education.

The first picture my child visitor built for me that afternoon was a dragon horse. I asked him to tell me about it. The little fellow explained that this was the dragon-horse of Fu Hsi. Fu Hsi was the original ancestor of the Chinese people, and he saw this animal emerge from the depths of the Meng River. On the back of the dragon-horse Fu Hsi described a map containing fifty-five spots. These fifty five spots represented the male and female principles of nature, and out of them the ancient sage used to construct what are known as the Eight Diagrams. — Isaac T. Headland, in Ainslee's.

His Amazed Daughter.

The wife of a Gordon Highlander received some time ago an invitation to visit him at the barracks in Scotland. She did so, taking with her their little six-year-old girl. When they arrived, as it happened, the husband was engaged on sentry duty, and so they could not approach him.

The child eyed her "daddy" with a rather sorrowful but amazed expression, as he paced up and down the square shouldering his rifle and wearing a kilt. She had never before beheld him thus arrayed, and for a few minutes the spectacle seemed to be quite beyond her; but for no longer could she keep silent.

"Mamma," she said, in a voice that betrayed a trace of childish covetousness, "if daddy finds the man what stole 'ees trousers, will he gimme dat little frock?"—Tit-Bits.

There are moments of excitement when even the musician cannot compose himself.

THE TRIALS OF GENIUS.

Sometimes when I'm a-workin' jest my very level best
To write a high-toned poem, I feel terribly distressed
To have to lay my pencil down an' go to doin' chores
Jest like a common mortal, while my fancy soars an' soars.
It's kind o' worryin' to have a high-born genius while
You don't possess the wherewithal to run the thing in style;
An' when I put my writin' by, some lowly task to do,
I ask myself, "Did Shakespere uster to have his trials, too?"

I fancy I c'n see him, now, a-workin' on his plays,
An' runnin' up agin' the snags I find these later days.
I s'pose jest when he'd strike a thought he knowed was somethin' good
He'd have to leave it, then and there, an' go an' split the wood.
An' when some big, inspirin' theme was jest about to dawn
I calculate that's jest when he'd have to mow the lawn.
An' when the muse was soarin' high—I've been right there, you know—
The garden needed tendin' an' he'd have to use the hoe.

A genius hain't got any right to have to putter round
A-doin' all the common things that everywhere abound;
His hull big lifework ort to be to sort o' rest an' wait
An' kind o' let his hair grow out an' think o' something great.
That's what I tell Eliza—she's my wife—but, no-sir-ee!
Fer thirty years that woman has been jest a-houndin' me;
An' when I tell her genius ain't no hand at doin' chores,
She smiles an' says, "Well, genius, then, I'll have to skeen outdoors!"
—Nixon Waterman, in Puck.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Nell—"A scientific man declares that kisses are full of electricity." Belle—"Perhaps that's why some people find them so shocking."

"Credulous?" said the girl in the tan coat. "Credulous! Why, mamma actually believes the epitaphs on tombstones."—Washington Post.

Wigwag—"Is that a paying investment of yours?" Sappehead—"Yes; that's the trouble. I've been paying assessments ever since I went into it."

"A little earning is a dangerous thing." Mr. Hardup said philosophically when the landlord seized his office furniture for rent.—Montreal Star.

I saw a sight that filled with awe
My soul and made me quiver.
'Twas wondrous strange, I swear I saw
A shad roe up the river.
—Philadelphia Press.

"Say, pop," said little Willie, "what's a running account?" "One that you have to chase after, my boy," replied the old gentleman wearily.—Philadelphia Record.

"Why, what possible objection can you have to Miss Withers? She is a saint if ever there was one." "Stick her in the calendar, then, but don't ask her to the house."—Brooklyn Life.

Let's build a few more libraries,
The world more jovial looks!
We'll all quit making trouble soon,
And go to making books.
—Washington Star.

Tourist—"I suppose I can't get a train for three hours?" Station Agent—"Oh, yes; your train leaves in five minutes." Tourist—"That's a great wait off my mind."—Ohio State Journal.

First Scientist—"I hear that your dog went mad and bit Professor Snagroots. Any serious results?" Second Scientist—"Yes, the poor beast is barking in Latin and Greek."—Chicago News.

"Oh, yes, he's traveling in cog. They say he's a knight in England—a knight or baron of something." "He'd better be careful or a night in New York will make him barren of everything."—Philadelphia Press.

"Oh, pa!" exclaimed the dear girl, her sapphire eyes brimming over with tears. "How can you say society is hollow?" "Why shouldn't I?" retorted pa, with a coarse, throaty laugh, that betrayed the fact that he paid more attention to making money than acquiring polish. "Why shouldn't I, when I have to pay the bills for feeding the gang that you have here at your blow-outs?"—Indianapolis News.

The Effect of Music.

A series of tests have been made with the ergograph, which is an instrument to be applied to the muscles of the hands and arms, to induce and measure fatigue. Until taken up by neurologists the ergograph has been used in the psychological study of school children. It consists of two clamps designed to hold the wrist and forearm firm, and a tubular contrivance to hold all but one finger straight. The free finger is then hooked into a small strap, having a weight at the other end. In the experiment the subject is instructed to crook the finger as long as he can. The vitality is shown by the length of time the subject can continue the exercise, and the capacity for being taught is supposed to be indicated by the pupil. And here comes in the influence of music, for it has been found by experimenting that music played during the tests has produced variations in the results which can be accounted for in no other way. For example, lively airs played on the harp seemed to invigorate the patient and enabled him to keep up the exercise for a much longer time, but dreary melodies decreased the vitality and rendered the patient's arm almost powerless. The deduction reached by the physicians interested in the experiments were that musical rhythm increased the physical well-being of the patients and might be rendered a powerful means of curing them.—Catholic World Magazine.

"Singsong Tongue of China.

Mr. Elson, writing of Chinese vocal music in the Musical Record, says that the voice in China is trained to much flexibility by the exigencies of the language. A spoken word in the Chinese language has different meaning according to the inflection with which it is pronounced. The number of words is small, the ideas that may be conveyed by them are many. Thus foreigners are led into endless complications and misunderstandings; for example, the word tchu, pronounced clearly, with the vowel of medium length, means "master," but by extending the vowel a trifle it signifies "hog;" it also means "column" and "cookery." The syllable "po" has eleven different meanings—"glass," "boil," "captive," "prepare," and so forth, each of which must be pronounced with a different pitch and inflection.