# THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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The balloon has one great merit over the automobile. It never runs, notes the New York World, over innocent pedestrians, whatever may happen to the man in the basket.

Chicago's mood toward municipal ownership of her street railroads seems to be that of the woman who wants to retain the privilege of saying "No" at the last moment, observes the New York Tribune.

Demagogues who continually appeal to the "common people," declares the New York Herald, must be convinced that the self-respecting workers of the country lack common sense.

The scientist who has discovered that you can't discover the soul with a microscope is informed that neither can you discover mind, speech, love or life that way. Still, he keeps on using microscopes.

That girl dancer, who made 2596 revolutions at Madison Square Garden the other day, bid fair to equal the records of some of the South American Republics, is the jibe of the Manchester (N. H.) Union.

Pliny has a fit successor in Professor Mattucci and his colleagues at the Naples Observatory, who stay at their posts and report the descent of ashes and cinders as calmly as an ordinary observer would the rainfall.

With 200,000 dwellings, Philadelphia puts not over five persons in a house. Its early pre-eminence as the city of homes has not been lost or even endangered. There is no other large city in which people of small incomes can live so comfortably as in Philadelphia.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson says that "white bread is the best, most healthful and most nutritious food which the sun has ever grown from the soil." In view of this fact it is of interest to note that last year, with five and one-half per cent. of the population of the world, the United States grew over sixteen per cent. of the world's supply of white bread.

"Suppose," says Mark Twain, "all the newspapers and periodicals should suddenly adopt a Carnegian system of phonetic spelling—what would happen? We all know quite well what would happen. To begin with, the Nation would be in a rage; it would break into a storm of scoffs, jeers, sarcasms, curs-ings, vituperations, and keep it up for months—but it would have to read the newspapers; it couldn't help itself."

It is maintained that the title "honorable" in this country is conferred rather loosely upon all officials holding distinguished public office. Custom has indorsed the use as related to members of Congress, Governors, State Senators, Judges and courts of record, high Federal officials and the Mayors of the larger cities. It is insisted that title simply goes that the person has held or held an office deserving of being so addressed.

It is a very sad but very true fact that the children in the densely populated, poorer quarters of a city do not know how to play. In London there is an organization called the Children's Happy Evenings Association, of which the Princess of Wales is President, that for some years has been giving evenings of organized play for just such children. The work is carried on entirely by voluntary workers, of whom there are 1300, and 22,000 boys and girls in the poorest districts are being taught that life is not entirely made up of a dull, steady grind of hard work.

There have been many abuses, a good deal of corruption and much betrayal of trust in our public life, and it is a wholesome sign that public opinion has become aroused and sensitive to these things, says the Journal of Commerce, even though it begets undue suspicion and incites to exaggeration and lack of discrimination in criticism. Abuses are to be cured by exposure and denunciation and not by soft words and extenuation or smoothing over offenses. Abuses are due to the conduct of men, and it may be that offenses must come, but it is wholesome to pronounce woe unto those by whom they come. If there has been much sharp criticism of late, the public men who have fostered or tolerated wrongs are responsible for it.

President Roosevelt's inheritance tax suggestion scares no one in England. They have it there; they have it graduated and they know that it is not dangerous, says the New York World. The British "estate duty" runs from one per cent. on estates of less than $2500 to eight per cent. on estates of more than $5,000,000. If Mr. Rockefeller's estate were some day to be "settled" in England and were to be inventoried at $500,000,000, it would pay $40,000,000 in death duties to the crown, thus far reducing general taxation. The British income tax was fourteen pence in the pound the last year of the Boer War. An income of $25,000,000 would that year have paid $1,450,000 to lighten general taxation. And why not? President Roosevelt, by the way, said nothing about the income tax. That which is denounced as wild radicalism in our Republic is the plain common sense upon which conservative Europe has long acted.

## THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY

### HOW THE BANK CLERK HE HELPED CONVICT RETURNED

By STACEY HUTCHINGS.

THE district attorney was making his closing speech to the jury. The counsel for the defense had finished his plea a minute or two before, and now sat at the long, paper-littered table, shuffling nervously some folded memoranda that he had used in recalling important bits of testimony. The attorney for the defense felt that he had argued well, that he had made out a good case—as good a case as was possible—but he also felt that the weight of the evidence had been against him. And the spectators upon the worn court house benches felt this, too.

The attorney for the defense was a very young man. To tell the truth, this was the first case of importance he had ever undertaken; and he was not getting paid for it, either. He had worked for three weeks preparing for to-day, however, as industriously as if he had been counsel for some big railroad, with a $10,000 fee in sight if he were successful. This is a way only very young and struggling attorneys have.

Near by sat the prisoner, so close to the jury box that the foreman could have touched him, if he had cared to lean over the railing. He was a pale, slight man, this prisoner, with a thin, yellow mustache and eyes that had very little light in them. He wrinkled his forehead once or twice during the district attorney's speech, seeming to stare furtively across the room to where a woman was sitting near the wall. The woman wore black, with a veil, and every little while her shoulders shook slightly, and the people in the adjoining seats, keenly alive to the dramatic, whispered to one another that she was crying.

"May it please the court," said the district attorney, "the evidence on both sides of this case has been pretty thoroughly sifted. My young friend for the defense has made out as strong a presentation in behalf of his client as the crushing weight of adverse testimony would admit. I congratulate him upon his effort. It is creditable to the bar of this county and of this State. But now let me trespass upon your time, gentlemen of the jury, in briefly summing up the facts from the standpoint of the people.

"This prisoner was a clerk in the Commonwealth National Bank. He is a trifle more than thirty years of age, and has borne an excellent reputation for honesty. His good character has been described by a half dozen reputable citizens. We shall grant his good character. We do this cheerfully. We shall admit that he has been a model citizen of this community—up to June the 15th, last.

"This man has been used to the office methods of the financial institution in which he held a position of trust. The bank closes at 3 o'clock. All the other employes leave. The prisoner at the bar stays. Why does he stay? Hear his answer. He stayed 'to balance a troublesome ledger.' This was on a Saturday. On the next Monday morning, when the safe is opened, it is discovered that $1000 in $10 notes is missing. The combination lock has not been tampered with. There is no indication of a forcible entry. It turns out that this man was the only person entrusted with the figures of the combination lock, save the cashier and his assistant, who was absent upon his vacation. Finally, four $10 bills of a new Treasury issue, like the new bills which were missing, are found upon the person of the defendant. Does he account for them? No, he merely assures us that he came by them honestly.

"We must not let the element of sympathy enter into this case at all. Justice is at stake; justice which concerns you, concerns me, concerns the county. That this man has lived among you for years, bearing an honest reputation—we shall allow, a deservedly honest reputation—should not have the slightest weight in your determinations, gentlemen of the jury. If you have any faith in circumstantial evidence, we ask that the prisoner be convicted in manner and form as he stands indicted."

The district attorney said this and a great deal more. He sat down, touching his face with a silk handkerchief. He was a large, impressive looking man, and the afternoon was warm. The woman in black over in the corner was sobbing audibly now, and the prisoner's brows furrowed again as he glanced in her direction. His counsel leaned across the littered papers and whispered. The prisoner nodded wearily.

The court charged the jury as the district attorney had said it would. The talesmen clattered out of the room and clumped back again almost as soon as they had gone. They had not stayed a quarter-hour, and their verdict was "guilty." The foreman announced it in a lack lustre fashion. He, too, was affected by the warmth of the day. The attorney for the defense asked that the jury be polled. This was done, and then he asked for clemency.

From outside there floated in through the open window the jingle of street cars and the rattle of trucks over the cobbles, mingled with the broken tune from a street hurdy gurdy stationed in front of the saloon on the corner. The district attorney was chatting, even laughing softly now and then, with another lawyer. He was being told that he had made a brilliant summing up, and this pleased him, for he was a candidate for re-election. He raised his head abruptly as he heard the closing request of the young attorney. The prisoner was to be allowed to speak before sentence was pronounced.

"I have not much to say, Your Honor," the man began. "I have lived in this town for a long time. I came here fifteen years ago, without a cent, and I have become what I am. I have never owed a man a bill that I did not pay. I have done my work faithfully and as well as I knew how. And now I stand here a convicted criminal.

"I ask you how I can help it if the evidence has gone against me? I was in the bank, the last one in the bank, that Saturday afternoon. Those four new bills were found in my pockets when the officer arrested me. But I did not steal them. If I had wanted to steal I should have needed to feel that I should be made happier than I was by taking what was not my own. I did not have to steal to be happy. I was happy until the 15th of June."

The Italian with the hurdy gurdy had left the corner saloon and trundled his instrument nearer, near enough for the tune to be heard quite plainly. In through the windows, on the sluggish afternoon air it came:

'There's just one girl in the world for me,
There's just one girl has my sympathy.
She's not so very pretty, nor yet of high degree,
But there's just one girl in this world for me."

The notes filtered distinctly into the room, causing an aroused tipstave to hurry out into the hall at a frown from the court officer by the witness box.

"There isn't any use in saying anything," the prisoner went on. "And yet, it's got to be said. It's only fair to them. I've got a wife and a boy and girl. We've been together for seven years, all save the boy; he came last year. We have been happy." He stared about him as if he fancied some one from the hushed benches were going to contradict him.

"Does any one here suppose that I would have risked the certainty of our little home for all the bills in the Commonwealth Bank? The district attorney has said that you should not take sympathy into consideration in dealing with this case. And yet, Your Honor, it is not an unmanly thing to ask for sympathy—for the sake of my boy and my girl and—her."

He looked toward the woman in the corner seat. The eyes of the young lawyer for the defense were a trifle cloudy as he heard sentence

The district attorney did the handsome thing. He dropped a $20 bill into a silk hat, starting it among the other lawyers after court had adjourned. The contents were to be sent to the little woman. He felt quite pleased with himself as he contemplated his generosity. When the money came back the next day he was annoyed as he pocketed his banknote. "That's all nonsense," he said.

The district attorney had served another four years, and had been in private practice for two more. He had also moved into a more expensive home, for he had gone into corporation law and was flourishing. He had also got married.

He was quite alone in his private room one afternoon in February. It was a wholly comfortable office. Very few save his close friends and corporation clients ever saw the inside of it. There were some brightly polished andirons, relieving by their glitter some heavy rugs, foreign and very expensive. The desk fittings were silver.

The district attorney was at ease in his leathern chair when the door of the private room swung inward and a stranger entered. Johnson—who lost a good position afterward — should not have let him in without sending in a card. For the man was not a railroad president, nor was he a close friend either. He was a gaunt creature with an extraordinarily white face. There were heavy lines about the corners of his mouth, besides a drawn expression above the eyes. He wore a rough suit. Had the district attorney's memory been keen he might have recognized the clothing as the sort given to its unwilling wards by a grateful State when it turns them out after term is over.

It was just about time to think of going home for dinner, and the occupant of the leathern chair looked up in a displeased fashion. "Well, what can I do for you?" he asked.

His visitor coughed before he spoke. "This," he said with an effort. Then he went to the door, snapped the inner latch, and turned toward the cannel coal and the polished andirons.

"What the devil do you mean!" cried the district attorney, starting to his feet.

"Sit down," said the man.

His request was complied with, for, plainly, he was holding a revolver. It was a new firearm, a very cheap one, but the district attorney felt that it was loaded.

"You sent me to State's prison six years ago," said the stranger, slowly. "I stole a thousand dollars from the Commonwealth National Bank. You said I did it, and the jury believed you."

The district attorney's mind was working reluctantly. "If you have come to rob?" he muttered, "here is—"

"I don't need any of that," said the man, watching the other's hand stray toward a breast pocket. "I haven't needed money for six years, not since I stole that thousand dollars. That thousand, you see, has lasted me a long while.

"I had a wife once and a girl and a boy. I was also happy. That was before I stole the thousand dollars. Then I left it all. The little home was there; they were there, but I was sewing on shoe soles in a prison workshop and sleeping in a four by ten cell at night. Did you ever sleep in a four by ten bedroom?"

"No," replied the district attorney, dully. He looked at the bronze clock on the mantel shelf, and realized that the desk push button was too far off to touch without danger from the wavering pistol barrel.

"Well, you don't want to," said the man. "It went on that way for six years. The judge had said that I might get out then if I used all my good conduct time. I remembered that. I worked with a ball of fire right through my brain, and something cold in my heart. They said I worked well, and my keeper told me that he turned me out a good shoemaker—an A 1 shoemaker." He tried to smile. It was not pretty to look upon, and the other man shuddered.

"I wasn't a good bookkeeper, you see," the stranger chuckled. "And it is something to be a good shoemaker. You remember when you were a child how they used to promise you a piece of gingerbread or an apple if you would be good. I had a calendar that a Salvation Army woman gave me in my cell one Sunday. I did what I used to read that all prisoners did—marked off every day with a cross. It seemed very new to me, quite original, as if no one had ever thought of making the time pass quickly that way before. It was just like the girls in a boarding school before the Christmas holidays."

This idea seemed to please the stranger. He mumbled the words over again: "Just like girls in a boarding school."

"I knew one man who used to mark off the half days," he went on. "He was in for arson. But he died of consumption a year too soon, and he's there now, four feet below, inside of whitewashed walls. Once I had the same cell with him and I used to whisper to him at night when the guards were at the other end of the tier and he couldn't sleep. He said he wasn't guilty and I believed him.

"I got out a month ago. They gave me this suit of clothes and a few dollars, not my thousand dollars. They said I was free. They lied. I'm not free. I'm a shoemaker, a good enough shoemaker, but I'm a prison shoemaker. They haven't wiped the telltale white from my face and the prison slink from my feet and shoulders. A bad bookkeeper in a bank and a good shoemaker in State's prison. It's a funny combination."

He leaned forward quickly. "You remember my wife? She sat in the corner seat when they said I was guilty."

"I didn't know she was in the courtroom until afterward," said the district attorney. He felt surprised that he could recall things; he had tried so many cases like it. But his mind was weirdly active now, and he remembered very well.

"We sent her money, but she wouldn't take it," he added.

"You sent her money?" The man in the rough clothing snarled. "Did you think she would take any of your money. I found her two weeks ago. I found her, but I tell you I didn't know her. It was in a hospital and she wasn't the pretty woman she was when I saw her last. Her throat was all drunken and her hands—her hands, I tell you, were hard and knotted. She had taken in washing! I tell you she had taken in washing. She had forgotten how to smile.

"I asked her where the boy and the girl were. And what do you suppose she said? They were dead. She said they were dead and that she was glad of it. So, you see, when you told that jury I stole a thousand dollars you committed murder."

"Don't shoot—for God's sake!" cried the district attorney. "I'll give you five thousand—anything. The jury said you were guilty—not I." Never had he pleaded so earnestly before.

His visitor smiled and the hand with the pistol rose slowly.

After those in the outer office heard the one shot they found the stranger lying with feet almost touching the polished brass andirons. Something warm from his forehead was soiling the most expensive of the Royal Bokharas.

The district attorney lay back in his leathern chair, his eyes open, but breathing very oddly.

When he became himself again, quite some time afterward, his wife was bending over him.

"You have been saying such funny things, dear," she whispered. "You've been imagining you were trying a case, but you seemed to be judge and jury and prisoner all rolled into one." From which it may be deduced that the district attorney's wife had not been told just how her husband had been stricken with brain fever.

"Do you know, Eleanor?" whispered the district attorney, very feebly.

"Yes?" said his wife, waiting for the weak lips to frame the rest.

"I think I shall give up the law. I'm getting too old. We'll go abroad for a year in the spring."—New York Post.

## SCIENCE & MECHANICS

In Japan, according to Professor Milne, the highest authority on the subject, there is at least one earthquake daily.

Chemical fire engines are used in Sydney, Australia, and they are likely to be used largely hereafter to check bush fires during the summer months.

The manioc root of Madagascar yields as much as ninety-five per cent. of sugar. It has been used extensively for the manufacture of starch and glucose, and several Paris distillers are now making alcohol of it; 220 pounds have yielded from ten to thirteen gallons of crude alcohol.

For all its beauty, the lily of the valley is denounced by scientists on the ground that both the stalks and the flowers contain poisons. It is risky to put the stalks into one's mouth, as if the sap happens to get into even the tiniest crack in the lips it may produce swelling, often accompanied by pain.

The Academy of Science, in Munich, has made a grant of 500 marks to Professor Oscar Schultze, of Wurzburg, for an investigation of the minute anatomy of the electrical organs of fishes, and a grant of 2500 marks to Dr. Rosz, curator of the Botanical Museum, at Munich, for zoological and botanical studies in Central America.

It has been estimated that women use only about one-fourth of their lung capacity in breathing. This means that only one-fourth of the oxygen needed by the blood is obtained and that there is a consequent lack of energy; headaches and indigestion prevail and food is tasteless unless highly seasoned. Such breathing is a matter of habit, and is at the base of a host of ills.

All of the hatcheries of British Columbia have secured a full supply of salmon spawn, and by the erection of fish ladders a very large district has been opened that had been cut off from the salmon for a number of years. The number of young salmon that will go to the ocean this year will be far greater than in any previous year, and an exceedingly large run may be expected in 1907.

## For the Younger Children....

### GRANDMA'S PARTY.

Once my grandma gave a party;
My! but there was lots to eat!
Sandwiches and chicken salad,
Cakes, and every kind of sweet.

Must have been a million waiters—
Anyhow, I'm sure of eight;
'Cause each time I saw a new one
I would have him fill my plate.

When they woke me up next morning
Tummick didn't feel just right;
And I didn't want any breakfast,
Guess I ate that, too, last night.
—E. S. R., in Harper's Weekly.

### CATCHING KITES IN INDIA.

In India, where those large birds, the kites, are common and fearless, boys amuse themselves by catching them in a way that is almost ridiculous in its simplicity. A line is stretched tightly a little way above the ground between two posts. Beneath it is laid a bait. The kite stoops and seizes the bait, but when he rises from the earth bits the back of his neck against the string. This makes him throw up his wings, with the result that some of his quills get over the line, and he is kept a suspended and struggling captive until the boys run up and release him.

### WHAT THEY SAY.

The American and the Englishman say: How do you do?

The German: How do you find yourself?

The Frenchman: How do you carry yourself?

The Italian: How do you stand?

The Spaniard: Go with God, Senor.

The Russian: How do you live on?

The Hollander: Have you had a good dinner?

The Chinese: Have you eaten your rice?

The Egyptian: How do your perspire?

The Mohammedan: Peace be with you.

The Persian: May thy shadow never grow less!

The Burmese rub their noses against each other's cheek, exclaiming: Give me a smell.

Arabs of eminence kiss each other's cheeks and say: God grant thee His favor and give health to thy family.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

### FIFTEEN TONGUE TWISTERS.

Six mixed biscuits.
Strange strategic statistics.
What noise annoys a noisy oyster?
A noisy noise annoys a noisy oyster.
Fresh fried fish freely flavored frizzling finely.
Susan shineth shoes and socks,
Socks and shoes shine Susan;
She ceaseth shining shoes and socks,
For socks and shoes shock Susan.
A cup of coffee in a copper coffee pot.
Three grey geese in a green field grazing. Grey were the geese, and green was the grazing.
The sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us.
She sells sea shells.
She stood in an arbor welcoming him in.
All he holds are old whole hold-alls.
A big black bootblack blacked Bertie Black's black boots with black-backed brushed and blue-black blacking.
Such pranks Frank's fish play in the tank.
Five wives weave withes.
Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where is the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

### SKIMMING IT.

"If you are going to give a pan of milk don't skim it first," the old grandmother used to say; meaning, if you are going to do a favor, don't spoil it by an ungracious word or manner.

Haven't we noticed how much of this "skimming" goes on in ordinary family intercourse?

"Another errand? I never can go downtown without half a dozen commissions!" complains Rob, when his sister asks him to bring a book from the library. He never refuses to oblige her; he does not really count it an inconvenience; he only takes the cream off his kindness.

"Those gloves ripped again!" exclaims Mary, when John wants her to take a few stitches. "It seems to me they always need mending when I am in a hurry with something else." She would be shocked at his going shabby and distressed if any one thought her unwilling to render such office, but she makes it a little unpleasant to ask the favor.

The children follow the fashion. Tommy shuts the door at Bridget's request, but he grumbles at having to leave his top. Susie goes to the door when she is sent, but she departs with a protest that it is Tommy's turn. Thus all day long people who love one another skim the sweetness from every service they render.—Nashville Christian Advocate.

### "CHERRY RIPE."

Children who are too little to play difficult games will enjoy "Cherry Ripe," says the Boston Herald.

For Cherry Ripe someone must be the old woman who sells the cherries and someone else the buyer. All the other little ones are ripe cherries.

They make a row of themselves in front of the old woman, and the buyer, coming up, parleys with her over a purchase.

"Old woman, old woman! What have you to-day?" she asks.

"I've sweet, ripe cherries. Will't please you to buy?" says the old woman. But the cautious buyer answers:

"How do I know they are worth the cost? Before I spend your fruit I'll try."

She does this by walking along the row and taking a pretended bite from each cheek. Suddenly she kisses one of them, and then runs away as fast as she can, the kissed child following to catch her.

The position that is left empty in the row when the cherry runs out is immediately stepped into by the old woman. The buyer tries to get back to the old woman's place, and if she does it without being caught the cherry that chased her becomes buyer. Should the cherry succeed in capturing her, however, then the buyer remains buyer and the cherry becomes old woman for the next turn of the game.

### THE HORSE AND THE DONKEY.

The ancestors of the horse were accustomed to roam over the plains, where every tuft of grass or bush might conceal an enemy waiting to spring upon them. Under these circumstances they must often have saved their lives by starting quickly back or jumping to one side when they came without warning upon some strange object. This is a habit which has not left the animal even after long years of domestication.

On the other hand, the donkey is descended from animals which lived among the hills, where there were precipices and dangerous declivities, and from these conditions resulted his slowness and sure footedness. His ancestors were not so liable to sudden attacks from wild beasts and snakes. Besides, sudden and wild starts would have been positively dangerous to them. Consequently they learned to avoid the very trick which has been so useful to the horse. The habit of eating thistles, which is peculiar alone to the donkey, is also descended from these ancestors. In the dry, barren localities which they inhabited there was often very little food; hence they learned to eat hard, dry hnd even prickly plants, when there was nothing else.

### GIOTTO, THE GREAT PAINTER.

Over six hundred years ago there was, in a country place in Italy, a shepherd boy called Giotto. While his sheep were feeding he used to draw their pictures on rocks with a pointed stone, and though he was only ten years old, he drew so well that a great artist named Cimabue asked his father to let him go to the great city of Florence and learn from him to be a painter. Giotto's father consented, and the boy began to work in the studio of his new friend.

One day, when Cimabue was out, Giotto was overcome by a spirit of mischief. So he went to a portrait on which his master was spending his skill, and he painted a life-like fly right on his nose. When Cimabue returned he thought the fly was real, and tried to flick it away with his finger. Then he and everyone else laughed, and no one was cross with the boy, because so long as you work really hard a little fun is good. The foolish and wicked children are those who care for nothing but play, and who never work hard except when there is a lot to eat and only a little time to gobble it down.

One day, when Giotto was a man, some one came to see him. The caller was an agent of the Pope, who wished to have some paintings done by the best artists in Italy. He had, therefore, sent his servant to get examples of the work of all great painters, and when he saw them he was going to decide to whom he would give the honor of employment by himself. What Giotto's caller wanted was a drawing or painting by which his skill might be judged.

When he made his request Giotto took a piece of paper and made a circle on it with one twist of his wrist. Then he offered what he had done as a sample of his ability. The caller was angry and asked for a painting or drawing instead of a mere simple circle; but the artist said he could give him nothing else.

The Pope's agent, therefore, took it, and later submitted it to his master, who at once picked it out from the other work by different artists and asked what it meant. His servant told the story, and the Pope smiled and looked carefully at the plain circle. Then he said: "Let this artist be sent for; he has done a simple thing so perfectly that I am sure he is the very man to paint the pictures I have in mind." Giotto went to Rome and did some wonderful work that exists to this day.—Advance.

#### The Complex Life.

"Speaking of the woful waste of money, we wish to interrupt the meeting long enough to give a few figures on an important matter that seems to have been entirely overlooked," says Homer Hoch. "We refer to the four buttons on the sleeves of men's coats. Now, there are probably 600,000 men in Kansas, and they probably have on an average two coats apiece. That makes 1,200,000 coats and 4,800,000, or 400,000 dozens, sleeve buttons. The buttons cost about twenty cents a dozen, and at that rate the men of Kansas alone are carrying around on their coat sleeves in the form of buttons that have no use on earth or in the sky an investment of about $80,000. And the estimate is most conservative.

"Fellow countrymen, in the name of economy, and thrift, and philanthropy, and business sense, and all sorts of other things, is there no way to stop this reckless extravagance?"—Kansas City Journal.

#### A Long Record.

The St. Christopher Advertiser and Weekly Intelligencer is the oldest newspaper in the West Indies. At the end of this month it will have reached the one hundred and twenty-third year of its existence. It has been published almost unbrokenly this long period of time. Its history is as interesting as it is unusual. In this period of very nearly a century and a quarter it has been conducted by the same family, the periodical having descended in ownership through the hands of the Cables, in direct line of ancestry, and printed on the same spot for more than a century.—From the St. Christopher (West Indies) Advertiser.

#### Lecturer Was Duped.

The statement made recently before the London Psycho-Therapeutic Society as to X-rays which threw the shadow of a rat in a hermetically sealed tube upon a screen as long as the animal was alive, the shadow passing away and the animal becoming transparent when death came, turns out to have been a hoax. The lecturer had been duped.

## SPORT AND ADVENTURE

### MANICURING A TIGER.

TO relieve "Dick," the big Bengal tiger in the Central Park menageries, of two ingrowing nails on his right forepaw, "Bill" Snyder, the chief keeper, performed one of the most difficult and hair-raising operations in his long experience with captive animals. The manicuring was required to relieve the tiger of great pain and lameness, from which he had been suffering for several weeks. It forced him to walk on three legs, and every time he struck the sore paw against the bars or floor of his cage he would roar and startle all the other tigers, lions and panthers near by, who would roar back in sympathy.

Snyder found the operation the more difficult because "Dick" hates him, why he cannot tell. When Snyder approaches his cage, even with food, "Dick" snarls and growls at him, and keeps this up until Snyder goes out of sight. But Snyder, as the chief keeper, had to perform the operation upon his enemy. He had five other keepers to help him, and they were all tired before they finished.

When the six keepers approached his cage, "Dick" retreated to the innermost corner. He backed against the wall, lashing his tail, and snarled at them. Snyder climbed on top of the cage, with a noose of inch manila rope, and crawled over to a point over "Dick's" head. The big tiger watched every movement, but he could not spring at the keeper with his lame paw; so he squatted on the floor, and snarled and spat at the man.

Snyder lowered the noose toward "Dick," his purpose being to get it over the tiger's head and shoulders, so that the other keepers could drag him to the front of the cage. In spite of his lame paw, the beast eluded being lassoed for fifteen minutes. When the rope touched him, he knocked it away with his good left forepaw, and spoiled Snyder's efforts for a long time. At last the keeper got the noose over the tiger's head and left forepaw, and drew it tight. It didn't choke "Dick," but it made his left forepaw useless, and he could do little with the lame right paw.

With the noose fast, Snyder passed the end of it to the five assistants. They dragged "Dick" to the front of the cage. He fought hard not to go, and clung to every crack in the stone floor of his cage with his hind paws, growling and roaring mightily. All the other animals became highly excited, and roared and growled in a great chorus.

The stout rope held, and "Dick" had to go. The keepers were too strong for him, and at last they drew him to the front bars of the cage, and held him so that his sore paw protruded through the four-inch space between the stone floor and the cross bar from which the upright bars rise. Then Snyder performed the operation. He used no dainty manicuring implements for the work, no perfumed water, nor files, nor anything to make the operation pleasant. "Dick" was then in a state of mind that made him unable to appreciate such luxuries. Instead, Bill used a large, strong pair of steel nippers, and extracted the nails, while the tiger snarled a few inches only from his face. Snyder soaked the tiger's paw with antiseptic, and then loosed the noose. "Dick" released himself, and darted back on his three good legs to the back of his cage. He began licking the paw, thus dressing his own wound, and he ought to recover completely.

During the operation the menagerie was in an uproar, the only animals not excited being the hippopotami, although their tank is near "Dick's" cage. It had been feared that the ingrowing nails would cause blood poisoning and kill the animal. He is one of the largest and finest tigers in captivity, and Mr. Smyth, the director, did not want to lose him. He had never been "roped" before, nor touched in any way, since he was put into the cage.—New York Evening Post.

### SCHOOLBOY ADVENTURES.

In "Recollections," William O'Brien, M. P., recalls his first days at school, and tells of an adventure of his brother, at which William, excessively frightened, looked on; and of his own first speech.

While the master was at dinner desks and forms were piled against the door, and shouts of "Vacation!" answered him rebelliously when he demanded admittance. His threats and all the force of his shoulders were of no avail. The lads stood their grounds behind the barriers, my elder brother, Jim, being a ringleader in piling up fresh obstacles. It was not until a blacksmith, who lived a few doors off, had been brought on the scene, and with all the force of his sledge-hammer smashed in the door, that the master was at last able to rush in, terrible as an angry god, over the ruins of the barricade. With uplifted club he made for my brother, whose voice I dare say he had heard urging on the fray. One of the lofty windows of the old assembly room was wide open. My brother dived toward it, and for a moment stood irresolute on the threshold, then all of a sudden disappeared into space. There was a cry of horror; the master stood paralyzed, white as death. Then somebody near the window looked out into the gulf below, and gave a shout of joy. My brother had jumped to the top of a load of hay, which was passing at the moment, and was jogging along round the corner, safe in his comfortable elevation.

My own little affair was of a less heroic character. The elder boys put me up, in my tiny frock and drawers, to demand vacation. Doubtless their calculation was that my ridiculous smallness would protect me from the consequences that would have overtaken themselves. They were obliged to hoist me on a desk in order to make me visible. From that awkward eminence I cried out, "Vacation! Vacation!" It was the first speech of my life, and it made its sensation

The master, who was writing, bounded to his feet. "Who was it that spoke?" he cried, not at once perceiving his diminutive enemy. Not having the slightest idea of danger, I piped calmly away, "Vacation! Vacation!" The master's eye had now fixed me. Suddenly, at sight of the small rebel in bib and drawers, he burst into a fit of laughter, and was on that day in a boisterous good humor, the like of which schoolboy memory never found a parallel for before.

### THE COMPANY SCATTERED.

A prominent attorney of Baltimore told the following story to one of his colleagues recently of the time when he was in the West, when the gold fever was at its height.

"One of the largest gambling houses in San Francisco was in full swing, when in walked two men, one of whom carried a large powder horn. They ambled up to the bar, and the man with the powder horn threw it on the counter and said in a loud voice: 'I am tired of it all, and shall end it here, but I may as well take my friends along with me.' He then dumped out on the counter a quantity of what looked to be powder. His companion took from his pocket some of the same stuff and threw it into the fire, whereupon black smoke puffed out from the stove. By that time the gamblers looked around and were horrified to see the other one seize the horn and throw the contents into the stove.

"The whole company, thinking there would be a terrible explosion, jumped to their feet and scattered. With a joyous laugh the two men ran over to the tables and scooped in all the money in sight—a goodly pile—jumped on their horses and galloped away.

"To say that the players were incensed when they returned would be putting it mildly. It turned out upon investigation that it was only black sand that the two desperate men threw on the counter."

The lawyer asked why, when one of these men threw some of the stuff in the stove, it created a volume of smoke The other thought he must have had some real powder in his pocket.

Now the second attorney is wondering if the friend who told the story was one of those who ran out of the place. Of course, he could not have been one of the desperadoes, so how did he know?—Baltimore Sun.

### LONDON LIFE IN 1806.

A remarkable occurrence took place last night in Fleet street about 8 o'clock. Two men having run against each other as they were passing in opposite directions, a quarrel ensued and they agreed to fight. As soon as one of them had stripped and was prepared for the combat his opponent, instead of presenting himself, set a ferocious bulldog at him, which seized the poor fellow by the breast and bit him with as much fury as if he had been a bull at the stake. The mob assembled on the occasion was so incensed at the man and the animal that some seized the former by the throat, while others laid violent hands on the latter and threatened the destruction of both. It was difficult to disengage the dog from the man, who suffered the greatest agonies. The unfortunate man, however, was no sooner released than the owner of the dog became alarmed and held the animal fast between his legs to prevent his doing further mischief, until it was suggested by the wounded man that the master of the dog should be taken into custody, when the latter again let loose the dog to assist him in making his escape. The animal now bit every one that came in his way, but when he met with the former object of his fury he seized fast hold of the thickest part of his arm, and hung by it for some minutes, notwithstanding the blows and kicks he received from the surrounding crowd. Some of them attacked him with knives and others with sticks. Nevertheless the dog continued to defend himself with such intrepidity that he was at length suffered to pass up one of the courts without further interruption. It was doubted, however, whether he would survive the wounds he had received. The master of the animal made his escape during the heat of the engagement.—London Times of March 19, 1806.

### KILLS CATAMOUNT WITH AXE.

Fred Rose, of Stroudsberg, hearing his hound bark in the woods, knew something was wrong, so he left his home to investigate. Arriving at a swamp where the dog was baying he was surprised to encounter a large catamount at close range and in a crouching position, ready to spring. Rose, seeing retreat was impossible, sprang forward and dealt the animal blow after blow with his axe, killing it.—Portland Advertiser.

#### Issue of New Rifles.

The War Department has about completed the new issue of rifles to the troops in the United States. This marks the passing of the carbine, so long a weapon of the cavalry branch of the service. Both infantry and cavalry are now being supplied with the same model of rifle—a modification of the model of 1903. This is about six inches shorter than the Krag and about two inches longer than the carbine now being discarded by the cavalry. For the present the rifles are being used with the rod bayonet, but later this will be replaced by the new bayonet, recently decided on. The issue to the troops in the Philippines will follow, and when that has been done all the soldiers of the United States Army will be armed alike.

#### Census of Newspapers.

Newspapers published in the United States at the close of last May: Weeklies, 14,455; semi-weeklies, 550; bi-weeklies, 54; dailies, 2215; total about 17,223. Periodicals published in the United States at the close of 1904: monthlies, 2710; all other periodicals, 552; total periodicals, 3262; total newspapers and periodicals, 20,485.

Sir John Sinclair, a Scottish baronet, has presented gramophones and records to 200 asylums and other institutions, on condition that they be played to the inmates for half an hour every day.