THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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Many a man has become possessed of the idea that he is a humorist [illegible]ely because other people think [illegible] funny, declares the Chicago [illegible] Herald.

A Connecticut farmer found his potatoes had been dug by lightning. If of a lazy turn, comments the New York American, he may get the habit of waiting for the lightning each season.

The fact that the Duma irritates and disgusts Tolstoi is nothing against the Russian legislative body, observes the Hartford Times. Tolstoi makes a specialty of getting disgusted with things.

The Springfield Republican notes that the Japanese Admiral Shimamura gave out a fresh definition of war when recently visiting Australia. "Peace maneuvres plus the killing" does very well.

With the republics of Central America fighting each other like Kilkenny cats, Secretary Root may have to flock by himself at his Pan-American Congress in Rio, suggests the Memphis Commercial Appeal.

The life which would be wretchedness to a perfumed darling of fortune may be entirely comfortable to him who has known nothing else. A fish gets along very well in the water; a man would die there, is the observation of the New York Chronicle.

There will not be universal agreement as to the wisdom of the choice which Congress has made for the lock canal, says the New York Tribune, but even those who most resolutely dissent [illegible] will concede that there is strong technical and expert authority for it.

If a drunken man tumbles from a Connecticut trolley car the company isn't responsible. It now remains to absolve the company of responsibility for what may happen to him when getting aboard. Sober passengers have rights, suggests the Boston Transcript.

The actor in society, even more than other artists, is superior to his surroundings, declares The Era. Practiced in the detection of pretence, humanized by contact with all classes in his profession, he is able [illegible] society for what it is worth, [illegible]more.

[illegible]all, it will turn out—as has so [illegible]en repeated to the money-blind—[illegible]marks the Hartford Courant—[illegible]erybody is bigger than anybody, [illegible]at society will not stand for the [illegible] and hoggish methods that [illegible]ve crept into trade in recent years. [illegible]e "square deal" is the way.

The Haverhill (Mass.) School Committee having refused to make circus [illegible] a holiday, 3000 boys and girls [illegible]ed "hookey." Nor yet is the [illegible]rican spirit dead which kept the [illegible]ng-places on Boston Common open [illegible]ng the British occupation. There [illegible]ld be Federal regulation of school [illegible]ittee.

[illegible] recent visit of the Prince of [illegible] to Burma has attracted notice [illegible] wonderfully rapid growth in [illegible] and prosperity of Rangoon during the last twenty years. Then it [illegible] a population of only 20,000, [illegible]reas to-day it has nearly 25,000, [illegible] trade inferior only to that of [illegible]tta and Bombay.

[illegible]orts at mediation should be con[illegible]d, as the relations, commercial [illegible]otherwise, between these Cen[illegible] American countries and this [illegible]y are sufficiently intimate to [illegible]t of friendly offices being used [illegible]y stage without impertinence, [illegible]s the New Orleans Picayune. [illegible] Mexico might also use her in[illegible]nce upon her neighbor, Guate[illegible]la.

By far the greater majority of those who are sent to penitentiaries are without some visible means of support, and probably ninety per cent. of those who are sent there would never have been prisoners if they had had some visible means of support. Don't forget to teach farming to your boys in a most thorough and proper manner. It is a visible means of support that is almost possible for the blind to see.

From 1888 to 1896 1638 babies under one year old died in Rochester in July and August. During the same months from 1897 to 1905 only 761 babies died. The number of children between one and five years to die in the two summer months dropped from 367 to 239. Yet the average population of the city was 50,000 greater in the later period than in the earlier, says the New York World. This amazing improvement is ascribed to the services of an enthusiast, Dr. George W. Goler, as health officer; to the establishment of pure milk stations and the inspection and regulation of cow stables; to perfect cleanliness in washing bottles and to the careful mixing of municipal milk for babies of differing ages. Milk from the inspected farms is so clean that it will keep sweet for days without ice.

THE MYSTERY OF MONA HOUSE.

By CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

The house had been empty for some time, and had a weird, forlorn aspect. The windows were broken, the railings rusted, and tall, rank weeds filled the garden. Yet it was, to my mind, the prettiest house in the terrace. It was separated from the others and overlooked a broad expanse of green meadow land.

We—that is, my mother and I—came to live in Western terrace some nine years before the story I have to relate opens. Western terrace is the last row of houses in that pretty outskirt of London which I will call Surbiton. The beautiful, fertile country lay fair and smiling on either side of us; in the far distance we caught a glimpse of a chain of blue hills. The meadows were green and studded with white and golden flowers.

The Terrace is far from the city, far from all the haunts of men; there are no shops near it; no busy crowds ever pass by. The silence of the summer evenings is unbroken, save by the singing of the birds and the distant chiming of the church bells.

When we first came to live here, the next house was empty. My mother often wondered that no one took it; but there were many objections; it was so far from all the shops; then it lay back, apart and distant from all the other houses; there was, too, a grove of solemn, melancholy pine trees near it, and on wintry nights the wind wailed and moaned there until it shook one's nerves.

Still, I believe the real reason why no one cared to take it was that a dreadful murder had been committed there. In the silence and stillness of a dark night a deed had been committed in Mona House that cried up to high heaven for vengeance. We never cared to inquire about the particulars. It was some sad story of an unhappy marriage—a few years of sullen resentment and gloomy misery—a wild outburst of hot anger—a fierce and cruel blow, followed by the stillness and horrors of death.

Perhaps, before telling my little story, I should introduce myself, in order that you may fully understand why I relate it. My mother, Mrs. Gresham, had been for some years a widow. I was her only child. My profession was that of a barrister and I am glad to say I stood foremost in the ranks. My mother had an ample fortune of her own and my father had bequeathed to me the savings of a long life.

My mother loved the country; she could not endure the city. She must have fresh, pure air, large rooms, green fields. I was obliged to live somewhere near town. We found exactly what we wanted in Western Terrace. It was in the country, yet within an omnibus ride of the city. We had many friends, many acquaintances, but no relatives living. Few weeks passed without my mother giving a dance of an evening party. We had a constant succession of visitors, and altogether life in Western Terrace was very gay and agreeable.

Strange to say, and unlike most mothers, mine wished me to marry. I had already reached the mature age of thirty-six, and had never yet been in love. I laughed at the notion. I had seen pretty girls and beautiful women, but no face, as yet, charmed or haunted me. My mother continually made a point of inviting young and attractive girls to the house. It was all in vain; love to me was a stranger.

It happened just at this time that I was confined to the house for a week or two, from the effects of a severe cold, and then it became to me a source of continual amusement to watch Mona House and the doings there.

From a dull, dusty, dirty building it gradually changed into a bright, light, cheerful one, with freshly painted railings. It amused me to watch the arrival of large vans of furniture and other effects. We often speculated as to what our neighbors would be like. Would they be old or young, dull or sociable? For some time after all the arrangements at the house had been completed there was no sign of them. An elderly woman of respectable appearance took up her abode there. We saw no arrival or the usual forerunners of a family moving. Once I heard (late in the evening and quite dark) the sound of a carriage, driving slowly up to the next door. I could distinguish some slight confused sounds, and in a few minutes it drove away again.

Three days afterwards I was walking home, when suddenly, at one of the upper windows of Mona House, I caught sight of a face that I shall never forget. The fair, pale face of a lady, with the saddest expression in her dark eyes I ever beheld; a beautiful face, set in a frame of golden hair, with sweet, patient lips, that looked too grave and mournful to smile.

I cannot tell why the face affected me so keenly; it seemed like the realization of a want I had long felt—like the completion of a dream. In that one moment it was photographed on my heart, and will be there till I die. All night long it haunted me; those sweet, sad eyes seemed ever looking into mine. I longed to hear the voice that should come from those patient lips. I told my mother that our new neighbors had arrived, and that one of them was a most fair and lovely lady.

"It is strange," she remarked, "that I have neither seen nor heard anything of them."

And as the days went on the fact grew more and more strange. We neither saw nor heard anything of them. I could not obtain another glimpse of the fair, sad face that haunted me. I am not ashamed to say how much I tried to do so. I lingered in the road and watched from the window, but there was no sign of it.

Other things struck me as strange and mysterious. Whoever resided there—whether the lady I had seen was alone or not, I could not tell; but no one ever called. I never once saw friend or guest or visitor approach that closed door. The postman never took letters to Mona House. No one ever crossed the threshold; it was silent and solitary as a large tomb.

Early in the morning I saw the old servant at work; but look when I would, whether in the bright, warm flush of morning or in the dewy evening, early or late, I could not see the pale, lovely face I could never forget.

Was she maid, widow, or wife? I could not tell. I might have lived a thousand miles from Mona House, and I should have known just as much of it as I did then. We wondered often whether any one else lived with the lady I had seen.

Once again I saw her. It was early in the morning. Unable to sleep, I had come out into the garden to look for some favorite flowers. She was in her own garden, leaning against the lattice-work that separated our grounds from those of Mona House. She had gathered a few flowers, but during her fit of musing they had fallen from her hands.

For full half an hour I stood under the flowering lilac trees, drinking in the beauty of the pale, drooping girl, who neither moved nor stirred. Presently the old woman came out and touched her gently on the arm.

"Come in, Miss Clarice, and take some breakfast," she said. "You look tired to death. A long sleep will do you as much good as fresh air."

Slowly and wearily the girl followed the old servant into the house.

"Why should she be worn and wan? Why should she be tired or wearied?" I asked myself. "Why should she have watched through the long hours of night? What shadow had fallen upon the young life? What was the mystery hanging over Mona House?

There was no guilt, shame or crime. I could have doubted anything rather than the pale, sad face upon which the morning sun had shone so lovingly.

I asked my mother to make some advances towards our neighbor. She tried to do so but her efforts were all in vain. The lady seemed to shrink from observation, and only wished to avoid notice.

At last we began to notice that a closed carriage stopped once a day at the door; a gentleman descended from it, and remained some few minutes in the house. For a long time I wondered who he could be; one day I saw him plainly, and recognized the celebrated physician, Dr. James.

The mystery seemed now to be solved; doubtless the lady was a great invalid—that accounted for her pale face and utter seclusion from all society. I told my mother of my discovery, and she, always kind of heart, resolved to do something to help and aid the young girl who seemed so utterly friendless.

The next time she saw the old housekeeper, my mother stopped her and inquired after the health of her mistress.

"My mistress is quite well," replied the woman, taken by surprise and thrown off her guard.

"I am glad to hear it," said my mother. "I was afraid, from Dr. James' frequent visits, she might be ill."

Something seemed to come over the woman, like a start of recollection.

"She is not well," she stammered, "but there is nothing serious the matter."

There was a strange hesitation about the old servant that my mother could not understand.

"Can I be useful to her in any way?" she asked again.

"No!" replied the woman abruptly; "she wants nothing but quiet."

My mother saw there was something constrained about her manner; she noticed, also that she seemed anxious to end the conversation.

From that time the housekeeper avoided all chance of meeting with any one from our house. But fortune favored me again.

A few evenings afterwards I was in the garden. The lady from Mona House stood, holding a heavy flower-pot in her hand. She was trying to open the door of the little conservatory.

I cannot tell if a small slate fell from the house-roof, or if someone passing along the wall flung a stone; I saw only one thing; the heavy flower-pot was broken into a hundred pieces, and the little white hands that held it were fearfully cut and bruised.

In one moment I had leaped over the wall and stood by her side.

"Are you hurt?" I cried.

I shall never forget the look she turned upon me; it was one of the most intense terror.

"How did you come here?" she asked. "Who are you?"

I never in my life saw anything like the wild fright in her eyes; her face was white and quivering.

"I am your next-door neighbor," I replied quickly; "from my garden I saw the accident which happened, and came to help you."

"I am not hurt," she said faintly.

"You must be," was my reply, pointing to a large crimson stain on her dress; "see how your hand is cut. You look faint; sit here and rest, while I tell your servant."

"No," she gasped, rather than spoke, while her feeble fingers clutched my arm, "no, no; do not enter the house."

I bowed, and was turning away, when she said, gently:

"You are very kind, and I thank you very much indeed. Pray do not think me rude or ungrateful."

"It would be impossible to imagine you either," I replied. "Let me at least bind up your hand.

I saw her give one quick, eager glance at the windows of the house, then with the trusting simplicity of a little child she laid that little white hand in mine.

Nothing ever took me so long as that act of kindness did. It was like the realization of a bright dream to see that fair, sad face—to look into the sweet, shy eyes. I was obliged to finish at last, and then she gave me a grateful, gentle smile.

"Do not thank me," I cried, seeing she was about to speak. "Will you grant me one favor? Will you allow me to call and see how your hand is to-morrow or in a few days time?"

"Pray do not ask me," she said, in such evident terror I could not persist in the demand.

Seeing my presence really distressed her, I went away, bearing with me a passionate love of the fair, sad face, haunted by the musical tone of that sweet voice.

Yet afterwards, in thinking over the interview, I was more at a loss than ever. What was the mystery? Why did she look so frightened? Why did she evidently dread lest I should enter the house? What was concealed or going on there?

My dear mother was moved to compassion when I related the incident.

"I shall certainly go in and see her," she said. "Poor young lady! I cannot help thinking she suffers from a nervous disease."

That evening when I returned home, she, my mother, had a strange tale to tell me. She looked pale and scared.

"Paul," she said, when we were seated alone in the drawing-room, "I have had a great fright to-day. I have been to see our next-door neighbor."

Before I had time to reply she continued: "Yes, I have been to see her; but I shall never go again. There is something either very mysterious or very wrong going on there. The old servant seemed terrified when she met me. I asked to see her mistress. At first she said the young lady was engaged; then she said her mistress was not at home. What alarmed me so much was that as I turned to leave the room, I heard a noise.

"I cannot describe it," continued my mother, shuddering, and turning quite pale; "it was unlike anything human—unlike anything I have ever heard. Just as I stood still, paralyzed by the awful sound, I distinctly saw the young lady herself cross the landing above the stairs."

"It seems very strange," I replied, musingly.

"She was evidently in the house the whole of the time," resumed my mother. "What can be the reason of her mysterious seclusion? What could be the cause of that fearful sound?"

Even as we sat, trying to solve the mystery of Mona House, there came a violent ringing at the hall door.

"Who can be there?" said my mother. "It is eleven o'clock."

Before I had time to reply the old servant from the next house hastily entered the room, and went straight up to my mother.

"Will you come in to see my mistress now, directly?" she said. "He is dying at last, and she is all alone."

"Who is dying?" asked my bewildered mother; but the woman had gone out again, and we followed.

In silence we entered Mona House and followed her up the broad staircase. We heard a strange, half-moaning sound. The old woman opened the door of a room, and we entered.

I can never forget the sight. On a bed near the fire lay a most beautiful boy; but at one glance we could see he was not only an idiot, but also dumb. A mass of short golden curls lay on the pillow. His large, bright eyes wandered restlessly. The beautiful face was flushed, and the damp of death hung heavily on the broad, white brow. From his lips there came incessantly that moaning, half-articulate sound that chilled one's very blood. By his side knelt the gentle lady I loved so well.

She rose as we entered the room, and coming towards us, said, simply:

"You have been kind before; be kind to me again. He is dying, and I am all alone."

My mother—Heaven bless her for it!—clasped the slender, girlish figure in her arms, and kissed the white face over and over again. Then we knelt by the side of the bed.

Hour after hour passed, and no sound was heard, save the moaning of the poor dumb boy and the bitter sobs of his sister.

The gray dawn of morning appeared before the struggle ended, and the beautiful face wore the pallor and stillness of death.

Then, while tears rained down her face, Clarice Holte told her simple story. Her father had been a wealthy London merchant, who had made a large fortune entirely by his own skill and exertions. He died when Clarice was fourteen, and her little brother a babe in his mother's arms.

She told us of her mother's despair, when the boy, who had the most beautiful face and soft golden curls, was declared to be utterly and hopelessly imbecile. From that time she withdrew herself entirely from the world. She went no more into society; she shut herself up with her children, and devoted every moment, every thought, every care of her life to her boy. Clarice willingly shared her solitude. When she was eighteen her mother died. Then the real troubles of this life commenced for Clarice Holte. On the mother's death-bed she exacted from the young girl a promise that, while her brother lived, she would devote her life to him, even if it obliged her to forego all love and all happiness. Clarice promised, and she kept her word nobly.

To her great alarm one or two friends wished her to send the boy to a public asylum, saying he would be better cared for.

Then she determined upon leaving her old home and going to some secluded, quiet spot, where no one who knew her could find her—where she could devote herself, as her mother had done, to the unfortunate boy.

Her faithful old nurse discovered the house in Western Terrace. It suited them exactly, and in the silence of the night the poor idiot was brought home. It was a heavy burden for young shoulders to carry. The constant watching, both night and day, drove the bloom from the fair face, and imprinted there a look of dreamy sadness, pitiful to see.

To add to her troubles, poor Herbert began to droop; he pined after his dead mother, and could not be comforted. Dr. James still attended him, as he had done during his mother's life. Clarice lived in continual dread lest the kind but officious friends, who were so anxious to remove her brother from her care, should discover her residence. Hence her terror when I suddenly appeared in the garden. She believed herself discovered. For the same reason, she dreaded any one visiting or entering the house, fearing that, if her brother's existence became known, she would be deprived of him.

The mystery was solved at length. We helped Clarice—we stood by her when her brother was laid in the pretty cemetery near Surbiton. We soothed her sorrow, and helped her to bear her grief. Gradually the shadow passed from the fair face, and the lips learned to smile.

She looked perfectly happy, one morning, when the golden sunbeams fell upon her, and we stood side by side at the altar. She looked perfectly happy, for on that morning Clarice Holte became my wife.—Good Literature.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

The layer of the sea taken up in clouds each year is now estimated at fourteen feet in thickness.

Magnetic compasses are to be supplied in future to all British and native cavalry regiments in India at the rate of four a squadron.

The use of aluminum with which to wrap butter is said to preserve the sweetness of butter for a very long period.

Lightning clouds are always near the ground. They are seldom at a greater distance than 2000 feet.

The Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company has a tie pickling plant at North Escanaba, Wis. Creosote is used as the preservative compound. If this treatment succeeds for railway ties, it should act similarly with fence posts, etc.

About a dozen years ago, M. Richter showed that the mysterious fires in benzine-cleaning establishments are due to electricity, which produces sparks as pieces of wool are drawn from the combustible fluid on cool or dry days, and he found that the sparks could be prevented by adding magnesium oleate—even as little as 0.02 per cent.—to the benzine. The reason of this remarkable effect of the oleate has not been understood. It has now been investigated by G. Just at Karlsruhe, and he finds that the conductivity of the benzine is very slightly increased, this change being sufficient to prevent the accumulation of dangerous electric charges. In pure benzine an electrode kept its charges for minutes, while in the diluted oleate solution it refused to take any charge.

One conception of the earth's interior is being gradually transformed by the discoveries in radioactivity. Radium or radioactive substance has been found in all igneous rocks, but is most in evidence in granites and least so in basic rocks. That it is the cause of the earth's internal heat is an idea that is gaining ground. The distribution of radium is fairly uniform, and this gives basis for calculations showing that the earth's crust cannot be much more than forty-five miles deep, as otherwise the outflow of heat would be greater than is observed, and for the conclusion that the interior—comparatively cold instead of a molten mass—must be of some totally different metal. The last result agrees with that reached by Professor Milne from the velocity of earthquake travel through the interior. The moon probably consists mostly of rock, with an internal temperature much greater than that of the earth, and this explains the great development of lunar volcanoes. Iron meteorites contain little radium.

Carcasses of Deer.

Hunters returning from the head of Smith River, in Del Norte County, Cal., report that fully 300 carcasses of deer may be seen scattered through the mountains of that region. Only the hind quarters have been taken by the men who have devastated the finest deer hunting section of the coast. Many of the carcasses seen were those of does and fawns. The mountain region that makes such fine hunting ground lies in Del Norte and Siskiyou Counties in California, and in Josephine and Curry Counties, Oregon.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Stuttering in Germany.

Stuttering children have lately become alarmingly numerous in Germany. The public schools contain 80,000 of them. The increase in the number is largely due to mimicry.

China has an estimated capacity for supplying the world from her coal fields for 2000 years.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

A NIGHT WITH THE WOLVES.

From the wilds of Carp Lake, Michigan, comes an account of perilous adventure with wolves, not unlike those of our forefathers in pioneer days. On the afternoon of March 17 Mr. George Bigge, who lives at the Nonesuch Mine, twenty miles out of Ontonagon, was on his way home from that place with a load of supplies in a long pack. Night overtook him before he had covered more than half the distance. He continued his journey, but between nine and ten o'clock was startled by the howling of wolves close at hand.

He had no weapons, and urged his horse to a faster gait, but as the road is up a heavy grade, progress was slow at best. He had gone only a short distance farther when he noticed twenty-five or thirty wolves emerge from the brush into the roadway just behind him. On the front of his conveyance was a lantern with a reflector. Mr. Bigge seized this, and turned the strong light upon the wolves. It frightened them so that they slunk back into the shadows of the woods, but soon became bolder, and began closing in again.

He now realized that he was in a desperate plight. In the pung was a tin pail and a quantity of hay. Filling the pail with hay and setting it in the rear of the pung, he applied a match. The blaze cowed the animals. The fire was kept burning brightly, and the team urged forward.

For a time the wolves held back. But they gradually came closer again, advancing along the sides of the road. The supply of hay gave out. In desperation Mr. Bigge tore open a box of canned goods, and commenced hurling cans at them with some effect, checking their progress for the third time.

The stock of cans was soon exhausted, however, and once more the howling pack closed up behind. The man was now in despair; but immediately an opening in the forest showed ahead, and as the panting horses drew into it, the wolves dropped back.

The place was an abandoned mine property where several of the buildings were still standing. Lashing the horses on, Mr. Bigge reached one of these old structures and secured his team inside it, but was obliged to leave the pung and robes to the pursuing pack.

In this old shed, which luckily had a door that could be barricaded, he passed the night with his horses.

Toward morning the wolves left the place, but not until they had torn the robes to shreds and trodden the snow down hard all round the old shed.—Youth's Companion.

FEARLESS SWIMMERS.

In the water the Hawaiians are absolutely fearless. As soon as they can walk, little babies are taken to bathe in the sea, and in a very short time they are able to swim like porpoises. The author of "Hawaiian Yesterdays" gives a reminiscence of the courage of the natives:

Our party had arrived in Hilo Bay, and we were all seated upon the platform of a big double canoe, paddling ashore from the schooner which lay out in the harbor. A throng of natives lined the beach, waiting to welcome their returning teachers.

Just as we were entering the surf that rolled upon the sandy shore, through some accident the canoes suddenly filled and sank, leaving us all sitting half submerged in the shallow water. With a loud roar of "Auwe!" (oh and alas!) the assembled crowd rushed as one man into the waves and bore us safely to land.

On one occasion, about the same date, a coasting vessel was upset in a violent squall between the islands of Hawaii and Maui. Although the nearest land was twenty miles distant, the native crew and passengers boldly struck out to swim ashore, and several of them did come safe to land after a night and day in the deep.

Among the survivors of the wreck was a poor woman who for several hours swam with her husband upon her back; but the poor man died of cold and fatigue, and had to be abandoned at last before the coast was reached.

AN ALPINE MISADVENTURE.

The story of the first serious accident to a climber in the New Zealand Alps, told in the Times to-day, is one of the most thrilling and astonishing that the records of Alpine misadventure can show. It begins with a bumping fall of the solitary climber, Mr. R. S. Low, down an icy couloir, which recalls Mr. Whymper's famous solitary tumble on the Matterhorn—with in this case, the additional circumstance of an abysmal bergschrund waiting to engulf the climber at the bottom of the slide, unless he manages to pull himself up somehow. He does, and lies for hours half-conscious with a badly dislocated ankle, a lacerated knee and minor wounds. Then he drags himself, in this condition, and without an ice-axe, down this fearful couloir, that would have been no child's play, probably, to a properly equipped party. He then crawls on hands and knees, dragging his knapsack after him at the end of a rope, for two days to the Bivouac Rock, six miles away, crossing hideous moraine and badly crevassed glacier all the way, and has to wait at the rock six days for rescue, with only day's supply of food to last out the whole ten days. It is marvellous that a man should have survived all this, and non-climbers will have more vivid ideas than ever as to the joys of mountaineering. But mountains are much the same in Switzerland and at the Antipodes, and the old, old moral as to the folly of climbing alone is almost too obvious to be mentioned.—Pall Mall Gazette.

FIGHTING FOR LIFE.

The professional "faster" who goes without food for four or five weeks, who is carefully watched and tended, and whose progress is chronicled by the daily papers, is but a trifler in the experience of starvation compared with the castaway fisherman of the Grand Banks. The New York Sun prints an account which includes several adventures that make the performances of Dr. Tanner read like child's play. It seems almost incredible that a scantily clad man could live for twenty-nine days on a barren rock without food or drink, blistered by the hot sun in the daytime and benumbed by the night's cold. Yet a Newfoundland fisherman went through such an ordeal, and lives to tell the tale. In 1904 two trawlers remained adrift for eleven days, with only a small jug of water to afford them subsistence. When found they were lying insensible on the bottom of the dory.

Terrible as the sufferings of these fishermen are in summer they are far outclassed by the miseries of those who go astray in winter. Two dory mates were caught in a midwinter snowstorm 100 miles off Newfoundland a few years ago. They lost sight of their vessel in the blizzard, and tried to row to land, one toiling at the oars while the other bailed out the boat.

When night came they made a drag or sea anchor of trawl kegs. While thus engaged Blackburn's mittens were washed overboard, and with naked hands his plight was desperate. But he gallantly held on. The next day his comrade collapsed, and the third morning froze to death. Blackburn, taking the mitts and socks from the dead man, tried to cover his own hands, which were now positively frozen into the shape of the grip on the oars so that he could not straighten them.

Days passed and he toiled on without food or drink. On the evening of the fifth day he reached the coast and moored his boat at a deserted fishing wharf.

His work was not over, for he had promised to give his companion a burial on shore.

Satisfying his thirst by eating fresh snow, Blackburn lay on a heap of nets all night, the agony of his hands preventing sleep. The next morning he found that the dory had sunk with the body still in it. With great difficulty he hauled the boat on the rocks and got the body upon the wharf above. Then getting into the dory once more he rowed all day, seeking signs of human beings. At nightfall he came upon a little settlement, but would not accept the proffered hospitality until some of the men had set out to bury his dead companion.

As for himself he lost all his fingers and toes. Yet this man has since won fame as a daring mariner, having twice crossed the Atlantic alone in a dory, besides making a cruise of the seaboard from Boston to New Orleans without any companion.

ESCAPED DEATH BY MIRACLE.

Patrick Stewart, of West Philadelphia, lives to tell the story of how he miraculously escaped death despite the fact that he was buried beneath twenty tons of dirt and stone from 9.30 a. m. until 11 o'clock, when he was rescued by a group of laborers.

Stewart says that a man named Michael Kennedy was preparing a blast in a quarry near Second street and Wyoming avenue, and as he ignited the dynamite fuse he warned Stewart of his danger, but before he could leave the place the explosion took place. He was standing under a high embankment and the concussion loosened the mountain of dirt and stone.

Fortunately Stewart fell into a hole in the ground, and was first covered with a large stone which gave him the opportunity to breathe, the embankment of dirt covering him fully three or four feet. The laborers who removed the dirt in double quick time were surprised at not finding a dead man, and hurried Stewart to the hospital.—Philadelphia Record.

GIRL KILLS CINNAMON BEAR.

Miss Bertha Jones, a recent arrival in the Entiat Valley, is said to have celebrated her coming by shooting and killing a 1000 pound cinnamon bear, one of the largest ever seen in that section.

Miss Jones, who lives in Walla Walla, went to Entiat to join her brother, who is prospecting Muddy Creek. Last Friday morning, her brother being absent, Miss Jones left camp for a few minutes for water. On her return she found a bear inside the tent investigating and bolting everything eatable in sight. A .3030 rifle was close at hand. Miss Jones killed the intruder at the first shot.—Spokane Chronicle.

Near to Nature's Heart.

A $75,000 automobile rolled through the $60,000 bronze gates and up the $35,000 winding avenue to the $20,000 marble steps.

Descending from the machine, the billionaire paused a moment to view the smiling $500,000 landscape.

Across the $90,000 lawn a $125,000 lake lay sleeping in the shades of early evening, and beyond it rose a lordly $80,000 hill, whose crest, cloaked with forest at an expense of $200,000, glowed in the last golden rays of the setting sun.

The billionaire sank luxuriously into a $2000 ivory porch chair and rested his feet on the rosewood railing of the $160,000 veranda.

"It is pleasant," he observed, "to get back to nature once in a while. After the cares and worries of the business day I certainly love to run out to this quiet little $60,000,000 country club of ours and taste a bit of simple life. It is good to keep in touch with the soil; for what is man but dust, after all!"

Feeling restored he passed in through the $400,000 doorway to his $1500 dinner.—Newark News.

For Children At Home

THE ELEPHANT AND HIS SCHOOL.

The great white elephant left the show,
He said he was too refined;
The ways of a circus did not suit
His most superior mind.

"A creature as big and wise as I
Should be teaching school," said he;
"And all the animal little folk
My scholars they shall be."

So into an empty school-house near
He marshaled them all one day;
('Twas in vacation time and so
The children were all away).

The kittens and puppies, the pigs and geese,
Were put to work with a will;
But the squirrel and fox to the platform went
Because they would not keep still.

And then he began to teach his school
The various things he knew;
"There's much not down in the books," said he,
"That you ought to know how to do."

At first he showed how to flap the ears,
But their ears were far too small;
And then he showed how to wave the trunk,
But they had no trunk at all.

The only thing that he taught his school
That the scholars accomplished well,
Was when he called in the peanut man,
And taught them the nuts to shell.

The elephant soon dismissed his school,
And packed up his trunk to go;
"For, after all, my talents," said he,
"Are best displayed in a show."

—Ellen V. Talbot, in St. Nicholas.

SOME CANDLE EXPERIMENTS.

Touch-paper is made by dipping ordinary unglazed paper into a solution of saltpeter. When it is dry, after this treatment, it will burn with smoke, but without flame. You will need it in performing experiments, a few of which follow.

In the top of a shallow pasteboard box that is well made and close, cut two holes about an inch in diameter each, and place over each hole an argand lamp chimney, as shown in Figure 1.

In one of the holes, under the chimney, place a piece of candle of such a length that it will project above the hole about half an inch. Light the candle, and it will brightly.

Now ignite some touch-paper, and the smoke will rise from it, but hold it over the chimney that has no candle in it, and the smoke, instead of rising, will go down into the chimney and fill the box, and then rise out of the chimney in which the candle is burning.

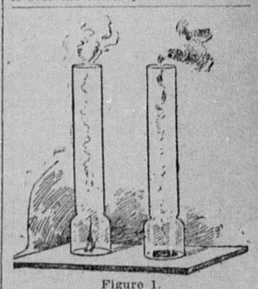

Figure 1.

The reason is a simple one. The burning candle makes a draft up its chimney, using the air in the box. If the box be perfectly tight, with no crevices through which the air can enter, then the air comes down the other chimney to fill the box, because no space can remain empty of air. This draft, going down the one chimney, carries the smoke from the touch-paper with it, and you can readily see why it rises in the other.

Of course, you know that the candle could not burn without air, but you can prove it by holding your hand over the chimney down which the current has been going into the box. The candle will soon begin to burn feebly, and will finally smoke and go out. No air can come down its own chimney because the upward draft in it is too strong.

Another way to make both of these experiments is to use an ordinary lamp chimney and a piece of tin cut in the shape of a T, as shown in Figure 2. Hang the piece of tin inside the chimney and place the candle a little to one side of it. Now, when you light the candle, the draft will go up that side and down the other; so, if you hold the touch paper to the empty side the smoke will descend and ascend on the candle side; and in the same way, by holding your hand over the empty side of the chimney you can put the candle out.—Good Literature.

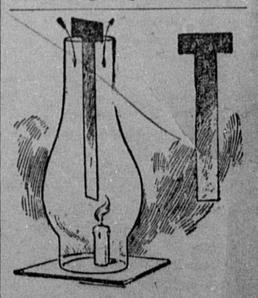

Figure 2.

STRENGTH OF MUSSELS.

You must, some time, try to open the shell of a fresh water mussel or a sea clam. You will find one the size of your hand has great strength, although both his muscles may not be larger than those of one of your fingers. I have often seen a boy pick up a mussel and insert his fingers before the shell was quite closed, thinking he would open it again. Few boys can succeed. They usually have hard pulling to get their fingers free. A big mussel can bite hard. Were it not that the edge of the shell, in big specimens, is smooth and thick, a boy might get his fingers cut to the bone.—From Nature and Science in St. Nicholas.