THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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The worst phase of a perverted insurance business is the excessive cost to the poorest people, laments the Christian Register.

If the farm products of the United States amounted to $7,000,000,000 this year, as Secretary Wilson says, the cry back to the soil is not an idle one.

These days with the "unwritten law" getting so strong, and the other ones getting so weak, it might be a good plan to unwrite the written ones, observes the Augusta Chronicle.

Whatever be the real causes, the Scottish churches have lost and are losing hold of masses of the people, and serious men, both ministers and laymen, are seriously troubled about the fact.

Exclaims the Manchester Union: You may join the mile-a-minute class, but no oil has been discovered yet that will keep all the cogs in condition. Good old age was never a sequel to the rule.

If the most favored community in the world were accurately described in every particular, with all its nudities, crudities and sins exposed, the first impression made would be that it was the worst place in the world.

Statisticians estimate that twenty-one acres of land are necessary to sustain one man on fresh meat. The same land, maintains the New York Tribune, if devoted to wheat culture, would feed forty-two persons; if to oats, eighty-eight; potatoes, Indian corn and rice, 176, and if to the plantain or bananas, more than 6000 persons.

A story of extraordinary deafness was unfolded at a recent meeting of a medical society in Philadelphia. An elderly woman, exceedingly hard of hearing, lived near the river, relates Harper's Weekly. One afternoon a warship fired a salute of ten guns. The woman, alone in her little house, waited until the booming ceased. Then she smoothed her dress, brushed her hair back in a quaint manner, and said, sweetly "Come in!"

In his report to the President, the Secretary of Agriculture estimated the beet sugar production of the country for 1906 at 350,000 long tons, valued at $34,000,000, remarks the Boston Transcript. This he contrasted with the crop seven years ago, which amounted only to $7,000,000. As a matter of fact, on the basis of figures later than his, the season's crop will aggregate about 450,000 tons at a valuation of considerably over $40,000,000.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has begun tree planting on quite an extensive scale along its western lines, notes the Canadian Forestry Journal. A contract has been let for a small acreage near Wolseley, on which it is the intention to experiment with tamarack for ties. A piece of ground is also to be planted at Medicine Hat with jack pine and tamarack for the same purpose. Over 100 miles of trees are to be planted between Winnipeg and Calgary for snow breaks and at several points trees are to be planted on the station grounds, and prizes are to be offered the section men who make the best showing.

Considering that the salaries paid women are not as high as those paid to men, Miss Phoebe Couzins avers, emphatically, that there is reason why they should be. To her way of thinking, there are two great things which prevent women from reaching high success in any line: first, her nature; second, lack of incentive. "Woman," thinks Miss Couzins, "was not intended to reach a high position in the professional world. Her place is at the home, and try though she will to kill her real nature, she cannot pass a certain degree of proficiency. A man goes into the world and seeks fame that he may win some good woman. What woman enters the business world that she may win a husband who will look after the home?"

Speaking of the likelihood of Congress compelling roads to adopt the block system the Brooklyn Eagle says: This is an effort in the right direction. The loss of life on our American roads is very much heavier than in England or on the continent, where automatic block signals are far more generally used than here. The deaths in proportion to the number of passengers carried per mile are very much heavier here, and the contrasting figures make our American recklessness of life even more remarkable than our indifference to to equal and equitable rates for our railroad service. Public safety demands that every precaution which will reduce the chances of accident shall be employed, regardless of cost. This is a good year to enforce such a demand, because the railroad earnings have been unprecedentedly large, and the railroads are in condition to meet the extra cost. In the end the railroads will be the gainers.

The Lady in the Train.

Harold Godby lolled back on the padded seat of a first-class compartment in one of the expresses between Brighton and Victoria, yawning over an unusually dull morning paper.

The compartment contained only one other passenger, a lady, well dressed, youngish and decidedly good looking, who sat in the opposite corner to himself. Every now and then Harold Godby's eyes roamed in her direction, and each time they did so he was more and more struck with her appearance. Yes, there was no doubt about it; she was at once an uncommonly pretty and an uncommonly interesting looking young woman.

"Lot in that face," said Harold Godby to himself. "No mere wax doll prettiness that. Should say she's got brains and has had experiences. Yes; there's a history behind that face, I'll be bound. Wonder what it is."

Presently, in a half absent sort of way, he took out his pencil and began to make a sketch of his fair companion on the margin of his newspaper.

Harold Godby was always sketching people. It was a sort of involuntary habit with him. He had a wonderful eye for catching likenesses, and no mean skill in draughtsmanship either. But, so far, he had cultivated his gift only in a leisurely, amateurish way, for his own amusement and the delectation of his friends, none of whom guessed, any more than did the young man himself, the latent mine of talent in this direction that he really possessed.

By profession he was a member of the junior bar, where he earned rather a meagre livelihood. It did not occur to him that his real vocation was not the law at all, but that he might easily, had he given his mind to it, have won distinction and wealth—comparative wealth, at any rate—as a black and white artist.

Harold Godby had nearly completed his sketch before the lady who was the subject of it had any idea that she was, so to speak, involuntarily sitting to him.

When she became aware of it she flushed, looked considerably confused and annoyed, then rather amused and finally moved over onto the same side with Harold Godby and peered sidewise at his drawing, as if to see what sort of likeness he was making of her.

It was now Godby's turn, seeing that he was detected, to look confused and embarrassed.

"I beg your pardon," he began awkwardly, feeling that some sort of apology was called for. "Stupid habit of mine to sketch people I meet, if their appearance interests me—didn't mean to cause you annoyance—er—hope you're not—er—offended."

His companion laughed good humoredly, showing as she did so some uncommonly white and even teeth.

"That depends, sir," she replied in sprightly tones and with an air of self-possession that bespoke the complete woman of the world, "on what sort of picture you have made of me. If you have made me twice as nice looking as I am, perhaps I may forgive you. Otherwise, I shall probably take a most serious view of your behavior. May I see your sketch, please?" she added, holding out a very small and neatly gloved hand.

Godby gave her the paper. The request, of course, was one that he could not possibly refuse.

"This is only a very rough sketch," he explained, deprecatingly.

She took it and regarded it for a moment or two in silence. Then she looked up at him and with something more than the suspicion of a twinkle in her bright eyes said, demurely:

"I forgive you."

"I breathe again," he replied, playing (nothing loath) up to the damsel's rather flirtatious lead. "I was afraid, after the conditions you had laid down, that I had sinned beyond forgiveness."

"To what conditions do you refer, sir?"

"You said that you would only forgive me if I had made you twice as nice looking as you are, and I have certainly not complied with that condition, for the simple reason that to do so was a manifest impossibility," he declared, audaciously.

She held up a pretty little forefinger at him in playful reproof.

"I ought to be very angry with you," she said, "for paying me so extravagantly fulsome a compliment on the strength of a speaking acquaintanceship of precisely three minutes. But in point of fact I am merely—amused."

"Then, at least, I have not lived in vain if I have contributed to your amusement," he rejoined.

"Really, sir, you get worse and worse. I wonder what my husband would say if he heard you?"

"You have a husband?"

There was perhaps an involuntary note of disappointment in Godby's tone. It was a ridiculous feeling to have, of course, but somehow he didn't like to think of this exceedingly pretty and fascinating girl as the exclusive property of another man. In fact, he almost felt at the moment as though he should like to kick that other man.

"You seem surprised to hear it," she answered, mischievously. "Now that is a poor compliment, if you like, and takes all the gilt off the gingerbread in what you said before. But chaff apart," she went on, suddenly falling into a serious tone, "this sketch of yours is really uncommonly good. There's a freedom and a breadth about the line of it that reminds me of Phil May. I confess I should like my husband to see it. I know he's on the lookout for a new artist just now—and upon my word" (regarding the sketch with appreciative eyes), "I really think I must take this home with me and show it to him. Shall you mind?"

"Not in the least," answered Godby, who felt, in truth, a good deal flattered by the request.

"I don't know whether, if my husband were to offer you work on the Illustrated Leader, you would care to undertake it," she said, tentatively.

"The Illustrated Leader? Your husband is connected with the Illustrated Leader?" ejaculated Godby.

"He is editor and part proprietor," she replied, with perhaps just a touch of conscious pride in the announcement.

Godby looked, and indeed was, considerably impressed.

"I would like to draw for a paper like that. Wouldn't I just? Why, it's at the very top of the tree, in its own line."

"Yes, it has a reputation," she answered, smiling, "and what is more to the point, a circulation. Of course, I cannot pledge my husband in any way, but I am pretty confident that when I have shown him this sketch of yours he will want to see further samples of your work."

"Awfully good of you to wish to put me—a perfect stranger—into such a good thing," he rejoined, gratefully.

"Not at all," she said. "It is to the interest of my husband and of the paper to discover new blood. He is always on the lookout for rising young artists. I expect he will ask you to call upon him at the office. You will go, of course?"

"Won't I just?" exclaimed Godby.

At this point the train began to slow up, preparatory to stopping at East Croydon.

The lady rose from her seat and began to collect her wraps and belongings.

"I get out here," she said. "No doubt you will hear from my husband in a day or two. And I hope something will come of it."

"But I say! I haven't given you my name and address," ejaculated Godby. "Your husband won't know where to write to me."

"Tut, tut! How stupid of me! Just like a woman, isn't it? It is a good thing you thought of it in time. Thanks very much," taking and placing in her purse the card which he handed her. "And once again, good-night."

"By Jove!" said Harold Godby to himself, as, left alone in the compartment, he journeyed on to Victoria. "Rum go this, if anything does come of it. More like the sort of thing one reads of in novels than what happened in everyday life. Make rather a good 'Queer Story' for Truth. Think I shall have to write it up and send it in. Umph! I dare say nothing will come of it, after all, though. However, we shall see."

More than a week elapsed, and Harold Godby waited in vain for any communication from the editor of the Illustrated Leader. At length he nerved himself up to the bold course of going and bearding the great man, uninvited, armed with some of the best specimens of his pen and ink work.

Arrived at the office of that journal, he had some difficulty in obtaining an interview. After being kept waiting for something more than an hour, however, he was at last admitted into the sanctum sanctorum, where the editor, a rather unkempt, elderly gentleman, sat in his shirt sleeves, with a mass of papers before him.

"Well, sir?" he demanded, somewhat curtly—for he was very busy and inclined to be cross at the interruption. "I don't know your name. You are a stranger to me. What can I do for you?"

"I—I thought, perhaps, that—that your wife might have mentioned me to you," blurted out Godby, not a little taken aback by this reception.

The editor, who was a confirmed old bachelor, looked at Godby suspiciously from under his bushy eyebrows, as though he were doubtful of his sanity.

"Wife? Wife? My wife?" he ejaculated. "What the deuce do you mean, sir? Haven't got a wife. Never had a wife. Never even contemplated taking a wife. Kindly explain yourself, sir."

Godby, now more than ever taken aback, stared at the editor in bewildered amazement.

"The lady to—to—whom I refer certainly represented herself to—to me—as your—your—wife," he stammered.

"Oh, did she?" rejoined the editor. "I wonder what she did that for? Wanted to inspire confidence, perhaps, with a view to borrowing money from you? If that was her game and you were fool enough to lend her anything, you needn't think I'm going to repay you, for I tell you plainly I shall do nothing of the sort."

"Oh, she never suggested borrowing money from me," answered Godby. "She didn't seem to be at all that sort of person. But she was very much interested in a sketch I had made of her and took it, as she said, to show to you, because, this was what she told me, you were on the lookout for new blood, and she felt sure you would like to see further specimens of my work."

And he briefly detailed all that had taken place in the railway carriage between himself and his fair companion, including a more or less accurate description of the lady's personal appearance.

The editor listened in frowning and perplexed silence.

"Your description conveys nothing to me," he said. "I am confident that I have never so much as heard of the woman. She had some object, I suppose, unless it were simply a feeble sort of practical joke—women have curious ideas of humor sometimes—though what, except on that supposition, her ob[illegible] have been, is more tha[illegible] However, as you're [illegible] your specime[illegible] ay as well glance [illegible] editor, with [illegible] ion."

He had so often looked at specimens submitted to him by would-be young artists and had so seldom found anything worth looking at that he had really grown rather sick of his perpetual search for the needle in the bundle of hay.

Godby handed him the sheaf sketches he had brought with him, and anxiously watched the editor's face as he turned them over one by one. The editor's face, however, was inscrutable, and told him nothing. So Godby had to wait for the great man's verdict until such a time as it might please him to deliver it verbally.

At length—the inspection of the sketches completed—the editor looked up.

"Well," he said deliberately, "whoever that mysterious young woman was, and whatever object she may have had in taking my name in vain, it is certain that she must be a good judge of drawing. Some of these sketches are decided promising—decidedly promising, sir. I am too busy to go into the matter with you just now, but if you will leave them with me, I will communicate with you in a day or two, and I have no doubt that we shall see our way to some satisfactory arrangement."

That was high praise from the editor of the Illustrated Leader. No work submitted to him was ever more than "promising." You see he thought it wholesome for young contributors, most of whom had sufficiently good conceit of themselves already, to have that conceit rather damped and chastened than encouraged and fomented. So in praising their work, when he did praise it, he made a point of never saying more than half of what he meant.

Godby left the Illustrated Leader considerably elated and also considerably puzzled—elated by the editor's reception of his sketches, puzzled by the mystery surrounding his fair companion in the train who had passed herself off as the editor's wife. What could have been her object in thus pulling his leg? What could have induced her to take that sketch for the ostensible purpose of submitting it to her supposed husband, when she had, and could have had, no such intention? The problem was quite beyond Godby. He could not solve it.

However, whatever the lady's motive, the result, curiously enough, had been just as satisfactory as if she had really done what she represented herself as intending to do; that is to say, it had indirectly brought about his introduction to the editor of the Illustrated Leader—an introduction which it would never have, otherwise, occurred to him to seek. And whatever happy consequences ensued would be, in a sense, entirely due to her.

I may add that the consequences were happy—very happy, indeed, so far as Godby was concerned, for the young man soon found himself installed on the staff of the Illustrated Leader and in receipt of an income at least four times as large as he could ever have expected to make at the bar.

But the puzzle of his unintentional benefactress—the mysterious lady in the Brighton express—remained as much a puzzle as ever. Nor was it until more than a year had elapsed that anything happened to suggest the clue.

Godby was one morning in the office of the Illustrated Leader when he happened to see upon the editor's table the proof of an illustration for that week's issue which at once arrested his attention. It was the likeness of a young and very pretty woman—yes! yes! The counterfeit presentment of his mysterious companion in the Brighton express.

"Who's that? Where did you get it?" he exclaimed, excitedly.

The editor smiled at him, a smile of complacent satisfaction.

"Ah, my boy," he said, "that's a unique portrait of the lady—the only one in existence. I can't tell you how I got it. It would involve the betrayal of office secrets. But I may say that I've paid a pretty penny for it—so as to get it all to ourselves. The publication of that portrait in the Leader will make a sensation, I tell you. Scotland Yard will have it in their gallery within an hour or two of its appearance——"

"Scotland Yard!"

"Yes. They've been trying to get a likeness of the lady for years, but couldn't find such a thing in existence anywhere. That woman, My dear Godby, has been baffling all the police of Europe for close on four years. She is Muriel Fitzgerald—and I don't know how many aliases—the celebrated jewel thief——"

"Muriel Fitzgerald? Jewel thief? But that's the woman I met in the train, who passed herself off as your wife, and——"

"By Jove!" interjected the editor, banging his fist heavily on the table. "By Jove! Now I see her game."

"I don't," said Godby, still looking utterly mystified.

"Why, it's as plain as a pikestaff. Not wishing to court publicity, or to have inconvenient portraits of herself flying about, she made up her mind to get that sketch from you, my boy, and told you the most plausible tale she could think of, on the spur of the moment, to effect her object. * * * Well, you've no reason to grumble, anyway, my dear Godby, considering she has made your fortune for you.

"And I say—we must have this story of yours in type before nightfall—it will add immensely to the effect of the picture—'Romantic Story'—'Truth Stranger Than Fiction'—'Notorious Jewel Thief Who Started a Young Artist on His Successful Career'—and all the rest of it. * * * My dear fellow, it will be the greatest draw we've had for months. Go home and write it up—with as many embellishments as you please—at once!"—Truth.

In the analysis of the potato we have found it to be a starchy food. Starch is partly digested in the mouth by a ferment in the saliva, so if we wish to give the saliva time to work we should be careful to thoroughly chew our food, especially that containing starch.

An English windmill at Reigate Heath has been turned into a church

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT:

TOMMY.

Down the dusky dingle
Where eerie voices mingle,
Calling, cooing,
Sighing, wooing,
Tommy loves to tread.

Guided by a gentle hand,
Following each sweet command,
Halting, tripping,
Mounting, slipping,
Tommy has no dread.

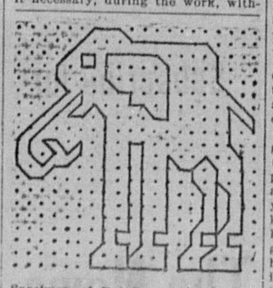
Soon, howe'er, he's weary boy,
Overcome by too much joy,
Panting, drooping,
Sweet dreams trooping,
Tommy seeks his bed.

—Christian Register.

FUN IN DOT DRAWING.

An interesting amusement for young people is what is known as "dot-drawing." This is best done on a slate, on which dots have been lightly drilled with the point of a knife blade.

There should be a square of about twenty-five dots each way, and they should be in perfectly even and regular rows. This will give enough room for almost any kind of drawing. The advantage in having the dots on a slate consists in the ease with which the lines may be erased, if necessary, during the work, without disturbing the dots; on paper it would be much more difficult.



Specimen of Dot Drawing—An Elephant.

Dot-drawing may be played as a game, says the Chicago News. A subject having been selected, the starter begins anywhere on the edge of the square, and draws a line from one dot to another. The next player takes up the line where the first one left off, and draws to another dot, and so on until the slate comes back to the starter, who continues the work, passing the slate to the next, as at first.

No one can make more than one short line between two dots at one time, and it is not allowed to pass between dots to make a long line. Every line must be from one dot to the next one, straight up or down, or right or left, or diagonally between those four points, making eight directions in all, in any of which the line may be drawn.

The picture must extend to the four edges of the square, and if any player by an error in drawing makes this impossible he should drop out of the game. The player making the finishing stroke has the privilege of naming the next subject. If the game be played for a prize the winner is the one that makes the finishing stroke on most of the pictures drawn.

TIM'S BUSINESS.

Tim is very busy for a couple of hours after school each day. There happens to be a drug store at each end of the block, and the little man stations himself half way between and keeps a steady watch both ways. "Oh!" a lady came out of one of the houses with both hands and arms full of little packages. She was walking toward the lower store. The lad picked up his heels and ran like mad, and when he drew near he called breathlessly: "I'll lick 'em!"

The person addressed turned quickly and was visbly pained and annoyed as she said: "You naughty boy, how dare you, and my little son, smaller than you, too. Don't you dare to touch him."

Tim (bewildered, but persistent)—"No, ma'am. I won't hurt your boy; but you see it is my business. I made——"

"Your business, child?" came from the woman, and she looked astonished as she went on: "You should go to Sunday-school and learn what the Good Book says, and then you would not grow up so brutish. The idea of any boy thinking it is his business to punish others. That is God's business alone."

Tim, the light of reason dawning upon his sticky little face, saw what the lady meant now, and he tried to explain desperately: "Oh! Yop see I only wanted to lick the stamps for your Christmas packages. I made fourteen cents yesterday after school, and in three days before last Christmas I made enough money to buy my little sister a beautiful doll. This year I want to buy my mother a back comb, and surprise her, you know."

"Oh! now I understand," and the lady beamed upon him kindly. "Come right along."

Tim helped her carry her things and she insisted upon paying him three cents a dozen, instead of two, the price asked for "licking 'em."

HOW TO DISSOLVE A COIN.

"Want me to fix your microscope, do you?" remarked Uncle Ben, as Fred handed him one of the lenses which had worked loose. "I guess that is easy enough if you'll get me a glass of water."

When Fred returned with the glass the rest of the children were gathered about Uncle Ben, who held in his hand a handkerchief. He now produced a foreign silver coin, which he carried as a pocket piece, and, holding it in his fingers, plunged his hand within the folds of the handkerchief.

Then he asked Fred to hold the handkerchief and the coin concealed within it in the position shown in Fig. 1 of the accompanying illustration, and to hold the glass of water directly under the dollar (Fig 1). When Fred had complied with these directions Uncle Ben turned to the spectators and said:

"Children, you will now see a most wonderful miracle performed. When Fred drops the coin into the glass I dissolve it into water!

"Drop the coin, Fred."

The audience could distinctly hear the tinkle in the glass as the coin dropped.

"Take off the handkerchief!" commanded Uncle Ben.

Fred did so. To the surprise of all they could see nothing in the glass, which they examined very closely.

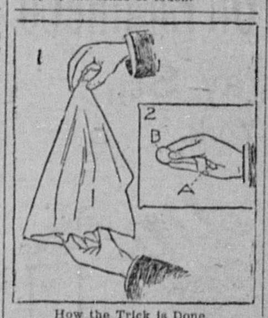
"Look in your right hand coat pocket, Fred!" suddenly exclaimed Uncle Ben.

Fred looked and brought forth the silver pocket piece!

Uncle Ben allowed the children to marvel for a while, and then he picked up the tumbler, emptied the water from it, and, reaching his fingers down into the bottom, fished up—what had until now been invisible Fred's glass microscope lens.

"Now, Fred, I'll show just how to do this trick. You may use either this lense or any round disc of glass about the size of the coin used in the experiment.

"Before starting the trick hide this glass disc in the palm of your hand (A—Fig 2) while you hold the coin plainly in sight between your thumb and forefinger (B—Fig. 2). When your hand is hidden within the handkerchief in which you are apparently leaving the coin, shift the coin and give the person who is to hold the handkerchief the glass disc to hold instead. In doing this be sure that the person's finger will grasp the edge of the disc and not the flat surface, because if your dupe happens to have sensitive finger tips you may be given away by his sense of touch.



How the Trick is Done.

"When the disc is dropped into the water it becomes instantly invisible, as you have seen, lying on the flat bottom of the tumbler (the trick should always be done with a flat-bottomed glass), and if you are at all nimble with your fingers you will have no trouble in slipping the coin into your friend's pocket—and now bring me the rest of the microscope," concluded Uncle Ben, laughing.

"What!" he exclaimed, a moment later. "Don't want your microscope fixed now? Why, I thought you did!"

QUITE RIGHT.

In a boarding school an inspector was examining a geography class of boys on Africa. After he had asked many questions, he asked the following: "What bird lives in Africa, and has wings, but cannot fly?"

This question seemed to puzzle the boys very much, and seeing them hesitate, the inspector said: "Come, come, cannot some of you tell me?"

At last a little youth put up his hand, and said, "Please, sir, a dead 'un."—Weekly Scotsman.

A LAUGHABLE SELL.

Tell a person that you have hypnotized him so that he is unable to take off his coat alone. He will take it off immediately, of course, to prove that you are wrong, but the moment he starts you take off your coat also, and thus you prove to him that he couldn't take off his coat alone.

Wheat Prices and Pork.

Numerous experiments conducted at agricultural colleges in the West have demonstrated beyond question that whenever the price of wheat declines below sixty cents a bushel there is more profit in feeding it to hogs, when the market for pork is normal, than in selling it as wheat. By some authorities the figure is placed much higher, some experiments in this State a few years ago proving that with hogs selling around six cents a pound wheat was worth, for fattening purposes, nearly ninety cents a bushel—a figure much above the average for the last dozen years. That the advantage of feeding cereals to livestock and then marketing the stock is becoming more fully realized by the farmers of the entire country is shown by the official figures on the exports of meat and dairy products for the year now drawing to a close.—Portland Oregonian.

In several of the provinces of Russia the peasants, as a result of the famine, have taken to their beds, lying motionless for days at a time in order to weaken the pangs of hunger. This exigency may be akin to the pseudo-hibernation habitually practiced by Russian peasants in the northern provinces, notably in the Pskov district.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

A WORLD HERO.

One afternoon in late October, in 1905, the writer of this article called at a small, plain house in the old foreign concession in Tokio, and was shown into a study, where sat a man quite helpless from paralysis and having no outward signs of distinction of any kind. He had a strong and kindly face, a friendly manner and the air of a scholar. But there was no great show of scholarly apparatus in the way of books or the many labor-saving devices of modern students. There was nothing to show that this man had wrought one of the greatest works ever wrought by any one man since the world began and under circumstances which seemed to compel despair.

This man's name was Samuel I. J. Schereschewsky, missionary bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and his work was the translation of the Bible into Chinese in two versions, the Mandarin and the Wen-li. The former is the official language of China, and the latter is that of the scholars and literati. In these versions Bishop Schereschewsky gave the Bible to nearly four hundred millions of people, almost one-quarter of the population of the earth; and most of this work was done after he had become helpless from paralysis and in the midst of pain and weakness.

The bishop died last November. Some church papers have taken notice of the fact, but comparatively few persons knew that such a man ever lived and wrought such a work against such overwhelming odds.

Bishop Schereschewsky was a Polish Jew, born in 1831 of Orthodox parents in humble circumstances, in an obscure town in Russian Poland. His father destined him to be a rabbi, and his early education was directed to this end. After studying in lower schools he went to the University of Breslau, where a Hebrew New Testament fell into his hands and convinced him that Jesus was the Messiah. This led to a break with his family, which resulted in his coming to America. On his arrival in New York he was warmly received by some Polish Christians, to whom he was recommended, and in the course of time he entered the Western Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church. But before finishing his course, he joined the Protestant Episcopal Church, and entered the General Theological Seminary of New York in the fall of 1858.

The next year he sailed for China as a missionary under the auspices of his church. On arriving there he showed a remarkable talent for language, and in a short time he was at work as an assistant in translating the prayer-book and parts of the Scriptures into Chinese. But he soon became an independent translator, and rendered the whole of the Old Testament into Mandarin himself. This took him eight years. The New Testament was translated into Mandarin in conjunction with Bishop Burden. His version was adopted by the English and American Bible Societies, and passed through many editions. After publishing this work he returned to the United States for three years. During this time he was elected Missionary Bishop of Shanghai.

During his stay in America he collected money for founding St. John's College in the suburbs of Shanghai, the first non-Roman Catholic college established in China. He returned to Shanghai in 1878, and superintended the launching of the new college enterprise.

In 1881, on a hot August day, he had a sunstroke—or something like it—and was partially paralyzed in consequence. He was sent to Europe for treatment, but received little benefit. In 1883 he resigned his episcopate, as he was unwilling to retain an office the duties of which he could not perform. In 1886 he returned to the United States, although he then had only a partial use of hands and feet, and suffered from difficulty of speech.

Most men under such circumstances would have thought their work done, and might even have thought it a tempting of Providence to undertake further work. But the bishop thought otherwise.

When he began to translate the Scriptures into Wen-li, the classical dialect, he did it at first by dictation, but afterward he used a typewriter, employing the Roman alphabet to spell out the Chinese sounds. Part of the time his middle finger—the only one of which he had the use—was too weak to press down the keys of the machine, and then he used a stick for the purpose. In this way he printed off some twenty-five thousand pages of manuscript, a task which took nearly nine years.

When about through with it, he asked to be sent out again to China, and went back to publish his translation in Chinese form. He had spent a year and eight months in putting the manuscript into Chinese characters, with the aid of Chinese scribes, when he accepted an invitation to go to Japan to superintend the printing of a revised version of the Old Testament in Mandarin. Printing is done more cheaply in Japan than in China.

In addition to the work of revision, he kept up his work of preparing the Wen-li version for publication. This version was found to be so good that the Bible Society undertook the expense of printing it. Thus, finally, the two best Chinese versions of the Bible were given to the world mostly through the labors of this one man; and most of his work was done after he became helpless through disease. Both versions have been adopted by the Bible Societies as the best existing translations.

Bishop Schereschewsky also began a reference Bible, a species of concordance, for these two versions. This work he did not live to complete. But he gave the Bible to about one-fourth of the earth's population—a work of measureless beneficence—and by his courage and energy did humanity itself imperishable honor.

Had one been looking about for men to do this work, it would have been said that only a large company of scholars would be equal to it; but it was done by a man of persecuted race, an exile from home and country, and almost absolutely helpless, through disease.—Youth's Companion.

STANDING GUARD IN AFRICA.

However dull campaigning in Africa may be, no one could reasonably complain of guard duty by night on that score. In his book, "Campaigning on the Upper Nile," Lieutenant Vandeleur quotes a few entries from the records of a post commander. The entries, it is true, present great uniformity, but they are of themselves sufficiently exciting.

April 19th. Lion visited camp during night and carried off woman.

April 20th. Lion came again and took another woman.

April 21st. Lion carried off Bunyora man. Seen by patrols and fired at. He visited cattle-house, and was wounded by guard.

April 22d. Section went out to look for lion and found him near river. Badly wounded, but very fierce. Was killed and brought into camp.

April 24th. Another lion (probably lioness) visited camp last night, and carried off Nubian child. Was seen by patrols and fired at.

April 25th. Lioness came again, and went to cattle-house, where guard fired at and wounded her. One of the shots struck house at considerable distance, and entered thigh of Nubian woman, where it still remains. Woman apparently little the worse.

Forster told me that he found that the tracks of the lions passed one night two yards from the door of my house. As the door was made only of grass and could easily have been pushed down, I congratulated myself on not having been at home.

Lions had never been heard of here before, and it was an extraordinary circumstance that they should have come here through the dense grass and undergrowth. Precisely the same thing happened at Kitanwa in July, when a lion visited the place three nights running, taking a child the first night, a woman the next, and a child on the third night, when I happened to be camping there on my return from Lake Albert.

CAPTAIN JONES' ESCAPE.

Many are the exciting stores related of the defeated Royalists and their adventures after the Worcester fight. These secret chambers saved the lives of many of them as well as of Bonnie Prince Charlie. There is an old Jacobean mansion of Chastleton which still preserves the sword of Captain Arthur Jones and the secret room which saved his life. The room is located in the front of the building and is behind a solid oak paneling which opens at the touch of a spring in one corner. It was to this place that the gallant Captain speeded with a whole crew of Cromwell's soldiers at his heels. He galloped to the door where his lady was waiting for him, and hid himself behind the walls.

In a few minutes up rode the Roundheads and ordered a search of the house to be made. But the men were not satisfied, and resolved to spend the night there. Milady prepared for them an ample repast. She went down into the wine cellar and brought up a good store of wine, which, however, she had drugged. One by one the soldiers fell off into a stupor. It was then that Mrs. Arthur Jones showed of what stuff she was made, for, raising her dainty skirts, she picked her way over the bodies of the sleeping Roundheads, released her husband, and, a fresh horse being in readiness, bade him God speed, and then hurried to the house of a neighbor.—Sunday Magazine.

WOLVES DEVOUR TWO MEN.

With the appearance of snow in Roumania, wolves, those grim terrors of western Europe, claim their victims every year. Their first in the present year were a Paris priest and his man-servant, who went a few days ago on a sledge from the village of Ludesti to Torgovesti.

For days the snow had lain thick on the ground. On their return journey the travelers were overtaken by the dusk in a forest near Ludesti and a pack of wolves attacked them. The terrified horses overturned the sledge and broke the traces, leaving the men and sledge behind and not stopping until they reached the first village on the outskirts of the forest.

A searching party followed the tracks of the horses and at last found paw marks in the snow, splashes of blood and tatters of what had once been clothing, which told with horrible vividness what had happened.

Please Pass the Hay.

"I have heard many stories of intelligence of animals," said a close observer of animal life, "but the actions of two horses the other day equalled if not surpassed many of the tales. The pair were fine-looking beasts attached to a farmer's wagon, and had been left outside a feed store on Kensington avenue. Just beyond their reach were several bales of hay. By some clever maneuvering the white horse, which was nearest the pavement, managed to get a hold of some of the hay. His brown mate, not getting any of the hay, with almost human actions made the white horse understand that he wished to share the feast. To satisfy his mate the white horse took larger mouthfuls of the hay and turned his head in a way so that the brown horse could enjoy the feast. By the time their owner reached them nearly half the bale of hay had been consumed by the pair. When the owner of the hay was informed of the unique manner in which the horses secured their luncheon he said that it was a good scheme, and he would stand for the loss.—Philadelphia Record.