THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

VOL. XXIV. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1609. NO. 36.

The anarchist is the fool who rocks the boat of government, according to Town Topics.

The Chicago Daily News announces that [illegible] across the sea" are not at present reached over for our meat.

Were it not that people fall in love, observes Books of To-day, no publisher could keep his office open for a week, and no bookseller, either.

The automobile has come to stay. In some way all the arrangements of society must be adapted to the emancipation of the horse and the free use of the engine.

If, in regard to funerals, a minister will carefuly explain in every case where a change of custom is desirable, people will often accept his suggestions with gratitude. To avoid seeming disrespectful to the dead, many submit to customs well nigh intolerable.

The man who begins the day with a substantial meal gives his stomach occupation and exercise, suggests the New York World. The digestive apparatus needs work for its well-being, just as the muscles and the lungs require exercise. To postpone giving the stomach occupation until dinner has the same disadvantage as night work for the body and the brain.

Deputy City Paymaster Hamilton, of New York, says: "Practically all the one-dollar bills we get are worn out and so mutilated that, every day, they are handed back to me with the request for better ones. These bills are so dirty that when I have to stand over them hours at a time, as is often the case, the stench from them makes me positively ill. I am only just recovering from blood poisoning, contracted three months ago, through handling these filthy bank notes."

One man's moral judgment tells him that it is a deadly sin for our Government to be in partnership with the distilleries and breweries. Another man's moral judgment, argues the Washington Post, convinces him that it would be morally, politically and economically abhorrent for the Government to neglect to lay heavy taxes on the liquor business. In State and municipal affairs the same division of moral sentiment exists, and there is conscience in all of it. Only the narrow-minded bigot contends or believes that all the honesty and patriotism and philanthropy are on his side.

[illegible] the Chicago Journal: As a [illegible]r of fact, there is much less un[illegible] and discontent in the United [illegible] to-day than there has ever been [illegible] country since the dawn of history. The smouldering volcano of anarchy, of which the sensationalists [illegible]o beware is as much a myth [illegible]evouring sea-serpent. Though [illegible]er saw a sea-serpent, though [illegible] has been a sea-serpent since [illegible]red on earth, it is almost [illegible] believed that such crea[illegible] There is a little more [illegible] than that for the delusion about misery and discontent in the United States, but not much.

The great body of American men running railroads and managing large business enterprises are not unworthy of the trust reposed in them, maintains the New York Tribune. They are able, energetic, conscientious men, living up to the lights which they possess as well as most of their fellow citizens. Their chief trouble has been a narrowness of vision and a failure, in common with the rest of the American people, to think things out clearly and then abide by their thinking, regardless of prevailing habits. They have partaken of the easygoing temper of the country. Our business, from that of the grocer who sells tallow for butter to that of the railroad manager who owns coal stock, had fallen into loose ways.

The celebration of class day at Harvard was ushered in with the baccalaureate sermon by the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, of New York, in Appleton Chapel. "In the history of the world," he said, "there have been three conceptions of the social order. The first of these is autocracy; the second, individualism, and the third, fraternalism. In the coming age all the creeds and sects will be united, because the coming age is to be a fraternal one. Every age has had its vices and its virtues. The nineteenth century has had vice, all due to the same source. The first vice has been that of accumulation; the second vice is the lawlessness of self-will. We hear of the criminal class. Can you tell me who belongs to the criminal class? Do the insurance directors who bought stocks low and sold them at high prices to the companies of which they were directors? Do the railroad officials who broke the law of the land and now stand convicted? Do the coal carriers who did, by 'a gentleman's agreement,' that which was against the law? There is one remedy for all this. Society should be considered as a unit. [illegible] have learned that the best interest [illegible]y is not served by [illegible] for his own interest. [illegible]fter the National wel-

WELL-ENOUGH.

Down in the valley of "Well Enough" men are careless and joyous and free;
They toil and they eat and they love a bit, and they grow old happily;
While off in the hazy distance gleam the peaks of the unknown; "Fame,"
And none that has traveled that difficult steep can enter the valley again.

The way is o'er rocks, sharp and jagged and cruel; through fierce heat, with a deadening thirst;
While the water drips cool, far below in the depths of the way that to him is accursed.
How he longs, all in vain, for a friendly hand-clasp, for the smiles that were ready and true;
But he may not turn back, so he struggles along, with the joy of achievement in view.

And at last, oh, long journey! see torn hands and feet, and face drawn and wrinkled with pain;
He stands at the summit of great desire, to dwell on his priceless gain.
And then—ah, the sadness of heart-break! was not that a man's cry of woe?
For he longs to return to the land he has lost—to the 'Well-Enough' valley below.

—Grace E. Bostwick, in New York Tribune.

AN OUT-OF-SCHOOL LESSON

By HILDA RICHMOND.

"I think old Mr. Winton is too particular for any use," said Mark Carney, throwing his cap on a chair and hastening to the supper table. "Everything has to be done his way, and it's always the longest way, too."

"What is the matter, Mark?" inquired his father. "I thought you liked the place very much."

"I do, papa, but it seems so unreasonable to do things the most tedious way when it don't matter how they're done."

"Mr. Winton pays for your time till 6 o'clock every [illegible]ing, and has a right to say what you shall do and how. You would not make a good soldier, Mark, for the first duty of an enlisted man is to obey without questioning. I must go to Chicago on the 7.30 train and haven't time now to talk about your work, but you must give satisfaction if you expect to keep the place. Be a good boy and mind your mother. Remember, there are four or five boys for every place, and Mr. Winton can easily find one to fill yours if you don't suit."

Mr. Carney's words set his son to thinking, and he finished his supper in silence; but when the evening lamp shone down on the pile of school books he had brought home with him, Mark broke out again:

"I might have had all these problems worked if he hadn't been so particular about his old barrels."

"Don't you think it very impolite to criticise a gentleman of sixty?" inquired Mrs. Carney, reprovingly. "A boy of twelve should know better, and I was sure my son did till I heard him at the table this evening."

"Well, mamma, he is unreasonable. I don't say that to be impolite, but only to let you know how he makes me work. Every afternoon this week I've been piling old barrels in the storeroom when there were no errands to do, and Mr. Winton wants them arranged just so. As if it made any difference so they're out of the way! Once or twice a year a huckster from a little town comes to buy them to ship butter and produce in. Fred Miller says he's cranky about everything, and no one can please him."

"Was Fred in the storeroom? I thought Mr. Winton's rules forbade people sitting around talking to the clerks."

"He wasn't inside. He just stood at the door and talked awhile. Besides, Mr. Winton is out of town today, and wouldn't have seen him if he had come in, though I didn't ask him."

"Did you arrange the barrels as Mr. Winton directed?"

"Well, not exactly. He said to take everything from one side of the storeroom and pile the barrels in tiers along the wall, but there were some boxes there the same height as the barrels, so I let them stay. I suppose I could have crowded them closer together, but the stack looks all right from the outside. He won't be around when the man loads them up, so it don't make any difference. It would have taken another whole evening to put them in as he said, and he'll think I'm a swift worker when he gets back and finds it all done."

"What if he asks you about it?" asked Mrs. Carney. Her son's careless ways had long been a source of worry to her, and it was in the hope of having them corrected that she allowed him to work in the store. No amount of talking and reasoning had been able to convince him of the danger of forming slipshod habits in youth.

"[illegible]ar of that," said Mark, confidently. "I've worked there six months, and I don't believe he's been in the storeroom more than twice. He's forgotten all about them by this time, I suppose."

"I can't see why it makes any difference to you what you do. He pays for your time, and if he wants you to take six afternoons to put old barrels away instead of three, why, you might as well do it. Was it such a hard task?"

"No, easy as anything, but, you see, when I'm in the store waiting for errands to do I work my problems for the next day. I have to sit on a stool at the cashier's desk where the clerks can call to me, and sometimes it's fifteen minutes between jobs. Can't you help me a little to-night, mamma? It's 8 o'clock and I've only worked two. They are so hard and long."

Mark looked up in surprise when his mother began swiftly working out of the long problems, only saying—

"It is rather late. You take the third, and I'll try the fourth."

It was the first time Mrs. Carney had ever worked out a problem for him, so it was no wonder Mark was astonished. She was always willing to explain and lend a helping hand in the difficult parts, but never solved them outright for him. She thought it encouraged cheating to do the work that belonged to some one else, and always kept Mark at his tasks till all were mastered.

"Did you get the third?" she inquired half an hour later. "Here are the fifth and sixth. How many are there in the lesson?"

"But, mamma, this isn't the way Miss Fillmore makes us work them. I can't copy them on my paper for to-morrow."

"I don't see why not," said Mrs. Canroy, without looking up. "There are several methods of solving these problems, and I used the shortest one. The answer is correct, and that is the necessary thing. Where is the rest of the eighth written out? It seems to be all mixed up, or I can't find it," and she turned the papers with an abstracted air.

"Miss Fillmore says we must use the long way for the present, and when we are older the short cuts will come naturally to us. I'm so sorry I can't have these, for I wanted a good average this month. If our averages are high for the term, we won't have to be examined."

"Just write your name at the top of my sheets and hand them in," suggested Mrs. Carney. "Miss Fillmore will probably never look farther than the answers, and you will get your high grade very easily. I wonder why she is so particular about methods."

"I see what you are trying to do, mamma," said Mark suddenly. "You are showing me where I was wrong about the barrels this afternoon. I ought to have put them up as Mr. Winton said, without grumbling or wondering why."

"You have guessed it exactly, Mark. One of the greatest faults children have is the idea that they know more than older people. I am glad you can see why my problems cannot be given to Miss Fillmore, even if you copy them. Her method is not the shortest one, but is the best for beginners. What sort of work would be done in school if each pupil did the work as he pleased and was counted perfect if he could get the correct answer to his problems regardless of method? It is the same way in business, and those who rise from low to higher places are the people who obey orders exactly as if they were soldiers?"

"I'm sorry I worried you, mamma," said Mark in manly fashion. "If you will explain this part to me I'll try to work them all, and when Mr. Winton comes home I'll tell him about the barrels. By working overtime I can straighten them out, but it will take a long time."

"That pleases me more than anything else you could possibly do. I think it will be the turning point of your life if you carry out your resolve, for no one can hope to succeed who has careless ways," said Mrs. Carney.

It was late that night when the last problem was worked, but Mark had his reward next day when Miss Fillmore read out the names of the scholars who had perfect lists, and his was the first on the list. He worked harder than ever that day, and it was the recollection of his high grades that helped him to make his way to Mr. Winton's private office as soon as school was out.

It seemed to Mark that Mr. Winton looked very stern as he stammered and tried to tell his story. At last something in the old gentleman's eyes gave him courage, and he told all about the barrels, not sparing himself in the least. A great weight rolled off his mind when he said:

"If you'll only give me a chance, I'll put the barrels as you want them, and then try to show you that I don't always shirk."

"Why did you come and tell me this?" asked Mr. Winton. "Did your conscience trouble you, or were you afraid I might find you out?"

"My mother showed me last night that the only way to do things is the right way, and while you are paying me for my time, your way is right," said Mark. "I thought it didn't make any difference so they were out of the way, but I can see now that I ought to have piled them as you said without thinking about your reason for doing it that way. I hope you will let me work after the store closes every night till they are all in place."

"That's the right spirit, my boy. Tell your mother I am proud to have her son in my store. She used to play with my little girls years ago, and I have never forgotten her frank, winning ways," said Mr. Winton. "Now, about those barrels. You may begin this evening and work an hour each night till they are in order."

"Thank you, sir," said Mark, heartily. "I wonder why I always thought he was unreasonable," he thought to himself as he left the store an hour later than usual, but with a light heart. "I expected he'd fire me right away."

"How many barrels?" asked a voice a week later, as Mark proudly placed the last one against the wall. He had been working very swiftly to get through, but there were no vacant spaces among them.

Mark ran his eye over the orderly pile and made a quick calculation.

"One hundred and fifty-six," came the ready response.

"Right, and now do you see why they must be in order? The man who buys them usually comes on our busiest days, and it is necessary that we know how many there are instantly. It is likely he will be here next Saturday, and you can easily see how much work your carelessness would have caused. We had one boy who stored them away over some boxes and barrels of salt, and the wagons had to be unloaded to count them as they ran short at the last minute."

"I'm very glad that will not happen this time," said Mark, with a sigh of relief.

"I am very glad, too," said Mr. Winton. "Take your mother's advice and remember it pays in the end to be strictly honest. By the way, are you thinking of giving up your place? Fred Miller said you were, and applied for it last week. I told him I would not promise till I had heard from you about it."

"I don't want to give it up if you are satisfied with me," said Mark, thinking of how Fred had encouraged him to slight his tasks. "I want to prove that I can obey orders."

It was a long time before Mark conquered his habit of grumbling over his tasks, but in time the good habits became as fixed as the bad ones had been. Every time he thought his employer unreasonable he thought of the barrels, and tried to remember that he must not expect to know the reason for everything he had to do.

"What do you think, mother?" he said laughingly, as he came in from work several years later. "I found a boy piling up barrels in the storeroom just as I did when I was new at the business."

"What did you do?" inquired Mrs. Carney.

"Told him my experience," said the tall youth, promptly. "He took my little lecture good naturedly and began over again. How bumptious and important I must have acted when I was his age!"

"That seems a long time ago, and now you are one of the best clerks they have," said Mrs. Carney, proudly. "Yes, it is true," she went on, as Mark protested with very red cheeks against this statement. "Mr. Winton told me so yesterday, and says you will have a still better place as soon as you have finished school. I am sure it helped you very much to have to work after the others had gone home, even if it seemed hard just then."

"It helps me yet, mother. I never go into the storeroom that I don't think of it and feel grateful to you and Mr. Winton. It makes me have more patience with boys younger than I am, too, for some one had to have lots of patience with me—and does yet," said Mark, stooping to kiss his mother.—Zion's Herald.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

In the Journal fur Infektionskrankheiten Dr. Ford describes his method of vaccinating as a remedy for mushroom poisoning. He found, by experimenting, that animals into which he had injected an antitoxine could stand a dose of poison ten times stronger than others.

It is asserted by high authorities that neither great heat nor long maintenance of the requisite temperature is required to sterilize milk suspected of containing the germs of diseases, such as tuberculosis. The bacilli of that terrible disease are destroyed by a temperature of 105 degrees in five minutes.

The Prince of Monaco, acknowledged to be the greatest living authority on oceanography, has decided to establish in Paris an institution for seabed research and will endow it with something like $1,000,000. He has spent a great deal of money in searching out the secrets of the sea. His splendid yacht Princess Alice is fitted up with fine laboratories and photographic rooms.

A Berlin paper tells of a new device that makes herring fishing easy. A microphone, which magnifies sounds, is plunged into the sea to ascertain if fish are passing that way. A wire connects the submerged microphone with an ordinary receiver, with which one listens to what is going on in the depths of the sea. Excellent results have been obtained in the North Sea by the invention for signaling the passing of the herring shoals.

It is said by some students of the origin of the great iron and steel industry that the Japanese many generations ago used to make steel in a curious manner which is not wholly understood. They forged iron into the shapes desired and then buried it eight or ten years in marshy ground. Through some process of nature, which may have been due to the presence of peculiar chemicals in the soil, it came out steel.

The manufacture of cement in the United States continues to make remarkable progress. Whereas in 1890 there were sixteen factories, producing annually 335,000 barrels of Portland cement, there were, in 1905, eighty-two plants, with an estimated output of 31,000,000 barrels. The manufacture has increased about a hundredfold in sixteen years, for in 1889 the total production was 300,000 barrels. Since the great extension of the use of this material, the amount of natural cement produced in America has rapidly declined.

The enormous salt deposits in Kansas, beginning in Ellsworth and Saline counties, extends south through the counties of Rice, McPherson, Stafford, Reno, Harvey, Kingman, Sedgwick, Harper and Sumner. Salt wells are found outside of this district, but it is believed that their water is made salt by coming in contact with the salt bed within the counties named. A few years ago it was estimated that Kansas had twenty trillion barrels of salt and could alone supply the demand of the United States for more than a million years.

Landlord's Share.

The Turkish bey landlord in Macedonia gets half the farmer's produce. Every village supports a number of Turkish policemen, who are really parasites, the average household paying them $6.25 out of an income of $50—not for protection, but for a precarious immunity from outrages.

HIS FIRST COMMAND.

Few young men would care to assume at the age of twenty-three the responsibility of serving as captain of a full-rigged ship and of sailing it from New York to Hongkong with no help except their own knowledge of navigation. That youth is no bar to success in such a venture is attested by the thrilling story told by Captain Charles P. Low in his "Recollections" of his first voyage in command of the clipper-ship Honqua.

The Honqua was one of the first of the famous clippers. Her sides were pierced with gun-ports, and at one time she mounted several cannon. Mr. Low served as mate in her during her early voyages, and on her fifth trip went out from New York in command.

All went well until they had passed the Cape of Good Hope and were well up in the Indian Ocean. Captain Low went to his berth one night, after noting that the barometer stood at 29.80, where it had been several days. In about three hours he was wakened by a terrible dream, in which his ship seemed to sink bow first. Startled, he jumped from his berth in a cold sweat and ran to the barometer. It stood at the same point.

He went on deck, and found no apparent change in the weather. Still puzzled, he went below again and read the barometer. To his amazement, it had fallen two-tenths. He could hardly credit his eyes, but returning to the deck, he ordered the mate to take in all the lighter sails. The ship was then carrying practically every shred she had.

The wind began to increase faster than the sails could be taken in, the sky quickly clouded over, lightnings flashed, and at three in the morning the heavier sails were being reefed and the barometer had gone down nine-tenths of an inch.

By 5 o'clock the ship was scudding at a terrific rate, and rolling so that the topmast stunsail spars were rolled under water and broken off, first on one side, then on the other. At 6 o'clock every sail was blown from the gaskets, the ship was heeled hard down, and the upper masts were going overboard. All the gun-ports on the port side were carried away, and the sea was sweeping between decks. The gale was so hard one could not stand against it, but had to lie flat and hold on. The barometer had dropped to 27.50.

A lull during the forenoon gave the crew a chance to make things more snug, but at two the hurricane came back with renewed force, and the ship was hove to under bare poles.

At 4 o'clock a furious burst of wind hove the ship down on its beam-ends, and the captain went overboard. By good chance he came up to find a rope near him, and hauled himself to the pin-rail. The ship lay on its side, the mastheads in the water, sinking fast to a point from which it could never be righted. Speechless, the captain made a sign to the mates to cut the main-rigging, while he and the carpenter cut the mizzen-rigging. Both masts broke sharp off a foot above deck, and the ship slowly righted.

There was not left on board a single dish or cooking utensil, nor even the cook-house. The ship was half full of water, the cabins were wrecked, and there were thirty-five hundred miles to go to reach their destination. The young captain, however, undaunted, set his men at the pumps as soon as the gale permitted, freed his ship, found the hull tight, set a jury-rig and went on his course. He set up a half-hogshead of sand for a fireplace, and hung a tin kettle over it for the cook to boil beef in. In due course he brought his vessel to Hongkong, sold his cargo at an advantageous price, refitted, made several profitable short cruises in Chinese waters, and got a load of new-crop tea for home.

Had he made his trip as the owners planned, they would have lost heavily, but he landed in New York with a profit of sixty thousand dollars and an international reputation as an able commander.

FOLLOWED BY A LION.

To stroll through an African jungle with a gun loaded only in one barrel and with dusk approaching seems to invite adventure, and so it did in the case of William Oswell, the friend of Livingstone. Oswell started out from his camp one evening, fired his one shot at a quagga, which he wounded, and then followed its tracks, marked the place where it fell, and then turned his steps, as he thought, toward the wagons. In his biography the incident is described in his own words:

It was not until I had wandered carelessly hither and thither for half an hour, feeling sure that it was only the one particular bush in front of me which hid the wagons, that I very unwillingly owned to myself that I was drifting without bearings in this bushy sea.

Twilight in the tropics is very short. Just before the sun set I followed a game-track which I knew would lead to water. After a good draft I began collecting fire-wood, but the night closed in so rapidly that a bare hour's supply was all my store.

Partly to save fuel, partly in the hope that as night crept on signals would be made from the wagons, I climbed a tree, and had not been long perched before I heard, far off, the boom of guns.

Alarmed at my absence, my companions suspected the cause, and were inviting my return, but it required a very pressing invitation indeed to induce a man to walk through two miles of an African wood on a dark night.

It grew bitterly cold. I determined to come down and light my fire. I had reached the lower bough of my tree and placed my hand beside my [illegible] jumping off, when from the bush immediately under me a deep note and the sound of a heavy body slipping through the thorny scrub told me that a lion was passing. Without the warning, in another half-second I should have alighted on his back. I very quickly put two or three yards more between the soles of my feet and the ground.

I could not much longer endure my cramped position in the scraggy tree, and felt I must get down. Waiting until the moon was about one tree high, I came down and dived into the bush. I struggled on for an hour, I should think, when four or five muskets fired together within fifty yards told me I was home again.

I hope I was thankful then; I know I am now. Two of my Hottentot servants and a batch of Kaffirs had come to meet me, and escorted me to the fire in triumph. As I held my half-thawed hands over it, the roar of a disappointed lion rang through the camp.

"He has missed you, Tlaga, by a little this time," said my black friends. "Let him go back to his game."

ROPING A BEAR.

The cowboys of Texas have many amusing experiences, and the occasional spice of danger in their lives is always welcomed. In "Cattle Brands" one of them tells of being mixed up with a bear.

One morning, shortly after daybreak, another lad and myself walked out to unhobble some extra horses which we had with us. The horses had strayed nearly a mile from camp, and when we came up to them we saw that they were scared.

We crept up the little hill, and there, over in a "draw," was the cause of their fear—a big, old lank cinnamon. He was feeding along, headed for a thicket of about ten acres.

The lad who was with me stayed and watched him, while I hurried back, unhobbled the horses, and rushed them into camp. I hustled out every man, and they clinched the saddles on those horses rapidly. By the time we had reached the lad who had stayed to watch, the bear had entered the thicket. Some one suggested the idea that we could drive him out into the open and rope him.

Well, I was handy with a rope, and the boys knew it, so I and three others who could twirl a rope were sent round to rope him in case he came out. We were beginning to think we had missed him when he suddenly lumbered out directly opposite me and ambled away toward the big thicket.

I was riding a cream-colored horse, as good a one as ever stood on four pegs, except that he was nervous. He had never seen a bear, and when I gave him the rowel, he went after that bear like a cat after a mouse.

But at the first sniff he caught of the bear he whirled quicker than lightning. I had made my cast, and the loop settled over Mr. Bear's shoulders, with one of his forefeet through it. I had tied the rope in a hard knot to the pommel, and the way my horse checked that bear was a caution. The horse snorted and spun around like a top, and in less time than it takes to tell it there was a bear, a cream-colored horse and a man sandwiched into a pile on the ground, and securely tied with fear and the bear grinned. The running noose had cut his wind so badly that he could hardly offer much resistance.

The other three rode up. One finally found his senses, and dismounting cut the rope in half a dozen places and untied the bundle. My horse floundered to his feet and ran off; but before the bear could free the noose the boys got enough lead into him at close quarters to hold him down.

I was the only man in the crowd who didn't enjoy the bear-chase.

DOG A SWAMP PILOT.

Without announcing her intention, and with a dog for companionship, Matilda Olsen, of the Bear River settlement, near Hibbing, Minn., started early in the morning to cross by a blazed trail to Togo, two miles to the southwest. As she expected to be back in time for dinner she left no word as to where she had gone. She made the trip to Togo without mishap, but while returning missed the trail in an evergreen swamp and before she realized it was lost.

After wandering about for several hours Miss Olson bethought herself of the dog. She stamped her foot and said to the animal "go home," and after some coaxing succeeded in getting the dog started. She followed his lead as best she could through swamp and muskeg and windfall. Night had fallen when she finally came to a road which seemed to be the one she had missed. She started south and after going about a mile struck another road which led to her home.

A Cautious Inquirer.

The following letter, addressed to "The Postmaster," was received at the Indianapolis postoffice: "Kind Sir—I am a Middle aged Gentleman coresponding with a Lady of your City, Matrimonially inclined, am neither looking for beauty nor wealth but for Grace: Virtue: Unquestionable Character and Cleanliness in person and work. A perfect lady A Motherly Woman quiet and reserved. Please write me if Miss —— fils the requirements to the best of your knowledge. Now, my Dear Friend, I ask you as a friend to mankind do not ask her any questions to arouse her suspicions, but just write me in regard to what has come under your personal observation."—Indianapolis News.

Cure Worse Than the Disease.

They have discovered in Boston that the free use of kerosene or naphtha on the woodwork of kitchens will keep out the dreaded water bugs. But, unfortunately, it is encouraging to firebugs, as it were, and the fire commissioner points out that the cure may be much more serious than the pest.

Buttons Made From Potatoes.

A large number of buttons now in use, purporting to be made out of bone or ivory, are in reality made out of the common potato, which, when treated with certain acids, becomes almost as hard as stone. The potato buttons [illegible] not be distinguished from others [illegible] by a careful examination.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE LITTLE HOUSEWIFE.

Fixing dolly's ribbons,
Combing out her hair,
Hanging up her dresses,
"Dolly's such a care."

There is Nero waiting,
For his morning run,
There are Nellie's puppies
Rolling in the sun.

Bees and buds and blossoms,
She must seem them all,
Busy little housewife
Has no rest at all.

Merry little maiden,
Singing all the day,
Falls asleep at supper,
Tired out with play.

—McCall's Magazine.

WHY THE LEAVES TURN RED.

"Ankis, why do the leaves turn red in the fall?" It was Fritzie who asked the question, one October afternoon, of his friend Ankis, the Indian, as they were walking through the woods.

"Haven't I ever told you?" answered Ankis, in surprise. "It is one of the old legends of the tribe." And as they seated themselves under a maple tree that blazed with color, Ankis began:

"Long, long ago, there was a great many more trees than there are now, and a great many more birds, too. And the trees loved the birds, for the little feathered people sang from early dawn till late at night, and flashed their blue and yellow and brown wings everywhere through the forest. And the trees said to one another: 'Oh, how dull it would be if we didn't have our birds!'

"So the trees spread out their limbs like great loving hands to hold up the tiny nests, and they covered the bird homes with thick foliage to hide them from the prowling squirrels until the fledgelings should have flown away.

"But one night in the month of the harvest moon, when the feathery thistle ships were no longer sailing the ocean of the air, a messenger came running down from the white country in the north, and whispered into the ears of the trees. He was a little Frost Boy, and his words were; 'Beware! The Chief of the Cold is coming. And he has with him a great snow army, and all their quivers are full of ice arrows.'

"Then the trees made ready to meet the army of the Chief of the Cold, and wrapped their bark close around their bodies and the bodies of their frail bud children. Suddenly some one thought of the birds.

"'Do you know the snow army is coming?' And the trees tried to warn their friends; but the trees cannot talk very loud, and the mother birds were so busy teaching their children to fly and sing that they heard nothing of what the trees whispered.

"'Oh, how can we make the birds hear?' the trees cried in agony.

"Then the maple tree said: 'I know. Let's light a fire signal as the Indians do, and when the birds see the flame they will come to ask what it means. Then we can tell them.'

"And they did so. The next morning the fire signals had been set a-burning among all the leaves of the forest, and everywhere the trees were red and crimson and scarlet. Sure enough, the birds hastened to learn what it meant, and the trees told them that the Chief of the Cold was on his way. When the birds heard it, they swiftly rose on the wing and started for the southland.

"Since that time, every fall, when the Frost Boy brings his warning to the trees, they light their fire signal of red leaves. Whenever you see those red leaves, Fritzie, watch carefully, and you will find the birds every night and morning flying southward to escape the ice arrows of the snow army."—Sabbath School Visitor.

THE MINISTER'S HAT.

This is a play for little folks and will brush up their wits a bit. Each one in turn is required to apply some adjective beginning with the letter "A" to the minister's cat, which is supposed to be under discussion. No two may be alike. One may say the cat is an aggravating cat." The next: "The minister's cat is an aristocratic cat," or an "awkward" cat, etc.

When one is unable to think of a word he drops out of the game, and when all have exhausted their supply of "A" words, they start again with words beginning with "B," "C" and so on. A dictionary is not to be used.

"ATTENTION."

Army regulations prescribe in detail what honors shall be paid to the flag, and these regulations are implicitly and gladly observed. No matter how little one may relish the duty of showing the respect due to some military superior, he is always ready and glad to do honor to his flag. Whenever any one in the military service of the United States passes near the unfurled colors, or whenever the flag passes before him, he is required to remove his cap in salute, and if sitting he is required to rise and stand at "attention" until the flag has passed.—From Capt. Harold Hammond's "Honors to the Flag."

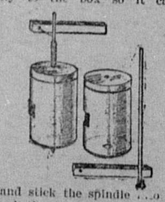
A NEW HAND-MADE TOP.

It doesn't cost much to buy a top, but why pay anything when you can while away an idle hour or so, making the unique one explained below, out of a baking powder can?

All you need to begin with are a baking powder box and lid and a couple of pieces of any kind of wood. Cut a hole in the side of the box an inch square or a circular one as your taste may dictate, as I fancy you will not be able to find much difference in round or square "music" in this case.

Then make a hole in the lid and another in the bottom of the box for the spindle to come through. The bottom hole is square and the top hole round. Cut the spindle to fit, pushing it in from the bottom.

After these operations, glue the lid firmly to the box so it can't slip

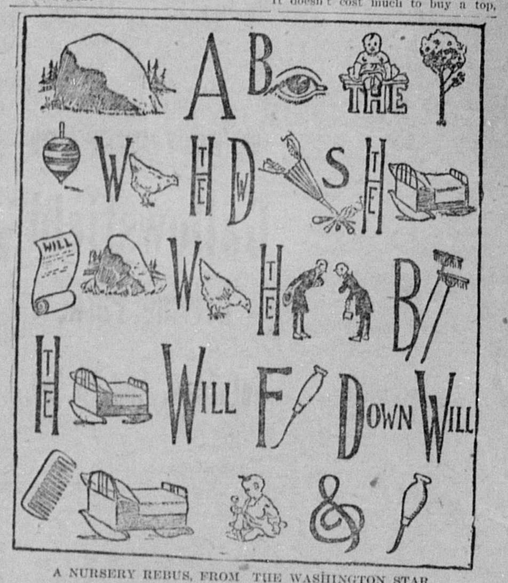


off, and stick the spindle into position through the proper holes, glueing it in place by putting a little glue in each hole.

The spinner (handle by which the top is spun) is a plain piece of wood with a hole at one end.

After the top is thoroughly dry, procure a length of string, wind the string around a projecting end of the spindle, run it through the hole (see illustration) and let her go.

You will find that your spinning baking powder top is in truth "a hummer," and the sound produced will rise to just as loud a pitch as any store-purchased humming top.—Good Literature.



A NURSERY REBUS, FROM THE WASHINGTON STAR.

Dragged Ten Wolves From a Den.

By going into a hole head first and pulling out ten ferocious wolves with bare hands and handing them one at a time to his companions, Uncle Sol Strong, past sixty years of age, has Abernathy skinned a mile. This all happened Sunday. Uncle Sol, Fred Strong and Walt Davis went out for a little wolf chase. We have already told the result. The wolves were tied and brought to Geary.

Just before locating this bunch of wolves Uncle Sol was riding over the ground at a pretty fast gait. All at once his horse came to a stop, but the rider kept on going and landed at the bottom of a deep canon forty feet from his horse. A bruised shoulder was the only bad effect.—Geary Bulletin.

Shelters For Consumptives.

The Belfast city corporation has decided to place shelters for consumptives in one of the public parks. Protest meetings are being held.

The salaries committee of [illegible] England, has advis[illegible]