THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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the trusts needn't fear lynch-otes the Atlanta Constitution. e had too much rope already.

newspaper discussion as to er chipmunks climb trees is fu- et a dog after one and see, ad- he Somerville Journal.

New York Journal credits the can Indian with being quite ate before America was dis- d. But even the sinful pale oesn't drink whisky when there ny, comments the Courier-Jour-

apple is a universal medicine man ills, according to Mr. Tom- . If he is right, his is a ho- thic remedy. 'Twas the for- fruit "whose mortal taste ht death into the world, with f Eden and all our woes."

e sure, Dr. Wiley, suggests the napolis News, canners don't preservatives, and it is more likely, too, that the most of being wise to the game, don't ny of those medicated fruits getables into their syster.

London Spectator sees that in ca the law is often simply the of the wealthy. As the cor- on lawyers generally make and ret the laws, and frequently ister them, it is no wonder the as the Spectator states it.

Philadelphia Ledger declares the case of Canada there is no of antagonism either on the f Canadians or Americans that temporary and related to ques- hat are perfectly capable of ad- ent.

ry has killed the art of polite sation. Hurry has robbed cor- dence of its grace; hurry is nsforming the once sedate city ndon into a pandemonium of ng noises, whirling wheels and mes, laments the Nineteenth y.

se who wish to free from bond- e thousands of children of the y spending their young lives in in which they should not be yed, admonishes the Rochester and Advertiser, should seek to remedy of this evil through the channels, the legislatures of

subscribers to newspapers in ited States get them cheaper n any other country, declares ltimore Sun. Are they to be d of the benefit of low sub- on rates by having to pay and unjust postage rates or to burdensome and unreaso gulations?

London court recently decided passenger who is carried past on does not have to pay fare ation to which he is carried turn to his actual destin- ompany pleaded in the that plaintiff was in- en you violated the him," remarked the

nion among medi- e Augusta Her- plenty of fresh tive of grip and es are worse ect. Well ing and, if n arising, free from

wife who re- period of three a divorce if me they were so introduced a happy e New York Sun. In- rial marriage, why not orce? Three years should incongenial pair to decide orce is the realm of per- seems to those wishing to

million votes were cast in a held by a Paris newspaper who, in the opinion of the , were the ten greatest French- f the nineteenth century. Na- was fourth. The poll was by Pasteur. The hero of he- was proclaimed to be the scien- serves the New York Mail, who the world new means of bat- with disease and lessening hu- ffering and loss of life.

ngular mental disorder is re- of a patient confined at Bice- rance, declares the New York g Post. He professes to re- r nothing except the month ar in which he was born. Lest uld forget the date of each new fills sheet after sheet of paper emoranda. It is not a case of nnesia or loss of memory; oth- he should be unable to speak e. It is a "fixed idea" of for- ess, a delusion, not an inca- to remember. It has been ar- y some that all the delusions insane are the result of imag- filling the gaps which exist in aired memory. But this is the se which has been described idee fixe d'oubli.

THE WIND AND THE DOOR.

The Wind was lost on the moors; it came to my door and cried,
"Let me in!" and tugged at the latch. "Let me in! I have missed the path."
Whined like a starveling hound in the rain and the dark outside,
And shook with its long, lean hands the bolted shutters in wrath.

"Let you in! Nay, that I will not! Think you I forget the day
When you sighted our good, brave ship, on a smooth sea homeward bound;
How you summoned your demon crew, how you gloated like beasts of prey
O'er the pitiful faces white, on the reef where we ran aground?"

"I am not the Wind of the Main—his piracy I deplore!"
Suppliant, soft the voice, without on the storm-beat sill;
"I rock the birds in the boughs, I sway the flowers at the door,
I croon in the forest aisles—oh, let me in an' you will!"

I had my hand on the latch, the night without was so drear;
Poor little truant breeze, astray on the lonely wold!
A moment I paused and asked, "how came you wandering here,
Miles from the summer isles, in the regions of dark and cold?"

The Wind gave a fierce, low laugh, and then a curse more dread!
Exulting in retrospect, forgotten the outcast's plea!
"I saw in the midnight heaven a meteor ship, blood-red,
I drove it leagues and leagues—aye, drove it into the sea!"

I bolted the quaking door: "Begone, thou art self-betrayed
Wind of the wild sea-crests! Pirate Wind of the Main!"
Wisely he waits whose hand is for a moment stayed,
Lest in a zephyr's stead he harbor the hurricane!

—Emma Herrick Weed, in Youth's Companion.

Annabel's Pocket,

OR

A COUNTRY GIRL IN THE CITY.

"Here's your skirt, Annabel," said Mrs. Mallock, hanging the blue serge garment over the chair in front of her.

"Thank you, so much," replied Annabel, with her sweet, girlish smile. "It looks as good as new—why, you've put on new velveteen, Mrs. Mallock."

"Yes; I didn't want to be bothered with turning and piecing the old bit," said the elder woman, with a deprecatory gesture. "Now, now, put your purse down; I owed you something for running errands for me, and it's all right."

"How can I ever repay you? You've been very kind to me."

"I've tried to do what I could for a fatherless and motherless girl, but it isn't much a poor woman can do. And to think you're out of work again, Annabel."

"Yes," said the girl, with a little sigh, "I expected it when the rush was over."

"But it wasn't much of a place," commented Mrs. Mallock, with a toss of her head. "Standing behind a counter all day, waiting on a lot of ungrateful people who treat you as if you were a machine, and all for four dollars a week, and you with board and car fare to pay, wasn't what you would call a snap, now. Maybe something better will turn up."

Annabel did not answer, and the woman looked at her keenly.

"You're looking peaked," she said. "You've lost your red cheeks, and your eyes are getting back in your head, and you've been awful mopy lately. Oh, I've got eyes."

"I'm discouraged," replied Annabel, dropping into a chair and leaning her face upon her hands.

"You're homesick," said Mrs. Mallock.

Annabel gave a short, mirthless laugh.

"I can't be that, for I haven't any home; but I do wish I'd never left Greenfield."

"Why, you had to, didn't you, when you were left alone?"

"But I wasn't left alone, and I didn't have to. Oh, Mrs. Mallock, I must tell you. I must talk to somebody or I shall go crazy. I've been such a foolish girl! I had a home offered me; there was a—a young man there who thought a good deal of me, and I of him, but I got silly notions in my head. I wanted to come to the city and see something of life. Two girls I knew came here, and such letters as they wrote! Ada Dalton went in a jewelry store, and a rich man married her and gave her a lovely home; and Cora Bent worked for a milliner and sung at concerts occasionally, for she had a good voice; she lived in a big boarding house, and had such pleasant times. She wrote me of the places she visited, the plays she saw and of her friends. I got tired of my dull life and fields and farm houses. I thought I'd come to the city, too, and when I told him—well, we quarrelled. But, oh, Mrs. Mallock, it's all so different——"

Mrs. Mallock looked at her thoughtfully.

"My dear," she said, "the city's a hard place for the poor young girl. You're smart and you're winning, and you see how hard it is to get along. And you haven't anyone to give you any pleasure; it's been a dull time for you. Your friends were very lucky——"

"But they weren't!" Annabel burst forth passionately. "That's the worst of it. I met Ada one day. She was elegantly dressed, but she wasn't happy; she told me so. She had married an old man for his money, and she was miserable. His folks were unkind to her, and he was jealous, and she had tired of it all. 'Annabel,' she said, 'my happiest days were in Greenfield.. Then——"

"The other girl?"

"Yes"—Annabel's head dropped—"I saw her, too. She was well dressed, too, and wore a lot of jewelry and her face was painted. She sings on the stage now. She didn't recognize me, and I'm glad of it since I've heard that—that—well, you understand, Mrs. Mallock. Her friends could not be my friends; they are not like the people we used to know."

"My dear," said Mrs. Mallock, with a kindly glance at the dejected little figure, "why don't you go back?"

Annabel sprang up with startled eyes and flushing cheeks.

"Back to Greenfield? Oh, no, no, I can't do that! He wouldn't forgive me; he may have forgotten by this time, and there's no one else. But he was good to me, and I could have had a nice little home; and I—I didn't know then how much I cared. I'll show you his picture."

And for the first time since she had left Greenfield other eyes than Annabel's rested on the pictured face of Linwell Hoyt.

A frank, handsome face it was, with firm, unshaded lips, kindly eyes, and thick masses of dark hair tossed back from a broad forehead.

"It's a fine face," commented Mrs. Mallock. "Annabel, I'd like to scold you."

"Don't," said Annabel, with something like a sob.

She put the picture away, bathed her face and smoothed her hair.

"I'm going out to answer that advertisement," she said.

While fastening the belt of the blue skirt around her waist, she gave a little exclamation.

"Oh, you've forgotten the pocket!"

"No, I didn't; I put it in the last thing. Here—why!"—and the woman began to laugh heartily. "Annabel, I put it on the wrong side!"

"So you have. I'll have to be left-handed. Well, never mind; I'll manage."

"But it's so awkward. I don't know what possessed me—putting a pocket on that side. I'll change it some time."

"It's all right," Annabel protested. "I just carry my purse and handkerchief in it."

"The idea of my putting a pocket on the left side!" muttered Mrs. Mallock, as Annabel went out the door. "Bless her heart, what a pretty, trim little thing she is with her neat figure and her brown curls, and her big blue eyes like a baby's. The poor, dear, silly child!"

Annabel applied for the position in a downtown store, but received little encouragement.

A small army of experienced workers were there to offer their services, and with a sinking heart the young girl turned away.

She boarded a car bound for home, and sat down beside a stout woman whose silks and furs and diamonds offered a striking contrast to the shabby attire of the slender girl who was overshadowed by her avoirdupois and her showy elegance.

As the car filled they were wedged closely together, and the folks of garnet silk forced over the blue serge.

Annabel, with a faint smile, as she thought of Mrs. Mallock's mistake, slipped her left hand down by her side in order to procure her handkerchief from her misplaced pocket.

It was rather awkward for her and required some little effort, but at last she succeeded in finding the opening, and, at that instant, the stout woman beside her, who had been growing redder and redder in the face, turned abruptly toward her, and something closed about the girl's wrist.

"I've caught you!" exclaimed the woman. "Picking my pocket, eh? I'll teach you a lesson. Conductor, conductor, stop the car!"

By this time every one had realized the situation, and was staring at the couple.

Annabel looked down in confusion, while a burning flush swept over her face, realized only one fact—her hand was actually in the pocket of the garnet silk dress, and the stout woman was holding it there in a vise-like grip.

Too bewildered to clearly understand the matter, the young girl began to stammer something, but the woman silenced her with her noisy, voluble denunciations.

"I'll show you what it means to try to steal from me. I lost my purse only last week. A nice girl you are; a nice face you've got for a pickpocket, but I dare say you're acting for somebody else. I won't encourage crime. I'll have you arrested at once. Come along, miss."

The car had stopped. Despite Annabel's incoherent protests and resistance, the woman still gripping her wrist, led her stumbling into the street and hailed an officer.

The car moved on, but everyone was stretching his neck to get a last glimpse of the young criminal, and one or two, more curious than the rest, alighted and drew near.

The woman told her story and the officer took charge of Annabel. The girl's only idea then was to hide her face from the curious passers-by.

Think of the disgrace of it all! Marched along the streets in broad daylight in the custody of an officer with a panting, angry accuser behind her.

Luckily, the station house was near, but as they drew near the doorway a young man approached the little group, passed and stood there with a look of incredulous horror on his face.

"Annabel!"

She looked up with a gasping cry of "Linwell," and would have fallen but for the officer's extended arm.

Linwell Hoyt followed them into the station house.

"Here's a girl caught picking pockets," said the officer to the stern-faced man behind the desk.

Linwell Hoyt sprang forward eagerly. "It's a mistake!" he said, in clear, indignant tones. "I know this young girl well."

He was waved aside while the stout woman made her complaint. Then Annabel, who was pale and trembling, was allowed to tell her story.

In low tones and with tearful eyes she made her explanations, showing her misplaced pocket in evidence.

She had only tried to get her handkerchief, and her awkward left hand had found its way into the folds of her neighbor's dress.

Mrs. Mallock was sent for, and the affair was speedily settled to the satisfaction of all but the stout woman, who went away declaring that the left-handed pocket was only a trick.

Linwell Hoyt observed the colorless face and shabby dress of the girl who had preferred life alone in the city to life in Greenfield with him.

His heart was moved with pity, and when Mrs. Mallock urged him to accompany them home, he reluctantly assented.

Once in her apartments, the worthy woman found some excuse for leaving the young people alone.

"Annabel," said Linwell, "the city's a hard place for a poor young girl."

"That's just what Mrs. Mallock said," answered Annabel. "She's the only friend I've got."

"No, I'm your friend," said the young man, gently. "You don't look happy, Annabel. Don't you like it here?"

Something impelled Annabel to speak the truth. She raised her clear blue eyes to his face.

"I hate it," she said, parsionately. "I don't care if you do know it, Linwell, and you may exult if you like——"

"Annabel, Annabel, would I exult over your disappointment and misfortune? Why, poor little girl, my heart went out to you to-day when I saw you in that awful plight. I wish you'd come back to me."

Annabel looked up with brightening eyes, then her lids fell.

"You don't!" she answered. "You're sorry for me, that's all. You can't forgive me."

"But I do. I love you yet. I think you care—you will come back, Annabel, dear little girl?"

His arm stole around her waist and, unresisting, Annabel allowed him to press her head upon his shoulder and kiss her lips.

"Linwell, I am so sorry," she murmured. "But we must never let any one know how we met."

"No; but if you had not got into that plight I might never have seen you. I do not come to the city once a year."

"And if I'd had to live here alone another year in this mean, cruel city, I should have died," replied Annabel. "Oh, I shall be so happy to get back to Greenfield."

An hour later, when her lover had gone, Mrs. Mallock bustled into the room with needle and thread.

"Give me that skirt, Annabel," she said. "I'll fix that pocket this night before I sleep."

But Annabel laughingly waved her back.

"Don't touch it," she cried, gayly, "I wouldn't have that pocket changed for anything—no indeed! Good-night, Mrs. Mallock."—Ella Randall Pearce, in Journal of Agriculture.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

The Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture has determined by a series of experiments that salicylic acid, used as a food preservative, is only mildly harmful to the tissues of the body.

Fitting a turbine vertically to the keel is Otto Schlick's method of preventing the violent motion of a ship at sea. Tested in an old torpedo boat at the mouth of the Elbe in rough weather, the roll was reduced from nine degrees to one degree.

Alcohol for commercial purposes is safer than gasolene because it does not ignite from radiated heat; it can be extinguished when burning by water, while burning gasolene is only spread thereby; it radiates but little heat while aflame, differing greatly from gasolene in this respect.

Coal is fossil peat. The peat bogs of to-day might become coal beds in some future geological age. Professor Potonie, of Berlin, says there is a strict parallelism between the different kinds of peat and coal. When the remains of plants collect under terrestrial conditions, an ordinary peat bog is formed. This corresponds with "bright" coal. If the remains collect under water, an organic slime is formed, and this corresponds with "dull," or cannel, coal. When terrestrial and aquatic conditions have alternated during the collection of the remains, "strata-peat" results, and this corresponds with coal deposits consisting of alternate layers of bright and dull coal. The chemical and physical properties of the various kinds of peat and coal show a similar correspondence.

It has been asserted that spiders possess a sensitiveness to musical sounds. Some species seem to respond to the notes of the piano, the harp, the lute, and so on, in a manner suggestive of their ability to recognize these sounds, or the harmonic vibrations on which they are based. But Mons. A. Lecaillon, of the College of France, who has made a special study of the instincts and the supposed "psychism" of spiders, thinks that the apparent sensitiveness of these animals to music has been misunderstood. It is his opinion that when musical instruments are played near their nests the spiders simply feel the vibrations through their webs, or otherwise, without recognizing the musical sounds. The effect upon them is similar to that of the buzzing of an entrapped fly. He does not ascribe much "intelligence" to spiders.

For the Younger Children....

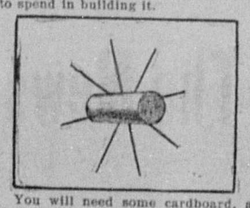
PETITE.

While visiting in a small town up the State recently I came upon the cleverest little animal that ever happened anywhere I am sure. He is the smallest pony in existence, they tell me; weighs between fifty and sixty pounds, and stands about as high as an ordinary goat. The boy who owns him lives near my friend and has a large dog kennel to keep him in; but he is so mischievous he is always watching his chance to get into the laundry or back kitchen and help himself to anything he can find lying around loose.

He is a splendid arithmetician; really, it is almost incredible, but if you ask him to tell you how many apples would be left if you took five from ten he will paw the ground five times. Ask him how old he is and he will paw the earth four times. Hold a watch before him and ask him what time and he will first paw the hour with his right foot and then the minutes with his left. Then say "Petite" (French word for little, you know, children), "how many working days in a week?" and he will nod six times. Then say to him: "If you made the working days, how many would you give your master?" That little fellow will nod and nod, and you think he is never going to stop. His master will say: "Petite, would you make me work every day?" and he'll bow "Yes," decidedly. Then all the people standing around will laugh and that makes him frisky, and he'll hustle about, backing up to one after the other and kicking out his hind feet so quickly that you hardly have time to move aside.—Philadelphia Record.

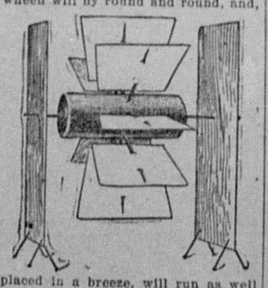
HOW TO MAKE A WINDMILL.

A windmill is one of the most amusing toys a boy can have and one of the simplest to make. Your materials you will find right at hand, and a half hour is all the time you need to spend in building it.



You will need some cardboard, a few toothpicks, four hairpins, a knitting-needle or a piece of wire and a cork, as shown in Fig. 1. Then cut some stiff paper into pieces about two inches square and fit them in place on the toothpicks, as Fig. 2 will show you. Run your wire or knitting needle through the cork from end to end, and the wheel of your mill is complete.

Fig. 2 shows you how to make supports for the sides of the windmill by thrusting the hairpins through the two pieces of cardboard and spreading the pins slightly apart. The wheel is suspended in place by thrusting the ends of the wire through the cardboard sides. Stand a book on edge so that its top will reach up to the centre of the wheel, and then blow over the top of the book. The wheen will fly round and round, and,



placed in a breeze, will run as well as any big water-drawing windmill, provided the wind is not so strong as to blow the whole thing away, for it is very light.—Good Literature.

COLONIES OF PET ANTS.

Americans who go to England these days are bringing back with them queer little wooden frames about twelve inches square, filled with dark earth, covered with glass, and suggesting at a first glance a couple of ordinary school slates fastened together.

Look a bit closer, however, and under the glass you will find myriads of tiny yellow creatures bustling about, hurrying hither and yon on their infinitesimal duties and quite too busy to stop to notice you.

The insects are ants. The frame is an artificial ant nest. It is really a toy—a nature study toy—and in England, when you go to buy one, you ask for a Lubbock formicarium. No boy or girl who has studied Latin needs to be told that "formica" is the Latin word for ant, and that "formicarium" is an ants' nest, while the researches conducted by Sir John Lubbock (now Lord Avebury) into the habits of ants have long associated his name in the mind of every one with these wonderful creatures.

The amber-colored meadow ant, which is the species chosen for the formicarium, is harmless to man, although it secretes a bitter fluid, which strikes terror into the heart of its ant enemies. It is widely scattered through Europe, and is said to be the most intelligent of all the European ants. In captivity it requires to be fed only once a month, and then with honey and water on a sponge.

These little people are indefatigable builders. It takes them only five years to build a nest that rises two feet above ground, has a circumference of four feet and a network of subterranean passages and rooms extending two feet under ground. They like to build upon grassy hillocks, and sometimes choose large stones, under which they tunnel to a depth of two feet. Such an ant city contains on an average twenty thousand inhabitants.

An ant colony is not a simple, homogenous collection of individuals. There is a queen, to start with. It is she who forms the new nest. Settling down into some crevice of the new earth at the end of August or early in September, she digs a hole for herself with her mandibles, or jaws, and settles down for her winter sleep. In April she wakes up and begins to found her new colony by laying about fifty eggs, which hatch out shortly into worker ants. The majority of these workers spend all their time in looking after the queen, who now devotes all her time to laying eggs. She lays about fifty a day. So, besides the queen mother, there soon come to be the workers, the male ants, the princess (or female) ants and the larvae and cocoons, which are ants in the intermediate stages, before they get to be really ants. The workers are yellow, while the princesses, which are fifteen or twenty times the size of the workers, are black, like the males.

Naturally, all these different classes of people require different accommodations in the lilliputian city. (You cannot ask a queen to accept the same accommodations as a nursery maid, even in a formicarium.) But, in addition to the ants themselves, there are their cows, and the blind beetles, which the ants seem to value for the sweet juice they secrete—perhaps they think it is honey—and the little blind wood lice, who seem to act as a corps of "white wings." All these creatures can be watched through the glass of a formicarium, which does not differ much either in population or structure from a natural habitation.

So it comes about that their cities are wonderful examples of engineering and architectural skill, with a principal or central chamber, connecting by highroads like arteries with all the rooms, corridors, stables, and what not where the colony is housed. For reasons of safety the main passage narrows sharply toward the entrance, where a sentry always sits on guard. Let a stranger ant wander into the enclosure, and immediately the whole city is thrown into a state of confusion. Without leaving his post the sentry has given notice of impending danger. The first act of the alarmed inhabitants is to place their queen, with the larvae and cocoons, in the sanctum, or inner chamber, after which they place extra sentries on guard and prepare a general resistance to attack.

A town of twenty thousand yellow meadow ants will keep about three hundred cows, it has been estimated. The ants themselves see to it that their stock gets the fodder best adapted to it by planting the seeds of certain plants on which they thrive, while these same wonderful creatures contrive, with a little management, to have fresh herds for the community every spring.

In a state of nature a queen ant will live twenty-five years and a worker twelve years. In the artificial nest they live six or seven years if not overfed.—New York Tribune.

NOT IN VAIN.

Carl Hastings stood waiting at the station. His train had been delayed. A party of trainmen were on the platform. One brakeman, vexed over the delay, gave vent to oaths. Carl stood near him, so that he could say quietly, as the others moved away: "You wouldn't use your mother's name in that way, would you?"

The young man looked up surprised. "No, I wouldn't," he admitted. "Well, how much more careful we should be about the name of God."

The man made no reply. Carl Hastings felt a little fearful lest he might be offended. The brakeman belonged to the crew going out on the train. He might yet show his displeasure. Still it was not necessary to worry over what had been a sudden impulse of duty.

Some time after Carl was again traveling over the road. A brakeman came and sat down beside him, saying:

"I don't believe you remember me, but I have never forgotten what you said that day on the platform. I thought you might like to know that I have not since been guilty of swearing."

Carl's word had not been in vain.—S. E. Sloever, in Christian Intelligencer.

THE OBSERVANT GIRL

The class was discussing animals—how they walked, got up, etc. After she had explained the cow's method of rising to her feet, the teacher asked, "Do you know any other animal that gets up like the cow?" Silence reigned for a moment, then one little girl timidly raised her hand. "What is it?" asked the teacher. "A calf," was the whispered reply.

Dog Saves a Rabbit.

A sportsman on the Huntsham estate, North Devon, had a rabbit brought to him by his spaniel, which had caught it under a hedge.

The rabbit could walk only very feebly, though all its limbs were found to be sound. In its mouth, however, was a thick twig about three inches long, which had become wedged in behind the teeth in the rabbit's rush from some threatened danger. The animal was unable to extract the twig with its paws, and was being gradually starved to death when it was found by the dog.—London Evening Standard.

Revenge of an Autocrat.

She—"I'm sorry you lost your temper over the fried steak this morning."

He—"But it wasn't fit to eat."

She—"I know, dear, but you must consider the consequences. You made cook very angry, and she may decide to put us on bread and water."—Baltimore American.

TREED BY A MOOSE.

Two years ago along with another guide we were portaging some provisions into a hunting camp about twenty miles from the track and north of the Ottawa River east of Mattawa town, Canada. There was a party of tourists going in within a few days and their intentions were to get a moose each before going home again. These sportsmen's intentions are not always fulfilled. However, if some of them had been with us on this particular night they would have had a good opportunity of shooting a moose.

We carried provisions across and canoed it in all day and had just one more portage to make of about half a mile between two small lakes. We had everything over except our canoe and the two of us doubled and carried it together. It being after dark, we were supplied with a small bullseye lantern, with a slide to open and close it. We had carried it about half-way when the other guide said the paddle was hurting his shoulder, so that we put it down and rested. We had no sooner laid it down there when I heard a noise in the brush not over fifty yards from us. I told Joe to turn on the light and he did so promptly, revealing the eyes of a large bull moose. The moose, on seeing the bullseye lantern, made for it immediately. My first thought was to tell Joe to shut off his lantern, which he did at once and then hied him to a tree. Not one could we find and the moose (we felt a great amount of respect for him about then) by this time was getting uncomfortably close. Joe ran one way and I another. Fortunately for Joe, he got to a small cedar tree and crawled up it quicker than he usually moves in the morning when called. The moose evidently had his eyes on Joe on account of his having had the lantern, and this gave me a good opportunity to find a tree for myself. I had just time to get clear when he arrived at the foot of my tree; in fact, I was so close to him that I could have put my foot on his horns only I was afraid it might not be wise, so I climbed a little higher and called to Joe to turn on his lantern, but it was in the canoe and he could not get it. I told Joe we might as well make up our minds to stay there for the night. We had bough beds ready made up on those trees, which were springy but rather uncomfortable, and we did not sleep very much.

The moose stood guard until 2 a. m., when he left. Nobody was ever more anxious to see a moose arrive than we were to see ours disappear. We waited about another hour and came down, as it was getting daylight. We were pretty hungry for supper that morning, I can assure you.—Geo. Gibbons, in Forest and Stream.

A LABRADOR MAIL-CARRIER.

The mail-carrier of the Labrador coast is a man of endurance who does not fear the worst of weather. There is no road at all. There are no bridges and no ferries. In some parts of the country the houses are as much as twenty miles apart. There are mountains to climb and rivers to cross, bogs to pass, impenetrable barren uplands and large lakes. In "Off the Rocks" Dr. Greenfell tells of one mail-carrier whose route is about 100 miles long, and who receives as compensation $10 a trip.

We were pitying ourselves one night as we turned into our comfortable sleeping-bags on the floor of our host's tilt—pitying ourselves because it had been a heavy day on our dogs, and it was nearly 10 o'clock before we reached shelter. When I woke in the morning, when the gray dawn was stealing in through the little window, I thought I heard a movement by the stove. There seemed something almost uncanny about it until I made out what it was, and could distinguish a tiny, erect figure sitting bolt upright where none had been overnight.

It proved to be Peter Wright. He had arrived about 2 in the morning, noiselessly stationed himself by the stove, and gone straight off to sleep, sitting on the settle, without a word to anyone, as satisfied as if he were in a feather bed.

Now this place was where three carriers meet. The one from the westward was late, and Pete did not get his mails handed over until 9 in the evening. He had thirty miles to his next station, and the temperature was twenty below zero. At 10 he rose to go.

"What, Pete, never going to leave at this time of night, are you?"

"Why, sure," he replied. "With a moon like this 'tis better in the woods than when skeeters are about. So long, doctor!" and with that he went out absolutely alone.

Pete is always ready to oblige, and never happier that when the space on his back, ordinarily monopolized by his official bundle, permits him to carry a ten-pound tub of butterine or a couple of jars of molasses, just to oblige. It isn't for the money alone that Pete works.

It is lucky that he does not have to pay hotel bills as he journeys from place to place. There would be little left of the salary beyond enough for "skin boots" if he were charged for meals. But there are no hotel bills on the coast, and we are incapable of an idea so original as to ask Pete to pay for anything.

PERIL OF TRAVEL IN CHINA.

"We were going up a dry river bed and soon met the water coming down the road, first filling the ruts, then the whole roadway, and soon we were in a foot of swift water. I was riding ahead and saw the water coming down three gullies and meeting just ahead of us, making quite a breast wave," writes Rev. W. H. Sprague, formerly of Shortsville, but now a missionary in north China, to a friend here in describing a mountain torrent of Mongolia.

"I turned to call attention to the people in the tarantass to the 'big water' when I saw the driver whipping up his horses out to a light bank. I quickly made for the same high ground and had barely reached it when the great wave flood rushed past us three or four feet deep and carrying mud and stones with it. A few miles back we had just passed a large flock of fat sheep and a string of eighty ox-carts, and we have now heard that many of these sheep and several oxen and carts, three camels and three men were all carried away by that flood.

"These mountain torrents are much to be feared as these valleys have much of the way such steep sides that it is difficult for heavy carts to get out of the way of these floods. A few weeks ago there was a regular cloudburst at Kalgan, and a great flood came with a breast wave ten feet high right through the main street of the city destroying houses, stores and goods to the value of $10,000, and sweeping away to death more than two hundred persons."—Manchester correspondence Rochester Herald.

SAVED BY CHAIN OF MEN.

Henry Senior, of Spruce street, Bloomfield, N. J., was in a hurry to get home from the Oakes Woolen Mills, where he is employed, so he took a short cut across the mill pond, although warned not to do so by fellow-workmen, who told him the ice was not strong.

When Senior reached the channel near the middle of the pond the ice cracked, but still he kept on. A few feet further the ice gave way and he was plunged into ten feet of water. Some of the mill hands, who had been watching him, secured a long fence rail and ran across the ice as near to the spot where Senior was struggling for life as they dared. Frank Bailey lay down on the ice and pushed the rail toward Senior.

Edward Lohr seized Bailey's feet and pushed him along with the rail. Others did a similar act until a chain was formed. The end of the rail got close enough to Senior, who seized it, and Bailey gave a signal to the others, who slowly moved backward, pulling Senior to a point of safety, although the ice began to crack beneath the weight of the rescuers.

Senior was unconscious when brought to the shore, and it was with difficulty that his hands were loosened from the rail, as they were frozen fast to it. Senior will recover unless pneumonia follows his icy bath.—World.

NARROW ESCAPE OF LINER.

The narrow escape of a liner from destruction by a meteor is related by Captain Anderson, of the African Prince, one of the vessels of the Prince Line. The London Daily Chronicle quotes his report. Writing to his principals, he says: "On the evening of October 17, I was on the bridge with the second officer, when suddenly the dark night was as light as day, and an immense meteor shot, comparatively slow at first, because the direction was so very perpendicular to our position, then more rapidly, towards the earth. Its train of light was an immense broad electric-colored band, gradually turning to orange and then to the color of molten metal. When the meteor came into the denser atmosphere close to the earth it appeared, as nearly as it is possible to describe it, like a molten mass of metal being poured out. It entered the water with a hissing noise close to the ship, and the consequence, had it struck our ship, would have been total annihilation without doubt and not a soul left to tell the story of another mysterious loss of a vessel in every way fitted to undertake the voyage. I am of opinion that some such cause must be attributed to losses so mysterious that neither seamanship, engineering, nor ordinary theory can explain them."

ATTACKED BY DEVIL FISH.

The Perle, a large fishing barque, while out fishing in the Bay of Erquay, with a drag net out, met with an exciting adventure. Finding great difficulty in getting in the net, the crew set the windlass to work, and to the astonishment of the fishermen instead of fish a huge number of octopuses—at least 1500—appeared.

The horrible squirming mass shot out hundreds of arms at least six feet in length, which began to fasten on the sides of the barque, threatening to capsize it by their weight. Two fishermen were badly stung with the tentacles, and the men were only prevented by the prompt use of hatches from being dragged overboard. The skipper immediately cut the cable, and the entire mass plunged back to the bottom of the sea. Still some fifty horrible monsters clung to the side of the barque and had to be chopped away.—Washington Star.

Lamp Lighting Machines.

John Cornish, a long-time clerk in the Germantown office of the United Gas Improvement Company, caused consternation the other day among the many men who light and extinguish the gas lamps of that large district by imparting the information that a clever device had just been invented in Birmingham, England, that will light street lamps by clockwork. The invention, Cornish announced, is so nicely adjusted that the gas will be lighted at a different moment each day in the year, according to the varying seasons. Another remarkable feature of this wonderful machine is that while at the proper time it turns on the gas at night, it also turns it off in the morning. When once adjusted the apparatus will do its daily duty through the winding of the clockwork attachment once a week.—Philadelphia Record.

A small table that had been many years in an almshouse at Bristol, England, was sent recently with other discarded furniture to an auction room, where it was recognized as a Chippendale and sold for $367.50.