THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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While we're about this business of reforming, observes the Louisville Courier-Journal, why not make it a felony to write "meteorological conditions" instead of weather?

Vice-President Fairbanks, who married at twenty-two, thought his son too young to marry at twenty-five. Parents and children look at matrimony through different spectacles.

We do not like to find fault with the works of Nature, says the Washington (Kan.) Register, but it seems to us that it would be a great improvement if the luminous end of the lightning bug had been placed on the mosquito.

Once more Field Marshal Lord Roberts has told the House of Lords and the British people that an adequate, organized, instructed, straight-shooting army reserve is a necessity for Great Britain's safety. It must be, he says, a reserve "composed of all classes, high and low, rich and poor—men who will consider it not only a duty but an honor and a privilege to hold themselves in readiness to take their part in the defense of the empire."

An unofficial but apparently trustworthy forecast of the present British Government's scheme for the administration of Ireland has been published. Under this scheme the legislative union between Ireland and Great Britain, the Irish representation at Westminster and the powers of the imperial Parliament would not be changed; but an elective Irish council would be established at Dublin for the consideration of local questions, with power to frame bills which would be submitted to the imperial Parliament.

Germans are now doing much of the business in Brazil that was formerly carried on by British manufacturers. This is due, primarily, to the fact that the German salesman is particularly well equipped in business training, languages and adaptability, to secure the confidence of the Brazilians, and secondly, to the fact that German houses will modify their goods to meet the special Brazilian requirements. At the same time German goods are not well thought of in Brazil and where the proper effort is made American goods will always sell in preference to German goods even at a considerably higher price. For example, nine-tenths of all the electrical machinery in Brazil is American.

In one direction only does American educational effort fail to move with the enterprising obedience to practical demands characteristic of the American people. There is a lack of trade-schools to fit the young man to take his place as an efficient private in the army of productive labor. Hon. Carroll D. Wright is reported to have said that if one State—Massachusetts—were to maintain a system of industrial schools equal to the Russian system, it would have 100 schools. Such schools would supplant any now existing, and supplement them and take from some of the boys and girls who would make their living in one of the special craft, trade or [illegible]

[illegible]rth American Review: [illegible] books, for example, [illegible]d, or think they have [illegible]t an effective induce[illegible] prospective purchaser is [illegible] that many persons [illegible] and presumably read [illegible] the offered product. [illegible] frequency of announce[illegible] the effect that so many [illegible]s, or hundreds of thousands, [illegible]es of a certain book, usually a [illegible], have been sold or at least [illegible]ted. We do not doubt that some [illegible]putable houses are scrupulously ex[illegible] in making such statements, but [illegible] the majority of cases the figures [illegible]present a woful exaggeration. We [illegible]have too much respect for the intelligence of the American public to believe that they are regarded seriously [illegible]nd yet their presentation must have [illegible]ome effect or publishrs would not [illegible]persist in the usage.

Wall Street brags about the value [illegible]f mining stocks, railroad stocks and [illegible]ndustrials. Our belt of mineral [illegible]tates raises aloft the banner of gold [illegible] silver, copper and lead. Our [illegible]on mills and woolen factories [illegible]und us with the aggregate prod[illegible] of their looms. And yet how in[illegible]ficant their claims in comparison [illegible]he products of the soil. The [illegible]ate values for all the farm [illegible]ts of this country for the year [illegible]ere estimated by the Govern[illegible]t more than six billions of [illegible] ($6,000,000,000). In 1905 [illegible]ss receipts of all the railways [illegible]ess than $2,000,000,000. In [illegible] of manufacturing and mercan[illegible]osperity, or in times of busi[illegible]pression and panic, 85,000,000 [illegible] must be fed and clothed. In [illegible]ductivity of the soil rests the [illegible]ress of the nation. In twen[illegible] our population will total [illegible]000, in forty years we shall [illegible]0,000,000 people to feed.

THE SEA HEART.

BY FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.

Where the strong winds beat and batter,
Sweep and scatter
Froth and foam,
There the ocean's somber swelling,
Earth-compelling,
Shakes my landward-looking dwelling
with a summoning from home.

Where the rich earth dreams and dozes,
Ripe with roses,
Plowed and sown,
Through the treetops' wind and thunder,
Rolling under
Still I hear the world-deep wonder of my
mother's monotone.

Where the Flying Dutchman lunges,
Reels and plunges
Peak and comb,
There before my blood pulsated
I was fated
Forth to fare with heart elated when the
seas should bid me roam.

I may sink, my ship unhelmed,
Wave o'erwhelmed,
Wind o'erthrown;
But the sea can never borrow
Stain of sorrow,
And I sail at dawn to-morrow for the
magical Unknown.

—Youth's Companion.

LETTER AND .....ITS SEQUEL.

By PAUL MONTEVERD.

The fire blazed and crackled in the grate, the crimson curtains were closely drawn, and, comfortably ensconced in the most inviting of easy-chairs, Judge Lindsey sat ruefully contemplating a huge pile of unopened letters that lay on the table before him.

Letters there were of all sorts and sizes—letters in big envelopes, business letters—from ladies, who, trusting in the well known liberality of the judge, ventured to appeal to him in behalf of some pet missionary society—from young ladies who had been robbed by cruel guardians—from young men in need of money to start themselves in business—all mingled in one shapeless mass, looming up sternly, as if to stare him out of countenance should he attempt to sink back in his luxurious chair and enjoy the dolce far niente, spoiling the flavor of his cigar, until with a peevish "pshaw!" he dashed it into the grate, then paused a moment, as if to summon resolution, and, plunging in his hand to the very bottom of the pile, drew forth a dainty little billet which he opened and forthwith began to read. It ran as follows:

"Judge Lindsey—This is strictly a business letter and confidential. But first, as we have no mutual acquaintance to perform the duty, I must introduce myself. I am twenty years of age, neither pretty nor clever, but I have a heart to appreciate honest integrity of character, as exemplified in yourself when you refused the bribe of Mr. Burnette, truly a fortune in itself, rather than sully your soul by assisting to defraud a widow of the inheritance willed to her by a beloved husband. And I am constrained to write this to tell you how much I admire, and even love—not the polished gentleman on whose escutcheon rests no stain—but him who in an age of unparalleled corruption, holds fast his integrity, unmoved by the clamor of friends or the promptings of interest.

"I was losing faith in all mankind. You have restored it, and I thank you. I implore you to believe that this is no impertinent jest, but that I am writing earnestly and from my heart.

"In all probability we shall never meet on earth. Indeed, I could scarcely wish it, for what could you think of me, save that I was bold and unmaidenly? But wherever you may be, like guardian angels shall go with you, the prayers of,

"ALTHEA."

The event here recorded transpired soon after the trial of the famous Burnette will case, where the family of the deceased contested the will of their son, the parents protesting against allowing the whole property to revert to the young widow, on the ground that the deceased had died childless, together with the fact that the wife had brought no dower to her husband, Mrs. Burnette having been a poor girl at the time of her marriage.

Judge Lindsey had been the deceased millionaire's legal adviser in the management of his estate, and had assisted in framing the will, the event having occurred when the son, Henry Burnette, was in sound and vigorous health, some three years prior to his death. And it was the lawyer's intimate knowledge of his son's affairs that led the elder Mr. Burnette to appeal to him to take charge of the case, offering Judge Lindsey a heavy bribe in order to induce him to do so, and a share also in his son's estate, should he succeed in winning the case. But Judge Lindsey had rejected the bribe with scorn, and refused to act in direct opposition to the dictates of his own heart.

And it was this act in his life to which the writer referred in the extraordinary letter the judge now held in his hand. If some artist, engaged in a grand allegorical painting, and seeking for a personification of astonishment, could have transferred to canvas the expression of Judge Lindsey's face as he finished reading the dainty missive, his fortune had infallibly been made. Was ever a bachelor of six-and-forty so addressed before?—and it was a lady—the perfumed paper and delicate chirography left no doubt of that—young and fair, or she would not have denied it.

The heart of the dignified lawyer beat as rapidly as that of a maiden in her teens while he began to experience a curious glow in the region of that organ, and a tingling sensation in his veins as if the blood flowed freer and faster. when his eye accidentally fell upon one of those obtrusive communications addressed to him in a masculine hand, and he awoke from his dream.

What had he to do with love—that namby-pamby passion, fit only for beardless youths and romantic schoolgirls? Was he, a man of the world, to be disturbed by an anonymous letter? He would have none of it, and would thrust the whole thing from his mind. He would throw the letter into the grate—no, he would keep it as a curiosity; and so the dainty billet was locked in his desk, and the lawyer resumed his duties.

From this hour a marked change came over Judge Lindsey's whole life. Wherever he went, at home or abroad, a presence, invisible to all but himself, accompanied him; a fair, sunny face, with a rosy mouth, and starry blue eyes—he admired blue-eyed women—that peered into his at every turn. In his dreams he pursued a light figure mounted on a dashing steed, that flew before him like the wind, its rider ever looking smilingly back and tantalizing him by keeping just out of his reach.

Ridiculous infatuation! Yes, very; and we can only account for it on the supposition that even for the wisest of us there is a time to laugh, a time to weep, and a time to make fools of ourselves—and that Judge Lindsey's time had come.

He who had heretofore been careless about his dress, now surprised his tailor with an order for a fashionable suit of clothes; and instead of lighting his cigar, as was his custom—the crusty bachelor!—with invitations to Mrs. Jones' soiree dansante, and Mrs. Smith's ball, accepted them, was introduced to various young ladies of all sizes and complexions, took them into supper, plunged boldly into the melee of the table to secure them creams and chicken salad, till the report actually gained credence that Judge Lindsey had become one of the first "ladies' men" in the city; whereas, if the truth must be told, he was only searching for that foolish little Althea.

The winter passed; still he had not found the ideal of his dreams. But he was not disheartened, as one might naturally have supposed; on the contrary, as the weeks passed, he grew more hopeful and sanguine in his belief that at some unexpected moment he should meet the one whose letter had made so deep an impression on his mind. And so it proved, for on a bright afternoon in May, when sauntering in the park, his attention was suddenly arrested by the appearance of two ladies walking in front of him. From her tall form and stately bearing he recognized in the elder lady a former friend. But it was upon the graceful, petite form of the one beside her that his gaze became riveted, and, prompted by some sudden impulse, he hastened his steps and was soon quite near them. And here one of the ladies accidentally dropped her pocket handkerchief, when a sudden puff of wind sent it fluttering almost at Judge Lindsey's feet.

Both ladies halted, evidently intent on securing the prize.

"Permit me, madam," said Judge Lindsey, instantaneously stooping and picking it up.

But on lifting it daintily in his fingers, what was his astonishment on beholding in a corner of the delicate cambric the talismanic name, Althea!

And here—introduced to him as Miss Westbrook—stood his ideal with blue, haunting eyes, rosy mouth, snowy cheek, just tinged with a faint blush, with sloping shoulders, arching neck and queenly air—all as he had dreamed.

As these thoughts passed through his brain with the rapidity of lightning, he glanced up in time to witness the sudden start, the deep blush, the half-repressed exclamation at the utterance of his name, and assurance became doubly sure.

Presently, under pretense of examining some plant or shrub, he drew the elder lady a little one side and, in a low tone, said:

"Mrs. Van Dorn, I am most anxious to extend my acquaintance with your cousin, Miss Westbrook, and can you manage it for me without her knowledge of the fact?"

"Nothing is easier," she began.

"Mrs. Van Dorn, you are an angel," he interrupted, eagerly.

"No doubt," said the lady, with a light laugh. "But as I was about to remark, if you will take a seat in my carriage I will invite you to dine with us."

And so it was settled.

Not suspecting that her handkerchief had betrayed her, Miss Westbrook was in mortal dread lest some accident might reveal to him the knowledge that she was the author of the letter that had been written six months before. But as Judge Lindsey made no reference to the past, she trusted that the circumstance had been blotted from his mind.

After dinner was over, Judge Lindsey begged the young lady to favor him with some music, and she complying, he conducted her to the piano. Her playing was at first nervous and unequal, but as the beauties of the theme gradually developed, her cheeks flushed, her rosy lips parted, a soft fire burned in her eyes, and then flashed forth golden notes, choral harmonies, and soft, dying melodies.

"Charming! exquisite!" burst from the lips of her enraptured auditor.

"Is it not?" she said, simply. "When I play that I always fancy myself in some dim forest, and I think I hear the wind sighing amid the pines, and the birds calling from their green recesses."

"Miss Westbrook," he returned, gently, "I know not which [illegible] to praise, your admirable genius, or——"

"Pray don't compliment [illegible]—I do not deserve praise; it [illegible] is a pleasure, a recreation, [illegible]."

"If this lovely, artl[illegible] be not Althea," he said to him[illegible] I do not care to find her."

The following afternoon saw him again in the Van Dorn mansion. He had given no card, but inquired simply for Miss Althea, who, as she recognized him on entering, became deadly pale, and trembled so violently that it was with evident difficulty she reached a sofa.

"Miss Westbrook," commenced the judge, who, while pitying her agitation, yet welcomed it as an omen of success—"Miss Westbrook, I have an important question to ask you—but first, I have a little story to tell. Some months ago I received a letter from a young lady, who signed her named Althea. Shall I repeat it?"

"No! no!" she said, putting out her fair hand as if to ward off a blow. "I was mad, mad, to do so unwomanly an act. Oh, how you must despise me!"

"Despise you, my dear child? I have no other sentiment for you than love and admiration," said Judge Lindsey, impressively. "For years I had closed my heart against all affection, but your letter, so naive, so imprudently and innocently frank, thrilled through my being like a ray of sunshine. And since the hour I received it, your fancied image has continually haunted me, for, try as I would, I could not banish you from my thoughts. If I have loved you not knowing you, how much deeper is my affection now that I have seen you! And if you could return my love, I should consider that there was nothing further in this life worth asking for. Dear Althea, can you bid me hope?" he added, with an inexplicable quiver in his voice.

Althea did not speak; indeed, she could not, but she lifted her eyes to his, and smiling through her tears, extended her fair hand. And Judge Lindsey, completely mastered by the outrush of tenderness at the sudden thought that this sweet young girl really loved him, actually folded his arms about her protectingly, and kissed away the two large tears resting on her cheeks.

Althea was not angry, but she drew back a little in timid happiness, and he could now sit beside her and speak less constrainedly.

In half an hour he left the house an engaged man, his soul not his own, but in the keeping of the fair young girl, to whom he had bound himself.—New York Weekly.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

An alloy of sixty parts copper, one part tin and thirty-nine parts zinc is found to offer great resistance to the action of sea water and has been largely used in naval construction.

A transporter bridge, the first of its kind in England, was ordered September 12. It spans the River Esk, and consists of a car, suspended by cables from rails worked by electric motors, in towers on each side of the river.

A pocket telephone is used by the Vienna police. In every street of importance in the city special call boxes have been placed, and every officer on duty having occasion to communicate with his station has only to pull out his pocket apparatus, adjust it to the wire in the box, and communication at once is established.

An automobilist of great experience suggests that it is a good idea for the driver of a car to show his companion on the front seat how to switch off the ignition current in case the driver suddenly became incapacitated. By this simple operation the car can quickly be stopped, and the damage it is liable to do if it runs wild will be reduced.

Gregorio Lecca, of Villadama, Nuevo Leon, has invented a new machine for the extraction of fibre from plants which, according to Modern Mexico, is said to be very successful and economical in its operation. A model machine at work at the Golondrina hacienda is said to have demonstrated with maguey fibre, that, while it is considered one of the most difficult fibres to extract, the machine handles it with ease.

When the whole of the twenty-one new lines now proposed are complete, Londoners will be able to make journeys from twenty to forty miles entirely by light railway and tramcar, traversing the metropolis from north to south and from east to west, without using either train, omnibus or cab for assistance. The London Express makes this claim with satisfaction, and adds the statement that the total length of line that will ultimately become available to the Londoner with a desire for travel will be at least 400 miles.

Richard Weinberg takes up once more, in the "Biologisches Centralblatt," the question of the origin of various pygmy races of mankind, and their relation to the earliest representatives of the human species. Because the dwarfs of Africa appear to be superior in intelligence to surrounding negro races of greater stature, some have argued that they represent the primitive type of human differentiation. Weinberg thinks it more probable that the pygmies are simply a variety, and that they no more represent the original type of man than do the taller races. Even yet it is found that the human stature is subject to notable variations, and that these variations have an effect upon heredity.

Parliament of Man.

"To be or not to be, that is the question!" cried Hamlet in a loud voice, but it was destined that he should proceed no further.

"Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order," interrupted the Ghost, who had been sitting in one of the rear seats, "the motion to adjourn is not debatable."

Confronted thus by Robert's Rules of Order, the Noble Dane paled, muttered incoherently and sat down. Afterward he had his speech inserted in the Congressional Record.—Woman's Home Companion.

For the Younger Children....

MARJORIE JEAN'S DOLLS.

My dolls had a party—Susanna Ann
Was ever so old that day,
Because she was mother's before she was
mine;
But mother is young, they say.
We packed up a basket of goodies; we had
Some apples and peanuts and cake.
We went to the meadow, out under the
tree
Which grows pretty close to the lake.
Rosella had dollies—I think she had four;
Rosella's my best friend, you see.
Her hair is so curly; her eyes I forget;
Our dolls were as good as could be.
We made out of daisies a robe for Susanne,
I wreathed a gold crown for her head.
"Oh, now she is Queen of the May, Marjorie Jean.
So, courtesy, dolls," Rosy said.
Susanna was flustered; she couldn't eat
much.
It must feel quite odd to be queen.
Rosella cried out, "Take your dolls and
run;
Here comes a great bear, Marjorie Jean."
Of course it was "Rover," who came with
a bound.
Away through the clover we flew.
He ate up the cake we'd forgotten to take,
And maybe an apple or two.

'Twas the merriest party! I'm sure Susy
Ann
Will 'member it all of her years.
Now that's all I'll say about dollies to-day
Except—they're the dearest of dears.
—Grace May North, in Christian Register.

A BOY'S BAROMETER.

To make a barometer, you will need a stout glass bottle, with a large mouth—what the druggists call a "salt mouth" bottle—a rubber stopper to fit, and a glass tube two or three feet long, with a quarter-inch bore.

First you must make a hole in the stopper to fit the tube. To do this, hunt up a thin metal tube, a little smaller than the glass—the case of an old metallic pen-holder is excellent, or a piece of tin bent into a

tube will do. Wet this, place it in the centre of the stopper and turn it around, while pressing down on it, wetting it every few turns; this will bore a hole in a few minutes. Wet the glass tube and force it through this hole, allowing the end to project far enough to reach two-thirds the depth of the bottle.

Now put the stopper in place and force it down until tight and solid. Procure some colored water and pour it down the tube until the lower end is covered and the water rises eight or ten inches in the tube. It only remains to attach a scale and the instrument is complete.

Take a piece of tin or sheet copper and cut it the shape shown in the sketch. Then twist the arms around the tube until the scale is held firmly at right angles. Now, when the weather has been fair for several days, and the column has remained stationary, mark the spot on the scale. This will be the set fair point, and all calculations may take place from it.

A moment's thought will show that the pressure of the air and the weight of the column of water in the tube must balance the pressure of the air inside the bottle; hence, as the pressure of the air diminishes, the column rises, and when the pressure increases the column falls.

In this particular the barometer is exactly opposite to those ordinarily in use. The instrument should be kept at an even temperature as nearly as possible; therefore, it is well to put it in the cellar.

You must not think that because the barometer is high it is going to rain, for it may be falling from a higher point; hence, you must observe whether it is rising, falling or stationary, and not the particular point at which it stands.—Good Literature.

PETS IN CHINA.

The Chinese children are very fond of pets and are universally kind to them. Birds of various kinds are kept as pets, and it is a common sight to see fine-looking, elegant gentlemen taking their birds out for an airing either in cages or perched upon the fingers of their masters. These gentlemen will go to the greatest trouble to catch insects with which to feed them.

No family of any position would think of leaving their pets in the city during the hot weather. They accompany the family to the mountains, every one of them, down to the tiniest cricket.

Crows are regarded with much favor in China. They are taught cunning tricks and show a great deal of intelligence. Pigeons have bamboo whistles fastened to their feathers so they make mysterious noises as they fly. Cats are taught to live in bird houses to protect birds from rats.

What seems the queerest pets to us is the cricket. This insect belongs to boys, although many grown-ups keep them as well. They are carefully fed, provided with water and kept in pretty bamboo cages. The ladies like them for their cheerful chirps, and it is not pleasant to tell that the boys and men keep them for fighting.

Cricket fights take place in tubs. The insects, when victorious in several fights, are regarded with great honor. They have special names, and when at last they die they are buried with solemn rites in coffins of solid silver.

THE FLOATING NEEDLE.

An interesting experiment may be performed with quite a small magnet and a common sewing needle. Insert a light thread in a needle, tie and cut off one end, leaving a single thread six or eight inches long. Lay a horseshoe magnet on a table, with the poles in front. Magnetize the needle by rubbing it several times, always in one direction, by one pole of the magnet, after each stroke returning the magnet in an arc through the air.

Take the end of the thread between the thumb and finger, and suspend the needle over its attractive pole, allowing the point to come within one-fourth of an inch of the magnet; then, with a circular sweep of the hand to keep the point in position, draw the eye of the needle down toward the other pole. This, if carefully done, will bring the needle to a horizontal position, where it will remain, floating or in suspension, as long as the thread is held steady.

The magnetic forces operating to produce this effect appear to be: First, the attraction of the left pole for the point of the needle; second, the repulsion of the right pole for the same point, and, third, the attraction of the right pole for the eye of the needle, which is resisted by the thread supporting the needle; the latter also is held from approaching the left pole by the same means.

The experiment may be made more effective, suggests the People's Home Journal, by covering the magnet with a sheet of paper, thus concealing it.

THE ANIMAL SKYSCRAPER.

The red billed weaver bird is a constant companion of the giraffe, perching itself upon the withers and flying along when its host takes to flight, and immediately alighting again on its back at the first opportunity. The only means of defense or offence possessed by the giraffe is by means of its hoofs, and the blows it can deliver by kicking are of tremendous power. The old males during the breeding season fight in this manner a good deal, and the female employs the same means in defending her young against carnivorous animals.

Giraffes are very swift of foot, and it requires a very fleet horse to run them down. Experienced hunters, however, charge them at full speed and by this means are often able to run into them, and if the giraffes are fat they will soon become "blown." When running, the tail is twisted in a corkscrew fashion over the back and hind legs at each step are thrown on the outside of the forelegs, giving a very grotesque, straddling appearance. The giraffe is mute, but has a keen sense of hearing and of smell.—Natal Agricultural Journal.

DISARMED.

There is a frank honesty which cannot be made ridiculous, although it be an acknowledgement of ignorance. It was an honesty that Lincoln used, and an anecdote of him in the Century shows how with it he once disarmed a learned opponent who had overwhelmed him with quotations.

Lincoln was not a learned man, but for true knowledge he had the highest respect. The practicing lawyer with his pseudo-learning, however, was a fair target for Lincoln. One such lawyer, in order to impress his hearers and to embarrass his opponent, quoted massively a Latin maxim.

"Is that not so, Mr. Lincoln?" he asked.

"If that is Latin," Lincoln responded, dryly, "I think you had better call another witness."

Probably the jury hailed the frank young lawyer as their own champion, since he professed himself as ignorant as they.

TAKING ADVICE.

Even if one is not very fond of the books that are recommended as being "the best," it is still wisest to force one's self to read them. You may be sure that if any of your elders recommend certain books as being good reading for you, there are excellent reasons for your extracting from them all the benefit you can. You may not be able to see for many years the good fruits that will come from the action of that book upon your mind. You can perhaps imagine a small child, on being told to plant an acorn, as much disappointed when a visit to the garden next day fails to reveal any marvel. Nearly all those things which influence us in our younger days require a long time for development.—St. Nicholas.

Mr. Stockton's Chickens.

When Frank Stockton started out with his Rudder Grange experiences he undertook to keep chickens. One old motherly Plymouth Rock brought out a brood late in the fall and Stockton gave her a good deal of his attention. He named each of the chicks after some literary friend, among the rest Mary Mapes Dodge. Mrs. Dodge was visiting the farm some time later, and, happening to think of her namesake, she said: "By the way, Frank, how does little Mary Mapes Dodge get along?"

"The funny thing about little Mary Mapes Dodge," said he, "is that she turns out to be a Thomas Bailey Aldrich."—Everybody's.

One Satisfied Man in Every Hamlet

"Do you think that people will ever be able to secure a perfectly satisfactory government?"

"I doubt it," said Senator Sorghum. "History shows that no government has been perfectly satisfactory to more than one person at a time, and he was the one who happened to be the boss."—Washington Star.

TALES OF ADVENTURE

KITE OPERATOR'S ESCAPE.

While Lieutenant Wright was operating over Goodwood in the car of the military observation kite invented by Captain Cody and in use in the manuevres, the sail kite, the lowest section which supplies the motive power to the car, caught in the fir trees by a grappling iron, and the young officer was thrown out. It seemed that he must be killed to a certainty, but by wonderful chance, after falling the length of the grappling iron rope, he was caught in a fork at the top of the trees and swung there suspended in midair, having marvellously escaped with a few scratches.—European Edition of the Herald.

DIDN'T KNOW THE CIPHER.

The inability to read a cipher once lost a notable of France his head. When the Chevalier de Rohan was in the Bastile his friends, wishing to let him know that his accomplice had died without confessing, passed the following cipher, written on a shirt, into his dungeon: "Mg tulhxecclgu ghj yxuj; lm ct ulge tlj."

The cipher was not a difficult one, being arranged by a complete transposition of the alphabet; but de Rohan did not have the clew, and he puzzled over the meaningless words in vain.

A solution of the riddle meant the guillotine or his freedom, but the puzzle was beyond him, and he pleaded guilty because he could not decipher "Le prisonnier est mort; il n'a rien dit."

AN UNSUNG HERO.

Many a man has laid down his life simply and unhesitatingly, without thought of the laurel wreaths of fame. The truest heroism strikes no attitudes. Dramatic sentiment expresses itself on the stage, but in real life self-sacrifice is direct and without pose. The negro whose bravery is recorded in the book of the Forty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteer Militia probably never dreamed that he was a hero.

A flatboat full of soldiers and negroes had attempted to land at Rodman's Point, but were repulsed by the terrific fire of Confederate bullets. Those who had got out of the boat tumbled back into it in great haste and endeavored to push off. But the flatboat stuck fast in the mud.

The shot rained hot and heavy, suddenly one of the negroes exclaimed:

"Somebody's got to die to git us out ob dis, an' it may's well be me."

Jumping out, he pushed the boat into free water, and then fell, pierced by five bullets.

THE MESSAGE ON THE BRIDGE.

The word that Strasburg was ready to capitulate to the French in 1681 was transferred from that city to Paris by a strange cipher, which though not so rapid as a modern telegraphic message, was as effective.

Secret negotiations had been going on for some time with the magistrates of Strasburg, and one day the French Minister summoned a young man named De Chamilly, and gave him the following strange instructions:

"Start to-night for Basle in Switzerland, which you will reach in three days. On the fourth day at 2 o'clock sharp station yourself on the bridge over the Rhine, with paper for taking notes and pen and ink. Watch all that takes place and write down carefully every detail. Do not leave the bridge for two hours, and do not let one thing that transpires escape your notice. Have horses awaiting you at sharp 4 o'clock start for Paris and travel night and day until you reach it. On the instant of your arrival bring me your notes."

De Chamilly obeyed; reached Basle on the day and hour appointed, and took up his position on the bridge. For a time nothing happened. Then a wagon rolled slowly across the bridge, and presently an old woman with a basket of herbs followed it. An old man posted by on his horse; a couple of children gathered flowers in a near by field; and 3 o'clock chimed from a neighboring tower. Still De Chamilly waited, and his pen scratched off each incident as it occurred. Four o'clock began chiming, and at the first stroke a tall fellow in yellow breeches ambled out on the bridge, lounged over the rail, and then suddenly, taking a step backward, struck three sound blows on the bridge with a heavy cane that he carried. And De Chamilly noted it in his book.

The clock ceased striking. De Chamilly turned and vaulted on his horse. Two days later he presented himself to the Minister.

The latter glanced over the notes. When he came to the incident of the man with the yellow breeches a gleam of joy flashed over his face. At dawn a dozen couriers were swinging away on different routes, each with a message of importance. Eight days later Strasburg was surrounded by French troops, and on September 30 its gates were thrown open in surrender.

Evidently the three strokes of the stick given by the man on the bridge were the signal of an intrigue between the French Minister of War and the magistrates of Strasburg. No doubt the man in the yellow breeches was as ignorant of the motive of his act as was De Chamilly of the reason of his errand.—New York Tribune Magazine.

PIONEER DANGERS.

The first settlements in what is now the town of Salem, Maine, were begun in 1815. The dangers were many, says a son of one of the first settlers, in "Salem's Old Home Day," and owing to the number of wolves, it was absolutely unsafe for children, or even grown people, to go far from their homes.

When Elbridge Blake was a small boy he had a narrow escape from a tragic death. He and his brother Daniel were sent for the cows one night, and were told to bring home some "brown stuff"—dried branches—with them.

Elbridge looked after the brush, while his brother drove the cows home. It was perhaps half a mile from their home, down toward the Kingfield road, all woods, except small clearings where the cows pastured. Elbridge, emerging from the thicket with his "brown stuff," found himself confronted by a pack of wolves. He was near a small, slender tree, and as rapidly as possible he climbed it, until he felt that it was bending. He knew that wolves cannot climb; but if the branch which he was grasping with both hands should bend low or break, he would be at their mercy.

His screams and shouts were finally heard by Mr. Briggs, who lived about a quarter of a mile distant.

Mr. Briggs, recognizing it as the voice of a child, and suspecting the cause, ran speedily up to Mr. Blake's, and breathlessly inquired if all their children, nine in number, were at home. The answer was that they were all there but Elbridge.

"Faith, then," said Mr. Briggs, "the wolves have got him."

The older members of the family and a number of workmen who were employed on the brick walls of a new house rushed to the rescue.

Elbridge heard the noise in the distance of the rescuing party, and took courage. "The wolves," he says, "appeared to look at each other, and to wonder what turn they had better take."

The yells of the rescuers had the desired effect, and at first sight of the men, the wolves scattered and fled in all directions toward the woods.—Youth's Companion.

AN UNPLEASANT GUEST.

Each region holds its own drawback. The dweller in safe New England would not exchange even his tardy spring and his varied assortment of weather for the dangers of the reptile or insect world. To retire on a summer's night with the possibility of the mosquito's attack the only cloud on the nocturnal horizon is a state of bliss unknown in some other climes. Isabel Morris describes in "A Summer in Kieff," a bedroom guest which makes the mosquito seem by comparison an innocuous, even friendly visitor.

We were seated in the garden when the nurse came out, wringing her hands.

"O Barina," she cried, "a tarantula! It is in the Barishia's room on the ceiling!"

We rushed into the house. The domestics were gathered in my room, white and shaking. Over my bed, curled up at rest, was something which looked like a large walnut or fir cone.

"Is that it?" said I. "Why, I have been wondering for ever so long what that was."

"Well, it has probably been up and down its rope inspecting you lots of times at night," said the Barina. "You better take it down, nurse," she continued.

"I! Oh! oh!" exclaimed the nurse. "Sasha, you are young and smart; you do it."

"I! Oh, I can't do it!" returned the housemaid. "Perhaps the cook will."

"The cook, indeed!" retorted the cook. "With dinner to get! What cowards you are!" and she retired with chattering teeth.

"Come, come, we must have him down!" said the Barina. "Nyannia, climb up the stepladder, take something in your hand and catch him."

The shaking but obedient nurse took a newspaper and approached two or three times, but it was too much.

"Think of it," sneered the cook, who had returned, "and she a woman of forty!"

"Suppose you try it," suggested the Barina.

"Me? Oh, the kettle is boiling over!" and again she vanished.

Finally, by the aid of a box and a stick, the creature was knocked down, captured and destroyed.

A Curious Tomb.

Hard by the newly made grave of Alfred Beit is the most curious tomb in England. It is the tomb of Lady Anne Grimston, daughter of the Earl of Thanet, who died nearly two centuries ago and was buried in this same Tewin churchyard. Upon her deathbed she disregarded the efforts of those who sought to administer spiritual comfort. An atheist she had lived, an atheist she would die. "It is as likely that I would rise again from the dead," she said, "as that a tree should grow out of the middle of my coffin." A tree has grown out of the middle of her coffin—an oak—and by its side a sycamore. The vault is square, of brick and granite. The two trees first filled the interior before they could find a way out. When they did burst through the masonry they so spread as to completely envelop the grave.—New York Herald.

The Wrong Funeral.

When Meyerbeer died his son composed a funeral march which "remembered his dead father." Full of emotion the young man took it to Rossini. "Play it, maestro," he pleaded; 'play it. I wrote it in the expression of my grief and mourning for my dead father." Rossini took it up and placed it on his piano and played it. Tears rolled down his cheeks. Utter sadness dwelt upon his countenance. "You weep," cried young Meyerbeer, beside himself with joy at the effect upon the great master. "Because," replied Rossini, "I am wishing that you were dead and it was your father who had written the funeral march."—Liverpool Post.

About 44,000 square miles of arable land are available in Cuba for sugar culture.