THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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The fact that wealth doesn't always bring happiness doesn't make us any more satisfied with poverty.

The electric car and the rush for seats has brought in strange manners such as once were associated only with the demoralization caused by fire or shipwreck, asserts the Christian Register.

The Belgian Government has just issued a statistical report showing that the population of Belgium is the densest in Europe, there being 605 persons to every square mile, as against 410 in Holland and 349 in England. There are still over twelve per cent. of Belgian soldiers who can neither read nor write.

National airs are seldom made to order. The committee of the Society of the Cincinnati may select a tune of merit from those submitted and award its medal. It is another thing to get the people to substitute the tune thus approved for the glorious melody which they know as "America," exclaims the Philadelphia Press.

The business of making collars and cuffs, according to the showing of the census returns, appears to be a New York State monopoly. Out of fifty-seven establishments in the United States fifty-four are in New York, turning out a yearly product valued at $15,534,461. The output of the three factories in other States is only $57,138 per year.

The immigrants arriving now have a low rate of illiteracy. Last year sixty-two per cent. of the adult Syrians who landed at the port of New York could neither read nor write. The rate of illiteracy among southern Italians was fifty-five per cent. and among the Greek immigrants twenty-one per cent. Among the Polish immigrants it was [illegible] one.

The Hampton News remarks that every farm is a factory in which nature is the boss. The soil and seed are the materials and the farmer is the workman. These workmen should be as skilled in their trade as is the machinist, the printer or the steelmaker. It is come to pass that farming must be done in the most scientific manner in order to insure success.

The Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the country have received so many gifts in money during the past fiscal year that 100 new buildings are to be erected by them during the coming twelvemonth. At thirty-three railroad stations buildings are to be erected for the associations costing $462,000. In Philadelphia two buildings will be erected and one in New York City, the aggregate cost of the three amounting to $1,500,000.

From Chicago comes the news that woman has conquered still another field, over which man formerly reigned supreme. She is now employed in the stockyards in Chicago, the last place in the world that one would expect to find her. To be sure, she does not actually slaughter the animals, but even that may come in time. In the packing and canning factories some thousands more will find positions. The work is light, is technically called "kitchen work," and consists in the cutting of dried beef, packing of cans, stuffing of sausages, etc.

The returns of official experiments on living animals shows that during 1901 257 licensees performed 11,615 experiments. In Ireland ten licensees performed 237 experiments. The report consists of fifty-four folio pages, gives a great variety of fruitless detail regarding the licensees, and is, to quote the British Medical Journal, "a monumental record of how the state may hamper science, and how jealously the grandmother of parliaments protects the liberty of guinea pigs to the detriment of the overabundant taxpayer."

It is impossible for young people to marry in Germany without the consent of their parents or legal guardians. Certain prescribed forms must be gone through, or the marriage is null and void. When a girl has arrived at what is considered a marriageable age her parents make a point of inviting young men to the house, and usually two or three are invited at the same time, so that the attention may not seem too pointed. No young man, however, is invited to the house until after he has called at least once, and thus signified his wish to have social intercourse with the family.

"What's in a name?" Well, there seems to have been at least Twelve Thousand Dollars in this name. According to a dispatch from Springfield, Mo., Vassar College is to receive $12,000 under the will of Louise Frisbie, because Lumas W. Holmes, of Springfield, to whom the money was left on condition that he change his name to Frisbie, refuses to change. The will was filed a year ago, and the singular condition was given some notice in the newspapers at the time. Holmes had a year in which to make up his mind whether he preferred his ancestral name or the $12,000. He has now decided for the name, and Vassar will get the money.

TWO DAYS.

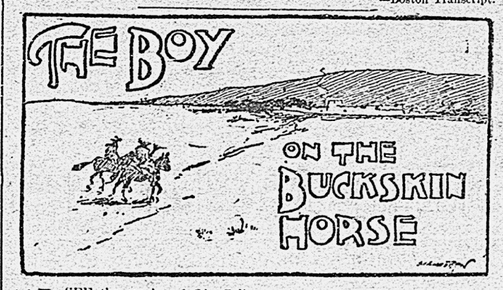
A long and weary day,
The holiday of doubt,
Glad was I when it went its way,
And when the stars shone out;
For never from its frowning skies
Came peace or rest in any guise.

What freedom for my soul,
What uplift for my prayer,
What larger views, what shining goal
On moorlands, waste and bare?
What wonder that I breathed at last
Thanksgiving when the hour was past,

A brief but sunny day,
The day of song and toil,
Was it some angel came my way,
And touched with holy oil
My eyes that could no more look out
Upon the barren wastes of doubt?

The threads run to and fro,
The wheel of labor turns,
But in their throbbing mist aglow
A light effulgent burns,
Faith trims the lamp and bids me view
Horizons that I never knew.

—Boston Transcript.



"I SEE the smoke of Ojo Caliente, Jim," said the sheriff, lifting his jagged pony with a swing of his bridle, "the line is only five miles off now. See yonder, those bare mesquites on that mesa? That's Mexico."

Jim looked down at the hoof-prints, and, striking his jaded broncho with the spurs, said: "If he don't get a fresh horse at Ojo Caliente, cap, we'll catch him in less'n two hours. He's down to a fox trot now."

"There isn't a horse in Caliente, Jim. I think he'll stop there. How many shots have you got, Jim?"

"Seven, cap."

"And four for me That ought to fetch him." And they floundered over the hot dun hill and down into the squat, red village of adobes.

But with all his hard riding Captain Early's heart wasn't exactly "in" this man hunt. He knew Ed Tilbury—had sat in with him at Silver City, Santa Fe and El Paso, served in the same posse with him the time Captain Crews and his rangers crossed the Rio after the rustlers, but murder was murder, and it was "up to" Early to bring Tilbury in. Six aces in one deck was regarded as stealing, even in Las Cruces, and when Ed unloaded his forty-five into Biff Hickey, popular opinion sided here's the money." And the young fellow showed a wad of bills in his hand. Jim grinned a minute without taking his eyes off the vanishing murderer, who was blundering out across the sand toward the South, but the sheriff swore as he roared: "Fetch out your horse, quick. You've sold it to an outlaw. I'm Sheriff Early and I've got a warrant for that fellow. Quick, the horse!"

But the stranger, who looked like a boy, though his face was brown with tan and freckles, ran round into the sheep corral and in another moment, mounted on a bold-going buckskin horse, his Winchester ready in its scabbard, came charging after the fugitive.

"He's for getting the reward himself," shouted Jim.

"Wait! Wait!" bellowed Early.

But the fast-riding youngster, unsheathing his rifle, looked back with a grin and cried: "I'll get him, cap! I'll get him!"

"Purty game for a kid," said Jim. But Sheriff Early was furious.

"I'm an ass for telling him. He'll kill Ed or get himself killed!"

As they struggled over the bowlder-strewn trail and slipped haunchwise down into the valley far off on the opposite hill, they could see Tilbury, still looking back, his rifle ready, and be-

"NOW'S HIS CHANCE FOR A SHOT."

tween him and the Rio Grande only a mile of knee-deep sand. Then the staring sands of the dried river bed and liberty! But between them and the outlaw rode the boy on the buckskin horse. Each stroke of the nimble hoofs sent a fountain of dust into the air, each stride brought him nearer to Tilbury and the back-pointed Winchester.

"Now's his chance for a shot," said Jim, watching the murderer floundering up onto the crest of the final hill. "He couldn't miss him now!"

"He's just loading his gun," cried Early. "See him? He's out of the dust. Hear it!"

And they saw the white puff of smoke, and then, echoing sharp and quick, from wall to wall of the slate-fronted mesas, the crack of the volunteer's weapon.

"Got him, by Jove!" laughed Jim. "I seen his cayuse drop, cap!"

As they saw the fugitive's pony drop and Tilbury scramble to his feet the sheriff and Jim abandoned their own exhausted beasts, and, seizing their weapons, rushed up the steep hill for the capture. But the youth on the horse went gamely forward, faster and faster, till he, too, topped the ridge and disappeared in the wake of the dismounted outlaw.

"It'd be murder to kill him now," panted Early.

"It's him or the kid, I guess," answered Jim, and, with dust-smeared faces and bodies muddy with sand and sweat, they gained the outlaw.

Far down below them, just breasting the shallow pool of the dwindled summer river, they saw the buckskin horse bearing two riders toward the Mexican shore.

"We're done, ain't we, cap?"

"Done? We're skinned, stuffed and basted by a blamed kid! That's what we are."

Jim stooped over the dead Canadian—Tilbury's worthless hostage to the law—and said:

"Wonder why the kid killed it, cap?"

"Just a bluff, Jim. Cunnin' of him, wasn't it?"

And the sheriff sat down on the corpse and rolled a cigarette, watching with Tilbury and most of the boys disappeared to avoid posse duty. But it was different with Captain Early and his two deputies. Two hours after Tilbury hit the trail for the border they were hot after him with fifteen rounds apiece, good mounts, and no idea beyond the inevitable necessity of bringing back the "murderer" dead or alive.

But Tilbury had one of those Canadian River horses, as fast as a coyote in the sand and a demon for rough going. Ed rode him in the spring from Wichita to Oklahoma City, and "galloped him clean across the panhandle," then to the Pecos Valley and across the range hills to Las Cruces. So the fugitive's horse was seasoned. But Early and his men changed ponies at Poultney's ranch, roping out their own stock because the outfit was away on the drive, and ran Tilbury to cover before dark in a dug-out by the iron spring. They got the worst of this, however, for the rascal winged Jim's horse and cut a streak across Early's that sent the beast as lame as a barnyard duck. As for Thoroughman's pony, it died at the first shot, and the deputy walked back to Poultney's as mad as a rattlesnake.

But Early and Jim clung to the trail, and now, as they rode into Ojo Caliente, a cluster of weather-beaten hovels of mud, they saw Ed Tilbury at the far end of the single street, standing by a stranger, and in the shadows beside him, almost tottering against the wall, the staggering, dust-covered, exhausted horse that had carried him sixty miles toward freedom. But he saw them and was up in a second, his rifle swinging down at them as he rose in his stirrups and the game horse plunging forward as with final desperation.

"He must have ammunition to burn," grunted Jim as a bullet whizzed through his pony's mane, but Early had fired twice and missed before they came alongside the startled stranger.

"Have you got a horse?" the sheriff was yelling. The stranger looked up and said, quite slowly: "Yes, sir. That is, I did have one, but I sold it to the—to the man you are shooting at. See,

Tilbury and his pal disappear into the chaparral which lined the haze-dimmed shore of the "land of manana." They didn't say much as they walked back weary and defeated, to Ojo Caliente, but when they came to the red, warped railroad station and talked to the squint-eyed agent he told them that the stranger, the curly-haired, brown-checked boy, had come to town but an hour or two ago.

"He didn't seem to know nobody," explained the agent, "and the on'y thing I know is I hearn him hoss-tradin' with that there chap you was chasin', just a few minutes 'fore you all rid up and begun shootin'."

Sheriff Early and his deputy loafed about the station till half an hour before the east-bound local came along, and then the agent handed him a small yellow envelope, with:

"Either o' you men 'Captain Early'?"

And the sheriff read:

"Tilbury's wife on buckskin horse short cut to Caliente. Men's clothes. Frank Hickey."

"From Biff's brother," said Early, handing the dispatch to Jim.

"She's a brick!" grinned the deputy.

—John H. Raftery, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

The effort to get rid of coal tar has developed an industry which employs more scientific men in its development than any other business.

Pure barium, as lately obtained by M. Guntz in the electrical furnace, is silver-white when freshly cut, almost as soft as lead, fuses at a low, red heat and volatilizes rapidly at a bright red. It oxidizes rapidly in the air, often taking fire.

The high-frequency electric currents of D'Arsonval are applied by two German dentists instead of ordinary anaesthetics. Application of the current to the part is made through a moulding, which is covered inside with metallic powder and a layer of tinfoil, with an additional layer of asbestos to absorb heat. Out of fifteen cases of extraction of teeth with one root, thirteen operations were completely painless. The patient remains in a waking condition and the usual risks and annoyances are avoided.

Pure blue light is the new consumption cure with which G. Kaiser is experimenting, in Germany. The rays from an arc lamp concentrated through a lens containing methylene blue destroyed tubercle bacilli in about thirty minutes, and, as the printing of a photographic positive proved the passage of the rays through the human body, it was shown to be possible to reach the bacilli in the lungs, and to kill them all with blue light. In two advanced cases of the disease great improvement resulted in six days.

The greater part of the world's supply of rubber comes from the jungles of the Amazon. The growing demand for the product has led natives to explore regions which have hitherto never been trodden by man. These explorations have resulted in the discovery of new areas of rubber lands. Consequently the world's supply of rubber annually exported is increasing. The shipments from Iquitos during 1900 amounted to 920 tons; in 1901 the quantity sent abroad increased to 1391 tons, and this year a still larger gain is expected.

The twelve-inch forty-calibre coast defense gun, exhibited by the Krupp works at the Dusseldorf exhibition, is said to be capable of penetrating the thickest and most modern type of armor forming the protection of ironclads at any distance at which the latter would attempt to destroy coast defense works. The gun is made of special crucible steel, is forty feet long and weighs, with its mounting 280 tons. It shoots a projectile weighing 980 pounds with a charge of smokeless powder of 291 pounds at a muzzle velocity of 2690 feet. Its range at twenty-two degrees elevation is twelve and a half miles. The projectile will penetrate nearly six feet (55.11 inches) of wrought iron plate near the muzzle, and twenty inches of the best Krupp steel plate.

The Voice of the Desert.

And as the golden crowns fade from the summits of the mystic mountains, says Verner Z. Reed in the Atlantic, and the shadows stretch in longer lines of beauty over the face of the perfect earth, the desert gives voice and answers:

"I am the desert, the eternal desert, also beloved of the sun. I have been since the beginning of God's earth, and I shall be until the end of His earth shall come. The sun that kisses me, and impregnates me with warmth and heat, has taught me that in some form and in some place I shall always be, and so I am content, and all is well with me. I stand for quiet and for peace, and I am the visible emblem of quietness and of peace in the world. My limits, that lie beyond the scope of vision, are to teach men of the boundless extent of right and truth; my peace is to teach them that all is good, and that to all will come peace. I that am finite stand as a visible emblem of infinity. I that am mortal am an irrefutable proof of immortality. And because I am great and silent and mysterious, I speak unerringly to the depth and greatness and silence and mystery of the souls of humans, that, like me, were made by nature and by nature's God."

A Boer War Memento.

Joseph Chamberlain is to be presented with a unique memento of recent South African history. It takes the form of a clock mounted on a stand, and has been made by Mr. Gerrans, of Mafeking. The materials are the base of a Long Tom shell, the nose of one of the seven-pounder shells taken by the Boers from Dr. Jameson, used against the British at Mafeking, the casing of a Boer schrapnel shell and Mauser cartridges.

He Punched the Bear.

THE overland train we caught at Florence, says "The World's Work," was filled with vacation seekers picked up all the way from Boston to Denver, most of them on their way to California, though one hunter of big game with whom we talked had come up from New Orleans to go into the Idaho Mountains from Missoula, ambitious to kill a grizzly. A whole party were exultingly going back to their last year's camp.

"Finest spot in the world," said one—which was not quite true, because that spot we found later many miles from Mecker, whither he was headed. He went on:

"No mosquitoes; air's too thin for 'em! Plenty of elbow room! There's a million camps in these mountains, near the railroad; ladies, kids an', all that. Nice enough; they have a bully time. But we like room! Trout! An' deer! An'—say, 'Billy,' tell 'em about the bear."

"Billy" wouldn't. He blushed. Amid the unchecked laughter that rang through the smoking room, he could not save his face. We were mounting the Continental Divide to the Tennessee Pass. Outside the Arkansas boiled over its jagged bed, and all the wonders of red and orange and purple cliffs made a foreground for vistas, dissolving as we rounded curves, of mountain behind mountain sloping gently skyward or soaring in sheer perpendicular lines to the clouds. East to the Atlantic the Arkansas hurried; beyond the watershed ten thousand feet high, toward which we climbed, we should burst from the long tunnel to run beside the Eagle and the Grand, whose waters reach the Pacific.

"'Billy' found an Indian's trail—didn't you 'Billy'?" good naturedly jeered the one they called "Perk."

"You see, he thought it was an Indian's, a barefooted Indian's," said he expansively to the room in general, "but it was a bear's"—he said it "bearr's," being a native of Wisconsin. "'Billy' was death on bears. He used to tell us how his uncle killed a grizzly out Oregon way with a lead pencil—eh, 'Billy'? So 'Billy' took a Winchester an' went bear hunting. 'Fore he got us to help he chased his invisible, but trembling, quarry—let me see—six weeks, I think, it was."

"Three days," said "Billy."

"At last," went on the story, "we went out together and beat up a neck of woods where 'Billy' said the bear had its nest; he said it was a grizzly with fourteen rattles. 'Billy' himself sat waiting at the upper end. And we did start the beast. We caught a glimpse of him now and then—like a black pig scuttering through the brush.

"He shot out of the bushes into 'Billy's' open like a waddling skyrocket, and, not seeing 'Billy,' he sat up to look back. But 'Billy'! His eyes bulged out like marbles. I tell you, gentlemen, his hair rose so fast his hat went up like a clay pigeon from a trap. He dropped his gun, and in two strides he waded into that bear dead bent for Kaiser. Excited? He kicked, he punched; he kicked again. His uncle, with the lead pencil and the grizzly, was nothing to 'Billy,' bare handed, mauling that scared, black, half-grown cub. It wasn't ten seconds before the bear found the mill too hot—he was no prize fighter—and while 'Billy' chased him into the woods, 'rocking' him with everything he could reach, we rolled on the ground and laughed. When we came up to 'Billy' he was sitting on the grass with his legs stuck out in front, looking at the rifle—he had picked it up. And crying!"

"Most of that's a lie," said "Billy," "but I guess I did forget the gun," and, brightening a little, "I landed him a couple of good ones, though." And we all joined the mighty laugh that went up.

Two Heroes.

A story of a dog's loyalty and a boy's love that makes life seem richer, finer and infinitely more worth while was recently told in the New York Commercial Advertiser.

A small boy, very ragged and far from clean, was meandering along 103th street, near Eighth avenue, the other evening, whistling through his fingers from time to time to a dingy little cur that nosed about the doorways for some dainty droppings from the morning's garbage can. The boy carried a huge parcel of old clothing, and did not look as if the picking of a bone or two on his own account would go amiss.

Every now and then the dog would trot back to his small master long enough to sniff his bare legs reassuringly in acknowledgment of the periodical whistling.

Presently a great mastiff, wild with the thought of an hour's freedom, bounded down the steps of an apartment house and came into violent collision with small boy and bundle, knocking one flat and rolling the other into the gutter.

Quick as a flash the hungry little cur was at the great dog's throat. He was hardly half the size of the mastiff's head, but for ten seconds he did battle not unworthy his big enemy, putting all the love and loyalty of his homeless little heart into this attack upon the giant that had assailed his master. Instantly, however, the boy was on his feet, calling him off, and the mastiff walked soberly on. Evidently he had understood the matter perfectly, appreciated the cause of the little contretemps, and let it pass after the manner of his magnanimous kind.

"Good doggie!" said the boy, releasing one grimy hand from the bundle long enough to pat the head of the breathless little dog, who greeted this acknowledgment of his services with ecstatic waggings of his sandy stump.

But there was a sequel. It chanced that this particular cur had some time since been bereft of one eye; and now, as he crossed the avenue, the oncoming car was at its blind side, and the "L" overhead wiped out all surface sounds. Boy and bundle were half the width of the street behind him when a swerve of the motor-man's hand gave the car a headlong plunge. The fender was hardly half a foot from the unconscious dog when his master, quick as a flash, dropping his load, with one spring seized the dog round his lank body and bounded on the fender, clinging like a crab to the sagging steel bands. Then, as the car slowed up with a screech and a growl from the brakes, master and dog descended and raced back for the bundle again.

Neither seemed to regard the incident as anything unusual; it was all in the day's work of outwitting a fate that kept both at their wits' end to stand off starvation and other shapes of death.

Treed by a Buck.

Olen Bowles, of Costello, Pa., will never stop again to be Good Samaritan to a deer in trouble.

He works for the big tannery company there. He was in the woods one day last week looking over a bark contract.

Passing along an old woods road he saw a fawn lying in a clump of bushes. As the fawn did not move he walked up to it and found that it was bleeding from an injury in its shoulder.

With the intention of taking the wounded fawn home with him and doctoring it, Bowles was stooping to lift it up in his arms when the frightened little animal began bleating piteously. It had scarcely uttered its first cry when Bowles heard a commotion in the brush, and looking up saw two deer, a big buck and a doe, bounding toward him.

The buck had on a fierce front, the bristle on his neck standing erect and his eyes blazing with fury. Bowles hastily climbed a tree. He got out of range of the buck just in time to escape a savage lunge from his horns.

They took the fawn away into the wood. The buck, however, stayed right at the foot of the tree and pranced and snorted around it at every move Bowles made, keeping him there until long after dark.

When he thought the buck had gone away Bowles slipped down out of the tree and started to put behind him the three miles that lay between that spot and home as quickly as his legs would le thim. He hadn't gone fifty yards, though, before the buck was after him. Dodging from tree to tree Bowles made his way along until a man answered his cries for help. Then the buck abandoned the chase.

The settler who went to Bowles' rescue said the buck was a terror of that neighborhood and known to the hunters as Old Golden.—Sun.

Struggle With a Muskallonge.

Charley Dunlap one day had a strike from a twenty-pound muskallonge. He had a hand line. Early in the struggle the fish adopted as its tactics a persistent dashing in a circle that took it around the boat, its purpose evidently being to get a hitch of the line on the boat so that it might tear itself loose.

The peculiar tactics of this muskallonge kept Dunlap twisting and turning round and round in his boat to prevent the fish from fouling the line. The lake was rough under a stiff wind, and the frail canoe threatened to capsize before Dunlap could conquer the muskallonge.

At each circuit the muskallonge made, Dunlap succeeded in getting the fish nearer, and then he suddenly discovered that he was unable to make another turn himself. Glancing down at his feet he discovered that in his rapid twistings and turnings he had wound the line round and round his ankles and he was pinioned by it there. This was an added danger, for if by some unlucky move the boat should capsize his fate was certain.

If the muskallonge had made one more turn around the boat it would probably have accomplished its design and got away. Fortunately for Dunlap, the fish at that critical moment changed its tactics, and started straight out toward the middle of the lake. Dunlap let it go, and, sitting down in the boat, quickly released the hampering line from his legs, and engaged the muskallonge again.

The rest of the fight was brief, for the odds against the fish were too great, and, exhausted, but still offering its dead weight in opposition to the angler, it was hauled up to the gaff and landed.—New York Sun.

A Strange Experience.

An elephant hunt on the Muar River is described in the Straits Times, of Singapore. The beast turned hunter, and the man, fleeing, caught his foot in a rattan creeper and fell. He discharged his rifle, however, and that fortunately frightened the animal away. The Times continues: "It is not every man who has the good luck when pursued by an elephant to be crossing a swamp, so that when the animal has carefully kneaded his prostrate foe, and passed along thinking him completely pulverized, the said man should come up smiling behind the elephant, none the worse for his massage treatment. This actually happened to a well known man in the Straits Settlement."

Swordfish Pierced the Boat.

The fishing schooner Forest Maid, Captain Shanett, arrived at Boston the other day from George's with forty-one big swordfish. A. Scott, one of the crew, had a thrilling experience with a fish which weighed 300 pounds. It was speared from the bowsprit and Scott was sent off in a dory to bring it alongside the vessel. Although mortally wounded, the fish showed fight, and as Scott approached plunged its sword through the bottom of the boat. The dory had to be hoisted to the deck in order to release the fish, which in the meantime had died.

A Hint to the Average Man.

If the average man who is unlucky in love spent half as much energy in hunting up some other desirable girl as he does in chasing the girl who is unkind to him, he would soon be a good deal happier.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

When a woman gives a man a frozen look he feels that he doesn't cut much ice.

Half-Hour with the Children

In Bat Land.

A good little bat, when the day is nigh,
Flies home to his snug little bed;
As soon as the sun is up in the sky
No bat should be seen overhead.

They sleep all day, tucked out of the way,
And what seems the strangest of all,
Their heads hang down where their tails ought to be,
And they cling by their toes to the wall.

When the sun has set and the birds are at rest,
And the moon and the stars are on high,
Then each little bat pops out of his nest
And goes for a sail through the sky.

How topsy-turvy their life must be!
They breakfast at 8 p. m.;
And just at dawn they are ready for tea—
But it doesnt seem queer to them.

—Washington Star.

Talking Stones.

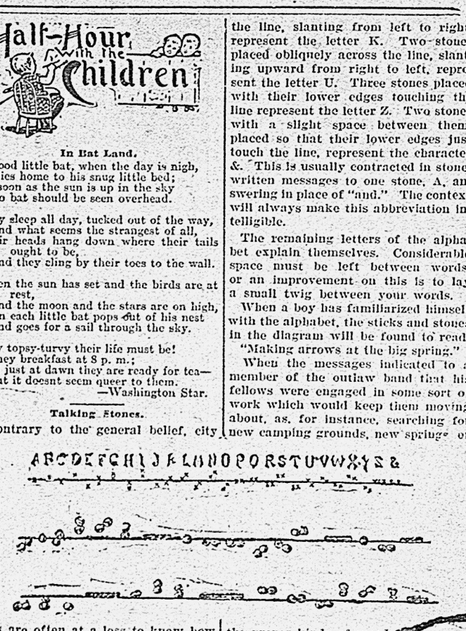
Contrary to the general belief, city boys are often at a loss to know how to amuse themselves in the country. They do not understand how to make the most of the opportunities at hand. Here are some hints of use to such lads:

There is a particular class of amusements to which boys are much given, which are but little understood by the older people. These are the amusements which have to do with imagining oneself something quite different from what one really is.

It is usually a very reckless, bloodthirsty individual whom boys choose to represent. Perhaps they form themselves into a band of outlaws, possibly the famous crew under the lead of Robin Hood; it may chance that they will turn pirates, and the leading spirits will be known as Kidd or Morgan; or else the boys suddenly become Indians, with a chief named Sitting Bull or Rain-in-the-Face.

In whatever game of this sort the boys may adopt a great deal must be imagined. It was largely to escape ridicule, which every boy dreads, but partly, also, because they liked the idea of writing in such a fashion that it could not be read except by their own fellows, that a crowd of boys in the upper part of New York State were led to evolve a form of cipher by means of which they could leave messages intelligible only to a few chosen spirits.

Unless one was in the secret, these messages looked like nothing except a few sticks and stones scattered by the roadside; but to those who had worked out the stick and stone alphabet, the letters were perfectly intelligible.



In playing at being Robin Hood and his band, which was the chief amusement of these boys, this means of writing was of great assistance in gathering the band, and of making known to late comers the commands of their leader.

At certain rendezvous details of the plan for the day would be left, and in this way different members of the band could at any time learn where their fellows were to be found and in what they were engaged, making arrows, searching for seasoned hickory out of which to fashion new bows, or, possibly, holding a tournament to prove the efficiency of the band in the use of their weapons.

The method of leaving messages by means of sticks and stones is quite simple. One afternoon of practice should perfect any boy in its use.

The alphabet is given in the diagram accompanying this article. The black line can be drawn in dirt or scratched on a boulder. Each of the crosses about this line represents a stone.

One stone placed across the line, as shown in the diagram (see the first cross at the left of the line), represents the letter A. A stone placed so that its lower edge just touches the line represents the letter B.

A stone placed so that its upper edge just touches the line represents the letter C. A stone placed just above the line, not touching it, represents the letter D. A stone placed just below the line, not touching it, represents the letter E.

Two stones placed vertically across the line represents the letter F. Two stones placed horizontally across the line represent the letter P.

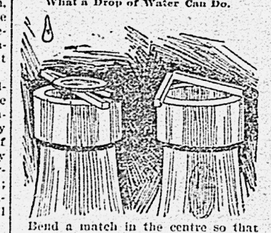
Two stones placed obliquely across the line, slanting from left to right, represent the letter K. Two stones placed obliquely across the line, slanting upward from right to left, represent the letter U. Three stones placed with their lower edges touching the line represent the letter Z. Two stones with a slight space between them, placed so that their lower edges just touch the line, represent the character &. This is usually contracted in stone-written messages to one stone. A, answering in place of "and." The context will always make this abbreviation intelligible.

The remaining letters of the alphabet explain themselves. Considerable space must be left between words, or an improvement on this is to lay a small twig between your words.

When a boy has familiarized himself with the alphabet, the sticks and stones in the diagram will be found to read: "Making arrows at the big spring."

When the messages indicated to a member of the outlaw band that his fellows were engaged in some sort of work which would keep them moving about, as, for instance, searching for new camping grounds, new springs or the proper kinds of wood from which to make bows and arrows, he would find his companions through his knowledge of the woods where they were most likely to find what they wanted, and by tracking them.—New York Sun.

What a Drop of Water Can Do.



Bend a match in the centre so that it forms an acute angle, and place it over the neck of a large bottle; on top of the match place a piece of money, a cent, for instance, as shown in figure. The trick is to put the money into the bottle without touching the match or bottle.

Dip your finger in water, holding it over the place where the match is bent, and allow one or two drops to fall on that point. The two sides of the angle will open slowly, allowing the money to drop into the bottle.—New York Press.

A Cat and Mouse Game.

The players stand hand and hand in a circle, the mouse being inside and the cat outside. They dance around, raising their arms and lowering them alternately, which gives the cat a chance to jump in at one side, while the mouse jumps out at the other. The cat is now a prisoner and goes round "mianling," but as the dance continues she soon gets out and chases the mouse, who darts in to save herself. If she gets in by herself, the cat pays a forfeit, but if puss gets in also it is the mouse who has to suffer for it.

WASHINGTON PUZZLE PICTURE

Washington is signing the capitulation of Fort Necessity. Find the Indian Half-King and Queen Aliquippa.

Old Age and Appetite.

Sir Henry Thompson deprecates increased eating as a means of keeping up the strength of those who are advancing in years, and particularly objects to the repeated and general use of concentrated forms of animal nourishment for the aged. Over-nourishment in old age is apt to lead to pains and aches due to the impairment of excretion, and a long protracted course of overfeeding will end in an attack of gout. Even artificial teeth are not to be considered an unalixed blessing, for by a provision of nature the teeth begin to decay and become useless just when the system begins to thrive without much animal food of coarse fibre. Indigestion, says Sir Henry Thompson, is mostly not a disease, but an admonition. "It is the language of the stomach, and is mostly an unknown tongue to those who are addressed." It means that the individual has not yet found his appropriate diet. "There is no food whatever which is wholesome in itself, that food only is wholesome which is so to the individual."—Baltimore Sun.

Disposing of Sewage.

Plants for the destruction of sewage by cremation are now operated in ninety-seven cities of the United States.