THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

VOL. XX. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1902. NO. 29.

three fields of discovery remain—are the North Pole, the air and the interior of the earth.

There are more smiling college presidents throughout the United States this year than ever before in the country's history. The contributions for education are exceeding all records, and in this generosity the smaller institutions are participating.

The immensity of Siberia, which runs through 120 degrees of longitude, is not often realized. It possesses one-ninth of all the land of the globe. The United States, Great Britain, and all Europe, except Russia, could be dumped down upon Siberia and there would be a small rim of uncovered area all around.

There are more artificial teeth made in the United States than in any other country. Formerly they were made from bone and ivory, and carved out by the dentist himself. Now they are made of porcelain, and are produced in factories. All shades and shapes of teeth are possible of imitation. It is said that even the temperament of the patient is taken into consideration in the selection of artificial teeth.

The population of the entire Australian commonwealth is but a few thousands greater than that of New York City, viz.: 3,775,128. This is made up as follows: New South Wales, 1,156,000; Victoria, 1,201,178; Queensland, 498,129; South Australia, 363,157; Western Australia, 184,000, and Tasmania, 172,475. New Zealand, which does not now belong to the Australian commonwealth, has a population of about 800,000.

In a clever book called "To-morrow" an English writer has presented the possible ideal of the future "garden city." To his mind such a city would be arranged in concentric rings. The outer circumference would be the railroad lined with factories. Within there would be concentric belts of parks, houses, churches, schools and shops. At the centre there would be a beautiful garden with the public buildings that served the whole city. Many public conferences have been held in England concerning ideal city construction.

An adequate idea of the high value of a modern Atlantic liner may be gathered from the fact that the insurance value of the North German Lloyd steamship Kaiser Wilhelm II. now in course of construction at the Vulcan shipyard, Stettin, is $1,591,150. This represents only the launching value of the bare hull. A further insurance sum of $3,549,480 is required to cover the ship for the first trial trip, while the company require a total sum underwritten on completion of the vessel of $6,175,000. The risk of launching, river work and trials is to be covered by the policies.

A Supreme Court Judge has decided that New York City need not pay for plain, ordinary water, outside of mill privileges, reservoir rights, vested interests and the like. He holds in his decision that just simple water, without regard to pressure or power or dam sites or claims of individuals or companies, is not taxed as property, and therefore the city of New York should not be compelled to draw upon its treasury to buy water of the humble, unassessed quality any more than it should hand over the money of the taxpayers to somebody for the breathing of the large, free, general atmosphere. This looks like common sense.

It is an odd week indeed that slips through the present without leaving behind a record of the founding of a library some place in the United States by Andrew Carnegie. Books are being fairly rained on us, and but few States have so far escaped the literary flow and they have no desire to escape it. The figures are becoming intensely interesting, and are daily growing more so, as the rain of books promises to bring a reign of literature. Just think of it! There are now 370 cities and towns in the United States that are rejoicing over the possession of Carnegie libraries. Every State has them with the exception of Rhode Island, Delaware, South Carolina, Mississippi, Arkansas and Idaho, and in every one of these States steps are being taken to profit by Mr. Carnegie's liberality.

In Yucatan the gathering of the famous chicle chewing gum is an occupation apparently full of romance, not unattended with considerable danger. Bands of men, known as "chicleros," go into the deep forests, under experienced leaders, armed with heavy knives of special make, pails and ladles for the sap, and each one provided with a strong rope, more than eighty feet long, to be used in climbing the lofty sapota trees from which the gum is procured. The sap flows from gashes cut the bark. A camp of chicleros, where the sap is boiled, resembles in some respects an American maple sugar camp. After months of work the chicleros return from the forests laden with brick-like blocks of aromatic gum. The finest gum, known as "siete," is collected from the fruit of the sapota, mostly by the native women, and is seldom exported, because it is too well liked at home.

An Early Morning Hunt For Black-Tail Deer.

BY CLARENCE A. LYMAN.

We slept that night as we ever do in the hills, with the front of the tent wide open, so that from my pillow, the side of a saddle, I could watch the Great Dipper do its slow somersault around the North Star. When the camp-fire died the night before, and we went to bed, the Dipper was lying along the tops of the mountains, brimming full. It is easier to watch this great hand in the astronomical clock than to light unwilling matches from time to time in the night and examine a watch; and I knew that when the constellation had nearly reversed itself, it would be time to start moving.

A man in camp sleeps sweetly, yet lightly. A dozen times through the dark hours the distant sharp bark of a fox, the rustle of a leaf, the deep sigh of a satiated and sleepy horse on a picket rope, the cracking of a coal in the embers of the camp-fire, the call of a night bird, or the snap of a twig under the tread of some of the animals of our cavalcade, called me with a gentle thoroughness from slumber. Each time it seemed as though the position of the encircling attendants of the North Star had changed by only a slight angle; and each time I sank instantly again into the perfumed rest that comes from a bed of balsam boughs after a hard day's work.

The hush that comes over all nature just before the dawn was near being my undoing, after all. The Dipper seemed to have made a great sudden sweep and was dangerously far over when my eyes opened again. The canvas was throbbing with the pulse of the morning breeze, but the eastern was darker than the western sky, where hovered a faint glow. It took an effort of will to get out into the cold air, but necessity compelled haste and I scrambled as gently as I could over the dewy coverlet, hurriedly put on the few clothes I had taken off the night before—dressing and undressing are mutually short operations in a hastily made camp—found my damp and clammy shoes, raked together the coals in the ashes, fanned a flame, boiled coffee and munched a hasty breakfast of bread and some cold trout. My partner, chum, helpmate never stirred. It is wonderful how a trustful woman will sleep in the wilderness, safe in the superstition that he who sleeps beside her is competent to meet danger which may arise.

I dropped half a dozen cartridges into my pocket, together with a couple of biscuit in case the chase should be unduly long, shouldered the heavy rifle and strode out through the high grass, which was so beaded with dew that walking was like wading an ice-cold stream. The horses were standing on widespread legs, heads near the ground, asleep, while the burros, weary with the long pull with the heavy packs of the day before, were huddled together, lying on the ground.

The morning star was at its brightest as I started across the valley, but by the time I had picked a splashing path across the current of the little river and got fairly started up the trail, it was paling. Little flecks of purple cloud began to appear above the sun's approaching glow, as though they had been newly created. The range to the west began to lift its rugged ascents into view in a purple radiance. The eastern hills grew from shapeless masses of gloom into rounded eminences with dainty fringes of aspens and slender minarets of spruces against the faintly glowing sky. I wished I had started half an hour earlier, and quickened my pace a little.

In the growing twilight I could see a furry skunk in his sleek coat of jet black and snowy white, treading the clumps of bunch-grass, picking up the benumbed insects before the sun's heat might give them the vitality to escape. In the trail ahead of me a fox trotted. I was conscious of the faint presence of his scent, but did not place it until I saw the flash of his fur above the grass. He knew I was following, but knew too that he was safest down in that sinuous passage between high walls of grass and flowers, on whose smooth surface he could make a far safer, swifter flight than over the rough ground to either side.

A mile or so above camp I left the trail and crossed the stream again, getting my feet no wetter in wading, but feeling the icy chill pervade the water in my shoes which my feet had warmed in the comparative dryness of the beaten track. Close to the rippling surface a colder breath moved and the scrubby willows had a coating of white frost. I brushed a furry moth from a twig in passing, but it was too cold for more than one very feeble flutter. It fell wide-stretched on the water and as the current swept it into a quiet eddy it disappeared so quietly that one might suppose it had sunk of its own weight. I marked the spot where lay a trout, so big that its mouth could take in an insect of that size without a splash, as a good place to drop a feathered imitation when I carried my rod that way.

There was no mistake that it was very light. My eyes had been growing accustomed to the dimness, meeting the dawn half way, but the first glow of the rising sun was just striking the tops of the higher hill. The sky was a turquoise blue all across the dome. The clouds, which had been purple, had faded to lavender, flamed with a tint of orange, and were now melting away in yellow fleeces. It would soon be time when all sensible deer would be deep in the thickets of the green timber, where it would be all but impossible to come upon one of them unawares. Already the burros, far down the valley where camp lay, were up and moving stiffly down to get a drink at the river.

The southern hill before me was one I had marked the year before as a likely place for deer. It rose in smooth slopes and narrow benches a thousand feet or so, fringed on the top with the edge of the deep thick forest of spruces which ran back on the plateau beyond. The ascending surface had spruce and aspen groves lying on it in long streamers, divided by half a dozen open grassy glades, each with a tiny rill gurgling down the centre, coming from the banks of snow which still lay protected by the dense shade of the crown of spruces. The streams were fringed with the succulent marsh herbs which deer and elk most fancy as dessert after filling up on vines and tender boughs.

It does not pay to hasten or to get out of breath when hunting deer, so I climbed very, very slowly upward, keeping in the shelter of the bushy young aspen that fringed the bigger trees at the edge of one of the ascending glades. At each step, as I placed my foot to avoid any crackling twig, I looked all around and listened for any sound of game. The simulation of the color of the early coat of the deer to the dry bunches of grass is so close that in the imperfect light it was well to study closely each outline, else some proud stag might bear his coveted burden of venison out of range at a bound, before my eyes had seen the slender legs and gracefully borne head.

There were plenty of tracks in the mellow earth, some almost obliterated by two or three successive dews, and some apparently as fresh as though the cushioned hoof had just been lifted from them. In spite of all my caution, a crack of twigs and stamp of hoofs off to the right indicated that an alarm had reached eyes or ears or nostrils of some deer, but I sat still and listened to the beating of my heart until apparently it decided that its suspicions did not justify precipitate flight, for thought it went on, it was in a noiseless walk. From tree to tree I edged in that direction. I found the fresh tracks, evidently a buck of good size, and I followed carefully on a slant up the hill. I saw something moving ahead of me, and was ready to shoot, but it came fearlessly down toward me, evidently not seeing its danger. A doe with her two fawns was working down to a safe shelter in the willow tangle along the river. I did not want to turn them back in the direction in which the buck had gone, so I crouched behind a bush to let them pass. Only a pot-hunter fails to respect femininity and infancy in hunting deer. The mother was pushing along with all the ungracefulness of her kind, neck out, ears back. One fawn wanted to stop for refreshments and was pushing in front of her like a calf at milking time. The other spotted pet was intent on play, bounding about in extravagant semicircles. His erratic course brought him directly upon me, and he stopped suddenly with legs braced at wide angles, so close that I felt the breath of his startled snort. His ears were opened wide, and his dewy nostrils quivered as he drew in a scent of whose danger he had yet to learn. His great soft eyes looked full into mine for a moment, and I could almost have reached out and touched him. Then he remembered his mother, who had passed on out of sight, gave a mew-like expostulating bleat, bounded a couple of yards to one side, and gamboled on in pursuit.

The shadow of my hill had by this time crawled down to the opposite slope in the valley, and the sun was shining full through the tops of the trees. A raven cawed and flapped lazily across the valley, high overhead on a tour of investigation. His keen eye had marked the murderous weapon I carried, and he circled above the mountain and lighted in a tall dead spruce to await the outcome of the hunt. The buck on whose track I was following was evidently intent on reaching shelter. He had been in no haste, cropping the herbage as he went along, but the determination with which the tracks forced themselves up the hill meant that he had a mind for the safe protection of the growing green timber forest. I must make haste to head him off, and as it would be fatal to hurry directly behind him, I crossed over into the next glade and then pushed steadily up the mountain toward the summit. Just at the very brow was a continuous grassy bluff over which any animal seeking the upper shelter must pass; and on this I threw myself down. I had no breath, and could not have aimed my rifle to save my life, so I devoted my whole strength and attention for a few moments to regaining some steadiness of respiration. In the valley way below three tiny spots of buff, the deer family I had intercepted, were crossing through the grass to a wide bed of willows that marked the filled-in site of an old beaver dam. Down at camp everything was still, and the absence of smoke told that the sleeper was still dormant. The raven cawed impatiently.

I became suddenly conscious that there was a deer in the trees off to the right and a little below me. How long he had been there I do not know, but I am certain that my eye had rested on the spot and its surroundings a moment before and saw nothing. I slipped down off the grass and into the trees and worked very cautiously in that direction. A shot downhill is so deceptive that hitting is pure luck, and I sought a place on the same level.

A stately buck he was, stopping for a final lunch on the tender shoots of a clump of vetch vines on the edge of the stream. His black nostrils were wet and shone with the high polish of new patent leather. His form was well rounded, his coat was smooth and glossy, and his spreading antlers full grown. In the motions of his eating, every muscle moved and quivered. The sight was so superb that it almost precluded murder, and I sat with rifle half raised and watched for fully a minute. His nostrils caught a breath of hostile odor, and he flung his head high, poised for flight, but not quite sure which way the danger lay. He remembered the alarm downhill and turned to look that way. The white head of the front sight rested against his curving neck, just back of the head, and the white bead rested in turn on the lower rim of the circle of the hind peep-sight. The sight was perfect and the finger crooked against the trigger almost without conscious volition.

A 45-70 bullet in the cervical vertebrae snuffs out all power of motion as though it were the flame of a candle. There was never a struggle, just a sudden collapse, and the beautiful animal lay in limp confusion sprinkling blood upon the verdure where he had just been feeding. The hunter's work was done and what remained was mere butchery. The rough surgery of the hunting knife must let out the blood in a foaming torrent before the heart ceases beating, and with the same flow release the remnant of life which still showed dimly in staring eyes. Then must follow the smeary task of dressing the carcass, which had been a deer and was now venison. The raven flew from his perch and brushed through the trees above. It seemed as though the sound of the shot had summoned all the smaller predatory birds, the magpies and gray-jays, and I could hear their harsh cries approaching through the trees, as they fluttered closer and closer in short flights. Before my gory task was done they were busy, without fear for me, picking the dainty flecks of suet from the entrails, while two or three other ravens had joined the pioneer and were scolding from the tops of the trees because I was so slow in completing my work and leaving them a clear field. I hung the venison in a tree, protecting the exposed meat with boughs, and washed hands and arms in the waters of the rill. Then I struck out for camp. Under the tall grass red-leaved plants hugged the ground. Drops of dew had fallen on some of them, making the homeward path seem through a trail of fresh blood. The sun shone down on the valley hot and ungentle. It seemed as though the whirring grasshoppers unduly extended their flights to escape my presence. A startled grouse, breakfasting in a bear-berry bush, instead of rising to the nearest tree, whirred away clear across to the foot of the mountain, where it flapped deep into a tree as though murder was behind it. As I came up into camp the horses scented the blood and snorted as if I were some strange wild animal and moved uneasily on their picket-ropes.

She had just awakened and was looking with sleepy eyes out into the sunny world.

"Fresh meat," I cried.

"Oh, did you get a deer? I didn't know you were gone until just before I heard you shoot." Her eager interest flamed up in question about the event of the chase, and then, in a reverie—

"One of those pretty, pretty things! How could you do it."—Outing.

Uranium, worth $95 a pound, is used in the glass and porcelain industries. It has been found that uranium carbide is superior to nickel or tungsten in the manufacture of high-grade steel.

A London physician, having made a long and careful scientific investigation of a girl's inability to throw a stone as a boy does, says that it is due to the physical conformation of her shoulder. A boy throws with a free movement of the arm that is not possible with a girl, because her collar-bone is larger and sets lower than the boy's. The girl may excel in sports where this action is not required, but she can never learn to throw like a boy.

A German invention in fire apparatus has been tried with success. It consists of a telescopic ladder, capable of being extended to a length of eighty-five feet, and worked by means of compressed air. The ladder is attached to a heavy truck carrying an air-tank. The ladder can be directed at a particular window or other place in a burning building that it is desirable to reach. A fireman lashed to the end of the ladder is shot up with it, and rescued persons need not clamber down, as the ladder can be quickly lowered with them on it.

An invention has just been completed by Professor C. E. Anthony, of California, by which the immense kelp beds of the ocean are to be utilized in the manufacture of paper. The invention consists in taking the seaweed and forming into a pulp, from which paper of the finest quality can be manufactured, equal even to the finest linen paper, which, though a product of the chemist's laboratory, it greatly resembles. Not only has Professor Anthony succeeded in making a suitable paper-pulp from kelp, but he declares that the pulp can be produced at fifty per cent. of the cost of other pulp.

According to a new theory of heredity advocated by Felix Le Daubec, the phenomena of descent are identical with those of growth. The child is an actual fragment or detached bit of its parents, and grows into their likeness as naturally as any human infant grows into a man instead of a dog or a horse. He deprecates the view of heredity that regards it as a mysterious force, and rejects Weismann's theory of germ-plasm because it "endows the reproductive elements with mysterious power and makes them essentially different from the other tissues of the body." This theory admits of the inheritance of acquired characteristics and explains the modification of heredity by education.

In 1900 the output of coal throughout the world was about 757,000,000 tons. Of this amount 616,000,000 were furnished by three countries, viz.: United States, 240,695,917; Great Britain, 225,181,300; Germany, 149,551,000 (metric tons). Then follows in order Austria-Hungary, France, Belgium, Russia, which produced, taken together, 111,000,000 tons. Canada furnished 4,760,197 tons. The increase since 1883 has been enormous, viz., eighty per cent. Great Britain about 1850 furnished about 50,000,000 tons; about 1870, nearly 182,000,000 tons, and finally, in 1900, about 225,000,000 tons. The question arises, how long the world's supply is to last in the face of such expenditure?

"A Long Dozen."

A long dozen among Cornish fishermen signifies twenty-six.

Two Tramps.

If this were not a true tale it would not be worth the telling.

A freight train was wrecked by a rock-slide on one of the railways running between Chicago and St. Paul. The Superintendent had come up from Lacrosse in a hurry with a wrecking train, a doctor and some stretchers.

On the side of a cut a little way from the engine a man sat with the pallor of death upon his unwashed face. As the surgeon and the Superintendent approached he waved them back. "Don't mind me, Doc.," he said; "I'm done for. I had no business here, anyway," he added after a pause. "But there's one of your men—poor beggar," he said, pointing toward the wreck. "He's got a locomotive on his lap and he ain't making a murmur. Get him out—he's one of your men."

Going down to the wreck they found the fireman with one leg under the engine. They cut the leg off, but the poor fellow failed to rally and died on the way to the hospital.

Having rescued the fireman, the doctor turned to look after the tramp; but he, too, had crossed the dark river. His life had been wasted, but at the door of death he had been almost heroic.

A little way down the line they found another man seated by the roadside, his clothing disarranged and his face stained with blood.

"Have you had trouble?" asked the railroad man.

"I've had a dream," said the man, and he pointed to the wreck where almost every conceivable sort of freight was heaped up in picturesque confusion. "Do you see that pyramid?" asked the man on the bank, and the other two nodded. "You see the few cars of coal at the bottom, and then the ordinary merchandise, and above that there is a car of household goods, then comes the merry-go-round—and there's a man and a monkey and a hand-organ in there somewhere—and, at the top of the heap, a harvester."

"And is this your dream?" asked the railroader.

"Oh, no—I was just going to tell you; I was sleeping peacefully in the top of that harvester when this thing happened. I dreamed that some careless person had started the machine up, forgetting that I was in it. I was dreadfully frightened, but when the wheels stopped I was perched, practically unhurt, on the pinnacle of that pyramid, looking down on the tops of the telegraph poles."

"Have you had breakfast?" the Superintendent asked.

"No," said the man; "just a dream's all I've had."

As the two men moved on toward a farmhouse, the dreamer, taking a nod of the head as it was meant to be taken, followed. After breakfast the railroad man asked the tramp if he was looking for work.

"Do I look it?" asked the tramp, shooting a quick side glance at his questioner.

"We want men. Suppose you be a man and go to work right now."

The tramp put up a hand as a stop signal. "I thank you for the compliment, and I'd like to oblige you, but it is a matter of principle with me. I simply won't work; so if you're a workingman I'll have to say good-by to you. Good-by and good luck."—Cy Warman, in Collier's Weekly.

Lost in a Crater.

Joseph Burkam, a Minnesota lumber dealer, had, if a Western newspaper is to be believed, an experience in an extinct crater in Arizona which nearly cost him his life, and has all but destroyed his health. Mr. Burkam is an enthusiastic explorer. One day he came upon the crater of an extinct volcano, and climbed about it for an hour without mishap. Then he discovered a hole about as large as a barrel, and started to crawl in. Suddenly he slipped and slid a long distance, striking his head against a ledge of lava. When he came to he was in total darkness and absolute silence.

He had nine matches. These he struck one after the other, holding each one until it burned his fingers. He groped along the passage, thinking he must soon see daylight. Suddenly it came on him that he was not finding the entrance as soon as he ought to.

Then fear seized him. He sprang forward like a crazy man up the passage, struck a projection and fell. When he recovered he moved on again, cutting his hands and bruising his head and shoulders against the lava.

Sometimes he lost consciousness for hours. Then finding strength again he struggled on.

Once a luminous spot led him on overjoyed. He struck with awful force against a phosphorescent wall, which had deceived him. By rubbing it he was able to make better progress for the next few rods.

Without warning he pitched headlong into a pit of thick fluid. It was sulphurous and choked him. He struggled out and lay down to rest.

When he looked around again he saw several pairs of gleaming eyes. Shrill squeaks told him that they belonged to rats. The rats made a dash at him, but were kept off, fortunately, by the sulphur, which was too strong for them. Otherwise he might have died a horrible death.

He turned a corner in the passage, followed by the rats. A growl sent them scampering and two larger eyes glistened at him.

Then he saw a streak of daylight, and pushing toward it fell senseless into the open air.

When he recovered his senses and straightened up a wildcat was sitting near him with an army of rats behind her. She was keeping them off, intending evidently to have the prey to herself.

Mr. Burkam and the wildcat stared at each other, the latter apparently wondering whether the man was [illegible] enough to conquer. Summoning all his strength he threw up his hands and rushed at the cat, which fled. Then Mr. Burkam scrambled up the lava bank to the surface of the earth once more.

A Narrow Escape.

Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, although he has seen plenty of sharp fighting and been often under fire, once came nearer to losing his life on board his own ship and when not engaged with the enemy than during any battle in which he ever had part. He tells the story in "A Sailor's Log." A little before the destruction of Cervera's fleet he had gone below to his cabin with Commander Kimball of the torpedo fleet, who had brought despatches. They were sitting at the cabin table studying the situation, when a startled voice exclaimed, "Look out, captain!"

"I threw my head to one side," he writes, "to see what I was to look out for, when there was a tremendous crash, and I was aware that I was hurt and more or less dazed. My first impression was that one of the Spanish gunboats had sneaked up on us and put a shell into my cabin. I had been thinking all the afternoon what a fine chance it would be for them that night. But when I was really conscious I saw that that was not the trouble.

"My cabin was full of men, all staring at me, their eyes fairly sticking out of their heads. They thought I was killed, and I suppose they wanted to see the last of the 'old man.' I was soon aware that one of the doctors was feeling and twisting my right arm, and that my right shoulder was in pretty bad shape. Through it all I was sorry for Kimball, who, I thought, was surely killed, and I was greatly relieved when I heard his voice, which sounded a mile away.

"The accident was soon explained. The men were running in a steel hawser, and it had picked up the steel battle hatch, weighing something over 400 pounds, which was lying on deck ready to be put on the cabin hatch when needed. The line had carried it along until it came directly over the hatch under which I was sitting, when it slipped off, came down edge first, and caught me on the shoulder instead of the head.

"The man who called to me to look out held on to it in his effort to stop it, and came down with it.

"My shoulder was badly mashed and dislocated, but the excellent medical men soon wiped the blood off, reduced the dislocation, bandaged my arm to my side and turned me in.

"If my head had been four inches farther forward I should never have had the pleasure of writing this book."

Harpooning a Drowning Man.

"Talking about curious experiences," said a man who had spent his life along the coast, "I had an experience some years ago and it tried my nerve more than any incident in my whole career. It was a little above the east coast of Florida. There is a section of water there which is as clear as a mountain brook, and at points where the water is eight or ten feet deep the bottom can be seen as plainly as if it were only six inches down. It was one of those white sand bottoms, and this made it even easier to see any object at the bottom of the water. One afternoon I had been cruising around the coast with a party of friends. We had been out fishing and having a good time generally. Several of them were old-timers, regular ducks when it came to the water. A severe wind struck us, and in some way, we never knew exactly, one of our men was hit a violent blow on the head, fell overboard and went to the bottom. He remained on the bottom with his face apparently buried in the sand. We thought he would come up again, and then we would grab him and pull him out. But he remained there, and we began to figure rather hurriedly on what to do. 'Throw the gig into him,' said one of the rougher and older fellows. This made me shudder, but the old man reasoned it out that our friend was a dead man sure if we didn't get him out in some way. If we pulled him to the surface by throwing the gig into his neck he might get off with a light scar. Anyhow, it was a chance. I blazed away, and fortunately just caught the skin in the side of the neck. The prongs of the gig held and I pulled him to the surface. We dragged him out of the water and onto the boat, and in a few hours he was all right. So? Well, I should say so, but really, you can believe it or not, just as you please. It was the only time I ever actually threw the harpoon into a friend, and is the strangest experience of my life along the coast."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Dangerous Buck.

An article on man-killing horses, in Leslie's Monthly, says: There was a famous rat-tail bronco picked up in Sunlight Basin, whose trick was to try to dash his riders against trees, rocks or any handy obstruction. A half-breed bet his spurs against a leg of tobacco he'd ride him to death.

The animal was caught up, thrown and saddled, and the half-breed mounted.

Buck? Not a bit of it. Away he went—right for the cook tent, and without the slightest hesitancy went smash into it. The tent was only a ten-ounce and what would be called rotten.

In a trice all was confusion; tent torn in shreds; hissing of steam from the overturned water on the stove; yelping of the various scalded curs, the followers of the offal pail; yelling of cowboys, each scurrying for his pony, many of which had run away, as had the pack mules from the rope corral near the tent, scared like antelope by the squealing and bucking demon as he plunged about in wild fury, disabling pans, kettles and the like.

As he emerged from the debris he set off up the flat at a high run, and Frank, to our horror, hung left foot fast in the stirrup, while at each jump of that big cayuse he was snapped about like the buck end of a bull whip, now under the beast's forelegs, then at the mercy of his hind legs.

As we cached the body under some stone and earth the dead man's brother remarked, while he wiped something from his cheek with his brawny arm: "Poor boy, he were a'a'e Yash, he no careful, and all for bit a tabacee."

Tiesserene de Bort, the French aeronaut, has secured the lowest temperature mark on record—seventy-two degrees centigrade, or 97.6 degrees Fahrenheit. The reading was registered on a thermometer in a trial balloon sent up recently, which rose to a height of 38,000 feet.

An Austrian material for preventing the rising of dust on sweeping proves to be cottonseed oil. In a test at Vienna it was found that floors oiled twice a year could be swept weekly without any whirling of the dust, and the material was recommended for all rooms receiving many persons, as well as for laboratories, libraries and other places to be kept scrupulously dust free.

By regulating the food of a milch cow M. Spolverini claims to have made its milk a satisfactory substitute for human milk. The first experiments were made on a goat by feeding it with egg or a little meat in addition to the regular food, and later on another goat was fed with sprouting grains of barley. In each case the goat's milk was changed to the chemical composition of human milk.

A unique protective coating for iron exposed to particularly destructive influences has been devised, consisting of Portland cement, red lead and linseed oil. The Portland cement used is too inelastic and therefore liable to crack when applied to expansive structures, such as iron bridges, but when combined with some red lead and linseed oil it makes an elastic coating. Such a coating applied by trowels one-quarter-inch thick, has been in use on a railroad viaduct for about two years, and has been found effective under conditions where the best paints obtainable soon peeled off.

There are some Indians in Mendocino County, California, that may not live "in clover," as we understand the phrase, but it is certain that they live on it. Strange to say, they make it a regular article of food, going out into the fields and pulling up the plant and eating it by handfuls, leaves, stems, flower-heads and all. These same Indians use many plants that white men find no value in, among them seaweeds, fungi, lichens, ferns and conifers. Some of these they use for their medicinal properties, others for the nutritious qualities of their seeds, and still others for their fibres.

An interesting central station heating plant has recently been completed at Dresden, which is interesting chiefly on account of the size of the plant, the system extending three-quarters of a mile. The steam, at a pressure of about thirty pounds, is distributed through two pipes about eight inches in diameter. The best insulation of the pipes is accomplished by two protective layers of tin, the inner being perforated and the outer one covered with silk. A number of important public buildings are heated from the system, including the theatre, the museum, the castle, royal kitchen, custom house, etc.

A Russian admiral made the suggestion a few years ago that a powerfully built ice-breaking boat might force its way to the Pole, but last winter's experience on Lake Baikal seems to show that the suggestion is not practical. Trans-Siberian Railway passengers are carried across the lake by great boats conveying the trains and powerful ice-breakers were built to keep the passage clear in winter. Last January, however, the ice-breakers were wholly ineffectual, and on one occasion a train load of passengers were detained six days on the lake shore, and then had to cross a distance of thirty miles, in open sleighs and on horseback, while the thermometer marked twenty-seven degrees below zero.

WISE WORDS.

To a depraved taste sweet is bitter.—Spanish proverb.

It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world.—Dr. Johnson.

Reflect upon your present blessings—of which every man has many—not upon your past misfortunes—of which all men have some.—Dickens.

A soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties. The divinest views of life penetrate most clearly into the meanest emergencies.—James Martineau.

For every suffering heart there is at hand or can be found some noble task into the energy necessary for the doing of which it can transfuse the energy of its grief and pain.—John White Chadwick.

He who is faithful over a few things is lord over cities. It does not matter whether you preach in Westminster Abbey or teach a ragged class, so you be faithful—the faithfulness is all.—George Macdonald.

One great object of an education is to develop practical power, to add to one's ability to cope with men and things, to become more efficient, and to be better fitted to grapple with the practical problems of life.—Success.

You picture to yourself the beauty of bravery and steadfastness. And then some little wretched, disagreeable duty comes which is your martyrdom, the lamp for your oil, and if you do not do it your oil is spilled.—Phillips Brooks.

We see always what we are looking for, and if our mind has become trained to look for trouble and difficulty and all dark and dreary things, we find just what we seek. On the other hand, it is quite as easy to form the habit of looking always for beauty, for good, for happiness, for gladness, and here, too, we shall find precisely what we seek.—J. R. Miller.

Sensitive Scales.

A gold-weighing machine in the Bank of England is so sensitive that an ordinary postage stamp if dropped on the scale will turn the index on the dial a distance of six inches.

LOOK OUT.

There's a noisy dragon coming, so my dearie, have a care!
The fate of other boys and girls it may be yours to share,
A goggle-eyed fanatic, with a thirst for blood and power,
Is raging down the highway, seeking whom he may devour.
So lose no time, my dearie, for beyond all shade of doubt,
The auto man will get you if you don't watch out!

No tyrant ever sat a throne so witless or so cruel,
Oh, woe to little boys and girls who sniff too close his fuel!
No shame sits on that brazen brow, no law shall say him nay,
His pleasure is the only god that moves him, night or day,
So lose no time, my dearie, and take heed the warning shout:
The auto man will get you if you don't watch out!
—Life.

Teacher—"Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?" Dot—"On the table."—Chicago Tribune.

"Quite polite, isn't he?" "I should say so! He is so polished that he can't tell the plain, unvarnished truth."—Tit-Bits.

Dawson—"Bjenks is a great believer in fate, isn't he?" Lawson—"Yes, he has to blame his incompetency on something."—Somerville Journal.

In life's melee
Mighty tough,
Don't forget
Brains and bluff
—Detroit Free Press.

Miss Hoamley—"Well, at any rate, I'm sure no man will marry me for my fortune." Miss Pert—"Ah! I see. Your face is your fortune, eh?"—Philadelphia Record.

That "talk is cheap"
Is often true,
But not the sort
Our lawyers do.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "Down to the butcher shop," she said. "Have you money to buy a steak?" asked he. "Yes, we've just mortgaged our place," said she.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"How can you tell cut glass from the imitation?" asked Mrs. Gaswell. "You can't always," said Mr. Gaswell, "but when anybody offers you a piece of real cut glass for fifteen cents don't buy it."—Chicago Tribune.

Briggs—"How long has Buddton been speculating in stocks?" Griggs—"Not much more than a year, I fancy. It was only about a month ago that he began to borrow money from his friends."—Detroit Free Press.

Professor (a connoisseur in ancient pottery)—"But, Lisi, that vase was 2000 years old!" Housemaid—"H'm! Anybody that has used a thing so long as that ought to be able to afford a new one!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Smith—"I don't like to make any complaint to a neighbor, Mr. Jones, but your dog kept up a terrible barking all night." "Oh, that's all right; he's used to it—won't hurt him. Kind of you to mention it, however."—Tit-Bits.

Bobbie—"You know them preserves out in th' pantry wot you told me not to eat?" Mother—"Yes." Bobbie—"You know you said they'd make me sick if I et 'em, didn't you?" Mother—"Yes." Bobbie—"Well, they didn't."—Ohio State Journal.

Little Willie—"Say, pa, what is the difference between market value and intrinsic value?" Pa—"The market value, my son, is what you pay for a thing. The intrinsic value is four times what a second-hand dealer offers you for it."—Chicago News.

Jenks—"I should think you humorists would get lots of funny squibs out of this new plan to exterminate the mosquitoes." Hugh Morist—"Not much. It's really serious. If the plan succeeds as it promises to what on earth will we have to joke about in the summer time?"—Philadelphia Record.

Five Intellectual Feet.

According to President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard University, there is no good reason why the normal human being should not have an intellectual training that would meet the requirements not only of our advanced civilization, but be up to the highest standard as fixed by the learned president himself, for recently he said: "A library that will go on a shelf five feet long is enough to give an intellectual training to any human being that ever came into the world."

Just think of it! You can hold the five feet of volumes between your extended palms, and all you have to do is to transmute their contents into memory cells that can, at the will, be put into action for the production of understanding.

Only five feet! I have taken the trouble to put the rule on this and apply a little mathematics. As books in the library average, five feet means thirty-seven volumes; which is not an array calculated to frighten a reader.

Again, an average shows that these thirty-seven books contain 30,000 pages, made up of 15,000,000 words. Not so very much material from which to imbibe intellectual training.—New York Herald.

Jail Rather Than Pay Debts.

Doubtless imprisonment for debt presses very heavily in many cases, as many correspondents who have lately written to us on the subject have pointed out, but there are some persons who prefer any punishment to paying money. What some people will undergo in order to evade payment is shown by an instance recorded in the Gentleman's Magazine for the year 1735. It mentions the death of a Mr. Yardley on September 16 in Fleet Prison, where he had been confined for nearly ten years in execution for a debt of £100. He was possessed of nearly £700 a year and securities and other effects to the value of £5000 were found in his room after his death. In those days, too, imprisonment meant much greater hardship than it does at the present time.—London Chronicle.