The Queenstown News.

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

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Common fairness demands that those States which propose to tax bachelors in order to promote matrimony should also provide a penalty for the maiden who says no.

It is claimed that the son of a Kansas farmer is the rightful heir to the throne of Servia. If the young man will go on farming and behaving properly he may, however, be able to live it down.

According to an apparently authentic article in a French periodical not less than 20,000 aristocrats are at present confined in the prisons of Europe. Russia stands first with 12,000 blue-blooded law-breakers.

If the operations in South Africa shall prove, before they have ended, to have cost a billion dollars, to what fiscal expedients must the United Kingdom resort when she enters upon a contest with such a power as Russia in Central Asia?

Duels illustrate as well as anything else the difference between the Slav and the Gaul. The Slav, if the duelling pistol goes wide, betakes himself to the rapier and a finish. The Gaul betakes himself to a coffee house and drinks to his opponent's dreadful valor.

The manufacture of illustrated postal cards in Germany is a productive industry. It is said that the Government derived a daily income of $15,845 from this source alone last year. This country ought to be able to get up a much more attractive set and make more money out of the issue.

The French Government is to have an official residence erected in Washington on a two-acre tract located on a high knoll commanding a fine view of the National Capitol. The famous French architect, Carre, will design the building, which, it is expected, will be the finest specimen of French architecture in the Western Hemisphere.

Who but Uncle Sam would have thought of supplying dentists for his soldiers? Who but Uncle Sam's soldiers would have created a demand for such a supply? It brings back Spanish war memories when the toothbrush in the hat of every American private created more of a sensation among the foreign attaches than many of the military manoeuvres and tactics.

An article in the Cosmopolitan calls attention to the advantage of a "no fence law," and presents the startling figures that Indiana alone has fences whose computed value is $200,000,000, and which if placed in a single line would fourteen times encircle the globe. These figures suggest the enormous amount of capital invested in fences throughout the United States.

If you go to Southern Indiana and take your stand in Bartholomew County, at a point about six miles southeast of Columbus, you will feel as Proctor Knott thought the residents of Duluth must have felt when they saw the sky coming down at the same distance all around them. You will be at the centre of population of the United States, as officially determined by the Census Bureau.

A New York young man, a little over twenty-five years old, who started in as an office boy at $2.50 a week, recently paid $70,000 for a seat on the stock exchange. He is doubtless a very energetic and persevering person, but it is unreasonable to assert that luck has had anything to do with his prosperity. He could hardly have saved $70,000 out of his salary, even making allowances for a reasonable increase from year to year.

The New York Journal states that the greatness of New York City has driven John Schuck to suicide. Schuck came from Kansas City, and was overwhelmed by the sense of the vastness and the pitiless force of the metropolis. In other words he was not adapted to his environment, and the pitiless processes of evolution threw his body on the strand. By the way, what sort of organism is likely to turn out the fittest for survival in New York?

"Resolved, That unless the English nation shows a remarkable improvement in general intelligence and technical knowledge, she will soon be incompetent to discharge the imperial duties she has incurred," is the somewhat surprising question debated recently before the London law societies. The result of the debate is not known, but that such a question should be seriously debated in such formal and public manner is an odd commentary on the state of affairs in England.

A witness to ocean solitude recently reached Liverpool. A four-masted vessel, which sailed several months before from San Francisco, entered the Mersey. Since leaving the Golden Gate she had not been spoken. Absolute silence concerning her through more than half a year, and then she appears as answer to all inquiries and speculations. So far as human knowledge goes, it was as if vessel and crew had sailed out of life, and been swallowed up in mystery for those days and months. The ocean, as yet, does not suffer from severe [illegible]

THE PROCRASTINATOR'S LULLABY.

The letter that I ought to write,
And put off day to day,
The many tasks I ought to do
The calls I ought to pay,
The social favors that I owe,
And should return—someway
I think of them and yawn—heigh-o-o!
I'll wait another day.

The sick I ought to go and see,
The garments I should mend,
The books I promised to return
Oh, torments without end!
They all rise up like skeletons
And mock me, but someway
I think of them and yawn—heigh-o-o!
I'll wait another day.

The poem that I ought to write,
The fame I should attain,
The laurels that my hands would reach,
The name I hope to gain,
They urge me, scourge me, beckon me,
Revile me, but someway
I sit and think and yawn—heigh-o-o!
I'll wait another day.

The little good I ought to do,
The poor I ought to aid,
The weak I should lend succor to,
All in my mind arrayed
March angrily and to and fro,
I ought to—but someway
I sit and dream and yawn—heigh-o-o!
I'll wait another day.

The preparations I should make
For better life some day,
The medicines that I should take,
The prayers I ought to pray,
They troop before me to and fro,
And call me, but someway
I don't feel like it now—heigh-o-o!
I'll wait another day.

Since your my friend—a valued friend—
I don't mind telling you,
To do 'em all I do intend—
The tasks I ought to do—
I thought this morning this would be
The day, but now, someway,
I'm tired; I don't believe—heigh-o-o!
I'd better—work—to-day!

—Bismarck Tribune.

From a Detective's Notebook.

THE queerest things that happen never find their way into the newspapers. It is difficult to say why; perhaps it is because they are too queer. For instance, I doubt if you have ever heard of a strange incident that happened only a season or two ago in that select section of the fashionable world known as "society."

A lady of title, Lady Barmouth, requested me to call on her one morning about the beginning of June, the London season being then at its height.

"I want your help, Mr. Lowe," she began, and then stopped awkwardly. "Perhaps you are not aware that at several balls and dinner parties this season there have been jewels and ornaments stolen. It has, of course, caused a great deal of unpleasantness. In several cases trinkets have even been actually taken from the wearers without their knowing how it was done or who did it."

I had heard several wild tales of articles having been missed at fashionable gatherings, and there was much speculation as to who was the culprit. The articles were not, as a rule, of immense value, and they always disappeared singly, consequently no public notice had been directed to the matter. In one or two cases the police had been consulted, but it was impossible for them to help. There could be no doubt that the thief was a person who mixed in society as an equal, probably a woman who had allowed her love of jewelry to tempt her to dishonesty.

"I presume, then, that the—er—thief is a guest—a person in society?" I said inquiringly.

"I am afraid so. Two or three things were missed at a dance which I gave last week. Now, I am giving another dance next Thursday, and I am, of course, most anxious it should not occur again, at any rate in my house. I thought I would engage your services for the evening, to see if you detect anything suspicious. Of course, you would be treated as a guest."

We made arrangements about terms, and it was agreed that I should be introduced as an American, by name Captain Burke.

"I suppose, Lady Barmouth," I said carelessly, "you don't suspect anybody in particular?"

"Oh, no," she said, but I noticed what I thought was a look of anxiety on her face, and made a mental note of it.

As I was leaving, Lady Barmouth said: "Of course, Mr. Lowe, you quite understand, there must be no expose. If you make any discoveries, they must be treated as secrets. I can't have a scene of any kind. It must be hushed up."

I returned to the office impressed with two ideas. First, that my task was one of those delicate cases that require all your tact and yield very little credit; secondly, that Lady Barmouth knew more, or at any rate, guessed more, than she cared to tell.

Thursday evening arrived, and I went to Merion house. Practically, my duty was to mingle with the guests, enjoy myself and keep my eyes wide open. Nothing seemed to be more improbable than that there should be a thief among the brilliant throng that crowded the rooms. Everything was conducted in the most sumptuous and luxurious style, a Hungarian band discoursed the sweetest of dance music, and the guests were among the highest in the land.

For a long while nothing occurred of the smallest significance. But at about 2 o'clock in the morning, when I was sitting in a snug corner of the conservatory, where cigarette smoking was permitted, I noticed a couple take up a position in the opposite corner. They were both young, and evidently very much in love with one another. The girl was handsomely dressed and wore some valuable jewels. In particular I noticed a pair of diamond eardrops which had just come into fashion again. Without being a connoisseur of precious stones, I understand them well enough to know that these were very valuable indeed, and likely to be worth several hundred pounds.

These two young people were sitting out during a dance, and they flirted all through a set of lancers, without any impatience at their length.

At last they got up and went into the ballroom again. On the chair where the girl had been sitting lay something shining. I strolled across and examined it. It was her vinaigret, which she had probably left there by accident. I replaced it, thinking it might serve as a trap for our fashionable thief, if he were in the neighborhood, and withdrew to my corner, where I was almost invisible.

Presently an old gentleman strolled out to smoke a cigarette. He was a tall, handsome, intellectual-looking man, with the air of the true aristocrat. His name I didn't know, but I had noticed him chatting with the guests. He was evidently known to every one, and was a man of social importance.

Presently his eye caught the little jeweled vinaigret. He looked carelessly round the conservatory, to see if he were observed, and picked it up. He now had his back to me, [illegible] st pocket of his dress coat [illegible] turned round and replaced the vinaigret and walked quietly away.

It was lucky I had not moved. I should have looked rather foolish. Some curious instinct bade me cross the conservatory, and look at the vinaigret again. Without thinking about it, I put it to my nose.

The next thing I remember is, that I found myself sitting in a chair. Gradually things became clearer. The vinaigret lay by my side. It was drugged. For a few minutes I had lost consciousness. I still felt dizzy and sick, but knowing that everything depended on my being prompt and acute, I managed with an effort to pull myself together.

Then arose the question: What should I do next? Should I go straight to the man who had tampered with the vinaigret? A moment's thought showed me that that would be worse than useless. I had no proof of anything. The situation must be allowed to develop itself before I interferred.

After some little reflection, I decided to go back to the drawing room, where I could see what was going on. Under any circumstances I must not lose sight of the girl to whom the vinaigret belonged.

For nearly half an hour I waited in vain. She danced with two or three different men, but did not seem to have missed it.

At last, after one of the dances, she appeared to be looking for something. With what was, I presume, an apology to her partner, she skipped across the room to a group of girls. Evidently she was asking if any of them had seen the vinaigret. For some time she got no information, but presently a girl who was passing, leaning on a man's arm, turned round and made some remark, pointing with her fan to the conservatory door. The owner of the vinaigret gave a little nod of thanks, and hurried across the room.

All this time I observed that the man who had drugged the scent bottle, and who was chatting with some of the people standing about, watched the girl closely.

As soon as she had left the drawing room he broke off his conversation, and strolled quietly toward the conservatory. As he passed through the curtains I noticed that he glanced round to see if he were being followed.

That settled it; I had found my man and must act promptly. Lady Barmouth was standing near the piano. Remembering her injunctions that there was not, under any circumstances, to be an expose or a scene, it was necessary to proceed with caution. I caught her eye without much difficulty. She understood at once that I had something to say and disengaged herself from her friends.

"Will you come with me to the conservatory?" I said quietly. "I believe I have solved the mystery."

She turned pale. "Very well," she said. "Give me your arm. Be careful what you do, Mr. Lowe," she added in a troubled voice. "It must be hushed up."

When we reached the conservatory we found, just as I had expected, the young lady lying back in a chair unconscious. Her ear-drops were missing.

"Miss Dainton has fainted," said Lady Barmouth.

"One moment," I said; "there is no cause for alarm. Do you see what has happened? Her diamond ear-drops have disappeared."

"Do you know who it is?" she whispered.

"Yes. Her vinaigret has been drugged—not sufficiently to do her any harm, I saw it done."

"What shall I do? Fetch Lord Barmouth, will you? He must advise me."

"Which is Lord Barmouth?"

She came to the curtains and pointed him out to me.

"Very well," said I. "Chafe Miss Dainton's hands, and try to bring her around, but don't send for any help at present."

I don't think I ever felt so reluctant to proceed with a case as I did at that minute. The man whom Lady Barmouth had pointed out as her husband was the man who had drugged the vinaigret—who had followed Miss Dainton into the conservatory. In a word, Lord Barmouth was a kleptomaniac.

"Will you come with me into the conservatory, Lord Barmouth?" I said. As I spoke I looked him sternly in the face. He turned deathly white, and his eyes shifted nervously about the room.

"What's the matter?" he said, huskily. "Is anything wrong?"

"Miss Dainton has fainted."

"Oh," he murmured, with relief.

"And her ear-drops have disappeared," I added. For a moment I thought he was going to drop down. I put my arm through his and led him toward the conservatory. He was trembling like a leaf.

When he got well into the shadow of the curtains I stopped. "Lord Barmouth," I said, quietly, "take my advice and give them up to me at once."

"What do you mean?" he said, hoarsely.

"The ear-drops. It will prevent a scene."

He put a trembling hand into the [illegible] st pocket of his dress coat [illegible] man in a dream, and I really believe that for the time being he was unconscious. Then he turned away and left the drawing-room hurriedly.

"Will he not come?" said Lady Barmouth, with an awful look of terror in her eyes.

"Lord Barmouth is not well," I replied. "Here are the ear-drops."

The poor woman went scarlet. She knew what I meant, and I was deeply grieved for her. From the first she must have had a faint suspicion of the truth, and was anxious to save him from public disgrace and scandal.

She was thoroughly unnerved. Miss Dainton showed signs of returning consciousness.

"Now," I said, "put the ear-drops back into her ears. She won't know what has happened."

Lady Barmouth replaced them with trembling fingers.

"Send some one to look after the girl; I'll stop with her till help comes. But you must go and find your husband. Make haste," I added, significantly, "or you will be too late."

My work was not quite over. When Lady Barmouth found her husband in his dressing room he was, as I feared, on the point of committing suicide. She saved him. A number of trinkets, some of great value, were found in his safe. There is, of course, only one explanation. On that one point Lord Barmouth was mad. There was no object in his stealing ladies' ornaments, as he is a very wealthy man, and had not put them to any use.

There was not much difficulty in finding their respective owners. I returned them myself, asking each one as a matter of courtesy to make no inquiries as to how they fell into my possession.—Tit-Bits.

DOG'S DAY OVER IN THE KLONDIKE

Railroads Have Made Unnecessary His Services in Transportation.

The day of the dog is coming to an end in the Klondike. There are plenty of dogs there yet and there is plenty of work for them to do, but their value is steadily going down. A year or two ago Newfoundlands, St. Bernards and even collie dogs were bought up by speculators here and in Canada and shipped to Skagway and Juneau, where they commanded big prices as sled dogs, while Malamoots, the native dogs of the country, born and breed to hard work on the trail, commanded from $250 to $500 apiece.

But that is over now. The trolley and the locomotive have driven out the dogs and the sleds off the well traveled roads between the Klondike and the coast, and though in traveling to the out of the way mining camps the miners still use dogs and sleds, where each man used to travel with a team of from five to eight animals to a sled he now makes shift with two.

The reason for this, according to returning miners, is that roadhouses are more plentiful and new supplies can be obtained at a dozen points where there was only one or none a year or two ago. It is easy now, therefore, for a miner to travel between distant points with a light sled and something less than two hundred pounds of food and equipment for himself and his animals.

There is small demand in the Klondike in these days for any but the native dogs, whose number has largely increased and whose breed has been improved. They are a hardy race, produced by mating Scotch collies with native wolves. Some breeders have made fortunes out of them. Now, under the competition of the cars, dogs that would fetch $500 apiece formerly are disposed of gladly for $60 or $100.

One of Woman's Failings.

Woman's proneness to stick a pin wherever convenient has proved a serious matter to one steamship company. The line decided some time ago to place the most modern air-filled rubber mattresses in the berths of the best rooms on two of its biggest ships. Recently the stewards were kept busy at the completion of each trip with blowing up with air dozens of mattresses that had collapsed from some unknown cause. It took the officials of the line some hours to discover the cause of the failure of the mattresses to maintain their proper condition. Hat pins, breast pins, safety pins, stick pins, every known kind of pin had done the mischief.

"One advantage of these mattresses," said the manufacturer, "was that they were intended as life-preservers or small rafts should the emergency arise. Give me a decent-sized hat pin if you want to see me knock the ambition out of the average life-preserver that depends upon air. The women tourists simply stabbed those mattresses to death."

The steamship company now has this notice attached to the door of every stateroom: "Please do not stick pins in the berth cushions and mattresses. Pins are injurious to them."—New York Sun.

Why He Got Well.

The Man with a Clear Conscience bought a pair of tan shoes with the advent of spring, and, while going home in the street car conjured up a mental photograph of himself strolling along the sandy beach of a summer resort with his pedal extremities encased in his new purchase. That night he was taken ill. For four days he contemplated his new shoes with his head on a downy pillow. When he recovered the Man said:

"There was only one thing that worried me while I was sick. I couldn't get those tan shoes out of my head. What if I should die without having had a chance to wear 'em! Such a contingency seemed to furnish an additional and potent reason why I should get well. I just made up my mind I was going to live long enough to get my feet into those shoes, and—well, I did."—New York Mail and Express.

Strong Light, Overwork and Insanity.

Relatives of Mrs. Jennie Hawkins, who became insane, says the Chicago Record-Herald, say the woman's mind was unbalanced because she had worked for a long time under a brilliant electric light at a hairdressing establishment. Physicians say overwork and lack of sleep probably are responsible. The light, they think, may have caused a strain on the nerves through the eyes, but they [illegible] that the light could not have [illegible]

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

Went Bravely to Death.

"IN the four years I served in the Army of Northern Virginia," said the old Confederate in a reminiscent mood, "I saw more men killed than I'd care to count. In the course of the war, three out of the four men who were tent-mates with me were killed. Each one went down within ten feet of me, one with his head torn away by a shell, the second with a minie ball that tore a great hole in his jugular vein and the third from an overdose of bayonet, when we got at close quarters with the Union troops one afternoon at Seven Pines. My command lost fifty-eight per cent. in one battle, and as we usually came pretty near evening things up with the other fellows I have been a witness at a pretty fair share of violent demises.

"In battle, after a man gets over his first scare at going into the line of fire, the brute in him usually makes him forget that he is a coward. When he sees the fellow next to him fall, he sorter feels sorry and has a pretty strong desire to come to close quarters with the man that did it and let a little daylight into him. Fighting as we had to, I got so that I could see a man killed in battle with as little worry as if he had been a partridge.

"You know, near the close of the war the poor, half-starved fellows got to deserting pretty frequently. It was war and there was but one way to remedy it—a wooden cross, the deserter and the firing squad.

"One morning I left my command and started over to talk to some old friends in a Mississippi regiment. I got about half of the distance, when I ran into a little body of men. Two of them had their eyes blindfolded and their eyes tied behind them. The first fellow couldn't have been more than twenty-five. He was tall, straight as an arrow, with dark, curling brown hair, and his face was the handsomest and the saddest I ever saw. He was walking quietly and steadily. I couldn't see his eyes, but not a muscle of his face was twitching and his feet were planted fairly and squarely on the ground. I noticed that he wore the uniform of a Captain.

"The second fellow had to be held up by four men. Every step he would fall to the ground perfectly limp and, it seemed, lifeless. When the men would get him up he would scream and cry like a scared child. He was a great, big, raw-boned man and his terror would have been disgusting if it hadn't been so pitiable.

"I followed the little procession for a hundred yards to where the line of crosses stood. The Captain was to be shot first. As they placed him with his back to the cross he said: 'Men, you know me. I've led you in thirty fights, and you've never seen me shy from a gun muzzle yet, have you? I just want you to take this bandage off my eyes, and as long as I've got to die let me die like a man. I've given you the order to fire many a time, and I'd like to give my last order, if you'll let me.' The Lieutenant hesitated, and then he said: 'Jack, I'll do it, if I get shot for it.'

"They unbound his eyes. He straightened himself for a minute, took a long look all about him, and then facing his men, said in as steady a voice as I ever listened to, 'Ready! Aim! Fire!'

"They fired, and he pitched straight forward his full length, dead before he struck the ground. Then they tried to bind the other man to the cross, but he writhed and moaned and twisted away from it like a snake with a broken back. They gave it up, and he was shot while he was crawling along the ground, screaming out prayers for mercy.

"I heard afterward that the Captain, hearing that his old mother was dying, had asked leave to go to his home, which was only twelve miles away. We needed every man then, and the permit was refused. He slipped away, but before he got back Grant made one of his attacks on our lines. The Captain's company went into action for the first time without him at the head of it. He returned for a court-martial. Deserting had become too common for any excuse to be taken for it, and he was ordered to be shot the next morning. By some chance a detail of his own company was selected for the work. By another chance I happened to see him shot. I wish I hadn't."

A Missionary's Peril.

In the introductory passages of a paper entitled "A Missionary Journey in China," in the Century, Mrs. Fanny Corbett Hays relates an incident of her childhood:

It is a terrible experience to fall into the hands of a Chinese mob. Inoffensive, good-natured men are roused to frenzy by evil insinuations against foreigners, and, intoxicated with excitement, are capable of most fiendish atrocities.

As a child of eight, I was taken by my father, an American missionary, into the interior of Shan-tung, to the district now occupied by the Germans. My mother had died a few months before, and my father, anxious to pursue promising work in the interior, took his three children (of whom I was the eldest) and a faithful Chinese nurse to a town four days' journey from Chi-fu. In this place he intended to spend the winter. To make the small, mud-walled but more comfortable for us, he covered the damp, earthen floor with boards.

This was instantly resented by the suspicious Chinese. "Why should a man place boards over his floor unless there was something underneath which he wished to conceal?" The old story that the missionary had kidnaped and murdered Chinese children was again widely circulated. It was asserted that he had made a miraculous medicine of their hearts and eyes, with which he could bewitch the Chinese into believing his new religion. The children's dead bodies must therefore be concealed beneath that carefully laid wooden fl[illegible]

The increasing [illegible] being twice stoned in the marketplace, my father concluded to flee to the county seat, twelve miles distant, where he could claim protection as an American citizen. We started at midnight. It was impossible to procure animals to convey us; so a few native Christians took their lives in their hands and carried the little children on their backs over the dangerous road to partial safety. I remember distinctly our stealthy creeping through hostile villages, afraid that at any moment the barking dogs might bring out enemies upon us, and our crouching in the early dawn beneath the shelter of a clay bank, while a distant wheelbarrow creaked slowly out of hearing.

We managed to reach our destination in safety, and remained for a few hours in an obscure inn in the suburbs. With great difficulty a cart and two wretched animals were procured, and at the end of a week's travel over miserable roads we were at home again. A slight realization of the danger we had escaped came into my childish mind when we were met outside the city wall by the foreign residents, and native Christians of Chi-fu, who with streaming eyes praised God for our deliverance.

It was afterward learned that the next morning after our escape—only six hours after our departure—a furious mob of men came to our little house, tore up the wooden floor, looted our furniture, and would undoubtedly have killed us had we fallen into their hands.

A Girl's Daring Ride.

Elsie Weidenmann, fourteen years old, the daughter of Robert Weidenmann, performed an act of bravery at Nanuet, N. Y., which has made her a heroine in that neighborhood. Her father has a fine home in Nanuet, and keeps several valuable saddle horses. Two of Mr. Weidenmann's horses strayed on the railroad tracks as the afternoon train came along at a good speed. The horses galloped wildly ahead of the locomotive, and many people watched the race.

Presently the engineer and fireman were astonished to see come tearing rapidly down to the track a little girl, wearing a bright red cap and jacket, and riding a spirited horse. The rider was Elsie Weidenmann. Her horse galloped along some distance ahead of the engine that was approaching. At the point where this happened a path runs for some distance alongside the tracks. The girl was bent upon saving her father's horses. With her hair flying in the wind and keenly alive to her danger, she galloped on, overtaking the frightened animals racing just ahead of her.

Calling them by their names in a voice they well knew, the girl got them off the tracks in the nick of time. As a thrilling finale to her performance, she dashed across the tracks with the locomotive but a second behind her. With a wave of her handkerchief she bounded up an embankment at the side of the tracks to a place of safety. The train crew and passengers who had seen the daring act waved handkerchiefs and hands in response.

A True Snake Story.

In a thicket on a mountainside, the late Maurice Thompson once saw a man kill a rattlesnake. "He beat the life out of it with a club, and continued the pounding till it was mangled beyond recognition." When Mr. Thompson remonstrated, the man "said his say in seven significant words: 'Ye cain't kill a rattlesnake too dead.'"

Not long ago a boat bound for the United States from Rio Janeiro touched at Pernambuco, where the mate drove a bargain with a snake-dealer, says the Chicago Record, for a half-dozen reptiles of various sizes.

The mate had them in a cage on deck, and charged a sailor with the duty of washing it out with sea water every evening. All went well as long as the weather was mild, but on the night before the Gulf Stream was crossed the sailor left a quantity of water in the cage, and about thirty hours from port a blizzard struck the ship.

All hands were busy with the storm, and the snakes were forgotten. When the mate thought of them and went to look after their condition, he found them frozen stiff, and as dead as the proverbial door-nail.

The dealer from whom the mate had brought them came on board the following day. He professed great disappointment over the loss of his intended purchase, but offered to take the snakes away as a kindness to the mate. He gathered them in his arms like so much fire-wood and carried them home. But a rival dealer afterward told the officer that plenty of warm water had resuscitated the snakes, and that they had been sold to various museums, not a whit the worse for their death by freezing.

Killed a Mountain Lion With a Pitchfork.

Grant McQueary, a ranchman living two miles above Ermston, Col., on the Toll road, killed a mountain lion with a pitchfork. Mr. McQueary found the mountain lion making his supper off one of his choice calves and succeeded in killing the animal by stabbing him several times about the head and body with the pitchfork.

Queen Victoria and Divine Right.

When the queen spoke of her subjects as "loyal" she meant it in the mediaeval sense. The relation was not, in her eyes, voluntary or sentimental, but imperative. If she had been a wicked or a foolish woman it would have been very sad; but the duty of obedience would, in her idea, have been the same. Subjects must be "loyal;" if they loved their sovereign, so much the better for them and for her, but affection was not essential. In her phraseology this constantly peeped out: "I the queen," "my people," "my soldiers." She regarded herself, professionally, as the pivot round which the whole machine of state revolves. This sense, this perhaps even chimerical conviction of her own indispensability, greatly helped to keep her on her lofty plane of daily untiring duty. And gradually she hypnotized the public imagination, so that at last, in defiance of the theories of historic philosophers, the nation accepted the queen's view of her own functions and tacitly concluded with her that she ruled, a consecrated mon- [illegible] divine [illegible] Th[illegible] of [illegible]

Half-Hour with the Children

A Little Yellow Bird.

On the borders of a wood,
In a sunny neighborhood,
Lived a little yellow bird,
Where its song was often heard,
Something like to See-wee-see,
See-see, Wee-see, See-see-wee!

Here it lived, as glad and free
As a little bird could be,
Till one very dreadful day
Came a naughty boy that way;
And he spied the yellow bird,
Where the leafy branches stirred,
Singing sweetly, See-wee-see,
See-see, Wee-see, See-see-wee!

"That's a pretty bird," said he,
"Just the sort of bird for me!"
Hearing which, it flew away
(Boys don't always have their way),
When he climbed up to its nest
(I cannot bear to tell the rest);
But now the little yellow bird,
Robbed of its nest, is never heard
On the borders of that wood.
Perhaps it's gone where boys are good,
And somewhere sings its See-wee-see,
See-see, Wee-see, See-see-wee!

—Elizabeth A. Davis, in Golden Days.

To Play "Shopping."

The leader says, "I went shopping this morning and everything I bought began with A. From the grocer I bought (points to a player and waits for response), from the druggist (points to another), from the dry goods store, from the baker," etc. The responses must be given quickly. The penalty is to take the place of the leader and start another letter.

Hunt Poisonous Insects For a Living.

Of all the strange occupations that men engage in to make a living the oddest perhaps has developed in California. It is the collecting of tarantulas, centipedes, scorpions and other poisonous creatures for the sole purpose of selling them to people from the East who may be traveling on the Pacific Coast. The sandy regions in the southern part of California are the places where the collector usually goes to find his "game," for there the tarantula and other terrifying creatures are most numerous and of largest size. Having secured his specimens he hastens back to the cities, where he says the demand for his wares is steadily increasing. Many Easterners traveling in California like to carry home some evidence of their experience, and a tarantula or a scorpion is desired as a reminder of the deserts of the great Southwest.

Boys are often engaged in hunting tarantulas, and they become very expert in finding the insects.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Training the Puppy.

Forest and Stream has given some wise talk to boys in regard to bringing up dogs from puppyhood, and turning them into good citizens of the canine world. The writer says:

"There are two or three things which you must try to remember in connection with the little animal for which you have taken the responsibility.

"You must remember, in the first place, that it is like any other young creature, full of spirits, thinking only about itself, and determined to do those things which seem pleasant to it. Your business is to undertake its education. You must begin by making it fond of you, and that means that you must treat it kindly, play with it more or less, feed it yourself, and, in short, cause it to look to you for all the things that make its life pleasant.

"Very patiently, very firmly you must instruct it, little by little, in good manners. You must teach it that some things may be done, and that other things are not permitted.

"You must remember that this little animal has no knowledge of the English language, and that your words, in a new command, are meaningless sounds. One of your first duties is, therefore, to teach it what these sounds are intended to convey, and the lesson is effectual only by enforcing obedience to the command as soon as it is uttered. Thus if you are teaching the pup to charge, which means to lie down, whenever you use the word place your hands on him and gently force him to the ground, his legs all under him and his head flat between his paws, but do not be in haste about it. You may easily confuse and bewilder a puppy, and it is much better to let his education proceed slowly than to make him suffer from unreasonable demands.

"One reason why boys, and men also, lose patience with the dogs they are training is that they forget how hard it is for the dog to understand what they mean. Sometimes it does happen that a dog is headstrong and obstinate, but this is very rarely true of a puppy. If he fails to "mind," the failure is good evidence that he is not yet familiar with the English language."

Keeping Summer Boarders.

"Remember that the boarders are with you in the country for their own pleasure, and not for yours, and try and adapt yourself to them, rather than demand that they should adapt themselves to you," writes Caroline Benedict Burrell on "Keeping Summer Boarders with Success," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "One of the simplest ways of making them comfortable is to give them their meals by themselves and at their own hours. As your family is accustomed to early rising you can have an early breakfast and have it all over before the guests will wish to rise. So with the dinner and supper. This may seem to entail a great deal of trouble on the farmer's wife; yet a trial will convince her that it is the most satisfactory arrangement all around, the extra trouble not worth considering. As to the food, city people expect certain things on a farm, none of them too difficult to provide—good drinking water, plenty of milk and cream, fresh eggs and butter, vegetables in abundance, and fruit in season. If these are all that they should be it will be found that allowances will be made if the meat is not of the quality to be had in city markets, and if there are few fancy dishes of any sort."

NEVER MIND.

When I uster stub my toe
In the rocky road,
Mother, she could soothe my woe;
She's the one that knowed
How to banish my dismay
With a word so kind,
It stopped hurtin' when she'd say:
"Sonny, never mind."

Arnicky, an' lint an' things
Couldn't stop the pain,
But her gentle voice that rings
Often an' again
In my dreamin', had a charm
Strong, though undefined.
Jes' them words 'ud help the harm—
"Sonny, never mind."

If she only could be near
When I stumble now,
Maybe I could persevere
With a placid brow—
If she jes' could pat my head,
As when she would bind
Every boyish hurt, an' said:
"Sonny, never mind."

—Washington Star.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Miriam—"Didn't I see Mr. Brassie kiss you on the links to-day?" Millicent—"No; he tried to, but only foozled."—Puck.

"My friend, do you believe in the eternal fitness of things?" "Yes, sir; of everything but this suit of clothes I have on."—Leslie's Weekly.

Here is a punster quite inane
Who says—now, can you match it?—
"The man who runs to catch a train
Must train to run and catch it!"

—Philadelphia Record.

Colonel Bragg—"I've fought and bled for my country, sir; I've——" Alex. Smart—"Yes, but did you ever help your wife hang pictures?"—Ohio State Journal.

Those promises I have not kept—
Oh, dear—how will it be?
Can I against them set false vows
Which folks have made to me?

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mrs. Nibber—"Doesn't that man in the next pew roar awfully when he sings?" Mr. Nibber—"Yes; I'm going to speak to the usher about it and have him put in the choir."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A schoolmaster recently received the following note: "Dear Sir—Please excuse my son Jack from attending school to-day, as he has to be at the funeral of his two aunts. I will see that it does not occur again."—Tit-Bits.

Inexperienced Rider—"What! you wish me to pay in advance? Are you afraid I shan't come back with the horse?" Proprietor of Livery Stable—"Ahem! It is just possible the horse may come back without you."—Tit-Bits.

Mamma—"Why, Susie, you've [illegible] ered your butterscotch to everybo[illegible] but little brother. Why didn't y[illegible] hand it to him?" Susie (with innocen[illegible] candor)—"Because, mamma, litt[illegible] brother always takes it."—Current Literature.

"There's Brown-Mudd, the artist. Do you know he's extremely superstitious—believes in all sorts of signs." "Well, it'll be a great day for art in this country when he gives up portraits and goes to painting 'em."—Harper's Magazine.

Mr. Fondpar—"Ask the doctor to come to my house immediately. My wife doesn't quite like the baby's looks." Nornh—"He's out, sure, sir, but don't yez worry—the homeliest babies sometimes grow up quite good-looking."—Brooklyn Life.

In the great corridor of obscurity two men faced each other. "Give me the wall," said one; "I, sir, was once Vice-President." The other laughed a derisive laugh. "Nonsense!" he exclaimed; "I take precedence here. I am the husband of an authoress."—Life.

The Opal Superstition.

There is one superstition of wide range and influence that is directed against one of the most beautiful objects in nature, the opal. A man in my town failed in business, and what do you think he did? Took his opal ring into the yard and smashed it to pieces with a hammer! He did that in the nineteenth century! He ascribed his bankruptcy to that opal, and he intended neither to suffer such misfortune again nor to allow any other one to do so by inheriting or buying that ill-starred property.

One of the most amusing instances of a trust in wrong things is reported from New York, where a man took an opal to a jeweler and asked him to sell it, as he had had nothing but bad luck since he owned it, his business ventures having failed, his children having suffered illness, and the Old Scratch having been to pay generally. The jeweler found the gem to be an imitation. Its falsity must have been obvious to everybody except the victim, because the opal is the one stone that has never been passably imitated.—Charles M. Skinner, in New Lippincott.

English Royal Windfalls.

King Edward VII.'s first windfall has just been announced from Belfast. It was a useful sum of ready money treasure trove. It has been longer coming than Queen Victoria's, and hers, though valueless, literally fell from the clouds, as a windfall should. In July, 1837, a coroner's jury sat over the body of a parachutist who was fatally injured at Vauxhall. It declared: "We find that the deceased, Robert Cocking, came to his death casually and by misfortune in consequence of serious injuries which he received from a fall in a parachute of his own invention and contrivance which was appended to a balloon; and we further find that the parachute as moving toward his death, is deodand and forfeit to our Sovereign Lady the Queen."—London News.

Some Kentucky Towns.

The census shows some queer names of towns and voting precincts, especially the Southern. For instance, Kentucky produces among others the following:

Ink, Dog Walk, Billy Boy, Cow Horn, Maiden Blush, Eighty-eight, Holy Haunt, Whereaway, Goodnight, South America, Big Bone, Pot Chance, Bucksnort, Frozen, Corn Pigeon Roost, Red Bird, Illwill, Hurricane, Whetstone, Kettle, Marrowbone, Brandy Springs, Bugs, Curtail, Mud, Eden Paint, Gum, Hogtown, Intersexie, Torrent, Turnipseed, [illegible] Patch, Red Rose, Goose [illegible] Creek, Buncombe [illegible]