# The Queenstown News.

JOHN M. AKER, Editor. "INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL." Price Two Cents.

VOL. XV. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1897. NO. 18


Scandinavian sailors are said to predominate on vessels of nearly all nationalities.

It is said that the Japanese are invading the Indian market with manufactured articles fraudulently labelled "U. S. A."

The timber wealth of the United States gives a yearly product of over $1,000,000,000 or more than twice the value of the output of the mines.

The Philadelphia Press says that "West Philadelphia water has now acquired that degree of consistency where it can be eaten with a dessert spoon."

Long before his death, which occurred in 1778, Voltaire predicted that the Bible would be unknown in a hundred years. Last year one society in London printed over 4,000,000 Bibles, or about 13,000 for every working day.

In Austria the man who loses both his hands in an accident can claim the whole of his life insurance money, on the ground that he has lost the means of maintaining himself. Loss of the right hand reduces the claim from seventy to eighty per cent. of the total.

The East is coming to an understanding of the fact that there is a New South with a vengeance, notes the New Orleans Picayune. Five years ago there were two direct steamship lines from Southern ports to Europe. Now there are eleven cities, each of which has one or more lines across the Atlantic.

A British army surgeon is authority for the statement that the cause of death is clearly shown in the expression of the face of a corpse on the field of battle. He states that those who had been killed by sword thrust have a look of repose, while those killed by bullets usually have pain of an intense nature clearly depicted.

The glue on envelopes is often made of boiling scraps collected around slaughter houses. It [illegible] the New Orleans Picayune, [illegible] Musgrave died of blood poisoning when she licked an envelope in sealing it and got the glue in a sore on her tongue. And yet people will go on licking their envelopes.

The collection of postage stamps has risen to the dignity of needing an international exhibition, such a philatelic festivity having been arranged for next July in London. As John Fiske, the American historian, pointed out in one of his lectures, it will be a remarkable demonstration of world-wide power of Great Britain, for the exhibition will consist very largely of portraits of Queen Victoria.

True manna has been found on a blue grass in Queensland. It appears on the nodes of the stems in masses as large as marbles. It is sweet, and nearly three parts of it consist of mannite, which, though sweet, is not a sugar. It also contains a ferment which has the power to decompose cane sugar without evolving carbonic acid or any kind of gas. The grass is not only indigenous in Australia, but it is found also in tropical Asia and Africa.

A new development of the gift system is thus described by a London journal: A disappointed piano salesman, grumbling at those who understold him, recently expressed his opinion that pianos would very soon be "given away with a pound of tea." The prophecy has speedily been fulfilled from Birmingham. An enterprising tea dealer in that city has, we learn, conceived the idea to give away ten $200-pianos of local manufacture to the ten persons who, within a stated period, can show the greatest number of his teabags, each two ounces counting as one point.

It is expected that 1000 Waldenses from the Alpine valleys will arrive in Tennessee this year to join the colony of 350 that established itself near Morganton in 1893. The first colony that came to this country settled in Burke county, North Carolina, in 1893. Under the leadership of Dr. Teofilo and the Rev. C. A. Tron, the colony purchased several thousand acres of land and obtained a period of years in which to pay for it. [illegible] they have succeeded far [illegible] their expectations, and have [illegible] for 10,000 acres just across [illegible] which will be filled by [illegible]. They have also se[illegible] options on many thousands of [illegible] contiguous mountain lands [illegible] be purchased in case the [illegible] warrants it. Valdese is [illegible] town of the Waldenses [illegible] Tennessee mountains, and is [illegible] from Morganton.

### COURAGE.

How strange this conflict of our daily life,
This human life, with all its loves and pains;
With all its heavy losses and its gains,
With all its joys, and all its grief and strife.

A nation struggles thro' mistake and sin,
Brave lives are lost and fiercer grows the fight,
Thro' dark, sad years men grope toward the light,
And thro' the clouds they see the dawn begin.

Rise up, my soul, to fight thine own good part,
For everywhere is victory born of pain.
Rise o'er the ashes of thy passions slain,
Be strong to bear and to endure, O heart!

—C. E. Bancroft, in Youth's Companion.

## MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

TROPICAL night on the Pacific! The sky is studded with stars, which are mirrored in the vast deep beneath. There is just enough air to keep the Dolphin moving at a quiet rate, and the passengers are gathered on deck to enjoy the matchless evening.

A short distance away stand two lovers—Edmund Prescott and Florence Harris—looking out upon the ocean and meditating and conversing upon the scene.

"How different this sky from our northern firmament!" remarked the latter, after a pause. "I can hardly recognize my favorite constellation. The Southern Cross is beautiful, but then I miss the others. Ursa Major has entirely disappeared, and as for the Minor Bear scarce a star of him is visible."

At this observation, which was intended for no particular ears, Adolphus Fitzgibbon aroused himself.

"Aw—what's that, Miss Harris? Aw! have you seen bears at sea?"

"Yes, and monkeys, too," was the quick but good-natured reply.

All of us laughed, while Fitzgibbon looked very silly, then grinned hugely, then seemed to meditate some scathing witticism, then concluded he would not, and stretched out upon his side with his back toward the lovers, and pretended to, or really did, fall asleep within the next fifteen minutes.

I was reclining on the deck, about a dozen feet from where the lovers stood—not with any intention of listening to their words, but simply because I had chosen my position first, and was too languid to change it. I had been an invalid for years, and was now recovering from a very severe spell of sickness.

I was lazily drawing at my Havana, puffing the thin, fragrant smoke from my mouth without removing the cigar, and gazing upward at the brilliant stars as they slowly sailed overhead. I was in that delicious, dreamy state, half-asleep and half-awake, hearing only the murmur of the voices around me, as one hears the faint sound of a distant waterfall.

I presume I had lain thus for nearly an hour, and my cigar had burned almost to my mouth, while the long column of ashes was still unbroken, when something struck my ear like the sound of a bell. It was not until I had heard it several times that it seemed really to affect my senses.

All at once I gave a start, the ashes dropped upon my bosom, and I arose to a sitting position and gazed around me.

"Hark!" said I; "didn't you hear that bell?"

"Just what I have been trying to make Edmund believe!" laughed Florence Harris. "He persisted in not believing it."

"Listen!" I said, raising my hand. And immediately there fell a death-like silence.

And while thus intently listening, there came across the sea, faint but distinct, the soft, distant sound of a bell. We scarcely breathed for a minute. The strange, solemn sound was repeated at regular intervals, as if swung by the hand of some exhausted sufferer, or tolled by the swell of the ocean.

The captain by this time had approached and stood in the attitude of attention.

"We must be near the land," I ventured to say, rather in the form of an inquiry than that of an assertion.

"No, sir," responded the captain. "The nearest island is a good 800 miles away, and this doesn't come from there, I should think."

"What can it be?" asked several in the same breath.

"The sound comes from that direction," said Florence Harris, pointing toward the equator.

"Perhaps it is on board a ship," I again ventured.

"Don't think it is," replied the captain, with a shake of the head.

"What can it be?" asked Florence.

To this no one ventured to reply for several moments. In the meantime the tolling of the bell had become quite distinct, and Adolphus Fitzgibbon gave a yawn, a groan, a kick, and awoke.

"Aw—yes—aw—I was about to suggest—aw—that the tea-bell should ring—aw—aw—aw!" he stammered, confusedly rising to his feet, and pitching back and forth. Then, seeing us all in the attitude of attention, he asked, "What—aw—the dooce is the matter?"

"It's the Bell of Doom!" exclaimed Backstay Bob, a tall, scarred sailor, from his position at the wheel.

"Pshaw! you're childish," replied the captain. "Whatever it is, we are rapidly approaching it, for notice how much louder it sounds."

Such was the case. The bell was now heard clear and distinct to the south, and was approaching nearer every moment. Shortly after, the captain took his night glass and gazed long and intently in that direction. When he lowered it he said:

"I can just discover a dark body rising and falling on the waves, but nothing more. Backstay Bob, you have got the best eyesight of any one on board. See what you can make of it."

Bob resigned his place at the wheel to one of the men and came forward and took the glass. He held it to his eye for several minutes without speaking, and, to all appearances, without even breathing, while we waited his word with the deepest interest. Finally he gave a great sigh and lowered it.

"Blow me, if it ain't old Davy Jones afloat."

"How does it look?" several of us inquired in the same breath.

"I'll be hanged if I can tell! There's no bowsprit, and—"

Here he leveled his glass again, and shortly after continued his observations.

"There's no sail—no nothin'."

"There must be something."

"Aw—certainly — aw — something, certainly, if your vision—aw—is able to discern it," ventured the gentle Adolphus Fitzgibbon.

"Don't you see anything like a sail?" inquired the captain.

"Not a speck, or any place to put one, either. Hold a minute!" exclaimed Backstay Bob; "I've got her in range now. She ain't got the least mite of a boom, yard, or anything like. She looks like some great hulk of a lightboat. Hold on again. I see the bell. They've rigged it up at the masthead, so that it swing back'ards and for'ards every time the thing gives a lurch to leewards."

"Can you see anything aboard?"

"Not a creetur, living or dead."

"Keep away a couple of points" cried the captain to the man at the wheel.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

And the ship's course was altered so as to bring her rapidly to the mysterious craft toward which all eyes were directed.

Several of the company now openly remarked that there was something supernatural in the appearance of this boat, with its tolling bell. To all of these Florence Harris and her lover replied lightly, neither of them having the least faith in their credulity.

The captain listened impatiently and then said:

"You're all a set of cowards. No doubt you imagine Old Nick is aboard, with a crew of little imps, bound for the Gallapagos Isles with a load of brimstone. If you'll content yourself for half an hour longer, I'll tell you something about it, for I intend to board that old lumbering hulk, even if it turns out to be the Flying Dutchman, or Davy Jones' flagship, and shall explore it from stem to stern."

To show that he meant what he said, orders were given to heave to, and to get one of the boats in readiness. By this time the nondescript was plainly visible to all.

It appeared to be an old hulk, with a single mast in the centre. The bell was suspended from the masthead, and ever and anon sent forth its solemn tolling, as the hulk rose and sunk with the heavings of the sea.

Before the ship was brought to we had passed the hulk some distance, so that when we halted there were several hundred yards intervening, and it was only dimly discernible.

A boat was lowered, and the captain having selected a crew, pulled away toward the hulk. I asked permission to accompany it, but on account of a recent illness was refused. Fortunate for me indeed, was that refusal!

There was something so extraordinary regarding the appearance and action of the hulk that the curiosity of us all was so intense as to be painful. We strained our gaze, as the captain and his crew drew rapidly near it.

We saw the distance swiftly decrease between the two boats until the shadowy forms merged into one. And then followed an impressive silence—suddenly broken by a howl, a pistol shot and a scream; and as our hearts almost stopped beating we saw, a moment later, the boat put off from the hulk, and the men rowing with all their might back to the ship. As they came nearer we discerned that the captain was missing.

Backstay Bob dashed toward the boat and, shaking his fist at the men, demanded furiously:

"You cowardly dogs! Where is Captain Luster?"

"The demon has got him!"

Absurd as the reply might have seemed at any other time, it was uttered in solemn earnest, as the ghastly faces of the crew attested.

In reply to our eager questions, they said the moment they came alongside the craft they heard a low, hollow, unearthly sound, which caused them to hesitate. The captain climbed up the side of the vessel, descended the hatchway and disappeared from view. He was hardly out of sight when the noise they had heard at first was repeated, far louder and fiercer. The next moment the report of the captain's pistol was heard, followed by a terrific shriek, and then all was still.

Horror-struck, they called loudly and repeatedly to their commander, but receiving no answer pulled away from the ship.

"You're a purty set of cowardly sneaks, aint you, to go and desert your captain that way, when, like enough, he needed you to save his life," exclaimed Backstay Bob, forgetting in his fury that the first mate was among those whom he denounced. "I'm going back to that old hulk, and if I can't get at the demon in any other way I'll put a keg of powder in it and blow it to blazes!"

"Bob is right, if his excitement does make him forget his manners," said the mate. "It was not my intention to desert Captain Luster in trouble. The men were so frightened that I thought it best to come back and get a new set."

There was some difficulty in procuring the requisite number; and, accordingly, Prescott and myself were accepted. As the former went over the ship's side, Florence Harris said:

"Don't come back, Edmund, until you have heard what has become of poor Captain Luster."

He gave her his promise, and a few minutes later the boat shoved off, and we rapidly neared the hull, which had acquired such a strange interest to us all.

Prescott, in addition to his revolver, had a small Italian dagger, which I observed him handle as if to assure himself that it was reliable. Then, as he replaced it, he remarked to me:

"There's no telling what's inside that mass of lumber, and this may be the weapon I need, after all."

Arriving at the craft, after a short consultation, it was agreed that the four oarsmen, the mate and myself should remain behind, while Backstay Bob and William Prescott should explore the hulk.

As it was morally certain that some dreadful danger menaced all who entered the cabin, and as I was good for nothing, I needed no more urging than the mate to remain in my position.

Prescott went first, holding his pistol in one hand and a lantern in the other, while Bob closely followed with his cutlass. We saw them descend the hatchway. All was still, and then I heard the single exclamation from Prescott:

"Oh, my God!"

This was followed by a terrible roar, a quick succession of pistol shots, and then all was still again. The next moment both Prescott and Backstay Bob emerged to view, covered from head to foot with blood.

"Come aboard," said they. "The danger is over."

The next instant we were on deck. I rushed to the hole, and gazed down. Merciful heaven! what did I behold?

By the dim light of the lantern we beheld the mangled body of Captain Luster. The head and one of his limbs were gone, and there was scarcely a semblance of humanity in the remains before us. Near him was the gaunt, terrible form of an expiring Bengal tiger, killed by the bullets, cutlass and dagger of Prescott and Backstay Bob.

The two latter, on entering the cabin, saw the mutilated body of Captain Luster. A low growl warned them of danger, and as Prescott turned his gaze he saw the tiger crouching and in the very act of springing. Dropping his lantern he fired his revolver, and, as the terrible animal bore him to the floor he drew his dagger and stabbed him again and again. The needle-pointed instrument reached his heart, which, united with the slashing blows of Backstay Bob, settled his hash before he could inflict any material injury.

We now made a critical examination of the place. A number of human bones strewed the floor, and several articles of wearing apparel, which seemed to indicate that the place had been tenanted by two human beings of opposite sexes, and had probably been torn to pieces by the tiger. The room was long and low, extending the whole length of the vessel, and having at either extremity a massive iron chain, terminating in a heavy ring at one end, the other being fastened by a strong staple to a beam in the vessel's side.

The brute had a chain to his neck and had been confined to one corner of the room by a delicate iron ring, which had been put there to be broken. Over the centre of the room was written something in an Indian dialect, which was pronounced by the mate (who had spent several years in India) to read:

"I have sought—I have found that which I sought—vengeance."

Carefully removing the body of the captain to the little boat, we scuttled the mysterious craft, and saw it sink to the bottom of the ocean. Shortly after, the captain was wrapped in his winding-sheet and followed.

The strange, awful tale regarding the old craft we never learned. It ever remained to us all a decided mystery of the sea.—New York News.

### High Schools in New York.

New York City is to have high schools—something it has not had, says the New York Press, since the old High School was turned into the Normal College. The city now has its Normal College for girls and the College of the City of New York for boys, but it has no system of high schools, which are popular in nearly every other city in the Union. The Committee on High Schools of the Board of Education at the meeting of the Board recently recommended the establishment of three high schools, and the report was adopted. The Girls' High School will be situated in the building now occupied by Grammar School 47, at 36 East Twelfth street; the Boys' High School will be in the building now occupied by Grammar School 35, at 60 West Thirteenth street, and the mixed, or "co-ed" High School will be in the building occupied by Grammar School 62, at Courtland avenue and 157th street.

The Board appointed a committee to visit the schools of some of the other cities so that the latest ideas may be put into practice in the high schools of New York when they are established.

### Made a Fortune Writing Stories.

At least one of the "penny-a-liners" has had success in this world. It is stated that Emile Richebourge, the French novelist, has amassed a fortune of $400,000 in twenty years, by writing sensational stories for the Petit Journal.

## THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Inducements—She Knew Best—In the Restaurant—A Safe Location—An Alternative, Etc., Etc.

"Whistle, daughter, whistle,
And you shall have a beau."
"I never whistled in my life—
My whistle will not go."
"Whistle, daughter, whistle,
'Twill bring you cash per week."
"Oh, goodness! come and teach me
How to make a tuneful squeak."
—Chicago Record.

AN ALTERNATIVE.

"May I kiss your hand?" he asked. She removed her veil.

"No," she replied. "I have my gloves on."—Life.

A SAFE LOCATION.

Jimmy—"Say, fellers, if youse wants to play ball, come around my way."

Tommy—"What for?"

Jimmy—"Dere's a fat cop on dat beat dat can't run."

IN THE RESTAURANT.

Brown—"Was that beef a la mode you asked for?"

Smith—"It was a la mode when I asked for it. The fashions may have changed since."—Puck.

NOT A YEARLING.

Bridges—"Why, sure, with such a past she must succeed on the stage!"

Brooks—"And yet I'm fearful. The quality of her past is all right, but think of the quantity."

SHE KNEW.

Prima Donna—"Those flowers are not for me."

Conductor—"Yes, they are."

Prima Donna—"Well, they're not the ones I paid for."—Pick-Me-Up.

A FORCED CHANGE.

Mr. Prospect Heights—"Before I was married I always said I would never wheel a baby carriage."

Mr. Papleigh Push—"You changed your mind, eh?"

Mr. Prospect Heights—"No; my wife did."—Puck.

HIS OFFENCE.

"The New Woman's Club will never hire Tenor, the singer, again."

"Why so?"

"He was billed to sing four times at their annual dinner and each time he warbled 'What is Home Without a Mother!'"—Truth.

GREAT PROSPECT.

Blanche—"You don't tell me that you are engaged to a hotel waiter?"

Cora—"Yes; but he'll be rich some day."

"Nonsense!"

"Certainly he will. Don't you know that all things come to him who waits?"

FIRST, LAST AND ONLY.

Mrs. Jones—"Do you remember that night in June, Henry, when you first asked me to marry you?"

Mr. Jones—"If you refer to that first, last, single, solitary and only occasion upon which I ever asked you to marry me, I do—and you never gave me another chance, remember."

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

The Fiancee—"I'm very much displeased with Jack, and I'm half inclined to break off the engagement."

The Confidante—"You won't do that, will you?"

The Fiancee—"Well, I dislike to do it, because, you know, mamma has been so violently opposed to our marriage."—Puck.

UNUSUAL FEE.

Mrs. A. Quitt—"So you cleared that poor Mr. Liftem from the charge of stealing that turkey? Well, I'm glad of it, but he's such a worthless character that I don't believe you will ever get a cent for your pay."

A. Quitt (the famous criminal lawyer)—"I may not, but I've got a blamed good turkey out in the woodshed."—Truth.

PLED DEGENERACY.

"You admit you are an impostor?" said the judge.

"No, I didn't, your honor."

"You claimed to be blind, and yet you have an unimpaired eyesight."

"That's true, your honor; but I'm morally blind, sir, and not being able to see the harm in my innocent deception—"

"Six months," ejaculated the judge.—Harper's Bazar.

CURE FOR THE CLUB HABIT.

Mrs. Yeast—"I wish I could think of something to keep my husband at home at nights."

Mrs. Puncheon—"Get him a bicycle."

Mrs. Yeast—"That would take him out more than ever."

Mrs. Puncheon—"Oh, no, it wouldn't! My husband got one the day before yesterday, and the doctor say he won't be out for a month."—Household Words.

THERE'S DANGER.

"It seems odd," remarked Mrs. Tenspot, "that with all the words in the English language an ordinary person's vocabulary is only about two thousand five hundred words."

"It is odd, my dear," replied her husband, "and it behooves you to be careful."

"Me careful? Why?"

"You go through your vocabulary so many times a day there is danger that you will wear it out."—Judge.

People who sell newspapers in the streets of Moscow, Russia, are compelled to appear in uniform.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Alphonse Berget recently described a method of studying the expansion of liquids by means of photography.

Belgium has followed the example of Italy in adopting a twenty-four-hour time on the railroads and in the post and telegraph offices.

To prevent nuts from turning loose the bolt is fluted for a short distance, a spring ratchet fastened to the nut engaging the grooves in the bolt.

To promote combustion in furnaces a double set of fans, one larger than the other, are set in an air-shaft, exhaust steam acting on the smaller set to run the larger or air fans.

A new belt which will not run off the pulley has a rubber flange on its edges, which fits over the sides of the wheel and is stiffened by means of a cord threaded along its edges.

A new design in repeating rifles has a double chamber or magazine for cartridges extending the length of the barrel, each chamber being connected in turn with the firing mechanism by a lever in the stock.

From maps and papers extending back 230 years, Dr. Hermann Walser finds that the lakes in the Canton of Zurich have greatly diminished in number and size. The forest area has been reduced but little, but the vineyard area has steadily increased.

An old sea captain of Long Island has proposed the unique scheme of equipping mortar batteries at life-saving stations from which to throw bombs filled with petroleum to calm the waters raging around a wreck. Through the resulting smooth water and surf, the rescue work would be comparatively easy.

Signor Marconi, whose use of the electro static system in telegraphy has created extraordinary interest in England, is some years under thirty. He is a typical Italian in appearance. He is the pupil and protege of a prominent Italian electrician, and took his invention to England to sell it there as in the best market.

Pneumatic tires are said by those who have made tests in France to save thirty to fifty per cent. in draft over ordinary carriage wheels. The experiments were over macadam, paved and ordinary roads, and over muddy ground and ground covered with two inches of snow. The greater the speed the greater proved the saving.

### Barbed Wire for Cuba.

The reported intentions of Spain to secure peace at any price in Cuba, even if it involves the sale of the island to the insurgents, may put an end to the plans of General Weyler to erect new trochas with which to keep the Cuban revolutionists out of Havana. But the Pittsburg Times says he is getting the material with which to construct them in Pittsburg. The material will be an American barbed wire, with extra barbs affixed, and an order for 2000 tons of it has been placed with the Oliver Wire Company of the South Side. One thousand tons are already being shipped to New York for transshipment on the first vessel leaving for Havana, and the remainder of the amount will be forwarded as soon as it can be manufactured.

The wire will make a continuous line 600 miles long, and will be stretched on poles on the outer bank of a deep and wide ditch. Behind this the Spanish sharp shooters will lie in ambush to pick off adventurous revolutionists, and as well to stop all who attempt to invade the lines of the Spanish soldiery. The order came to Pittsburg makers through the Spanish Minister at Washington, Senor Dupuy de Lome, and is considered a desirable one at this time, when the demand for wire is light and the sluggish condition of the steel market makes a 2000-ton order worth getting.

While the wire in itself is in a single strand, when followed up from the ore to the finished material it involves a vast amount of labor to make it into pigiron, steel billets, wire rods and wire, and occasions the employment of a large force of workmen, to whom will be paid, in consequence, several thousand dollars in wages.

### Refinement in Serving Food.

Refinement in serving food, the use of pretty dishes and clean napery, having hot food hot, and cold food cold, is the difference between home cooking and boarding house cooking. The idea seems to prevail among boarding house keepers that what boarders want is variety, and variety is given, often at the expense of quality, always at the expense of proper preparation. The things that should be hot come to the table in a lukewarm condition, and cold things are anything but cold in reality. In the whole bill of fare, there will be not one single thing that is properly prepared, or perfectly served. A single chop, a hot roll and a cup of coffee, all perfect in their way and properly served, will make an angel of a crank, when a dozen half-cooked dishes, served in a slovenly manner, will simply drive one into a passion.—Washington Star.

### Origin of the Word "Snob"

"While turning over the leaves of the eighth volume of the Sporting Magazine, published in 1796," says a writer in Notes and Queries, "I have come upon what I think is a very early instance of the word 'snob.' The context does not indicate its meaning, but I apprehend there is no doubt that we must interpret it by Shoemaker. The writer is discoursing of races at Whitchurch. He says that 'there was a very respectable field; and although neither the Duke of Queensberry, Lord Egremont nor His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, were present, it being holiday time, a number of royal snobs were.'"

## WHEN I HAVE TIME.

When I have time so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care,
I'll help to lift them from their low despair,
when I have time.

When I have time the friend I love so well
Shall know no more these weary, toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in peasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise,
When I have time.

When you have time! The friend you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent;
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with sweet content,
When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so dear;
They may not meet you in the coming year—
Now is the time.

—Indianapolis News.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A woman's reason may not convince, but it often puts an end to the discussion.—Puck.

Fortune's ladder has no top. No man ever stopped climbing for want of another rung.—Puck.

"Don't you think, Grumpy, that Miss Harshly is a beautiful singer?" "Very, but she can't sing."—Detroit Free Press.

Teacher—"What did Christian do when he got to Hill Difficulty?" Chorus of Pupils—"Get off his bike."—Boston Transcript.

Of all the many gathered here
That band's by far the proudest.
It didn't play the best—that's clear
But then it played the loudest.
—Washington Star.

Leola—"Don't you think they are two souls with but a single thought?" Hazel—"Well, I shouldn't wonder. They are both making fools of themselves."—Truth.

At midnight, in his guarded tent, the Turk lay dreaming of the hours when he could hide to some extent behind the coat tails of the Powers.—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

"Dawkins wears the best clothes of any man in the club." Yaas; he deserves great credit for his taste in dress." "Well, he gets it—from his tailor."—Boston Globe.

Dobson—"An unsigned poem is to me a symbol of modesty." Hobson—"That's funny; it always strikes me as an indication of cowardice."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Prompter—"Ring the curtain down, quick." Stage Manager—"What's the matter?" Prompter—"One of the star's diamonds is disarranged."—Philadelphia North American.

"Harold," said Harold's rich uncle, "if you will only stop smoking cigarettes, I'll begin smoking them myself and shorten my life by at least ten years."—Indianapolis Journal.

"It's a shame," cried the young wife; "not a thing in the house fit to eat. I'm going right home to papa!" "If you don't mind, dear," said the husband, reaching for his hat, "I'll go with you."

"Have you seen Redding's new book?" "Gracious! Has he also turned author?" "Oh, no. Better than that. He has designed the cover for somebody else's book."—Philadelphia North American.

"That fellow—" The dark-browed man's voice shook with emotion and things—"would sink to any depths for the sake of wealth." It was true; the chap he cursed was a diver by trade.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Ryder—"Well, it's a mournful fact that a good bicycle will wear out the same as everything else." Wheeler (a beginner)—"Yes; I suppose so. But, between you and me, I think I'll go first."—Brooklyn Life.

Author—"You have no idea how many stamps I use posting my manuscripts to various editors." Critic—"Very likely. I think there ought to be excursion tickets for manuscripts at reduced rates."—Tit-Bits.

Kersmith—"You don't take any interest in the question of bloomers, perhaps, because the question has never come home to you. What would you do if your wife wanted to wear bloomers?" Kajones—"What would I do? I'd let her wear them! I guess you don't know Mrs. Kajones!"—Chicago Tribune.

### The Height of Trees.

It has, perhaps, occurred to few of us that the boughs of trees occupy a very different position in summer and winter, respectively, but Miss Agnes Fry has made careful measurements of the height from the ground of branches of both walnut and mulberry trees in August and December, and she finds that in some cases there is a difference of as much as thirty-one inches in the height of the same branch from the ground in these two months. This particular figure was obtained with a branch of a mulberry tree, and it was found that in December a weight of thirty-five pounds was not sufficient to lower it to its summer position.

In other cases there were differences of from thirteen to nineteen inches in the distances in summer and winter respectively of branches from the ground. No wonder, then, that the diagnosis of a tree in winter from its general outline is so difficult a task.—Public Opinion.

It is said that in twenty years Emile Richebourg has amassed a fortune of $400,000 by writing sensational stories for Le Petit Journal of Paris.