THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

VOL. XXV. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1907. NO. 36.

Cast no slurs on Michigan, warns the Detroit Free Press. She has more iron in her system than has any other member of the sisterhood.

In the State of Washington an enterprising fellow stole a loaded freight train. Tut, tut, deprecates the New York American, in the East they steal railroads.

Why should the Japanese make so much fuss because they cannot come into this country by the Golden Gate of San Francisco, demands the Philadelphia Record, when they have only to wade or swim across the Rio Grande from Mexico?

There is an American chivalry, asserts the Detroit Free Press, that will applaud the advice to workingmen that they give their wives an eight hour day. The sterner, stronger sex in the field of labor has been shortening its hours of toil as it could. Those of the tenderer, weaker sex have had no such amelioration.

It is announced that bacilli in food can now be destroyed by electricity. This should reduce by at least one-half the perils of eating, rejoices the New York Post. In France, nicotine is eliminated from tobacco by a washing process; and smoking thus becomes less objectionable. This may bring hope to those who have forgotten what oysters are like, and will not take milk unless it has been boiled.

It looks like Indiana will hereafter be an unpleasant place of residence, suggests the Louisville Courier-Journal, for those who indulge in the luxury of deserting their wives and children, whenever that course seems convenient for them. A law which makes such action a felony, punishable by an indeterminate sentence of from one to three years in the penitentiary or reformatory, has gone into operation.

Prof. Juday has devoted two whole summers to investigation of the trout in Twin Lakes, which lie nestled among the highest peaks of Colorado, about fifteen miles southwest of Leadville, notes the New York World. Of the species he found there three were indigenous and three had been introduced. He studied hundreds of specimens, running all sizes; examined the contents of their stomachs; noted the amount and kind of food, vegetable, insect and minnows, in each, and sought to determine the relation of quantity and quality of food to the condition of the fishes.

A man's body is full of four humors, namely, blood, phlegm, yellow bile and black bile, maintains the New York Press. Yellow bile is the cause of anger, wrath, irascibility; black bile is melancholy. Now, the humorist's brains are as chockful of wheels, fancies, opinions, errors and faults as his body is full of humors. His temperament is mercurial. He is ballooned by a thought, depressed by a theory. Having exhausted a few airy flights of imagination on the bored public, he goes home to cast the inevitable pall of gloominess upon his family. Ben Jonson—"Humor is a gentleman-like monster, fed in the special gallantry of our time and fed by folly."

One of the last acts of the Illinois legislature was to give the city of Chicago a new charter which will stand as a model, according to the Boston Post, as it is now an exception in local self-government by a municipality. The State practically renders its authority to the city, except so far as constitutional provisions control. Not only the police power but the regulation and taxation of public service corporations are vested in the municipality. The charter itself may be amended, if it does not suit after trial, by the voters of the city without asking privilege of the Legislature. "There is no reason on earth why Chicago will not become the most beautiful and best governed city in this country," says one of the legislative supporters of this plan. Its workings will be watched with great interest.

Interesting figures on the relative agility of hares and rabbits are given in a recent volume by J. G. Millais. "When running at ease," he says, "the length of the hare's stride is about four feet, but under conditions of fear its leaps extend to ten and twelve feet, while some authors claim that it can jump fen ditches twenty to twenty-five feet in width. Perpendicularly, a hare can jump on to a five-foot wall, but seems to be nonplussed by one of about six feet. The stride of the rabbit is about two feet; when necessary it can make leaps of six or seven feet horizontally. About three feet is the highest that a rabbit can attain to even when helped by the asperities of a stone wall." Mr. Millais tells how rabbits swim—when compelled to: "They swim with the head held as high as possible, while the hocks of the hind legs appear above the element at each stroke. The shoulders and front part of the body are buried beneath the water, while the rump and tail are high and dry."

The Rubber Plant.

By W. R. ROSE.

When the lady of the house, as Henry always called her, went away for the month of July with little Sumner and littler Elizabeth, she left Henry in charge of the house. She wasn't quite sure she was doing right in putting this responsibility on the boy, but he had proved faithful in little things and she finally determined to trust him. She wanted it aired and opened up, and then she felt that it would be safer to have somebody sleeping there—even a boy. Henry was a good boy and a faithful boy, and she decided to take the chance of his proving an equally faithful watchman.

"You are not afraid to sleep alone in the house?" she asked him when she was leaving the final directions.

"No, ma'am," he laughed. "Not a bit of it. I'm not the sort that scares easy."

"I didn't think you were," the mistress smilingly remarked. "Only it may seem a little lonesome."

"I guess it will, ma'am," he admitted. "But country boys are used to being lonesome. I've slept lots of times in our old barn at home with no other company than the bats and the owls."

"You don't think you ought to have a—a revolver, do you, Henry?"

He shook his head.

"No, ma'am, I guess I won't have any use for one. I'll keep my old ball bat under the bed. That's a good enough weapon for me. If I haven't any pistol there won't nobody get shot accident'ly."

"I am glad you feel that way, Henry," said the lady of the house. "I don't like to think of a revolver lying around loose. Well, I guess I've given you all your instructions. Don't forget them, and above all don't forget the rubber plant."

She laughed as she said this. The rubber plant was something of a joke in the Harnett household. But she was in earnest, too, and Henry was in earnest when he answered her.

"No, ma'am, I won't forget it. I'll take the very best care of it," he said. "You'll be surprised to see how well it's looking when you come back. I'll give you my word."

The lady of the house laughed again. His simple earnestness seemed a part of the family joke. For the rubber plant had created no end of amusement for John Harnett, and John Harnett bore the enviable position of husband to the lady of the house. It had been through so many mishaps. Once John Harnett slid down the cellar stairs with it, and was much the more damaged of the two. It had fallen out of a window during its younger days, and once it was sat upon by John Harnett's rich aunt. But it came through its trials bravely, owing largely to the exquisite care that Emily Harnett lavished upon it. It grew and thrived and became quite too heavy for the tender wrists of its dainty mistress. And so John Harnett had sworn in his jocular way to have no more to do with it, the task of carrying it about devolved upon Henry. And it had to be carried a good deal. It was a whimsical plant, if its mistress could be believed, and it needed frequent change of location. And Henry had become quite expert in bearing it here and there, his mistress leading the way and telling him in which room and at which window to deposit it. And John Harnett finally dubbed him the First Lord in Waiting to the Rubber Tree.

John Harnett was in Germany just now, visiting certain great factories. He might return during his wife's absence from home.

"Don't take him for a burglar, Henry, if he comes at night," the lady of the house cautioned the boy.

"I'll be careful, ma'am," Henry replied. "I ain't one that forms a prejudice easy."

Whereat the lady of the house laughed in her delightful way and said that Henry had a fortunate disposition, a statement that filled the boy with much pride.

"And when Mr. Harnett does come, Henry," the lady went on, "you are to take the very best care of him. Don't forget that."

"I won't forget, ma'am," Henry replied. "I'll take just as good care of him as I do of the rubber plant."

It was good to hear his mistress laugh.

"He doesn't need quite so much moving around, Henry."

"No, ma'am. But I'll see that he gets the sun and the air and plenty of fresh water."

"Yes, Henry. And you are to care for his room, too. And, oh, Henry, don't forget to keep the sidewalk and the steps nicely swept. Mr. Harnett is very particular about that."

"I don't expect to forget anything you've told me. Mr. Harnett knows I'm here, does he, ma'am?"

"I wrote to him last week that I had decided to let you stay in the house. He will get the letter before he returns."

"Yes, ma'am. It wouldn't be pleasant to have him get back and not know I'm here. He might take me for somebody else."

Then the day of the departure of the lady of the house and her two children arrived. Henry helped them into the carriage and put their hand baggage after them, and said good-by to little Sumner, and to littler Elizabeth.

"Good-by, Henry," said the lady of the house and gave him her hand through the carriage window. Take good care of everything—and don't forget to water the rubber plant every day."

And the carriage rolled away.

Henry stood by the curb staring after it until the corner was reached. Then he turned and went back to the porch. He suddenly felt lonesome. What a lovely lady his mistress was, and how kind she had been to him. And the children were so bright and clever, even if they did try to plague him. He wished they were there to plague him now.

He hated to go back in the house. It would seem so bare and quiet. He sat on the top step a little while and whistled dolefully. Then he roused up. What a lucky boy he was to have such a home and how proud he should be to think that his mistress would trust him with the care of it. He would prove himself worthy of this confidence. And his master, too. Had he not taken him aside one day and told him that he must look higher than the labors of a boy of all work, and that when he, the master, came back from his present trip he would find something better for him to do—something where he could climb. And the master had suddenly added, in his joking way, that it wouldn't be a rubber tree either.

Yes, he would carry out his stewardship to the very limit of satisfaction. And thereupon he went into the house and watered the rubber plant, although it did not need it. And he tried all the doors and windows for the dozenth time — and they were just as securely fastened as they were the first time he tried them.

Then he went back on the porch and thought it over. What would he do with all this spare time? He must keep busy. And what a chance there would be to improve his reading. He wasn't much of a reader and his spelling was deficient in frequent spots. If he wanted to make himself worthy of that better place —that place that Mr. Hatrnett had promised him, he must study hard. Then he was going to tidy up the cellar, and hang the swing in the attic for little Sumner—there was a smart boy. He could read better than Henry could. Oh, there would be plenty to do. He mustn't forget the rugs that were to be shaken and the rooms that were to be aired. And he mustn't forget the rubber plant.

Henry had a little fund at his disposal—given him by the lady of the house—and out of this he was to get his meals at the restaurant at the railroad crossing, just five minutes' walk away. And this unwonted luxury of taking his dinners out, as he called it, was calculated to inflate his self-importance, but it is quite needless to add that he presently longed for a return to the wholesome provender prepared by the Harnett cook—now visiting relatives at her early home in a neighboring county.

So Henry's life as a caretaker proved a somewhat monotonous one. Its only real episodes were the trips to the restaurant, and these began to pall upon his taste. But he conscientiopsly devoted himself to the books—they were little Sumner's books, and quite delightful when you mastered the art of reading them without the drawback of guessing at certain of the longer words, and Henry was much pleased with his progress.

But he did not forget the rubber plant. How it throve under his attention! And how pleased the lady of the house would be! He toted it—as he called the transplanting operation—from hall to library, and from library to dining room, and from dining room back to hall, and so on through the giddy round again. It had the choicest windows for its outlook and it took the air frequently on the broad porch. And Henry washed off the glossy green leaves from time to time and gave the plant what he called the polishing touches. He couldn't have treated it with more respect had it been a family fetich. And it certainly seemed to show a grateful appreciation of his attentions.

One night the lady of the house had been gone nearly three weeks and Henry was beginning to prepare for her return by redoubled efforts to put everything in the best of shape—the boy was awakened in his little up-stairs rooms by a sudden twitch of conscience. At least that is what it seemed to him as he opened his eyes in the darkness. He tried to think why his conscience had called him. He had omitted some duty, no doubt. That must be it. What was it? He was a healthy boy, and not used to waking until daylight. What could have disturbed him? And then he suddenly wondered if he had forgotten to water the rubber plant.

He remembered carrying it from the library to the dining room, but he couldn't remember bringing the pitcher and letting the stream trickle about the roots. It was funny that a thing like that would awaken him. The plant could wait until morning. It surely wasn't suffering. He would go to sleep again. He tried and couldn't. He laughed at himself. Then he decided to go down and make amends for his neglect—if neglect it was.

He slipped from bed and pulled on the soft woolen slippers that little Sumner had given him for a Christmas present. Then a sudden impulse seized him and he reached under the bed and drew out his old baseball bat. He chuckled to himself as he grasped the handle. It seemed so ridiculous.

Then he cautiously felt his way to the back stairs and began to descend. He had gone a half dozen steps when he suddenly stopped. Now he knew what had aroused him. Somebody was in the dining room.

He stood still, his heart beating loudly. And then he heard soft voices and some cautious footsteps. Burglars!

He might have retraced his steps and gone to a front window and shouted an alarm. Instead he crept down the stairs and into the hall, and even close to the dining room door. The door stood ajar and through it he could see two shadowy forms near the big sideboard. There were sharp little flashes of light playing over the glittering glass. They came from a dark lantern.

"Sure the house is empty?" a low voice asked.

"Dead sure. The boss is in Europe an' the woman an' the kids are away for the summer. We can take our time."

"Is this the job Barney meant?"

"Yes. He's had his eye on it for some time. Get the bag. There's some good stuff here."

The boy was trembling. There was no doubt he was badly scared. There were cold drops on his forehead. What could be done? There were two of these fellows, and of course they were armed. He wished he had that revolver now. Well, he could stand there and watch them, and when they went out he would follow them and give the alarm. That would be the wisest thing for him to do. He wouldn't needlessly expose himself. He wasn't recreant in his trust. If he ran in there and was shot it wouldn't help matters. Yes. He would wait and watch the rascals.

There was a jingling of silver and frequent flashes of light, and the low buzz of two voices. The boy, with straining ears and tense muscles, waited in the dark hallway.

"The other bag," whispered one of the voices.

There was a gentle movement and then a loud crash. It was followed by a stream of light from the lantern and a smothered oath.

"What's that?" cried the first voice.

"I've run against a cursed plant," grumbled thet other man.

The blood suddenly surged to Henry's head. The scoundrels had knocked over the precious rubber plant! The plant that was left in his keeping! No doubt they had ruined it. The plant that his dear mistress loved so well! The enormity of the thing filled the boy's simple mind. A terrible rage seized him. He thrust the door open.

"What's that!" hissed a voice as the lantern was whirled about. The boy, with club uplifted, sprang toward the dazzling spot of light. A pistol cracked, something hot seared the lad's shoulder, and then the stout hickory club fell. There was a crash, a heavy fall, and the sound of running feet. Henry, raging, followed —followed to the open kitchen door only to see a dark form scaling the back fence. The lad hurled a bitter expletive after the flying robber and then closed the kitchen door and drew a heavy table against it and, still raging, rushed back to the dining room. Without a thought of possible danger he caught at the little chain that dangled from the chandelier and a flood of soft radiance filled the room. The lad drew his hand across his eyes and looked about. There were the bags of plunder lying on the floor, and close beside them was a dark form. Henry knelt beside it. The man was alive. The boy ran to the back hall and came back with two towels and tied the fellow's wrists and ankles tightly.

Then he looked with a sinking heart for the overturned plant. As his eyes fell on the shattered pot and the scattered dirt, the front door bell rang sharply. The boy arose and opened the door and peered out. Two men were standing on the porch. One was his master, the other was a policeman.

The master looked hard at the boy.

"Why, it's Henry," he cried. "What's wrong, Henry? Why was the house lighted up?"

The two men pushed into the hall.

"The lady left me in charge," said the boy dully. His anger had almost subsided and his legs felt strangely weak.

"Did she? I suppose she wrote me about it. But what's the matter, Henry? You are pale and trembling."

The big policeman pushed a little closer.

"The lady told me particular, sir, to take care of the rubber plant."

The master suddenly chuckled.

"Yes. What happened to it?"

The boy's lip quivered.

"The—the burglars knocked it over, sir, and smashed it."

"Burglars! What do you mean?"

And the master strode forward.

But the boy was ahead of him, and stooping over the prostrate plant.

"See, sir, see what they did!" he groaned.

"Look here, officer," cried the master, "what's this?"

The big policeman hustled forward and stooping down dragged the prowler on the floor into the light.

"Good enough!" he cried. "Here's a chap we've been looking for high and low. He's got a nasty cut on the head. Look at the size of the gun he carries. Did the boy do this?"

"I did it," said Henry. "He knocked over the plant and I gave him a crack with the club."

"Good boy," growled the big policeman. "Look at the swag in the bags. Here, sir, I'll just telephone for the wagon. Keep an eye on this chap, sir. He's a slippery one."

But the master's eye was on Henry.

"Do you think, sir, she'll feel very bad if the plant is spoiled?" the lad looked up and faintly asked.

The master did not smile. He stooped and took the lad's hand and drew him up.

"You are worth a thousand plants, my boy," he said, "and your mistress will feel only pride and thankfulness."

And from the hallway came the eager tones of the big policeman's voice as he called up the station.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How Washington Looks to the West.

Washington is known as "Plughatville" among Westerners. It has more plug hats per capita than any city in the world. Hatters estimate that every third man owns and wears a plug hat. The poor as well as the rich wear them. Restaurant flunkies, when togged out, make just as imposing an appearance as some high mogul in the Government service.—Washington Correspondence Kansas City Journal.

What is claimed to be a record day's winding for any colliery in the United Kingdom was made recently at the Bargoed colliery of the Powell Dyffryn Company. The quantity of coal raised during the day was 3245 tons.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

POLLY'S GARDEN.

When Polly makes her garden
In a corner of the lot,
She digs, and smoothly rakes across,
A nice, warm, sunny spot.

Then from her apron pocket
She takes her bags of seeds—
Sweet peas, pansies, poppies—
As many as she needs.

Her beds she cuts in diamonds
With a pea-stick sharp and thin,
Then with her fingers digs the holes
And drops the seeds within.

"And now," cries Polly, wisely,
"I'll keep you in your beds
Till April makes it warm enough
For you to show your heads."

The seeds are quite obedient;
They snuggle close and warm,
And coolly they take a nap,
All safe from cold or harm.

But Polly grows impatient,
And before the week is out
She takes them up from out their beds
To see why they don't sprout.
—Pauline Carrington Bouve, in Youth's Companion.

FROM A FAIRY STORY.

"Let us reverse things for an hour," said the fairy, "and see what will happen when mortals see each other as they are, and know each other as the fairies know them."

Accordingly he drew a circle about him, and sat down once more to view the sport. The first to enter the charmed ring was a slip of a girl in a cotton gown, and clasping to her breast a picture of anemones and violets which she had toiled to paint and was trying to sell that she might buy fruit for a dying mother. As she stepped within the enchanted circle, lo! her cotton gown changed to lustrous satin, pure as a lily's leaf, and on her soft brown hair fell the shadow of a golden crown. The pictured flowers became genuine blossoms, and seemed to have their roots within her heart. Amazed, the people who saw the transformation rushed to give her greeting as a strange and royal princess whom they delighted to know, but she was borne swiftly away out of their sight in a cloud of snowy whiteness.

The next who came within the magic ring was a portly woman, her ears weighted down with diamonds. Accompanying her were her maiden daughters robed in silk of Parisian make and texture, and with ruby-throated humming-birds upon their bonnets. No sooner had the trio stepped within the elfin circle than the haughty dame took on the outward semblance of a woman clothed in filthy rags, her diamonds changed to teardrops wrung from the hearts she had unjustly dealt with, and her shoes gaped full of holes. Her pretty daughters were clothed in grease and ashes, and on their heads, where erst the murdered birds had drooped their bright wings, were ghastly toads and a strangled mouse! The commotion caused by this terrible transformation scene, as the crowd shrank back with groans and cries, was too great to admit of further tarrying on the part of the elf. So he spread his wings and flew away.—Saturday Evening Gazette.

THE WRONG WAY.

One day Charlie and Papa took a trip to Aunt Jennie's farm, which was 200 miles away from Charlie's home, and the boy was wild with delight at the anticipated long car ride and novel experiences. After they were comfortably seated and the train began to puff out of the station Charlie's papa said: "Now, son, I'm going to be away just a few minutes. I have to see the baggagemaster. You sit where you are and don't move a bit; if you do I'll spank you. Don't stick your head out of the window; you will have trouble if you do. Be a good boy or I'll——"

Charlie nodded his head and sat as still as a mouse.

The father went away; found his man; attended to his business, and returned within five minutes.

There was the boy with just his feet and the seat of his trousers left in the car, the rest of him hanging out of the window. Every time a telegraph pole whizzed by the boy would make a lunge for it, and he almost fell all the way out trying to catch it.

The father did not hesitate long. He made a grab for the child, pulled him in by the heels, laid him over his knee and began to fulfil his promise. The little fellow screamed and yelled until he almost drowned the noise of the train; but during the lull in the uproar the father heard a laugh behind him. He angrily turned to see the cause, when, seated quietly two benches in the rear, he saw his son Charlie laughing heartily over the plight of the other boy.

His father rubbed his eyes to dispel the illusion, but there was no mistaken Charlie. Then he looked at the boy on his lap. Behind the tears was a face that he had never seen before. He had spanked some other man's son!—Philadelphia Ledger.

A BABY SHOW.

Over the green lawns of the Boston suburbs scamper great gray squirrels, waving their plumy tails in the triumph of their undisputed rights. For these creatures, with their quick movements and saucy chatter, enjoy welcome freedom of the ground, and they store their harvest without thought of tax or dispossession. That they have their cares and forethought is evident by their careful attention to business and accumulation of wealth. That there is also matronly pleasure and pride of family in these tree households is shown by the experience of a lady who lives in a suburban town.

The lady had made a pet of one of the fine gray squirrels which dwelt on her premises. She would sit on her piazza and feed the pretty creature from her hand. The squirrel soon became quite fearless and would stay about its friend, and even curl up in her lap, but was always alert to dart off at the approach of another person.

One day the lady was sitting on her veranda when she noticed her pet making its way across the grass, followed by three fat and fluffy balls of gray fur.

Up to the piazza came the big squirrel, taking the steps with graceful leaps. In vain the babies tried to surmount the troublesome obstacles. Their legs were too short and their strength too small, and, every time they tried to jump up a step, back they fell in futile little heaps. In vain the mother urged, the Hill of Difficulty was too steep.

The eager watcher appreciated the situation. The proud parent had brought her little ones to show her friend.

The lady wrote an account of the circumstance to a famous naturalist who is beloved by all Americans. In answer he told her that he would have given much to have had anything as beautiful and touching come to him.—Youth's Companion.

DOG GUARDS LITTLE MASTER.

A shepherd dog, faithful to death to its master, almost as intelligent as a human in ordinary matters, and, more intelligent to scent dangor, is petted and almost loved to death by Mr. and Mrs. John Lauber, of Oelwein, whose two-and-a-half-year-old son wandered away from the home farm near Oelwein on Tuesday, and was not found until late in the evening.

The little lad had toddled four miles, and the dog tagged along behind, watching him and guarding him. When the sheriff, who had been summoned to take part in the search, found the little boy he was unconscious from the cold. Over him stood the faithful shepherd, lifting up his voice in mournful howls.

The dog, to awaken the child and coax him towalk on, had pulled at his little garments until they were tattered and torn. The parents were rejoiced to recover the child and the dog vied with them in showing its gratitude at the providential approach of the rescuing party.—St. Paul Dispatch.

NAPOLEON'S BAD HANDWRITING.

M. Houssaye attributes the muddle over orders at Waterloo to Napoleon's execrable handwriting. This was the opinion of the writing master of Alexandre Dumas: "The Emperor never lost a battle except by his bad writing. His officers could never make out what he meant. Remember this, Alexandre, and make your down strokes heavy and your up strokes light." Grouchy declares that during the battle of Waterloo he could not make out whether Napoleon wrote "bataille gagnee" or "bataille engagee," and he conjecturally read "battle gained."—Andrew Lang, in London Post.

A "GOOD REMEMBERY."

The ant has a "good remembery," as the little girl said, at least for its relations and friends. Ants will recognize such after having been separated from them for a long time.

An Englishman took half the ants from a nest, and after six weeks marked one and put it into its old home with a stranger. The ants in the nest flew at the stranger, but took no notice of their old friend. He did this same thing once a week for a month, and every time the stranger was killed or driven out

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

The thinnest thing in the world, according to the Medical Journal, is the film of a soap bubble.

A new seventy-two inch plate mill at the Homestead works of the Carnegie Steel Company has been put in operation. The mill, it is said, will have a capacity of 60,000 tons annually.

Edwin Anthony, in an article published in the Chess Players' Chronicle, computed approximately that the number of ways of playing only the first ten moves on each side is 169,518,829,100,544,000,000,000,000,000.

The method upon which all cooling towers work is to divide the water up so that it presents a maximum amount of surface to the air. All cooling towers work on the counter-current principle. The water is lifted twenty-five feet to thirty feet up the tower, and then allowed to fall over specially designed splash bars, while the air enters the tower at the bottom and ascends through the falling drops of water.

The dome of the British Museum reading-room is thought to be in danger of collapse; hence the room is to be closed for repairs during the summer and fall, special accommodation being provided elsewhere in the building for those engaged in literary research of exceptional importance. It has been conjectured that the only reason why the dome has not long since fallen on the studious heads beneath is that the density of the atmosphere, which has caused so many of those heads to ache, upheld the structure and so saved them from what might have made them ache still worse, or have even put an end to their capacity for aching at all.

There are only sixteen women dentists in New York City.

TALES OF ADVENTURE

UTILIZING THE ZEBRA.

The development of the African colonies has been retarded, says a writer in the New York Sun, on account of the difficulties of transportation. In South Africa trek oxen are used, but vast numbers of these are killed by the dreaded tsetse fly. North of the Zambezi, horses, mules, donkeys and draft animals of every kind are found impossible, owing to the same scourge. Yet if an efficient service of draft animals could be obtained, the trade would be doubled.

A year ago it occurred to Captain Nys, of the Belgian Grenadiers, that if the zebras, which roam in innumerable herds, could be trapped and tamed, they would solve the transportation problem. For the zebra is said to be immune from the deadly effects of the tsetse fly. He made known his idea, and the sum of $20,000 was appropriated for experiments.

Captain Nys had hard work getting his caravan together. The Congo tribes seldom work, preferring to leave this disagreeable part of life to their wives. He succeeded, however, in collecting twenty-five men, and established a camp in the middle of the zebra country. Some of the herds that he saw numbered 3000. In their wake trailed troops of lions and leopards.

After trying, unsuccessfully, different methods of trapping the zebra, Captain Nys had an immense corral, or staked enclosure, built, with a funnel-shaped mouth into which the animals could be driven by beaters. Once inside, the zebras would find grass and fresh water, and all their natural surroundings. In the various corners stables would be built, and here the animals might gradually be tamed.

After many difficulties, an army of some 700 natives was engaged and instructed. Captain Nys had to travel many hundreds of miles to get these men from their chiefs, always going on foot, for horse or mule is impossible in the tsetse fly country.

It took several months to construct the stockade, which enclosed 200 acres. Then, one morning, the army of beaters spread out, fan-like, for fifty or sixty miles, and gradually drove in some 3700 zebras.

When the captain saw this immense herd nearing the tunnel of his corral, he thought his troubles were at an end; but disappointment awaited him. Suddenly the herd stampeded. A large troop of lions were worrying them in the rear, and overwhelming the army of beaters, they doubled back into the wilderness.

Barely twenty-five animals were taken.

Three times the zebras were driven back by the lions, but the fourth hunt was a success, and 1700 animals were entrapped in the enclosure. They fought and bit one another, raced hither and thither, and dashed their pretty bodies against the solid fences, crippling, and in many cases killing, themselves. For four or five days many of the zebras refused to eat or drink. Some even starved to death. But gradually most of them grew accustomed to their new life, and were forced into the stables.

In about a fortnight the creatures became used to the presence of men, and a few permitted themselves to be harnessed into light cars.

Thus Captain Nys has demonstrated that there is in Central Africa an indigenous animal, proof against the tsetse fly, and capable of doing the work of mule or horse, in a region where both are impossible. It is hoped that gradually the long trains of native porters and women will be superseded as beasts of burden.—Youth's Companion.

HOW DETROIT WAS SAVED.

On the afternoon of May Day, 1763, Pontiac, the famous Ottawa chief, called on the commander of the English garrison at Detroit and proposed to him that a council be held at the fort, to which he should come with a number of his braves to smoke the pipe of peace and strengthen the good will between his people and the English. The commander fell in with Pontiac's suggestion, and a date was set for the meeting.

Before the day for the meeting arrived a beautiful Ojibway maiden stood at the gate of the fort with a present for the commander—a pair of moccasins she had made with her own hands. The maiden was in love with Major Gladwin, and the gift came straight and warm from her heart.

Having delivered the moccasins and received the Major's thanks for the same, the girl hung around as though something of great weight was pressing upon her mind, and finally she informed Gladwin that Pontiac had evil designs upon the garrison, that he had caused sixty of his warriors to file off the barrels of their rifles so that they might be hidden under their blankets, and that thus armed they would come to the council, when, at Pontiac's signal, they were to slay the commander and the entire garrison.

It was on the 5th day of May that the dusky maiden gave the warning, and on the following day Pontiac and sixty of his braves, with blankets about them, entered the gate of the fort.

Within the stockade he saw one hundred and twenty-five white men armed to the teeth, calm, but prepared for anything that might happen. "Why," asked the wily chief "do I see so many of my father's people standing about with guns in their hands?" "It is a custom with us," replied Gladwin, "whenever we receive distinguished guests."

In silence the chief and his warriors stalked on to the council house, where they seated themselves in the customary circle. Rising, Pontiac made a speech full of friendship for the English people in general and the Detroit garrison in particular, and presently sat down without giving the signal that had been agreed upon between his men and himself.

"What does it mean?" the red men thought silently to themselves.

While they were wondering at the strange turn things had taken, Gladwin, with resolute tread, approached Pontiac and, lifting a corner of his blanket, called his and the company's attention to the concealed rifle.

"Your treachery has been uncovered, Pontiac, and you and your warriors are deserving of death, but this once you will be forgiven. Let it not happen, again, however, lest the white man's vengeance overtake you."

In sullen silence the Indians passed out from the fort into the wilderness, amazed at the supernatural intelligence of the palefaces.—The Rev. Thomas B. Gregory, in the New York American.

A HERO OF THE BUSH.

Courage is not an attribute peculiar to the white man, nor is self-sacrifice the prerogative of civilization. In Mr. J. C. Firth's "Nation-Making" is told a story as touching, in its brave devotion, as any tale of the Victoria cross. The incident occurred at Orakan, where the English soldiers had just defeated the Maoris. A little party of colonial troops, pursuing fugitives, came upon three natives, two old men and one young fellow.

The youth, seeing the soldiers, dropped on one knee and aimed with his gun at the advancing party, which halted a moment, while the old men ran toward the forest. The old men had thrown away their firearms in order to make their escape easier.

The soldiers fired at the youth, but missed. Without discharging his gun, he sprang to his feet and ran on in advance until he caught up with the old men once more. Then, facing about, he presented his gun as before, but reserved his fire.

The weary old men gradually drew near cover. Once more the soldiers fired and missed; once more the gallant fellow turned and bounded on. The old men were close to the forest when the youth, nearly fainting, again knelt and took aim, but still did not fire.

The soldiers shot him as he knelt, and rushed to the forest, but failed to capture the two fugitives, who, safe in the dense underbrush, made their escape.

On their return the soldiers found the brave young fellow lying dead. His gun was empty; it had not been loaded at all. With it he had covered the retreat of the old men and secured their freedom by the loss of his own life. No more gallant deed of heroic devotion was ever accomplished in any land.

A CURIOUS TALE.

The natives tell a curious tale of the Semliki River, in Africa.

Away down stream, in the recesses of the impenetrable forest on its banks, is said to exist an uncanny creature with the body of a huge, unwieldy monkey, and a man's face of revolting cunning, framed in long coils of coal-black hair.

After sunset, at the hour when the villagers living on the river banks are in the habit of going down to fetch water for their evening meal, this creature lurks among the eddies near the place, waiting for his prey. As soon as an unsuspecting man bends down to fill his pitcher, the monster puts up a long, hairy arm, grasps him and drags him below the surface.

There it twists round the unfortunate man's head, hands and feet, and lifts him above the water for his comrades on the bank to see his sorry plight. This done, it sinks again from sight and swims down stream with its victim—always below the surface.

Arriving at last at its lonely forest home, the monster lands the unhappy man and throws him, unconscious, on the ground. Then, searching for a banana plant, it picks off a strip of leaf, rolls it up and thrusts it down its victim's throat to make him vomit up the water he has swallowed. This saves him from drowning to become the slave of his captor, for whom he labors from morning to night.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Are Potatoes Fruit?

The Interstate Commerce Commission is face to face with the question whether potatoes, squash and the toothsome melon are fruit. Congress has decreed that free passes may be issued for the return trip to persons sent in care of stock and also fruits shipped in carloads. Shippers of melons, who enter interstate commerce annually by carloads, both from the South and West, now want similar privileges. The grower of potatoes in Maine would also like to be able to send men with shipments, if they should be assured of a free trip back from Boston to Houston, for instance. But whether the commission will broaden the legal interpretation of fruit to include vegetables, to products that grow on earth as well as above the earth, is the question. The best precedent the commission has found thus far for putting vegetables in a class with fruit is a decision of Secretary Shaw, of the Treasury, still in force, that imported frogs' legs shall be assessed as chickens.—Indiana Farmer.

New Test For Blood.

A simple blood test has been perfected by Piorkowski, a European chemist. A little diluted serum from a given animal is placed in a very small test tube, into which is then introduced one drop of the fresh or dried sample of blood in a solution of salt. The tube is then allowed to stand forty-five minutes. If the blood and serum are from the same species —as the dog—a faint red precipitate of coagulated blood appears under clear liquid, but if blood and serum are from unlike animals the blood will be dissolved in the serum, which will turn red. Old stains placed in fresh human serum were conclusively shown to be human blood.—Philadelphia Ledger.