THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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Investors should not forget, suggests the New York Mail, that the same letters are used in spelling melon and lemon.

Lots of men can run railroads and trusts, but it takes a genius for manipulation to marry off seven daughters, mourns the New York Press.

"Architect," who has a plan for beautifying New York City, advocates the decapitation of persons who look out of windows. That would help some, adds the New York Herald.

The showing has been complete, at all events, that the wages of labor and the prices of farm products are the last to rise (as they are the first to fall when prosperity recedes), and that when they have at length reached the level of other things our last state is worse than our first.

"Perhaps at times I do appear to be ferocious," Senator Ben Tillman said to interviewer James B. Morrow, "and may be I am; but I am neither vindictive nor malicious. Anger is bad for one's peace of mind and health. It makes the blood turgid, and if you fly off the handle early in the morning it spoils the whole day."

"When I was rich," said a Georgia philosopher, in the Atlanta Constitution, "the least little thing annoyed me; when I was poor I had to devote so much time to just being poor I didn't have a minute to spare for the little things. Which means that a man in the poverty business is compelled to devote his entire time to it."

If the estimates are trustworthy, between 7,000,000 and 8,000,000 Chinese are living and saving money outside of China—three-quarters of the whole number in the Malay Peninsula, Siam and Formosa. The number of foreigners now in China—Russians and Japanese, Europeans and Americans—is supposed to be in excess, but not much in excess, of 100,000.

Henry Arthur Jones says there have been only three good plays written in 200 years. At which the Denver Republican says: "Well, turning it around, it is certain there have been at least 200 rotten plays in the last three years." May be if theatre managers would try some of the plays they reject there would be an improvement. At any rate, adds the New Orleans States, they couldn't make matters worse.

Human nature is a mass of queer contradictions, declares the Hartford Courant. People will clamor for shutting up all dogs, muzzling those that get out of doors, and killing all not promptly ransomed, all for the sake of avoiding even the possibility of hydrophobia, which other people can be found to declare does not exist; and yet half of these same people who are for destroying all dogs will go up into the air with hysterics if vivisection, which cuts up a single dog for the purpose of learning how to reduce human suffering.

The Lady's Pictorial of London [illegible] that no one can possibly deny [illegible] shoes have a barometric effect [illegible] on [illegible]'s self-respect and temper. [illegible]kman in his "Sunday best" [illegible]ch more important than he [illegible] in his workaday attire, the poor [illegible] in the respectability of new [illegible]ing; a new hat will revive the [illegible] of most women, whatever may [illegible]r station in life, and every [illegible] feels the more satisfied with [illegible] and has a greater sense of [illegible] when she is conscious of [illegible]ng bien mise.

Straw hats are in such demand that the business life of Franklin has received great impetus, relates the Springfield Republican. One of the largest factories there has already doubled the number of its employes, [illegible] dozens who formerly worked there are returning daily. Enough orders are on hand now, said one of the large manufacturers, to keep a much larger force of help than is at present employed busy until April, and heavier orders are expected as the season advances. All the straw goods manufacturers report difficulty in obtaining sufficient help.

During the past five years, said Judge Kavanaugh in an address to the alumnae of St. Ignatius' College, at Chicago, a few days ago, 45,000 persons were murdered in the United States. The record is appalling and becomes more so when the statistics of crime in this and other countries are compared. In England and Wales, with a population of approximately 32,000,000, there were 317 homicides last year, or one to each 100,000 inhabitants; in this country the homicides last year numbered 8760, or one in each 10,000 of the population. Comparatively, therefore, murders in the United States were ten times as numerous as in England; and the ratio of crime in the latter country is by no means the lowest in Europe. In Germany, for instance, murders proportionately to population are less than half as numerous as in England.

SONS OF THE SOIL.

By ANTHONY COLLETT.

"Seein' as how the times be main bad for farmin', Mr. Longcroft——"

"Aye?" said John Longcroft, grimly, with his hands clasped on the crook of his stick.

"Main bad and difficult, they be, and what with labor so scarce of late and all——"

"Aye?" said the old man again, gazing straight at the barrows on the down above.

"Well, I looked at it this way: My client being a liberal gentleman, uncommon liberal he be, and main set on this here notion, 'ee might be disposed to come half ways to meet him like, and be all the better for it, eh?"

"What do he want, then? I ain't heard tell o' that yet," the old man said, with a look in his eye that seemed to say he could make a pretty fair guess.

"Well, he be lookin' out for a nice bit of property, 'ee do see, some sweet, pretty spot, he says, fine dry soil and all, and—well, there, Mr. Longcroft, I thought as how you might be willing to sell him Whitelands."

The house agent mopped his face nervously and watched his friend out of the corner of his eye. The old man slowly turned and faced him.

"I known thee nigh forty year, Dan'l Pigg, and I never looked for thee to come to I and talk to I like that. Hark here — I was born at Whitelands, and my father, and his father, and many more before they, as thou dost know well enough; and I could just as soon sell Whitelands as sell they dead men in their graves up on the down."

He pointed his stick at the crest of the great chalk hill above them, where the nine barrows stood dark against the fading October sky. A long stream of rooks was passing high above, and their far off cawing came clearly through the stillness.

"Well, well, Mr. Longcroft," said Daniel Pigg, at last, "I didn't think 'ee'd do it; no, I didn't think 'ee'd do it, that's sure. But we have our duties to one and to t'other like, so I sort o' dropped along here to make certain o' what I should say."

"Now 'ee do know right enough, and that's the end of it," said John Longcroft. "Well, here be Mary and the missus come out to ask 'ee in to supper, Dan'l. Will 'ee stop and have a bit? There'll be a nice moon up in an hour's time for 'ee going across the down."

But Daniel Pigg preferred for once to get clear of Whitelands without further delay. He shambled into his tax cart with a dim sensation of escaping from the neighborhood of a volcano in lively promise of eruption, a volcano, too, for which he himself seemed in some odd way to be personally responsible. He could hardly have expected, perhaps, he thought, that John Longcroft would take his proposal altogether kindly. Still, as his old mare jolted down in the twilight between the glimmering slopes of the white chalky fallows, he felt that circumstances had treated him rather unfairly. Half the country knew well enough that John Longcroft, of Whitelands, like most of the hill farmers, was in a main poor way of late. And when in his own line of business he had had the opportunity of putting him in the way of selling his freehold at a price much above its present market value, it seemed a little queer that he should finish the interview feeling less like the most substantial property agent in Barndon town than a tramp caught firing ricks.

As a rule, Daniel enjoyed nothing better than a gossip at meal times on his visits to Whitelands Farm, and his early disappearance and general air of perturbation did not fail to put Mary Longcroft on the scent of trouble, when coupled with the air of taciturn displeasure which her father kept up for the rest of the evening. And of late all trouble had come to be bound up so closely for Mary in the ever present fear of family gain that it was not very hard for her to guess the errand on which Daniel Pigg had come. Her mother was a woman worn out before her time, and, though Mary was barely twenty, for several years past the management of the household had fallen naturally into her strong and capable hands. She was a true daughter of the southern downs, with the blue Saxon eyes and yellow hair that were handed down from generation to generation among the Longcrofts, of Whitelands, and a girl, too, of as cheerful a disposition when things were going passably well as any you could find in all the country. But the unspoken fear of being forced to sell their land, which of late had hung over herself and her father alike, meant even more perhaps to Mary than to the old man, though every clod on Whitelands Farm was as near to him as his own flesh and blood. For the threatened disaster meant to Mary a parting not only from Whitelands, but from her sweetheart as well.

The two were standing next morning among the sunlit autumn beeches, where a great stretch of woodland ended sheer like a wall on the lip of the down above the narrow valley, which held the farm and overlooked the far levels of the vale toward Burndon all wrapped in a faint October haze. Three years ago Tom Haygarth had come as keeper to the cottage that lay far in the wood among its pleasant coops and kennels, and long before now he had earned a right to share in all the anxieties that were thickening round the daughter of Whitelands Farm. Often at these meetings all the trouble was forgotten, but on this beautiful autumn morning the black retriever, who was Tom's regular companion, very soon became aware that things were going wrong again with his master and mistress, and that the occasion called for the profoundest melancholy of demeanor.

"Well, lass," said Tom Haygarth, "since Mr. Longcroft would have nowt to say to 'un, what's there to worry about? 'Twould be a sight different if he'd closed wi' 'un, seems to me."

"Ah! but Tom, father do feel it so dreadful that any one should think of it at all, that's where it is. He hasn't never said nothing of it right from the beginning, but I do know just how it takes him. And I be so afeared as it'll be only a little while more afore we can't help ourselves at all, and be forced to go. And then I mayn't never see thee again."

"Ah, won't thee lass," said Tom. "I've shifted my billet more than once for a sight less reason than that, and I count I can do it again. Don't thou fear for that."

"I didn't, Tom, not really," said Mary, smiling a moment through her tears, so that the old retriever wagged his tail in encouraging appreciation. "But I be so miserable for father, for I know 'twould nigh kill he. I think sometimes he be half heart broke always, because of Philip, you know."

"Aye, aye," nodded Tom, gravely, "I know." For the story of how John Longcroft years ago had driven from home his only son, a boy of sixteen, and had never set eyes on him again, had passed into the most popular legendary tragedy of the countryside.

"That were all because he were so set on Whitelands, too, you see, Tom. He thought there were no such place anywhere, just like he do now, and when Philip took to fretting and asked to be let go and see more of the world it angered him. And Philip were hasty like he, so father told him to go and see it, and never set foot on Whitelands no more, since he thought so little of it. Mother do often talk about it and fail to crying; but father feels it most, I be sure, though you might think he'd forgotten clean all about it ever since I were born, and longer."

The old retriever turned sad eyes of mystification from one downcast face to the other. Mary stroked his glossy head, and brushed the falling beech leaves from his thick black coat. A pheasant called suddenly beside them in the cover, and a gray flight of wood pigeons came swerving over the long line of the down, where the sunshine bathed the slopes of the nine great tumuli in its mellow light.

"Well, lass," said Tom Haygarth, at last, "I reckon 'twill all come right, if we put a stiff face on it. But if so be as we be forced to shift, then why shouldn't us all go up to the North, where I do come from? 'Tis a main different country from all this here, and I reckon Mr. Longcroft mightn't feel so much of the change where folks hadn't known him all along. However, we needn't think on that for a long while yet, my lass. Keep thy heart up, and I'll swear there's good luck on the road for us."

So Mary went back to Whitelands, and played her part bravely in house and poultry yard, while John Longcroft bent his back week by week on the plow lands with a dogged energy that put his laborers to shame. But the lean years still continued. When the autumn rains should have fallen to replenish the deep chalk springs the golden weather still held unbroken, turning day by day the crests of the great elms ranged beside the farm to deeper tones of orange and amber fire. Then, soon after New Year's, came weeks of fierce sleet laden northeasters, so that the lambing season, which meant so much to the downlands farmers, was one of the most disastrous for years past. The losses in the lambing fold, that not all the care of the old man and his shepherd could prevent, just about destroyed John Longcroft's last chance of weathering the storm. He held on through the spring and summer, and saw the bare hillsides where the young corn was shooting bleach away from the emerald of the sprouting blades and the roan of rain washed chalky loam, to a parched calcareous whiteness that threatened drouth to come. And when harvest came at last and old John Longcroft worked himself like ten men in place of the laborers whom he could scarcely have paid even if he could have found them, he turned dizzy one day in the wagon, and was carried in to Mary and her frightened mother with a broken arm.

His anxiety, unfortunately, found outward expression in such vigorous flappings of his red handkerchief and nervous scrapings and shrugings of the shoulders as gave him an appearance bordering on the demented, and the interview began by his old friend Mr. Longcroft sharply inquiring of Daniel if he thought his house were built as an asylum for the afflicted. This was hardly an encouraging start, and it was, after all, the old man who came to the point first.

"Daniel," said he, "is there e'er a one as be asking after Whitelands these times, I wonder? I mind you, speakin' of some one as came to you about it a twelvemonth ago."

"Oh, ah," said Daniel, with elaborate indifference, "I've had inquiries. But, of course, I told 'em how you said as you'd never think o' sellin' it."

The silence of the autumn sunshine closed round them, while Daniel Pigg affected an absorbing interest in the desultory progress of a black sow up the rickyard.

"Daniel," said John Longcroft, in a level voice, "I've changed my mind. I be goin' to part with Whitelands. So, thinkin' as you might care for the job of arrangin' the sale like, I reckoned I'd speak about it to you."

Despite his efforts, Daniel Pigg looked quickly around at him, but the old man's face repelled his glance and forbade the slightest expression of surprise.

"Aye, Mr. Longcroft," he said, in a tone he tried to bring to ordinary office pitch, "I've had inquiries from a likely client—in fact, two likely clients." The phrase gave him confidence, and he checked himself with a jerk in the act of pulling out the fatal handkerchief. "First and foremost, there be the gentleman as I told 'ee—that's to say, as applied to me a twelvemonth ago. And there was another just last week. Now, you'd naturally like to receive information as to the natur' of their offers, in which circumstances——"

"Now, stop there, Daniel," said John Longcroft. "If one or t'other of these here clients o' your'n were to get the place, what do they want it for? D'you know aught o' that?"

"Aye, aye," said Daniel, communicatively, "the first gentleman as inquired be anxious to find a nice bit o' property to turn into a country residence for himself and family—something pretty fairish, I do tell 'ee, with a good bit o' park to it and all. And, Lor' there, where could us find a sweeter spot for a seat like than Whitelands, as I always said were the sweetest spot in forty miles of country? Pull down the farm here, build a noo mansion up there, just under the barrows——"

He saw the old man's eye strike fire, and realized that this enthusiasm for the development of the property had better have been suppressed.

"Aye, aye," he went on, "that's all as might be. But as for the other 'un as applied, he didn't say much, but he didn't seem to think of no improve—alterations like, not to speak of."

Once more the handkerchief twitched half way out of the pocket, and was rammed home again. The old man gazed steadily at the far side of the valley, where the black junipers dotted the hill. The chances of the future were burning into his heart.

"I'd sooner sell to the second 'un," he said, at last. "We can't foresee what'll happen to the place in years to come, but so long as I do live I'll never do aught toward bringin' in one as means to destroy it. But I count I ain't good for much longer, and that's why it don't make much odds, for I ain't no son to hold it after me. Longcrofts be done for, Daniel. They be done for at last."

So before Daniel Pigg went away it was arrangend that he should enter into communication with the second of the two applicants who aimed at founding a dynasty of usurpers at Whitelands Farm. The property agent secretly felt a twinge of disappointment that the glorious transformation of the freehold on the lines he had briefly sketched in a moment of indiscretion did not seem likely to come off, but the professional satisfaction of having Whitelands pass through his hands at all was thoroughly agreeable to him. Mr. Longcroft took the thought of parting with it uncommon well, he thought, on the whole. But there, 'twere only for his own good to sell it for as much as he could and be done with it, as he might have owned to a twelvemonth ago.

But to John Longcroft the succeeding days—days of mellow September sunshine and gossamer haunted stillness—were the bitterest of his life. Weak as he was already, he was visibly wasting away, and when Mary heard from Barndon that the prospective purchaser was still anxious to buy if the place proved suitable, she wrote to Daniel Pigg to urge him to hurry things on to the climax as soon as possible. Daniel sent word in due course that his client was now in Barndon, and would come to inspect the property himself within the next few days, and then the time of waiting dragged on once more. Every day Tom Haygarth came to meet her at the farm or in the fringes of the woodland, and it was his presence and encouragement that seemed to give her strength to go on. Every day the old man wandered by himself over every nook and corner of the farm on which his days and the days of his race were numbered, or sat on some knoll of the down gazing vacantly before him into the far off scenes of the past. One golden windless afternoon he was sitting by the side of a hollow cart track that came over the down a little way below the farm, and caught the full view of the black barns with their yellow lichened roofs, the farmhouse with the row of great elms beside it, and the sweep of the hill above created against the sky line with the graves of the men of old. Mary and Tom were talking together not far off, for one of Mary's self imposed duties in these days was to shadow her father unseen wherever he went, for fear his feebleness should bring him into harm or difficulty; but seeing him safely settled there in the sunshine, they had wandered a little on. Then, as the old farmer sat there, a middle-aged man with a little boy topped the crest of the down and came slowly down the cart track toward him, stopping at last by his side. The old man turned his gaze and looked at them.

"Be you goin' to Whitelands, sir?" he said, while the little boy stared at him curiously.

The other looked him steadily in the face. "Aye, I've come up to speak with Mr. Longcroft," he said. "Come up from Brandon—from Mr. Pigg," he went on, and looked at him again. "Father, do you know me?"

The old man fell to trembling as he sat, and looked confusedly from one of the pair before him to the other.

"I — knew the little 'un," he faltered, holding out his arms to the child with the yellow hair. "Thirty year ago, thirty years ago and more. Oh, Phil, Phil, is it thou at last, my son?"

But it was the grown man who caught his outstretched hand and answered him.

So that night there slept in Whitelands a Longcroft to the second and third generation, and, somewhat to the natural annoyance of Mr. Daniel Pigg, his client was able to dispense with all ordinary forms of purchase on entering into permanent residence upon the farm beneath the barrows.
—The Ladies' Field.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

GIRL, BEAR AND PRISON.

Sadie McMackin, the fifteen-year-old daughter of a farmer residing in the New Bergen district, had a terrifying experience on a recent night, writes the Cross Fork (Pa.) correspondent of the Philadelphia Record. She had gone alone, at 4.30 o'clock in the afternoon, to fetch the cows from a natural pasture in a sugar maple grove, nearly a mile from the house. Among the eight cows that constituted the drove were two black heifers, both undersize. The girl caught the sound of the bell on the wether cow, and started on a short-cut across the corner of deep woods that ran for miles beyond the maple grove.

When in the thick of the timber she spied what she at first supposed to be one of the undersized black heifers browsing among the bushes. An instant, later, however, when she was barely only a rod away, the animal straightened up and the girl found herself face to face with a monster black bear.

The bear, himself affrighted by the sudden appearance of the girl, raised on his haunches and began chattering his teeth—a defiant attitude assumed by the animals when cornered.

Miss McMackin believed the bear was about to attack her, and turned to run. She was within sight of a log-out shanty used for the storing of the camp kettle and other sugar-making accoutrements, having upon it a heavy door fastened by a large wooden latch. The girl ran for refuge to this cave-like apartment, snatched the door open and popped inside, jerking the door shut behind her.

The bear by this time doubtless was scampering away, for when the girl peered out through a knothole in the door bruin was nowhere to be seen. She then made the discovery that she was a prisoner in the stuffy little cave, for the heavy wooden latch on the outside has fallen into place and held the door firm.

There was no way of reaching the latch on the inside. It was as dark as a dungeon, and her stirring about had disturbed a colony of bats, whose ugly forms, in their short-circuit flight, bumped against her head and hands and face. She shouted, but her voice could not penetrate the heavy door of the cave, and for nearly four hours she was a prisoner in the cave. At the end of that time a searching party came close enough to the cave for Sadie to make herself heard and she was released. The girl, however, was in a state of fright bordering on hysteria, owing to the flight of the bats and fear of reptiles in the cave.

WHY THE CAME APPEARED.

Not long ago a monument was unveiled at Pretoria over the grave ome the late Paul Kruger. The once supreme figure of the African republic is now remembered more for his mistakes than for his achievements. Fate dealt hardly with the old ruler who played so great a part in the making of a sturdy nation. Death found him not even a citizen of the country of which he had been president. He died in exile, his land in subjection to a foreigner. Imperious and domineering, he went out of life a beaten man.

Kruger possessed a Bismarckian gift for blunt and vivid phrases.

"Go back and tell your people never, never!" he said to a deputation. "And now let the storm burst. Protest! Insist! What is the use? I have the guns!"

"My friends," he once began a speech; then, perceiving some "outlanders" in the audience, he added:

"But you are not all friends; some are thieves and murderers. Well—friends, thieves and murderers!"

The president was a curious mixture of piety and shrewdness. A story is told of an incident which occurred in his earlier days.

At one time, when game was very scarce, he went with a party to hunt the hartbeest. They scoured the veldt for days without a sign of their prey. Paul Kruger announced then his purpose of going into the hills to pray for food, like a patriarch of old.

He was gone for a number of hours. When he returned he announced that in three days a large herd would pass that way. The party camped; in less than the appointed time the prophecy was fulfilled, and much game was secured. The Boers hunters were much struck with wonder, and dubbed Kruger "the man of prayer."

Some time after, the Kaffir who accompanied Kruger on his expedition of petition told the truth of the affair. Kruger, when he left the hunting party, had struck out for a neighboring Kaffir kraal; and informed the natives that his men were starving. If they, the natives, did not discover game in three days, he said, he would bring his whole party over the hill and kill every Kaffir. The natives, being sore afraid of Boer methods, all turned out, scoured the region, and drove the game to the Boer camp. Thus Kruger's "prayer" was answered.

CAPTURED BY SIOUX.

The winter of 1856-7 was one long to be remembered by the people of Iowa and Minnesota for its bitter cold weather, deep snow and violent storms, which rendered communication between the different settlements almost impossible. Many of the settlements were on the extreme frontier, and absolutely unprotected and defenseless. It was during this winter that the Sioux attacked and destroyed the family of Mr. Rowland Gardner. They killed all except a young daughter, Abbie, who was taken into captivity, but was rescued through the efforts of the United States Government. In "The Spirit Lake Massacre" she tells something of her captivity:

"Whenever the Indians thought to torture me by threatening to take my life I would merely bow my head. My tearless acquiescence and willingness to die seemed to fill them all with wonder. They thought it a sign of bravery.

"Soon after my capture one of the warriors, who was sitting by me one day in the tent, thinking to test my courage or to be amused at my fears, took his revolver from his belt and began loading it, while he gave me to understand that he would kill me as soon as it was loaded. I merely bowed my head to signify that I was ready.

"When the revolver was all loaded he drew back the hammer and held the weapon close to my head. I quietly bowed my head, expecting he would do as he said, but instead of that he lowered the weapon, and looked at me as if astonished, and then laughed uproariously. So amused was he that he told his companions of it, and it was a favorite subject of conversation.

"These Indians were at a loss to know what to do with much of the plunder they had taken. Among the spoils were quantities of soda and cream of tartar. They interrogated me as to their use, and when I told them we used it in making bread they wished me to make some. They seemed greatly surprised and pleased when they saw the bread "grow" during the process of baking. Although pleased with the "growing," they were too suspicious of being poisoned to eat any until I had eaten. Then they devoured it greedily."

STERLING STUFF.

One always feels a bit sorry for the boy who has the responsibilities of life thrust on him too early; yet the qualities brought out in the lads of whom Mr. Cozzens writes in his "Acadia" are worth far more than the careless joy of youth, and the reader feels like taking off his hat to the little fellows. Mr. Cozzens, traveling in Newfoundland, put up for a night at a fisherman's cottage. The host was known by the name of "Red Cap."

As we sat down to luncheon two boys came in, one thirteen years of age, one eleven. After modestly shaking hands with the guest, they quietly seated themselves together in a corner of the fireplace. They were dressed in plain, homespun clothes, made something in the manner of a sailor's rig. Their shirts were of neat check and their shoes were old-fashioned, low quartered and round toed. It was not usual to see such stocky, robust figures as these fisher-lads presented, and indeed over all the hutch there was one pervading idea of cleanliness and careful housewifery.

Each little face, although modest, had its own tale of hardihood to tell. Something of the open sea was written on each countenance, something of courage and endurance, faith and self reliance, compass and rudder, speaking out plainly under each little thatch of white hair.

As we found out afterward the faces spoke the truth. These two fisher boys were their father's only crew. In all weathers, in all seasons, by night, by day, the parent and the two children were together on the perilous deep.

"If I were father of those boys," I whispered to "Red Cap," "I should be proud of them."

"Would ye?" returned the father, eagerly. "Well, I thought so once myself. It was once when a schooner got ashore out there on the rocks. We could see her just under the lights of the lighthouse, pounding away. By reason of the ice no one would venture to her, so my boys said, said they, 'Father, we can go, anyway.'

"I wouldn't stop after that, and we got beside the schooner and took off all the crew, they mostly dead with cold. It was an awful bad night, what with the dark and the ice. Yes, they are good boys!"

MAD RUN WITH WILDCAT.

With a struggling wildcat held tightly to his breast, John Sieh, a farmer near Lake City, Iowa, ran four miles for aid. The animal had leaped at the farmer's throat as he was hunting quail in a plum thicket. The heavy collar of his coat saved Sieh. The farmer threw his arms about the animal as its claws lacerated his flesh and tore his clothing. Then ensued a fight for life between the hunter and the wildcat. The struggle required all of Sieh's strength. He was four miles from home, and when he obtained a grip on the animal he started to run home. Two neighbors killed the wildcat with a bullet while Sieh still held it. Sieh collapsed when freed from his dilemma.—New York Herald.

Was From His Girl.

A guest who had just registered at the Shirley Hotel was approached by a boy with a telegram. It had $1 charges on it.

"What!" said the guest, before opening it. "A dollar charges! I won't pay it. Anybody who cannot pay for his messages when wiring me is certainly a cheap one. Wait a minute. I'll just let you report this uncollected and the sender may pay the charges."

At this he tore the envelope open. As he read a smile settled on his face and pulling out a dollar from his pocket he handed it to the boy.

"It's all right," he said.

Then he threw the message on the counter. "Read it!" he said to C. T. Newton, the clerk. The message read:

"Papa's little girl sends him fifty bushels of love, and wishes he was home to kiss her good-night. Nellie."
—Denver Post.

At the theatre at Namur the performers making their debut are accepted or rejected for further performances by the votes of the audience, the artists usually appearing in three different works before their fate is sealed.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

FORTY-FOUR HIDDEN TREES.

Last summer I, with my papa, went for a voyage on a ship. The first day was windy. My boa kept switching around in so lively a fashion that it made me mad, or angered; my cape turned up over my head as only a cape can, and finally flew off my tam. A rack of chairs near by stopped it, and a man going by got it, and lifting his cap pleasantly restored it as soon as I could get my cape arranged so that I could see. In his coat he found a big pin easily, and with it I fastened on my cap.

He was a bald, erect old man, whose name was Abel Martin. He was angular chested, but strong, for he could row and do it well. He always put me in mind of a bumble-bee cheerily buzzing. He loved children. Into a crying mouth he would pop large bonbons. His pockets were full of fancy pressed cookies, and often a child ran from him to her mother, crying: "See nut! Me got nuts!" He even had a tender smile for the absurd lovers who, getting behind a cabin or a big box, woo desperately the objects of their fancy.

At first he used to appal matrons by his freedom, when he would hope a chair he had would be accepted by them, but soon even they gave him a pleasant glance.

One week opened with a gale Monday, and for hours we were all in dense darkness. He went round making timid ones laugh, saying the sea was never calm on days like this. If the wind was hard he would grab any and every one with clasp entirely reassuring. When a sail slammed larboard and we squealed he said give him a hog any day to do his squealing. He aided the sailors, helping them lock the portholes; now advised a woman to put on a warm wrap and thick, "or you will get sick."

At last he went down to the galley, and, for the cook Tamar is kindly, got a teakettle of hot water, brought it to the cabin, added a cup, lumps of sugar and other things, asked a jolly old lady to help him, and made her pin on a big apron, then said, "You'll ladie out if I go up and if I ring a bell?" She assented; he came calling, "All ye wet folks appear! Ma invites you to a party." We came and drank to "better weather." Then he got us to dance, some darky dances, and soon there was a calm.

Ugly fears had gone, and in a few hours more there was a "Hello." Custom officers came on board and our journey was over.—Philadelphia Record.

"BACON" A LIVELY GAME.

There is a lot of fun in the game, because many start to run before "bacon" is called, and all those who get beyond the goal line, if this word is not shouted by the caller, have to stand in the centre to help tag. The object of the "caller" is to fool those at the goal by shouting "ham! ham! chicken!" lingering on the last word with the hope that some will start without waiting to hear it or to shout the four words, rapidly one after the other, and then those who don't start to run may be counted out and will have to help the "caller." The last person to be caught who has dodged all the "callers" wins the game.

"Three deep" is a play that makes a lot of merriments because of the unexpected happenings. The boys and girls form themselves in two circles, one inside of the other, but do not take hands, and stand far enough apart to permit one to run between. Two children are selected to stand outside of the ring, one of these being called the "runner" and the other the "chaser." The runner starts the game by diving between the circles and standing in front of one child on the inner circle, making them "three deep;" this is the signal for the person standing on the outer circle to run and stand in front of another boy or girl on the inner circle before the 'chaser" has tagged him or her, for should the "chaser" tag before the "runner" has stood "three deep" then the "runner" becomes the "chaser" and the latter has a chance of getting into the circle. The "runner" cannot cross the circle, but can dive in and out between the line. In this way the circles are constantly changing, and there is always enough action to keep everybody busy watching that no one gets his or her place.—New York Telegram.

COLLEGE GIRLS' EXCUSES.

"These are the days when the average college girl finds it a hard task to keep constantly at her books," says one of the large staff of women at Wellesley, "and she draws the long bow now and then when she wishes to get a few hours or a day of liberty for a ride, a drive, a football game, an attraction in the theatres or for any of a thousand and one side issues. We had a girl here once who asked permission to go carriage riding one afternoon with a young man who was visiting in town

"'Are you engaged to him?' we asked her in a severe tone.

"'Why no,' she replied, very thoughtfully, as if struck for the first time by that aspect of the question. Then she brightened up wonderfully and added: 'But maybe if you will allow me to go riding I shall be when I return.'

"There was another girl who requested leave to go riding with her brother, and the woman of whom she asked permission queried, looking at her with an eye loaded with no twinkle: 'And is your brother any relative of yours?' "—Boston Herald.

CAT AND MOUSE IS LIKED.

"Cat and Mouse" is another game that is simple and being full of action is a lot of fun. One big circle is formed and everybody takes hand, for they are banded together to keep out the cat and mouse, or if they get into the circle, all try to prevent their getting outside again. Two children are chosen, one to be the mouse, the other the cat, and as the circle dances around, the cat chases the mouse, and the latter tries to get over or under the hands of those in the circle.

Though not so active as these other games a candy pull is interesting, for the object is to pull the taffy to a white color and then to twist it into some artistic shape. When there are thirty or forty in the party the plan is to have some object, such as a piece of filagree, a scroll or a toy man to copy, and the one who makes the best likeness should receive a prize, while the boy or girl who pulls the taffy to the whitest shade should also be given a reward.
—New York Telegram.

THE SULU BOY'S TREASURE.

A curious incident happened. The soldiers of the escort had given some Sulu boys three or four lumps of clear ice—a thing they had never seen or heard about before. Believing them to be precious crystals of great value they wrapped them up carefully in pieces of silk and hid them in their pockets. As their clothing was thin their astonishment was great on experiencing a curious "burning" feeling against their ribs next to where the precious gifts lay, and on discovering, when they opened the handkerchief, that the "precious crystal" had vanished, leaving a wet handkerchief and jacket, their amazement at this incomprehensible phenomenon was amusing to watch. They became quite perplexed, and for some time the entire assembly was greatly excited by it. The Sultan begged to be given some ice, too, and one high personage wished to know how he could preserve his piece, as he wanted to set it in a ring!—A. H. Savage Landor, in "The Gems of the East."

THE GENTLEMANLY CHEETAH.

The cheetah has a reputation as one of the most gentlemanly of beasts.

A story from Ootacamund shows what fine manners the animal has. Three Calcutta visitors to the hill station were out on a tramp when they were overtaken by a thunderstorm, accompanied by sheets of rain. They spied a cave in the side of the hill and into it they rushed. When the rain stopped they came out and to their surprise found a cheetah sitting licking the heavy wet off his waistcoat and his paws.

It was his cave, but rather than deprive his visitors of their shelter the polite creature had sat outside in the driving tempest. With a friendly mew and gracefully wagging his tail the cheetah bade adieu to his guests and walked with dignity into his house.—Asian.

REYNARD'S HIDING PLACE.

During a run of the Essex Union Hounds at Great Burstead yesterday the fox took refuge in a brewhouse, and seated itself on the copper of boiling water. Finding its position too warm, it fled to the roof and sought safety among the rafters.

Chairs were upset, plates and dishes broken and paint pots overturned by the hounds, until the arrival of one of the whips, who caught the fox and liberated it.—London Globe.

Sanders' Measure.

Mr. Simons did not rise from his chair behind the air-tight stove in the sitting room when his wife hurried in and told him that Abel Sanders was in the kitchen and wanted to see him.

"What d'you let him in for?" he asked, reproachfully.

"He wants to buy a hoss, that's why," replied Mrs. Simons. "You'd have made a great to-do if I hadn't."

"No, I wouldn't," Mr. Simons said, as he reluctantly rose. "I know Sanders' size. I can't do business with him. He wants a cheap hoss. And I ain't got anything I can sell less than $14."

The Horns of His Dilemma.

An editor of a Western exchange recently began worrying about how he would get his shirt on over his wings after reaching Paradise. An envious contemporary sarcastically observed that his difficulty would likely be how he could get his hat on over his horns.—Guyman (Kan.) Herald.

Value of Cremation.

"Cremation is good," wrote the little girl in the examination, "because the person might only be in a swoon, and if he is burned he cannot recover."—London Tribune.

Baron Komura, Japan's new ambassador to Great Britain, is known in Pekin, where he served some time as special envoy as the "rat minister," an allusion to the rapidity and subtlety of his movements, both physically and intellectually.

The oratorio of "The Messiah" was given entire by graphophone to an audience of over a thousand persons in Weymouth, England. It was considered a musical success.

The Sultan has given up opposing the introduction of electric light in Constantinople, and ere long that city will be lighted at night for the first time.