The Queenstown News.

...OR. "INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL." 50 CENTS A YEAR.

QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1900. NO. 26.

The timber supply of Georgia has been estimated by lumbermen of the State as sufficient to last only nine years at the present rate of sawing, 2,600,000 feet daily.

The Utah mine explosion, causing the loss of nearly three hundred lives in one awful minute, is a reminder of the feebleness of belligerent man as a destroyer compared with the elemental forces of nature.

From the fresh life of the rural districts young men and women are still drawn to the schools, the colleges and the business opportunities of the city, and now, as always, take their places among the best elements that enter into city life. Let us not croak too much about the degeneracy of rural life, suggests the Christian Register.

All the heroes in the world do not wear military uniforms. There are soldiers of science not less brave. As witness the cases of Drs. Sambon and Low, two eminent physicians who have volunteered to risk their lives in the deadly swamps of the Romana Campagna in the service of the British Government, and incidentally of the whole civilized world.

A writer for McClure's Magazine has been at pains to discover that the importations of foreign bonnets and millinery to the United States for the year 1899 amounted to $26,44,000. This was an increase of $400,000 over 1898 and of $533,000 over 1897. Literally the American girl carries a feather in her hat for the commercial and industrial triumphs of the land that loves her.

Makers of counterfeit paper money and spurious coin are keeping the Secret Service officers very busy just now, and the difficulties of detection and arrest seem to multiply in a constantly increasing ratio as the counterfeiters become more numerous and venturesome. Safeguards once deemed adequate have failed to protect the public from the plague of bogus money, and additional measures and regulations to insure security would be generally welcomed and appreciated.

New York has come nearer than any other State in solving the question of prison labor by employing prisoners in the production of supplies for the maintenance of State, county and municipal institutions, and for the support of the inmates of the same, thinks the Philadelphia Press. The industrial commission in its report on prison labor urges this plan, which has worked so successfully in New York, and which is the only scheme ever proposed which avoids competition with free labor and yet keeps the prisoners from the demoralization of idleness. New York has its prisons under one central State management.

United States Commissioner of Education William T. Harris says that civilization has two important objects. The one is to place under the command of the individual and the social whole the services of nature, and the other function is the making available to each individual the lives of his fellow-men, so far as their experience is concerned and their observations upon nature, their reflections upon the facts of nature, and their insight into the laws by which nature is governed. Not only this experience regarding nature, but the experience regarding ...e human life, the laws which make ...l combinations possible, insights ...nderlie morality, religion and ...phical view of the world.

...from the Australian ...ularly New South ...has been begun ...to emigrate ...ely marry ...those ... ...as the emigration is increasing the proportion of unmarried males is constantly increasing.

The one hundred principal trade unions of Great Britain, with a membership in 1898 of 1,043,476, or about sixty per cent. of the total membership of all the unions, spent during the seven years, 1892-1898, inclusive for friendly and benevolent purposes fifty-nine per cent. of their total expenses, while another eighteen per cent. was devoted to working expenses of various kinds, and only twenty-three per cent. to dispute benefits. American trade unions are much younger, and these admirable benefit features come with age, states Professor Edward W. Bemis in the New York Independent. Less than one-sixth of our trade unions were in existence in 1880, and they then embraced less than one-tenth of the existing membership, of perhaps one million, of all American unions, while one-third of the present British unions were in existence twenty years ago, and in those unions to-day are over sixty per cent. of all the British trade unionists.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

...he sun is setting and the toiler halts
Across the furrows, shadowed by the rays
...hat fleck the field in lines of burnished gold,
The smoke from out his cottage chimney curls
In lazy clouds and fades away in air.
His hand drops from the plow; he waits a while
And lets the cool breath of the twilight blow
Across his face a moment, as he stands
Foot deep in stubble, but that moment turned;
Then, starting off his horses to their bay,
Smiles and moves on to meet his welcome home.

And what a wealth of welcome! From the door
Two little ones, blue-eyed and flaxen-haired,
Leap out toward him shouting all the while.
Within, the boarded kitchen walls throw back
A kindly glow, and, in the gleam, he sees
The table with the simple supper spread,
And then his wife, lighting the evening lamp.
After the meal a happy hour goes by
With babies pratting gayly on his knees;
Later to rest, a peaceful, dreamless sleep,
Until the rising sun proclaims the day

The pomp of kings, the pride of place, and all
The cursed madding race for wealth and power,
What mean they to this man? Himself a king,
Content to humbly earn his daily bread,
To watch the glow of health on childhood's cheek,
To note the love light in a mother's eye,
Year in, year out, to plow his plot of earth,
No centuries of silence need he wait
To make reply to God, but daily thanks
His Maker for his manhood and his bread,
His place in life's grim struggle fixed and sure.

Away in those far cities, whose fierce hum
Dies to a feeble murmur in the fields,
The spirits of unrest in human shape
Flit through the caverns of despair and woe,
Frail leaves upon life's swollen, sullen stream.
No will for honest labor, and no hand
To help them to the pathway that they crave;
Drifting in aimless eddies here and there,
Seeking in vain a glimpse of Fortune's smile,
Making a false ambition take the place
Of love and hope, and so they live and die.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

A FORTUNE FROM A FISHLINE.

WHEN Thomas Proctor entered my office one October morning ten years ago, I little thought the day would prove to be the most eventful in the lives of three men.

I had aided Proctor financially in several promising business ventures and they all wound up in disaster, which was not due to any mismanagement on his part, but to a combination of unfortunate circumstances.

After the last collapse Proctor obtained a situation at a salary which barely supported his family. This went on for about two years, when his employer failed and Tom was again stranded. He had been without employment about a month when he called at my office that October morning.

I gave him some advice and encouragement, and what to him was more substantial, some dollars to relieve his immediate necessities.

Proctor expressed his gratitude in his blunt, homely fashion, and added earnestly: "Perhaps this is the turning of the tide, Mr. Burrows," and I replied, "I hope so, with all my heart."

At that time I was a director in a large transportation company, and thinking that possibly I might secure a position there for my young friend, we started on a search at once.

On the way downtown we stopped at a wholesale house to buy a hammock to send to a friend in Florida.

The clerk informed us that as the hammock season was over all their stock had been packed away on the top floor, so we ascended to the fifth floor in the elevator and then climbed two flights of stairs, entering a room occupying the whole area of the building.

A clerk was busily engaged with a gentleman whom I recognized as Hon. Moses Oglethorpe, multimillionaire, the richest man in the State.

The clerk went downstairs for something, leaving us alone—a millionaire, a merchant and a poor man.

Suddenly we were started by the clanging of gongs and a commotion in the street.

We all rushed to the window, drawn thither by the natural desire inherent in the breast of the average American to witness the rush of the fire engines.

"Great Scott! gentlemen!" exclaimed Tom excitedly, "the fire is in this building! I smell smoke! We must get out!" We all rushed to the door, Proctor reaching it first. As he swung it open he was driven back by a sheet of flame and smoke.

"No chance to escape by the stairs," said he; "perhaps there's a fire escape; you stay here while I take a look," and with that he ran to the front, side and rear windows. When he rejoined our little group the answer was plainly written on his face, "No fire escapes anywhere on the building."

In that time of awful peril and danger Tom Proctor was cool and collected, so we naturally looked to him to find some avenue of escape. Ten minutes before he was the most insignificant person in the room, a penniless bankrupt, realizing his own insignificance more keenly because of the presence of a modern Croesus.

A few moments had changed the standing of the two extremes of our trio, and Proctor had jumped to the head of the class, for we were in a situation where brains were of more account than dollars.

...e examined the room, hoping to ...kylight, but was unsuccessful. ...sought the windows again, ...might discover a coping ...which we could reach ...uilding, but with the ...t.

...to the windows to see ...as any chance of help from the firemen. A cry of horror reached our ears as the crowd in the street caught sight of us.

The firemen raised ladders against the side of the building, but our hearts sank, for the ladders reached only the window of the fourth floor.

One cry reached our ears, but it sounded like a death sentence. Someone, evidently a fire chief, roared through a trumpet, "Jump! it's your only chance!" at the same time pointing to a group of men holding a large blanket directly beneath us.

"My God!" groaned Oglethorpe, "it's suicide to jump from this height. It makes me dizzy to think of it."

Proctor was as cool as the proverbial cucumber, and talked to us as calmly as if discussing a business scheme in my private office.

"It's a case of roast or jump," said he; "that's the whole thing in a nutshell. My case is much worse than yours, gentlemen. Your families will be well provided for, but God only knows what will become of my wife and children when I'm gone."

"See here, young man," Oglethorpe exclaimed, grasping Tom by the arm, "I can't be roasted here like a rat, and to jump is worse! God, man, isn't there some escape? We can't die like this? Why, man alive, I'd give a million dollars to ...anded safely on the ground!"

As he spoke he emphasized his words by shaking Proctor's arm, staring into his face with a fierce, desperate expression. I glanced at Tom—for the instant forgetting our perilous situation—and noted that, unmindful of Oglethorpe, he was gazing intently to one side; then suddenly his face lighted up with a gleam of hope. Turning quickly to the millionaire, he exclaimed: "Do you make that as a bona fide offer, Mr. Oglethorpe?"

"Certainly I do."

"All right! I accept the contract. No time now for any business formalities. Shake hands on it. You witness this, Mr. Burrows," said he, nodding his head in my direction, at the same time extending his hand to Oglethorpe.

They hastily grasped each other's hand and I bore witness of the strangest transaction on record.

Pushing the millionaire aside roughly, Proctor ran to a case of drawers under the counter a few feet away. On the upper drawer was tacked a white card which bore the simple legend, "Fish lines." It was only the work of a second to pull the drawer out and select a heavy, strong line, about the size used in codfishing. The drawer underneath was labeled "Sinkers," and from this he grabbed a lead sinker, which he deftly fastened to the end of the line. From the wall he tore down a sign which read "No smoking allowed;" on the back of this card he wrote in plain letters, "Hitch on a rope, quick!"

Making the card fast to the line near the lead he rushed to the window, followed by Oglethorpe and myself.

We watched the descent of that white messenger with breathless interest, for our lives were in the balance and time was precious. Three souls hanging to a cod line and a piece of common, everyday cardboard!

A man on the ladder seized the card and read its message. Waving his hand upward to signify that he understood, he ran nimbly down the ladder, darted across the street to a ladder truck, and with the help of a comrade seized a coil of rope, which they flung on the ground directly under our window. Fastening the end of the rope to his belt, the horseman climbed to where the end of our precious codline was swinging to and fro.

Proctor leaned far outward and carefully obeyed the command to "haul." He was in a happy mood, probably from the fact that he was earning $1,000,000, and also that he was working for his own dear life and ours too.

"This is a kind of a fish worth fishing for," cried he, with enthusiasm; "sort of a goldfish, hey, Mr. Oglethorpe?"

I believe that Tom had been to sea a couple of voyages when a youngster, and evidently the old sailor instinct returned the moment he got hold of that rope.

When the last fathom fell at our feet Tom grabbed it, and with a quick turn of the hands tied a loop, which I think sailors call a "bow line." Slipping this bow line over Mr. Oglethorpe's head and down to the hips, he said to him, tersely, "Now, then Mr. Oglethorpe, you're to sit in this bow line; hold on to the rope with a death grip. Don't be afraid; you can't fall out if you try. Mr. Burrows and I will lower you down, and all you have to do is to keep yourself away from the building with your feet. You may bark your shins, but that's nothing. Lively, now! There's not a moment to lose!"

Even then the millionaire hesitated. The prospect of dangling from a seven-story window on the end of a rope appalled him. Proctor almost dragged him to the window, and after a few more instructions and no little urging, the man of money laboriously crowded over the sill; we slacked away on the rope and his head disappeared from view. We had a turn of the rope around a steam pipe and had no difficulty in holding his weight.

Presently we heard a tremendous cheer from the crowd below, which told us that Oglethorpe was safe. Running to the window we saw him descending the ladder with the help of a fireman.

Tom hauled up the rope again, and in an instant I was ready to descend. His instructions to me were the same as to Oglethorpe, only he added: "If I don't get out of this alive, Mr. Burrows, you see that Bessie and the babies get that million." He glanced over his shoulder to the rear of the room, where the flames were just beginning to break through.

I made a protest—and meant it too—that it was only right that he should go next. The rope was his idea, and he ought to reap the benefit and save himself before it was too late.

He replied, almost angrily: "Stop your nonsense, Mr. Burrows, and get out of that window! I'll take two turns around this steam pipe, so as to hold you all right, and you'll be on the ladder in a jiffy."

My descent to the ground is still like a hideous dream. I have a dim recollection of twisting and turning, at the same time falling down, down, till it seemed as if I was dropping into a bottomless pit in the infernal regions.

There was more shouting by the throng of people, and before I knew it I was standing on Mother Earth once more, with Oglethorpe shaking my arm off.

We looked upward expecting to see Proctor climb down the rope. To the suprise of every one he pulled it up a third time. "What's he's doing?" exclaimed the fire chief. "Why don't he slide down that rope?"

"He knows what he's about," said the millionaire; "look!"

To our amazement the rope dropped from the window with knots in it about six feet apart.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the chief, that's a trick worth knowing. Wonder how he did it in such a short time.'

We saw Tom's feet come through the window, where he had to maneuver a moment to wind his legs around the rope; then he slid down from one knot to the next easily and gracefully, disdaining to use the ladder, and finally landed safely on the ground.

Tom called to see me the next day, smiling and happy.

"I've got the million all right, Mr. Burrows," said he, "and have been walking on air ever since. Have to pinch myself to make sure I'm not dreaming. It's a mighty queer feeling, and I haven't got acclimated yet. The papers laid it on so thick that I had to sneak through the back streets to get here, people stare so at me.

"I don't want you to think I took advantage of Oglethorpe because his life was in danger; I merely profited by his generous offer. It was a matter of business, pure and simple, and the fact that he paid up like a man is proof that he considered it a square deal.

"And, by the way, Mr. Burrows," he added, "that was the turning of the tide after all."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

STRATEGY WITH THE SULTAN.

An American Missionary's Way of Getting a Firman Issued.

Apropos of the complications with Turkey, an interesting story is told by William E. Curtis, of a bit of strategy that was employed by the Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin to secure the original firman from the sultan for the erection of Roberts college. Dr. Hamlin and his associates of the missionary board, with the aid of the United States minister, had been trying for years to secure permission from the sultan for the erection of a Christian college in Contantinople for the education of native missionaries, and while his majesty's promises were plentiful the formal permit could never be obtained. So they waited from month to month and year to year, renewing their applications with more or less energy every time an opportunity was offered, and receiving the most cordial assurances and the most solemn promises, but never getting the formal license. In the midst of their perplexity and discouragement a fleet of American men-of-war arrived at Constantinople on a pleasure cruise, and were received and entertained with great hospitality by the sultan and the members of his court, as well as by the American residents. While visiting the flagship one day Dr. Hamlin was asked by the admiral if they could do anything for him.

"Yes," replied the missionary, "you can render me a great service if you will instruct your officers and men to inquire of everybody they meet when the firman for the Roberts college is to be issued. It is not necessary to say anything further. Just ask them to make the inquiry of everybody they meet and say nothing more." The instructions were sent around the fleet and thereafter daily the officers and men would ask everybody: "When will the sultan issue the firman for Dr. Hamlin's college?"

Three days later the document was issued; the mysterious inquiries were reported at court from every direction, and the sultan was convinced that the presence of the American men-of-war was due to his delay in carrying out his promise. It might be well, therefore to send over another fleet and instruct the officers to inquire when the sultan is going to pay that $90,000.

To Make Children Grow.

The subject of stunted men and women is always of importance notwithstanding that the rising generation promises to be well above the average in height. A noted Frenchman has published researches in a paper read before the French Academy of Medicine, in which he traces shortness in children mainly to alcoholism, morphine habit and other similar troubles in their parents. He believes that treatment for stunted children is valuable and should consist of rational measures directed to the relief of the maladies which produce arrested development combined with improved hygiene and gymnastics.

Remembering that there is always one primary factor which renders the child short, he attempts the direct remedy by stimulating the growth of the bones. Since the growth of bones is at the point where the shaft joins the ends, he induces local excitation at this point by applying saturated salt or brine compresses around the points at night. He believes that electricity locally applied is even more efficacious and almost any kind of current seems to act as a sufficient stimulant. He has also found good results from the application to the muscles surrounding the joints.—Philadelphia Record.

Old South Church.

Closely associated with America's early struggles for independence is the Old South Church, at Boston, Mass. The present structure occupies the site of the original building, and was built in 1729. It was from the old church that the valiant and aggressive members of the Boston Tea Party marched to attack the obnoxious ships in the harbor. In 1775, while the British were in possession of Boston, the church was cleared of its pews and converted into a riding school for the cavalry. At present the historic edifice is being used as a museum of antiquities and curiosities, and the church society worships in a fine and costly new church at the corner of Boylston and Dartmouth streets. Benjamin Franklin was baptized in the original church, and many notables attended it.

Man's Bragging Habit.

The less a man brags to his friends doesn't mean the less he brags to himself

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

A War Correspondent's Exploit.

THE duties of a war correspondent are easier nowadays than they were in the great days when the reputations of such men as the late Archibald Forbes were made.

The war between Turkey and Servia ended with the battle of Djunis in 1876. Forbes was the only correspondent on the spot, and there Servia lay at the mercy of the Turks. At five in the afternoon, when Forbes rode away from the blazing huts of Deligrad, more than 140 miles lay between him and his destination, the telegraph office at Semlin.

All night he rode that weary journey, changing horses every fifteen miles and forcing the beasts along at their best speed. Soon after noon the following day, sore from head to foot, Forbes was clattering over the Belgrade streets.

At Semlin he took one long drink, and then sat down to the task of writing, hour after hour, the great tidings he carried. After he had written his story and put it on the wires he lay down in his clothing and slept twenty hours without turning.

In the Russo-Turkish war it was Forbes's task to cover Bulgaria from the right flank to the left flank of the Russian main advance.

"Probably there is no toil," he wrote years afterward, "harder than that which the earnest war correspondent must undergo in a country destitute of communications.

"It was night when I reached the Danube. Leaving my horses in Sistora I would tramp in the darkness across the bridge and over the islands and flats, ankle deep in sand, the three miles' trudge to Simnitza, the village on the Roumanian side of the great river. I have reached Simnitza so beaten that I could scarcely stagger up the slope. Once when I got to the bridge I found that it was forbidden to cross it. Two pontoons in the centre, said the officer, were under water, and there was no thoroughfare; nobody he said was allowed to go upon it. I represented to him that as I did not belong to the Russian army it was nothing to him what might happen to me.

"I found the two pontoons submerged, as he said, and a fierce current running over them, but the hand rope was above water. This I clutched, and crossed the interval hand over hand along it, sloshing down with the current as the slack of the rope gave to my weight. Simnitza reached somehow, there were still about ninety miles to Bucharest. Off, then, to Giurgevo, fifty miles night drive in a country rattletrap drawn by four half-broken ponies harnessed abreast. I have been upset freely all along that dreary plain; spilt into a river, capsized into a village, overturned by a dead horse into a dismal swamp.

"Bucharest finally reached, I had to finish my message without delaying even to wash. I have reached Bucharest so smeared with mud, so blackened with powder, so clotted with inch-deep dust, so blistered with heat, that the people of the hotel had difficulty in recognizing me. The telegram finished—long or short, there was no respite till that was done—came a bath and then food, and then a few hours' sleep till the evening train should start."

Young Heroine of a Prairie Fire.

Annie Erickson, the twelve-year-old daughter of a farmer living a few miles from Beaton, Minn., has been made a heroine by the prairie fire, she having, at the risk of her life, saved her twin sisters, two years of age. To save them Annie ran a mad race with the leaping flames, carrying with her on horseback the two babies, with whom she was alone in the house when the fire surrounded the place. Mr. and Mrs. Erickson had gone away for the day, leaving Annie to keep house and care for the babies. About three o'clock in the afternoon the high wind that had been blowing suddenly turned to a gale, and almost before the child realized it the house was surrounded, the fire getting closer and closer as it fed on the matted prairie grass. In the barn was the family horse, which animal proved the salvation of the three children.

Quickly wrapping the babies in a wet quilt, Annie mounted the horse's back and started upon the perilous ride for safety. To reach the clear district a sea of fire almost forty rods across had to be traversed, and into this ocean of flame the little girl forced the horse. The animal needed little urging, and the trip was made at an incredible speed.

Just as Annie thought she had reached a safe spot the wind shifted, blowing the wall of flame directly toward her, and setting fire to the grass under her feet. The nearest creek was fully two miles away, and Annie realized that unless she reached this ahead of the flames, only the bones of herself and the babies would be left to tell the tale. Once more she urged forward the horse. The fire was at his heels, and, race as he would, he could not get away from the scorching heat and the fearful roaring at his back. Several times, Annie says, it seemed as if she must give up and slide from the horse's back, but the thought that she must care for her little sisters gave her strength, and she continued to ride as a child never rode before.

Reaching Plum Creek, a half mile from here, she dropped from the horse with the children in her arms, just as the flames swept over her. She was slightly burned, but the babies wrapped in the blankets were not harmed.

When the riderless horse reached here it was recognized as owned by Mr. Erickson, and a party was made up to go to the farm and make an investigation. When Plum Creek was reached the children were found, badly frightened, but not seriously hurt.—Stephen (Minn.) Correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Not Wholly a Coward.

"When I hear people boast what they would ... do under the persuasion of a six... said an old passenger conductor, "I am ... reminded of an experience of ... years ago, on the Iron Mountain Railroad.

"I was station agent at the time at a little town near Texarkana, and had been summoned up to Little Rock on some business that has nothing to do with this story. I was in the first day coach, well up to the front, and in the next seat was an express messenger who had attracted a good deal of attention from the fact that he wore his hair long and had a pair of enormous revolvers stuck in his belt. The rest of the car was well filled with a mixed crowd, including perhaps a dozen women. At about 9 o'clock at night, while we were going over a very desolate part of the road, the train slowed down suddenly, and before we could inquire what was wrong the front door flew open and a masked man stepped inside with a sawed-off shotgun at his shoulder. 'Sit still!' he yelled, 'I'll turn loose if airy soul move a finger!' As he spoke another masked man stepped around him with a cocked revolver in his hand and started down the aisle, looting the passengers as he went. When he came to the express messenger he burst out laughing. 'You old scarecrow!' he said, 'what are you doing with them guns,' and he snatched one of the pistols out of his belt and hit him over the head with the butt. Then he took the other, made him hand over his watch and money, and passed on. The messenger wiped the blood off his face and said nothing.

"After it was all over and the robbers had disappeared the messenger was a target for numerous sneering remarks. 'If I had made a break,' he said to me, quietly, 'that feller at the door would have blazed away with his sawed-off gun and killed half the women folks in the car.' At the next stopping place he got off and one of the women stuck her head out of the window and screamed 'Coward!'

"Two days later that same messenger walked up to a little cabin in the mountains, kicked in the door, shot two of the robbers dead in their tracks and captured three others, all single-handed. I often wondered whether the woman who hollered 'coward' heard of that incident."

Diving For Pearls.

Pearl-diving may fairly be classed among the most perilous occupations known to breadwinners. The simplest accidents bring fatal consequences. The life-line and the air-... are the means of feeding, and ... on the part of the div... ...boatman is always p... ...must be remember... ...the boat is not stationary, but drifts with the tide, for an anchor would catch in the heavy coral growths. The diver must keep up with the boat, but is obliged to run from side to side on the rough bottom so that no pearl-bearing shell may escape him.

My first accident, says H. Phelps Whitmarsh, who at one time dived for his living off the Australian coast, happened before I had been diving three weeks. I had been working in about ten fathoms of water all the morning, and as my bag was full, I gave the signal to ascend.

The life-line tautened. I was lifted from my feet, and drawn upward. When within ten feet of the boat's bottom, I suddenly felt a tightening under my left arm, and my upward progress stopped. Before I realized that anything was wrong, the check, which held the air-pipe under my arm, parted, and I was pulled back head downward. Instantly all the air in the dress went into the legs, which swelled like two immense sausages and held me suspended, heels up.

For the first few moments of my surprise and terror, I kicked, struggled and yelled like a madman. The boys pulled with might and main at the life-line round my waist, but my helmet seemed to be anchored to the bottom.

After I had kicked myself into a state of exhaustion, I reasoned out the cause of my dilemma. It was evident that the air-pipe was fast below. I began at once to try to make the boys understand that I wanted them to lower me. All my signal shakes and jerks were ineffectual. They held the line taut, and every few minutes made a violent effort to pull me in halves.

At last, however, they had sense enough to signal for help, and after I had hung betwixt top and bottom for about half an hour, my air-pipe was released and I was pulled up half dead to the surface.

One Private's Exploit.

Acts of heroism on the part of American soldiers in the Philippines are so frequent as to seldom be the subjects of specially detailed accounts and official commendation. The following is an exception:

Private Haney, of the Twenty-second Infantry was recently posted by Lieutenant Castner to guard a mountain pass about twenty miles back of Vigan. The night was half gone when Haney saw a fire burning brightly some distance down the mountainside. Taking his rifle, he followed a trail and on emerging into an opening saw the outlines of a native hut and close about the fire the forms of eight Filipinos dressed in the faded uniforms of the insurgent army. Their guns were thrown aside in a careless manner, and they were all deeply interested in the cooking of a young pig that hung above the fire.

Creeping carefully forward, Haney came to a position which would give him great advantage should the rebels stand for a fight, then leveling his piece he called to them to surrender, and they obeyed. Haney took into camp the eight men, one of them a sergeant, the same number of guns, and a beautifully roasted pig.—Washington Correspondence Baltimore Sun.

New Mail Division.

"Have you a letter for me?" bashfully inquired a pretty girl at the village of A—— postoffice.

"Business or love-letter?" asked the clerk, who was a bit of a wag.

"Business," replied the maiden, in crimson confusion. As no letter of that nature could be found she departed, but after a while returned, blushing to the hair roots, and faltering, asked: "Please, sir, would you mind looking among the love-letters?"—Tit-Bits.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

The solutions to these puzzles will appear in a succeeding issue.

—— 29 ——

113.—Double Acrostic.

The primals and finals, read down ward, each name a city.

1. Sly. 2. In place of. 3. A p... 4. Animals. 5. A Roman emperor. 6. To gape.

114.—Poets in Anagrams.

1. Join dad's hopes.
2. I will ape crow M.
3. Can rye, rye H.
4. Ay, all ran Sam.
5. Hot rags May.

115.—Numerical Enigma.

My whole, composed of 23 letters, is a quotation from Goldsmith.
My 4, 3, 9, 10 is a mineral seam.
My 11, 5, 7 is an explanatory index.
My 8, 6, 12, 22, 13 is testimony.
My 1, 2, 16, 15, 18 is a number.
My 19, 22, 20 is a kind of bed.
My 17 is a consonant.

116.—Charade.

"First" is a piece of mother earth,
It may be large or small, and of little worth.
"Next" is one who events foretold
In ancient days when men were bold.
"Whole" the name of a painter find,
One noted for his brilliant mind.

ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS PUZZLES.

109.— Curtailments — Cover-t, Daw-n, Early-y, Fur-y, Grow-l.

110.—Word square—
C E D E
E V E N
D E A D
E N D S

111.—Buried Poets—Arn... shaw, Howitt, ... Aytoun ...

11...

Fa...

...spri... Orego... dry pla... ions of g... going to ... There is only a ... nor being used for bathing p... The water boils out of these springs and runs to waste in a volume two feet wide and six inches deep, and at a distance of 100 yards, in ordinary weather, is at the boiling point. During winter or summer ranchers scald their hogs in the stream near the spring, and do it as quickly as it is done in the vats prepared for that purpose by the butchers.

Within a radius of three miles of Lakeview there are three of these springs, and all are very large. It is claimed that a move is on foot to convert the hot water from some of these springs to use in a woolwashing plant. The wool is shipped from here in its natural state, and the expense of washing is said to be enormous, but the washing would cost but a nominal sum here, with such natural facilities.

While the water has great medicinal qualities, and various diseases have been permanently cured by bathing in the streams, yet it bleaches well when used for laundry purposes, and will not injure the texture of the goods, either woolen or cotton.

Two of the largest springs are going to waste, only the one owned by Mr. Grimes having heretofore been utilized at all. He has a couple of small swimming vats enclosed in board shacks, and people go out and pay twenty-five cents occasionally for a swim.

The King of Bandits.

The death of Bellacoscia ought to revive some lively tales of the Corsican banditti. Bellacoscia was by so far the greatest of Corsican bandits that he divided with Napoleon the affections of all true Corsicans. If one can imagine the famous English outlaw Robin Hood crossed with what Mr. Dooley calls "one of Kentucky's rhapid-firin' citizens," one can get a good idea of the great Corsican's methods and influence. Bellacoscia took to th... in '48 because the mayo... declined to furnish a fal... ...ting him from mili... ...mayor paid the usu... ...Bellacoscia sought reti... the caves of Monte d'Oro... accumulated a collection of ...ettas, which kept him occupied throughout life. The gendarmes were constantly on his track, and every sort of device employed to take him or starve him out. Some thirty of his nearest relatives were once arrested on the charge of complicity; it was known that they were supplying him regularly with food. But it was no good; the next of kin took up the pious task, Bellacoscia fared as well as ever, and at the end of three months there was nothing for it but to let the thirty out of prison again.—Harper's Weekly.

Summary Punishment in Mexico.

An instance of the manner in which justice is summarily dispatched in Mexico has been afforded at Naco, a sub-port of entry south of Bisbee, Ariz., where the Bisbee Railway crosses the International line on its way to the mines of Nacosari. Two of the Mexican "rurales" or frontier guards, quarrelled over a card game. One of the men, Ruiz, shot and killed his companion, who appeared to have been somewhat less agile "on the draw." That night the commandant of the local detachment of rurales sentenced Ruiz to death. The next morning at daybreak, Ruiz was marched out into the suburbs of the camp, guarded closely by a detachment of his former comrades in arms. Given a spade, he was compelled to dig his own grave. Then at command he stood at "attention" upon its edge and received in his breast the bullets of a file of men, the riddled corpse falling backward into the shallow trench.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Intellectual Temperament.

It's funny how the people who let their houses run themselves and their children go to the dogs are so busy searching for higher light and other things.

EARLY MORNING NAPS.

You may talk about the beauties of the glorious morning sun
When "night's candles have burnt out," and the "jocund day" begun;
You may sing in words poetic of the rosy robe of morn,
Flashing golden gleams of glory at the breaking of the dawn;
But to me there's nothing sweeter, or more beautiful—perhaps—
Than the visions that I cherish in my early morning naps.

...speak of how the dewdrops glis... the morning rose,
How ... nature breathes ... it blows;
How there's mu... ...mming of the beetles and the ...
And the whispering of ... rustling of the trees.
But I'm sure that all this sweetn... frothy foam and sap
To the comfort that is gathered from early morning nap.

You may tell me of the beauties I for many years have missed
When the mellow rays of sunlight first the dewdrops softly kissed,
By not rising with the skylark to salute with matin song
All the transcendental glories that to early morn belong;
But my cup of joy is fullest—and as lasting, too, perhaps—
When I dream of bliss supernal in my early morning naps.

You may preach your words of warning, how that they who early rise
Are the ones to whom 'tis granted to be wealthy, hale, and wise,
But I've noticed that the poorest soonest at their work,
And the wisest and the halest early burdens shirk,
And when once the dro... me in her ...
I would part... my...

...ray—"Oh, dear, no. He ...ugh knowledge of it, you ...Boston Transcript.

"Women are queer." "... you mean, sir?" "Before ... married you didn't like it i... you cut-rate presents; an... scold me if I don't."—In... Journal.

"Have you a family ...asked. She laughed in a ...cilious way. "A family t... we have just bought a pla... has no fewer than eight o... Chicago Post.

Mistress—"The master ... with your cooking to-d... Cook—"I don't take any n... num. It's his blessed nat... fault. Ain't he always f... with you?"—Tit-Bits.

Little Willie—"Say, pa... redundancy of expression?"... words than are n... express one's m... 'wealthy iceman,' ... etc."—New York Wee...

"Daughters are a grea... "How so, Mrs. Nooch?" ...don't dress them handsome... not attractive; and if you ... them handsomely men are ... marry them."—Chicago Reco...

The One—"Now, you kno... enough all women are artificial... are never natural." The Other—... you must remember that it is n... for them to be artificial, so you... sertion does not hold."—Indiana... Press.

Mr. Quinn—"Lucy, why do ... persist in sending for th... he charges more tha... Quinn—"Because, Arc... ways leaves enough scrap ... over the rat holes in the ... New York Wee...

Mr. Meeker's ... a curtain lecture ... and stopped a moment ... "Well," said Mr. Meeker, shrugging his shoulders and speaking under his breath, "every woman to her tirade!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Japanese and Their Methods.

The study of Japan, the Japanese and their method of business should be followed by all. It is interesting, because entirely different from our own reckless methods. While th... Japanese stud... carefully the ma... and customs of Europe and Ame... they accept and hold fast to only that which is good for them. Our religions do not take root in Japan, while they have taken kindly to beer and cotton manufacturing. In both these Europe and America will find a rival, especially for the Oriental markets. While the freight on raw cotton is heavy to Japan, the freight on finished goods is heavy from Europe and America to Japan and China. For a time Japan must buy most of her machinery in Europe and America, but she will soon build her own machinery, and, having the cheapest labor, she will be a successful competitor for the markets in the far East.—Fibre and Fabric.

Where Lightning Strikes.

A record of forest trees struck by lighting on an area of 45,000 acres, in Germany, shows that the tree most liable to be stricken is the oak, and this in spite of the fact that it is not as common as many other varieties in the same forest. During the years through which these observations were made, 275 trees were hit, of which 159, or 58 per cent., were oaks; 59, or 21 per cent., were firs; 21, or 8 per cent., were beeches; 20, or 7 per cent., were pine, other of various kinds being still less in number. Of course, no record is made of hickory, since that tree does not grow outside of America, and, in America, it is said, there is no record of a hickory tree ever being struck by lightning.

Telling a Person's Char...

A person's character ca... read in the mouth, espe... dentist.