THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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"Next to the newspapers," says Mark Twain, "the ladies are the most able disseminators of news."

It is said that the new Korean Emperor is an almost-idiot. This, however, declares the Richmond Times-Dispatch, is believed to be his only qualification for the job.

Judge Lindsey, of Colorado, says a woman's vote can be bought for $15. Will the millinery shops finally take the place of the saloons, asks the Atlanta Journal, in the control of our politics?

Whatever may be the objections to the automobiles, protests the Indianapolis News, it is surely of great assistance in reducing those swollen fortunes by distributing them among the heirs.

The ministers of Kansas have adopted a union scale for funerals, and the folk, warns the Atlanta Constitution, who don't believe in union principles will hereafter have to die outside the State lines.

The Columbia, S. C., State makes a valuable contribution to the sum total of human knowledge, when it states that "Skeeterine" and "Ile of Pennirile" afford but poor protection against our ancient summer enemy as compared to white sox. To baffle the ravenous mosquito, wear white.

The smaller German States receive very considerable incomes from their forest lands. Consul Reichman, of Chemnstock, estimates that the net revenue received by the Saxon Government for 1906 from this source was $2,126,000. Nearly 50,000 square miles of German soil, or about one-fourth of the Empire, has been adapted to foresting. The value of the wood gained therefrom is estimated at $60,000,000 per year.

There was truth in the advertisement that a young man answered one day, says the Argonaut. The advertisement said: "How to win the girl you love. Full and explicit directions sent in sealed, plain envelope on receipt of $1." This young man, who loved a girl madly and hopelessly, sent on a dollar, and the answer came to him by return mail. It read: "How to win the girl you love: Get $1,000,000 and let her look at it."

At a dinner given in his honor in New York City not long ago, Clyde Fitch told of the advice he once gave to an aspiring novelist who worried him with his books. It appears that the embryo Fielding was better qualified to sell shoes than write novels. One day he came to Mr. Fitch in a great state of mind. He declared: "No one will read my manscripts. There is a conspiracy of silence against." "Join it," advised Mr. Fitch.

A Lake St. Clair diver gave a signal to be hauled up, and his assistants above responded by increasing an already plentiful supply of air. Meanwhile, relates the Toronto Globe, the air hose had been broken off the helmet of the diver, who perished by suffocation. Evidently there is need either for a new kind of signal or for an understanding that the one now in use shall be taken as a request on the part of the diver to be drawn up to the surface.

The target practice of the battleships in Cape Cod Bay the past season has broken the record of naval gunnery the world over. It is something for the men behind the guns to be proud of. At the same time, the ships themselves have suffered by the racking of the heavy guns to a degree requiring extensive repairs, insists the Boston Post. What would happen after, say, a month or two of real fighting off the Pacific coast where navy yards are few?

A plan is proposed by the Hon. Henry Sherman Boutell, of Chicago, whereby the House of Representatives at Washington may again become a deliberate body. Mr. Bouteli is convinced, observes the Pittsburg Dispatch, the Senate does things better and appears to advantage in the discussion of measures. Therefore, he proposes that members dispense with desks and be grouped on a floor rising before the Speaker's desk. The large membership could thus be brought where each could hear and participate in the discussions.

Emperor William of Germany explained to the Westphalians the other day his method of overcoming anger. He was speaking of those who have humiliated him, and said that when he found he was losing his temper, he reminded himself that "They are all men, as I am, and although they humiliate me, they have souls illuminated by heaven, whither we shall all some day return, and in their souls there is a portion of the Creator." In conclusion, he remarked that whoever thinks thus will always judge his fellow men charitably. The Emperor has evidently read with some profit the statement about the comparative greatness of those who take cities and those who rule their spirit, comments the Youth's Companion.

WHIP BEHIND.

The boy delights to steal a ride
By hanging on the rear;
He swings between the muddy wheels
And twirls his thumb at fear.
But those less agile than himself,
Maliciously inclined,
Soon turn his laughter into tears
By calling, "Whip behind."

Just so the man who catches on,
And rises to the top,
Too quickly learns less lucky friends
Would like to see him drop.
He finds, alas! the laurel crown
With thorns is often twined,
And hears below him still the mean
And mocking "Whip behind."

The hearts of few are big enough
To honestly rejoice
When others get a lift from Fate
So hark! the spiteful voice.
It follows us along the road
We travel with mankind,
And works confusion to our joy
By crying, "Whip behind."

We all of us are hanging on
The coach of Father Time,
Delighting in its rapid pace
With recklessness sublime.
But if we tumble off, behold!
Our sudden change of mind—
We, too, take up the chorus then
And echo, "Whip behind."
—Minna Irving, in Leslie's Weekly.

IN THE TUNNEL.

BY ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

As Freight 56 rumbled past Claybrook station, Fireman Frank Hodgkins swung out from the cab and plucked a long, new telegraph blank from between the agent's thumb and forefinger. Engineer Sam Harkness spelled out the scrawl, "Look out for tide in Gorton Tunnel." Harkness grunted. He knew what that meant. The fireman did not, for it was his first run on the branch. He was anxious to please his new chief, who was reputed the "crankiest" driver on the M. & N.

The engineer had taken a dislike to Hodgkins on sight that morning in the roundhouse. With strong disfavor he noted the slim figure and sloping shoulders. "What do they mean by giving me a young sprout like that!" growled he, under his breath. "Now when I began to fire——" He jerked the bell-cord, and they rolled out to the turntable.

In half an hour they were rushing through the open country at a thirty-mile speed. Harkness noted that his subordinate was sweating and short of breath.

"He won't last long," was his unspoken comment, as under his vigorous hand the whistle shrieked for a crossing. Just about twenty miles more'll find him all in."

But at the end of that distance Hodgkins was still at work. The sweat made little white rivers down his sooty cheeks. His legs were unsteady. Occasionally he hung out of the window for air. Yet he drove his shovel into the black slope in the tender, and kept the fire-box roaring. He was plucky. Harkness could not deny that. But he grinned as a sharp curve sent the lad staggering.

"The tunnel will finish him," thought he.

Claybrook lay five miles behind when he said gruffly:

"Let her burn down. The tunnel's not far ahead."

It was fearfully hot in the cab that July noon. The light breeze, blowing with them, was neutralized by their motion. Along the brown roadbed the double track stretched sharp and bright. Round them the salt marshes wavered glassily.

With decreasing speed the freight trundled through a dingy suburb, and by the red-and-yellow station, and rounded a broad curve. A black arch appeared, still smoking from the last passenger-train. Two red balls on the signal-pole gave 56 the right of way.

"Drop your dampers!" commanded the engineer.

The fireman pulled the levers, and the dampers clanged against the ash-pan. This precaution would prevent the tide from washing up into the fires.

Hodgkins looked curiously at the gloomy entrance, its sooty keystone bearing a grimed granite "1877." Presently from the dazzling glare outside they plunged into a hot, smoky blackness.

The tunnel was twelve broad, sixteen high, and a quarter of a mile long. It sloped gradually toward the centre, which was four feet lower than either end. A single track ran through it.

Ordinarily "green" coal was never thrown on the fire while an engine was in the tunnel, for its smoke would make the already thick air unbreathable; so Hodgkins had a brief respite. He lolled gasping on his seat, watching for the shine of the headlight, which had been lighted in the roadhouse before they started. His eyes burned. The smoke and gas set him coughing. How much longer could he swing that heavy shovel?

Suddenly came a splashing ahead. Then the pilot began to toss the spray against the walls. A strong salty smell pervaded the air. The high tide, oozing up through the made land, on which that section of the city was built, had flooded the bottom of the tunnel. The water would have reached the fires had the dampers remained open.

On through the deepening flood plowed the locomotive, until the centre was passed and the tide began to shoal.

Then the track grew dry again, the smoke thinned and the gloom lightened; and suddenly they burst once more into the dazzling sunlight. Engineer and fireman cleared their oppressed lungs. In his relief Harkness forgot to be unpleasant.

"I'm glad that's over!" exclaimed he, drawing a long breath.

Hodgkins was pale and nauseated by the smoke and heat, but still courageous. He opened the dampers, and began to stagger back and forth again with his shovel; for the fire was low, and ahead lay a heavy grade.

Harkness was looking back for the red signal-flags on the caboose. Suddenly he drew in his head with an exclamation:

"We've broken in two!" [illegible] about ten cars, a third of the train remained with the engine. The [illegible] twenty were either within or [illegible] the tunnel.

The engineer at once brought [illegible] section to a stop. Had [illegible] a side-track near, he [illegible] shunted his ten cars [illegible] then gone back for the [illegible] his engine. But no time [illegible] and there was an explosion [illegible] hind. He must lose no [illegible]

The head brakeman, who was [illegible] the "way car," where he had been sorting freight for the next station. After talking with Harkness he ran back over the top of the train to the last car. It was in the days of hand-breaking. They had already run far enough ahead to avert a collision and give the rear brakeman a chance to stop his section.

Harkness threw his lever over and opened the throttle.

"Now, my lad, we'll see what you're made of!" thought he.

Puff! Puff! Back they rolled at a six-mile rate, heavy black smoke-coils pouring off the green coal. Car after car disappeared down the throat of the tunnel. Hodgkins was hoping every second for the brakeman's shout, announcing that he had sighted the rear section. But the train rolled steadily into the darkness, and presently the engine itself was swallowed up.

Farther in, and still farther, the thick smoke making a midnight round them. It had been bad enough before, but this was ten times worse.

Suddenly, as the locomotive neared the centre, where the water was deepest, a muffled yell burst from the brakeman. He had spied the other section close behind. Harkness shut his throttle just as the cars crashed together.

The engine stopped. Through the open dampers and up into the fire swashed the water with a tremendous hissing!

Whoosh! Out burst a flaming cloud of gas and steam. Hodgkins, stooping forward with a heaped shovel, had his face blown full of cinders. Scalded and almost blinded, he staggered back. Then he seized the chain and swung the door shut; for with the gas pouring off the crackling coals it was impossible to live in the cab.

Harkness pulled the throttle wide open. This was no place for human beings, dependent on oxygen. But the big drivers spun helplessly in the water without catching the slippery rails. His fingers instinctively found the sand lever. Then he drew his hand back. Of what use was sand with three feet of tide on the track?

They must have a hotter fire, even though it meant more smoke and gas.

"Put on your blower!" gasped Harkness.

The fireman pawed for the blower-valve, found the little wheel, and spun it round. A rushing in the fire-box responded.

Hot and murky and dense, the black smoke, belching up continually against the low roof, rolled down on each side of the cab in choking clouds. It could not have been worse inside a chimney. Both men were coughing violently.

Finding it impossible to back the train, Harkness attempted to go ahead. But still the wheels whirled idly.

Suffocation threatened the men in the cab. In desperation the engineer reversed again. This time the drivers caught slightly on the friction-roughened rails. For a moment the heavy train hesitated; then it began to move. But for the older man it came too late. Overcome by the fumes, he loosened his grasp on the levers and slipped down insensible.

In the thick smoke Hodgkins did not at first notice the fall of his chief. Then his foot struck the engineer's body. Instantly he understood. He stooped and pulled Harkness away from the hot fire-door. The train was now moving, but very slowly.

Climbing blindly up on the engineer's vacant seat, the fireman found the levers, and waited. There was nothing he could do to hurry matters. It would be three minutes, at least, before the locomotive would emerge into the open. Could he last so long?

Ough! Ough! Ough! The thunderous puffing echoed through the tunnel. Little by little the train crept back through the splashing water. Hodgkins swayed unsteadily, but still gripped the handles. To his swimming head the seconds seemed minutes, the minutes hours. He had never been in so hard a place before. Every puff of the laboring engine added to the sooty clouds that rolled in through the open windows, warm, thick and sickening.

Pouf! Pouf! Pouf! Their speed was increasing. He looked back, hoping to see light from the entrance; but it was still absolutely dark.

The fireman's head was splitting. In his ears sounded a roaring not altogether of the train. The pitchy blackness was starred with dancing yellow lights. Even the hard steel lever-handles lost form and substance, grew soft, and seemed to slip away.

The water now barely covered the track, but he was too far gone to [illegible] deep rumbling monotone [illegible] brain. Through [illegible] him a dim light [illegible] and brighter [illegible] approaching the [illegible]

[illegible] was now [illegible] with all his [illegible] approaching [illegible] almost for- [illegible] at he was [illegible] envelope [illegible] and [illegible]

fairly fresh, swept through the cab. The fireman realized that at last they were outside the tunnel, and that he must stop the train. With a final effort he shut the throttle and pushed the lever ahead. Then unconsciousness came. His limbs gave way, and he fell insensible on the body of the engineer.—From the Youth's Companion.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

The curious cork-like substance produced by Erdmann and Kothner, of Charlottenburg, results from the action of acetylene on heated copper. It is an interesting product, but must be given greatly increased strength to make it a complete substitute for cork.

Dr. Ewald Falls, a well-known Egyptologist and excavator, has embraced Islam. While at the head of an excavating expedition in the Nile delta he became so convinced of the virtues of Mohammedanism that he confessed the faith and was received at the mosque of Mariout. He will henceforth be known under the name of Mussa Mohammed.

Though nearly all the metals have risen in price, mercury has fallen. This is due, says the Engineering and Mining Journal, to the decline of the process of pan amalgamation for working silver ore. Gold mines utilize very small quantities of mercury. The two great consumers are China and Japan, where it is utilized for manufacture of vermilion and explosives of secret composition.

Some tropical plants can really be seen to grow. An eminent scientist, who made measurements in some botanical gardens in Java, recorded a growth in a bamboo of seventeen inches in a single day. Another bamboo was observed to add eight inches to its height daily for fifty-eight days, while two others grew four inches steadily each day for sixty days.

The steam turbine, in its most effective form, consists of a long series of rings of moving blades, between which are rings of fixed blades which serve as guides to deliver the steam with the proper direction and velocity against the moving blades. The latter are mounted on a revolving drum, which is put in rapid rotation by the force of the steam. As the steam passes through the turbine it falls in pressure by a long series of steps, each small, so that all of its energy may be utilized.

A remarkable form of ice, which the French-Canadians name frazil ice, is the cause of the packing up of ice and consequent floods in the St. Lawrence River. It forms in spiky shapes where the currents are too rapid for ordinary sheet ice to spread across them, and at the base of waterfalls. During the prevalence of cold winds the icy needles sometimes fill up open channels, and being carried long distances beneath the surface ice gradually accumulate and consolidate, and are liable to dam the channel even to depths of eighty feet.

The odors of metals—long neglected and often stated to have no existence—are shown by the remarkable experiments of C. Gruhn, of Berlin, to be due to something different from volatilized metal, and it is inferred that these and other odors are analogous to radio-active phenomena. Copper, aluminum, tin, zinc, lead, iron, etc., have a faint smell at ordinary temperatures. This is not affected by cleanness or oxidation, but on heating to 100 degrees, or 120 degrees F. the odor becomes at first much stronger, gradually diminishing. After the metal is cooled two or three hours, heating again produces the same effect. The experiments seem to prove that the odor is due to a transformation product from the atoms of the metal, and that the cold metal stores this emanation to the point of saturation and gives it off on heating. Some of the odorous matter has been separated and isolated in a vessel—just as radium emanation has been isolated.

Smooth and Swift.

In the cylinders of these turbine engines the steam is blown upon revolving blades, as the wind blows upon the slats in a prairie farmer's windmill. In the Lusitania's four turbines 3,000,000 blades are attached to the four shafts, which extend into the water and end in four screw propellers. The steam expanding against the turbine blades causes them to revolve with an even motion, producing no vibrations such as are made by the thumping of reciprocating engines.—Chicago News.

Golf Ball Killed Fish.

When driving to the fourth green on Newark golf course a local solicitor sent his ball into the River Devon, England, and killed a two-pound fish. Both ball and fish were found together, the latter bearing marks of its injury.

Attempting the Impossible.

Still another thing that keeps a man broke in these days is trying to live up to the unparalleled prosperity of his friends.—Puck.

New York's Water Reserve.

New York has 67,000,000,000 gallons of water stored away in its mountain reservoir.

Sufficient Happiness.

The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself about especially was happiness enough to get his work done.—Carlyle.

An extraordinary plague of small green flies visited Leeds, England, recently. The air was so thick with them that it was impossible to walk the streets without getting them in the eyes and nose.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

JEST ASK DAD.

Our fam'ly is the queerest one
I'll bet you ever see;
There ain't but one in all the batch
With a good quality.
The rest o' us have lots o' traits,
But all of 'em are bad,
An' if you don't believe me, why,
You jest ask dad.

There's sister Kate an' sister Nell,
Their fault is makin' breaks;
They ain't like pa a single bit,
Because they make mistakes.
They ought to have been better
The trainin' they have had,
But if you don't believe me, why,
You jest ask dad.

Next comes my sisters, Bess and
With fault of too much style;
They seem to think o' nothin' else,
They talk it all the while.
They keen us in hot water with
Some fool, expensive fad,
An' if you don't believe my, why,
You jest ask dad.

Now last—not least—comes Bill an' me;
Forgittin' is our trait.
It ain't no habit we've acquired,
It seems to be our fate.
We all take after ma, we do—
No wonder we're so bad—
An' if you don't believe me, why,
You jest ask dad.
—John D. Larkin, in the Woman's Home Companion.

A FUNNY CANDLESTICK.

We who are accustomed to electric lights and gas light can scarcely make our imagination go back to the time when there was not only no such lighting, but not even a candlestick to hold the candle.

In Scotland, very many years ago, a little boy was employed to hold the candle box during the long evenings. This boy was the "herd-laddie" by day, and in the night he would sit in the chimney corner holding and occasionally trimming the piece of candle he held in his hand. The candle was also peculiar. It was a bit of wood, cut from a kind of fir tree which is found imbedded in certain Scotch bogs. In some parts of Scotland they still use this kind of candle.

You will, no doubt, feel sorry for the herd-laddie, who must have been very tired working so hard day and night. I wonder whether the candle ever wobbled as the boy's arm grew

Like Little Candle Burning in Night.

weary? Poor laddie! The only relief this living candlestick had from his work was when a beggar came to the door and asked a night's lodging. Then, in turn for his bed and board, the beggar was expected to "hold the candle" for the evening. In some places in Scotland even yet a candlestick is called "puir man," meaning a poor man, and this is the reason for the odd term.

I dare say the boys of Scotland are mighty glad that wooden and metal candlesticks are now in use, and you, I guess, are still gladder that we have our bright gas and electric lights to illumine our houses.—Philadelphia Ledger.

SNOW SPORT.

A delightful game to play in the winter holidays when the long hours drag within doors, is Snow Fox and Geese.

A very slight snowfall will suffice for the game, but it may be played with snow a foot deep in a city back yard or in the field of the country. The game is prepared by the boys who, first, with high boots trample in the snow a hugh circle with six or eight diametric paths, as the size of the lot will allow. After these paths are clearly marked the fun begins. Any number may join in the sport. It is like the old game of "The Spider and the Fly." One person stands in the centre of the circle and dashes up and down the diametric paths to seize upon the others as they fly round the circle. The players can venture into the centre if they are so daring, but if caught they become the spider and dash for another victim. The one who is catching cannot walk around the circumference, but is confined to the central paths.

Snow Baby is another funny game. A smooth path of snow is selected and as many holes or dens are prepared as there are players. The dens are made by scooping up a little snow to form a hollow place about as big as a two-quart bowl. Each person selects a den, which he calls his, and near which he stands. A circle is marked lightly in the snow around the group of dens, and all take their stand within the circle, each near his own den, about six feet off. One person is chosen, who tosses a snowball into any one of the dens. The person into whose den it falls picks the ball up quickly and tries to hit some one of the party, who all start to run as soon as a ball lands in a den. If the one aimed at is hit, he drops a stone into his den and becomes the one to throw the ball into the den of some one else. This is repeated until one of the players has six stones in his den, when he is declared beaten. If at any time the one throwing the ball from his den toward some one fails to hit the one he aims at, a stone is put into his den and he becomes the one to throw the ball. Unless there is a crust on the ground this game cannot be played in snow more than a foot deep.—Junior Post Express.

TOMMY AND THE DONKEY.

"I don't know which to do," pouted Tommy. "I have been invited to sail and to ride, and I can't decide."

"Which do you like the best?" asked Uncle Jack.

"Why, I like both alike. It is a jolly day for sailing, but the driving party is going through a new country, and I'd like to go with them."

"Then go, by all means," said his uncle.

"But I like sailing too much to miss it."

"You remind me of a donkey," said Uncle Jack, solemnly.

"Of a little, shaggy, lazy, undecided donkey I heard about," went on Uncle Jack. "He was well fed—too well fed, I suspect, or he wouldn't have been such a donkey. One day his master turned him into a field in which there were two large stacks of hay, one at either end. Plenty of dinner either way he turned. In fact, he turned first one way and then the other, trying to decide which haystack looked the more luscious and inviting. There did not seem to be a pin to choose between them, however, and the poor donkey despaired of being able to decide which would make the better dinner, and which he ought to tackle first.

"When he got tired of standing up to think about it, he lay down and wagged his head. 'I like both,' he said to himself. 'If I choose one, I feel sure I shall be sorry I haven't chosen the other.' "

"I don't think there ever was such a donkey," cried Tom, getting red.

"Oh, yes, there was," replied Uncle Jack. "There are lots of just such donkeys."

"Well, what did this one do?" asked the boy.

"He went first one way and then the other, turning round and round and back and forth, until he dropped from sheer exhaustion.

"And then he laid down because he had to, still trying to think which haystack he had better try to crawl toward first. By this time, of course, he was very hungry, but yet it seemed to him very foolish to take the haystack which might, after all, be not so good as the other one.

"And finally this donkey of donkeys actually lay there and starved to death for no other reason on earth than because he could not decide what to eat first. It was a hard fate, indeed, to be unable to choose between them. Terrible, indeed!"

"It must have been pretty rough on the donkey, Uncle Jack," commented Tom, with a terrible look in his eyes. "But if you'll excuse me, uncle, I won't stop to talk about it now. I must run down to the river. The fellows will be gone, and I want dreadfully to go sailing this morning!"—New Haven Register.

GULL'S CLAM DINNER.

There are many gulls that fly in and about Clinton Harbor and just outside the harbor it is interesting to watch the small gulls hovering about the ash pounds, where they help themselves. Often each pound pole is surmounted by a gull, meditating a dinner or resting after one. Sometimes the gulls make their nests in the crannies and apertures of the coast-rocks, but most frequently, where the shores are flat, the nests can be found in the sea weed, which is thrown far up on the beach at high tides, or in the tall hedge grasses that grow dry in the hot summer sun.

Gulls are especially fond of the long clams, and many gulls spend their feeding time on the sand flats at low tide getting the clams. The gull takes the clam in its bill, then flies high up in the air over a rock and drops the clam so that the shell will smash on the rock. The gull then descends and enjoys the dainty. In winter a gull will drop a clam on an icy place, if convenient, instead of a rock. The gull seems wiser than his name implies.—Hartford Courant.

ISLES OF REFUGE FOR BIRDS.

Securing as permanent homes for the birds islands and remote tracts that are their favorite haunts is a humane and perfectly feasible plan of the Audubon Society that has recently received a cordial indorsement from President Roosevelt. This project of enlarging birdland by purchasing from private citizens breeding places in the island and coastal region of the Atlantic, Pacific and of the Gulf, and of providing the birds in their homes with human guardians, is one that may be depended upon to provide every race among our nation's birds with ample quarters for all time. And it is only by such a thorough and wide flung measure that this desired end may be assured. The aid of every American citizen is justly sought that the best success may attend the efforts of the Audubon Society in this direction.—Boston Transcript.

KARST CAVES.

The Karst is a curious region of calcareous rocks in the neighborhood of Trieste, Austria. It has long been famous for its countless caverns, which are more numerous there, perhaps, than in any district of similar area elsewhere in the world. The results of a careful exploration of these caves and abysses have recently been published by E. Boegan. The number included in the chart prepared by him is no less than 347. All of these have been explored, and their exact positions rigorously determined. Some are dry caverns, some are the underground channels of streams. Hundreds of other similar caves exist in the regions bordering on the Karst, in Carniola, Istria, Croatia, Dalmatia, Bosnia and Herzegovina.—Youth's Companion.

Few New Yorkers are aware of the fact that the East River was known as the Salt River 200 years ago.

PLUCK and ADVENTURE

A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

That a battle is worth fighting to the very end, no matter how discouraging the situation or how apparently implacable the foe, is shown in Mr. J. W. Steele's "Sketches" of the army frontier. If courage and strength had given out only a few moments sooner the hero of the story would never have told the tale.

A certain young soldier was one of a Western scouting party which was exploring the headwaters of the Gila. A snowstorm had caused the company to lose their way, and they rode, day after day, silent in the dread of coming cold and starvation.

As long as the snow melted in the sun they could control their thirst, and hares supplied them with food. One night, while the party were camping, a soldier, walking by himself, thought he saw a path. Following it along for a little way, he sat down in the shelter of a boulder. Suddenly he heard a great rushing noise as of a furious wind. An avalanche swept down the mountainside, sending a great white bulk into the valley. The soldier crept near the shelter of the rock, while the roar deafened him, and the foaming white sea of snow settled over him.

The camp was not touched. In the morning, when the members of the party woke, they missed their comrade and saw what had happened. Looking at the great heap of snow they said, "He is dead," and went on their way.

The soldier, however, was not dead. He was hemmed in between the rock on one side and a white wall of snow on the other, while over him the avalanche lay like a pall. The rock was hollowed out in a way which gave him protection, and beneath him was a bed of dry pine needles. A dim blue light filtered through the covering and showed the crystal outlines of the hopeless house.

He called, but the sound came back to his own ears. He did not lack air. He could touch the rock and the earth, and they seemed friendly. He was not cold, for the snow lay like piles of blankets and the earth radiated steam.

The soldier began to dig. His fingers soon grew stiff and numb, but he kept on, hour after hour, until the opaline mass grew dim, and he knew the early night had come. Then he crawled backward through the tunnel he had made and slept by the rock.

When he woke he knew by his watch that five hours had gone. He was frightened that so long a time had passed and that no one had come to save him. He crept through the narrow tunnel and began digging again, lying prone and pressing the snow beneath him. Hours passed. Blood from his fingers stained the snow and his hands almost refused their office. Dark began to come again. His hands were terribly swollen, but he worked for life. His throat was sore and raw, and he ate snow to quench his burning thirst. His weariness was unutterable, yet he toiled on.

At last it seemed as if he could see the dim light was growing brighter. This spurred his exhausted energy.

A hunter, living in the wild valley, returning to his hut, saw a curious cavity in the snow and explored it. To his amazement there lay a blue clad figure, face downward, arms outstretched. Under his rough but kindly care the soldier recovered. A few moments more and life would have fled.—Youth's Companion.

LIFE WAS NEVER DULL.

To those who are acquainted with it, the Uganda Railway seems to be a fit subject to be dealt with in comic opera. Named after a colony through which it does not run, starting from a terminus placed as far as possible from the port it serves, running for miles through natural game preserves, with the result that trains are frequently held up by wild animals, every mile of the road is always a fruitful field for adventure, and nearly every mile has had some humorous tale attached to it.

In the early days, when the road had been open only a little while and wild animals had not learned the fear of man, life on the line was interesting and often exciting, says a writer in the Colonizer. In August, 1905, the traffic manager at Mombasa received from the baboo stationmaster at Simba a telegram marked "urgent."

"Lion is on platform. Please instruct guard and driver to proceed carefully and without signal in yard. Guard to advise passengers not to get out here, and be careful when coming into booking office."

This advice appeared to be superfluous. However, one bold sportsman did get out, and by ascending a tree, managed to shoot a lion and a lioness within a few minutes. He also wounded another lion, the one which had been waiting on the platform. This lion, after being wounded, disappeared and could not be found, so the sportsman went along the siding to look for him. He found him suddenly, but owing to his own swiftness in getting in a blow on the jaw after an exciting rough and tumble, he was still there when the lion made for the underbrush.

Later in the day the stationmaster received another message from the same agent. "One African injured again by lion. Please send cartridges by next train, sure." And later from the same man this:

"Switchman is surrounded by two lions while returning from distant signal, and switchman on top of telegraph post near water tanks. Train to stop there and take him on train and then proceed. Please arrange necessary steps."

But it is not only big game that annoys him, for on a later day he sent this bulletin:

"Rats running about, eating holes in ceiling and biting off switchman's toes. Send rat traps."

A JOB OR YOUR LIFE.

A young man entered a Chicago factory office in the middle of the afternoon, and at the point of a revolver, "held up" the two employes, taking from them what money he found on their persons. The women stenographer meanwhile asked the robber why he was not above such a deed. He replied that he could find no work and must live. One of the employers promised him a job then and there if he would lay down his pistol. The man hesitated a moment, and then, though his escape with the plunder was as easy and sure as that which his accomplice effected, he surrendered the weapon. The employer seized it, turned it upon him, and with others beat him unmercifully, handed him over to the police and prosecuted him to the full extent of the law. The man proves to be married. He has one child, and is probably consumptive from the effect of his work as a metal polisher. His wife says his ill health kept him from getting work and discouraged him. He manfully admits doing wrong, asks no consideration, and says he wants "no fuss made over him." The case has excited much interest in the casuistry involved. Most people are so outraged with the all too familiar challenge, "your money or your life," that very few even think of inquiring with the stenographer why a man should be driven to such desperation. But the tables are turned, when the robber stops to reply, and then yields to the appeal to the best that is in him by accepting in good faith the offer of a job on condition of surrendering the weapon and abandoning the attitude of a desperado. The common conscience regards the broken promise, the brutal beating, the arrest and relentless prosecution as at least as outrageous as the original assault. In view of the demonstrated desire of the discouraged man for work, it is nothing less than a tragedy that his staking liberty and life on his confidence in the man who offered him a job was so ruthlessly betrayed. One wonders if, after such a tragic experience, in making a supreme choice of the better while in the act of doing the worst, a man would dare trust the good again.—Charities.

A DRAMATIC EXPERIENCE.

Most dramatic in its experience of all the 1901 expeditions, hardly surpassed by any crossing either circle, was that of the Swedes under Nordenskjold. Landed at Snow Hill on Seymour Island, Nordenskjold, and his party bade good-by to Captain Larsen and the Antarctic, built them a house and settled down to scientific work for the summer, and as it turned out for the winter. Larsen's instructions were to refit at the Falkland Islands, to give the zoologists of the party a chance at Tierra del Fuego, and to come back to Snow Hill in the summer of 1902.

That summer and the next winter passed and Nordenskjold and his comrades saw nothing of Larsen or of the Antarctic. One day they saw coming over the ice and rocks two objects which every one at first asserted were emperor penguins, but on coming nearer proved to be Duse and Anderson, who, landed the year before by Larsen and cut off by open water from their proposed journey overland to Snow Hill, had spent nine months in a hut built of the stones which they could collect, and subsisting on the scanty supplies left with them, but chiefly on the penguins and seals they had been able to kill. Men were never more warmly welcomed than these two, wintering unknown within twenty miles of comrades and headquarters.

Finally, as hope was almost departing, and the summer drawing fast to a close, one fine day Captain Irizar, commander of the cruiser dispatched by Argentine, called at Snow Hill and bade Nordenskjold and his reunited party make ready to leave for home. The welcome summons was, of course, willingly obeyed, but "if Larsen were only here," said the released and relieved Swedes; and the very next day, whom do they see tramping across the floe but Larsen and five sturdy sailors from Paulet's Island, where they had wintered after the Antarctic had been crushed and sunk by the ice, following a gallant fight of weeks to keep her afloat and bring off the party from the rocks of Snow Hill.

The world rejoiced at Nordenskjold's rescue, and the more when the scientific results of his long isolation were found to be of the highest importance.—From "Ten Years of Arctic and Antarctic Explorations," by H. L. Bridgman in the Outing Magazine.

A Monster Spring.

No State in the Union has larger or more numerous springs than Florida. Many of them form good-sized streams from the start and some of them are navigable. The largest spring in the State, and one of the largest and probably the best known in the United States, is Silver Spring, which is located six miles east of Ocala. This spring forms the source of the Oklawaha River, a tributary of the St. John's, and steamboats traversing the river enter the spring basin, which has an area of several acres. The water is from twenty-five to thirty feet deep and is wonderfully clear, appearing absolutely devoid of color.—Minneapolis Journal.

Three Sherwoods.

Mrs. Catherine Sherwood, at the age of fifty-two, gave birth to triplets, who were named respectively Franklin, Francis and Frederick. They all became sea captains and all lived to be more than seventy years old. It is related of the brothers that while in Charleston, S. C., they all went into the same barber shop one day to get shaved, one in the early morning, one at noon and the other in the evening, and the barber said that he never saw a man whose beard grew so rapidly as that man's did.—From a Letter in the Medical Record.

Busy British Bees.

The average weight of honey taken from an English hive annually is fifty pounds. This is double the average product from American bee hives. The record taken from any hive is 1000 pounds, from a stock of Cyprians.