The Queenstown News.

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

VOL. XX. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1902. NO. 7.

Paris has a deaf mutes' social club. Would an imitation of its methods be an unwelcome fad?

By a late edict the bow and arrow is ruled out in China as a weapon of offense and defense. Sooner or later civilization will find a footing in the Celestial Empire.

Since the war with the United States, the navy has been exceedingly unpopular in Spain, and has been subject to all kinds of attacks in the press and in Parliament.

A Pittsburg physician claims that he has discovered a cure for lockjaw. He has not yet put it to so severe a test as trying it on a politician who refuses to be interviewed.

Anybody with a queer theory about Shakespeare is at liberty to speak and it may not be improper to suggest that the scrawl handed down as his signature was merely a practical joke on some autograph collector.

More than 1000 cities and towns in the United States have curfew laws, Indianapolis being the largest city. It is alleged that juvenile crime is on the increase in this country, and that 200,000 children are arrested every year.

That a bald eagle should be shot in New York City may surprise some citizens, but they are the ones who do not know that it is possible to find opossums, canvas-back duck, diamond-back terrapin, English snipe, cranes, woodcock and quail all living at liberty within the city limits.

John Higgins, a brakeman, who had both legs cut off in an accident near Emporia, Kan., recently, has made a rather curious settlement with the railroad company. He is to be taught telegraphy at the company's expense, and is to have employment for life. He is also to be provided with a pair of cork legs.

Nebraska, which has been enjoying a large share of the general prosperity since 1897, has no bonded indebtedness. During the last two years what remained of her bonded debt was paid off. Nineteen of the ninety counties of Nebraska cancelled wholly or in part their outstanding bonded indebtedness during the past year.

American owners of horses, American trainers and jockeys have been coming home in troops lately, and most of them return with full pockets and with the laurels of success upon their heads. Not many generations have passed since Englishmen were proudly confident that Uncle Sam was a mere novice on the turf, a negligible quantity. They know better now. Americans in racing hold their own against all rivals, observes the New York Tribune.

The Department of Agriculture urges strongly the introduction of a new industry, the cultivation of flowers—particularly roses—for perfume-making. It is believed that in California the oil, or attar, of roses can be distilled on a scale so extensive that American perfumers may ultimately become independent of foreign producers of attar. In any event the industry, which is peculiarly adapted to the tastes of women, will be a new and large source of domestic income.

One of New York's well known banking houses has decided to limit its block, located in the heart of the business part of the city, to four stories and occupy the entire structure itself. This is regarded by some as a sign that the sky-scraper is going out of favor of the metropolis, but similar manifestations of exclusive loneliness have occurred before in New York without being followed by the anticipated result. There is no more probability that this new instance marks a turn in the tide than the former cases.

There is a wonderful power of recuperation and readjustment in the nature of things of which we are a part. When an evil grows until the hearts of men fail them for fear, some slight change takes place, and lo, the evil vanishes. Five years ago there were many fears that the overgrown cities would threaten, if not destroy, all wholesome social life. But, just as the city becomes unwieldy and is overcrowded, suddenly "the broomstick train" scatters the population, relieves the congestion, and removes the threatening evil, reflects the Christian Register.

Some antiquarians claim that the mariner's compass was invented in 1302 by an Italian named Flavo Gioia, a resident of Amalfi, near Naples, and that being the case, it is right and fitting to celebrate the sixth centennial anniversary of the "needle" next year. Others claim that the Italians introduced the compass from China about the tenth century. At that time it was simply a magnetized needle floating in water. Italian marine charts show that the graphometer (compass) was in use in the twelfth century, and the introduction of the pivot [illegible] viding line of the Iml[illegible] shown to antedate 13[illegible] is a small old poin[illegible] anyway. Why n[illegible]

THE CRY FOR TIME.

We keep forever begging time;
When Willie has a task to do
He puts it off and puts it off—
The old excuse is always new;
"In just a little while," he cries,
And so forgets and plays, and then
Is urged and scolded, and replies:
"In just a little while," again.

The happy maiden asks for time;
She knows she loves, but finds it sweet
To keep the eager, anxious one
A little longer at her feet.
We make fair plans and then we sigh
For time to do the splendid thing,
And dawdle while the seasons fly
From spring to fall, from fall to spring,

A man, white-visaged, sits alone
And bites his nails and gazes through
A grayish mist upon the note
That on the morrow shall be due.
He sees their pity who were free
But yesterday to share his jest—
"Time!" "Time!" he gasps and wretchedly
Feels hope lie dead within his breast.

We keep forever begging time;
The maid in love, the boy at play,
And he that plans to be sublime,
Each craves a more propitious day;
And when, at last, the sun has set,
He that is old and gray and blind
Still cries "To-morrow!" loth to let
The fading shore recede behind.

—S. E. Kiser.

THE Chipmunk was curled up on a log in the sunshine fast asleep, and the Canada Lynx's youngest son was watching him. The Kitten's eyes were gleaming. His ears and his tail twitched nervously, and he was crawling nearer and nearer—slowly, stealthily, step by step. And now he gathered himself for a spring, crouched for an instant on the ground and jumped. The Chipmunk struggled for a moment and lay still, looking up piteously into the excited eyes that were glaring down upon him.

"Mother," called the Kitten, "come here. I've got a nice, fat chipmunk."

There was a rustle among the dry leaves and the Canada Lynx came running through the woods. The Kitten turned his head to look at her. His paws relaxed the least bit, the Chipmunk gave a wriggle and a twist, and in another second a little striped body had vanished down a hole between the roots of a birch tree.

"Oh! Oh!" cried the Kitten, "he's got away."

He poked his paws into the hole and pretended that he was still trying to catch the Chipmunk, but he could no more have followed him down that narrow, winding burrow than he could have curled up like a bee inside of a moccasin flower. He was ashamed of himself, and rather frightened, too, for his mother was apt to be severe with him, and he knew that she would be very much disgusted.

"You're a great hunter, you are," said she, scornfully. "Can't you hold onto your game when you've caught it?"

The Kitten began to whimper. "I couldn't help it," said he. "I just looked around to see if you were coming, and he wriggled out of my paws." til they had passed. They got awfully hungry before spring, and I wasn't going to take any chances with them.

"One day just after the snow and ice had melted I was lying in the crotch of a tree on the north shore of the Glimmerglass, where the bank rises high and steep from the very edge of the water. I hadn't seen or heard anything of the wolves for some time, and I wasn't thinking of them or of any other danger, but as I lay there half asleep I heard a little noise up the runway, and two men came in sight, carrying rifles over their shoulders. Just then a big buck came up from the other direction. When he saw the men he was so frightened that he stopped short right there in the runway. It was only for a second, but it was just a second too long. Both the rifles cracked and the deer dropped dead. The hunters skinned and dressed him, and then they talked about what they had better do with the carcass. They were going to look at some bear traps, and they did not want to take it with them.

"'Let's hang it up in a tree out of the way of the wolves,' said one. 'We can stop for it as we come back.'

"'All right,' said the other, and they tied the buck's hind feet together with a piece of his own skin and hung him to the branch of a tree that stood on the very edge of the bank. It happened to be the same tree that I was hiding in, and as soon as they were gone I scrambled down and began my dinner. While I was eating I heard the faintest rustle among the bushes, and there stood a wolf. It was the uncle of the wolf that you know. I've known the whole family for years. I think he was the very leanest, hungriest-looking wolf I ever saw, and he seemed perfectly delighted when he caught

"THE DEER WAS GONE."

"Stop that crying," said the Lynx. "I'm going to give you a whipping, and if you cry I'll whip you all the harder.

"In the first place, you'd no business to touch the Chipmunk at all, for he belongs to the Backwoods Club."

Here she gave him a box on the right ear that sent him sprawling.

"In the second place, when you do catch things, you must hold onto them."

Here she gave him a box on the left ear that sent him the other way.

"And in the third place, you mustn't call me to look at your game until you've made sure of it."

And here she gave him a good, old-fashioned spanking.

The Kitten took it manfully, but when it was done, he said: "Mother, I don't see why you should be so angry."

"I'm not angry," said she. "I'm only trying to teach you what you mustn't do. Did you ever hear about the Wolf's uncle, how he called some other wolves to eat a deer, and how the deer was gone when they got there, and what happened to him?"

"No," said the Kitten.

"Well," said his mother, "I'll tell you about it, and maybe it will teach you to be careful."

And this is the story that the Canada Lynx told to her youngest son:

"It was a good many years ago, and at that time there was a big pack of wolves that used to hunt all through these woods, from here to Lake Superior."

"Was it the same pack that chased the Buck and the Doe?' asked the Kitten.

"Yes," said the Lynx, "but you mustn't interrupt. In winter I often saw their tracks on the snow. Sometimes I heard them howling, and if I thought they were coming my way I'd hide somewhere and wait until they had passed. They got awfully hungry before spring, and I wasn't going to take any chances with them.

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"'Don't you wish you could?' said I, and I spat at him and told him to get a piece of birch bark to stand upon."

The Kitten's eyes sparkled.

"I wish I'd been there," said he.

"Be still," said his mother, and he subsided again.

"'Just you wait,' said the Wolf, and off he went at the top of his speed. I knew what he was after, and I ate as fast as I could. He would be back before long with the whole pack, and I might have to take to the tree again to get out of their way. But they must have been farther away than I had thought, for it was nearly an hour before I saw them coming, and by that time they were too late."

"Had you eaten it all?" asked the Kitten, eagerly.

"Goodness, no!" said the mother. "You don't suppose I could eat a whole deer, do you? Now, if you interrupt me again, I'll give you another whipping. The Wolf hadn't been gone but a little while before I noticed that the deer's carcass was hanging lower. The knot which held it to the branch was slowly slipping. Probably the wolf himself had started it when he set the carcass swinging. I hung on and ate as long as I dared, and then I climbed up to my crotch again. A gust of wind came along and the tree began to sway back and forth. The knot slipped more and more, and at last it gave way entirely and the carcass fell to the ground. It rolled over and over down the hill and tumbled into the lake with a great splash.

"Well, I sat still in the tree and waited to see what the wolves would do. A little longer and I heard the rustle and patter of their feet, and then they came in sight—fifteen or twenty of them. They were not much more than skin and bones, and they looked as if they had not eaten anything for a week. But they thought that they were going to have a grand feast now. Their mouths were open and their tongues were hanging out and you should have seen their eyes glisten."

The Kitten's own eyes were big and round, and he was listening with all his ears.

"The wolf, who had been there before, our Wolf's uncle, came first, leading the pack, but when he reached the foot of the tree and saw that the deer was gone, he stopped short and stood perfectly still. His head and tail drooped, and he seemed to shrivel up and grow smaller. For a minute there wasn't a sound. Then he gave a howl, and in all my life I never heard another howl like that. It was fear and shame and despair. It was the end of everything for him, for he knew that in another minute the pack would set on him and kill him. Do you remember how that man cried when he was caught in the bear trap the other day?"

Yes, the Kitten remembered, and it made him shudder, even now.

"Well, it was worse than that. It made me tremble so that I almost fell out of the tree, and I hid my face in my paws and held on with all my might. I'm sorry for the Chipmunk, when you had hold of him, if he felt the way that wolf did."

The Kitten looked guilty. They both glanced toward the hole, and caught a glimpse of the Chipmunk's nose and the top of his head. He had been listening, too; but he disappeared as quick as a wink when he saw that they were looking at him.

"What became of the wolf?" asked the Kitten. "Did they kill him?"

"No," said the Lynx. "The whole pack gave a howl of disappointment and rage, and when I looked down again they were all ready to spring upon him, but just then there came another rifle shot, the lone wolf dropped dead, and all the rest scattered and ran for their lives. The two hunters stepped out of the bushes, and I heard one of them say, 'Well, I never saw anything like that before.' 'Neither did I,' said the other, 'and I don't want to see anything like it again, or hear it, either. I believe I'll have a nightmare for a week.' They skinned the wolf and pulled the dead deer out of the water, and in a few minutes they were gone.

"Well, I learned two lessons that day. One was not to boast until I was sure."

"And what was the other?" asked the Kitten, for his mother had stopped talking.

"I don't like to kill things as well as I did when I was young," said she, speaking rather hesitatingly, as if she was half ashamed of it. "I have to do it sometimes, to get enough for you and your brothers and sisters to eat, but I don't enjoy it the way I used to."

"Do you think you'll remember?" she asked, after a minute.

"Yes, ma'am," said the Kitten, very meekly.

"You'll be careful about boasting after this?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And you won't touch the Chipmunk or any one else who belongs to the Backwoods Club?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then run along home. It's almost time for supper. I'll come in a minute."

The Kitten scampered away through the woods, and the old Lynx followed more slowly. The Chipmunk came out of his hole and climbed up onto his log once more. The sun was getting low in the west, but the light still came soft and warm between the trees. The Chipmunk felt very safe and very comfortable as he curled himself up on a bunch of moss and went to sleep again.—William D. Hulbert, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

FISH IN THE SEAS.

The Supply is Said to Be Literally Inexhaustible.

In Great Britain Professor William C. McIntosh, the leading British marine biologist, has strongly supported the view that the resources of the sea are practically inexhaustible, and in Norway Dr. Hjort and Dr. Dahl are stout apostles of the above hopeful prospect as regards our sea food supply. Dr. Hjort's discovery shows that there are many million times more young fish in the sea than man has any idea of, and the theory that the young brood carried out to sea perished is proved to be a fable.

He made the further remarkable discovery that away out in the open sea, where it was several thousand meters in depth, he found fish, as it were, in layers or ocean strata. Some required a line as long as the monument to reach down to them; others were in still lower depths which would submerge St. Paul's and the monument on top and with many thousand feet of water below them.

There in these still and dark and hitherto supposed barren regions of the sea he caught great cod and haddock and coalfish, sometimes in quantities. Not of least significance is the finding of cod in the deep places of the sea, as in this discovery we have the key to solve the mystery as to where the cod abides when he draws from the coast.

It was formerly supposed that the killing of a cod in roe meant the destruction of more than 2,000,000 potential codfish. Now, as Dr. Dahl says, it merely looks like improving the life chances of the progeny of another cod. Formerly it was considered that the fish production of the sea was a fixed quantity, which was being continually decreased by man's inroads on it. Now it would appear to be an organism on which the attacks of man can make no real impression. It seems probable, indeed, that in every second, every minute and every day more fish is produced in the sea than all humanity combined could devour in the same time.—Nineteenth Century.

Holding Out High Hopes.

If King Edward's coronation is anything like its prospectus it will at least add to the gayety of nations.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Pa, what are prejudices?" "Other people's opinions, my son."—Puck.

Exploit of a German Editor.

A CHIEF editor in a lion's cage is the latest sensation at Frankfort-on-Main. The gentleman in question is Herr Muller Herrfurth, the editor of the Frankfort Sun, a member of the Town Council and a well-known sportsman. The Frankfort papers last week informed the public that Herr Muller Herrfurth would make the Saturday evening performance especially interesting by entering the lion's cage with Mlle. Marguerite, who performs every evening in the hippodrome with her seven trained lions, and there open and drink a bottle of champagne, as he had betted he would do. The result of this announcement one may imagine. The great hall was full half an hour before the commencement of the performance. Mlle. Marguerite with her lions was to be one of the last "turns." At last the great moment arrived. Herr Muller Herrfurth, a stout man of middle size, entered the hall in full evening dress, with top hat and patent leather shoes. All eyes were turned toward him. He walked up to a seat reserved for him and sat down. In the meanwhile the curtain rose. On the stage stood the large cage in which the seven great lions awaited their mistress. The latter soon put in an appearance, armed with a tremendous whip. She stepped quickly into the cage and put her pets through all their usual tricks, jumping through hoops, drilling, etc. Then, after firing off a pistol, she left the cage and disappeared behind the stage, while the cage and occupants remained visible.

The audience now began to grow impatient and shouts were heard: "Turn him out!" "He has made a fool of us!" "Hiss him!" etc. At once, however, the manager stepped to the footlights and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, the great moment has come, and Herr Muller Herrfurth will carry out his wager." Turning to the latter he added, "Mr. Mullerr Herrfurth, if you wish to win your bet please step up. Mlle. Marguerite will make you acquainted with her friends." Breathless silence prevailed. The journalist left his seat with the words, "I am ready," and stepped on the stage with erect bearing. The lady met him, he gallantly kissed her hand, and then entered the cage. A little table had already been placed inside covered with a white cloth. On it was a bottle of champagne, and near it were two chairs. Mlle. Marguerite opened the bottle and signed to the gentleman to advance. The excitement among the public had reached its height. Herr Muller Herrfurth coolly opened the cage door and walked in. He took hold of the bottle and filled both glasses while Mlle. Marguerite chased the lions about. Then holding his glass of sparkling wine he stepped into the middle of the cage, and turning to the public, said: "I empty this glass to the health of the courageous lion-tamer." The latter clinked glasses with him, and both drank. The public was now in a frenzy of enthusiasm, shouting "Long live Muller!" "Bravo Muller!" etc. Mlle. Marguerite next asked the journalist to take a seat. Both sat down, the gentleman filled the glasses again, while mademoiselle coaxed the largest lion to come near her. He stalked up majestically, gazing full of curiosity at the stranger. Herr Muller bent toward him and stroked him. Other lions came slowly up and were all likewise patted. The journalist then lit a cigar and handed the burning match to his neighbor, who lit a cigarette with it. The glasses were again filled and clinked and emptied to the health of the audience amid deafening cheers, and the performance was ended.—London News' Berlin Correspondent.

Desert Thirst is Terrible.

J. A. Porterie is probably the only man in Phoenix, Ariz., who ever perished on the desert, and after being practically dead for a week, returned to life and vigor so he could tell about it, says Illustrated Record. He says that he has realized fully every sensation of a man who perishes of thirst with the burning sunshine beating down on him. He was found and resuscitated, but he had long passed beyond the period of consciousness before help came.

It was in the summer of 1877 and Mr. Porterie was working at the Grand Gulch copper mine on Grand Wash, as it is now called, north of the Colorado on the Sapal plateau in the northwestern part of this Territory.

Just how long he wandered he does not know, but before night he began to get delirious, and after that he remembered nothing except the hallucinations that passed through his mind before he became unconscious. He was, oh, so thirsty! It seemed as if his throat was literally on fire and he was aching all over his body. He tried every method he knew of moistening his throat, but the relief was but temporary. He tore open the cactus plants and everything that gave promise of containing the slightest bit of moisture, but his thirst seemed to be an ever-increasing one. He could think of nothing but water.

Finally, as his strength gave way, pleasant dreams began to flit through his mind. He fancied he saw the Niagara Falls, and the vastness of the great river that flows away over the rapids below them. Then he seemed to face the broad expanse of a great fresh water lake. He could not see across it. It looked so cool and refreshing he could not restrain himself and waded into it clear up to his neck. Then he fancied he could feel the fish cavorting about his feet, and everything seemed so peaceful. He was perfectly happy and contented, did not know whether he was alive or dead, and did not care.

About a week later, when he recovered consciousness, he found himself in the camp of some cattlemen who had found him some hours after he lost track of himself. His lips were swollen and full of cactus thorns where he had chewed up the prickly pear in his desperate thirst. The cattlemen said that when they found him he had disrobed and thrown his clothes away when he fancied he was going down into the lake. His fingers were raw and bleeding from wounds made while digging in the sand for water.

A Telephone From the Grave.

Telephoning from the grave seems an uncanny sort of thing, but that is what happened in Florence, Italy. A young and beautiful girl of patrician lineage, named Teresa Allesándi, had been consigned to the family vault in a trance, her family believing that she was dead. A relative who was in the habit of paying periodical visits to the tiny mortuary chapel forming an annex to the sepulchre, for the pious purpose of reciting masses for the repose of the souls of those resting therein, and who had also apparently been possessed of a healthy regard for her own mundane comfort and well being, had had a telephone installed in the building so that her servants in the adjoining chateau might the more easily notify her when lunch or dinner was ready.

When the supposed dead girl recovered from her sweoon and found herself lying in a coffin in a tomb her terrors for awhile overpowered her. Then entangled in her grave clothes and screaming with fright she wildly groped her way around the damp walls of the sepulchre until her fingers grasped the telephone. More from force of habit than anything else she took down the receiver and put it to her ear and rung up her relative in the chateau. When they answered the telephone and heard the voice of one whom the day before they had laid away to "her last long sleep" the shock overpowered them for a moment, but they soon recovered and made all haste to the tomb and carried the revived girl to the house. Teresa Allesandi is now one of the famous beauties of Italy, and the papers only the other day chronicled her presentation at court.—Chicago Tribune.

Woman Bear Hunter.

Cody boasts of a woman that has killed bear unaided and alone. The distinguished feminine hunter of Bruin is Mrs. O. D. Marx, for a number of years a resident in the wilds of Big Horn County. She had frequently hunted bear with her husband, and had killed a number, but one day last week she visited the mountains in the vicinity of Beaut Creek, a tributary of the Shoshone River, not far from this place.

Mrs. Marx was mounted on a spirited horse and armed with a 30-30 Winchester smokeless gun. While urging her horse up into a shallow canyon she saw a huge black bear coming toward her from a clump of bushes. Quickly dismounting, she knelt on one knee and fired. The bullet broke one front leg, but Bruin only quickened his pace, at the same time uttering a growl. Working the lever of the gun, the woman hunter threw another shell into the gun and fired again. The bear stopped for an instant and licked a hole in his left breast, and then continued to approach with rapid strides. Never losing her nerve for a moment, Mrs. Marx "pumped" another cartridge into the barrel and this time, taking careful aim at a vital spot under and in front of the right shoulder, pulled the trigger. The bullet went true, and the huge, hairy bulk rolled over at the very feet of the nervy woman.

Returning home, the men folks were notified and sent out to bring in the carcass. Mrs. Marx is now distributing pieces of toothsome bear meat among her friends and receiving congratulations.—Cody (Wyo.) correspondence of the Denver Post.

Killed a Big Grizzly.

For several years the mountains north of Pasadena have been the home of an enormous grizzly bear, and not a few ranchers have suffered from his depredations. George Miller, of Highland, a dead shot with a rifle, was one of a party who, a few weeks ago, went in search of this particular bear. His trail was found not far east of Mount Lowe, and the party was in high feather. For eight hours the trail was followed through brush and over rocks, and all but two of the followers gave out. Miller and a San Bernardino man pressed on, until Miller was finally alone and he was ready to abandon the chase. He passed over a little ridge and came in plain sight of the huge fellow, who evidently scented the hunter, for he faced him with every hair on end. Miller fired, striking him above the left eye, the ball passing far back into brain's huge neck. He weighed about 1300 pounds, as near as could be estimated. The skin and claws may be seen at Miller's house, and he is the biggest man in San Bernardino County.—Pasadena (Cal.) Star.

Guildhall.

It is extraordinary that the citizens of London should permit the one historical building which the corporation possesses to be crowded up by buildings destitute of a particle of architectural merit or interest. A full view London's Guildhall is impossible, so long as it is obscured by the ugly and incongruous edifice at its west end. The cost of opening out the hall would be nothing to the corporation, and in view of the coming coronation and the festive purposes to which the hall will be put in connection with it, is it unreasonable to hope that this year will be marked by the much-needed improvement? The obstruction to be removed is, it may be observed, very small as compared with that which had to be got rid of before Westminster Hall could be brought fully to view. Three weeks' work would do what is needed. The Guildhall dates from 1411, but, being greatly damaged in the great fire, was restored by Wren. —London Chronicle.

What He Had Saved.

Mr. Jones—"I haven't saved a dollar since I married you."

Mrs. Jones—"What an idea! You've saved nearly half of what you had in the bank at that time!"—Puck.

Canoe building is one of the industries of Kennebunkport, Me., which used to build great ships, and even now launches an occasional schooner.

A Circle of the Globe.

I started out around the world
('Twas half-past five o'clock;
My hair was nicely brushed and curled;
I wore my Sunday frock);
And east I went from Illinois
As straight as I could go,
Until I thought I'd got to Troy,
Where lives my Uncle Joe.

But here, of course, I didn't stay—
I had so much ahead.
I took a ship at Boston Bay,
And o'er the ocean sped.
I wasn't sick a single speck,
And sailed with might and main,
And didn't stop for storm or wreck,
And landed right in Spain.

I went through Spain and Italy,
And Turkey, Turkestan,
And China, too; and next, dear one,
I found I'd reached Japan!
And here the ocean was again,
Which I must cross once more.
So in a boat I stepped, and then
Set out and sailed for shore.

Now this was our America!
I had no time to waste,
But I went from California
To Illinois in haste,
Because I'd heard the tea-bell sound,
And mamma call and call,
And left the world, so smooth and round
On papa's desk. That's all.

—Edwin L. Sabin, in the Churchman.

What the Squirrel Guest Did.

A dinner served in a glen had just been finished when a red squirrel, with glistening, eager eyes, came creeping down a tree which stood near the lake. He crept nearer and nearer, and finally leaped upon the table.

The lady who was presiding said: "Yes, help yourself to anything you want."

Upon this invitation the little fellow made bold to creep up to a loaf of bread from which only a piece or two had been cut. He seized it and dragged it to the side of the table, and somehow managed to scramble down the side with it to the ground. He then fixed his teeth in the crust and dragged it away and down the steep sides of the glen.

But when he reached the bottom and confronted the steep rise on the other side it was too much for him. Then he gave a sort of cat, which seemed to be understood from around him, and after a little conference all took hold, and with tug and strain they managed to bring the loaf to the top of the hill, and disappeared with it in the woods beyond.

The Bell of Justice.

A beautiful little story is told which is well worth repeating here. In one of the old cities of Italy, so the story goes, the king had a bell hung up in a tower in one of the public squares, and called it the "Bell of Justice," and commanded that any one who had been wronged should go and ring the bell, and so call the judge of the city to come and see that justice was done.

In the course of time the end of the bell-rope rotted away, so a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it. One day an old and starving horse, that had been turned out by its cruel owner to die, wandered into the tower, and in trying to eat the vine rang the bell to which it was attached. When the judge of the city came to see who had rung the bell, he found this old horse. Then the judge sent for the owner of the poor horse and ordered that, since this animal, which had been so wronged, had rung the "Bell of Justice," he should have justice done to him. He commanded the owner, therefore, to take the horse home and to feed and care for him as long as he should live.—Apples of Gold.

A Gold Penny.

It lay tightly clasped in Betty's fat little hand—a real gold penny! Gold pennies didn't come every day, even to lucky girls like Betty. What should she do with it?

"Spend it, 'course, right smack off," said Betty to herself; but what should she buy, a new dolly or a bushel of candy, or a funny game?

She walked down the street thinking hard. It must be something splendiferous, 'cause certainly a gold penny could buy more than an everyday one.

There was a candy store, but Betty didn't stop. All of a sudden she remembered Mr. Swan, the baker man, and she remembered, too, that she was hungry. And with a gold penny, perhaps she could buy a great big cake.

"Good morning, Betty," said Mr. Swan. "What can I do for you today?"

"Mr. Swan," said Betty soberly, "I want a great big cake—the very biggest you've got for a penny."

The baker man smiled and took out a nice, plump one. "How'll this one do, Betty?" he asked.

Betty looked at it doubtfully. "It isn't very big—do you think so, Mr. Swan? And it's a gold penny, you know."

"Dear me! Is it?" cried Mr. Swan. "Well, I declare. Of course a gold penny will buy more than any other penny."

Betty nodded and smiled. "Course."

"And I shouldn't wonder if a gold penny would buy two of these cakes, would you, Betty?"

"No, 'deed," answered Betty, handing him her penny.

So Mr. Swan put the cakes in a bag and gave them to Betty with a lovely bow; then he opened the door for her and told her to come again to-morrow.

"I'm glad there's two cakes," said Betty. "'Cause now Mops can have one. What a lot you can get for a gold penny!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

Numbered Horses.

Every horse in the British army is numbered, and has a little history kept for it all to itself. The number is branded upon the animal's hind feet—the thousands on the near hind foot, and the units, ten and hundreds on the off hind foot.

France has now the deepest well in the world. It is 3,609 feet and the temperature at the bottom is 117 degrees.

The dunes on the French coast are said to be proving fine soil for the cultivation of asparagus.

PA'S AWFUL IGNORANCE.

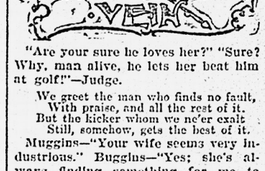
Most every day when I'm at school
The teacher tells us things
About the birds and animals
And presidents and kings,
And then, at night, when I ask pa
If what she says is so,
He reads his paper right along
And says: "Oh, I dunno!"

One day she told us that the world
Is round, just like a ball,
And that there's nothing down below,
It's standin' on at all.
I ask pa if she told the truth.
He read his paper, though,
And put his foot up on a chair,
And said: "Oh, I dunno!"

And once the teacher said the sky
Ain't heaven's floor, and tried
To make us think no angels walk
Along the other side,
And so that night I ast my pa,
And all he said was: "Oh,
Don't bother me about such things,
I'm busy—I dunno!"

One time a bigger boy he said
The doctor didn't bring
My little baby sister in
A box—no such thing!
That night I ast my pa if what
That big boy said was so,
And pa he answered: "Oh, keep still—
Confound it, I dunno!"

I used to kind of think somehow
That my pa knew a lot—
But that was wrong, or if he did
I guess that he's forgot.
Since I've got started into school,
Most every day or so
I hear about a hundred things
Pa doesn't seem to know.



"Are your sure he loves her?" "Sure? Why, man alive, he lets her beat him at golf!"—Judge.

We greet the man who finds no fault,
With praise, and all the rest of it.
But the kicker whom we ne'er exalt
Still, somehow, gets the best of it.

Muggins—"Your wife seems very industrious." Bugglns—"Yes; she's always finding something for me to do."—Philadelphia Record.

Lord Foranheir—"I can trace my descent from John Milton. How's that for a descent?" Miss Millyrus—"It's a great descent, sure enough."—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Whyte—"She learned to speak French in six weeks." Mr. Whyte—"I wonder how long it will take the folks over in France to learn to understand her."—Somerville Journal.

"Even egotism has its good points," says the Mayayuuk Philosopher. "The people who are always talking about themselves never find time to talk about us."—Philadelphia Record.

There was a young lady named Alice,
She lived down in Texas, near Dalice,
She married an earl,
Did this clever young girl,
And now she is boss of his palice.

—Baltimore American.

Insurance Agent—"Pardon me, madam, but what is your age?" Miss Antiquate—"I have seen twenty-two summers." Insurance Agent—"Yes, of course; but how many times did you see them?"—Tit-Bits.

"I wonder why the baby cries so much," said the young mother. "That's easy," answered the bachelor uncle. "Why is it?" demanded the mother. "Because it is a baby," replied the uncle.—Chicago Post.

Tess—"I heard him say he felt rather encouraged because you left the gas turned low in the parlor when he called." Jess—"How foolish of him! One needs a dark room to develop a negative."—Philadelphia Press.

"And what are you making?" we asked of the Intelligent Artisan, as we admired the play of his brawny muscles. "Makin' cow-catchers for milk trains," he replied, without looking up from his work.—Baltimore American.

"What a sour individual! What's he growling about, anyway?" "O! he complains that he hasn't got what he deserved in this world." "I should think he'd have cause to rejoice on that account."—Philadelphia Press.

Smith—"Say, we've got a new cook at our boarding house." Jones—"Any better than the old one?" Smith—"Well, I guess yes. Why, she can actually cook prunes so you can't tell them from dried peaches."—Chicago News.

Mamma—"Since Susie invited you in to share her birthday cake last Saturday, you may ask her in to-morrow, and I'll make you a cake." Elsie—"Oh, won't you make some candy instead?" Mamma—"Would you rather have candy?" Elsie—"Yes'm. Susie never can eat much candy."—Philadelphia Press.

Squirrels Get All the Nuts.

A novel reason is advanced for the shortage in the pecan crop. The squirrel family seems to be responsible for the condition. From the time the pecan begins to mature the squirrel begins to feed on them. It seems to be a favorite food, and it is estimated by men who ought to know, that the squirrels annually consume one-half of the wild pecan yield. Civilization has been encroaching upon the rights of the squirrel with so much persistence that in many sections of the pecan-producing country he has been forced to rely altogether upon the pecan crop for sustenance at certain seasons of the year. The squirrel will generally take advantage of the chance to lay in a supply of pecans for use for windy days, when he does not care to venture out of his nest for fear of falling and breaking a limb or meeting with some other dire calamity. The result of these influences has tended to shorten the supply of pecans so far as the forest is concerned.

Dog Knew He Was Beaten.

Two red Irish setters caused no little amusement the other morning on upper Eighth avenue. The door of a shop was thrown open, and the proprietor let out the pair. They stood on the sidewalk for a moment, and then on a wave of their owner's hand they rushed down the avenue to a news stand with their tails wagging high. A yelp from the first arrival obtained him a paper, and he trotted back, frantic with joy, while the beaten dog followed with his head down and his tail between his legs. He was beaten and he knew it. His spirits revived a little when his owner patted him on the head, and said a few gentle words to him; but the mournful eyes he cast at the victor showed the despair in his heart.—New York Post.