The Queenstown News.

JOHN M. AKERS, EDITOR. "INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL." 50 CENTS A YEAR.

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In the American educational system two institutions have been developed by the native genius of the people: The free public school as the agent of popular education, and the college as the nursery of higher culture.

Medical science announces that the stiff linen collars, dear to tailor-made women, are responsible for certain forms of spinal trouble, while their effect upon the nervous system is invariably bad. Particularly harmful is the style of neck-wear to women with defective eyesight.

The amazing feat of riding more than forty miles on a bicycle within a single hour has been accomplished in Brockton, Mass. With automobiles and bicycles for outstripping the highest possible speed of the fleetest horses, with railroad trains moving more swiftly than ever before, this is truly a rapid age.

The perils of the bargain counter have long formed a favorite topic with the comic papers, but that truth is stranger than fiction was proved the other day in Chicago, where a desperate crush of 500 women at one counter, two of the participants were carried off their feet, trampled upon and severely injured.

So far in the South African war twenty-five Victoria Crosses have been awarded. Of these eight have gone to captains, three to lieutenants, including Lord Roberts's son, who died before he received it; four to sergeants, four to corporals, two to majors, and one each to a gunner, a driver, a trooper and a private.

The Savannah News commenting on the fact that we export no sweet potatoes makes an elaborate plea in favor of the wider and more liberal use of that excellent vegetable, which seems to be too little appreciated. The annual value of the sweet potato crop is nearly $20,000,000, which shows a comparatively small consumption.

Disease in its many forms is the one foe of the life insurance companies. Consumption alone accounts for one-fourth of the deaths on which policies are paid, and nine diseases are held responsible for nearly sixty per cent. of the total deaths on the companies' books; so that the fire and flood, the wiping out of a populous city like Buffalo or Syracuse, counts with the men who reckon human lives in dollars and cents as of much smaller importance than a new disease or a few per cent. increase in the mortality due to tuberculosis, pneumonia or typhoid or a small increase in the suicide rate.

America's coal mines must be drawn upon for the use of Europe. In the next decade the Old World will be even more dependant upon the New than it is now. A few enemies of the United States have falsely asserted that there is no coal within our borders fit for the use of the fastest steamships, which cannot make time unless they use fuel of the choicest quality. American coal has been thoroughly tested on French ships of war. No severer trial of coal can be thought of than that applied on battleships, cruisers, gunboats and naval destroyers. The verdict is favorable. American coal, like American invention, withstands all misrepresentation and calumny.

In this utilitarian age we measure success by dollars accumulated, or achievements upon battle fields, or in other tangible spheres, forgetting that back of the most worthy achievements there is science and that that science was likely discovered by some one who loved truth and his fellow man more than he loved himself or money. The great army that is delving into the rocks, peering into the sea, reading the heavens, studying the plant, the fowl and the insect, conquering the elements and training them into subserviency to man, translating the language of nature, and flooding darkness with light, is unremunerated, except by the satisfaction that the task gives and the world reaps the benefit, observes the Agricultural Epitomist.

A railroad that stirs the imagination is that now in course of construction from Sault Ste. Marie to Hudson Bay. It is all on Canadian soil, but it runs north and south. Forty-five miles of it are finished. A hundred miles more will be completed next year, which will carry it up to the line of the Canadian Pacific. From there north the land is absolutely wild, and its possibilities are little known except as the prospectors sent out by this road—the Algoma Central—have reported on them. They tell of enormous forests with spruce enough to make the world's paper for centuries, and other woods in proportion; of mines of all sorts; of farming lands, and miscellaneous richness. No doubt persons already infirm may live to see the Northern ... make its annual trips to London ... of Hudson Bay, thinks Harp-

...idence, ... it is noted, ... ice as Gen- ... death, but ... ame room ... is buried ... harleston

OUR FERRYMAN.

Oh, on to the ferry; the boatman is waiting;
Still drips the rude wave from his oar;
Whilst he watches as if in his silence debating
The distance to yonder bright shore.

See again how he listens for passengers coming
To hail for that haven of rest
Where the voice of the angels is heard through the gloaming
While the day-star sinks deep in the west.

Then on to the strand, where its rays are still gleaming
If a passenger safe thou wouldst be,
For the tideway is broad and the wavelets are streaming
In haste to their home in the sea.

Then hasten thy footsteps and learn from such teaching
That sloth cannot rest with the brave;
For energy rules while the bigot is preaching,
And victory glides with the wave.

Tread the pathway apace while the banner is floating;
Note the finger-post while it is day,
With the voice of the signalman's watchword denoting
'Tis time to be up and away.

With the rapids all past and yon harbor-light beaming,
We know that all dangers are o'er;
Then take to thy rest and may sweet be thy dreaming
In peace for all time evermore.

THE GARMENT OF IRON

A Tradition of the Coyoteros That Worked Disaster and Death.

By Gwendolen Overton.

THERE was no skeleton in the armor when Hartpole found it; only some sand and a bunch of tumble-weed, a rattlesnake, and a tarantula. The tarantula scuttled off, he killed the rattlesnake, and the tumble-weed and sand he emptied out. Then he had the armor done up in a shelter tent and put upon a pack-mule. After which, the column moved on. It should not have halted after all, for it was in pursuit of a band of Indians. But there were bands of Indians every day, and the finding of a full suit of armor lying under a mesquite bush beside their trail was rare.

Certainly Hartpole had never heard of such a thing. And, so far as he knew, it was the only suit of armor ever discovered on the New Mexico plains, but his lore on the subject was not profound.

When he got back to his two-company post on the banks of the Gila, he found the interest in life, which had been lacking for him up to then, in enlarging that knowledge. He sent East for books and histories and treatises concerning coats of mail and the men who have worn them, and he even went so far as to write to the Smithsonian Institute, at the risk of having a Government commission sent out at once to seize his treasure. And in the interval of two months which elapsed before he received a reply—for the railroad was only to Kansas in those days—he set about cleaning the armor himself, and with his own hands joining it together.

He was so occupied, what with that and the histories and the other books, that he forgot to have Gila-bottom malaria and had no time to worry about the flies. Then, when the steel was once more bright as the azure shield of Achilles, and he had proved to his own and to every one's satisfaction that it must once have protected the body of one ... Coronado's men, and must date back ... in the middle of the sixteenth century, ... thereabout, he hung it up in his one-room adobe quarters, along with the Indian trophies that were as nothing now and the bottled reptiles of many sorts; and the fame of it spread through the land. An English lord, in a pith helmet and gray linen, who was going about the country, traveled miles out of his way to look upon it; and a scientific party from Boston did the same. Hartpole was beginning to be very proud, when one day he had a visitor of another kind.

It was a man he had seen sometimes hanging around the agency and the post—a small, lithe fellow, part Coyotero Apache, part Mexican, possibly a very small part white, who had some reputation as a medicine-man with the tribes, but not much as anything else.

Hartpole was sitting under his ramada on a late summer afternoon, reading a book whose covers curled up with the heat, when something came between him and his light, and looking up he saw the medicine-man peering in the opening. He said, "Hullo, Clego," and added: "What do you want, eh?"

Clego was so-called because he was blind in one eye. He came in under the ramada, and stood so close to him that Hartpole moved a little. The Coyotero's cast-off uniform and red head-band were not clean.

Clego spoke excellent Spanish, and as Hartpole did, too, he had no trouble about making himself understood. He explained that he would like to see the suit of iron clothes which he had been told that the lieutenant possessed. The lieutenant was so pleased to think that it had been spoken of in the fastnesses of the Sierra Blanca and of the Tonto Basin that he forgot how dirty Clego was, and straightway rose and invited him into the one room.

The medicine-man stood looking at the armor with an interest and evident appreciation that touched Hartpole very much. After the manner of his kind he said no word, but presently he went nearer and felt of the plates and chains with his finger-tips, and put his good eye close and looked in side. Then he turned to Hartpole. "Where did you find it?" he asked.

The lieutenant explained at some length.

"Is it very old?'

Hartpole said it was at least three hundred and thirty odd years old, and went into a little history.

Clego nodded his head. "I know," he said. But that was so manifestly absurd that Hartpole did not pay any attention to it. "It is very fine," said Clego. "For how much will you sell it to me?" Naturally, Hartpole only laughed, but the Apache was in earnest, nevertheless. "No," he insisted, looking him sharply in the face. "No, de veras, I wish to buy it from you"

"Well, I don't wish to sell," answered the lieutenant, rather vexed at the mere idea.

"I have five hundred dollars," said the Indian.

"If you had a thousand you could not have it."

"I have a thousand."

Hartpole laughed again, a little impatiently.

"You do not believe me—look here." Clego drew a buckskin bag from the folds of his sash. It was full of gold. "There are five hundred dollars here. In three days I can bring you five hundred more."

Hartpole guessed how he had come by it, and his temper rose. "That is stolen money," he cried, angrily; "put it up. You can't have the armor. Ukashee."

"You let me have it," begged Clego; "I wish it very much. I will do many things for you."

Hartpole swore this time—mean, Spanish oaths. "No," he said, "you can't have it. Go to the devil—get out."

Even though Clego was only a dirty Indian, the White-Eye should have remembered that he probably had feelings which could be hurt. It is well, however, for those who have the direction of children and savages in their hands to remember that those simple folk have sometimes reasons for the things they do and say, good and sufficient unto themselves. But it never occurred to Hartpole what this half-blind Indian's reason might be. They did not transpire until some weeks later.

Yet in Clego's tribe there was a legend of a great white chief who had once married one of their women, and had ruled over them, and who had worn a suit of shining iron. And their tradition ran that whosoever should find and wear that garment again would be impervious to the bullets of the White-Eye, would become the greatest of medicine-men, and rule not only over his own people, but over all the Apache tribes and those of the plains of the North. And the very founder of that family to which Clego belonged was reputed to have been the white chief in the coat of iron.

The Coyoteros believed these things, and so did the medicine-man. So when the news of the armor suit had reached him he had levied heavy fees for his incantations for some months, and, adding these to the gold he had exchanged for Mexican dollars, collected from many raids, he took himself down to the camp of the soldiers to obtain fairly and by purchase that which was his very own. But fairness and the offers of purchase had failed.

Clego looked the White-Eye officer from his scalp to his toes and up again and then with no sound save just one grunt went out from the quarters and from the post.

Hartpole told of it at the mess that night, and forgot all about it after that. But Clego did not—as Hartpole ought to have foreseen.

One night an Indian, his body naked as it was born, a poisoned knife in his hand, stole across the sandy parade ground when the moon was under the clouds of a coming storm, and slipped as silently as none but a savage can, under the ramada of Hartpole's quarters, and thence through the open door. The Indian had missed nothing when he had been in that one small room a month before. He knew where everything in it was, from the shrome in a blue frame on the wall to the cot in the corner, across from the fireplace. He hid himself behind the piece of calico that curtained off the nook where Hartpole's clothes hung, and waited until the moon showed for a moment through a break in the clouds, and he could see the figure on the cot beneath the mosquito net. When the room was dark again he slid out, and the blade of the knife in his hand went straight through the heart of the man asleep. Then he took the rattling armor from its nails and wrapped it in the calico curtain, and fled through the night, as silently and swiftly as only an Apache can.

Now it happened that Hartpole had gone to another post a good many miles to the east that very day, and he had left his striker to sleep in his quarters and keep guard over his things. So it was into the luckless soldier's heart that the knife was driven, and the next day a telegram apprised Hartpole that his striker was murdered and his suit of mail was gone.

The day after that all the department knew that the Coyoteros were on the war path, and, having cut the reservation, were killing right and left. They were led by a medicine-man called "Clego," and the scouts reported that he was dressed in a garment of white iron which no White-Eye's bullet could pierce. They also reported that the Chiricahuas and the Pah-Utes and the Sierra Blancas were joining him. It promised to be an interesting time for the Territories.

Hartpole began to have a dim idea of why the medicine-man had wanted his Spanish mail now. He was ordered out, of course. Most of the department was. Trouble of the sort that this promised to be had to be checked at once, if at all. It was serious already, but there was one thing in favor of the troops, which was that the hostiles showed no desire to get away. Their fanatical faith in the medicine-man led them to seek battle rather than to shun it. And twice, having done so, they beat off the troops, because there were, as usual, too few. But the third time they were caught in a pocket of the Mogallons, and there were no less than six troops against them. Hartpole's was of the number.

The Indians fought from dawn of the first day until twilight of the second, in the open at first, then from behind shelter, then at last they retreated to a shallow cave high up on a hillside, and there was no getting them out. A mountain howitzer might have done it, but there was none with the command. All day the troops fired volleys into so much of the mouth of the cave as showed between the pine trunks and the walls of rock. They knew that the slaughter within must have been pretty severe, but there were no signs of surrender, nevertheless. The hostiles might hold out until the last one was dead; they certainly would until their medicine-man should fall. The medicine-man could be seen from time to time, a gleaming figure, moving clumsily among the trees and underbrush. And for all that it went so slowly and was so bright, no bullet seemed ever to hit it. Even the white men began to consider it with awe.

At sunset of the second day, when the sounds from the cave had all but ceased and the Indians within it were without ammunition and at bay, the glistening form came clambering deliberately to the top of a high rock, whooping and yelling, calling the remnant of its followers on. It stood so for a moment, the red sun rays striking through the pine branches on the dented steel, a weird sight in the depths of the mountain fastnesses of the New World; so odd and strange that the soldiers hesitated with their fingers on the triggers of their carbines.

But Hartpole, kneeling alone behind a bowlder, remembered only that that glowing armor was his, and that he wanted it. The visor was up and he could see the glitter of the one good eye. He had won a sharpshooter's medal in his time, and he put his skill to use now. There was a puff of smoke from above his bowlder, and the shining figure threw up its arms and staggered. Then it fell forward, down from the pinnacle of rock, clattering and crashing among the logs and stones.

They found, when they dragged him out, that Hartpole's bullet had gone straight through the good eye, and that Clego was clego in very truth now—and quite dead.—San Francisco Argonaut.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS.

Is Not Only Enjoying Himself, But He Also Makes Us Enjoy Ourselves.

Of course you look contemptuously upon the man at the show who laughs consumedly at the most ancient and most arid jokes, the inanest drivel and the most brutal horseplay; but, say, how much would you give could you enjoy an entertainment as he does? asks the Boston Transcript.

It makes you sick at heart, and sick at stomach, too, when a fellow explodes over a poker joke, and though you can see plainly enough that the mainspring of his laugh is not the essential wit or humor of the joke, but the involuntary yearning in the laugher's breast to make known his intimate acquaintance, real or imaginary, with the seductive game, still wouldn't you, honor bright, now, like to enjoy the thing as he does, or even approximately?

Doubtless you are the wiser and the more dignified, but is not the easy laugher happier, clown, fool or ass though he may be in your estimation? Do you not sometimes wish that in lieu of the sad feeling that many an alleged funny saying or alleged funny act brings to your breast, you could throw back your head, open wide your mouth and just roar, as that man in front of you did when the chap doing his turn on the stage delivered himself of a particularly moldy inanity that never was funny when it was brand-new—if new it ever was? There are some jokes, like some children, that are born old.

But what a strange mentality he must possess, this man who laughs at jokes which he ought rather to venerate! Is it because he is quick to see a joke? If you look at the man's face and study it for a moment you will think not. Is it not rather that he comes into the theater, as he goes elsewhere, with a fallow mind? Is it not because his head is empty that everything that enters it is bound to make an impression?

This must be the secret. At any rate, it is a theory that flatters the self-pride of us who do not laugh save when there really is something worth laughing at.

So the more he laughs the better we think of ourselves by contrast, and hence the man who laughs it not only enjoying himself, but he also makes us enjoy ourselves.

Love as a Hair Renewer.

A young man who has lived for thirty years in the vicinity of Manayunk is looking forward eagerly to two important events in his life—his marriage and his first hair-cut. He lost all his hair at a very early age. In fact, it is said that he has never had any from infancy. However that may be, he has always worn a wig, and his sensitiveness on this point has prevented him from associating with the fair sex. Some time ago he met a fair young woman, and for the first time in his life he fell in love. Still he despaired of winning her because of his physical defect. A short time after the tender passion first asserted itself he was surprised one morning to observe that in washing his head a little down appeared on the skin. This continued to grow, until now he has quite a nice head of hair. Local physicians attribute the growth to the increased flow of blood to the head under the stimulations of the emotions of love. The marriage is not far distant. —Philadelphia Record.

Many Wolves in France.

According to official statistics, wolves in France are steadily decreasing. In 1890 there were two hundred and seven killed, of which one hundred and seven were destroyed in the Gironde Department.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

Why mper Tells of Marvelous Experience

EDWARD WHYMPER, the distinguished mountain climber, who was a member of the first party which reached the summit of the Matterhorn in 1865, and who later achieved renown by climbing Chimborazo in Ecuador, and attaining a height of 20,500 feet, a feat unparalleled at the time, and which has been equalled by few persons since, lectured recently in New York City at Mendelssohn Hall under the auspices of the American Geographical Society. Mr. Whymper, who is an Englishman, is on his first visit to this country, and this was his first appearance in New York. He arrived two weeks ago at Boston on a lecturing tour, which will last until Christmas, when he expects to return to England. While here Mr. Whymper is going to spend a few days in British Columbia looking over the mountains there, and may do a little climbing if the weather is favorable. This in spite of the fact that he is now sixty years old, and has done no great climbing for six or seven years.

Mr. Whymper, who when only twenty-one years of age astonished the world by the boldness and success of his mountain climbing, is particularly robust, and his feet, he says, have still the steadiness which enabled him to scale the Matterhorn and return alive, after four of his companions, including Lord Francis Douglas, had lost their lives by the breaking of the rope.

Mr. Whymper gave a thrilling description of the manner in which Lord Douglas and three others of the Matterhorn party lost their lives just after the descent was begun. When the first one lost his footing he with a guide held on a jagged rock, and the rope broke with the weight of the fourth man, leaving them in safety. "The accident," said Mr. Whymper, "ought not to have happened, and I have always laid it to a division of responsibility due to the fact that there was no authorized leader. I think it probable that all the mountains in the world could be conquered with proper expenditure of time, trouble and labor but for one thing which nature has made so far an insurmountable obstacle. That is the mountain sickness resulting as one attains high altitudes. This sickness is a peculiar one, and long ago I decided it was worthy of careful investigation. I determined to find out whether its effects were permanent, and where it first became observed. Up to that time it had never been learned whether cures could be effected by staying on the spot, and persons when seized by it and invariably descended. That was the only cure then known. It was my desire to investigate this which led me to undertake the ascent of Chimborazo, which Humboldt ascended in 1803 to a height of 18,000 feet. When we arrived at the second camp at an altitude of 16,600 feet the sickness had seized all the party. The symptoms were fever, intense headaches and a terrible craving for drink, which we were unable to satisfy. One of the peculiar things about the trouble was the inability to talk as one is constantly gulping like a fish. At this altitude our pipes refused to burn. This condition of affairs lasted a night and a day. When the intensity of the symptoms diminished, two days later, we went up higher and pitched our camp at an altitude of 17,300 feet. Then the feverishness and the gulping disappeared, although most of us still felt lifeless. Two days later, however, we were able to move, and finally reached the summit, the barometer showing 14.1 inches pressure, denoting an altitude of 20,500 feet."—Sun.

Mason's Easy Fall of 160 Feet.

Louis Mason, a boilermaker, working at the top of the mammoth new chimney in process of erection at New Orleans by the American Sugar Refinery, lost his balance and fell to the ground, a distance of 160 feet, by actual measurement. Miraculous as it may appear he escaped with a few bruises, and will be ready to go to work again Monday. Mason was leaning over into the chimney, doing some riveting, when he slipped and after an ineffectual effort to regain his footing shot downward through space. He gave a warning cry for the benefit of his fellow workers below.

About forty feet from the top Mason struck Gus McEvoy, who was at work on a swinging platform, with the force of a catapault, knocking him flat. The fall was not checked, however. Mason kept on. From side to side of the chimney the body bounded, and finally landed on a coil of rope at the bottom, where it lay inert. McEvoy was dazed for a second, but quickly recovered and slid down a rope leading to the ground to find out how Mason had fared, fully expecting to find him smashed out of shape. When McEvoy reached the bottom, however, Mason was just coming to. He raised himself on his elbow, looked around and then rose to his feet.

"Goodness," said he, "what do you think of that? I felt like I was flying. I was in full possession of my senses until just before I hit you. About that time the rush of wind took my breath away."—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

A Sergeant's Heroism.

Bennet Burleigh writes from near Pretoria to the London Telegraph on the mishap to the Scots Greys and Lincolns, which occurred east of Commando Poort:

"For hour after hour the battle raged, the infantry fighting in groups, each for its own hand, some of them edging up the western shoulder of the nek to secure better positions. Lieutenant Davis, Royal Horse Artillery, who was in charge of the battery section, fired at the oncoming enemy advancing from the north. A certain Sergeant Rawdin, of the Lincolns, deserves immortal fame for the heroic manner he fought his Maxim. The machine was withdrawn a little, but the Boers made it a target and bowled over several of those serving the gun. But he was paying them back in their own coin. Once the Maxim jammed, and he sent his comrades to the rear to take cover, for the Boer fire became hotter and more fatal. Rawdin stayed alone by his gun, deliberately took it to pieces, then replaced the parts in working order, and, single handed, turned the deadly Maxim once more upon the enemy. Sergeant Rawdin's Maxim was saved."

Dearding a Bear in His Den.

Perhaps the most thrilling of James M. Wardner's hunting experiences is that relating to his killing a bear in its den. Wardner tells the story in a very matter-of-fact way. He tracked the bear in the snow to a ledge on the point of Leon Lake Mountain, and saw where it had disappeared in a dark crevice under the ledge. His brother and he had been hunting in company, but the brother had gone around the other side of the mountain, and Wardner was unwilling to take the time to summon Lim. He followed the bear in under the rock in total darkness and traveled on his hands and knees upward of sixty feet before he located the animal by the sound of its breathing.

Drawing a Colt's revolver and placing it beside him on the ground, Wardner lay down on his face and leveled his rifle partly by the feeling of the walls and partly by the sound of the breathing, and fired. Dropping the rifle he instantly seized the revolver, holding it before him with the intention of firing it the moment he felt the bear's body in its outward charge. He steeled his mind to pull quickly, for if the bear carried the revolver back in its dash over his body he might shoot into his own heels. Fortunately for the hunter, however, the first shot killed the bear, and the revolver was not called into play.—Correspondence Forest and Stream.

Students Lost in Cave.

P. M. Helfer and E. A. Holmes, two students in Syracuse University, returned to their chapter house in College place late on a recent evening having gone through the most thrilling experience of their lives. Their clothes hung about them in rags, their hands were bleeding and their faces and bodies were covered with bruises.

They started out on a geological trip in the morning to Jamesville. A mile west of Green Lake they discovered the entrance to a cave. They crawled down twenty feet into a large cavern. At the further end was a hole two and a half feet in diameter. They crawled down this ten feet to another cave. From this they crawled down still another passage to a third cavern. In order to get into this they had to crawl under a ledge which concealed the opening.

When they went to go back they could not find the passage. Seeing a dim ray of light, they began to dig with their hands to make the opening larger. After several hours' work they succeeded in getting out. Both say they crawled down at least ninety feet.

The Japanese Way.

On July 13, when the allies lay under the fire from the walls of Tientsin and to show an inch of head meant death, occurred a striking incident. The Japanese held a row of huts along a canal leading to the south gate of the city, about half a mile away. An interval of two hundred and fifty yards between two rows of these houses was a zone of death, and the Japanese forces occupied both sides of it. No one knows how many thousand Chinese rifles covered this area. A Japanese officer galloped up to the shelter of the nearest house and started a soldier with a verbal order across the open zone. Within thirty yards he fell dead. Another soldier, without an instant's hesitation, dashed out with the repeated message, and his body fell at his companion's feet. Instantly, like clockwork, as if the whole Japanese army were available to be slaughtered, the officer sent forward another white-uniformed, brown-visaged messenger. To the relief of all onlookers he got safely through.—Charles Denby, Jr., in Harper's Weekly.

Wildcat Attacks a Wheelman.

A bicyclist and a catamount collided in the wood at Jersey Shore, near Williamsport, on Saturday night, and for a short time there was an exciting fight. Ray Clark, of Rauchtown, was returning home late at night, and while passing over a road in the woods he heard a catamount utter a cry ahead of him. Then the animal jumped into the middle of the road. The lamp on his bicycle showed the bicyclist that he was too close to avoid a collision, and pushing with all his might into the animal the bicycle passed over the catamount and the rider was thrown many feet ahead of the wheel. As the bicycle struck the animal it clawed and fought the wheel, and when the machine fell over the animal pounced on it and ripped the front tire into pieces. Clark had regained his feet by this time, and with stones drove the cat away and recovered his damaged machine.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Bees Attack Mountain Climbers.

A mountain climbing party in Hawaii were attacked by a colony of wild bees and came near losing their lives. They had climbed Konahuanui, the highest peak near here, and decided to descend on the Nuanu Valley side, which had been considered impossible. They scrambled down precipitous cliffs seventy-five feet high, clinging to the rocks with hands and feet. When part way down they were attacked by the bees, which stung them while they were helpless to ward off the insects. For nearly a mile the bees followed them until they reached a point where they could defend themselves.

Women Co-Operate and Kill a Wolf.

Miss Blanche Sherman and Miss Grace Elliott, two young women living north of this city, near Bear Butte, shot and instantly killed a large timber wolf. They saw the animal standing near the barn. Getting a gun, one of the women took aim, while the other pulled the trigger.—Sioux City Journal.

Sillicus — "Henpeckke says his youngsator is going to grow up to be a fighter." Cynicus—"Inherits his mother's instincts, I suppose."

Willie I-Won't-Play.

Wilful Willie I-Won't-Play
Always wants to have his way.
With him it is I or me,
Whatsoe'er the sport may be,—
Prisoner's Goal or Pull-Away,—
Wilful Willie I-Won't-Play.

If another faster run,
Though the game be just begun,
Then he'll pout and sulk and scowl,
Gloomy as a day-caught owl,
Spoil the whole glad holiday,—
Wilful Willie I-Won't-Play.

Where's the boy would be like him,
Stout of arm and strong of limb,
Hearty as a sailor, yet
Ever in a selfish pet?
Shame upon his head, I say,—
Wilful Willie I-Won't-Play.
—Christian Register.

Judy, a Naughty Dog.

If you could have seen Judy on the back porch, keeping patient guard over Mrs. Lemond's little, laughing baby-girl, you would not have believed that Judy could be naughty.

Well, you shall hear of two or three of her pranks, and then judge as to whether or not Judy was a rogue.

For some time, one summer, there had been hardly any eggs found in the hen-shed; and at the same time Judy's appetite had decreased, to the notice of everybody.

At last Mr. Lemond's children, early one morning, hid behind a barrel, where a large heap of egg-shells had been found the day before. They had not been long in their hiding-place when Judy sneaked in. Yes, sneaked in! First she looked around in all directions. Then she put one paw over the threshold, and sniffed as though she would say, "There is something strange in the air!"

But I dare say she was very hungry for her breakfast. At any rate, Judy was soon near one of the nests; and, stretching herself up to it, with a sharp whack she opened a nice warm egg, and licked up the delicious contents with great relish. She was just about lifting her paw for a second whack on a second egg, when the children burst from behind the barrel; and off went Judy, not to return until late afternoon, when she brought up the cows in a very proper way, and came for her usual cracker to the side door, just as though nothing had happened but what was good and right.

The next day, too, Judy appeared at the side door at the right hour for her cracker.

"Have you brought home the cows?" questioned old Hannah, as usual.

Judy wagged her tail. But that tall did not seem to Hannah to stand up joyfully, as it did when Judy felt she had honestly earned her cracker; and Hannah thought it well enough to have a look into the barn, and, sure enough, the cows were not there.

"You naughty dog!" Hannah scolded. "You go right down to the pasture and fetch those cows!"

Off Judy ran. Do you think she knew she had told a falsehood? And in a very short time there was such a stampede toward the barn that every one ran to see; and there was Judy, bringing in the cows at full speed. And then she came again, with her tail very joyfully wagging for her cracker.

One cold day in the winter Mr. Lemond was at the well, as usual, to give the cows water. The path from the barn was very slippery; and it was very icy, too, about the pump, and it was slow business. After all had drank, Mr. Lemond spoke to Judy.

"Take the cows into the barn."

Judy at once barked, as she did in the pasture, which meant "Go!" and the cows started. Judy let them all pass along, in line, as cows ought. Then she followed; but she did not walk quietly, as a dog in charge ought to walk. Oh, no! She seized hold of the last cow's tail, and had a beautiful slide to the barn, down the long, slippery path.

After Judy had indulged herself in these slides a few times, the cows became very nervous about going to the well; and she was given to a friend, and had to go away a long distance to live. But I dare say she found ways to amuse herself in her new home.—Helene H. Boll, in Little Folks.

The Legend of the Gentian.

Once the Queen of the Fairies was caught in a shower. She ran to a Gentian and asked for shelter. "Who are you, that you disturb me so late at night?" asked the Gentian. "I am the Queen of the Fairies, and I ask only for shelter," said the little stranger. "Go and ask my sister over there to take you in, and leave me to sleep," said the cross Gentian. The poor Fairy Queen turned sadly away, but a sweet voice called to her, "Poor little lady, come in and I will shelter you till morning."

Looking around she found that it was another Gentian that called to her, so she gladly accepted the invitation. At early dawn the Fairy Queen rose and said to the friendly Gentian, "I am the Queen of the Fairies, and I can repay you for your kindness. You and your children shall hereafter have the power to open your pretty fringed eyes to the sunlight, but your selfish sister's shall remain forever closed."

His Nom-de-Plume.

"While traveling on the continent last summer," said a gentleman who has just returned from a European trip, "I engaged the services of a courier, and one evening on arriving at an inn in Austria I sent him to enter my name in accordance with the police regulations of that country. The man replied that he had already anticipated my wishes, and registered me as an American gentleman of means.

"'But how did you write my name?' I asked.

"'I can't exactly pronounce it, but I copied it carefully from your portmanteau, sir.'

"'But it is not there,' I said. 'Bring me the book.'

"The register was brought, and on looking at it, what was my amazement at finding, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentious entry: 'Monsieur Warranted Solid Leather!'"—Washington Star.

A LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

I know a funny fellow,
With locks of golden yellow,
Who never yet could cross or angry be;
Although he often tumbles
He never cries or grumbles.
But he laughs, Ha! ha! and Ho! ho! ho!
He! he!

The very blossoms knew him;
The brooks came running to him,
And sang: "We love to join you in your glee!"
Glad birds came flying after,
To listen to his laughter,
With its Ha! ha! ha! and Ho! ho! ho!
He! he!

"We're comrade!" smiled the daisies;
In pleasant woodland mazes
The squirrels chipped: "He's quite as gay as we!"
What cheery sunshine made he,
In places lone and shady,
With his Ha! ha! ha! and Ho! ho! ho!
He! he!

When rain began to patter,
And timid birds to scatter
He laughed: "That makes no difference to me!
The sun will soon be shining;
My cure for all repining
Is a Ha! ha! and a Ho! ho! ho! He! he!"

When life shall lift the curtain
Of years for him, 'tis certain
That no cross or cabbed nature his will be;
If joy may leave us one bean,
Oh, may that be our sunbeam,
With his Ha! ha! ha! and Ho! ho! ho!
He! he!
—George Cooper, in Golden Days.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Missionary—"Now, can you tell me what is the chief end of man?" Little Heathen—"To be annexed."—Puck.

"Mamma," said Johnny, "I don't believe this is a health food." "Why not, son?" "It tastes good."—Chicago Tribune.

He found his dinner very cold;
He kicked with caustic vim,
And when he started in to scold
She made it hot for him.
—Philadelphia Press.

"What makes you look so unhappy, little boy?" Small Boy (sobbing)—"Nobody calls me good unless I am a-doin' somethin'. I don't like to do."—Tit-Bits.

Customer (who has tried nearly all the hats in the shop)—"It's a funny thing you don't seem to have a hat that suits my head." Shopman—"Like to try a soft 'at, sir?"—Pick-Me-Up.

"You say your son is a professional man." "Yes." "But you also said he follows football. Do you mean he's a professional player?" "Not at all. He's a surgeon."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Jones—"The true disciples of Confucius go to church twice every day." Mrs. Smith—"Well, they can afford to. They have coins in China worth only one-tenth of a cent!"—Puck.

"The way to ... past faults," said Tim Muldoon, "upon me word,
Is jist to put a stop to thim
Before they hov occurred."
—Philadelphia Record.

Little Hortense (proudly)—"My aunt, over in England, has armorial bearings." Little Robert—"Huh! I don't care. My uncle down in Indiana has a chicken with three legs!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

An English minister recently visited Ireland, where he heard a preacher conclude his sermon with these words: "My brethren, let not this world rob you of a peace which it can neither give nor take away."

"No man," said a wealthy but weak-headed barrister, "should be admitted to the bar who had not an independent landed property." "May I ask, sir," said Mr. Curran, "how many acres make a wiseacre?"—Green Bag.

First Saleswoman—"I hate that sign 'No Trouble to Show Goods!' As if anybody believed that!" Second Saleswoman—"If they did believe it these women wouldn't be half so anxious to have us show the goods."—Brooklyn Life.

"I am sorry to say I have no money," complacently remarked the seedy-looking chap as the conductor came through for his fares; "can't you let me ride free, just as a joke?" "I think the joke has been carried far enough," replied the conductor as he reached for the bell cord.—Philadelphia Record.

Armored Automobiles.

Two new armored trains for employment over country where there are no rails or permanent ways have just been placed upon the establishment at Aldershot. Each consists of a locomotive or traction engine and four trucks, all of which are painted the now familiar, but ever unlovely, khaki. The locomotives, which are of exceedingly powerful construction, are completely cased with steel, the vital parts being especially protected. An ingenious arrangement of prisms and mirrors, somewhat after the manner of the camera obscura, enables the driver inside the cab of the engine to see without being seen, or in any way exposing himself. The trucks are built with high sloping steel sides, which are pierced and slotted at intervals to enable the occupants to fire through them. They are also provided with slides at either end to permit of guns and wagons being run into the trucks. The steel sides of the carriages are so constructed that when necessary they may fall inward and lie flat on the platform of the truck, which can then be used for ordinary transport purposes.—London News.

Snubbed a Tough Citizen.

Passengers on an outward bound suburban train were the amused auditors of a neat retort courteous.

Just before the train pulled out of the station a well-dressed young man hurried into the car and flung himself down in a seat, carefully depositing a large box, bearing the name of a well-known tailor, in the unoccupied seat beside him. When the 125th street station was reached two young men entered. Their manners bore the stamp of "de Ate."

There were other seats in the car, but the sight of the box evidently troubled the foremost of the two newcomers. Turning around abruptly, he exclaimed to the owner:

"Say, young feller, dis ain't no cattle car!"

The young man surveyed him in some surprise for a moment, and then replied:

"Since you realize this, why do you insist upon intruding your presence on the human cargo?"—New York Mail and Express.