THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

VOL. XXIV. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1906. NO. 3.

To dilate on trivial circumstances is the failing of a trivial mind.

The man who lives too fast never has time to catch up with himself, remarks the Atlanta Journal.

It is so easy for a woman to become what the man she loves believes her to be, observes Edith Wharton.

We should feel grateful to the expert engineers for agreeing on the one point that the Panama Canal can be constructed.

How various is man! avows the Newark News. One of him was shot for a bear out in Michigan the other day; another was killed for a rabbit down in South Carolina, and one bit the dust up in Maine because he resembled a deer.

Springfield, Ohio, is trying to make us believe that it is something unusual because a child seven years of age, living in that city, has written a comic opera. Most of our comic operas bear evidence of being nursery products, alleges the Washington Post.

How frenzied financiers find time to attend to their particular frenzies just now is hard for the outsider to conjecture, thinks the Boston Transcript. They are seemingly all kept busy appearing as subpoenaed witnesses before investigating committees.

Publicity will cleanse the insurance business of much, if not all, the graft that has disgraced it, but the millennium will not arrive until the people get into the habit of electing legislatures too honest to steal and too intelligent to confiscate, declares the Washington Post.

The evident truth is that life insurance is expensive beyond normal requirements, and in the coming litigation it is evident that a situation will result which will compel Federal control. And that, remarks the Philadelphia Inquirer, is apparently the only light at present on a miserable situation.

The Florida Times-Union and Citizen says: It is to the interest of the United States and of the people of the United States that as large a traffic as possible pass through the Panama Canal when constructed, and we think its construction can well stand a delay that will give perfect adaptability to the purpose for which it was designed.

Fashion, says the Tailor and Cutter, is so deeply rooted in the strongest elements of human nature that it cannot be suppressed. It may be changed, corrected, educated, but neither ridicule, nor reasoning, nor abuse, can destroy it, nor can church, satirist or cynic turn it aside any more than the whistling of a schoolboy can shift the direction of the wind.

Dr. Prinzing, of Berlin, writing in the Zeitschrift fur Sozialwissenschaft, declares that it is not true that the proportion of old maids and old bachelors is increasing in most countries. One is perpetually [illegible] especially those representing the advanced woman movement, that marriage is decreasing, and that unmarried persons are relatively increasing. As a matter of fact, this is only the case in Sweden, France and Ireland. In Germany the number of bachelors steadily decreases, and only in certain favored areas can any increase of old maids be certified.

The remedy for hazing is to break up the unnatural seclusion of colleges and make those communities in ordinary, decent and law abiding civil life, suggests the Portland Oregonian. Everything tending to make college life peculiar should be abolished. Dormitories, for example, are a direct invitation to hazing. College secret societies would not need to be secret if their objects were to encourage study. The class system encourages mobs and rowdyism. It ought to be broken up by having studies and graduations three times a year. Most of the old college traditions, when they are not positively undemocratic and opposed to the modern spirit. When they go the college becomes what it should be, an instrument for the making of strong, self supporting citizens, and not a superstition and fetich worshiping will go, too.

[illegible] prophesied that on the death of Queen Wilhelmina the little State of Holland would soon lose over the vanities of royalty and become a republic, asserts the Philadelphia Daily Eagle. The prestige of royalty has passed with the days of liberty. It was the spirit of heroism developed in that struggle against overwhelming odds that made every Hollander a Hercules, and caused the nations to stand apart and admire. Despite the atrocities of the Spanish executions, the holocausts, the auto da fes, in which were destroyed the persecutors believed to be the enemies of the country, the people found in fresh inspiration under the ordeal, and they triumphed at last not only for themselves, but for the world. If they were fighting for the world's glorious liberty, and the principles declared are those which underlie wherever civilization is

SISTERS.

A sister's inconvenient when you want to play a trick:
She always stops your fun, but then she's splendid when you're sick;
She always knows just how to bathe your head and fix your pillows cool;
You lie and toss and long for her until she comes from school.

A sister's inconvenient when you play a game of ball;
She cannot throw it very far, she cannot "catch" at all.
But when you want a story read, she's just the one to ask;
She's always ready, too, to help with any tiresome task.

A sister's inconvenient when she bosses you about,
And says, "Put on your rubber boots, or else you can't go out."
But when you don't know what to do, and everything seems tame,
She's ready to amuse you and to have a pleasant game.

And so, hurrah for sisters, though they try to make you mind,
They're ready, too, to help you and they're generally kind.
And lately I've been thinking (and I'm almost sure it's true),
That sometimes having brothers may be inconvenient, too.

—Harper's Magazine.

COALY AND THE LION

By LEWIS B. MILLER.

WHEN I was fifteen years old my father sent me for a wagonload of lumber to Fort Worth, which was seventy-five miles distant from our new claim.

His intention was that I should go with two neighbors who had squatted some miles from our place; but they started earlier than I did, and I could not drive my oxen fast enough to overtake them that day. Lep, my nigh ox, was a big red and white fellow, with enormous horns, which he was too good natured to use. Coaly, the black off ox, was of a different temper.

He was taller than Lep, much quicker, and had shorter, sharper horns. He would kick as well as "hook," he particularly hated dogs, and was altogether so vicious when unyoked that nothing but his good conduct when yoked saved him from the butcher.

Sunset found me near the foot of a long hill that had led me down into a gorge about five miles from what was then the hamlet of Faluxy. The road, seldom traveled in those early days, was too vague to be followed by night without danger of upsetting the wagon. So I reluctantly turned aside into a small open space among the cedars and halted. The month was January, but the weather was mild for the season.

The steep, rocky sides of the wild gorge were overgrown with twisted cedars, and rose to what I though a great height. In the gloom and loneliness I made my preparations for camping with much trepidation, although I really had no other reason for fear than that wolves, wildcats and mountain lions had been occasionally encountered in this great ravine.

After unyoking the oxen and tying them to trees, I collected dry cedar wood, of which there was an abundance, and piled it near the wagon. When a fire had been kindled, I warmed myself and felt more cheerful. The firelight banished the darkness in the immediate vicinity, but seemed to increase it everywhere else.

As soon as I was warm I fed the oxen, and then prepared my own supper. Mother had provided me with a good supply of cooked provisions. After broiling some slices of pork on a stick, and warming some bread in the same way, I made a hearty meal.

Then I sat for a while before the fire, enjoying the warmth, and soon grew sleepy in spite of my surroundings. Knowing that I would have to get an early start the next morning, in order to overtake my friends, I thought it well to go to bed early. I had determined to sleep on the ground by the fire.

After spreading a layer of unbound sheaf oats on the ground I put down several quilts for a bed, and then others for coverings. Then I piled more wood on the fire, gave the oxen a good supply of oats and fodder, and crawled into my not uncomfortable bed.

While listening to the wind shrieking drearily across the hilltops, and to the more cheerful sounds of the crackling fire and champing oxen, I fell asleep.

Several hours must have passed before I awoke, and found myself looking up at the sky covered with thin, fleecy clouds, through which the waning moon shone dimly. Raising my head, I looked round. The fire had burned out, for cedar wood does not last long. Only a few coals were visible where the crackling blaze had been.

Being warm and comfortable, I did not trouble myself about the fire, knowing that I could rekindle it when morning came. I had relied upon it to keep the wild animals away; but now that the moon had risen, I was not much afraid of wild animals.

By the light of the moon I could see Coaly and Lep lying a few yards away, both chewing their cuds contentedly. A wolf was howling in the distance, and a little screech owl was uttering its peculiar cry somewhere up the side of the gorge. I was on the point of falling asleep again when a slight noise near me caused me to raise my head. As I did so a low growl froze my blood.

A yard or two from my feet, on the other side of where the fire had been, stood an animal larger than any dog. He was looking straight at me, evidently preparing to attack.

I had never seen a mountain lion till then, but the instant my eyes rested upon the animal I knew what it was. A chill of horror ran over me as I sat there, half paralyzed by fear.

One saying that I had heard from childhood was that a mountain lion will not attack you as long as you look it steadily in the eye. Now, being utterly at the lion's mercy, I had presence of mind enough, in spite of my terror, to make the attempt. It was all I could do.

I do not think there was anything in my wavering gaze very terrifying to that lion. At least he did not show any symptoms of fear.

As I sat watching him with a terrified, fascinated gaze, he crouched as if for a spring, and uttered another growl, deep and fierce. I seemed to see his hair stand on end. I was too much dazed to move, and even if I could have done so, I was at the animal's mercy.

But instead of springing, he straightened up and began to circle slowly round me, keeping at about the same distance. Perhaps he was trying to get behind me.

As he moved he kept his eyes fixed upon me, and I returned his gaze as steadily as I could. Several times he stopped and seemed to be getting ready for a spring, but as often moved on again in a circle, uttering frequent growls, while I turned in bed, and never once took my eyes from his. I expected every moment to see him coming through the air toward me, and doubtless he would have sprung before long had not something occurred which neither he nor I had counted upon.

Pretty soon after making the discovery that the beast was near I had heard the oxen spring to their feet, both puffing as if alarmed. Later, as the lion was circling round me and growling, I could hear them trampling restlessly, and tugging at their ropes till the cedars to which they were tied shook audibly.

The lion himself was too much occupied with me to pay any attention to the oxen. He seemed to have made up his mind that I would make a palatable supper, and as he had probably not eaten for several days, he felt little interest in anything else just then. As for me, although I heard the oxen's movements, I did not dare to turn my eyes away from the lion long enough to see what they were doing.

But while the beast was hesitating, I heard a low, hoarse bellow, followed by a shaking of a tree, as if one of the oxen was throwing his weight against the rope that held him. Then came a trampling of hoofs over the rocky ground, and I turned my head in time to see Coally's huge figure, black as midnight, as he rushed by me and made straight for the lion.

The beast was giving his whole attention to me, and seemed to be taken by surprise. He uttered a fierce growl of rage, and attempted to put himself in a defensive attitude; but before he could do so Coaly was upon him. The next moment the lion, big as he was, shot up into the air, tossed by the powerful horns of the black ox.

Here I recovered my presence of mind somewhat, sprang up, ran to the nearest tree, and hastily scrambled up as far as I dared go. Even then I was only eight or ten feet above the ground, and I knew the lion could climb; but I felt comparatively safe, for the beast was too busy with other matters just then to give further attention to me.

When he struck the ground, after being tossed upward, he was in a great rage. Instead of waiting to be gored a second time, he made a furious dash at his enemy, intending, I think, to light on the ox's back. But Coaly had no thought of permitting anything of that kind.

Wheeling round with astonishing quickness, he received the lion on his horns and threw him several feet backward. Three or four times this was repeated. Finally the lion, finding himself unable to get at the ox, ceased his attacks. He did not retreat, however, but stood with open mouth and gleaming eyes, uttering loud growls of defiance.

Coaly was not in the least intimidated by this show of resistance. Lowering his head he plunged recklessly at the lion. Then followed a fierce and exciting struggle, which lasted for several minutes.

Again and again the ox charged furiously but the lion always sprang nimbly out of the way, and in turn tried to jump upon the back of his antagonist. Notwithstanding his huge size, Coaly was very swift in his movements. Wherever the lion presented himself, he found the sharp horns ready to receive him.

Finally I saw the lion make a desperate leap at Coaly's throat. The ox turned quickly, so that his body shut out my view. For a little while I was very much afraid lest my champion, although he had been having the fight all his own way so far, should be defeated and perhaps killed. But soon he turned, and I saw, much to my relief, that there was no occasion whatever for alarm on his account.

The lion was on his back on the ground, while Coaly was almost standing on his head over the prostrate body, doing his best to drive his horns through it.

Whether he succeeded I could not tell in the dim light; but in a few moments the lion was again tossed into the air. When he struck the ground all the fight was gone out of him. He scrambled away, followed by the furious Coaly. Both disappeared among the cedars.

I listened intently to learn what they were doing. Now and then a growl, more of pain than of defiance, came back from the direction they had taken. Each growl was fainter, coming from farther up the creek, and from this I knew that the lion was retreating at a good speed.

While I was listening eagerly for some evidence that the fight had been renewed, I became aware that everything round me was growing lighter. Glancing down, I saw with dismay that my bed was on fire. One of the coals that had been scattered by the combatants had fallen upon the straw which had at last burst into a blaze.

If the lion had still been near I should have remained up in the tree and allowed the fire to burn, although my hat, boots, coat and vest, the only part of my clothing that I had removed on going to bed, would have been consumed. But feeling that there was now no danger, hastily let myself down, and extinguished the blaze. The only harm done was the burning off of the corners of two or three quilts.

I soon kindled another fire of wood and felt safer when I saw it blazing up brightly, although I was still very much afraid. A little reflection convinced me that it would prove a better safeguard than any tree I could climb.

The experiences through which I had just passed had left me in an excited, nervous state. At every sound, however slight, I started and turned quickly, not knowing at what moment the lion might come back. I was also anxious lest Coaly should take it into his head to go home, and leave me with only half a team.

As nearly as I could tell by the moon, it was now about midnight. I turned up the ends of the quilts and blankets, and crawled under them. Then I lay and listened for any suspicious sound. Every now and then I raised my head and looked about, but saw nothing to revive my fears. Before I knew that I was getting sleepy, I was sound asleep.

I was awakened by something pushing against the side of my bed. Starting up in alarm, I was greatly relieved to see that it was only Coaly. He was putting his nose under the blankets to get the oats. The broken rope was dangling from his horns. The fire had burned out, but it was now day, a bright, still, frosty morning, and the first rays of the sun were already shining against the mountainside above me.

After rekindling the fire I started to lead Coaly back to tie him again when I made the discovery that one of his horns was covered with dried blood. Evidently he had seriously wounded the lion.

Possibly, I thought, he had killed him somewhere near by and I wanted to make a search in the hope of finding the carcass and securing the skin as a trophy. But being unarmed and knowing that there was danger of coming upon a live lion instead of a dead one I decided that the risk was too great.

However, while I was eating my breakfast I thought of an expedient that enabled me to make the search in safety. Taking hold of Coaly's rope, I led him after me and thus protected spent nearly an hour looking among the cedars along the creek.

If I had found the lion wounded I intended to let Coaly finish him. But the search was not successful, and I returned to the camp, put the oxen to the wagon and proceeded on my way.—Youth's Companion.

Alpha Centauri, a bright star of the southern hemisphere, not visible in the United States, is the nearest star to the solar system. Yet it is 275,620 times as far from the earth as the sun, says the Chicago News.

Paper is now used to make saucepans. On account of their lightness these utensils were much used by the Japanese army. The paper pulp is impregnated with certain salts. The utensils stand the fire well, provided they are kept full of liquid.

Charles M. Manly, who for seven years was at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington as an assistant to Professor Langley, addressed the new Aero Club of America at the rooms of the Automobile Club recently on mechanical navigation in the air. He said that flying machines would prove as great a benefit to mankind as the first steamboat.

The tobacco plant was introduced into the Philippines from Mexico by Spanish missionaries. It is grown principally in the Island of Luzon, and although the methods of cultivation and curing are primitive, Philippine tobacco has a high reputation in the East. With scientific treatment, it is believed it may be made to rank among the finest tobaccos known.

Americans get their correct time from a little room in the Naval Observatory, located on Georgetown Heights, in the suburbs of Washington. The observatory was originally intended to detect errors in ship chronometers and to regulate them properly. This work constitutes one department at the institution, but perhaps its most important function is that of being the Nation's timekeeper.

To tell the points of the compass by a watch: Point the hour hand at the sun. Then south is half-way between the hour hand and the figure 12 of the dial. To measure an angle by a watch: Lay two straight edged pieces of paper on the angle, crossing at the apex. Holding them where they overlap, lay them on the face of the watch with the apex at the centre. Read the angle by the minutes of the dial, each minute being six degrees of arc. It is easy to measure within two or three degrees in this way.

His Nuggets Were Safe.

"I'm Black Jack," he said, as he flung himself into the Palace Hotel early yesterday morning, "and I want to sleep here. I'm just down from Alaska," he added, as he scrawled his name across the page of the hotel register. Then he slammed a poke of nuggets in front of the clerk and admonished the latter to take care of them, after which the bellboy escorted him to his room. Last evening "Black Jack" was shaky and also anxious about his nuggets, and approaching the clerk said in a whisper: "Say, have you seen any rocks around this dump? I've lost some somewhere, and am worrying a little."

"Is this what you are looking for?" answered the clerk, dragging the poke from the safe and placing it before Jack's hungry eyes.

"It is," said Jack, as he seized the poke.

The poke is now reposing in a bank and "Black Jack" feels safer.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Pluck and Adventure.

GREAT MEDICINE ROAD.

THE great rush of emigrants to Oregon which began in the early forties and the later tide that swept over the plains after the discovery of gold in California followed the route which was known as the Oregon Trail.

The story of that vast emigration, so finely told by historians, is familiar to all. The great thoroughfare as it looked at that eventful period is less known, but only a little less appealing to the imagination. In 1851 Father De Smet, a Jesuit missionary among the Indians of the Northwest and their sincere and practical friend, crossed the plains with a considerable party of Indians and white men on the way to a general council of all the Western tribes east of the Rocky Mountains, according to a plan arranged by the Government. Near the present town of Casper, Wyoming, they came upon the Oregon Trail. It was an impressive sight, even to white men, say the authors of "The Life, Letters and Travels of Father De Smet," and as to the Indians, the effect upon them is best told in the good missionary's words.

"Our Indian companions," he wrote, "who had never seen but the narrow hunting-paths, by which they transport themselves and their lodges, were filled with admiration on seeing this noble highway, which is as smooth as a barn floor swept by the winds, and not a blade of grass can shoot up on it on account of the continual passing.

"They conceived a high idea of the countless White Nation, as they express it. They fancied that all had gone over that road, and that an immense void must exist in the land of the rising sun.

"Their countenances testified evident incredulity when I told them that the exit of the emigrants was in nowise perceived in the land of the whites.

"They styled the route the great medicine road of the whites."

The unsophisticated Indians visited and examined in detail all the forsaken camping-grounds on the way; they took a great variety of objects to Father De Smet to have their use and significance explained; they filled their pouches with knives, forks, spoons basins, coffee-pots and other cooking articles, with axes, hammers, and so forth. With bits of earthenware which bore any inscription, they fabricated some ornament for their necks and ears.

Happily for the admiring savages they did not see what their friend saw along the great trail. There he saw for himself the true meaning of the migrations that had worn the highway "as smooth as a barn floor," in the relics cast away by the emigrants, in the graves of those who had perished by the way, and in many returning parties who had found their hopes of fortune to be only barren dreams.

A RESCUE ON VESUVIUS.

Professor R. V. Matteuci, director of the Royal Observatory on Mount Vesuvius, in his recent most interesting account of the life and duties of his perilous post, narrates one little incident which occurred but a short time ago, at the beginning of the great volcano's present period of activity.

Many tourists ascended the mountain in the late afternoon or evening, to behold at night the malign splendor of the red-hot, crawling lava streams. Following one such party, in the hope of begging pennies, came a little orphan boy from Resina, at the foot of the mountain. His name was Giovanni Olivieti. The tourists lingered long, and Giovanni, tired and sleepy, threw himself down in a vineyard for a nap, and was not missed. At dawn piteous cries for help were heard by some young men who had remained all night on the mountain, and they hastened to discover whence they came.

"Awakened by the increasing heat," says Professor Matteuci, "the boy had found that he was entirely surrounded by streams of molten metal, which, however, were fast cooling in many places, and had already grown a considerable crust here and there.

"Soon a crowd gathered and stood entirely helpless some distance off, the women screaming, weeping and praying for the doomed boy."

Some one, however, had presence of mind enough to send for Signor Matteuci, who in turn sent for Pasquale Pacifico, an experienced Vesuvian guide, and the two men, at the imminent peril of a dreadful death, sought out a possible path of rescue.

"It may remind you people of a treacherous ice-crust—but how different, and how infinitely more terrible, with liquid fire below instead of water! The heat was killing. With wet cloths protecting our faces, and with burning boots, scorched hands and smoking clothes, we made our way across the bending crust of lava, seized the trembling child, and bore him away to safety. We did not dare, however, to carry him in our arms, but distributed the weight by making him run in front of us where we directed.

"So tremendous was the lava flow that in one place, what with flowing and cooling, and flowing and cooling again, it piled itself up to a height of 150 feet."

Professor Matteuci lives on Vesuvius, at the observatory, and he expects to die there; but he asks no better fate.

"I love my mountain," he declares. "I could not leave her. I am wedded to her forever. My friends say that her breath will scorch and wither my poor life one of these days; that she will bury my house in streams of liquid metal or raze it to its foundations. Already she has hurt me, has injured me sorely. Yet I forgive her. I wait upon her, I am hers always."

SAVING A COMRADE.

Stories of affection and apparent reason among wild animals have divided the "nature-writers" into two schools. One believes that animals act merely from instinct; the other holds that the dumb brute feels and reasons. In "The Life of a Scotch Naturalist," Mr. [illegible] quotes [illegible] Thomas Edwa[illegible]

little flock of terns rescued a wounded companion which the naturalist had shot.

I fired, and he came down with a broken wing, screaming as he fell into the water. The report of the gun, together with his cries, brought together the party he had left, in order that they might ascertain the cause of the alarm.

After surveying their wounded brother round and round, as he was drifting unwittingly toward the shore with the flowing tide, they came flying in a body to the spot where I stood, and rent the air with their screams. These they continued to utter, regardless of their own individual safety, until I began to make preparations for receiving the approaching bird. I could already see that it was a beautiful adult specimen, and I expected in a few moments to have it in my possession, since I was not very far from the water's edge.

While matters were in this position I beheld, to my utter astonishment, two of the unwounded terns take hold of their disabled comrade, one at each wing, lift him out of the water and bear him out seaward. They were followed by two other birds.

After having carried him about six or seven yards they gently let him down again, and the two who had hitherto been inactive took him up.

In this way they continued to carry him alternately until they had conveyed him to a rock at a considerable distance, upon which they landed him in safety.

I made toward the rock, wishing to obtain the prize which had been so unceremoniously snatched from my grasp. I was observed, however, by the terns, and instead of four, I had in a short time a whole swarm about me. On my near approach to the rock I once more beheld two of them take hold of the wounded bird as they had done before, and bear him out to sea in triumph, far beyond my reach.

ALONE WITH SEA BIRDS.

As the most "climable" and campable" looking rock off the Oregon coast we selected the huge stack of basalt farthest out at sea, which was 200 feet high and 200 feet long. The rock rose in abrupt cliffs from the ledge. With block and tackle we hauled our boat to a table twelve feet above the beating waves, and went into camp on an eight foot ledge forty feet above the water. For five days we climbed along the narrow ledges and photographed in this great sea-bird metropolis; for five nights we slept, or tried to sleep, on this lonely rock shelf in mid-ocean.

I hope the crowding, throbbing multitudes on Three Arch rocks may never be diminished in number. I can never forget the nervous strain of spending five days and nights in that dense feathered metropolis by the sea. The danger in climbing ledges, where we had to risk life and limb a dozen times every hour; the constant screeching of the fowls, day and night, overhead, seaward, landward, everywhere, a screaming and calling never for a minute intermitted. But it is worth the hardship, just to feel the charm of seeing nature in her primordial state and to see how she revels in the wild life of the feathered myriads that live on the cliffs in the midst of the sea.—W. L. Finley, in The Country Calendar.

PONY SAVES GIRL.

Miss Genevieve Reddington, a twelve-year-old girl, of Cullen, Oklahoma, attributes her escape from being killed by two panthers in a canyon near there, to her pony, which set upon the beasts which attacked the girl and drove them away by blows from its hoofs. Miss Reddington was riding through the canyon when two large panthers rushed upon her from the undergrowth. Her pony stopped at sight of the beasts, which dragged the girl from the saddle, almost stripped her of her clothing, and were rolling her over and over on the ground when the pony suddenly ran at them and began kicking. One of the blows from the pony's hoofs struck the girl on the head, rendering her unconscious. A few minutes later, when she regained consciousness, the pony was standing quietly by her side, while the panthers had disappeared.

AN ESCAPED PRISONER.

One a recent morning John Parker, a white prisoner undergoing sentence at Tokai, near Wynberg, for receiving stolen goods, savagely attacked a warder named Joubert with a spade, and escaped into the wilds of the mountainside. He was recaptured next morning at the top of Table Mountain. When he got away he made at a breakneck pace for a recess in the mountainside and reached the summit torn, bleeding and exhausted. He spent the night in a cave and had an encounter with a huge baboon. He obtained a civilian's coat, and at 9 o'clock in the morning was wandering, hungry and worn out, across the wall of the reservoir, when some municipal waterworks men arrested him. He was betrayed by his prison trousers.—South Africa.

What Happens in a Minute.

Some one with a taste for figures, says the Youth's Companion, has been computing New York statistics on the basis of the minute instead of the year. Two hundred and twelve letters are written every minute. A fire breaks out every forty-eight minutes, and the fire loss is at the rate of $25 a minute. Every ten minutes the police arrest some one for drunkenness; a pauper is buried in potter's field every two hours; a new lawsuit is begun every ten minutes; every forty seconds an alien immigrant arrives; every six minutes a baby is born, and every seven minutes some one dies; a railroad train arrives in the city every fifty-five seconds and a ship sails away every forty-eight minutes.

Women's Clubs.

The number of women's clubs in London at the present time is far in excess of the demand, and the management of these clubs, with the exception of the few which are under the control of mere man, demand from their unfortunate victims submission to a series of petty discomforts which would be sufficient to close the doors [illegible]

HOW TO HAVE NEW-LAID EGGS

The Only Sure Way is to Have Them Buttered to Begin With.

THUS PREPARED THEY REMAIN FRESH FOR WEEKS.

THE English people are the greatest egg consumers in Europe—and the least fastidious, says Mary Costello, poultry expert, in the London Mail.

It remains a problem that, exacting as the Londoner is about almost every other class of imported food, and getting, as he does, on the whole, the best the world has to give, he is nevertheless able to swallow the contents of an egg from which a Connaught harvest man would turn in disgust; an egg laid six weeks or two months before in the backwoods of Canada, the steppes of Russia, or the burning sands of Egypt, and offered to him in shops and markets without even an elementary attempt to arrest the action of decay which is at work from the hour the shell leaves the hen!

The nutritive, digestive and palatable superiority of an egg of twelve hours' over one of twelve days' old is admitted without question. Yet, as the trade is at present constituted, the luxury technically known as a "new-laid" can not be had for love or money in the wholesale English, Scottish or Irish markets. And that this state of things is realized by the public is clear from the uproarious reception of any pantomime or music hall joke, no matter how antiquated, directed against the egg trade.

Why the existing palaeolitic method of packing should prevail in the twentieth century, and why it should remain uncondemned by boards of agriculture, national poultry associations and county council experts is, to put it mildly, unaccountable.

Every other perishable variety of food which can be called to mind is now more or less scientifically equipped to resist the all-pervading microbe of decay—i. e., coated in preserving paper, corked up, tinned, soldered, sterilized, frozen or hermetically sealed. The egg alone, with its countless gaping pores, must go forth, naked and unashamed, for if it assumes the lightest protective vesture it is branded by the trade as stale and inferior.

THE EGG'S POROUS COVERING.

The shell of an egg is not the compact coat which touch and appearance indicate. It is perforated with a multitude of minute holes or pores, and, seen through a microscope, it has a sieve-like surface resembling perforated white paper. This porous covering is a provision of nature to insure the life of the chicken while being hatched.

"By means of these holes," to quote Mr. Edward Brown, F. L. S., of the Reading College, "there is a constant evaporation going on from the time it is laid until it is consumed. This evaporation depends upon the condition under which the egg is kept * * * being much more rapid in hot weather than in cold and in warm places than in cool. * * * If by any means this evaporating process can be stopped, and no other influences of an antagonistic nature be brought into play, the egg remains sound and good for a great length of time. The substance used to close the pores of the egg must not be soluble in watery fluids, or liable to be readily removed."

In early Victorian Ireland, before the railway had developed the present enormous trade with England, the practice of arresting evaporation was general through the country. Then, as a simple matter of household routine, the farmer's wife covered her eggs lightly with butter while they were still hot, after being laid. An unbuttered egg was considered only fit for cooking, and could only be sold at the lowest price.

In these conditions it was possible to buy eggs of a month and six weeks old in the Dublin wholesale markets and provision shops which had all the qualities of the new-laid; the gush and milky fluid when opened, the snow-white flaky meat, the firm, nutritious, glowing yolk. Now, with all the advantages of rapid transit, with agricultural boards, co-operative egg societies and poultry teachers in every Irish county, it is impossible to get this food at any wholesale or retail market that I know of.

Nobody now will go to the trouble of "buttering hot" because the home consumer does not count. Every cabin holder in the land is catering for the British wholesale market, and he knows full well that any such common sense effort to forward his produce fresh will not only be unappreciated, but will actually result in loss to him.

Ten years ago the Congested District Board for Ireland asked me to draw up a scheme which would help in making poultry-keeping more profitable in the West. I set to work rejoicing, seeing my way to establishing sound commercial relations and a warm "entente" between the small agricultural holder of Mayo and Donegal and the prosperous Lancashire operative.

I duly submitted my scheme, and within a few days received the following official snub:

"Eggs treated as you propose are not marketable, and no English dealer will buy them as new laid. There is no use in making suggestions to the board which are not practicable."

Well, I went to the root of the matter. I inspected the nest of the congested producer, saw the eggs taken from it hot, and in the majority of cases carried straightway in the apron of a daughter of the house to Middleman No. 1 at the top of the boreen or bend of the glen, and there exchanged for tea, sugar, tobacco, oil or yellow meal without interposition of coin. Here I saw them deposited in a box or drawer in the general living room, shop and kitchen, with a turf fire burning night and day, where they were left until the cart of Middleman No. 2 arrived in a week or fortnight to fetch them to Middleman No. 3 at quarters, whence they leisurely [illegible] the retail market en route for the long suffering consumer.

GREASED EGGS NOT POPULAR.

In most cases the home middleman admitted that the system of marketing eggs unprotected under such conditions was rotten to the core. But all agreed that it was no use attempting reform in this essential, because the British egg factor was their master, and the ex-cathedra dogma of the wholesale trade was that greased eggs could not be classed as fresh; they must take their place in the low-grades of "pickled" or preserved, and sell as these do at bottom prices.

The wholesale trade maintained that it was not their fault at all—that the blame lay altogether with the public. They had to supply what their customers wanted. The British buyer liked a clean, dry shell, and invariably sniffed at a greasy one, believing it must be an antique of the same family as the "pickled," which they would only touch at "confectionery" or "electioneering purpose" rates.

If the public wish to be educated on this point, let them bear in mind that there is only one way of raising the "shop tone" to the eminence of a perfect breakfast egg. The pores must be closed the day it is laid, and it must then be wrapped in paper. This should only be removed by the hand which drops it into the saucepan. The best closing substance is vaseline or glycerine. It is more satisfactory than butter for several reasons, and a pennyworth will protect close on 100 shells.

The main objection to this system is, of course, that the buyer can have no knowledge as to when or how the pores are closed.

It can be maintained (1) that this objection applies to many other flourishing market commodities which, for protective purposes, the public have to purchase blind. (2) That an egg buttered or vaselined only at the eleventh hour is better than one not buttered at all. (3) That the excellent up-to-date collecting and stamping methods now being initiated by the National Poultry Organization Society of England and by the co-operative work of Sir Horace Plunkett in Ireland, make the detection of fraud and of culpable carelessness a very simple matter compared to what it was in the Crimean decade.

Nordica on How to Succeed in Opera.

A very interesting feature of the current Harper's Weekly is an article by Madame Lillian Nordica on "The Prima Donna and Her Task." Madame Nordica's varied experience on the operatic stage, and her present position as the chief dramatic soprano at the Metropolitan Opera House, give unusual authority and value to her opinions. Madame Nordica's advice to young singers and aspirants for operatic honors is summed up in the word "sacrifice." The successful prima donna, as well as the girl who aspires to be one, must give up everything for her art—entertainment, many of the pleasures of food and drink, exercise, society, even rest. The strain of an opera season lasting for four months demands upon the part of the singer an absolute and uncompromising devotion to her task. In this connection Madame Nordica tells an amusing story.

"Once," sad she, "I went to an afternoon concert just to treat myself to some singing that I wasn't doing myself. As I was leaving the hall, a woman, a total stranger, came up to me.

"'Please go right home and go to bed,' she said. 'Gotterdammerung' to-morrow!' And she was right. I felt she was. So I went home—I went to bed."

"Rubbing It In."

When Mrs. Morse, after a lapse of thirty years, met her old schoolmate, Mrs. Graham, in the guise of a summer visitor to Aldersfield, she made up her mind to one thing: Lydia Graham's measure of worldly prosperity had been large, but not for one moment would Mary Ann Morse allow her to feel "set up."

It was with the intention of reducing any possible pride that might be lurking behind Lydia Graham's placid countenance that Mrs. Morse held her off at arm's length when the first affectionate greeting had been exchanged.

"How fat you've grown, Lyddy!" said Mary Ann Morse, holding her little figure erect as a small, stiff tree.

Mrs Graham smiled contentedly, and Mrs. Morse saw that her thrust had done no harm.

"And yet—and yet you've wrinkled in spite of it," said this determined old friend, and then she gave Lydia Graham's flushed cheek a consolinw kiss.—Youth's Companion.

Progressive Appreciation.

Some of the country flowers illustrate the truth that "the prophet is not without honor save in his own country" as well as any person could possibly do it.

One morning a summer resident started from Brookby with a bunch of flowers in her hand.

"Going to tote that whiteweed into the city?" inquired the man who drove her to the station, with evident scorn.

"Yes," said the young woman, quite unmoved by his opinion.

On the train she was joined by another young woman who had formerly lived in the city, but had married a Brookby man a few years before.

"Those are pretty daisies you have," she said, tolerantly.

"Yes, I think they are," said the summer visitor, smiling to herself.

An hour later she handed the flowers to a friend in a busy city office.

"Oh, what lovely marguerites!" cried the recipient.

"I'm glad you like them," said the [illegible]ge woman, quietly. "I thought you [illegible]."—Youth's Companion.