THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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Carnegie cash has demoralized the Scottish universities, according to some graduates.

It's all off now. The Greek letter college societies have refused to admit Japanese to membership.

Equal suffrage may come. He is a brave man, a foolhardy man, who dares to deny it. But surely it is safe to say, observes the Washington Post, that the pathway of lovely woman is beset with thorns.

Another man who "lost all in the bucket shops" has committed suicide. When will pikers learn, asks the Courier-Journal, that the man who fishes for fortune in bucket shops is sure to make a water haul?

The National Civil Service League announced that an old age pension list on the English basis would cost the Government $25,000,000 a year, and recommended as a substitute plan the reduction of salaries of employes in proportion as their work fell below standard.

Senator William P. Frye, of Maine, in a long interview in a Boston paper, says he does not regret giving up his law business, which would have made him rich, whereas he is poor, for a public career, where he has lived in pleasant surroundings and found infinite satisfaction in the honors and confidence which his State has given him.

The New York World with pride relates how some 2800 New York school boys and girls sat for fifteen minutes in quiet and order while smoke and flames were pouring from the front windows of the adjoining building and the fire engines were at work in the street. Then they marched out exactly as usual. Yet a nerve specialist in Chicago declares we are moving swiftly and inevitably toward nervous prostration as a national malady and in two generations "we are doomed."

America soon must bow to Germany and Japan as world Powers if a revolution is not effected in the methods of its commerce. Hamilton Marble so prophesied in an address on "Works and Days," at the sixty-first convocation of the University of Chicago. "The race," said he, "that combines science and inventiveness and ability to work will rule the world of the future. Unless we awake to the fact that the business man of the future must take science as a partner, we will lose in the struggle. Germany is sending out to the ends of the world young men thoroughly trained and prepared. The man who has four languages with which to aid him will drive out the man with only one language. The Japanese for centuries have been learning the value of obedience and discipline. Fifty years from now it will make all the difference in the world what attitude we take and whether we train ourselves to meet the Japanese and the Germans."

From Leila Mechlin's "The Freer Collection of Art," in the Century, the following excerpt is made: There is it has been said, no fixed standard of art criticism. What is lauded today is discarded to-morrow, and connoisseurs disagree bewilderingly but, glancing back over the ages, will be found that the disagreement has been caused by technical merit, and that in every land, among all peoples, the truly beautiful has been generally recognized and correctly esteemed. No question to-day the beauty of Greek temple or the charm of the Indian pottery; it does not require trained eyes to recognize the charm of an Oriental flower painting or to delight in one of Whistler's nocturnes. The fundamentals in each instance are the same; rhythmical line, fair proportions, and harmonious coloring. We have to be led ofttimes up the ascent of art, and there is much discussion concerning the byways, but once on the height, all dissension ends, and we no longer need a guide.

A medical journal upholds the practice of dressing for dinner, on the ground that the change of garments refreshes the body and starts it anew for the digestion fray. A trade journal pursues the subject further, and advocates the changing of clothes as often as possible as a kind of rest cure, not only for the body, but for the clothes. Taking it all together, it would seem that women ought to devote much more time to their clothes than they do, and have much larger wardrobes. The idea of the trade journal seems to be that between the wearer and her clothes there exists a kind of entente cordiale, that she derives from them a certain virtue that can be exhausted if one keeps it continually turned on, as it were. If a woman feels that she looks very smart in a certain gown she is likely to be more bright in her manner and possibly more agreeable. The way to keep the gown in such condition as to produce this desirable effect is to give it plenty of rest. It must not be overworked or the virtue will go out of it.

THE LADIES' POLITICAL CLUB.

(With Parentheses.)

"Come, ladies, come to order, please!
This is a hot campaign;
To purify our politics
We women should be fain.
We have a part—a noble part—
In this campaign to do"—
("Good gracious, how that woman talks!
How soon will she be through?")

"Our husbands, brothers, fathers, sons,
Need all our help to win;
Then let us in all ways we can
Into the work pitch in;
The public welfare is at stake,
No labor we must shirk"—
("Cook gone again? They always leave
When there is most of work.")

"Our petty interests we must put
Unselfishly aside,
And drag into the light of day
The thousand ills that hide
Beneath the cloak of greed and graft
The public good that rob"—
("My husband says I've got to quit,
Or he will lose his job.")

"We'll put our shoulders to the wheel
And send a steadfast aid,
Until this town of pure homes
And honest men is made.
To-morrow we'll get down to work"—
But all her voice did drown
In one shout: "No! it's bargain day,
And everything's marked down!"
—Baltimore American.

A STORY OF THE BLOCKADE.

AS TOLD BY CAPTAIN HICKS.

During the war between the States, having been educated at the Naval Academy, I had wished to enter that arm of the service, but there was no place for me, and I attached myself to the cavalry corps of General J. E. B. Stuart, so it was quite a surprise when Secretary Mallory handed me a captain's commission with orders to proceed to Wilmington, N. C., and take charge of a small steamer with instructions to run the blockade to Nassau, then to Eleuthera, one of the Bahama group, and there await a sailing vessel from England loaded with guns and munitions of war for the Confederacy.

The Little Hattie was a snug steamer already loaded with cotton and having a crew composed of adventurers of many nationalities. At this time the port of Wilmington was closely blockaded, so I chose a dark and gusty night, threatening a gale, when we steamed down Cape Fear River, left the protection of the batteries of Fort Fisher, crossed the bar and made a dash to run the gauntlet of the Federal fleet. Every light was out, and perfect silence was ordered, when chancing to turn my eye, I caught a flash of light on the water from our deck. I knew at once that we had a traitor on board, and springing upon a man I found crouched among some coils of rope, I seized him by the collar. As he attempted to free himself, he let fall a dark lantern concealed under a shawl. I kicked the lantern into the sea and hurled the wretch to the deck with such force as to completely stun him, then tossed him overboard. At the same moment a rocket shot up, which was answered by signal lights in every direction. I sprang upon the pilot box as I saw the black hull of a large ship directly in front of me, and seizing the wheel from the sailor in charge turned the head of the Little Hattie, and shot almost under the stern of our huge enemy. Before she could bring her guns to bear, we were speeding away among the whitecaps, now our greatest protection, for not only were both vessels tossing so as to make us an uncertain target, but my ship was painted a dull lead color and was scarcely discernible against the leaden skies. When the big guns belched forth shot and shell, they went whirring and hissing high over our heads, while we disappeared.

Then a calcium light from the deck of the man-of-war lit up the sea, exposing us to the hostile fleet, and another vessel opened fire on us. One shot struck our rigging, another cut the banisters on deck, scattering splinters all around us. The calcium lights exposed our position, but also showed us our pursuers, and I saw all the ships of the line closing in on us. I saw also an opening in the cordon of our foes, and putting on a full head of steam, I made a dash for it, and cleared the cul de sac amid a roar of artillery and hissing of bursting shells. The lights went out, and the night seemed blacker than ever; but ship after ship lighted up the waves, and as the men-of-war would catch a glimpse of us they turned and fired a shot after us. Each shot retarded their speed, while we were widening the space and getting beyond the influence of the calcium lights.

As soon as we were hidden by the darkness we altered our course, and dodged to one side while our enemies passed by. Then running a couple of hours in a northerly direction, until we had eluded them, we resumed our course. There were large ships with powerful engines after us that would soon have run us down in a gale, for the little blockade runner could not long have stood the pressure on her machinery in a heavy sea; so as soon as I felt safe, speed was slackened, but we kept steadily on until the Gulf Stream was reached. And even then the danger was not over, for Federal cruisers were scattered over the ocean between Wilmington and the Bahamas. With the light of dawn we might find ourselves close to one of our enemies. You may be sure I chafed under this unequal contest, for the laws of nations forbid merchantmen carrying guns, otherwise the blockade could not have been enforced. With the exception of a few men-of-war the blockading squadron was composed of merchant steamers, many of which were captured blockade runners converted into war vessels which carried only one gun, called a Long Tom, that was worth little, except to disable an unarmed craft. The greatest danger to which the blockade runner was subjected was finding itself close to one of these fast running light armed steamers at early dawn with an all-day chase before them. So when daylight began to appear we kept a vigilant lookout. The rosy morning rolled back the mantle of night, and to our joy there was no sail in sight. As the sun arose—as it only does at sea—dispelling the mist from the ocean's swell, the man at the masthead shouted, 'Sail ho!' and pointed out a thin column of smoke off our starboard bow. Although it was scarcely perceptible, we quickly turned from it and fled, for the blockade runner ran from every shadow of danger, and when the look out again discerned a pillar of cloud on our port bow, we availed ourselves of the benefit of the doubt, and turned from the suspicious column that was painting a sign of warning in the heavens.

This day and the next was marked by neither incident nor mishap. As night again closed around us, we felt greatly relieved and I retired to rest, wearied with constant watching. The sea was now calm and the balmy air of the Gulf Stream invited sleep. During the night, while the Little Hattie sped on to tropic isles, I was awakened by the cry of "Sail ho!" and saw a steamer bearing down on us. Fortunately the moon, although shining brightly, would soon be down, but being closely pursued we put on steam, and when the moon went out of sight altered our course and escaped in the darkness. Worn out with anlety, I sat at the stern, leaning over the railing watching the phosphorescent sparkles that fell like glittering jewels from the rapid whirl of our propeller, until I slipped quietly amid a pile of canvas and fell asleep. Whether awake or dreaming I never knew, but I saw a short distance from me the Bahama pilot in low earnest conversation with a Portuguese sailor. They were speaking in Portuguese, with which language I am familiar, and in the stillness of the night I could distinguish every word they uttered.

"We must wreck her, Armbrister, as soon as we get among the reefs. The schooner will certainly be on the lookout for us among the cays."

"I dare not undertake it," replied the other, "until we sight the schooner. The skipper here won't stand any foilishness, and if I have to jump and swim for it, I want help at hand. You know every fishing smack about the islands is ready to rush in and claim salvage, and old Saunders' gang of wreckers is always on the watch for wrecks."

"But you don't intend to miss the chance, do you?"

"Not much; but I want the skipper to get the steamer safe in sight of the Bahama Banks, and when he turns her over to me I'll set her fast on a rock near Green Turtle Key."

They went forward to the forecastle, and as I watched them pass out of sight I rubbed my eyes. Was I dreaming or awake? It all seemed so real, yet seemed to have reached me through some other sense than that of sight, for it was too dark to distinguish their features, much less the expression of the treacherous scoundrels which nevertheless was stamped on my memory as vividly as if seen by the light of day. I am yet uncertain whether it was reality or a dream. I resolved, however, to act upon the impression made on my mind, and to watch the villains without letting them know of my suspicions. I sought my berth and slept until daylight, when I was awakened and informed that a steamer was bearing down on us. Rushing on deck, I saw that our only chance lay in out-speeding our enemy. We put on steam, and under a full spread of canvas and unfurled the Confederate flag. There being only a gentle breeze, not sufficient to roughen the sea, the Little Hattie rode the undulating swell like a waterfowl. We were gaining rapidly upon our pursuers when they began to fire on us, but the shot fell short.

We were congratulating ourselves on outstripping our adversary, when we saw the smoke of another steamer, evidently intending to intercept us, and directing its course by the boom of the cannon. We made a slight deviation in our course which we resumed in an hour, closely pursued by two Federal steamers. The last ship was the United States man-of-war San Jacinto, famous for the capture of Mason and Slidell, Confederate ministers to England and France. If the sea had not settled down as calm as a lake the San Jacinto would have soon overtaken us, for it was a vessel of great speed and power, and in spite of every effort on our part, it gained on us. As I stood calculating our chances, I caught the odor of the Bahamas, though fifty miles away. The spicy breath of the fragrant isles, stealing over the sea, whispered hope and encouragement. On we went, piling on fuel, until the engineer reported the coal running short. This was appalling.

"Pile it on while it lasts," I ordered.

"What then, Captain?"

I answered in the desperation of despair, "Burn everything, and then I'll blow her up, before she shall be captured!"

On we went at a terrific rate of speed, all the power of the engine being exerted to its utmost capacity. Still the San Jacinto clung to us like a Nemesis, the other steamer having given up the chase.

"Land ho!" shouted the man at the lookout, a sound that thrilled our hearts with joy. I examined my chart and found I was in sight of one of the Bahamas known as Green Turtle Key. As I called up the pilot, Armbrister, the name suggested my dream, and I asked him if he was familiar with the coast around Green Turtle Key. He replied promptly that he knew every nook and corner about it, and if we could only hold out to reach it, he could carry a vessel of our draft through a channel in a reef where no large ship could follow. We could land at t[illegible] where there was a small [illegible] British troops and a [illegible] appointed by the crown [illegible] government of the island. Again it was reported that the coal was nearly out. Every piece of timber that could be spared went as fuel. As we neared the island the San Jacinto began to fire, shot after schot falling near. One passed through our rigging, taking off a bit from our masthead. We were near enough to shore to have claimed the protection of British waters, but the San Jacinto was not noted as a respecter of international law.

As we neared the reef through which we must pass to insure our safety, I turned the ship over to the Bahama pilot, saying in a whisper,

"Armbrister, are you sure you can take the steamer through yon reef?"

"I would bet my life on it," he replied confidently.

I pointed to my revolver. "Then know that your life is the stake, for I dreamed that your confederates were awaiting you in a schooner, and that you intended to set this vessel on a reef. If you do, I'll kill you the moment it strikes, and feed the sharks on your carcass. Go ahead, now, and be careful!"

He turned pale, but took the wheel with a firm hand, and in a few minutes more we were in the whitecapped foam of the treacherous reef. The sailors all seemed to hold their breath until we passed out of the foam into a beautiful sheet of water. The captain of the San Jacinto, closely following, watched our passage through the reef, and thinking he could pass through the same channel, followed in our wake, when his vessel struck a rock with a crash, then slowly settled down amid the breakers.

Wild exulting cheers went up from the deck of the Little Hattie as we glided along the shore greeted by the waving of handkerchiefs of the citizens, who like ourselves, watched our enemies take to their life boats. The San Jacinto had scarcely settled on the reef before a small schooner pushed out from an island cove and made full sail toward her. As it passed by us, Armbrister shouted to them through a speaking trumpet in a vernacular peculiar to the wreckers of the West Indies, which has been handed down to them from Blackbeard and his followers. I was forcibly reminded of my dream by the prompt appearance of the schooner, which went directly to the assistance of the San Jacinto, for which they were entitled to salvage. Whether they ever got the vessel afloat I never learned, for I heard of it no more. It had captured its last rebel.

We anchored close to Green Turtle Key, which is a small island about a mile and a half in length and half a mile in breadth. It stands among a group of islands built up by coral insects, like all of the Bahamas which are composed of twenty-nine islands, six hundred and sixty-one cays, and two thousand three hundred and eighty-seven rocks, which make them such a dangerous group for mariners. Leaving this Isle of Beauty we set sail for Nassau, passing Elbow Key Lighthouse, then the Hole in the Wall, then glided on until we turned in by Hog Island to the beautiful bay that makes the Harbor of Nassau.—Pious Jeems, in Forest and Stream.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

Scientists have discovered that the human body contains a mass of soapy globules called myclins.

Sterline is an alloy consisting of 68.52 per cent. copper, 12.84 per cent. zinc, 17.88 per cent. steel and 0.76 per cent. iron. It is used as an imitation silver.

The Badische Anilin und Sodafabrik in Ludwigshafen am Rhein, Germany, proposes to erect, at a cost of over $7,500,000, a factory in which the nitrogen in the air is to be utilized for the manufacture of a preparation similar in its properties to Chile saltpeter. The works are to be driven by water power from the River Alz in the Palatinate.

The general usefulness of the motor-cycle in military service was demonstrated recently by the maneuvers of the Italian Army in the Alps. Roads thick with dust and encumbered with rocks with grades fifteen feet in the 100 were successfully traversed. As mounts for scouts, dispatch bearers and aides these machines will be of great service.

Milk is a complete food containing all of the elements required to renew the body and repair the waste. Not only is it easily digested, but it is an economical food as well. One dollar's worth of milk in nerve and energy-producing and tissue-building nutrients is nearly twice as great as beef sirloin at the usual prices of each. Eggs comprise the next most economical food. The enormously increased consumption of eggs, milk and milk products is due to a better knowledge as to their food value and the enhanced price and poor quality of beef.

There is now good reason to believe that the human race has before it a future of infinite development instead of being doomed to extinction in the absolute cold and the outer darkness which, as was supposed until recently, must necessarily fall upon the earth after a few hundred thousand years. It is a considerable comfort to our racial if not to our individual instincts to be assured that man will not be cut off prematurely in his development, but that he will have eons of time in which to attain nearer to that state of perfection of which the idealists of civilization have dreamed.

Queer Fishing Methods.

The idea of catching fish by means of a beehive with a hole in the top of it is a strange enough one. Yet this, says the Country Gentleman, not inadequately describes the method employed by fishermen in the Philippine Islands, who clap their apparatus down over the sluggish bottom feeding fish, and then, putting their hands through the hole in the top, extract their victims.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

"TOO FAR."

I've been visiting my grandpaps
At his great house in the town,
A funnier man I never saw,
Not even the circus clown—
Not the very best circus clown.

He's as big as the biggest giant, I guess,
He speaks as loud as a cow;
But I'm not afraid of him, unless
He says, "That will do, now-now!
That will do right away, now-now!"

Oh, then I know that I've spilled some ink,
Or left the front door ajar,
Or said "I guess" instead of "I think;"
Or gone what he calls "too far"—
I wonder how far is "too far."

But if I say I want to go home
And see my mother—why, then
He says "Pooh-pooh," or perhaps "Come—come,"
And we get good friends again—
Yes, the very best friends again.

If I have a grandson when I'm old,
Just like my dear grandpaps,
I think it will be great fun to scold
Whenever he goes "too far"—
If I know how far is "too far."
—Emily Sargent Lewis, in Puck.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST.

About a dozen years ago in the country of tulips and windmills, where the swan-necked Wilhelmina holds sway, a tiny brown worm crawled out of her yellow egg, along with about 250 brothers and sisters. Now, this little worm didn't look a bit different from the rest of her family, and yet she was destined for a very strange and adventurous life.

She was scarcely a day old when she decided that an unmixed diet of apple leaves was not to her taste. She would have some variety in her fare, so, without a word to her relatives, off she started on an exploring expedition of her own. Even a baby worm but a day old can cover the ground pretty fast when she has sixteen legs to help her along. In the course of the forenoon she had sampled most of the trees and bushes which grew within the inclosure where she was born. "I think this one," she said to herself, settling on a bush crowned with splendid crimson roses, "is more to my taste than anything else I have tried." Up she mounted, higher and higher, until she reached the topmost spray. "Why, why!" she cried in dismay, for already a dozen or more little caterpillars were eating the rose leaves.

"What do you want?" one called to the newcomer. "This is our branch. You can't come here! Begone!"

"Oh, let the baby stay," cried another, and so our little friend, who was really quite exhausted by this time, was glad to creep in among them.

For three weeks they spent all their time eating as fast as possible, but twice each one took a day off to change her gown, for it is not fashionable to wear the same dress long in caterpillar land.

One night early in September Jack Frost made a flying trip through the garden, and the next morning the caterpillars found themselves suffering from stiff joints. They could scarcely move until the sun had thawed them out. They looked at each other in dismay. Their appetites had failed.

"Now, my friends," said the small stranger who had come from the apple tree, "we must start our winter house at once. It is late already. We should have been snugly tucked away in it before last night. A few more frosts like that and there wouldn't be a member of the ancient family of Browntail left in this part of the world."

Ah, how they spun, those little brown worms! They drew the rose leaves down and over, fastening them with strong silk, for the roof and sides of their house. They wove an inner wall so tough and strong that you would have found it almost impossible to tear a hole in it. It was proof against the fiercest winter storms and the bitterest cold.

Well, the weeks sped by, and one day there came to the nurseryman in whose garden the little browntails rocked to and fro an order from America for some of his fine roses. The crimson rose tree was dug up along with the others, carefully sewed in bagging, and started on its long voyage over the sea. The worms, of course, being sound asleep, knew nothing of the strange adventures that were befalling them. If they thought about it at all, they probably imagined that the tossing and pitching of the steamer was only the wind buffeting them about on the tip of their rosebush.

One sunny April morning they woke from their long nap and crawled out on their roof to see how the world looked on this bright spring day and to get a bite to eat, for their appetites were sharp after their seven months' fast.

"Why, how strange it looks here!" remarked our little friend, as she gazed about in all directions, and well it might, for she now found herself in a nurseryman's garden in Somerville, Mass., thousands of miles from the place where she had gone to sleep.

"I don't understand it at all," cried a second caterpillar. "How in the world did we get here? There isn't a leaf out on our bush, and I'm so hungry!"

"Stupid!" remarked our little browntail, "look up there!" and she waved her tail toward a row of pear trees just pushing out their tender green leaves. "Come on," she cried, "see who'll beat!" A royal table indeed did these luscious pear leaves furnish to the hungry travelers. Here they feasted and grew, week after week, changing their gowns when they found them too small.

When they were fully grown each caterpillar carried on his neck two handsome tufts of orange-red, and there were rows of white hairs down his sides. Each caterpillar was thoroughly armed, the ladies as well as the gentlemen. Indeed, the boldest highwayman does not carry a more complete outfit, and yet, if you had looked these little worms over in the most careful manner, not a weapon could you have spied. But suppose one had crawled across your neck, then indeed you would have believed that he carried terrible arms. When his invisible barbed hairs had worked themselves beneath your tender skin, you would have felt as if a hundred Jersey mosquitoes had been feasting on your blood.

By the end of June not one brown caterpillar was to be found in the nurseryman's garden in Somerville, but on the tips of the branches one could see some oblong cocoons loosely woven of grayish silk. Along toward the middle of July out from each of these cradles crept a snowy moth, the ladies' bodices each ending in a beautiful golden brown pompon—the real brown tail which gave them name. When the night wind blew strong it carried the white wings along with it, scattering them far and wide. A few days later you might have seen the moths lying dead in many different places, but if you had examined the trees and bushes near you would have found on the leaves what looked like little patches of brown fur, the egg clusters. After laying her 200 to 300 eggs, each lady had slipped off her brown tail and glued it over them for protection.

From the tiny colony of less than a score of caterpillars that came to us on the Dutch rosebush, has sprung such an army of browntails that they cover thousands of miles of territory. If you stand beneath an arc light on a fair July night you may see a cloud of white wings, rising, falling, whirling in the breeze, like a veritable midwinter snowstorm.—New York Tribune.

UPSIDEDOWNNESS OF CHINA.

The Chinaman shakes his own hand instead of yours.

He keeps out of step when walking with you.

He puts his hat on in salutation.

He whitens his boots instead of blackening them.

He rides with his heels in his stirrups instead of his toes.

His compass points south.

His women folks are often seen in trousers, accompanied by men in gowns.

Often he throws away the fruit of the melon and eats the seeds.

He laughs on receiving bad news. (This is to deceive evil spirits).

His left hand is the place of honor.

He says westnorth instead of northwest, and sixths-four instead of four-sixths.

His favorite present to his parent is a coffin.

He faces the bow when rowing a boat.

He pays the doctor when he is well. Nothing when sick.

To bore a hole he uses an instrument that works up and down instead of around.

The children of a Chinese school study out loud.

A Chinaman's armor is worn on the back instead of on his breast.

SOME RUSSIAN RIDDLES.

Here are some riddles which the boys and girls in Russia puzzle their heads over. See how many of them you can guess without looking at the answers:

1. I am blind, but show others the way; deaf and dumb, but know how to count.

2. People pray for me and my company, but directly I appear they hide themselves.

3. I have four legs and feathers, but am neither beast nor bird.

4. There are four brothers under one hat.

5. Four brothers run side by side, but never catch one another.

6. What walks upside down overhead?

7. Who are the two brothers, that live on the opposite sides of the road, yet never see each other?

8. A pack of wolves ran by. One was shot. How many remained?

Answers: 1, a milestone; 2, rain; 3, a feather bed; 4, legs of a table; 5, wheels of a cart; 6, a fly; 7, your eyes; 8, one—the dead one.—Brethren Evangelist.

Patriotism.

"You have never shouldered arms and marched away in obedience to your country's call, have you?"

"No."

"You admit that you haven't cast a vote for twenty years?"

"What's the use of voting? I've never heard of an election yet where one vote would have changed the result."

"The papers have accused you of being a tax-dodger. If they have lied about you why don't you sue them for libel?"

"I don't consider that it is anybody's business whether I pay taxes or not. Taxes are too high in this country, anyhow."

"Yet you claim to be patriotic. I don't see where your patriotism comes in."

"You don't? I want you to understand that I hang out one of the biggest flags to be seen in this street on the Fourth of July."—Judge.

About 650 tons of Dutch cheese are consumed annually in Barcelona and the provinces of Catalonia and Valencia. Every Thursday evening a carload of about 500 cases leaves Amsterdam for Barcelona.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

SAW ELEVEN MEN EATEN.

Miss Beulah Logan Tuthill, a Methodist missionary, whose ancestors were missionaries before her, startled a big Methodist camp meeting on the Desplaines River, Chicago, by telling how she saw eleven persons killed and devoured by cannibals. She was taken to the Caroline Islands when she was six years old and began her missionary work when she was seventeen. In 1900 her parents left the Carolines and went to Sidney, Australia. She remained on the islands for several months afterward.

Then she took passage on the steamer Aragul for Sidney. A terrific storm swept the vessel near the island of New Ireland, 200 miles northeast of Australia. Miss Tuthill was swept overboard, but she was an expert swimmer and was picked up by some Christian Malays. They were subsequently wrecked on a sand bar, on which a schooner was going to pieces. This bar was two miles off the cannibal isle. She said:

"As the tide began to rise to free us the horror began. One of our lookouts gave an exclamation of terror. We looked and there on the shore we saw a horde of savages coming down the beach—fully 200 of them—in full war panoply, armed with shields and spears and heavy clubs, with which they were accustomed to dash out their enemies' brains.

"They stole down upon the schooner and then attacked it with a rush. The sailors made no resistance. They had concealed themselves in the hope of escaping, but one by one, eleven men in all, they were found, dragged out and killed with a blow on the back of the head with a great war club.

"Then they dragged the bodies ashore and prepared for the feast. They beat on tom-toms and strange drums. Then a strange thing came. They seemed actually to make a sort of religious ceremony out of this horrible affair. They beat their tom-toms and pulled their hair and uttered their weird, gutteral cries.

"The rest is too horrible—how they cooked their human food; how they danced about their victims; how at last that company tore the smoking human flesh to pieces with their nails and teeth in a mad orgy.

"The chief ate first, and after dancing he allowed his followers to partake. Then at last, when it seemed to me that I surely could stand it no longer, the savages formed in line and started to march away. The tide had flowed in and we were free.

"Frantic to escape, the frightened sailors who had rescued me made haste to pull away. But now we were seen. The savages broke their line and rushed to the beach. A score or more of them entered a canoe and pursued us. They gained upon us, fast, faster. I turned sick at heart.

"Three miles away, across the bay, there was a German station, and for this we headed. They gained on us more and more. We could hear their savage cries, but, thank God, there was a German gunboat in sight. Glancing toward the war ship, I saw a little puff of smoke, and a four-inch shell came across the water toward the cannibal canoe. It missed. Then another, and this time it hit squarely and exploded, and dealt death and destruction. I could see the survivors jumping into the water and swimming for the shore. The Germans welcome us, and I could not thank them sufficiently."

A GRUESOME FIND.

The lyre bird of Victoria is not remarkable for industry. The same nests are occupied year after year, and a young couple seeking a separate abode will not go to the trouble of constructing one themselves if they can discover a nest already made. In connection with this habit, I had a rather gruesome experience.

I was following up a creek in the neighborhood of Mount Wills with a small party, and the scrub being too thick to get through without cutting our way with axes, we clambered over a bed of fern tree trunks (an embryo coal seam) naturally piled along the course of the creek. We had not gone far when we came to a little patch of cleared ground covered with leaves, which general indications showed was used as a lyre bird's nest. It was right on the course of the creek, and occasioned us considerable surprise, because lyre birds do not as a rule nest close to a waterway, no doubt from an inherited dread of floods. In fact, we had never heard of such a nest nor a creek before.

We came to the certain conclusion, therefore, that the ground had not been cleared by the birds; and as it was good black soil, the only inference was that it had been dug up shortly before the birds took possession of it, otherwise the space would have been covered with vegetation. Now, such a place could only, we thought, be dug for gold prospecting; and, inasmuch as those who had used the pick and shovel there had taken the trouble to fill the hole up again, we naturally decided that a find had been made, and that the discoverers had concealed the traces, intending to return, but had been unable to do so. We soon found, however, that the hole had been made for quite another purpose than to search for gold. We had only reached a foot below the surface when we found the decomposed body of a man who had clearly been murdered, judging by a small hole in the back of his head and by a bullet which the police subsequently found in the skull.

The identity of the man was never disclosed; but it was adjudged by the authorities that his body had been buried for three or four years, during all of which time the lyre birds nesting over it had been rearing families and sending their musical notes to resound against the mountain sides.—Chambers' Journal.

THREE GENTLEMEN.

When the forces of the United States occupied Cuba, Walter Reed, an army doctor, undertook to establish the truth or falsity of the theory that yellow fever is conveyed only through the agency of mosquitoes.

The biography of Dr. Reed, just published, gives in detail the story of the great experiment.

The first thing that was necessary was men willing to risk their lives. The doctor called for volunteers. A number offered themselves, and two—enlisted men in the United States Army—were chosen.

The doctor talked the matter over with them and told them frankly of the chances they were taking. Yes, they understood. It was all right. They were willing. Then the doctor told them that they would receive a certain money compensation for their services.

No. That could not be. The only condition on which the men would offer themselves was with the understanding that they should receive no compensation whatever.

Dr. Reed rose, touched his cap, and said, "Gentlemen, I salute you!"

The word "gentlemen" has been used so freely as a mere form of address that something of the finer meaning it ought to have has been lost. In this case one who was himself a true gentleman saw, and was quick to recognize in two common soldiers, that quality which neither rank nor social distinction can bestow nor the most lowly estate destroy.

Two men might have volunteered for that duty and shown the courage to carry it out, yet have found nothing repugnant in the idea of accepting pay for it. They would have been brave men, but not gentlemen. There are some things you cannot buy from a gentleman. One of them is his life, but he will give it cheerfully if occasion demands.

How a man views the relationship between money and conduct is one of the truests tests of the gentleman, as it is one of the fundamental tests of character. It is the thirty pieces of silver that have made the name of Judas so detested.

Walter Reed has gone to his grave. The names of the two volunteers, although they appear in the records, are unknown to the country which they served so nobly; but some time, when the thing they did has received its fitting recognition, the American people will say, as the doctor did, "Gentlemen, we salute you!"—Youth's Companion.

HIS FIRST LESSON.

Mr. Farley, the author of "West Point in the Early Sixties," tells how he received his first lesson in military discipline. He had been the butt of various jokes during the early part of his attendance, and was perhaps a little off guard in matters of mere etiquette and routine.

Just after "call to quarters" in the evening the sentinel tapped on our door and called out, "All right?"

The reply not being satisfactory to him, he opened the door and inquired if anyone had answered "All Right?"

"I did, sir."

"Who is room orderly?"

"He is, sir."

"Why did he not answer?"

"Because I did, sir."

"Why did you answer?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Why do you not know?"

"I forgot, sir."

"Well, young man, don't ever forget again.

"Now," said the sentinel, "I inquire, is it all right in this room?"

"All right, sir," responded the room orderly.

"What is all right?"

"Everything is all right, sir."

"Is everything all right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is that basin all right?"

"No, sir."

"Is that pillow all right?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know, young man," the sentinel said, "that the rules and articles of war require that you should be tried by court-martial and dismissed the service for trifling with a sentinel on post in this manner? In time of war the sentence would be death."

COBB HAS SAVED 175 LIVES.

William James Cobb, who has saved 175 lives during his career as watcher on the Thames River at Putney, was revealed as a hero the first time in his life at the Southwestern Police Court, London, the other day. He was called to testify in the case of an attempted suicide, who threw himself in the river and was rescued by the hero. Cobb was highly complimented by the magistrate, who presented him with a sum of money in recognition of his services. It is now proposed to apply to the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission on his behalf.

Obstacles to Diving.

The obstacle to salvage at great depths is the pressure, says a marine journal. Little is attempted beyond a depth of fifty feet by reason of it. With a new diving suit a French hydraulic engineer has, however, made considerably more than 100 descents, reaching depths of 150 to 300 feet—much below the limits of ordinary diving. The dress consists of an armor of sheet metal from one-fifth to one-third of an inch thick, with joints and coupling points of pressed leather and rubber, and a helmet with two cylindrical regenerating chambers attached. The air circulating through the helmet has its oxygen continually renewed by chemicals in these chambers, regulating valves keeping the pressure in the helmet constant at all depths. Mounting and descending are effected by a cable carried on a drum driven by an electric motor, and this cable also carries the current needed for the respiratory apparatus. The diver communicates with the surface by telephone, while wires run from the armor to electric lights that show the working of the different parts of this complicated dress.