THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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Time is the nursery of our hopes and the graveyard of our ambitions.

Wealth in books and poverty in fact are the two most distinctive features of our civilization.

Much of what passes for "originality" nowadays is often merely the indigestion of a turgid imagination.

Between the taciturnity of the wise and the loquacity of the foolish, the average man has a pretty hard time finding out what's what in this world.

The city of Hull, England, has thirteen miles of wooden pavement, and is gradually substituting such pavement for the granite blocks hitherto used. It is as smooth as asphalt, but less slippery.

The statement from Annapolis that hazing makes boys brave is hardly in line with the sentiment: "The bravest are the tenderest." They must think the bravest are the toughest, thinks the Pittsburg Gazette.

Ex-Queen Lil wants the American Government to give her $10,000,000. The old lady has applied at an unfortunate time, thinks the Chicago Record-Herald. The easy-money game is rather unpopular just now.

Germany has already 204 statues of Bismarck, with thirty-eight more soon to be finished, states the Boston Transcript. Fortunately, however, they are not so situated that any one person can see all of them at the same time.

A shoe manufacturer says that many of his orders for tan shoes are being canceled, and that he is in doubt whether tan shoes are going to be worn next season. We know of one pair that will, remarks some facetious individual on the Boston Globe.

The hospital is the outpost of our national defense against degeneracy, and the boon which is conferred by hospital ministrations upon every modern community is practically immeasurable if hospitals be rightly used, asserts the London Lancet.

There are 16,000,000 school children in this country, which fact, thinks the Baltimore American, furnishes 16,000,000 reasons why the system of education should be the best and most practical which the resources of the age and of the nation can afford.

Intelligent observers of the conditions in the West note the expansion of business under the stimulus of the great crops. The prosperity of the farmers is sure to be reflected in every mart and to flow into every rill of industry, declares the Philadelphia Ledger.

The insurance investigating committee has discovered a president of a company who holds no policies whatever in any company. Mr. Hughes lost the chance of a lifetime in failing to ask the witness if he believed in life insurance, thinks the New York Commercial.

When we think of the thousands of men and women who are known as great, and remember that every quality in them is found in commonplace mortals, reflects the Christian Register, how mean a city seems in which not one man or woman has attained to the full stature of manhood!

The suggestion that instruction in chess be added to the public school curriculum may be well worth considering, thinks the Providence Journal. For some time there has been reason to fear that notwithstanding all the application of fads the time of pupils was still not so fully occupied as completely to insure them against the possibility of accidentally acquiring a little useful education.

The Louisville Herald says: The crop returns for 1905 show an extraordinary prosperity, even for this country. The corn crop reached the highest production on record, showing the enormous yield of 2,708,000,000 bushels, a gain of 42,000,000 over 1899, the next highest year. The hay crop this year is valued at $605,000,000; cotton is estimated at $575,000,000; wheat, $325,000,000; oats, $282,000,000; potatoes, $138,000,000; barley, $58,000,000; tobacco, $52,000,000; rice, $12,892,000. Dairy products yield the vast sum of $665,000,000, an increase of $54,000,000 over 1904.

A newspaper recently asked whether we were on the eve of a "boss-less" era, and whether we could get along without the boss. Both these questions may safely be left to the people who mean to try the experiment, thinks the Indianapolis News. But there is confusion in some minds on this question. It grows out of the confusion between the boss and the leader. We must have leadership, though even here there is need for qualification. The late Robert G. Ingersoll once said, in a discussion in one of the clubs of this city, that he believed in leadership, but by that he meant the leadership of ideas. And here it is that the boss influence is fatal, for the boss has no ideas except that of maintaining his own supremacy by all means and at any cost. Thus he becomes both a menace and a nuisance.

THE AFTERGLOW.

When soft footed twilight creeps
From the bushes of the west,
And the first fair jewel leaps
Into radiance on night's breast;
Ere the myriad stars have made
Arabesques of rich display,
Through the brooding, silent shade
Gleams the afterglow of day.

Mystic figures come, and paint
Marvel hues across the sky
Which change subtly as they faint
Into all the dark, and die—
Altar fires that flamed at dawn,
Silver whiteness of the moon,
Gleam anew ere day is gone
And the dusk's first voices croon.

So with life. When down the path
We fare on with lagging feet,
All of childhood's aftermath,
Fragments of old songs and sweet,
Half formed memories of days
Shape themselves and slowly rise
When we walk the shadowed ways
Where we see the sunset skies.

Dews that gemmed the olden rose,
Wayward whispers of the wind,
Olden suns and olden snows,
Of the days we left behind
Blend into a wondrous view
When we face the coming night—
Blend in glories we once knew—
In the evening there is light.
—W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune.

IKE BROWNFIELD'S CLAIM

By WILL LISENBEE.

IKE BROWNFIELD stopped his mule team and uttered an exclamation of surprise. The object that called forth the exclamation was a box house that nestled against the side of a little hill, a few rods from the dim, prairie road.

"That's what I call pure, unadulterated gall," he said, surveying the structure with a look of anger and incredulity. "I'll be hanged if it don't take the cake," he continued. "Who could have had the cheek to jump my claim as soon as my back was turned and build a house on it without so much as saying 'By your leave?'"

He cracked the heavy whip vigorously over the sleepy mules, and the vehicle crawled forward.

A little further on he pulled out of the road and drove up in front of the new building and stopped.

"Hello, there!" he shouted, but no response came in answer. Then he got out and went up to the door and knocked loudly with the handle of his whip; but no sound came in answer to give evidence that the house had an occupant.

"No one here, I guess," he muttered.

A pine box, that had evidently been used to ship goods in recently, lay open by the door. On one end of this box was printed, "J. Bradford, Attica, Kansas."

"J. Bradford," he muttered. "Well, I'll see you later, Mr. Bradford."

Then taking out a note-book from his pocket, he tore out a leaf and wrote the following notice on it and pinned it to the door:

"J. Bradford, Esq.:

"You are hereby notified to leave this claim immediately. It was taken over a month ago by the undersigned, as you can easily determine by directing your attention to the foundation on south part of claim.

"IKE BROWNFIELD."

Then, mounting his seat on the wagon, he drove back into the road and continued his journey.

Ike Brownfield had come west from Illinois, two years before, and had engaged in the cattle business with Dave Ford, an honest, kind-hearted man, who had formerly been a cowboy in Texas, but, by economy and industry, had acquired sufficient means to enable him to go into business for himself. His superior knowledge of the business made him a valuable partner for Ike, and their affairs prospered to such an extent that, at the time of the opening of our story, they were considered the leading cattle dealers of Western Kansas.

Their ranch was on the eastern border of a vast tract of grazing land, in the western part of the State.

As time went by emigrants from all parts of the Union began to pour in and settle up the vacant tracts.

Prior to this Ike and Dave, who were content to use the public domain for grazing purposes only, discovered that all the land in that vicinity would soon be taken up and settled on unless they laid claim to some particular quarter-sections; so they each took a claim of 160 acres, Dave entering the one the cattle ranch was one, and Ike staking one two miles further east.

Ike placed a foundation on his claim, which was sufficient to hold it until he could have a house erected.

Shortly afterward he went to the nearest town, Attica, a distance of some twenty miles, on business, which kept him absent from the ranch nearly two weeks. When he returned it can well be imagined that he was surprised to find a new house built on his claim and a stranger in possession.

A couple of miles further on Ike stopped his team below a low, wide building, surrounded by numerous barbed-wire corrals.

A half-dozen cowboys were moving about the premises, and from the open door of the rude structure came the savory odors of frying bacon and not coffee.

Ike Brownfield climbed down from the wagon and threw the lines to a sable-hued darky, who came forward to meet him, and turning, entered the house.

"Hello, Ike!" exclaimed Dave Ford, delightedly. "Back again! an' blasted glad I am uv hit. We've been livin' on tough beef an' bacon till we're almost dyin' fer a taste o' civilized grub. I guess ye didn't fergit the jelly an' pickles an' can'd corn, did ye? Can'd corn an' pickles! Hang my looks, Ike, if the very mention uv them don't make a feller feel kinder relig'us and civilized like. Makes him think uv the Adyrondax, an' hammocks, an' perty wimmen, hanged it hit don't! Talk about yer books, an' missionaries, an' yer newspapers civilizin' the world! I say hit's pickles an' can'd corn—that's what I say hit it."

"Oh, do hush, Dave!" said Ike, taking a seat in the first chair he came to. "I got all the canned corn in Attica before I left, and I do hope it will have the good effect of checking that copious flow of culinary oratory."

At this Dave gave vent to a low, prolonged whistle.

"Hit's gittin' in hits work on him," he muttered. "Talks as if he'd been raised in a cannin' factory;" with which he disappeared through the open door and commenced exploring the boxes of groceries Ike had brought from town.

"Dave," said Ike, that evening after supper, "some sneaking scoundrel has jumped my claim since I left."

"You don't tell me!" Dave exclaimed.

"Yes," continued Ike, "and he's got a house built on it! Do you know anybody by the name of J. Bradford?"

"Oh, w'y, yes! I've hearn o' him. An' hit's him that's jumped yer claim?"

"Yes, that's what was on the boxes brought to the house."

"Wal, wal!" ejaculated Dave; "he's up ter his ole tricks ag'in."

"What tricks? What do you know about him?" asked Ike.

"Regular p'izen, he is," returned Dave. "Never knowed him ter be afeard uv anybody. I tell yer, he'll give ye trouble if ye try ter bull-doze him."

"Oh, he's one of these bad men, is he? I've seen such before. They usually deal in other people's cattle under cover of darkness, and spend the remainder of their time in drinking bad whisky and telling how bad they are. I'll call on him to-morrow and give him just five minutes to get off of my claim."

"He'll not go, I'll bet ye," ventured Dave.

"He won't?" echoed Ike, his anger rising. "What do you mean by taking sides with that scoundrel?"

"I'm not takin' sides. I only sed he'd not go, and I say so yit."

"You do? Well, now, as you seem to have so much faith in this friend of yours, I'll wager you twenty dollars that he leaves my claim within ten minutes after I get there."

"'Nuff sed," returned Dave, promptly extracting a twenty from his pocket-book and placing it in the hands of one of the cowboys.

Ike "covered" it, adding:

"If he's not off the claim in the time mentioned the money is yours."

The next morning Dave drove away to look after some cattle that had got separated from the main herd, and Ike remained at the ranch.

"After noon," he said, "I'll go over and see Mr. Bradford, and invite him to pull out."

At noon Dave returned and handed Ike a letter.

"Hit's from Bradford," he explained, "an' mebbe hit's somethin' about the claim."

Ike tore open the letter and read:

"Mr. Brownfield:

"Dear Sir—Have received your notice. When you get ready to put me off by force I'll be here waiting for you. J. BRADFORD."

"The impudent puppy!" exclaimed Ike, crushing the letter and thrusting it in his pocket. "I'll go over and see him right away."

A half-hour later he was on his way to the claim—a heavy .45 Colt's in his belt and an improved Winchester swung across his saddle.

There was a look of resolution and cool determination in his eye as he approached the new house.

"The impudent scoundrel!" he muttered. "To jump a man's claim and then write him a letter inviting a quarrel. I have half a mind——"

A dozen children came dashing through the open door, racing and shouting at the top of their voices.

Ike reined in his horse before the door, speechless with surprise. He dismounted and approached the house. A young woman of some twenty summers came to the door. She was dressed in a pretty suit of dark-blue flannel, with a white collar about her throat, and a profusion of blonde hair twisted artistically about her well-shaped head.

Ike, who was not accustomed to meeting beautiful young women out in the wild West, was completely taken off his guard. He took off his hat and stammered out an apology.

"I have called," he said, "to see Mr. J. Bradford, but—if—if he is not in, it don't matter."

"I am J. Bradford," she answered.

"You!" exclaimed Ike. "I thought—that is—I——"

"I had taken your claim," broke in the young girl, with a merry peal of laughter. "Well, I haven't. Didn't my mean old Uncle Dave, your partner, tell you that this was a school-house, put here temporarily, by his permission, as it is the nearest point for all the children in the settlement?"

"And Dave is your uncle! Why, he never told me he had a niece in this country. I'm sure I——"

"I only arrived two weeks ago, and am living with a married sister on an adjoining claim. I'm only a teacher, and you're not going to make me leave, are you?"

"Make you leave? Why—why—whoever said anything of the kind?"

She pointed to his notice on the door, and looked at him with a roguish smile.

"Miss Bradford," he said humbly, "I am the victim of a deep-laid plot, and am afraid I've acted rudely——"

"Please don't," she replied, stopping him. "It's all uncle's fault. He should have told you instead of getting me to write that hateful letter this morning; but we'll get even with him by being the best of friends, won't we?" appealingly.

"If you will only allow me that privilege," he stammered, "after I have acted so very rudely——"

"But you mustn't speak of that again," she protested, stopping him with a gesture of command.

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When Ike returned home that evening Dave was standing in front of the shanty.

"Hello, Ike!" he said, gravely. "Did you see Mr. Bradford?"

Then he moved out of Ike's way, and went and laid down in the grass and laughed till Ike came out and told him he'd kill him if he did not hush up or promise to keep the story from getting out among the boys.

Dave agreed to the latter, providing Ike would give up the twenty dollars he had wagered, which he declared should be added to the young schoolmarm's first month's salary.

This was readily agreed to by Ike, and it is only fair toward Dave to state that it was fully two days before the story became generally known throughout the range.

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Ike Brownfield's first visit to the little school-house was not his last; and, later on, when he brought a new buggy from town, and was often seen driving with the young school-marm, Dave "'lowed that Ike was gittin' perty sweet on Mr. Bradford, bein' as he'd jumped Ike's claim."

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The very next Christmas Eve a brilliant wedding took place, and Ike Brownfield was the bridegroom, and the pretty little school-marm, whom Dave always insisted on calling Mr. Bradford, was the bride.

In the evening a splendid banquet was spread for the guests in the large dining room at Ike's new mansion, on the "claim" that had first brought about their acquaintance which had turned out so happily.

"And to think," observed the bride, "that you were going to drive me off of this place only a short time ago!"

"And that in the end," added the happy Ike, "you not only got the claim, but pre-empted the owner also."

And Dave Ford, the most prominent figure among the guests, poising a spoonful of his favorite canned corn before him, observed:

"I used to think this 'ere corn was the source of all civilization; but when I see the improvement in Ike, in the last six months, I'll be hanged if I don't haf ter own that a school-marm, fer a rapid an' universal civilizer, don't knock canned corn colder 'an a blizzard."—Good Literature.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

Commander Beehler, of the Key West Naval Station, has officially reported the receipt at the wireless station at that point of an eight-word message from Colon, a distance of a thousand nautical miles.

Within the past year or two there has been a revival of efforts to develop the petroleum deposits known to exist within the limits of the ancient empire of Cyrus, and now there is talk of a pipe-line to connect the oil-fields with the Persian Gulf.

Aluminum paper is now manufactured in Germany and recommended as a substitute for tin foil. It is not the so-called leaf aluminum, but real paper coated with powdered aluminum, and is said to possess very favorable qualities for preserving articles of food, for which it is used as a covering.

The economy in burning fuel is a matter requiring great skill and experience, and depends entirely upon the evenness, thickness and condition of the fire, which controls entirely the air supply, and, therefore, the perfection or imperfection of the combustion. There is very little use in "splitting hairs" over a quarter of a pound of steam consumption of the engine, while the fireman may be losing ten times this quantity of fuel from inefficient boilers or poor firing.

The power of the eye to adjust itself to varying intensities of light is illustrated by Doctor Nansen's account of his experience on his north polar expedition in the winter of 1895-6. He was determined to keep a continuous thermometric record during the months of darkness, and whenever the moon was above the horizon he and his assistants found no difficulty in reading the instruments, which were placed in the crow's-nest on the ship's mast. But at the time of new moon they had only starlight, because they could not afford to use the oil needed for an outdoor lamp. Yet gradually their eyes became so well trained to see in the dark that they could read the figures on the thermometer scale even in the absence of the moon.

The Philadelphia Inquirer says: "The purest coins ever made were the $50 pieces which once were in common use in California. Their coinage was abandoned because the loss by abrasion was so great and because their interior could be bored out and filled with lead. They were octagonal in shape and were the most valuable coins ever minted and circulated. All gold is not alike when refined. Australian gold is distinctly redder than that taken in California. Moreover, placer gold is more yellow than that which is taken from quartz. This is one of the mysteries of metallurgy, because the gold in placers comes from that which is in quartz. The gold in the Ural mountains is the reddest in the world."

The Dean's Accent.

There are no difficulties of language to a man as tactful as a certain Lord Mayor of London, of whom St. James' Budget tells.

The eminent Dean Pigou was once invited to conduct a service in French at the Chapel of the Hospital for Huguenots, South Hackney.

Previous to the day the dean wrote out in English a sermon on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Then with the aid of Mrs. Pigou, a sound French scholar, he translated the whole into French, and preached on the day in that language.

Among the distinguished persons present was the Lord Mayor, who hastened of thank the dean at the close of service, adding:

"Though, sir, I do not know one word of French, I understood you perfectly."

One-third of the persons who become demented recover their senses.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

EXPLORING THE GREAT ATLAS.

A FATE similar to that which befell Mr. Perdicaris last year has recently overtaken a French explorer who endeavored to map the sources and the courses of the streams which flow from the Great Atlas Mountains, in Morocco, to the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. Monsieur De Segonzac has been captured by unruly Arabs, and is being held for ransom.

The work which he had undertaken, and on which he had made great progress, was the filling in with exact details of one of the largest blanks on the map of Africa. Although several explorers have been through that region, little is known of the origin of the waters which come from it, of possible passes through the mountains, or more than a bare outline of the range itself. At the instigation of the French African committee Monsieur De Segonzac went thither last November, accompanied by Professor Gentil, a geologist of the Sorbonne; Monsieur De Flotte-Roquevaire, a chartographer, a Berber and an Arab interpreter. They landed at Mogador, on the Atlantic coast, and there found it necessary to separate at once, in order not to attract too much attention. While the other two Frenchmen devoted themselves to the country round the City of Morocco, Monsieur De Segonzac set out for Grand Atlas.

From the first the progress was difficult. He found it necessary to conceal the fact that he was a Christian, yet this was unavoidably known to his escort, and the latter made his knowledge of the fact the ground for insolence and constantly increasing demands.

"Possession of my secret has made my servants my masters," the explorer wrote back in February.

The sherifs of that region govern with very little regard to the Sultan of Morocco, and maintain their authority in indefinitely bounded districts in a sort of feudal barony, robbing or protecting travelers as they choose. With some of them Monsieur De Segonzac became very friendly, visiting at their villages and traveling under their protection. Others were jealous of his intrusion, and made open threats of violence against him. Nevertheless, he made his way up the northwesterly side of the Great Atlas to the Wady el Abid, and advanced up that valley, carefully determining the location of his camp by stellar observation every night, mapping his progress, and sending back notes geographical, geological and sociological as often as he could find trustworthy bearers.

He found at the head of the Wady el Abid a hitherto unknown pass of easy access through the chain to the head of the Wady Muluya. Passing through this, he saw at last the snow-clad summit of the wonderful Jebel Ayashi, the highest peak of the Atlas, fourteen thousand six hundred feet above the sea. To this he had penetrated on an earlier trip from the other direction, so he turned southeastward again and worked from the Muluya round to the Wady Sis and the Gheris, aiming toward Tafilet.

All of this way his notes were most complete, and he had entered into relations with many of the local sherifs, which, he believed, would enable France to treat with them directly later for purposes of trade. At last, however, he was betrayed as a Christian to one of the under-sherifs, who evidently saw in him a good investment, seized him and carried him into captivity.

The Berber interpreter, whose connection with the affair is not entirely plain, revealed the state of affairs to the French African committee in a letter, in which they are assured that Monsieur De Segonzac is in good health, and if ransomed within a reasonable time will receive every courtesy. The other members of his party are quite safe at Morocco.

SAVED THEIR SCALPS.

Modern methods of locomotion offer many risks, but at least the traveler of to-day does not know what it is to journey in dread of the tomahawk. The danger of a misplaced switch cannot present itself with such insistent horror as did the ever-present possibility of the lurking enemy of the forest. The Magazine of American History gives an account of a thrilling experience which occurred in 1779.

In the fall of that year about seventy men, in two large boats, endeavored to make their way up the Mississippi from New Orleans toward Fort Pitt with stores of provisions. At the mouth of the Little Miami the Indians attacked them. The white men noiselessly landed and tried to elude the enemy, but the savages seemed to spring out of the very ground. Nearly all the party were killed, although a few escaped into the forest.

During the slaughter Captain Benham, second in command, fell, pierced by a bullet. Although he felt confident his scalp was doomed, he lay perfectly still, putting off the evil moment as long as possible. In their eager pursuit the Indians passed him by. When he was sure they had gone, the captain painfully raised his head to see if he could better his hiding, for he knew the savages would be back for trophies. Near by was a newly fallen tree with unwithered foliage. With much anguish the wounded man managed to crawl into this shelter.

The next day, according to their custom, the Indians returned to strip and scalp their victims. The captain lay, expecting every moment to feel the cold edge of the tomahawk. The prospect of death by slow starvation did not seem half so terrible as that at the Indians' hands. When the savages had accomplished their task, they went off, leaving Benham undiscovered.

The captain's chance of life was poor. He had nothing to eat, nothing to drink, and the slightest movement caused him excruciating pain from his wound. On the evening of the second day he heard a slight movement in the tree near him. He managed to reach his gun and shoot a raccoon. But it was of no good to him; he could not even reach it.

Soon after this the captain heard a cry in the forest. He thought it must be an Indian device to discover his whereabouts, and lay still. But the call came nearer, and was unmistakably that of a white man. Captain Benham answered it, and John Watson appeared, one of the company's men who had eluded the Indians. Both of Watson's arms were broken by bullets.

A partnership was immediately formed, one providing hands, the other feet. When game appeared the captain would load and fire, while Watson would secure the prize by kicking it to his comrade. The captain cooked the food and fed Watson. The greatest difficulty was to get water. At last Benham took his skin cap and placed it in Watson's teeth. The latter then went into the river deep enough to fill the receptacle, and brought it back to the captain, who drank, and held the cap for Watson to satisfy his thirst.

Thus the two wounded men helped each other until they were able to travel a little. They reached a fork in the river, where they built a little hut and waited for a possible boat. One whole month they waited, and then a flatboat appeared. At first the party in the boat would not respond to the frantic appeals of the men because they feared some trick of the Indians. Finally they cautiously approached, and discovered the plight of the two almost helpless men, took them on board and cared for them.

Captain Benham lived to a good age, and his granddaughter married George Prentice, the well-known writer and journalist.

BATTLEFIELD PERILS.

They have just laid to rest at Nottingham a Crimean veteran who was thrown for dead into a trench in the Crimea. Those who have made a study of the subject make the disquieting assertion that the burial of the quick with the dead upon the battlefield is not uncommon. A story is told of a surgeon who saw a "dead man come to life" after the battle of Borny. He saw the man go down, killed apparently by a bursting shell. At midnight the kindly heart of the doctor impelled him once more to make a round to see if any wounded lay still untended, and chance took him to the spot where the "dead" trailleur lay. Blood was issuing from his nostrils, and the surgeon turned him over to see his wound. There was none. Concussion of the brain had caused inhibition of all the functions. The men who came out to bury were sent back to the hospital with this man, who six weeks hence was well enough to rejoin his regiment. But bad not chance led that doctor to the spot, the soldier would have gone under the turf with the dead.

Sir Charles Napier fell grievously wounded at Corunna, and his comrades left him amid the heap of the slain. He was posted as killed. By a miracle, however, he was rescued before the burial party could do its work, then kept prisoner by Ney. After some months information was conveyed to the English lines that he was alive, and a man was sent home with the tidings to his mother. She dared not see him. "He comes," she said, "to tell me of the death of another son." Somehow, the story of this stricken blind woman far away in England sorrowing for her son reached the ears of Ney. "Let him go," he said to Clouet, "and himself tell her that he is alive." The blind woman was the beautiful Sarah Lennox of old time who might have been the Queen of George the Second. The son lived to conquer Sind.—St. James' Gazette.

KILLS BULL WITH KNIFE.

James Clark is in a critical condition at his home in Sidney, Me., as a result of a desperate battle he had with a bull owned by him. Mr. Clarke suffered the fracture of one leg, his collar bone and several ribs, but succeeded in killing the animal and saving his own life.

Mr. Clark took the bull from the barn with the intention of watering him at the well in the yard, having the usual ring and leading pole with which to handle him. The animal pulled the pole out of Mr. Clark's hands and was master of the situation. Mr. Clark received serious injuries early in the battle, and it soon became a question of his life or that of the bull.

Mr. Clark succeeded several times in getting a grip on the ring in the animal's nose, but always lost his hold, though clinging to the infuriated beast as best he could and saving himself from being crushed.

For nearly a half hour the fight went on, the bull having the better of it, but never succeeding in quite finishing his victim. The pain of Mr. Clark's injuries was intense, and his clothing was saturated with blood from the wounds he received. His strength was beginning to fail, when he succeeded in getting a hold on the ring, and getting his jackknife from his pocket he cut the bull's throat.—New York Sun.

Second-Hand Wisdom.

Sir Roger de Coverley obliged his chaplain to deliver sermons written by famous old divines in lieu of original preachments, and Addison assures us that many clergymen would do well to adopt the plan. But most congregations prefer a minister who speaks his own thoughts, however mediocre they may be.

The New Orleans States says that a bishop, commenting on the aversion of congregations to sermon-reading, tells this story:

A sermon-reading clergyman, a friend of mine, called one day on a humble parishioner, a cobbler. He sat mending a pair of boots and reading his Bible at the same time.

"What are you doing, Giles?" asked my friend, with a benevolent smile.

"Prophesyin'," Giles answered.

"Prophesying? Nonsense!"

"Well," said the cobbler, curtly, "if readin' a sermon is preachin', isn'e readin' a prophecy prophesyin'?"

The most picturesque and ancient looking river is the Rhine. It has 725 venerable castles on its banks.

How the American Spy Stole Great Britain's Naval Signal Code.

THERE was a good deal of bitterness between England and the Northern States at this time, and the Government at Washington was deeply interested in the despatches forwarded by the British Minister to his home Government. It was known that England was friendly to the Confederacy and willing to aid it secretly, if not by open recognition. Under such conditions, it became necessary to know as much as possible of what was passing to and fro between Washington and London in the form of cryptograms; and while most of this matter went by messenger or mail to New York, there were many cipher telegrams sent at the last moment to catch the outgoing steamer, there being no ocean cable at that time. At the telegraph office all such messages were subjected to examination and copies of them were made. After a brief conversation with Secretary Welles, the old gentleman brought out one of these cipher copies, and placing it in my hands said:

"Mr. Osbon, you have a way of finding out secrets. Do you think you can solve that? If you can, it will be worth five thousand dollars to you."

I did not know even the nature of the paper at the time, but I saw that it was a cipher made up partly of words and partly of a combination of numerals, usually in groups of four figures. Something about it suggested to me a naval signal book, and the thought occurred that perhaps if we had a copy of that used by British service we might unravel the mystery. I studied the paper for some time, and the more I considered the matter the more certain I became that the British naval signal book would furnish the key. I finally informed Mr. Welles that I believed I could work the matter out, but that I would need several days' leave from my paper and perfect copies of the ciphers. The former I obtained without difficulty, and the latter were promptly supplied. With them in an inner pocket, I left that night for Boston, where a British man-o'-war was lying. It was my purpose to secure her signal book at whatever hazard and by whatever means, for in such cases the old adage of "All is fair in love and war" holds true.

What I had undertaken to do was a risky business. The two nations were at peace, outwardly at least, and if my attempt were detected I could expect neither mercy from one side nor succor from the other. I think, however, I gave this phase of the matter but slight consideration. My chief thought was of the signal book, and how to get it.

Arriving at Boston, I promptly used my naval acquaintance to get introductions to the officers of her majesty's service, and by a diplomatic course of wining and dining presently made myself a welcome visitor on her majesty's vessel. Indeed, I soon became a favorite with all on board, especially with the signal officer, to whom I told my best yarns, often inviting him to a dinner ashore to hear them. Of course, this resulted in return invitations, and sometimes it happened that when I wished to brush my hair or otherwise attend to my toilet I was invited to make use of his room for that purpose.

It was but a brief time before I had located the coveted signal book—a tidily bound volume with leaden plates riveted to the corners, so that in event of capture it could be readily dropped overboard and lost. The whole was encased in a canvas bag, suspended by a shoulder-strap. During my next visit I had sufficient opportunity to examine the book for a few minutes, and found to my delight that it did, in reality, furnish the key I wanted. I had memorized a few of the cryptographic words, and with the book before me and the signal officer at muster on deck I verified my conclusions. The next thing in order was to secure this priceless volume. I reasoned that as there were no other English vessels nearby, it might be weeks before the book would be needed, and that if I could remove the contents from the covers, substituting them with leaves of the same bulk and appearance, there would be a good chance not only to get safely clear of the vessel, but for a considerable period to elapse before the loss was discovered, by which time it would be by no means certain when the abstraction had occurred.

I therefore took careful measurements, and the next time I boarded the ship my dummy book was with me—a copy of Ray's Arithmetic, if I remember correctly, picked up on a second-hand stall. That was a foggy night, and I lingered late. When I mentioned going ashore, my friend, the signal officer, protested, and offered me the use of his room. I had hardly dared hope for this stroke of fortune.

I had plenty of time that night to do the job in a neat and workmanlike manner. I was really proud of the resemblance the Ray's Arithmetic bore to the signal book when it was properly in its neat covers and riveted leaden plates. Then, after carefully adjusting my prize to its new dress, I lay down and slept the sleep that comes of well-doing and a clear conscience.

I did not hurry away next morning—that would not do. I even lingered a little, and finally bade them all good-by, with a good deal of regret I must own, for they were jolly fellows.

Arriving on shore, I lost no time in getting a train for the Capital, and once aboard the train told on me, for I had been keyed to a pretty high pitch during those days in Boston, and I dozed and slept most of the day and all that night without a break.

But I was at the Department next morning, bright and early, and when the Secretary had glanced over his mail he sent for me to come to his private office.

"Well, Mr. Osbon," he said, "you have made a long stay. Have you been able to read those telegrams yet?"

I drew up a chair beside him, and pulling out a cipher of over one hundred and fifty words, read to him a well-connected, perfectly intelligible, highly interesting and important communication from the British Minister to the Home Secretary. — Pearson's Magazine.

HE HAD IMPROVED

How an Old Lady Invalid Became Encouraged.

Health resorts always attract not only those persons who are really suffering from some ill, but also many of those who are given to extraordinary and unfounded fancies of the evil state of their bodies. At a Michigan hotel noted for its baths for the cure of rheumatism came a woman from New York, who at once made the acquaintance of every person apparently for the sole purpose of telling them her imaginary ailments, hearing them tell about their own, and discussing at great length the curative qualities of the springs.

She made a particular victim of an old gentleman, who, being of a somewhat retiring, silent temperament, was extremely annoyed by her questions and her often repeated tales of woe.

Finally, one morning, when he was taking a sun-bath on the piazza, surrounded by a few congenial acquaintances, the woman approached, inflicted upon him a renewal of her tiresome conversation, and exhausted his patience. His opportunity for revenge came quickly.

"Mr. Ladd," said she, settling weakly into a chair, "we have had so many pleasant discussions about our sufferings—and yet not half so pleasant as they might have been, because I've been so frightfully lashed with these terrible pains. Why, I looked in the glass this morning, and you have no idea how pale I was! I scarcely knew myself! But what I wanted to ask you was this: What do you think of these baths? Have you any faith in them? And this climate, particularly, and this air?"

"Madam," replied the old man, "I cannot speak so surely about the baths, but there is no doubt about the climate and the air. I can truthfully say I feel at home here. Why, when I first came here I weighed less than I do now by more than fifty pounds."

"Just think of it!" she exclaimed.

"I could hardly raise an arm above my head. I could not speak an intelligible word. I never left my bed without being lifted out of it by strong arms, and my hands were so useless that I could not pick up a knife and fork. Most of my days I spent half-conscious or asleep upon my back, and I did not take any interest in the conversation of my nurse—for, of course, it was necessary to have a nurse.

"You can see that now I have quite a little hair. When I came to this town there was not a spear of it on my head. I needed attention night and day. I was so weak and helpless that a child of four years of age might have choked me to death without its being in my power to resist. That was when I first came here."

"Gracious!" cried the woman, excitedly. "You give me so much hope! How long have you been here? When did you first come?"

"Madam," answered the old man, solemnly, "I was born here."—Youth's Companion.

WAYS OF GREAT MEN

How Some Celebrities Ate, Slept, Worked and Played.

Lives of great men usually remind us that we cannot make our lives sublime by following their rules about diet, drink, work and sleep. Gladstone's rule about chewing his food with many bites before swallowing it, was excellent sense, a good rule for every one. But Thomas Edison, being interviewed the other day about his habits, advocated more work as a cure for overwork and little food and not much sleep as highly beneficial. Digestion easily becomes a tax on vitality, and remarkable benefits sometimes come from cutting down the rations of an ailing person. Moreover, a change of employment is restful. But the faculty will hardly back Mr. Edison in advocating less sleep for the majority of mankind, or in prescribing harder work as a cure for overwork. Mark Twain confesses that he has lately cured himself of indigestion by substituting three or four frugal meals a day for one big one. Think of this keeping up, and so well up, these many years on one meal a day! When you run the very small eaters to earth you usually find that they are pretty steady and generous consumers of tobacco. Mr. Edison smokes. Mr. Horace Fletcher, the English prophet of little to eat and chew it very fine, is a fairly constant smoker. Mark Twain is not conscious of taking any exercise, and when he has something important to do, he stays abed until it is done. Any beginner who followed his regimen of Mr. Edison's would come punctually to grief. The truth is a seasoned mind-worker of mature years is apt to be one of the toughest things that nature's laboratory produces. He is apt to be in considerable measure poison-proof; at least he has learned, usually, what he can do, and what he cannot do, with alcohol, tobacco, coffee and tea. And he has usually learned not to burden his body with an unnecessary amount of food, or else his habits of digestion are so perfected that nothing jolts them. An average first-flight football player is a baby in the important kinds of hardiness compared with a thoroughly seasoned lawyer or writer.—Harper's Weekly.

Result of Unasked Advice.

Two draymen were engaged in carrying an expensive chiffonier from the wagon to a storeroom on James street. One of the men who looked on said in a jocular tone of voice to the draymen: "Be careful, boys. If you drop that you'll lose your week's wages."

One of the men replied that there was no danger, that he had "carried furniture before you were born." A second later he slipped and fell, the chiffonier coming down on the sidewalk with a crash. The mirror was smashed and the woodwork badly scratched. When the draymen recovered his equilibrium he was angry and ran after the man who offered advice, claiming that if he had kept his mouth shut the accident would not have happened. The innocent bystander escaped.—Albany Journal.