THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1907. NO. 41.

laments
metimes
nce of

surmises
s of his
innocent

presented
Czar. A
nta Jour-

life hum-
his Globe-
great men
they did

ly seeking
orest com-
whole life
that they
sting.

scussing the
at shall we
, announces
ill continue
he cook sees

ies, exclaims
e of us have
our automo-
or some of
uxuries we
hey will. So,
t has its lux-

guns in the
ade an inter-
pidity of fire
arksmanship,
. But while
essional pride
uperiority, it
chances that
kill from the
signed to do

hat go fur-
Cubans,
patch, who
Alexander
t the for-
Americans
bore fruit.
e of sensi-
an inter-
act as has
uban idea
anted only
could pos-
delicious
na."

ers meas-
tion to the
ts. It has
not only
its in test-
eports the
an eye also
ues, which
such a way
ives short
f the New
ect would
f this sort
oor people

cut to reduce the
uality statistics of our own and
eign railroads to a perfectly uni-
rm basis, but the Interstate Com-
rce Commission publishes the ap-
ing figures of the killed and
ded on our railroads every
nths, and the Philadelphia
that Herr Guillery, of
ad Bureau, has
conclu-

MY MOTHER.

I wish to write of my mother,
My mother, loving and kind,
Who to me more than any other
Is the idol of my mind.
She cared for me in my boyhood,
With a love that can never be told,
And that love in the years of my manhood,
Is worth more than her weight in pure gold

I was often wayward and careless,
But she loved me just the same,
And when I was cruel and heartless,
Her heart condoned the shame.
No task was too great for her fingers,
Now they're wrinkled, twisted and bent,
Ah, my memory fondly lingers
On her ministries, Heaven sent.

Her beautiful auburn tresses
Are fading to winter's gray,
But the wealth of her caresses
Grows greater every day.
Her face, like an angel's, grows brighter
With the passing of the years,
And her voice makes the dark places lighter
As she smoothes away my fears.

My mother, my beautiful mother,
Thank God for your life so sublime,
You have taught us two, sister and brother
The noblest lesson of time,
That for others our lives should be given,
That our actions should always be right,
Your reward is secure up in Heaven,
A crown in the mansions of light.

—H. C. P., in Lincoln Journal.

The Mysterous Scout.

Written For the Argonaut by Major N. C. Kouns, Late of the Confederate Army.

One of the strangest characters that I met during the five years I fought under the Confederate flag, said the Major, was a person who was known throughout the South as "Tucker, the Scout." My acquaintance with this singular being began with a terrible incident. Soon after the fall of Vicksburg, I was in Canton with considerable time on my hands, awaiting orders from Richmond. One day I was strolling through the military prison, supposing that among these "boys in blue" there might be some one from Missouri whom I knew. I was chatting pleasantly with one of the prisoners when I noticed a young man had entered the long room, and was standing about half way down the length of it laughing and talking with a Yankee. Their conversation soon became so animated as to attract our attention, and mine was especially drawn to this youth. He was clad in a neat and beautiful suit of gray cloth; he wore a fine black felt hat, in which a single long black feather was fastened in front by a bright steel buckle, and drooped back over the crown and rim of the hat. He was small but compactly built, and in every pose and movement as graceful and as bright as Apollo. There was such a jaunty, trim appearance about him that one could scarcely see him without desiring to look at him again, and the second glance revealed a face of remarkable beauty, in which, however, there was at once perceived something unnatural, fascinating, unearthly almost. The short-cut hair was black as jet and curled up everywhere close to the scalp. The brow was low, but broad and beautifully moulded. The eyes were large, black and soft—almost melting in their dewy splendor. The face was beardless, delicate, and the cheeks, which were absolutely rosy (not many checks are so), glided off softly into a prominent chin, perfectly formed but of unusual length. His nose was high, straight and pointed, with thin, wide nostrils, and the mouth was small, but full and red, especially the short, plump upper lip. Altogether he was one of the most strikingly handsome young men I ever saw. These were the first words I heard the boy speak, and they were spoken clearly, incisively, in a peculiar, ringing, silvery, bantering tone:

"Oh, yes. Of course the Yanks and all other men are brave enough when there is a crowd of them together, but when it comes to personal courage we Southerners defy God's earth to match us. Now, I don't doubt that you're a pretty good soldier for a Yankee, but you haven't got the 'grit.' You can't sight down the barrel of my revolver without flinching, but Southern gentlemen meet death, single-handed, with a smile. You can't face it even as a joke. Try it, if you dare!"

With a light, mocking laugh he bared his arm. The Yankee faltered for a moment, but the eye and calmly sighted the barrel of the pistol with the

"You had better dodge," said the man, with a tantalizing laugh. "I am going to fire at the word 'three.' Dodge! Dodge! 'One!' 'Two!' "

The Yankee never flinched.

" 'Three!' "

At the word, the long, delicate finger pressed down upon the trigger, a loud report rang through the room, and the poor Yankee dropped dead in his tracks, a bullet having crashed through the right eye into his brain.

A thrill of horror ran through every one at the sight of this cowardly, cold-blooded, inhuman murder, while the young man stood looking down upon his victim, his beautiful face still wreathed with that mocking, wicked smile, and his parted lips flecked with a slight froth, like foam. It was only for an instant. I sprang forward and seized his delicate throat with a grasp that forced skin, nerve and muscle against the very bone with one hand, and with the other clutched the pistol, saying: "Give it up, you murderer!" He gave up the weapon at once, standing passively and offering not the slightest resistance. Upon seeing this, I released his throat. He gulped, as I had choked him pretty hard, and then said, mildly and pleasantly, and with a beaming smile: "Major, it is rather rough to choke a man so for a mere accident like that."

"Accident!" I cried, astounded.

"Certainly," he said, with his wicked smile. "Every one saw that I was in perfect good humor, and was only joking the Yank. I hope no one doubts that the pistol was discharged by accident."

I was simply dumbfounded by the calm assurance with which he spoke. But I called the sergeant of the guard, and upon his coming up, I said:

"Take this man into custody and report the fact. I charge him with the willful murder of a prisoner, and will appear to testify to the same whenever desired to do so."

"And your testimony will show, I think, that the occurrence was altogether accidental," said the young man very quietly.

The sergeant carried him off. The Yankees with whom I had been conversing were greatly grieved at the sad fate of their fellow-prisoner, but they really supposed that his death was accidental. They thought it uncharitable to suppose that such a nice young fellow could have committed an act so abominable as this was, if it was intentionally done. As I passed through the guard room, on leaving the prison, I said:

"Sergeant, who is the young man that shot the prisoner?"

"They call him 'Tucker, the Scout,' " answered the sergeant.

Before I had been long at my boarding house I received a request from General "Red" Jackson to come round to his headquarters. After the usual preliminaries the General said:

"I understand you were present when Tucker shot a prisoner this evening. I am informed, also, that you are a lawyer."

I said that his information was correct. At his request I narrated the circumstances just as they had occurred.

"It was murder," said the General, decisively. "I know it. But the fact puts me in an awkward position. Tucker's services as a scout have been almost invaluable to me, but he is not a soldier. He has steadily refused to enlist, and being a refugee from Missouri it is contrary to Confederate law to conscript him. They say he has killed twenty-three Yankees with his own hand, three of whom were prisoners whom he murdered in cold blood. He is not a soldier and cannot be court-martialed. The soldiers condemn his conduct, but sympathize strongly with the man, especially because they understand that his family were terribly wronged by the Yankees in Missouri, and also because they do not think he is entirely sane. And now General McPherson has sent in a demand by a flag of truce for Tucker, and I shall deliver him to the Federals for punishment."

In about forty hours a squad came in from the Yankee outpost at Big Black with a requisition for Tucker, and he was at once delivered up to the Yankees and carried away by them. I think this was on a Friday morning, and on the following Sunday night, while I sat smoking my pipe and sighing for the return of my Richmond messenger, there was a knock at the outer door of my room, which opened upon a small yard. I opened the door, and the lithe form and handsome face of "Tucker, the Scout," presented themselves in the doorway. I was, of course, a good deal surprised at this unexpected apparition, but mastering my astonishment I invited him to come in and be seated.

"I am in trouble," he said, "and want to talk to you a little."

"Well, what is the matter?"

'I have had a pretty narrow escape, and this thing of being handed over to the Yankees is more than I can stand. I want your advice."

"Tell me first how you got back in this place again."

"Perhaps I had better not. You seem to have some prejudices against murder—even the murder of a Dutchman."

He said this with a light, mocking laugh that actually made my blood run cold.

"Yes, I loathe crime. But, nevertheless, tell me how you got back."

"When they took me before General McPherson, in the camp near Vicksburg, he indulged in what I supposed to be the usual cant and hypocrisy about my 'wickedness' until I interrupted him by asking him whether he drew any extra pay for lecturing prisoners. He offered me advantages in one way and another if I would take the oath of allegiance to the gridiron flag, with a purpose to keep it, join the Yankees, and scout for him along the Yazoo. On my refusal he ordered me to be executed at sun up. They put me under close guard in a tent. One Yankee stood outside with his gun, and a big, fat Dutchman stayed in the tent with me. When he got sleepy he made me lie down beside him and put one bracelet of a pair of handcuffs on his own left wrist and the other on my right one. He then took a big butcher knife and stuck the point of it in the ground beside him, the handle sticking up. He assured me that the knife was for my special benefit, and that if I moved hand or foot during the night he would rip me all to pieces with the knife. He made fritters of the King's English in this talk and repeated the threats over and over again until I thought the brute would never go to sleep. He went to sleep, however, at last, and as soon as he snored fully and regularly I laid my thumb down straight on the palm of my hand, drew my fingers close up together that way," said Tucker, stretching out his long slender hand in the position described by him, "and slipped my hand through the iron ring without the slightest difficulty. I then lightly and quickly put one hand over the Dutchman's mouth and glued my fingers to it, at the same instant that I seized his butcher knife with the other hand, and with one strong, quick blow plunged the full length of the blade into his stupid carcass, right above the collar bone, and then jerked the handle back and forward a time or two to cut through the windpipe and main arteries. I cut a slit in the side of the tent with the Dutchman's knife and slipped through. I crept along until I got to the edge of the brush and then 'lit out' for Canton, and to-night I am here."

He gave this grim recital in a strange, quiet, matter-of-fact way that rendered it atrociously realistic. I had not the slightest doubt that he told it precisely as the thing had occurred.

"And what do you propose to do here?"

"That is just the question. Do you think Jackson will surrender me to the Yankees again?"

"Yes! Or hang you himself."

"And you, I suppose, would approve of that disposition of me?"

"If any objection could be reasonably made to such a course, I suppose it would be based upon the fact that you are regarded by some persons as a monomaniac, and, therefore, irresponsible for your crimes."

"Irresponsible for my crimes?" he echoed, musingly. "I am sure I don't know. I can shut my eyes any time and see again the burning of my quiet home in Missouri, fired by the Yankees. I can see a frenzied old mother bending over the murdered body of a gray-haired father. I can see a devil in the shape of a man seize a bayonet and with one fiendish stroke plunge it through the breasts of a well-loved daughter. I can see him tear off her night dress and twist the girl, stripped stark naked, around with the bayonet until the glare of the burning homestead falls upon her burning face and quivering form. I can see a fond brother clutch the brute by the throat, only to be stretched senseless by a blow from a musket. Oh, sir, if that had been your home, you would have dropped upon your knees in the snow, under the midnight skies, as I did, and you would have registered a burning vow with God never to forgive, never to spare, always to follow, and always to murder—if you will call it so—those devilish miscreants while you lived; and you would have believed it to be religion to keep your oath, as I have done."

I saw at once that it would be folly to try to reason with such fervid, impassioned, conscientious hatred.

"But the question now is," said the scout, "what am I going to do?"

"I think that you had better start for Tennessee to-night, join Wheeler's cavalry, go into the service regularly, do your whole duty to your country like a brave, capable man as you are, and try to get over this insane hatred which makes you a devil, not a man."

The scout pondered this scheme for some time. Then, with a dreary, broken-hearted sigh, he answered: "Perhaps you may be right. I have a horse at a farm two miles out in the country. I will go and sleep until after midnight and then start for Tennessee."

"You can lie on my bed there and sleep. I will wake you at two o'clock."

"No, I always go off by myself to sleep. I can not rest at all unless out of sight and out of hearing of every one else."

A short time afterward Tucker left to join Wheeler's cavalry in Tennessee, and I never saw him afterward.

One day, while we were at Atlanta, I got a note from a lady saying that there was a girl at her house who had been mortally hurt by a piece of shell, and who wanted to see me before she died. I went to the house.

"You do not recognize me?" said the girl.

"No."

"Turn back the sheet and look at my breasts," she said. 'I am dying and there can be no impropriety in your doing so."

I did as she requested. There was a livid, triangular scar in the white flesh, beyond doubt a bayonet wound.

"Do you know me now?" she said, with a mocking smile.

"Yes," said I, "you are the sister of 'Tucker, the Scout,' of whom he told me long ago."

"No—you are wrong again," she said. "I am 'Tucker, the Scout' myself. I cured a girl at Canton of her love for me by telling her I was a woman, too." Then again she feebly laughed—a mocking, wicked, tantalizing laugh.

She was as hard as flint. In vain I tried to soften her heart in view of her rapidly approaching death, and I left her, bright, beautiful, vindictive, unforgiving as when she "still-hunted" the Yankees about Vicksburg.

I called the next day, and found that she was dead. The perfect corpse lay in quiet rest. The hard, brilliant, impenetrable, impenitent soul had fled.

Often I ask myself the question: "Was this girl insane?"

Nature's Accommodating Spirit.

The monkey entered his jungle bungalow and threw down an armful of cocoanuts.

"There's no doubt about it," he remarked. "Nature was certainly good to me when she fixed things so I could bring the cows home on rainy days."—Harper's Weekly.

The highest elevator service in the world is that at Burgenstock, a mountain near the Lake of Lucerne, where tourists are raised 500 feet to the top of a vertical rock.

For the Younger Children....

THE BRAINY CIRCUS CLOWN.

"Your kangaroo has caught a cold,"
Said I. "Just hear him cough!
I'll let him use my sweater old
To keep the weather off."

"We're much obliged," the clown replied,
"We shall not need the loan.
That kangaroo can well provide
A 'jumper' of his own!"

I wonder why they call that queer
And chunky beast we see
A tapir. Can you make that clear?
Said I. "It bothers me."

"The answer is as plain as cats
To them as knows their biz,"
Quoth he. "They call him that for that's
Exactly what he is!"

—John Kendrick Bangs, in St. Nicholas.

ABOUT PET DOGS.

Boy or girl, don't think that because your pet dog is a dog that he can "eat any old thing and sleep in any old place," for dogs are most sensitive animals and should have care and kind consideration from their young masters and mistresses. There is no truer friend that a good dog, and he should always have the best of treatment.

If you have no clean, snug place in a big barn or outhouse for doggie's bed, then you must of necessity build him a little house all to himself. And you must see to it that doggie's house is kept in neat order. And his food should be good, wholesome and in plenty, fed to him from a clean pan or dish. Doggie's drinking vessel should be kept clean and full of fresh water. During the summer months give him fresh cold water every hour or two. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, as goes the old adage, and if you will observe this rule your dog will not get sick during the hot season. And remember that a dog needs—and loves—water on the outside as well as on the inside. So see that he has his baths. If you have a swimming place in the river or pond take your four footed chum along and watch him enjoy disporting in the water.

A dog seems born to comrade a boy; indeed, no boy's life is complete without a dog for a chum. And it is not always the fine blooded dog that makes the best pet or learns the rarest tricks. The writer has seen the poorest little mongrel strays taken in hand by loving boys, fed, caressed and trained until they became most valued little pets and most affectionate friends.

Never keep your pet dog tied up; it is cruel. If during the dog days he shows symptoms of illness call in some older person to look him over and prescribe a course of treatment—which in the cases of well fed and watered dogs is always simple. Unless it is thought absolutely necessary to tie up or muzzle doggie during those scarecrow days called the "dog-days" allow him all liberty, for often the rope, chain or muzzle will make the dog, so used to sweet freedom of action, quite ill and restless, thus creating a sort of panic among his two-footed friends to whom he cannot appeal in any way save by barking, whining and fighting against his restraint.

But too much caution cannot be observed in the matter of allowing your pet dog to run about with every four-footed Tom, Dick and Harry that happens to come prowling around during the very hot weather, for a fight—which is liable to occur between the pet and the tramp—might result in something serious, for dog bites—even when in dog flesh—might prove very troublesome if not dangerous.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

CATNIP AT THE MENAGERIE.

People who live in the country know well the herb called catnip. We have seen it produce exactly the effect described here on a pet cat that lived in the city, where it could not get the plant. Some time ago an armful of fresh catnip was picked and taken to Lincoln Park to try its effect on the animals there. So far as is known catnip does not grow in the native homes of these animals, so it was the first time they had ever smelled it.

The scent of the plant filled the whole place, and as soon as it had reached the parrots' corner the two gaudily attired macaws set up a note that drowned thought and made for the side of the cage, poking their beaks and claws through. When the catnip was brought near them they became nearly frantic. They were given some, and devoured it, stem, leaf and blossom, with an avidity commensurate with the noise of their voices.

The keeper and the catnip carrier then made for the cage of Billy, the African leopard. Before the front of his cage was reached he had bounded from the shelf whereon he lay, apparently asleep, and stood expectant. A double handful of catnip was passed through to the floor of the den. Never was the prey of this African dweller in his wild state pounced upon more rapidly or with more absolute savage enjoyment. First Billy ate a mouthful of the catnip, then he lay flat on his back and wriggled through the green mass until his black-spotted yellow hide was filled with the odor. Then Billy sat on a bunch of the catnip, caught a leaf-laden stem up in either paw and rubbed his cheeks, chin, nose, eyes and head. He ate an additional mouthful or two, and then jumped back to his shelf, where he lay, the very picture of contentment.

In the tiger's cage there is a very young but full grown animal. When this great, surly beast inhaled the first sniff of the catnip he began to mew like a kitten. Prior to this the softest note of his voice had been one which put the roar of the big maned South American lion to shame. That vicious tiger and his kindly dispositioned mate fairly reveled in the liberal allowance of the plant which was thrust into her cage. They rolled about in it and played together like six weeks' old kittens. They mewed and purred, tossed it about, ate of it, and after getting about as liberal a dose as had Billy the leopard, they likewise leaped to their respective shelves and blinked lazily at the sun.

The big lion, Major, was either too dignified or too lazy to pay more than passing attention to the bunch of catnip which fell to his lot. He ate a mouthful or two of it, licked his chops in a "that's-not-half-bad" way, and then went back to his nap. The three baby lions quarreled over their allowance, and ate it every bit.—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE PARROT AS A WITNESS.

M. Provost, who lives in the Fourteenth Arrondissement of Paris, had the misfortune a week or two ago to lose his parrot Jacquot. Inquiries, advertisements, promises of a liberal reward were all unavailing, and M. Provost had almost despaired of ever again seeing his treasured pet, when he learned that the truant bird was detained by a neighbor, M. Filhols.

But the latter stubbornly refused to part with Jacquot. M. Provost therefore went to the "juge de paix" of his quarter and laid his case before him, stating that the bird was his incontestible property. M. Filhols, on being summoned before the judge, asserted that the parrot had been in his family for years, and that one of his ancestors had brought it from America. The judge, perplexed, decided to consult a bird fancier, and he and the two claimants and Jacquot were all given rendezvous at the judge's chambers.

"Will you allow me," said M. Provost, addressing the expert, "to put one or two questions to the parrot? If he answers satisfactorily, you will know what conclusion to come to."

The bird fancier naturally agreed.

"Jacquot, my good Jacquot," said M. Provost, "look at me."

The parrot, looking as solemn as the grave, fixed his round eye on the speaker.

"You recognize me, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," piped up the bird.

"Tell me my name."

"Prrr—Prrr—Prrovost!"

"That's it. I see you haven't forgotten your master. And Towzer, do you remember him? What does Towzer say?"

"Bow—wow—wow!" barked the parrot.

Then, pointing to M. Filhols:

"And this gentleman here? Do you know him? What must we say to him?"

"Rats!" was the impolite reply, and the court collapsed as one man.

"I do not think we need pursue the interrogation of Jacquot any further," remarked the judge, trying to preserve his gravity. But in order that M. Filhols might be given opportunity of proving his claim, he was asked to put some questions to the bird. Despite all his efforts, however, he could not succeed in getting Jacquot to say a word, and the parrot was handed over to the delighted M. Provost.—Detroit News-Tribune.

CANARY BIRDS IN CHURCH.

Children's Day was celebrated Sunday by the largest Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school in Pennsylvania, that of Siloam Church, East Susquehanna avenue. The school has 2148 pupils, and all but a few of them attended the special services. The girls were all dressed in white, and the solid rows of them, together with the flower decorations, made a pretty spectacle for the church members and the visitors who crowded the gallery. A dozen cages, each containing a canary bird, were suspended from different parts of the high ceiling, and the little feathered songsters joined in the singing with the children. The idea of having songbirds in a church service is new, and every one present agreed that the innovation was a clever one. — Philadelphia North American.

STANLEY'S CAT.

It is a good story of Henry M. Stanley, after his return from Africa, when writing his "Dark Continent."

He used to spread his reference maps on the floor of his room, and one day, after searching for a map which he much needed, he spoke to his assistant, who found it near the fireside, with Stanley's cat on it asleep.

He started to turn the cat off, when Stanley said:

"Never mind—don't disturb the cat. I'll get along without the map until the cat wakes up."

The cat slumbered on, and not until she rose did the famous explorer reach for his map.—Our Dumb Animals.

Razors Need a Rest.

"What makes a razor lay off occasionally?" asked an old friend the other day. "Why should an inanimate strip of steel absolutely refuse to shave in a gentle razorly manner until it has had a rest of three or four weeks? You may keep it well honed and in perfect condition all the time, but it cannot help going on strike. Taking for granted the theory of the molecular construction of the razor, the continual vibrations caused by the passage of steel over a man's face (rough with the day's stubble) disarranges the molecules and the edge loses its cutting quality. After lying unmolested for a brief period the molecules, either by Mother Earth's natural magnetism or their own resistance to the force that disturbed them, return again to their original, when the razor becomes all O. K."

Unquestionably a razor needs rest, or a different kind of face to shave, for the molecules on the edge are like the star boarder in a boarding-house; they like change. They may point outward or inward. No two men shave exactly alike. No two barbers have the same stroke. But all metallic substances require rest, even gold, silver, nickel and copper currency.

ARMY HORSE UNDER FIRE.

We had in our company a young German named Schultz. His horse was his especial pride. Sometimes Schultz went to sleep without rations, but his horse never. No matter how scarce or how hard it was to get forage, the young German's horse always had an evening feed, a thorough rubbing down, a loving pat, and a "good-night, Frank," in two languages—broken English and German. Many a time have I seen Schultz skirmish for a lunch for his horse when we halted to make coffee instead of preparing his own lunch. While the rest of us stayed in our tents and read or played cards, Schultz would keep Frank's company for hours, sometimes talking German to him and sometimes English. Some of our horses showed lack of care; Frank's was always in good order; in camp he glistened like a new plug hat, and seemed as fond of his master as his master of him. When the Atlanta campaign opened, in May, 1864, there was not a prouder soldier or a prettier horse than Schultz and Frank in the First.

Our first fight of note in that campaign was at Varnell's Station, May 9. Somebody—never mind who—made a mess of it. Our little brigade, the Second of the First Cavalry Division, consisting of the Second and Fourth Indiana and the First Wisconsin, commanded by Col. O. H. Le Grange, was thrown against Gen. Joe Wheeler's entire command, and we fought it all day. We started to charge, but were halted in a piece of woods and were ordered to fight on foot. We were already under fire and in considerable confusion, and only a portion of the command heard the order, so it happened that some of us fought as cavalry and some as infantry. Schultz remain mounted and did heroic service. Early in the fight his pet was shot. As the animal made but little fuss over it and steadied down quickly his rider thought it was only a slight wound and remained in battle all day, having traveled miles in the performance of important and dangerous tasks, the wonderful animal seeming to enter into the spirit of the work as completely as his master. That night at 9 o'clock the brigade camped.

The moment Frank was unsaddled he lay down. Schultz thought it was because the horse like himself was tired, and after patting him and telling him in both languages what a splendid fellow he had been that day, and thanking him for carrying him safely through one of the hottest battles, he busied himself with supper getting. In the forage bag were several extra ears of corn. After his own repast of black coffee, crackers and uncooked white pork, such a banquet as many a soldier has been more thankful for than he was for the feast of last Thanksgiving, Schultz shelled the corn and took it to Frank. The horse did not welcome him as usual, did not rest his head on the master's shoulder and look, if he did not speak, thanks for such a master. He didn't hear Schultz announce in German that he was coming with a double ration. Frank was dead and stiffening, showing that soon after lying down life had departed.

When Schultz realized that his pet was dead he threw the corn down, dropped by the side of the animal, tenderly laid one hand on his neck and with the other gently rubbed his head, as he had done many times before, and sobbed like a child. In talking about his loss the next day he said: "My poor Frank couldn't tell me he was badly hurt and ask to go to the hospital, as I would have done had I been shot. He carried me all day as if he thought it was his duty, and that things would go wrong if he didn't, and when the battle was over and I was getting supper he lay down and died.

"That horse was a better soldier than I am—than any man in the regiment. Not one of us would have fought all day with such a hurt as that. No one would have expected it of us, yet I expected it of Frank, and he did not fail me." With this outburst the poor fellow broke down again, and none of his comrades made light of the young German's sorrow. They knew it was sincere.—James F. Lyon, in Chicago Times-Herald.

LOCATING KHAN-TENGRI.

Almost in the centre of Asia, on the borders of Asiatic Russia and the western Chinese Empire, stand the Tian-Shan Mountains. From the midst of them flow out almost countless glaciers, which form rivers reaching to every point of the compass. Above these glaciers stand peaks rivaling in grandeur the most majestic of the Himalayas. And above them all, somewhere about the point from which the greater glaciers seem to flow, as if it were itself the fountain and origin of them all, stands the snow-clad summit of Khan-Tengri a majestic pyramid.

So far can this peak be seen, outstanding as the most remarkable feature of the whole Tian-Shan Range, that nothing would appear more simple than to locate it, at least, with regard to the general mass. Yet on the contrary, when Dr. Gottfried Merzbacher set out in the spring of 1902 to continue in that region the explorations begun by the great Russian, Semenoff, he spent two full years in the immediate vicinity of the peak, often crossing ranges within twenty miles of it, photographing it with a telephoto lens at a distance of five miles, and scaling glacier after glacier which seemed to lead directly to it before he discovered that it does not, after all, stand in the centre of the chain, but on a minor ridge at one side, and that all the glaciers flow from a common field of snow and ice at the foot of a remarkable ridge known as the Marble Wall.

It was in June, 1902, that Doctor Merzbacher, after years of preparation in mountain-climbing in other parts of the world, set out with four other Europeans, all experts in the work they were now to carry on, to decide the actual location and importance of Khan-Tengri. The others were a geologist, an expert alpinist engineer, a mountain guide and a preserver of specimens.

They entered Asia by the Trans-Caspian railway to Tashkent, and thence went by rough journey over the Central Asian steppes, by tarantass, to the shore of Issyk Kul. There their real struggles began. There lay before them, in the almost impenetrable fastnesses of the mountains, a complete cart-wheel of glaciers, near the hub of which was the peak they sought.

Setting out round the "tire" with heavy burdens of photographic plates, tools, and supplies of all sorts, borne by the explorers and their native porters, they entered upon river after river of ice, and with endless toil made their ways up broken, rock-strewed surface.

Sometimes so ragged were these ice-paths that not more than two or three miles could be covered in a day. On one afternoon, while they were making camp, a terrific earthquake shock brought down rocky walls and shattered ice masses, so that they doubted their ability to get out by the way they had entered the mountains.

Glacier after glacier led them upward, at elevations of fifteen to eighteen thousand feet, only to confront them at last with some rock wall which could not be scaled. Yet every now and then the tantalizing peak appeared to the right or left or dead ahead of them. Meanwhile, as their stores were used, they filled the packs with fossils and other specimens. Their photographic plates became invaluable records of mountain-top panoramas. Line by line their maps were corrected and revised as they traced out the mountain streams.

By the first winter they had traveled once round the "wheel," and reached the road to Kashgar. In that old Central Asian market-town they spent the winter, going on frequent expeditions up the southern, snow-free ranges of the Tian-Shan.

The next spring saw them, tireless in their endeavors, again attempting some of the same glaciers which had turned them back the year previous, and at last, toward the end of that season, two of them, abandoning their porters at an elevation of about fifteen thousand feet, and pushing on alone up the Inilchek glacier, suddenly found themselves, at an elevation of nearly twenty thousand feet, directly at the foot of the long-sought Khan-Tengri, which rose four thousand feet higher, unscalable above the icy river.—Youth's Companion.

ROMANCE OF THE PAY CAR.

The good old days are gone. In these heathen times railroad men are paid by checks. Of the pay car and its luxurious travels, C. F. Carter writes entertainingly in the American Magazine. Here is Mr. Carter's description of the sight that used to meet the eyes when you walked down a siding and entered the pay car:

"A metal coin rack crammed to the muzzle with three denominations of yellow boys, flanked with silver, and on the desk behind it a very large wooden tray on which were long columns of yellow coins. D'ye ever see anything so pretty in all your life? No wonder your eyes stuck out until you could have used them for hat pegs.

"And all the time an exquisitely musical 'tinkle, tinkle, clink-clink' welled up from coin rack and counter in response to the calls of the assistant paymaster. Talk about Beethoven's symphonies!

"If it were not for that strong wire screen you could have touched that fascinating tray. For the infinitesimal fraction of a second a wicked thought flitted through your brain. Then you almost fainted as your roving eye stared down the barrel of a monstrous revolver. It was only in a rack, but it was within easy reach of the paymaster's hand and most eloquent for all that. Half a dozen of its fellows lay in the handiest places, with as many Winchesters lying on tables and settees, came in strong on the chorus.

"Hurriedly your vagrant wits busied themselves with all the Sunday-school lessons you had ever learned. As your sub-consciousness perceived that the head of the road's secret service department stood on the platform with his eyes intent on every man in the car at once, while Conductor Linkenpin stood on the ground outside very much alert, with his coat tail bulging suggestively, your bosom swelled with pride over the watchful care the company had exercised to bring its honest toilers their hard earned money."

"Cheaper Than Stones."

George Meredith, the veteran English novelist, who recently celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday, is still vigorous in mind. He lives, more or less of a recluse, in his country home surrounded by books. The house is small, though extremely comfortable. One day he was showing a friend over the place, when the visitor said: "In your books you describe huge castles and baronial halls, but when you come to build you put up a little house like this. Why is it?" "Well," replied the author, with a twinkle in his eye, "the reason is because words are cheaper than stones."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

World's Divorce Record.

What is believed to be the world's record for divorce cases is held by the Hungarian city of Arad. Last year's statistics show that 230 divorces were tried by the courts and 210 divorces granted. At present there are 840 divorce cases awaiting trial. Arad has fewer than 30,000 inhabitants.—Chicago News.