THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

VOL. XXV. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1907. NO. 23.

Mr. Harriman is the most recent recruit to the theory that electricity must be called upon to help solve the problem of the railroads.

It is always easy to explain how a train wreck happened. But the difficulty in obviating them does not seem to be lessened by experience, laments the Washington Star.

All philosophers are poor men, declares the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, but it would be better for all poor men to be philosophers. As to the rich, they do not need philosophy.

Science now claims that it can weigh the souls of men, but it does look, thinks the Richmond Times-Dispatch, as if some of them could only be managed by the absent treatment.

A British army surgeon has discovered that cold tea, if you drink it habitually, is a trustworthy insurance against typhoid fever. Important if true, but needs a lot of confirmation.

There will probably always be two houses of Parliament, predicts the Christian Register. But bishops and imbecile heirs of great names and titles, it adds, will not long be allowed to obstruct the will of the people.

In the opinion of the New York Tribune the railroads have permitted themselves to drift into a contest with public opinion, but fortunately even at this late date our railroad managers recognize their mistake and are making sensible efforts to bring about a better understanding between themselves and the public.

Sir William Crookes, the great London scientist, says that the story from America about the weight of souls is absolute nonsense. Dr. C. W. Salesby said: "It is a new and most imbecile version of materialism. The experiments are doubtless worthless, as the facts, if valid, are utterly irrelevant. Mind is no kind of matter."

The domestic commerce of this country, counting only the values in the first handling of goods, reaches the great total of nearly thirty billion dollars. That is considerably more than twice the value of the imports into all nations. The only famine in America has been a car famine. There is utterly no reason for panic.

New York's savings bank deposits are much more than one-third those of the entire United States. They are more than those of all thrifty New England, with Pennsylvania added. They are more than those of any nation in the world save only the German Empire, and even the German Empire has not twice as many.

Mr. Harriman confessed that he would like to go on buying railroads forever. There are instances in history of the ill effects of overmuch ambition, observes Town Topics. Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon—Harriman. Even with the Standard's hundreds of millions back of him, the country is too big for one man to own its railroads.

[illegible] Pidgin, of the Massachusetts [illegible] of Statistics of Labor, is au[illegible] the statement that the [illegible] is growing higher at a [illegible]re rapid rate than average [illegible]e increasing. He says the [illegible]iving necessities is fast out[illegible] the earning power of work[illegible] and of salaried persons, and [illegible] is constantly becoming harder [illegible]ain a comfortable scale of [illegible]n the effective wages paid [illegible]erage laboring man.

[illegible]istory maketh a young man old without wrinkles or gray hairs, giving him the experience of age without its infirmities," was a saying which Mr. J. A. MacDonald, of Toronto, quoted in his address before the Boston Baptist Social Union. It stood in his copy book when a small boy, and he had always treasured the sentiment. He also told his audience what James Bryce, British Ambassador, said should be inscribed over the doors of Parliament House at Ottawa: "Things are what they are; their consequences will be what they will. Why, then, should we deceive ourselves?"

In the list of prominent Indians of to-day, remarks the Louisville Courier-Journal, might be included Dr. Charles Eastman, a Santeo Sioux, who is a prominent student of medicine and law; Dr. Carlos Montezuma, an Apache, who was rescued from a battlefield when only six years old, and who is now a prominent physician in Chicago; Francis La Flesche, an Omaha Indian, now a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and a Government employe distinguished for good work in scientific research; Honore Jackson, a successful lawyer in Chicago; Miss Angel de Cora, a Winnebago, an artist who has met with much success in illustrating Indian life, and Miss Zitkala Sa, a Yankton Sioux, who is a contributor to the Atlantic Monthly.

IF.

He has gained the thing that is named success,
His proud wife glitters in gorgeousness,
But troops of ghosts that are pale and gaunt
Have made his palace a place to haunt;
He sees them gazing through sunken eyes,
And never can escape, however he tries.

He has wilfully had his way, and few
Of his covetous dreams have not come true,
But there are hearts he has robbed of trust,
And if souls must rise when the flesh is dust,
To cringe for the sorrow that greed has made,
Think of his poor soul, how it is betrayed.

He has risen high and is proud and free
From the cares that are burdens to you and me,
And the world, in spite of his lasting taints
May even list him among the saints,
Men may give him praise, but they cannot take
The wounds from the hearts he has caused to break.

He has never slain as the savage slays,
He has killed in none but the cunning ways;
He has murdered innocence and believed
That splendid triumphs were thus achieved;
But if men's souls from the dust shall rise,
Think of his poor soul on the day he dies.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

THE WINNING OF A WAGER AND A WIFE.

"What I can't make out is why smarter men don't go into the burglary business," remarked Jock Lanister, looking up from the perusal of his evening paper. "The average thief is an idiot, an absolute bungler."

"I expect the smart men find they can do better in other walks of life," suggested Lyle Stanford with a laugh. "You see, their occasions of periodical forced retirement from business must reduce the profits considerably."

"That's just my point," broke in Jock, eagerly. "With smart men the chances of forced retirement would be so small. They wouldn't botch the whole affair by leaving traces as these chaps always do. Look at this case. Smart work up to a certain point, and then collapse and capture simply from lack of common caution."

"You are like the man who sits in the stalls and tells his admiring females that lion taming is quite easy—no risk," laughed Stanford. "It is simple enough to criticize from an arm chair, but I guess burglary wants more brain and experience than you think. I shouldn't advise you to try it without tuition."

"Bet you ten to one I'd carry one through and not get caught," snapped Jock defiantly.

"By Jove! I'd like to take that on," said Lyle. "Only you are such a reckless chap; I'm afraid you'd get into trouble."

"That's easily got over," replied Jock cheerfully. "Bet you that I burgle your new London place within a week from date and get clear with the swag."

"Done," shouted Stanford, "and you may as well write out your check. I'm going to catch the 5.15 to Oxford. Come to lunch to-morrow and I'll introduce you to my wife, so that you do not scare her if you are seen."

"Right you are," agreed Jock. "What time lunch?"

"One-thirty. You will have to sharpen up your wits, for you'll find it a tough bit of work to get into 5 St. Anne's terrace. We use all the modern safeguards, and young Archie Rumble is coming up to-morrow to stay for a week."

"Who the deuce is Archie Rumble?"

"My dear chap, don't you know Archie Rumble? Why, he is a regular Sherlock Holmes. Does it for the love of the thing. Got pots of money. I believe that's why my wife is anxious to meet him."

"What on earth for?"

"Oh, she's turned matchmaker. Married two months herself, she means to pair off the rest of the world. She wants to inspect my unattached males with a view to coupling them with her unattached females. They are a good-looking lot, too."

"I'm glad I'm still on the disengaged list," laughed Jock. "Perhaps Mrs. Stanford will interest herself in me."

"Great Scott!" cried Stanford, catching up his bag, "I've only just time to catch my train. One-thirty to-morrow. Don't forget."

"One-thirty to-morrow," repeated Jock, with a triumphant smile.

Some two hours later a cab drove up to 5 St. Anne's terrace, and a decidedly smart young man announced himself to the servant as Mr. Archibald Rumble.

"So delighted to meet you," said Mrs. Stanford, coming forward with outstretched hands, "but I am so sorry Lyle is away for the night. I suppose it is one of his stupid mistakes. He thought you were to arrive to-morrow."

"Perhaps the mistake is mine. If it is at all incon——"

"Oh, no, no. If you won't be bored with my sister and myself, we shall be very glad the mistake has been made," broke in Mrs. Stanford. "We are feeling dreadfully lonely."

"Then I'm more than glad I came to-night," he protested.

"Dinner in half an hour, so please hurry," she cried after him as he followed the servant.

In less than that time Jock Lanister found himself bowing before a perfect Hebe in response to the introduction:

"My sister Netta—Mr. Archibald Rumble."

"Do you know," continued Mrs. Stanford, "we are awfully glad you are here. We've had such a queer telegram from Lyle."

"I am glad I am here, too," said Jock, looking at her sister with undisguised admiration and wondering whether she was among the ladies whom Mrs. Stanford was to marry to Lyle's friends.

"Oh, but we are not paying compliments, Mr. Rumble," protested Miss Netta. "We are serious."

"No more serious than I am," insisted Jock. "But might I ask what this wire is about?"

Mrs. Stanford handed him the telegram, which ran:

"Have reason to believe burglars are in neighborhood. Take every precaution; inform police; see that alarms are set at all windows and doors, and have Bully Boy round from the stables."

"Humph!" said Jock, suppressing a smile. "Very thoughtful of Lyle, especially about the dog. I suppose he is a bit ferocious?"

"Lyle says he isn't except to burglars, but I am sure he looks as if he is," sighed Mrs. Stanford. "Netta and I are dreadfully afraid of him."

"We loathe the creature," said Netta. "Don't we Dimples?" to a Persian kitten. "Don't you think, Mr. Rumble, that you would do as well—as a protector, I mean? Of course, Lyle did not know that you would be here when he wired."

"Of course he didn't," agreed Jock. "He would have sent quite a different wire if he had known. But you are safe enough with all those patent spring bells without either dog or man."

"Yes, I'm sure we needn't have the dog now," said Mrs. Stanford, with a sigh of relief. "Probably the thieves won't come now that you are here. Lyle says they always watch to see if there are any men about."

Jock also sighed his relief. He was no lover of bulldogs, and the thought of rifling the plate store in charge of one made his shins tingle.

His mind relieved, he turned his attention to his charming neighbor, and when some time later Mrs. Stanford left them together in the cosey drawing room they became so absorbed that they hardly noticed her absence. When Jock did, he remembered her matchmaking propensities and felt very grateful for them.

"Do you know, you are not a bit what I imagined you to be, not a bit like the description Milly gave me," said Netta.

Who the deuce was Milly?

"Are you disappointed?" asked Jock, confidently.

"Well, I don't know—just a little bit, perhaps."

"Oh, I say," said the disconcerted Jock, startled out of his complacent satisfaction, "that's awfully rough on me—getting preconceived ideas, I mean."

"But you're better than I expected you would be," said Netta, with a laugh, "ever so much better. I believe I should have hated you if you had been as Milly described you. She said you talked of nothing but celebrated criminal cases, and you've never once mentioned any of them."

"Of course not," said Jock, with indignation. "I never talk of such things to ladies at night. Think of their nerves. I wait for daylight. But," in a deeply injured tone, "if you want——"

"Oh, no," protested Netta, hastily. "I'd much rather talk about——"

"About ourselves," finished Jock, drawing nearer to her. "Yes, so would I."

"Besides," continued Netta, "I know if you were going to talk of cases, Annie would like to hear. So it would be waste of time while she is away, wouldn't it?"

"Wicked, criminal waste," agreed Jock.

When Mrs. Stanford returned, some time later, she felt in her matchmaking heart that no time had been wasted, and she was right.

Later on Jock and the ladies interviewed the policeman on duty, and when the servants had retired they went all over the house and saw that the modern safeguards were in good working order. When they paused in the corridor to say good-night, Mrs. Stanford suddenly doubted whether the light had been turned off and disappeared. Jock concluded that she was a clever woman.

"Good-night," said Netta softly, "I am so glad you came."

"Are you really?" said Jock, eagerly seizing her hand. "I am more than glad. I——"

Words failing, his feelings went into his eyes, and he was quite satisfied with the answering flush on Netta's cheeks as she hurriedly withdrew her hand and Mrs. Stanford reappeared.

When he reached his room and remembered the work that was before him he felt pretty sick of the whole business. He determined to throw it up and confess at breakfast time. Then in his imagination he saw Lyle's triumphant grin as he demanded his check, and pride in the success of his bet returned, and he resolved to carry it through.

After waiting a suitable time, he took his bag and tools and crept silently downstairs, and then started in excellently workmanlike style to pick locks and collect the silver. When he spread the plunder out on the floor and began to pack it into his bag he congratulated himself that he had not made one blunder—not a sound that could be heard half a yard away. The thought was broken by the sound of creeping footsteps outside the door. The next minute he was staring into the white face and flashing, scornful eyes of Netta Marshly.

"So," she said, bitterly, "you are the burglar we were to expect. You who have allowed us—two women—to trust you now meanly take advantage of our trust to rob us. And I thought you a gentleman—liked you—let you——" The thought of the happenings of the evening rushed through her mind and flooded her face with color.

She covered her face with her hands and groaned. "Oh, the shame of it! the shame of it!"

"Oh, I say, don't, don't," pleaded Jock, forgetting his role for the moment. "I meant every word I said. I did, 'pon my honor, and more, too——"

Neta's blazing anger struck him dumb.

"How dare you! How dare you! Go, or I shall repent of my leniency and send for the police."

"Oh, don't do that," said Jock, involuntarily. "I——" The thought to tell her all flashed through his mind. Then he knew it was hopeless. She would not believe him; she would only think he was trying to deceive her again.

"Go!" she repeated, and he thoughtfully began to walk toward the door.

"You have forgotten your property—the spoils you've been working for," she said, scornfully.

"You don't mean that you'll let me take them?" he asked, in surprise.

"You shall enjoy the full benefits and risks of your evening's work," she replied. "Take them, and I hope, although I'll not give you up, that the police are waiting for you outside."

Jock looked toward the silver and then back at her.

"I can't——with you here," he said, with a rueful grin.

"Coward as well as thief," she said, contemptuously. "You shall take them or I'll ring. If you get away there is enough to start you in an honest life. Use it for that and give up abusing the confidence of women."

"I suppose you won't believe me," began Jock.

One hand on the bell, she pointed with the other to the door. He saw it was hopeless to try to explain, and hastily gathering the things together without a word or look he went out of the room, down the hall, into the street and the arms of a burly policeman.

"I thought there was something wrong here—been watching your light through the cracks. Now, then, what have you got in that bag?" demanded the arm of the law.

Jock collapsed. It was all up with his bet. That must go; but would it save him? He saw visions of a night passed in a cell, and possibly a public charge to follow in the morning before Lyle could be found to clear matters up. The indignity of it all made him shiver. The next instant Netta stood in the doorway and he hoped.

"You've made a capture, constable?" she asked. "We were right, then?"

"Looks like it, miss. I reckon it's your stuff in that bag?"

"Doubtless. We'd better look," she replied, and Jock groaned.

The next instant she broke into hysterical laughter.

"It's all right, constable," she said. "I was only joking. Don't you recognize this gentleman? He was with us to-night—he is a friend. Good-night, Mr. Lanister. Make haste or you will never get home."

With a well-directed look of gratitude, Jock caught up the bag and disappeared.

When at 1.30 the following day he arrived at St. Anne's terrace with the bag he was greeted eagerly by Lyle and Mrs. Stanford.

"You dreadful man! We could not have the table laid until you arrived," said the latter, laughing.

"You are a fine burglar. I guess the bet's mine!" roared Lyle.

"But I got away with the swag," protested Jock, trying to catch Netta's averted eye, and wondering how much she had told of the night's adventures.

"You didn't steal it, though; it was a gift," laughed Lyle. "Here's Netta been offering us all her income to pay for plate she gave the burglar out of pity."

"Was it pity?" whispered Jock, getting close to her.

"No, contempt," she snapped; but Jock had a momentary glimpse of her face, and what he saw contented him.

"I'll own up that I'm not a complete success as a burglar," he said, "and I'll give you the bet. But," with an expressive look at Netta, "I want an exchange."

"Oh, that is how things are?" laughed Lyle, looking from one to the other. "Netta has caught the burglar with a vengeance. But for all that I won't leave her to assist in looking after my house again."

"Will you look after mine instead?" murmured Jock, shortly afterward, when he and Netta were alone; and, although she answered with a decided "No," she looked "Yes," and Jock was satisfied.—London Tatler.

To Editors.

We are in the market for three stanza sugar-cured hams, rhyming sausages, humorous barrels of flour and clothing in any length. Contributors will send a dray along, fully prepaid, for the return of anything we may not be able to use. Do not roll anything. It will not be examined. Be careful not to destroy the local color, particularly in the case of butter. Avoid melancholy offerings and do not put garlic in the sausages. Just now there is a good demand for jingles in doughnuts. Coal in ton lots could be placed to advantage with us just now. We pay on consumption, or two or three months later. If you do not hear from us in a reasonable time, do not write, it is a waste of postage.—Poor Contributor, Hungry Alley, Room 13, Top Floor.—Charles A. Hartley, in The Editor.

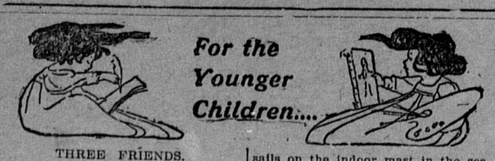
A Mirror Chewer.

After having swallowed swords, tacks, needles, sixpenny nails, broken bottles and pieces of looking glass, year after year, to the astonishment of audiences here and abroad, Albertus Pierce, the "Human Enigma," went to Bellevue yesterday in his cowboy rig to be treated for—a pain in his leg.

"My stomach's all right," he said to Dr. Smith, "but my leg bothers me." The surgeon found the bone in his leg was decaying, due, probably, to the poison in the mercury on the backs of the mirrors he had swallowed from time to time, which had settled in his joints. — New York World.

No After-Theatre Suppers in London.

After-theatre suppers do not flourish in London for lack of time. All restaurants have to close at midnight, and a general gloom begins to prevail in them by 11.30. After midnight in London is as dark and dreary as in a transatlantic liner at the same period.—The Travel Magazine.



THREE FRIENDS.

By the blazing fire, in a big arm chair,
We're as happy as happy can be;
The three best friends in the whole wide world,
My Dolly and Pussy and me.

My Dolly looks 'ceedingly good and wise,
But not a word speaks she;
And Pussy can only mew or purr—
So the talking's done by me.

I read to them from my story books,
And the pictures they like to see;
I can't help thinking they understand—
The way they look at me.

My Dolly is only two years old,
I'm seven and Pussy is three;
But still we're the very best of friends,
My Dolly and Pussy and me.

—Home Herald.

ABOUT ANIMALS.

Can a dog climb a tree? A correspondent writes: "While on a walk on snowshoes in New Hampshire we tracked a porcupine to a balsam fir, in which it had taken refuge. My Scottish terrier climbed the tree, pulling herself up from branch to branch to a height of about seven feet, where a space of bare trunk separated her from the porcupine, which had watched her progress with evident alarm. The terrier made several ineffectual attempts to scale the smooth bark and finally jumped down into the snow." And of another curious trait the same writer continues: "This little dog and her mate, now dead, though enthusiastic fire worshipers at home, never sat near the bonfires built at luncheon or tea time on winter walks, but dug holes in the snow at a little distance, in which they curled themselves up after the manner of their primitive ancestors."

Can an earthquake be "felt" approaching, as a shower of rain can be felt, and a fall of snow? On the Riviera in 1887 the horses laid their ears back and gave every sign of uneasiness. In Chile the birds have been observed to fly inland just before a convulsion. In Talcahuano in 1835 all the dogs fled from the city. These actions, of course, as a scientist who has collected a valuable list suggests, may be mere coincidences, for birds will fly inland and kittens become nervous when no earthquake is nigh. On the other hand, as the lower animals are singularly sensitive to any changes of weather and to pressure of the air, they "may even be conscious of subterranean movements which do not come within human ken, or are even not detectable by the most delicate instruments."

One of the latest additions to the London zoological gardens is the frigate bird, which can float in midair and go to sleep, without the risk of falling. Its character is not very high. It follows fish-eating birds that have picked up a meal from the water and compels them to part with it.

An attempt is about to be made to acclimatize the Austrian chamois in the New Zealand mountains. Eight animals are to be sent there this month. They have been habituated to the diet which will be necessary for them during their long voyage.—New York Globe.

WHAT MR. THRUSH DID.

Myra and Tessie were starting for school one blowy day in spring. The wind came puffing through the trees and up the road. It twisted Tessie's coat around her body until she could hardly walk.

"What a windy day!" she exclaimed, when she got her breath.

"But it's getting spring," said Myra. "The brook just sounds as if it was singing, 'Spring is coming! Spring is coming!' And there's a pair of thrushes beginning to build a nest in the old apple tree near the fence. I gave them some crumbs from my own breakfast this morning."

As they came to the apple tree near the fence a great gust of wind rushed through the branches and blew Myra's hat off.

"There goes my hat!" said Myra. "Catch it!"

The hat flew up in the air, circled a few times and settled on a little branch of the apple tree and stuck there.

Myra began to cry. "I can't go to school without a hat, and oh—what will mamma say?"

Ponto, who always went with Myra as far as the gate, was sorry. He sat down and barked at the hat, but it did not budge.

Then Tessie threw up a stone, but the stone only shook the branch a little.

Then Patrick came, and good naturedly climbed the tree, but the hat hung high and he could not touch it, even with his stick. Myra cried still harder.

Then Mr. Thrush came along. "Dear me," he chirped to Mrs. Thrush, "there's that sweet little girl who gives us crumbs, crying for her hat. I'll have to get it for her myself." He flew to the twig where the hat was caught, gave two or three little pecks at the ribbon that held it, and the hat swung off, flew around and fell at Myra's feet!

"I always knew dear," twittered Mrs. Thrush, "that you had more sense than those stupid human creatures! Why didn't they think of flying up and pecking the ribbon loose?"—Eva Lovett Carson, in Home Herald.

MIDDIES IN THE MAKING.

It is probably not generally known how the United States Government trains the youth upon whose shoulders will rest the responsibility of maintaining the high standard of the navy. His apprenticeship, according to Leslie's Weekly, is not unlike that of any other young man learning a trade; the fundamental principle being the proper kind of tools—when and how to use them.

A midshipman's tools, so to speak, are ships, thus rendering a thorough knowledge of seamanship an essential part of the training. This begins with lessons in splicing hemp and wire rope, after which the young men are given practice in handling sails on the indoor mast in the seamanship building, which is an exact counterpart of the mizzenmast of the training ship Severn and is seventy-two feet in height.

The midshipmen go aloft, furl, reef and set sails, etc.—in fact, go through the entire seamanship drill. A net is spread at the foot of the mast for protection, as a fall on the concrete floor would be far more serious than on the deck of a ship. Accidents, however, are infrequent.

Drills on the Severn begin early in the spring and continue throughout the cruise, which lasts from June until September. The midshipman thus becomes accustomed to ship life. The work is hard and the discipline severe during these drills. There is little tendency to shirk duty, and the future admirals do everything on shipboard, on deck and aloft, even to clearing up the deck and stowing away the ropes.

From a picturesque point of view seamanship practice on the Severn surpasses all other similar exercises. It seems that on shipboard the sense of the reality of the thing is ever present, and one accustomed to witnessing these drills notices that on the deck of the old Severn the middies are more active, more in earnest, and the manner in which they climb and swing around the rigging does credit to an old sailor.

Each man starts in with a practical seaman's duties, and as he continues his course is advanced to the duties of the petty officers and later to those of the junior commissioned officers.

A DOG'S LONG TRIP.

Thin and gaunt, and with no other instinct to guide him save the memory of a warm kennel, good food and an occasional caress, a little Scotch collie dog sold to a man at Valentine, Neb., returned 500 miles to its former master in Des Moines.

Just how long the dog was making the distance has not yet been ascertained, but with unerring instinct he made his way over hill and prairie, through timber and across rivers, finally arriving at Des Moines, where he was given a hearty welcome, a warm kennel and a hot bowl of milk for a starter.

Five weeks before a man from Valentine, Neb., saw the collie, bought him and took it back with him to Valentine.

After the collie left his new home he was seen at Fremont, Neb., where some boys threw stones at him while he was stealing a meal from a back door. This was the report until he appeared in Des Moines.

His master was awakened by a slight scratching at the front door. On opening it he saw a shaggy, thin, dirty little collie. He soon recognized his former pet, however, and declares he would not now part with the animal for twice its value.—Our Dumb Animals.

VENEZUELAN WOODPECKER.

The Santa Cruz woodpecker, of which a specimen is now exhibited in the Zoological Gardens, is a pretty Venezuelan species now represented in the collection for the first time. In its specially constructed cage in the insect house the woodpecker may be observed busily engaged in tapping the cork walls in its search for imaginary insects.

In a wild states these birds feed at all hours of the day, unlike most of their kind, which feed in the morning and evening. But when it is considered how much labor each insect costs the woodpecker it will be seen how necessary to its existence is this untiling energy. No time is wasted tapping a sound tree; it is behind soft bark that the woodpecker expects to find its prey. It seems then that by instinct it cannot detect the presence of insects, but only by the state of the wood can it select a likely place.—London Evening Standard.

INDOOR MUD PIES.

Children love to make things, but of all the things that their busy little fingers work with, mud pies are beyond question the most fascinating.

A clean variation of the mud pie amusement is furnished by the use of a plaster that is made especially for the purpose. It can be mixed and used over and over again and is of such consistency that figures of all sorts may be modeled.

A set of little modelling tools may be had with the plaster, and for a long rainy day there is nothing that will keep the youngsters so pre-occupied.

In the new modeling sets the plaster comes in several colors, which makes the work even more fascinating.—New York Mail.

Cat Time in Maine.

A Brunswick lady received a telephone call one morning last week from a Bath lady friend, asking her the time of day. The Brunswick lady, surprised, telephoned back it was 10 a. m., whereat the Bath lady explained that her clocks were all at 9.20, which she said she knew was wrong, as her pet cat had just washed its face, which it did every morning at precisely 10 o'clock. Hereafter the Bath lady proposes to regulate her clocks by the cat's ablutions. This is an Anvil story and so must be true.—Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

"Galalith" Combs.

Known as "galalith," a plastic substance is being made near Paris from the casein in skim milk—128.78 pints of skim milk furnishing 2.20 pounds of galalith—which may supplant celluloid, and has the advantage of being non-inflammable.—London Daily Mail.

Police of the city of New York arrest each day an average of forty-eight men who say that they have no occupation.

Pluck and Adventure.

EXPLORER'S HONEYMOON.

Reuter's representative has had an interview with Major Powell-Cotton, who, accompanied by his wife, has arrived in Rome on the conclusion of a most interesting journey, which in its scientific results will prove more valuable than his previous travels of 1902-1903, says the London Chronicle.

A romantic interest is to be found in the fact that Major Powell-Cotton, who had intended on the conclusion of his expedition to return to England to get married, decided not to interrupt his journey, and accordingly arranged for his financee to go out to Africa. The marriage took place on her arrival in East Africa, in 1905, and since then Mrs. Powell-Cotton has shared her husband's hardships and dangers, having, among other things, lived for many months among the pygmies in the heart of the Ituri forest, the first white woman ever seen by those interesting people.

"Perhaps one of the most notable features of the journey," said Major Powell-Cotton, "is the prolonged period which we spent among the pygmy and other tribes of the great Ituri Forest, during which time the most complete collections were made, and I have secured exhaustive data regarding the forest people, including photographs, phonograph records, etc.

"One of my objects was to go into the little known part of the Congo, south of Lado, in search of the white rhinoceros, of which I have secured a splendid specimen. We have further secured six specimens of forest animals previously unknown to science. These are the dusky African tiger cat, a new animal about the size of a leopard; the honey badger, or black Ituri ratel, elephant shrew, an antelope armed with tusks which dives under the water; a new black and white monkey, and a huge red buffalo. The British Museum authorities have done me the honor of naming five of these after me."

Speaking of his experience with the pygmies, Major Powell-Cotton said:

"The excitement of these little people when they first saw my wife was extraordinary, for they had, of course, never previously beheld a white woman. Perhaps the chief source of wonder was her long hair, which for the special benefit of the dwarfs she would let down, while they crowded round our tent in speechless wonder. During our many months' stay we never had the least difficulty with the forest tribes, some of whom I employed as hunters. Occasionally when away I would leave my wife alone. She had learned a little of their language, and did excellent medical work among them. In my absence she took charge of the caravan, and was always treated with the greatest respect by the people."

While on the banks of the Sassa River, near Lake Albert Edward, Major Powell-Cotton saw a very large solitary male lion making his way back to the jungle on the river banks and cutting him off fired, wounding the beast badly. Meantime the animal got into the brushwood, where it was almost hidden, and an hour and a half later Major Powell-Cotton, thinking the lion too badly wounded to move, approached, accompanied by some of his men, who threw mud at the beast. The latter, however, did not budge, but on a sandal and a stick being hurled at him, he rose, emitting a loud roar, and charged open-mouthed at Major Powell-Cotton, who was only a few yards distant. The latter instantly fired both barrels, but this failed to stop the lion, and the explorer, on turning to his bearer for another gun found that he had bolted.

There being no time to reload, Major Powell-Cotton hurled the gun into the lion's face and turned to run. As he did so the wounded animal sprang and, digging his claws in Major Powell-Cotton's back and legs, bore him to the ground. The infuriated lion, which it was subsequently found had had his jaw smashed by one of the bullets, tore its victim's coat to shreds, and vainly endeavored to raise his head and get at the eyes. It then attempted to tear open the abdomen, but, owing to a folded copy of Punch which Major Cotton had in his pocket, the brute's claws were unable to penetrate the flesh.

While Major Powell-Cotton lay almost crushed under the animal, one of the porters rushed at the lion and hit him on the head with a stick. At the same time the Waganda headsman, with great pluck, ran up and slashed the animal across the eyes with a whip. This diverted the beast's attention, and at that moment an Askari shot him dead. It was then found that Major Powell-Cotton had received no less than seventeen wounds. He, however, rode to the nearest Belgian camp, where he was nursed back to health by Commandant Bastien. This incident happened on a Friday and it was the explorer's thirteenth lion.

A NEW YORK EPISODE.

The story of "a regular story book policeman" is told by the New York correspondent for the Pittsburg Dispatch in this way: "A strapping, fine looking policeman in lower Broadway the other day at noon slapped the face of a boy teamster when he did not stop when he gave him the signal and was grossly impertinent when chided for it. Before the teamster's face ceased to tingle several other teamsters had jumped from their perches to aid the boy. The sidewalk and streets were jammed. The teamsters who went to the rescue threatened the policeman. One took his number. Another abused him. A third grabbed him by the arm. The fourth made a demonstration as if to strike. The situation had an ugly look. The policeman was cool. He said they could have all the trouble they wanted. 'But, see here,' he said, in a fatherly sort of way, 'you fellows want to get to your destinations. You don't want to lose your time. I can cause you more trouble than you can make for me in a week. Get back to your wagons and move on.' 'But you slapped this boy's face,' said one teamster, 'and you are too big for that. You apologize to him or we will see this thing to the end if we have to lose the whole day.' 'The boy disobeyed and then used bad language,' replied the big copper. 'I could have run him in. I didn't care to do that. He has got to earn a living. That slapping will be a lesson to him. Here, Johnny, take back your team. Here's my hand, boy. Don't you do this again.' In a moment the teamsters changed their attitude. 'Say, pard, you're all right,' said one of them. 'We don't want your number. Bingham needn't know this. Bully for you.' The crowd cheered and the bells in the tall steeples clanged their part. Everybody moved on chatting and laughing. Some patted the policeman on the back, and the teamsters from their perches waved a hand as they moved on."

A PRIZE FIGHT.

In his book of "Memories," just published, Major-General Sir Owen Tudor Burns tells many good stories. Here is one of the first visit of a Shah to Great Britain:

The Shah wanted to see a prize fight, with blood. After much anxious thought and consultation with Lord Queensberry, an innocent glove fight was arranged in the Buckingham Palace stables, to take place quietly half an hour before the Shah was to receive Lord Shaftesbury and the archbishops and bishops with a memorial asking him to protect the interests of the Christians in Persia.

But the Shah slept late. The prize fighters overlapped the prelates. A footman made a mistake in opening the door. Archbishops and bishops following the Shah in a moment found themselves more or less in a ring round the two prize fighters. The bishops hustled back to the reception room, the fight was stopped, the Shah was angry and disappointed, and Lord Shaftesbury was heard shouting: "A prize fight in the garden of the Queen's palace forsooth! I will denounce you all over the kingdom!" Mutual explanations followed, the matter was set right, we sent special messages to the reporters to keep it out of the press, and I was later on privileged to explain it all to the Queen, who took the matter much more calmly than her Lord Chamberlain. Once back, however, inside Buckingham Palace, we all smoothed our ruffled feathers and listened to a most gloomy oration from Lord Shaftesbury.

The Shah, angry at the interruption of his prize fight, turned round to Sir Henry Rawlinson and growled in Persian, "Hang the Christians in Persia! Tell them they'll all right." Rawlinson translated that into a very long, eloquent and beautiful reply to the deputation, while doubtless the disappointed boxers were having a consolation scrap in the stables. Lord Shaftesbury did not denounce them, though the Shah's bear leaders lived in terror for some days. "The secret has remained a secret to the this day."

The Lord Chamberlain blamed me, I blamed the Shah, the Shah blamed the equerry, the equerry blamed the footman, the footman blamed every one all round, and we gave the prize fighters £5 apiece, with a resolution written in blood that never would any of us again arrange a prize fight, even for a Shah of Shahs, in a royal palace garden.—Tit-Bits.

A STORY OF PLUCK.

The following story is especially characteristic of the courage and determination which won for Admiral Evans the title, "Fighting Bob."

In an attack upon Fort Fisher, says a writer in Current Literature, Robert—then Midshipman Evans—was shot. He was hit three times before he fell. Then he was shot a fourth time as he lay on the sand, and he saw the sharpshooter getting ready for a fifth shot. Bob felt that the proceedings were becoming monotonous, and he addressed a few emphatic remarks to that effect to the sharpshooter. As the remarks seemed insufficient, he did a little sharpshooting himself that ended the matter. But a worse fate than death to Bob soon seemed imminent, for he was taken to the hospital at Norfolk, and he overheard the surgeon in charge say to his assistant, "Take both legs off in the morning." Bob slipped a revolver under his pillow and waited with set teeth for the morning. He was only eighteen, and he felt he had use for those legs. When the assistant came to prepare him for the operation, Bob at first protested earnestly, but in vain. Then he pulled his revolver from under the pillow, and told the doctor that it had six cartridges, and that if anybody entered the place with a case of instruments six men would be killed before the operation began. The legs were saved.

The Remnant.

Thus it is demonstrated that in the United States we have 1053 pure blooded bison, of which all but twenty are in captivity. In Canada are 351 pure blooded animals, of which 300 are in the wild state, making a total of 1404 pure blooded American bison left out of the countless thousands that but little more than a quarter of a century ago covered great areas of the Western prairie. Nothing like it ever has been recorded in the world of animal life. It reads like a fairy tale.

In Europe there are about 107 pure blooded examples of the American bison, of which number England has thirty-two, Germany forty-four, Hungary ten, France one, Netherlands twelve and Russia eight, and there are about twenty hybrids in Europe, of which England has fifteen and Russia five.—From Caspar Whitney's "View-Point," in the Outing Magazine.

Taking the statistics for the entire world four and half persons to the thousand are either deaf, dumb, or mentally deficient.

In the northern hemisphere there are 6100 stars plainly visible to the naked eye.