THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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The ballot is a good enough weapon for any American reformer to fight with, exclaims the New York Sun.

As if the revelations concerning sausages were not enough, says the New York Press, here comes a Buffalo physician adding new terrors to the breakfast table with the alleged discovery that strawberries produce insanity.

Here is a new way of putting the inadequacy of a beer income to a champagne taste. A Western paper quotes a railroad man as saying: "One trouble with society is that a lot of slow freights try to run on the express train schedules."

Is it not a fact—a mirthless, miserable fact—that Anglo-Saxondom is losing its spirit of humor? asks the Bookman. Not only in England, but beyond the Atlantic also, there is a drop in the production of laughter-causing literature.

A Richmond minister is of the opinion that more men would attend services on Sunday if the women would not wear their hats in church. But has he thought of the falling off in attendance among the women? asks the Washington Post.

The late summer months will probably see a higher wage schedule in force for unskilled men in the harvest fields than ever before in the history of the Northwest, suggests the New York Tribune. All this should be good news for the incoming tide of sturdy immigrants. May they push forward to the work that awaits them in the open air and not huddle together in our cities!

Modern business has been relieved of the obligations that for ages the law has imposed upon it, declares the Hartford Courant. Three or more men, individually responsible, are permitted to assume undertakings as a corporation and share great profits and yet do all this without any responsibility. A large part of the grafting and demoralization of these days is directly traceable to this quality of irresponsibility in our commercial relations, and the general irresponsibility which that develops.

And still more new novels by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who, as we have pointed out before, doesn't seem to take much stock in the Osterian life theory, observes the Atlanta Constitution. Being far and away past the "dead line" set by the Baltimore physician, he continues to lead the American novelists, and once in a while, just to show 'em what's what, whirls in and beats the poets on their own ground. Then, for recreation, he gives great medical opinion in desperate cases, and has plenty of time left to play with the children!

[illegible] numbers of vast fortunes in [illegible] have been and are being [illegible] very ignorance of the [illegible] in regard to business methods, says Success Magazine. The [illegible] bank on it that it is easy to [illegible] people who do not know how [illegible]tect their property. They thrive [illegible] the ignorance of their fellows. They [illegible] that a shrewd advertisement, a [illegible]dingly worded circular, a hypnotic [illegible] will bring the hard earnings of [illegible] unsuspecting people out of hiding [illegible] into their own coffers.

[illegible]elancholy as it truly is, the real origin [illegible] of cancer is as yet unknown. No [illegible]asite has been discovered to explain [illegible]vasion, and no treatment short of [illegible]arliest possible use of the knife [illegible]iven any hope, states the New [illegible] Herald. Even with the best sur[illegible] kill the growth is very apt to re[illegible]nd in the great majority of pa[illegible] afflicted with the disease it [illegible]s fatal within three to five years. [illegible]one promising feature for treat[illegible] is that the ailment is at first al[illegible] local and should thus be amen[illegible] early and thorough eradication.

[illegible] evil remains for the purification [illegible]olicity. That is the great contri[illegible]s given to political parties in na[illegible] elections. The State of New [illegible] has prohibited such contribu[illegible] There are forty-four other [illegible] which should do likewise, as [illegible]he New York World. But, more [illegible]ll, Congress by one enactment [illegible]rohibit to all corporations doing [illegible]terstate business the misuse of [illegible] funds for political purposes. [illegible]han a bribery act or a corrupt[illegible] with a publicity act and [illegible]ition of corporate contribu[illegible]ywhere in the United States [illegible] politics and cut off the source [illegible] which the stream of political cor[illegible]ion flows.

[illegible] generation ago some of our cheese [illegible]ries began to produce cheeses [illegible]n equaled, though they did not [illegible] closely resemble, well-known Eu[illegible]n, and especially English, varie[illegible] declares the New York Times. [illegible] had the timidity and the dishon[illegible]o give them the names of the [illegible]n varieties which, to judges, [illegible]vidently were not, instead of [illegible]ding up their reputation on an hon[illegible]est basis. They received no more than their deserts in causing customers to insist upon the genuine and imported article, even though the American article, unscrupulously named after the imported, was perfectly worthy to sell in competition with it on its mer[illegible]

INTERCHANGE.

The oriole sang in the apple tree;
The sick girl lay on her bed, and heard
The trowalous note of the glad wild bird;
And "Ah!" she sighed, "to share with thee
Life's rapture exquisite and strong;
Its hope, its eager energy,
Its fragrance and its song!"

The oriole swayed in the apple tree,
And he sang: "I will build, with my love, a nest,
Fine as e'er welcomed a birdling guest;
Like a pendant blossom, secure yet free,
It shall hang from the bough above me there,
Bright, bright with the gold that is combed for me
From the sick girl's auburn hair."

Then he built the nest in the apple tree,
And, burnished over, a ball of light,
It gleamed and shone in the sick girl's sight,
And she gazed upon it wonderingly;
But when the bird had forever flown,
They brought the nest from the apple tree
To the bed where she lay alone.

"Oh, builder of this mystery!"
The wide and wistful eyes grew dim,
And the soul of the sick girl followed him—
"Dear bird! I have had part, through thee,
In the life for which I long and long;
Have shared its hope, its energy,
Its rapture and its song!"
—Florence Earle Coates.

..A MARINE MAN-TRAP..

By Albert W. Tolman.

ONE of the favorite hunting grounds for the student of marine life is the Great Barrier Reef of Australia, that coralline wall which stretches for 1200 miles from northwest to southeast along the eastern verge of the island continent.

Upon its summit flourish varied form of ocean life from the tropic and temperate zones. Here are rare shells, delicate sponges, seaweeds yet unnamed. Strange, brilliant fish find their way amidst the branchy coral. Deep in cave-like fastnesses lurk uncouth monsters, all eyes and arms and jaws, alert to seize their incautious prey. Around and beneath, their labors affording a resting place and a refuge for all this teeming life, the tiny builders are still busy.

Near the end of November, 1894, Crosby Wilson, an English scientist, had come up the Great Barrier in a small Melbourne schooner to make a collection of shells. A reserved and silent man of forty-five, he was an expert conchologist, whose discoveries were of world-wide interest, although his name was barely known outside the circle of his intimate friends.

One morning Wilson planned a lonely ramble over the reef. His vessel was safely anchored in a cove south of one of the few small islands that rear their heads along the Barrier. Fifteen minutes' rowing in the dingey with the mate and two sailors brought him to the spot where he desired to land. The sea was calm, and it was not difficult to approach close to the edge of the reef. The scientist stepped overboard into the few inches of water that covered the coral.

"Mind your steps, sir," said the mate, as the boat rowed away.

Wilson thanked him for his warning, although it was little needed. It was by no means his first visit to the Great Barriers. He was perfectly familiar with its perils.

It was a beautiful morning. Over the half submerged coral the sea rippled gently. Eastward a flock of gulls floated above the placid ocean. Fish broke in the lagoon. Half a mile away a school of sperm whales bound southward were spouting.

The conchologist was a tall, thin man, and as he stalked solemnly to and fro through the shallows, with spectacles astride of his long, beak-like nose, and making an occasional stoop, he looked for all the world like a crane or heron. He wore a pair of hip boots, made especially thick to protect him from the bites of fish and crabs. Whenever he discovered a desirable shell he dropped it into a net of small rope which one of the sailors had knotted. By the time the tide turned he had almost filled this. He began to make his way slowly toward the island.

One of the commonest forms of life on the Great Barrier is the giant clam, or Tridacna gigas. These bivalves lie with their huge mouths gaping wide to catch the food swept over them by the sea current. The strength of their muscles is prodigious, and woe to the unlucky object that is caught between their shells. Wilson knew well the peril he might incur by an incautious step. He kept a sharp lookout as he walked along.

Just beyond a little pool a rare conch caught the scientist's attention. In the joy of discovery, with his eyes fastened on his find, he stepped upon what looked like a bank of weed. Unfortunately this concealed the open jaws of a large clam. Down went Wilson's right leg almost to the knee. Instantly the shell snapped together and he was trapped. As the strong, sharp jaws closed the Englishman could not repress a yell of pain. He did not need to look down to learn what had gripped him. Without wasing time in useless struggling he flung the bag from his shoulder and cast about for means to extricate himself.

Less than a mile to the south, above the little island, the sun glinted on the schooner's white sails. How he wished the low mound lower still. But it was high enough to hide the vessel's hull, and to prevent the crew from seeing his gestures.

The torture of the sharp edged shells was excruciating. They held his leg as firmly as a vise, not permitting the slightest motion. But for his thick boot they would have cut the flesh to the bone. He writhed with pain. Oh, for a pry of some sort, a steel bar to thrust between those remorseless jaws and compel them to relax their grip. Then he remembered his stout clasp knife, and drew it hopefully from his pocket.

He did not attempt to chip away the edges of the shell. The enamel was, he knew, too hard for the steel. He hoped, however, to cut the byssus, or bunch of tough filaments that held the clam to the reef, or even to insert his blade between the hinged teeth at the bottom of the two great fluted valves, and sever the powerful muscles that operated them. But after considerable groping about and pushing aside of the overhanging weed he found the base of the shellfish so deeply embedded in the coral that his scheme appeared futile.

Wilson dropped to a sitting posture, stretching his left leg out horizontally over the rough surface. He could reach round in a circle with a five-foot radius. But in that space there was nothing to help him, no loose rock that would enable him to pry the shells apart.

The rising tide now rippled three or [illegible]ches deep about him. An east[illegible] breeze had already sprung up. He [illegible]dly the sea made under [illegible] trade wind. His only hope seemed to be in the speedy return of the boat.

He was ready to die for science if his death could do any good, but he much preferred to live for it.

A pang smote him as he remembered the unfinished classifications that he had hoped to complete on this trip. Who would make them if he were taken away?

His powers of observation were painfully sharpened by his danger. He recognized a dozen different species of algae. He saws a school of little fish nosing the shells in his net. He noted, too, that the water had risen slightly during the last few minutes. Again he strained his eyes southward, but the gleaming sail above the island gave no sign of succor.

Still the tide rose. The water now was nearly to his breast. Unless help came soon he could not hope to escape.

The bag was just within his reach. He drew it toward him, knotted his watch and rings into his handkerchief and tied it to one of the coarse strands. He also put in the bag his notebook in its rubber pocket. At any rate the results of his observations should be preserved for science.

The billows were beginning to break upon the Barrier. A great, green, white crested roller raced in across the coral and dashed over his head, leaving him gasping for breath. Another and another did the same.

Anything was better than perishing without an effort. He thought again of assailing the tough strands that held the clam to the coral. To reach them he was obliged to thrust his head well under water. This time his fingers found a more promising spot for an attack. Hack! hack! hack! With desperate, slashing strokes he drew his knife across the stout filaments. How fearfully tough and thick they were. He straightened up, grasped the reef with both hands, braced his left foot and pulled mightily. Was he mistaken or was that really a tremor beneath him?

Again he bent down and cut away, once, twice, thrice, pulling hard after each attempt. Each time there was a little yielding. The fourth effort pulled the strands entirely clear, and he fell splashing backward upon the reef, with the great clam clinging to his foot.

For a little while the revulsion of feeling was too much for him and he almost fainted. Then he came to the realization that he was by no means out of danger. Although torn from its bed the huge shellfish did not relax its hold. Indeed, it seemed to nip him harder than ever. He felt almost as if his leg were being bitten off.

He looked to the south, and with a thrill of hope beheld a small white sail near the corner of the island. The dingey was coming back. He shouted madly. In that wind his voice could not carry a fraction of the distance. But perhaps the men on board might realize his danger if he could only attract their attention. He waved his arms wildly about his head.

Wilson was still in desperate plight. His right foot was enclosed between the ponderous shells. Their weight dragged him down. He could neither swim nor walk. The water was too deep to allow him to crawl on his hands and knees, dragging the monstrous clam behind him. He could not stand upright firmly enough to resist the onset of the seas. A big comber caught him in the back and sent him rolling and tumbling over the face of the reef. If he was swept into the lagoon he would assuredly be drowned.

He arrested himself by catching with both hands a sharp knob of coral. Then he managed to prop himself upright and get his head above water. Every finger was bleeding

Again he glanced toward the boat. It was much nearer and coming with all speed. A man in the bow waved an arm and then came the hollow bellow of the megaphone:

"Keep up! Keep up! We're coming!"

Wilson could recognize the mate's hoarse voice, magnified by the instrument. Help was still half a mile off. Could it reach him in time?

The next few minutes were agonizing ones for the Englishman. With every ounce of energy that he possessed he strove to prevent himself from being swept into the lagoon. But he could not help yielding to the seas, and every one hammered him a little nearer the brink of the coral wall. He knew that there the water fell sharply off to thirty feet. A plunge over its edge and the great bivalve would drag him down to death.

During his brief but desperate fight he was conscious that the boat was rapidly drawing nearer. The megaphone still shouted encouragement to him. At last it sounded only a few feet away. He cast a glance seaward. There was the boat, running rapidly along the outer edge of the reef. Its crew did not dare to approach too near, for the rollers would shatter the dingey on the coral rock.

Fortunately the mate was familiar with a passage not a hundred yards away. Throwing down the megaphone he called out to Wilson, his voice sounding strangely weak and low after the instrument had been discarded. With oars and sail the boat was urged on. In a short time she had made the passage, and had turned back, skirting the inner edge of the reef.

Wilson was now about ten feet from the brink. A huge curler foamed up above him. Cling as desperately as he might it tore his hold away, and rolled him toward the deep water. He felt his last hope slipping from him. It was hard to die on the verge of certain rescue.

But the boat had ridden safely through the swells and was now at the very edge of the wall. The mate caught sight of an upflung arm. Leaping over on the coral he rushed to the spot, while the sailors held the dingey in place with their oars. Before another roller could break the half drowned scientist, shell and all, was half lifted, half dragged on board. It was a matter of a few moments for the men to release his bruised but otherwise uninjured leg from the clutch of the great clam.—Youth's Companion.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

A new process for purification of sugar-beet juice, by means of hydrosulphuric acid, is announced by Consul Ledoux, of Prague. The Bohemian inventors have obtained patents in Austria and Germany.

The German Government is making preparations for the issue shortly of weather forecasts for agriculturists. The forecasts will be sent free or at a nominal charge, and the success of the undertaking will be judged from returns of the subsequent weather supplied by the recipients of the information.

The forest service of the Department of Agriculture has issued statistics of the crossties purchased by the steam railroad companies during 1905. The total number of ties reported is 80,051,000, of which 22,569,000, or 26 per cent., were to be used for the construction of new track. As 95 per cent. of the railway mileage reported, the total number of ties used by the steam railways would be 84,400,000, representing nearly 3,000,000,000 feet of lumber, board measure.

From Australia comes the proposition to employ mica for the powder chamber of cartridges. The alleged advantages are that the quality of the powder could be judged through its transparent covering; that on account of the resistance of mica to heat the temperature of the gun would not rise so rapidly with firing as is the case when ordinary cartridges are used, and, finally, that in employing mica cartridges it would never be necessary to grease the breech of the gun.

According to recent experiments in one of the scientific bureaus at Washington the temperature of the incandescent filament in an ordinary electric lamp varies between 2489 degrees and 2890 degrees Fahrenheit. This is perceptibly lower than the melting point of iron, which is about 1090 degrees centigrade, or 2012 degrees Fahrenheit. But with carbon fibres a little thicker than ordinary, giving a little brighter light, it is thought that the temperature may rise to 2962 degrees Fahrenheit, or fifty degrees above the melting point of iron.

An apparatus which may enable the record of a phonograph to be understood independently of the sense of hearing has been contrived by a British scientist. With this apparatus the revolving phonographic cylinder is caused to produce variations of intensity in a weak electric current, and these variations, when conducted through the hands, which have been moistened for the purpose, are easily perceived. Since they correspond with the sound variations, it is thought that by their aid a person totally deaf could appreciate the rhythm and character of a succession of sounds thus transformed into a series of sensations of a different kind.

A Modern Arcadia.

A traveler who recently visited the coast of Labrador says that nowhere on earth are life and property held so sacred as in that little-known and barren land. A thousand miles of lonely seaboard, along which is scattered a population of some 10,000 people, about one-third of whom are white, would seem to give every opportunity for crime, yet there is no police officer of any kind, no court, and no jail. Nor are they needed. The only criminal charge within fifty years was one against an Eskimo who shot a rival in love.

In addition to the resident population, the coast is visited every summer by about 10,000 Newfoundland fishermen, and while Newfoundland itself is not by any means free from criminals, none appear to come among the fishers, or else the example of the natives of Labrador causes them to refrain from any wrong-doing while there. About forty years ago a circuit court visited the coast every summer, but as it found nothing to do, it was abolished. Now should any serious charge be made against a man, a magistrate would be sent from Newfoundland to investigate it.—Harper's Weekly.

The Age of an Egg.

A simple method of finding out the age of an egg is by means of the air space, which is situated toward the broad end of the shell. If the egg is held up between the hands before a light in a dark room the air space can be easily discerned, and by its size the age can be determined. In a perfectly fresh egg the air space is very small, but as age increases it extends, until when the egg is three weeks old the air space occupies about a sixth of the entire contents. With practice the age can be told to within twenty-four hours.—British Agricultural Economist.

Out in Kansas.

The editor of a Kansas newspaper is making war on the gum chewers in his State. He says gum chewing in Kansas is almost universal and that it is as bad as the tobacco habit. Kansas is determined to maintain its reputation as a producer of freaks.—Gadsden Times-News.

The American Bible Society, which does not pretend to print its Bible in all languages, issues either the whole Bible or portions of it in 242 languages and dialects.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

LUCY'S DEFECT.

She is not blind—she is not deaf—
She's straight, and strong, and pretty,
We think her so—we know her mind
Is clear, and quick, and witty.
And Lucy is a pleasant child;
Her grandmamma says of her,
"In warp or woof you'll not a trace
Of selfishness discover."

Of gifts and graces Lucy has
A goodly share conceded,
Yet something is amiss; her friends
All see how much 'tis needed.
Grandpa allows she's true and good,
And owns he loves her dearly;
And were it not for this defect
He'd think her perfect—nearly.

With face or form, with head or heart,
There isn't much the matter;
But Lucy's ever busy tongue
Will chatter, chatter, chatter.
Her brother Bert, this very day,
With a boy's bluntness told her,
"My little sis, the thing you lack
Is just a good tongue-holder."
—Mary A. Gillette, in St. Nicholas.

RIDDLE.

I went into the woods and got it.
I sat down to look for it, and the more I hunted for it, the less I liked it; so, not being able to find it, I came away with it.
(A thorn in the foot.)

CONUMDRUMS.

When is a towel like an envelope?
When stamped.
Why are silks like deceitful people?
Because they are double-faced.
When is the door like a lady's hair?
When bauged.
Why is a cross-grained woman like a candle?
Because both sputter.
When is a carriage like a half-moon pie?
When a turnover.
A word of three syllables, seek till you find,
Which has in it twenty-six letters combined. (Alphabet.)

AN AMUSING GAME.

This game will amuse any party, but it must first be ascertained that there is at least one person in the company who has never been initiated into its mysteries. This one is chosen to leave the room, but before he goes he must be told that those in the room will choose an object which he is to guess on his return.

He may ask as many questions as he wishes when the time comes, one question at a time, of each person consecutively, but his questions must be so worded that they may be answered by "Yes" or "No" or "I do not know."

When all this has been explained the guesser leaves the room. The party is then arranged in a circle, sitting alternately, a boy and a girl if possible, and explain that each person must think of the one sitting on his or her left side as the object chosen, and answer all questions as if they applied to that person. It may be imagined what conflicting answers arise to confuse the questioner, and much fun will be derived by those in the secret. For instance, the questioner may ask if it is a boy, and on number one answering in the affirmative, if number two is asked the question and a girl be sitting on the left side, the answer will be distinctly puzzling. But there is great fun to be derived from this game.—New York American.

IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS.

The great Crimean War began by the Greek and Roman churches fussing over the key to the Holy Sepulchre. The Sepoy rebellion was precipitated by the rumor that native soldiers were to be polluted by the government's placing lard on gun cartridges which must be wet in the mouth before they would slip into the guns.

A few years ago a small savings bank in Kansas City was strained by a run. A street car manager hauled several sacks of money to the bank in a wheelbarrow, and, depositing them, stopped the run. The sacks contained $40 in pennies. That bank is now the National Bank of Commerce, one of the largest in the country.

An ancient vizier shut in a tower to starve sent word to his wife to butter a beetle's nose and tie a silken cord to its leg and place it at the tower's foundation. Following the smell it came to the top. With the silken thread he drew a stronger and each time a stronger string until a rope making possible his escape was in his hands.

Canova, when criticised for working so long on a seemingly completed statue, said: "The touches which you ignorantly hold in such small esteem are the very things which make the difference between the failure of a bungler and the perfection of a master."—Ram's Horn.

THE DOMESTIC CAT.

The domestic cat is not mentioned in Biblical narrative. He is presumed to have originated, with other domesticated types, in far Eastern lands. The beginnings of recorded history relate that he was a pampered pet and even a worshiped idol in semi-tropical climes. In the middle ages, we are told, he was a luxury, a necessary servant, and an object of persecution. He is not indigenous to the Western Hemisphere, nor is he found in Indian tradition. His advent in the Americas seems to have been with the early white settlers.

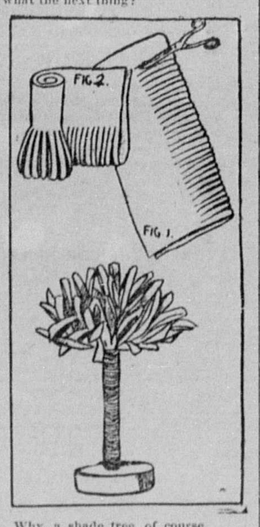
No information is to be had concerning breeds until comparatively recent times, when New England sea captains began to bring home long-haired specimens as mementoes of strange shores. They were regarded as great curiosities, so it may be inferred that the cats to which the colonists had been accustomed, either at home or in America, were not long-haired.

Not until the last century were long-haired Eastern cats carried overland to England, and not until the last decade were they bred for show and for sale. Restricted breeding of short-haired varieties was not undertaken in England until the last few years, and has not yet been seriously attempted in America.

PAPER TREES FOR DOLLS.

Making doll houses out of pasteboard boxes is the delight of many a small maiden, just as making paper dolls is a fascination—see the successful little maiden who is celebrating her triumph by swinging in the initial M.

Now, supposing one has already made a dolly, and then proven a talent for architecture by constructing a pasteboard house for her to live in, what the next thing?



Why, a shade tree, of course.
Or a whole grove of them.
And they're easily made.

There is but to fold in two, lengthwise, a piece of deep leaf-green tissue paper about four inches in width and fourteen inches in length. Cut this paper very regularly through the fold as shown in Fig. 1, making a sort of paper comb.

Then roll the band between the thumb and finger, as in Fig. 2, until the cut paper forms a large mass. When it is as tight as it will go, fasten together the tube part with a little paste and make the paper puff out by running the finger between each strip or paper ring. Stick the tube in the end of a flat mustard cork in which a hole has been cut, or you can use a large spool.

Paint the tube brown for the trunk of the tree, and, if you like, you can color the cork to make it look like one of the great standards in which evergreen trees are now often set.

By making the paper larger or smaller you can have big trees or little ones.—Philadelphia Record.

Recalmed.

There is a concert singer in the West whose voice is not only of great sweetness and compass, but of such extraordinary power that no orchestra ever drowns its tones.

Now the husband of this singer frequently acts as her conductor, and he is ever anxious to impress upon the public the fact of the great power of his wife's voice. On one occasion the lady was rehearsing for a concert to be given in a large hall. In one of her songs she was to be accompanied by a trumpet obligato. Although the performer, in obedience to instructions from the conductor, blew with all his might and main, yet his best efforts were invariably met with a call of "Louder, louder!" from the inexhaustible leader.

Finally the performer rested his instrument on his knee and, surveying the leader with every evidence of indignation on his purple face, broke out with:

"'Louder and louder' is fey easy to say, but vere is de vind?"—Harper's Weekly.

Pickering History Lost.

R. A. Crothers, proprietor of the San Francisco Bulletin, announces that he lost everything by the fire in his home, at 1000 Bush street, where were a valuable lot of manuscripts and other articles belonging to the late Loring Pickering.

Among these was the manuscript of a history of journalism by Mr. Pickering. This had never been published, but it was regarded by Mr. Pickering as a work of importance, giving his personal recollections of every journalist of note in the United States, running back over three-quarters of a century.

Mr. Crothers was pleased at the fact that most of the files of the Bulletin were saved, and that those that were lost can be replaced. The account books, circulation and advertising lists were rescued.

Misdirected Genius.

The Pittsburg merchant who sent to each of the members of the Pennsylvania delegation in Congress a card which looked like an annual pass on a railroad, but which proved on close inspection to be an advertisement of his business, ought to figure up just how much trade that device brought him, and then calculate what return he might have expected from the application of his misdirected genius to the framing of an equally striking newspaper "ad." The prime object of publicity is neither to make people laugh nor to make them mad. It is to make them buy. Some of the recipients of the "fake" passes enjoyed the joke and others were angry. It would be interesting to know how many of them were convinced that they ought to do business with the distributer of the imitation favors.—Philadelphia Record.

Pluck and Adventure.

BALLOON FLIGHTS OVER SEA.

PRINCE JAIME of Bourbon and Baron von Kerwin have in view a trip from London by the balloon route to Austria, the Mediterranean, or whatever other destination the winds may decree. They wish to get inland away from the Atlantic as soon as possible, and so they are waiting at London for a west or southwest breeze that may take them over the North Sea or perhaps the Baltic, trusting to luck for a zephyr from the north while they are hovering over Germany that may carry them to the southlands.

The time was when the idea of deliberately planning an air voyage over a bit of sea was thought unworthy of a sane man. The balloon takes to water if conditions impel it, but its behavior after reaching that element doesn't resemble that of the duck.

Now, however, short sea journeys have no special terrors for the seasoned aeronaut, though the fact that more than one-fourth of all the persons on record as having lost their lives while ballooning died by drowning would not seem to encourage flights over seas or big lakes. Four balloonists have been drowned in the English Channel, four in the Atlantic, one in the Mediterranean. Donaldson and Grimwood lost their lives in 1873 in Lake Michigan, and Vanderdrift perished in the Chattahoochee River. Still, there have been some very remarkable trips at sea that involved no tragedy.

The first crossing of the English Channel by balloon, in 1836, was, perhaps, the most notable journey up to that time. Green and Mason ascended from London, provisioned for a fortnight, supplied with passports to all parts of the Continent, and eager to look down upon the Continental cities from the same airship that bore them aloft at Earl's Court. Their wish was gratified, for they crossed the Channel almost vertically over Dover and Calais in about an hour, passed across northeast France, Belgium and a part of Germany, and landed finally near the town of Weilburg in the Duchy of Nassau, eighteen hours after their departure from London. They had traveled more than 500 miles.

The Atlantic between France and the Norway coast has twice been traversed by balloons. During the siege of Paris in 1870 a balloon was sent aloft at midnight with an aeronaut, a passenger and bags of dispatches. It was hoped the balloon would descend near Tours. The night was dark and the voyagers, not knowing the wind had changed, felt no apprehension until they heard the dashing of breakers on the coast. They were drifting out to sea, and for many hours they scudded north till they finally reached a coast where the mountains were snow covered. Descending too rapidly from loss of gas they were obliged to throw out their precious dispatches, which were finally recovered and reached their destinations. The travelers fell among kind people in Norway and the world soon heard of their wonderful trip.

A little later Durouf and his wife advertised that they would cross the Channel from Calais at a certain hour. A vast crowd assembled, and there was almost a riot when Durouf announced that the ascension was postponed on account of adverse winds. Goaded by the insults of the crowd his wife and he at length recklessly went aloft and were carried out into the Atlantic. For three days hundreds stood on the shore watching that part of the ocean over which the balloon had disappeared, and then a telegram announced that the two aeronauts had been saved by the crew of an English fishing smack on the Skagerrak, as the balloon was approaching the coast of Norway. Few reckless exploits have ended less seriously.—New York Sun.

STUCK IN A MONTANA BLIZZARD

Ike Boyer, of Helena, while waiting in Butte, the night before, told some interesting tales of his experience while making the territory in Southern Montana, which is not yet covered by the railroad.

"The time of my life," he said, "was experienced between Bannack and Argenta. I was making the trip by stage, and my driver was one of the old-time stage drviers of the overland road. The only name I ever knew for him was 'Shorty,' and he was one of the best that ever pulled the ribbons over a team of horses in Montana.

"Shortly after we left Argenta it began snowing, but we paid little attention to the storm, being wrapped up comfortably. When we 'topped' the hill, and started across the foothills to connect with the old Bannack road, we ran into the teeth of the blizzard. The thermometer began dropping rapidly, and almost before we knew it we found ourselves chilling fast. To add to our trouble the air became so filled with snow that we could not see the length of our sled ahead of us. The storm came so fast and fierce that the horses refused to face it, and before we realized it, we were off the road and the horses were helplessly floundering through the snow, which seemed almost bottomless. By this time darkness had come, and we were off the trail.

"To make the matter worse, the horses in floundering broke the tongue from the sled, and we were holed up for good. Then we saw that we were in it for the night, and prepared to make the best of a bad bargain. There was a little straw in the bottom of the sled, and we tied the horses up so that they could eat this. The driver and myself walked back and forth about a rod apart all night long, and in this manner managed to keep warm. We drank up all the samples I had with me, smoked several boxes of sample cigars, and it seemed as if the night would never come to an end.

"Occasionally I would get uncommonly tired and sleepy and would attempt to doze off, but 'Shorty' would stand for nothing of that sort. He would rouse me by drastic means, if necessary, to make me continue my walk to and fro opposite him. Finally, after the lapse of at least a century, the night came to an end and daylight began showing around the gulch. With the approach of day the storm went down and the air cleared. 'Shorty' immediately began rustling, and before long found a pole that could be used as a sled tongue and we toggled up matters and continued our trip to Bannack. We arrived there in time for a late breakfast, and were not surprised to learn that the thermometer had registered fifteen below throughout the night."—Anaconda Standard.

HIS PANCAKES.

Pancakes, by centuries-old tradition, half secular, half churchly, belong to Shrove Tuesday as unquestionably as mince pie to Christmas, eggs to Easter, or turkey to Thanksgiving. Mr. William O'Brien, in his recent "Recollections," tells a pretty story of how pancakes once saved his brother Jim from hanging in those days of English misconprehension and callousness toward the "distressful country," now happily gone by, when so many Irish lads of spirit engaged in treason quite as a matter of course.

Young Jim O'Brien, who was then eighteen, drilled with the rebels at night, wrote and sang rebel songs, and kept a revolver—which the inquisitive William, four years younger, soon discovered—hidden behind a loose brick in the chimney of the boys' bedroom. The rebels, much to his disgust, kept William out of the plot, although in pity of his youth, not in distrust of it.

At last, on Shrove Tuesday, 1867, the appointed time had come—the rising was to take place. Jim wrote some more verses, beginning:

"Be ready, be ready to-night, my boys!
Our camp's in the wild-wood glen,"

and read them over to the admiring William, adding the significant query, "Can you guess what to-night means?"

"He would go into no further particulars with me, however," Mr. O'Brien records. "It was Shrove Tuesday night, and my poor mother, who little dreamed of what was before her, had made us an enormous dish of pancakes. When the feast was over I followed Jim up stairs, where I found him disinterring the revolver from the receptacle at the back of the fireplace. He had mounted his topcoat, and I noticed that he had stuffed the pockets full with pancakes. It was his boyish commissariat for the campaign against the power of England. It must be confessed that my own heroic contribution to the scene was to break down, crying. He turned upon me with very unusual gruffness.

"'What the mischief do you mean?' he said. 'Tl.ey'll hear you!'

"Then, relenting, he caught my hand and whispered very softly, 'Good-bye, Bill! You'll hear some news before morning.' He noiselessly undid the bolt, and was gone into the night, from which a biting wind came in upon my face and froze me to the heart."

The rising proved a failure at once absurd and pitiful. Jim told Bill afterward that his revolver was the only serviceable firearm in the company. Nobody was hurt on either side, but the rebels, before they were dispersed, captured some policemen and burned a constabulary barrack.

The sergeant's wife and little children had to leave their beds suddenly and escape by a ladder, and it was young Jim O'Brien who cheered and comforted them in their terror, and quieted the crying of the babies by feeding them with his pancakes.

He escaped the soldiery, and stole quietly home the next night, but before morning the police thundered at the door, and he was arrested on a charge of high treason. For some time he was in prison, under the shadow of apparently inevitable doom. But when it became necessary to identify him, the person called upon to do so was the sergeant's wife.

He was such a mere boy—and then she remembered the pancakes. She could not bring herself to send him to the gallows or the convict gang. Her memory failed her strangely and suddenly, good woman; in fact, she seemed quite sure that young Mr. O'Brien had not been there at all. And the lad went free.

BRAVE MEN SCARCE.

In the spring of '64, when General N. B. Forrest had his command near Memphis, a couple of soldiers from the Union Army were taken prisoners; and on account of the shortness of rations, and the difficulty of making changes, orders had been issued to take no prisoners, but execute them on the spot. The captors had brought the prisoners, however, to General Forrest, who ordered them to be confined until the next morning, when they were to be shot. The captives were of Teutonic origin, and belonged to a Wisconsin regiment. They were led into a field near by the log barn in which they had been confined, and a file of Confederate soldiers were facing them with loaded rifles. The brave Germans lighted their pipes and stood conversing with each other. The General himself assumed command, and gave the word, "Ready! Aim!" The captives blanched not nor quailed, but kept on smoking, when suddenly the General shouted, "Ground arms! Shoulder arms! Ready! Aim! Shoulder arms! Right about, face!" Then turning to the prisoners, he shouted: "Git up and git!" To the bystanders he remarked: "Brave men are too scarce to be shot down like dogs."—Western Watchman.

To Build Highest Bridge.

The highest railroad bridge in the world will be built across the top of the famous Royal Gorge, near Canon City, Colo. It will be 2820 feet above the hanging bridge of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad—so high in the air that the roaring of the Arkansas River below will not be heard, and the powerful stream will look like a thread of silver running between the frowning cliffs.

The structure will be erected in connection with the plans of a citizen of San Jose, Cal., to establish an interurban system of electric railways in Fremont County from Canon City to Florence and the top of Royal Gorge. Construction began in March, and it is expected that the line to the top of the Royal Gorge will be in operation some time this summer. The cost of the interurban system will be $500,000, and the suspension bridge spanning the chasm $100,000 additional.

It is six miles from Canon City to the highest point the electric line will reach, but a tortuous road ten miles in length will be built for the electric cars.—Railway Age.