QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1900.

VOL. XVIII.

The Irish are certainly "in it" when it comes to fighting.

One great climatic advantage pos sessed by the Philippines has escaped attention. They offer no temptations to skate on thin ice and get drowned.

President Eliot, of Harvard, has formulated in a few words a very widespread [conviction of the friends of higher education in saying that "the pecuniary aspects of intercollegiate sports are not agreeable."

It may be surprising to know, but it is a fact all the same, that hundreds of Americans are at work in Russian factories. Uncle Sam not only furnishes manufacturers for Russia, all complete, but also sends over brain, brawn and muscle to exemplify the art of manufacturing to the Russians

One of the most prevalent dangers suggested by the recent numerous fires is the reckless sale of cleaning fluids that contain naphtha, turpentine and gasoline. Their careless use by inexperienced people makes an over present fire hazard against which the necessary legal precautions cannot be too rigidly enforced.

The Memphis Commercial-Appeal thinks Germany has some design on some part of the American continent, and remarks: "Any one who likes to use his eyes can see that either the Monroe doctrine will have to be given up or its defence properly prepared for. Any halting between the policies must prove disastrous or at any rate humiliating for the United States."

When the debate in the British House of Commons on the army supplementary estimates was on Mr Wyndham, during the course of a speech, intimated that an attempt would be made to democratize the army. Commissions, he believed should not be closed to officers who did not enjoy au income of from \$750 to \$2500 a year. Mr. Wyndham added that it was a scandal and danger to the Empire that young men could not enter the cavalry unless their father was able to give them \$2500 a year.

A Saigon mother has just published a new edition of the Siamese Twins joined together by an isthmus like the old ones, and it is proposed to send them to the Paris Exposition, though s local French paper protests on the ground of inhumanity. It would be a long journey for the innocents, but might not hurt them any more than if they were units, in which case noth ing would be said. They would be a curious rather than an important exhibit, but it would take a new Barnum to make them as famous as the old

Merchants selling goods on the instalment plan are protecting their debts by insuring the lives of customers. Au Indiana merchant, who has sustained some heavy losses by the death of customers, has devised the scheme of insuring the lives of persons that deal with him for \$1000. He pays the premiums until the debt is discharged, when the customer has the privilege of continuing the insurance by assuming its cost. The amount paid by the merchant is a lien on the policy, and is deducted when the insurance is paid. Should the customer die before the debt to the merchant is paid up the balance due, with interest and the amount of premiums paid, is deducted, and the residue paid over to the beneficiary.

Postmaster Dickerson, of Detroit, and the Free Prees, of that city, are responsible for the publication of the report that the Postollice Department is seriously consideri the advisability of putting out type o postage-stamp, on w all be engraved the name of t ing office It is said that the Genera is personally interested in the innovation, and that it is the intention to engrave the name of the city on the stamps, not merely stamp it on them, as is done at present in the case of the Philippine, Gue Hawaiian, Porto Rican and Cubia stamps. The chief aim sought, it is explained, is to prevent the under elling of the receipts of he accompan ed salary. If carried out it

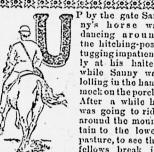
> lap broke in New York worso nuis rib-poker. ler-slapper. heir usefulsolicitud Without pavement shoulder ng on the expects im with ssesse cognize nd ho is

> > The

in philatelic

NO LATCHSTRING ON THE OUTSIDE.

By Mary Brewster Downs.



the hitching-post, tugging impatient-ly at his haiter, while Sanny was lolling in the ham. mock on the porch. After a while he was going to ride pasture, to see the broncos.

He was in no hurry; they would be at it all the afternoon. Besides, he was tired, and had eaten a hearty dinner. He had spent the morning chopping off chickens' heads and dressing the fowls for market, and he had eaten a double portion of dampling at dimer because his unclodid not want his. This uncle, his mother's brother, William Sauford, bad come up into the Colorado mountains to be cured of lung trouble. He was a hearty and jolly fellow, but unlearned in mountain ways, and very restless. He had made up his mind to drive down to Denver that afternoon, and since he was bound to go, Sanny's mother had decided to take advantage of his trip and go with him, to sell her butter and eggs and chickens, although it was only Friday, and her usual market

day was Saturday, and her usual market day was Saturday.

Sanny's father, who had lived in the mountains all his life and knew the weather signs, said to her: "I advise you to wait until the drought is broken. It's likely to break before many hours, in my opinion. drought is broken. It is likely to breas before many hours, in my opinion. It's the closest day I've ever known in these parts, and any one with cars can hear trouble brewing over yonder

mountains. You may be caught by a cloudburst." William Sauford laughed. "Sec here, John," he said. "you've been expecting this drought to break for the last month, and it's still as dry as ashes. There is no more sign of rain to-day than there was yesterday. If was just as sultry, and I heard the same rambling over the mountain. I've business that I must attend to by elegraph. I couldn't sleep last night for thinking of it. If you can spare the team I'm going this afternoon."

"If he's going, I'm going, too," de-"If he's going, I'm going, too," de-clared Sanny's mother, whisking around to get ready. "Of course the horses can't make the trip to-morrow if they are driven down to-day. Now, don't you worry, John. If it raim hard, we'll just stop somewhere over-night and go on to-morrow. I've done so lots of times you know. so lots of times, you know. Sauny, don't forget to feed the chickens, and Sauny, help grandens with the dishes, now,

Mrs. Lane twitched on her sunbonnet, climbed into the wagon and tool net, climbed into the wagon and toor the reins from her brother. "I'm the best driver," she laughed "Besides, I know the borses and i "Besides, I know the borses and i

snow the mountains, and I'm not go ing to risk having my eggs spilled over a precipice. Get up!" John Lane sat down on the ster and watched them as they drove dowr the hill and out of sight. Then his

gaze turned to the green valley before him. The house was backed securely into a hillside, half-way up a spruce ridge. In front, the ground sloped ridge. In front, the ground sloped away across the road and down to the spring, whence it swelled up again in beautiful cultivated fields. Up the valley to the right, down the valley to the left and climbing the opposite mountain, green crops glinted and waved in the sunshine.

"It's the best crop I've raised since went to farming," remarked John Lane, with satisfaction. "I declare, we've snapped up the best farming strip in the mountains, son." "I know it," said Sanny, sitting up the hammock. "But farming": in the hammock. "But farming's awfully hard work, pa. Why don't

you stick to horses?"
"Iguess we'll stick to both," smiled John Lane. "You'd better tend to Prince; he's chating himself with that halter. Now I'm going up the wood road," he added, rising and stretching his long legs, "to see how the men are coming on with the timber. You had better wait here with grandma until I come back. I tell you I don't like the way the weather is boilng around the mountain."

Sanny unwound his horse from the halter; then he went round the house and filled the woodbox for grandma. He mixed corn-meal for the newest chicks and fed it to the downy little things from the tips of his fingers. Then he went down cellar and took big drink of buttermilk to settle his

"Sanford, Sanford!" called his grandmother to him in a frightener

Sanny rushed up stairs. Coming out of the dark cellar, the whole world seemed ablaze. The storm-browing mountain was hooded in black, but rom beneath the seething clouds burst a lurid light that burned the valley with portentous Chasing streaks of lightning cracked the black cloud-mass, and terfific roars of thunder cohoed from he mountain's sides. But above them the sky was blue, and the sun shone steadily on the fields of waving

grandma. "It's a cloudburst, as sure as you're born. Your mother and that crazy Will Santord—mercy of auford. Sanford

"The latchstring's on the outside"—that's what they used to say,
An' we never knocked in winter, nor the rosy time o' May.

Till I got to lovin' Saily, an' she's named the day to be;
An' then thor' wuz no latchstring on the outside door for me!

An' the winter weat, an' springtime, with the birds, an' lolossoms sweet.

Make the violets like a carpet for the fallin' of the feet;
Thar' wuz light an' thar' wuz beauty on the lan' an' on the sea.

But never any latchstring on the outside door for me!

door fer me!

The sweet, upliftin' knowledge that her dear heart leved me best!

That sometime for her life an' mine_some happiness that'd be;
An' then thar' wuz no latchstring on the cutside door fer me!

"John Laue," eried his wife, "take hold here. Do as I am doing. It you love Sanny, take hold and help.

We've got to get the breath back into his body."

The horse-tauners galloped down the road, and stood a little work.

THE REAL HERO

P by the gate San | Where are you? Sanford! Come ny's horse was back, come back this minute! Sanny's horse was dancing around "Go in and shut the door, grandma," yelled Sanny, from the gate. He had jerked Prince's halter loose; he was on the horse's back—he was of down the road. He could ride Prince as well with a halter as with a

The awful light faded out. The aspens trembled tranquilly in the sunshine that climbed the steep walls of the canon, and the tall columbines was a state of the canon. waved their stately heads. Sanny waved their stately heads. Sanny swept by the familiar scenes without a glance. He dug his heels into the horse, his elbows slapped his sides, he whooped his fiercest cowboy yell a cloud of dust rolled back from his horse's feet.
Now and then Sanny gave a fearful

glance over his shoulder. The canon walls cut off sight of the storm-brewing mountain, but above the clatter of Prince's feet broke the crashing of thunderbolts, and beneath all Sanny's keen ears detected a low, continuous roar that caused his brown face to Already the slender mountain

risen in its bed and was lashing itsen to white foam. A lone man was cultivating a valley that broke from the cauon. Sanny checked Prince a trifle, by hard work. "Run!" he yelled. "A cloudburst on

stream that threaded the readside had

The man caught up his hoc and Sanny stopped at the lower pasture. The bronco-tamers were tossing hi lariously.
"A cloudburst, a flood!" shricked

Sanny.
The horse-tamers paused, listened and whipped their horses up the mountain's sides.

A "mountain schooner" crept slow

flood in your eye!" they shouted; but Sauny was out of hearing, and they went gaily onward to their doom. Five miles from home Prince over took the team. Sanny's mother looked back at the sound of hoofs she recognized Sanny-she looked be

"A flood! A flood!" She pushed Will Sanford from the wagon, sprang to the ground and gave the horses a stinging lash, scrambled up the mountain-side.

brother ingging behind her.
"Sanny!" she screamed. But Sanny and Prince had sped on. They had one more message to de-

For a week two campers had been loitering in the beautiful valley. They had pitched their tent close to the trickling mountain stream beneath : cluster of pines, tethering their horse among the aspens. They were city worn and weak -men who were breath ing in health and strength before climbing farther into the mountains One of them lay in a hammock, gazing into the fathomless blue of the sky. The other sprawled listlessly in the sunshine, watching chipmunks stea oats from the fodder bag.

'Have you noticed,' remarked he "how noisy the brook is all of a sud-den? Why, I declare, it's full to the bridge! It's running over. By George We've got to get out of this; we're going to be flooded."

An empty wagon bounded by, the horses blind with fright. A bare-headed rider dashed across the bridge. The bridge melted away from beneatl the very horse's hoofs. Behind the boy came a seething wall of water ten, twenty-thirty feet high.

Sanny spurred Prince up'a steer mountain path. The terrified campers scrambled after him. They clurg to bushes, they clutched at rocks, up up.

The water caught them, but one go upon a rock and pulled the other after him. The canon was passed in The canon was narrowest here the rush of water mounted high; i beat the mountainside, it tore trees. it wrenched rocks. And Sanny was beneath; Prince had stumbled and fallen, and the cruel wave had passed When the storm-washed valley looked up again at the unchanged sky, the campers found Sanny's hoar amed into the fissure of a rock. Just as they had managed to get his leaden weight down the mountainside road. She crossed the boiling stream on a fallen pine; she snatched Sanny out of the strangers' arms.

"Sanny! Son!" The men who heard that terrible cry never forgot it, nor did they forget the scene that followed.

After that first cry of distress, Mrs. Lane collected her energies and went to work. She turned Sanny face lownward; she raised his body and let the water flow from his mouth. She pressed and inflated his lungs; she bade the campers strip off his wet gar-ments, to slap him, to rub him, to wrap him in their own coats.

William Sanford came panting down the canon. He bent over the "No use, sister, he's dead." ejaquiated Sanny's mother 'You've got brandy. Let me have John Lane calloned down the road as pale as a ghost. "Thank God?" he cried when he saw his wife: But when he saw Sanny, he dropped on his knees, shuddering from head to

"The boy is dead! Our boy is

with gober faces. They had just helped to drag from the gulch above the bedies of the six foolish campers, who had gone up in the wagon. The who had gone up in the wagon. The horses and the mountain schooner had been hung by the flood twenty feet up on the mountainside.

farmer whom Sanny had warned from his field came in a long wagon. His wife had sent blankets wagon. His wife had sent blankets He brought them over the stream in his

wagon and carry him nome, Mrs. Lane," said the man, with great pity. Sauny's mother lifted a grim face. 'If you think you came to carry back corpse, go home."

For two hours and ten minutes she kept them at work. They thought her mad. Even John Lane relaxed his efforts. But she made him work she made him rub, she made him give his own warmth to the boy's cold body. And at last Sanny gasped and shuddered.

His mother cast a triumphant look around, and sauk down nunerved But when the men carried Sanny to the wagon, she clambered in beside

"Ma?" murmured Sanny, inquir ingly.

Hush, Sauny; it's all right
You've saved their lives. My boy it

Sanny made a sick grimace. being a hero feels like this! -- " He was all right a week later, and had to accept much gratitude and other things.

Seventeen people had perished un der that awful flood. Sanny Lauc had saved ten lives at risk of his own. seven miles by the flood, and there they buried him. The bronco-tamers rolled a boulder over the horse's grave, and on it one of the campers whom Sasny had saved-be was at engraver at Dehver-carved the epi 'Sanford Lane's Horse, Prince .-

A Real Hero," with a brief notice of 'I wish you'd written, 'The Real ero,'" said Sanny, with a lump in a throat.— Youth's Companion.

NEW WAY TO MAKE A FARM. Land Whose Value Was Increased 815

Doubtless the largest body of land ever held by one individual in Judians is the B. F. Gifford tract, which by A "mountain schooner" crept slow
ly up the mountain road, bearing a
party of jolly campers.

"A flood! A cloudburat! Turn
back! Drive up the divide! Hurry
for your lives!"

"A flood!" The campers looked up
at the cloudless sky and laughed.
"A flood!" From the viewpoint of the large grays of the West. Gifford farm is not so notably large; but in Indians, where a farmer who has from eighty to 160 acres, is considered in good circumstances, the size of this large holding is enormous, one respect the Gifford farm is a notable one compared to any tract. It is the largest cultivated swamp farm in the world. It was only ten years ago that the section which Mr. Gifford is now converting into pastures and vegetable and grain-producing land, was a series of marshes, pools and lakes-a part of the Kankakee swamps. Mr. Gifford had previously developed a great tract similar to this

near Champaign, Ill.
When Mr. Gifford first conceived the idea of converting a portion of the Kankakee lands in Indiana to agricultural purposes he acquired at nominal price about 10,000 acres. then bought two dredges similar to those used by the Government in it. river dredging. The dredges were put to cutting large ditches, almost the size of small rivers. This work has been going on night and day for years and now there are 8000 acres in h high state of cultivation. Las best in Indiana was raised on this tract. Instead of fences Mr. Gifford has waterways between pastures. He has seventy-five miles of large ditches through the farm and has thousands of miles of smaller ditches. In addition to this he is now putting in drain tile. The soil taken from the river and ditch beds has been shoveled over the fields, and thus the fields have been raised little by little as the ditching work went on. The work is still going on, but it will take

years to put all the tract into culti-Mr. Gifford has between 300 and 400 tenement houses on the farm and the population is probably 2000 people. He has a spur to the farm from the nearest railway and ships his products direct to the markets. The land when in a state of cultivation, is as productive as any in Indiana and is worth from \$50 to \$75 an acre. It cost Mr. Gifford from \$1 to \$1.50 an acre.

 Λ good story is told of one of the chiefs of the civil service department, who had two afflictions-an obliging and easy doorkeeper and a pernacions office seeker who was a distant relative of the chief. Scarcely a week passed but the latter called, and the former was much too polite to shut

him out. The chief at last, after one of the usual interviews, resolved to stand the nuisance no lenger, so, summon-ing the doorkeeper when the visitor had departed, he said: "X——, do know what that man comes

"No, sir," replied the functionary. "Well, then, I may as well tell you. He wants your place."

The bore was admitted no more.— Tit-Bits.

To Loosen Tree Bark. The bark of trees can be easily cosened around the roots to prevent binding by using a new grubbing hook, which has a triangular support, the side of which rests on the ground, with a large mountain. with a lever mounted in the apex of the criangle, which has iron hooks to grub the bark as the lever is de-

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

A Patal Hunt: in interest and exhilaration with the stalking of the channels or the ibex among the peaks of the snow covered mountains. The danger of the sport does not lie in the game, but in the nature of the hunting grounds, and many a hunter has sacrificed his life in the chase. Half a century age a gallant young Irisha century ago a gallant young Irish-man named Peyton met with a terrible experience among the mountains of India, which he thus describes:

'We arrived in Cashmere and lost no time in getting into the Wardwan Valley, famous for the large horned ibex. The country was all under snow, and as the snow continued to

"At last the sun came out, and we heard several avalanches slipping down the mountain. Our men were much averse to going out, and I must say I thought they were right. How-

of the heavy snow we were unable to creep round by a circuitous route and

of the heavy snow we were unable to creep round by a circuitous route and stalk the herd from above.

"So we four spread a blanket in a ravine next to where the ibex were and sat down close together upon it, keeping ourselves warm.

"Suddenly we heard a noise like distant thunder; then spray and stones followed. Our men called out, 'An avalanche is falling!' Although I had seen soveral falls, this seemed to me quite different, more like a landslip, It covered a breadth of at teast one hundred yards, three or four hundred yards long and fifty or eixty feet in depth.

"This onormous mass, like a small mountain tearing with its rock and earth, moved toward us much too quickly for us to get out of its way by the second of the sure was a good prospect, and I started for it. In those days, like the Englishman, 'I ad a heye like an 'awk,' and in the distance I suddenly saw a little puff of smoke. It was gone in an instant, but I well knew its meaning. Indians were there, they had discovered me and hall promptly smothered their fire. Without any haste I began a steady ascent of the hill again, pretending all the time to be prospecting, and keeping a wary eye out for the red devils. Before I reached the top they were getting in too close, and I had to make a run for it, but once reaching the crest I dropped behind a cath, moved toward us much too greek and begen to return their fire. I knew the shots could be heard in camp, and sure enough is.

thing looked weird and supernatural.

"Death stared us in the face. On our right side there was a precipice, which cut off our escape in that direction. On our laft was a very wide trench, which separated us from a which cut off our escape in that direction. On our left was a very wide trench, which separated us from a shoulder of a mountain large enough shoulder of a mountain large enough as untonable. However, we left sufficient record behind us to establish car claim, and when the famous Means of the chasm

"I pointed out to my companions our only chance of escape; by this time the avalanche had approached within fifty or sixty paces of us.

Cracken mine was later located there they compromised with us, and I retired they compromised with us, and I retired they compromised with us, and I retired within fifty or sixty paces of us. my life, landed safely on the side of chasm and crouched under the shelter of the hill, which was only

three or four paces from the side jumped on. "Looking around, to my horror saw my poor friend Wray and the other two men dashed forward by the avalanche and buried under a mountain of snow. My dear old servant, Abel Khan, who had all the nerve and activity of an ibex, could have jumped the chasm, but the others were in his way and he had my heavy Lancaster

"The thought haunts me to this Had be had a fair run he would have saved his life by clearing the chasm as I had done, although it was big jump. "By this time Patto Khan, brotner

watch the ibex about a quarter of a mile to our left, came to the cave in which I had taken shelter. He had witnessed the whole occurrence and had seen his brother killed. He cried most pitcously, lamenting over the loss of his brother and myself, who he

"I called out: 'Putto, fate has been hard upon us! I am safe!"
"He seemed bewildered and cried out: 'No, you are only the spirit come back to tell me! My beloved brother and our young sahib are gone.'

A Single-Hand Fight With Five Lions Occasionally a foolish and intermeddling spectator in a menagerie will endeavor to show his brillianey by experimenting with the animals. More than once this tendency has well-nigh cost a performer his life. recall one instance when a performer was doing an act in a cage containing lions, the late W. C. Coup, the old circus man, was wont to relate. He had just begun his work, and the lions had taken their positions. In the be in rains. The girl's bravery also middle of the cage, facing him, was probably saved the members of Mr. one large lion, and at either end sat two others. Of course a big crowd Shortly after 2 o'clock had collected in front of the cage and family were preparing was pressing heavily against the guard young woman went into a front room ropes. Suddenly a countryman of the and found a hanging oil chandelier smart kind was scized with a desire flaming from the top. to distinguish himself and attract a to put out the fire she blow the flames little attention. Slipping inside the ropes he stooped down and took up the ragged little dog that was crouching at his heels. The instant he lifted the cur up to the level of the cage every lion gave out a rear and made a wild leap for the yellow mon-

mal men outside made a rush for the burned about the hand, wrist and forecage door, but before they could reach arm. it with their irons in hand the plucky performer was on his feet again and dighting his own battle. A tooth or a George Fladiska, aged fifteen years, claw had split his nose and upper lip, a store boy, coming down North Moand the tattered condition of his chanic street in Cumberland, Md., the clothing indicated that he had suffered other evening was surprised by a rat severely. Although his face was bathed in blood, he steed his ground and plied his rod on the heads and harder he shook the tighter the rat noses of the growling beasts until held on, and at last he darted into they were momentarily driven back. Will's Creek to drown the rat, but the But they had tasted blood and were water was so deep that he was nearly furious: Before he could reach the drowned himself. He got rid of th door they were at him again, and in rat, but was badly bitten. the onslaught his right arm and hip were frightfully lacerated. His grit,

from the lions revealed the fact that he was getting the upper hand of them, and at last they were driven them. howling and whining into the corners of the cage and he backed out of the door. No scorer was he safely outside the cage than he became uncon-

It was a good thing for the country man whose folly had stirred up the lions that he contrived to make his ANY sportsmen say that no other hunting can compare in interest and exhibitance of the circus men got hold of him. This incident is simply typical of hundredson cident is sim

A Puff of Smoke That Saved Him William Albertson, of Spokane. in describing an early mining experience of his, said: "In the seventies I was in Arizona with a party prospecting the country. At that time the Apaches were making things lively in that region, and while nominally we snow, and as the snow continued to fall for several days we were obliged to remain indoors, and Surgeon Wray. Who was a splendid musician, amused the villagers by playing his violin to them. Our horses were turned out to graze at night, and each morning

say I thought they were right. However, poor Wray in a jocular tone said we 'funked. This settled the matter, the Indians, as our agreement then the Indians, as our agreement then wo funked. This settled the matter, and out we went.

"We proceeded up the valley about seven miles along the banks of a small river, which divided the mountains on both sides of it. We saw a fine herd of male ibex, but in consequence the descend the other side. I had got down the benches, when my eye

earth, moved toward us much too quickly for us to get out of its way by running down before it. The whole But if I hadn't seen that smoke and But if I hadn't seen that smoke and France and England.

Cracken mine was later located there

in need of courage. A clergyman may find himself confronted with as nerve snaking an ordeal as those more generally expected by the man of war. In his retrospect of "The Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate," Bishop Wipple tells of a mo-ment when he found it extremely necessary that his courage should not fail him.

The Bishop was about to preach in one of the cathedrals, when there en-tered a divinity student whose brain had become deranged by overmuch study. He went forward, as if to sit | crop begins to come in .- The Manuwith the others.
"On reaching the chancel, how-

over," says the Bishop, "he stopped, and taking a revolver from his pocket. pointed it at me. I felt what wa coming before the revolver appeared, and knowing that the young man was short-sighted, and that he would prob short-sighted, and that he would probably wait until sure of his aim. I walked with quick, long strides through the chancel, which is very deep, grateful that I had been an athlete in younger days.

"At the chancel steps I made a lean, swized the young was her the classe one man brushes his hat with a stiff-bristled whisk, and the other rubs his softly with a piece of woolen.

leap, seized the young man by the collar, and turned him sharply round with my knee at his back, while I said to the congregation, 'Will so

"It all happened so quickly that no one moved till then. The poor fellow was led out and the service went on. It was found that the pistol had a hair trigger, and that all the chambers were loaded, making it a marvel that no tragedy had occurred."

But for the bravery of Nellie Stev enson, nineteen years old, the home of Clerk A. C. H. Johnson, of the Dennison Hotel, Covington, Ky., would be in rains. The girl's bravery also Shortly after ? o'clock p. m., as the

down into the oil reservoir of the lamp. She then climbed upon a table and with the flames leaping all about

For a few moments the performer was completely lost to view, buried underneath the writhing bodies of the infuriated lions. Of course the animal men outside made a rush for the limit was put out the girl had been painfully

Will's Creek to drown the rat, but the

however, was indomitable, and he struck and jabbed right and left like a of which between 3009 and 4000 tons cladictor. Finally the howls of pain are made in London.

SHENNERS * INTERNERS The solutions to these puzzles will appear in a succeeding issue

69.-Letter Enigma. In murder, not in kill. In empty, not in fill. In twist, not in turn. In heat, not in burn. In iron, not in gold. In praise, not in scold.

to.-Word Square. 1. A coin. 2. A metal. 3. Temper of mind. 4. Extremities.

71 .- Curtailments 1. Curtail a tree and leave a pro-2. A tree and leave a vegetable. 3. A tree and leave a Scandanavian

4. A tree and leave an adverb. 5. A tree and leave to confine.

1. A consoundt. 2. A sign of the zodiac. 3. Convex glass. 1. A country. 5. A river. 6. Before. 7. A letter. ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS PUZZLES. 65-Rhomboid-

I D.A HO OREAD LIBEL 66.-Charade-Mameluke. 67 .-- Metagram-Cash, Dash, Gash, ash, Mash, Rash, Sash, Wash, 68 .- Word Half Square-

VEGETABLE IVORY.

It is the Nut of a Palm and Comes From South America. The exports of vegetable ivery, or the nuts of the palm known as "phy of a succession." telephas macrocarpa," form an im-portant item in the trade of Ecuador. rom four ports alone there were sent during 1897 about 11,500 tons of these peculiar nuts. Through Guayaquil there went 3700 tons, Manta 3000 tons, Esmeraldas 2900 tons, Bahiade Caraquez 1900 tons. About two-thirds of these shipments went to Germany, about one-sixth comes to the United States, the remainder being bought in

These nuts or seeds, which are found in great quantities in the for-ests of Ecuador, are about the size of a hen's egg. When green they are filled with a fluid, which as they ripen hardens into a whitish, close-grained. aluminous substance, aluminous substance, resembling ivory in both texture and color, and

used extensively in making buttons and other small articles.
According to a recent United States seen to be the most important of all the exporting points, is sup-plied with these nuts between the months of February and July, during the coast. As soon as the sales for he year are completed and the ivory has been shipped, the article disappears from the market and it is almost impossible to find even a very small quantity until the next season's

facturer. The Care of Derby Hate ome men will buy two or three black derby hats a season, and these will always look rusty and old. Other men will buy not more than one a year, and that will never lose its deep rubs his softly with a piece of weolen cloth. The felt of a hat is such a delicate stuff that a stiff whisk applied to it has prefty much the effect that a curry-comb rake would have on a suit of clothes. wears the nap off, exposing the bare gray foundation in short order. A piece of woolen cloth, rubbed over a bat with a circular notion that conforms to the grain, oesn't rub off the nap at ali, but keeps it lustrous and firm and of good color. I buy one two-'an-a-half hat

day."-Philadelphia Record. An Old-Fashioned Function In the old borough of Guildford, England, there survives as the result of an eccentrically conditioned bequest made some 200 years ago, a quaint function known as the distribution of "The Maid's Money." The gift, which is administered by the municipal authorities, amounts to sixty dollars, representing the interest on the bequest. The giver speci-fied that it was to be given to "a maidservant who should have lived for two years or upward in one service in the old borough of Guildford, and who should throw the highest number with two dice or cast lots with another maid-servant." The distribution for this year took place recently, and of this year took place recently, and of the two girls chosen (out of many) by the trustees for the final appeal to the fortune of the dice the winner was declared to be one Louisa Remnant. She threw eleven, against eight thrown by her unsuccessful competitor.

Philadelphia Proverbs. Proverbs of a prominent Philadel. phian:
"A crying evil you only aggravate
A native of a

by putting down-A native of all countries who speaks the language of everyone else, and a necessity to the world-The morning caller, noonday crawler, midnight bawler. "A troublesome com reat possibilities-A bold a e rights of free speech

NO. 15. THE FACE WHAT CHANGES NOT Ah me, full many a year has flown-Two decades if a day—
Since first I saw that face, and I
Alasi am growing gray
And baild; and yet, as deese and dark
As then, its crown of hair
Surmounts that face which shows no trace
Of trouble, time, nor care.

No cruel crows' feet mark the eyes I gazo upon thro "spees;"
And lot the smile, the self-same smile,
That countenance bedeets
That met my roving glance lang syno!
The cheeks are dimpled still,
The teeth intact, O "is a inct,
Time's conquests here are ni!

Here naught's surrendered to the years,
Nor tithe nor tribute paid;
Ny best beloved's early bloom
Long years ago did fade;
And still untouched by time I sco—
While I grow old and sad—
That suiling face in its old place
On a cosmetic ad.
—Boston Globe.

-Boston Globe. HUMOR OF THE DAY

Lady—"Why don't you go to work for a living?" Tramp—"Well, lady, I want to give everything else a fair trial first."—Puck. No, Maude, dear, we have never

heard that the trough of the sea was especially made for the fishes to drink out of.—Philadelphia Record. Mrs. McCauty—"An' ye've raise! quoite a big family, Mrs. Murphy?"
Mrs. Murphy (with pride)—"Seven Polacemin, Mrs. McCanty."—Tit-

A Conjecture: Maude-"After our engagement Jack told me it was a case of love at first sight on his part." Clara—"Poor fellow, is he nearsighted?" "Mrs. Trickett is very ill," said

Mrs. Hojack to Mrs. Tomdik. 'What ails her?' "She has been living on bealth foods for several months?" Harper's Bazar. Little Patsy—"What is an alibi?"
Mulligan—"Faith, an' it's that ye
wasn't where ye was when ye committed a crime that, be jabers, ye

didn't commit at all!"-Tit-Bits.

She gloried in her auburn hair. Which was a dark crimso. Some said it was made. Others said 'twas'.

"I thought ne failed to make the feet the mouths large enough to be con sidered real humor."—Chicago Post A love-sick crow was importuning fair young female crow to be his mat-But she would not answer "yes"

his entreaties. When he begged he to tell him why she objected to him she giggled out: "Oh, 'caws,"-Balti more American. Hopeless Case: "Poor Chollie!" said the girl who was in a sympathetic mood. "He cau't say 'no." "He might shake his head, then," said the practical girl. "No, poor fellow, his collar is too high for that."

—Haberdashers' Gazette.

Ella-"To think that it is two years since we met, and you know me at once! Then I haven't changed much, after all?" Bella—"Oh, I knew you thought there was so much wear in it?"-Buffalo Commercial.

They heard a noise in the kitcher months of February and July, during the rainy season, it being possible during that time to utilize the rivers see that rat jump out of the oven?" she gasped, holding her skirts. "Why the state of the course here." for transportation purposes. Rude of logs, and on these the nuts are brought down to these the nuts are brought down to -Chicago News.

Bramble--"I wish my wife hadn't taken in that course of lectures on 'First Aid to the Injured.'" Thorne— Why?" Bramble-"She scems to omething just to give her a chance to show what she has learned."-San

Francisco Examiner. An Artist's Absent-Mindedness.

The absent-mindedness of a certain oung Chicago artist, together with ier habit of talking to herself, no long since led to her undoing. The young man whom of all others she most favored as a rule had been unfortunate enough to provoke her in some manner, and she was vowing vengeance against him when she started downtown to her studio one

afternoon "Oh! How I hate Bobby Faxter!" she muttered, half aloud, as she took her seat in the car. And, I hate Bobby Faxter!" she said quite aloud a few moments later. Just then somebody tapped her on the arm with a trivial question regarding the meeting of a certain club or society. The young artist fully intended to reply civilly, but her tongue got the better of her and "Oh, how I hate Bobby Faxter," was what she really a year, and rub it each morning with a bit of flaunel. I guarantee that it outlasts three five-dollar hats that are raked and scraped with whisks every to be Bobby's mother. - Chicago

couple of diminutive newsboys, both white, got into a scrap at the corner of Tenth street and Pennsylvania avenue the other night. They of about a size, but they weren't evenly matched by a large number of points. The kid that had the science pummeled the other to a standstill, then picked up his papers from where he had thrown them and walked off. The licked boy dug his hands into his pockets and surveyed his papers, lying on the pavement, tho A man who had witnessed the scray walked by and said: "Well, you got it right that time,

The kid looked up, spat, pulled his hands out of his pockets, picked up his papers and said, philosophically: "Aw, it'll be all one in a hundred

Then he plodded on like a little man, ready to take up the white man's burden all over again .- Washington

On one occasion there was an argu-ment going on before the United States Supreme Court in Washington, and the attorneys were using a map to illustrate the case. One atterney, in the course of his presentation of the case, pointed to the map in question, when Justice Gray asked him what the map was. "Why, your honor, it he map was. "Why, your none."
ust a bird's-eye view of the rersy," answered