THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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"All of the newspapers are wrong about everything," says George Bernard Shaw.

Representative Barthoridt says the time has passed for showy postoffices and that business buildings are now needed.

Pure food inspection is given as a reason for increase of prices. When it is time for prices to go up, complains the Washington Star, any reason will do.

A New York man says he cannot remember whether he killed his wife or not. A man with a memory like that, comments the New York American, would make an ideal trust witness.

Japan is distilling whisky and importing Jersey cows from America. When milk punch becomes the national drink, prophesies the Louisville Courier-Journal, even Count Okuma may get in a less military humor.

Resume the original and normal form of locomotion and pose, says good Dr. Pelletier, quit the perpendicular for the horizontal, and our lives will lengthen like the evening shadows, until insurance companies will be a legend of the past and the undertaker will have passed from the land.

Says the Louisville Courier-Journal: "It takes military training to win battles, not culture, and West Point was established as an institution to train men in the science of war. It may be added that some of the most cultured men of the past have been West Point graduates. A West Point course in its present form is by no means incompatible with culture."

During the recent maneuvres the armies of the powers have been employing wireless telegraphy for purposes of communication. Thus what was until recently a dream of the electrician has now come into actual use, is the comment of the Argonaut. A small isolated force suddenly surrounded by thousands of fierce horsemen will be able to send a message calling urgently for relief over the very heads of its opponents unseen and unfelt by them.

We, the American people, are waking up to the primal fact of the shortcomings that have permitted us to be tyrannized over in the simplest liberties of life in multifarious ways. It is a great awakening, contends the Indianapolis News. The liquor interests, in their new recognition, are only typical of a general condition. Revolutions do not go backward. There is thus awakening in our whole national life a rehabilitation or "conversion" from the careless and wicked ways into which we had fallen and a resolution to demand obedience and subjection and reverence for law.

What may be called an expert opinion on the suggestion that the United States might get rid of the Philippines by selling the islands to the Filipinos is offered by General Funston's once famous friend, Aguinaldo. He says it might be done, notes the Boston Post, at the price of $400,000,000, to be paid in instalments. But in order to set the scheme in motion—"in order that payment may be guaranteed in advance," as he puts it—it is desirable that the United States lend the Filipinos $200,000,000. The financial methods of General Aguinaldo have the merit of great breeziness.

In a paper read before the Society of Arts by Mr. Herbert Wright on "Rubber Cultivation," the author said that Ceylon alone had already planted land sufficient to supply London with about 7000 tons of rubber per year in place of the seventy tons she sent in 1905. Land was being applied for and purchased at very high prices, and very soon a prominent and permanent position would be established. When one considered what had recently happened in Ceylon, the Federated Malay States and India, it was obvious that the export in a few years would be as suddenly increased as had the planted acreage in these places, and for this we must be prepared.

Out of her salary of more than $75 per month a member of the Finnish Diet allowed her husband but twelve cents a day. Hence destitution and despair in the household and an attempt at suicide by the neglected spouse. Politics is a mocker and petticoat franchise is raging. The Finnish horrible example is commended to the attention of American suffragettes. It is as yet unparalleled by any instance from the co-educational Legislatures of Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho. But all things are possible with time and with the domestic fences down. If the downtrodden Finnish husband could read English how envy would sprout in his heart over a line in the cablegram telling of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's approaching marriage. For the lady in this case, says the dispatch, "is not prominent." And who is or could be more prominent than Sir Conan?

THE HILL.

I am homesick for a hill,
For a barren hill and bare,
I have dreamed of it through days
Of the bliding city glare,
When my tired-lidded eyes
Ached for something far to see,
I have dreamed of how it stood,
And how cool its shade must be.

Now I know the north winds come,
Meet the winds from out the west,
And upon its barren slope
In gigantic battle wrest,
From the city let me go
On its heathered face to lie,
That the winds may sweep my soul
Clear as they have swept the sky.
—Lucy Copinger, in Lippincott's.

Story of an Awakened Soul.

By WILLIE LETTUCE.

"At 3 o'clock he is coming," said Helena, "and then—the last of these business matters! He has proved a good and trusty friend, and poor papa's high opinion of him has been verified."

It was now a quarter before 3, and while she awaited his coming her thoughts went back to the first time she had seen him, on that eventful day eighteen months before. She had been returning home from a visit and he had sat opposite to her for half a day in the drawing room car. She had noticed with some amusement his complete absorption in a volume of Coleridge and his apparent obliviousness to all outward surroundings.

But when the awful crash of the collision came—just as the train was about reaching its destination—it was he whose quickness had saved her from certain death, whose strong arms had held her up and at last had borne her from that scene of horror into safety. And it was he who had led the little band of rescuers again and again into the wreck in a noble effort to save the injured, until he himself had been carried out from a burning car, bleeding and insensible, with a great gash over his eyes.

She had not allowed this brave man to whom she owed her life to be carried away to a hospital, but had taken him directly to her own home, where the best medical care and skilled attendance was immediately obtained for him.

She remembered her father's look of amazement and perplexity when she had arrived with the insensible man in the carriage beside her, and she remembered, too, his hearty approval as soon as he had heard the story, and his keen satisfaction afterward when he discovered that his involuntary guest was Harry Stevens, who—though unknown in the world of society—was a man of standing high in the business world and notable for his rectitude, cleverness and sagacity.

While the injured man was slowly convalescing Helena's father had cultivated his society, and in spite of the difference in their years a deep and lasting friendship had sprung up between them. But although he and she had been housemates at the time for several weeks, Helena had not seen their guest until the day of his departure, and then his extreme reserve had somewhat puzzled her.

And after this, in spite of her father's continual endeavors, it had proved impossible to prevail upon their late guest to be present at any of their larger social functions, although on a few notable occasions he had been persuaded to accept their invitations to small and informal dinners.

On those occasions she had observed him curiously. He was keen, well read, a good though not brilliant talker, and with men he was entirely at his ease and his words evidently carried weight. But toward women he was silent and reserved. He seldom addressed even her—his hostess—although she noticed that he paid her the rare compliment of listening when she spoke, no matter how much that was better hearing might be going on about him. But he never voluntary approached her, and at last his avoidance piqued her.

Her father talked much about him. "A fine fellow, my dear. I not only like, I honor him. I suppose some would call him a self-made man, but I say that God never made a finer, truer gentleman. He apparently divides his time between his business and his books, and I never knew a more finely cultivated mind or a man with higher ideals. His friendship is indeed a treasure, and I am happy in having won it. You think he does not like you? You are mistaken, my dear, he is no ladies' man, he is too reserved and diffident, but he admires your sincerity—quite as much, I think, as I admire him."

So some six months had passed. And then one day as Helena sat reading in the library awaiting her father's return at the accustomed hour she heard a footstep and said brightly, "Father, dear, is it you?"

Then she looked up and saw Barry Stevens' agitated face. She arose with a faint cry: "What is it? My father? Oh, he is not dead?"

But she read the truth in his pitying eyes, and, overcome with the sudden violence of her emotion, she fell senseless into his outstretched arms.

From that merciful blank of oblivion murmured words of endearment and the presence of lips upon her hair recalled her to herself. And though her eyes opened again upon the reserved and silent man, the memory of his unutterable tenderness had helped her through the first awful days and weeks of her bereavement.

They had been thrown much together since that time, for her father had made Barry Stevens and herself co-executors of his will, and although she had found his manner unchanged toward her, at first she was grateful for his reserve. But, sure of his love, she had expected him to speak when time had softened the first bitterness of her grief.

But time had gone on until a whole year had now elapsed. Why had he not spoken? What was the reason of his continued silence—if he cared? And that he did care deeply Helena was sure.

What was the secret of his life? Had there been some other love—before he had known her?

She smothered a sigh and rose with extended hand to greet the man himself, who had appeared as the clock was striking 3.

"Punctual as ever," she said with a smile.

He had come to explain to her the many papers of importance which were now to remain in her hands. And when they were finally locked away in her cabinet she said to him: "You must be glad that the end of all this has come."

"It has been my greatest pleasure to be of service to you," he replied, "and so it will be should I ever be able to serve you in any way again."

She sat thoughtful for a moment, playing with a letter, stamped and sealed, which she had written earlier in the day. Then she looked up at him and said quietly: "You can serve me again, now. Help me to make a decision. I have tried to do it alone, but I want—your advice."

His eyes rested attentively upon her face.

"I cannot go on living in this way—here," she said, after some hesitation. "It is too hard. I have had to until this time, but now the business is all arranged and I am free to go."

"To go?" he echoed, with a change of tone.

"Yes, to go. I know I have many good friends here and relatives, but over the sea lives the dear friend of my girlhood—happily married and with a little daughter who bears my name and whom I have never seen. My friend has urged me to come to them, and I have put off the decision until now. But I long to see her and to see her child. I think—I shall go."

He eyed her still; he had grown paler. At last he repeated dully, "You will—go away?"

"Is there any reason why I should not go?" she asked, quickly.

"No, none that I know of—none." The words cost him an effort, but they were bravely said.

"If I go I shall not soon return," said Helena. "I may never return. My friend's villa is on the Mediterranean near Mentone. She wants me to make it my home. What shall I do?"

"I know of no reason why you should not go—if it is your wish," he said, slowly.

"I have written to her that I will go. Here is my letter. I did not mail it, because I—I wanted to hear what you would say. I was as undecided as that. But it must be posted at once to go by to-morrow's steamer. And—and there is no reason why I should not go?"

"None."

"Then I will go."

He had grown white and stern, but although he was on the rack he had borne the torture bravely.

"It has gone," she said, quietly, after a pause. "And next month I shall follow. And now, my friend, forgive me—but since my decision is irrevocable, will you not tell me why—you wanted me to go?"

"I wanted you to go?—my God!" It was a cry of agony. The delicate pearl paper knife he unconsciously had been toying with snapped in his hand. "What have I done?" he said abruptly.

"Nothing. What is that to what you have counseled me to do?"

She watched the growing conflict in his face until, half trembling at the emotion she had stirred, she saw him brace himself to speak.

"I will tell you," he said, at last. "There was once a boy whose parents, who were poor, died early, and he grew up in the streets. He worked in the factories and lived as such waifs do, picking up little knowledge that is good, much that is bad. When he was a lad of sixteen hard times came, the factories shut down and he could get no work to do. Then he fell in with an evil comrade older than himself, and at last a plot was formed between them to rob the wealthy manufacturer's house. The boy was to do the work and share the plunder. He made the attempt, was caught in the act and thrown into prison. His comrade, unsuspected, escaped. The boy lay in prison for weeks, and then finally he was brought into the court-room—barefooted and in rags. He acknowledged his crime and told his miserable story from beginning to end, asking no pity and expecting none. And with the taint of the prison upon him there seemed nothing but its darkness before him forever.

"But those men were strangely merciful. They bought the lad decent clothing, made up a purse for him, opened the prison doors, and bade him go forth and begin his life anew.

"He did so; he left the town where he was too well known and came to a distant city. And there, without even changing his dishonored name, he sought and found employment. He worked by day and studied by night. He won his employer's confidence and rose to a position of trust. And when, after ten years' time, his friend and employer died, he succeeded him, and has carried on the business for now five years.

"Helena, I am that man; I, Barry Stevens, was that guilty lad caught robbing my former employer's house and set at large by those merciful minded men. It is all on record in that place; it was published in many papers at that time. There are men living who remember and could point me out to-day, and that is why—God help me!—I must let you go. Such as I have no right ever to speak of—love."

She arose and her fine eyes shone like stars.

"And that is what has made you what you are! Oh, I don't know what I dreaded—but I never dreamed how noble a man could become, rising to such a height on his dead self! And your name—any one would be proud of it now! Why do you look so at me? I am no foolish girl, talking wildly, but a woman—proud even to be thought worthy of such a confidence." — New York News.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

Autogenous welding is successfully applied by Robert Hopfeldt, a German electrician, to the soldering of aluminium wires, a direct union of aluminium with aluminium being readily obtained.

According to the evidence given recently by Dr. R. T. Williams, an English physician, in a London police court, he distinguishes seven stages of drunkenness—irritable, mellow, pugnacious, affectionate, lachrymose, followed, if the total doses were large enough, by collapse and death.

Mahogany trees do not grow in clusters, but are scattered throughout the forests and hidden in a dense growth of underbrush, vines and creepers and require a skilful and experienced man to find them. He seeks the highest ground in a forest, climbs to the top of the tallest tree and surveys the surrounding country. The mahogany has a peculiar foliage and his practiced eye soon detects the trees within sight.

Tar as a coloring material for mortar has recently been used by a bricklayer in the United States. In erecting a number of brick houses he ran short of brick mortar color and used as a substitute some tar which had been partly refined. After a lapse of several years it is claimed that the color is as strong as ever, showing a remarkable newness where the mortar made with usual color will need repairing and pointing up before long.

Professor Robert Koch, whose researches have done much toward a better understanding of tuberculosis (consumption), has developed a serum for the cure of the "sleeping sickness," which is said to be completely successful. The disease is introduced by the sting of a gnat, which communicates the germ. Dr. Koch's serum destroys the germ, and the patient recovers from a malady which, had it gone unheeded, would undoubtedly have devastated entire nations of Africans.

From numerous experiments made in Wisconsin there has been developed a strain of white dent corn which grows on a very short, thick-set stalk and which matures a good size ear, and the ears run remarkably uniform. The growth centres in the ear rather than in producing a big stalk at the expense of a small ear. After four years of careful, persistent work, there are numerous corn fields in Southern and Central Wisconsin which yield from sixty to eighty bushels per acre, and 100 bushels have been reported several times.

The National Capital.

It is claimed that Washington is the cleanest city in the United States. If they were so disposed the ladies might wear their best afternoon gowns on the street without having them soiled. The general cleanliness of Washington is due to the noticeable absence of factories with their soft coal smoke, and the asphalt streets are kept so clean that there is little dust or dirt in the air. An almost forgotten fact is that Washington was first called Rome, and a creek which flowed through the site of the city was spoken of as the Tiber. Oddly enough, the first owner of the land upon which the capital is now located was named Pope.—Philadelphia Press.

Word Paintings From Brann.

Success? A Gould must give up his gold at the grave, a sovereign surrender his sceptre, the very gods are in time forgotten—are swallowed up in the voiceless, viewless past, hidden by the shadows of the centuries. Why should men strive for fame, that feather in the cap of fools, when nations and peoples perish like the flowers and are forgotten—when even continents fade from the great world's face and the ocean's bed becomes the mountain's brow? Why strive for power, that passes like the perfume of the dawn, and leaves prince and pauper peers in death? Why should man, made in the mortal image of immortal God, become the subservient slave of Greed and barter all of time for a handful of yellow dross to cast upon the threshold of eternity? "Poor and content is rich," and rich enough. With a roof to shelter those his heart holds dear, and table furnished forth with frugal fare; with manhood's dauntless courage and woman's deathless love, the peasant in his lowly cot may be richer far than the prince in his imperial hall.

Heroes? Why unurn the ashes of the half-forgotten dead and pore o'er the musty pages of the past for names to glorify? If you would find heroes, grander, martyrs more noble and saints of more sanctity that a Rubens ever painted or immortal Homer sang; who, without Achilles' armor, have slain an hundred Hectors; without Samsonian locks have torn the lion; without the sword of Michael have thrown down the gage to all the embattled hosts of hell, seek not in the musty tomes of history, but in the hearts and homes of the self-sacrificing wives and mothers of this great world.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE REASON WHY.

"When I was at the party,"
Said Betty (aged just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair,
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls
Began to laugh, but me—
I didn't laugh a single bit,"
Said Betty, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty—bless her little heart!—
Had been so sweetly kind;
"Why didn't you laugh, darling
Or, don't you like to tell?"
"I didn't laugh," said Betty,
"'Cause it was me that fell."

PETUS AND AN OGRE.

Once on a time there lived an old King who had one son, whose name was Petus. When the old King was about to die he called his son to him and told him that he wished him to marry the Princess Zobiede of Sesto. Prince Petus said that he would, and his father died. After his father had died the prince married Zobiede, princess of Sesto, and lived very happily for some time. He told his princess afterward that he wished that she would let him go out for adventures. She begged him not to go, because she thought that it was very dangerous. He did not go until that night, when every one was asleep. Then he stole out and went away.

He soon came to a town which had a white and red wall around it. He went right in and wandered about, but not a person did he see. He came to a lofty palace built of gray and white stone.

"I wonder whether there is any one inside the palace," he muttered. "I will go and see." He went in, but not a person did he see.

Petus came to a wide and high staircase, and he went straight up it till he came to a door made of iron. Just as he was about to open the door he felt a hand over his shoulder and looked up. He saw a lovely fairy bending over him. Her hair was raven black, and her eyes were blue, and her voice was low and sweet. Her dress was dark deep blue, like the night sky, and she had a crown of stars on her head. She spoke to him and said:

"Within this room lie all the people of the city. Each night two genii of gigantic size carry one of them away to this room, and leave them for their King to eat. But they are invisible until the monster is killed. Go and see if you can rescue them."

"I should be very glad to," said Petus, and he went in.

He could not see anything, but could hear the shrieks and screams of the people who were imprisoned there. He hid in a big box, so that they should not see him. Soon afterward an enormous ogre came in and looked about him.

"Ho!" he said at last. "Here have I all the people of the city, and I'll wring all their necks, as sure as my name's Ofus."

"Oh, indeed, we'll see about that, you ugly old monster," thought Petus, as he sprang out and attacked the ogre.

"Hullo! Where did you spring from? I'll soon put an end to you, you young scoundrel," yelled the ogre, as he sprang upon Petus, who darted quickly out of his way.

"What, have I missed you?" roared the ogre.

"Yes, but I won't miss you, you nasty old miser, though," shouted Petus, as he jumped behind Ofus and gave him a dig in the back of the leg.

"Yow! What are you doing?" roared the monster. "First you are here, then you are there. What are you doing, I say?" But before Petus answered he made a great slash, and cut off the monster's head, which went rolling to the ground.

"Aha! I think I've done with you," said Petus, looking around. He saw a lot of people, who thanked him for setting them free, and then went back to their homes. As for Petus, he went back to Zobiede, who was very glad to see him, and lived happily ever after. They had ever so many sons and daughters, who had so many adventures that it would take ten books to write them out.—Ianthe B. Jerrold, in the London Tribune.

KATIE'S SATURDAY.

"Dear me!" sighed Katie, when she got up that Saturday morning.

"What can be the matter?" said mamma, laughing at the doleful face.

"Oh, there's thousands and millions of things the matter!" said Katie, crossly. She was a little girl who did not like to be laughed at.

"Now, Katie," said mamma, this time seriously, "as soon as you are dressed I have something I want you to do for me down in the library."

"Before breakfast?" said Katie.

"No, you can have your breakfast first," mamma answered, laughing again at the cloudy little face.

Katie was very curious to know what this was, and, as perhaps you are too, we will skip the breakfast and go right into the library.

Mamma was sitting at the desk, with a piece of paper and a pencil in front of her.

"Now, Katie," she said, taking her little daughter on her lap, "I want you to write down a few of those things which trouble you. A thousand will do!"

"O mamma, you're laughing at me now," said Katie; "but I can think of at least ten right this minute."

"Very well," said mamma; "put down ten." So Katie wrote:

"1. It's gone and rained, so we can't go out to play.

"2. Minnie is going away, so I'll have to sit with that horrid little Jean Bascom on Monday.

"3. ———

Here Katie bit her pencil, and then couldn't help laughing. "That's all I can think of just this minute," she said.

"Well," said her mother, "I'll just keep this paper a day or two."

That afternoon the rain cleared away, and Katie and her mamma, as they sat at the wondow, saw Uncle Jack come to take Katie to drive; and oh, what a jolly afternoon they had of it!

Monday, when Katie came home from school, she said: "O mamma, I didn't like Jean at all at first, but she's a lovely seatmate. I'm so glad, aren't you?"

"Oh!" was all mamma said; but somehow it made Katie think of her Saturday troubles and the paper.

"I guess I'll tear up the paper now, mamma," she said, laughing rather shyly.

"And next time," said mamma, "why not let the troubles come before you cry about them? There are so many of them that turn out very pleasant, if you wait to see. By waiting, you see, you can save the trouble of crying and worrying at all."—Sunlight.

MUD PUPPIES.

Like many other puppies, these little fellows wear black coats dotted with yellow, but each coat seems to be something of a misfit, to judge by the wrinkles in it. However, this does not at all disturb the wearers. They are lazy chaps, and taking

Tesla's advice to sleep every moment that it is not absolutely necessary to be awake, spend three-quarters of the time curled up in the mud, beneath old logs and flat stones. When they feel hungry, out they crawl in search of a few angle worms There goes one now! He has just caught a worm. See how he shakes it, as a terrier does a rat. Do you think he imagines the shaking improves the flavor? If you watch him you will see that he never swallows anything without first giving it a hearty shake. —New York Tribune.

ALMOST STOLE HIS SALMON.

An unusual incident of particular interest to fly fishermen is narrated in a letter to the Daily Mail from W. Arthur Williams, of Bodmin.

"A gentleman residing at Dunmere, near Bodmin, was fishing in the River Camel on Wednesday night," Mr. Williams writes. "He hooked a fine salmon on a fly, but immediately a large otter darted from under the bank and seized the fish.

"The fisherman thus had a fish and an otter on his line at the same time, and having stout tackle he was able to engage in a few minutes' exciting sport. The otter, however, caught sight of the fisherman and dashed up stream. When the fish had been landed by the angler the marks of the otter's teeth were plainly discernible on the shoulders of the fish."—London Daily Mail.

BEES RACE PIGEONS.

It is not generally known that bees are swifter in flight than pigeons—that is, for short distances. Some years ago a pigeon fancier of Hamme, Westphalia, laid a wager that a dozen bees liberated three miles from their hives would reach home in less time than a dozen pigeons. The competitors were given wing at Rybern, a village nearly a league from Hamme, and the first bee reached the hive a quarter of a minute in advance of the first pigeon. Three other bees reached the goal before the second pigeon. The bees were also slightly handicapped, having been rolled in flour before starting for the purpose of identification.—The Reader.

DO IT SMILINGLY.

Speaking to the Boys' Brigade at the Albert Hall, London, recently, Major-General Baden-Powell said: "Do your duty always, and above all things do it smilingly. When you meet with a difficulty tackle it laughingly, and then you're sure to get over it. I've tried it myself, and I ought to know."—Home Notes.

A Letter Seven Years in Transit.

Records are being established every day for the swiftness by which mail is delivered, yet there are occasions when the United States Postoffice slips a cog and a letter gets tangled up somewheres, to be delivered at a later date. A most unusual instance of this kind recently came to light. On October 4, 1900, Frank Linden, of Brooklyn, then a student at Villanova College, sent a postal card to his father, Frank V. Linden, a jeweler in Brooklyn, ordering some class pins from him. The postal was delivered last Tuesday, having been on the road seven years. Only two dates were printed on the card, one in Villanova in 1900 and the other in Brooklyn in 1907. Where the postal has been all these years is a mystery. —Philadelphia Record.

Send Postals to Dogs.

Picture post cards are being sent to pet dogs on the Continent. A young woman residing at one of the leading hotels in Ostend introduced the fashion. The post cards are inscribed with the dog's name and addressed care of the owner.

Political Philosophy.

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "us folks gits tired o' guessin' 'bout de honesty of candidates an' jes' turns in foah de one dat seems de bes' natured."—Washington Star.

TALES OF ADVENTURE

CORRALED BY WOLVES.

John Hill, formerly of Rathwell, R. S. O., Dumfrieshire, Scotland, now homesteading near Davidson, Saskatchewan, had a never-to-be-forgotten experience a few nights recently. One morning he started, with two other homesteaders, Richard Johnson and Walter Boland, for a load of wood on the other side of the Saskatchewan River. On the way down it was decided that one of the number should go down to River View postoffice, get their mail and some eatables, remain over night at the postoffice and rejoin the others on the following morning. Hill being the best walker, rashly volunteered, made the Elbow all right, secured the mail and supplies—quite a large bag full in all— remained over night at the general store and postoffice, and early on the following morning set out on the lonely trail to rejoin his friends. There having been a storm over night the walking was rough, even on the river, and Hill perspired freely.

After a time, becoming very thirsty, he ate some snow, which brought on severe cramps, making him lose some four or five hours. Thus, when he reached the place where he was to rejoin his partners, he found them gone, and night was fast coming on. Knowing he could not reach the home of George Moore, the nearest settler, with the bag, in his weakened condition, he climbed a tree and hung the bag over a limb. Then he started off through the snow and cold for the nearest shelter. Finally he reached the prairie, where he thought Moore lived, but, owing to a blinding blizzard which was blowing, he could not see where to go. After tramping on for a considerable time he found himself descending into the ravine by which he had come up from the river.

Realizing that he was rapidly becoming weaker, and that his ears, face and fingers were already frozen, and unable to proceed in any given direction, owing to the storm, he concluded to seek a well sheltered spot in the ravine, which was fortunately well wooded with small timber, built himself a fire, and endeavored to hold out until morning, or until the storm abated. Quickly as possible he gathered a pile of dead wood and built himself a fire, all the while applying snow to the frozen portions of his body. Soon darkness, which had been coming on, fell completely, and nothing could be seen but the little fire at his feet, standing in bold relief against the snow banks piled on either side. For a time all went well, save the stinging of the frozen fingers, ears, etc., but this was enjoyment to what was to come. Whether through the subjective mind, which, it is claimed, is ever on guard, or to a sense of intuition, Hill felt he was being approached by some one from behind. Instantly turning, he caught sight of several wolves who had apparently just cast lots to see which parts of him each should devour. Thoroughly frightened, with a shout which would drown a lion's roar, he bounded into the air like a bucking broncho and manfully charged the foe, which immediately fell back a short distance, growling and snarling. Through the long, cold night Hill stood with his back to the fire, watching each move of the savage gray wolves—the most feared breed of wolves found in the Canadian Northwest. With the approach of morning the storm subsided, and, with the first gleam of light, Hill could distinctly see four large wolves but a few feet distant, seated upon their haunches, watching every move he made, moving only to avoid some burning brand thrown at them by the half frozen man.

At the fire he was kept prisoner until nearly noon, when they quietly sneaked away. Then he set out for Moore's restaurant, which he was surprised to find only a short distance from where he had spent the night. When he reached there he found that not only were his hands, face and ears frozen, but also his legs and feet. For several hours two men rubbed at the frozen parts with snow, and then, with the thermometer fifty degrees below zero, he was taken into town for medical treatment, and a doctor will amputate all of his toes and probably his left foot, and had it not been for liberal doses of kerosene, which were applied after the snow bath, his legs and arms would have had to be amputated.—St. Paul Dispatch.

FARMHAND SAVES THREE LIVES.

John Ford, a young farmhand of Cedar Grove, N. J., saved a man and two boys from drowning in the Passaic River about a half mile above Little Falls, nearly losing his own life in doing so.

A number of men and boys, including Ford, were fishing from the bridge that crosses the Passaic River on Pompton Turnpike, when a small improvised raft, with two boys on it, was seen floating down the stream. It was not long before it was seen that the boys were in trouble and that they were making heroic efforts to keep the raft together and bring it in toward the shore.

The current, however, was swift at the point, and when the lads attempted to paddle toward the shore the raft split in two. Both boys tried to jump on to the larger portion of the raft. Both fell into the water.

Ford saw the accident, ran from the bridge to the river bank, threw off his coat, and jumped into the river.

Seizing one of the lads he swam ashore with him, turning him over to the men gathering on the bank. Ford again swam out to save the other lad, but he was nowhere to be seen.

The crowd on the bank pointed to the spot where the youth had last been seen. The rescuer dived down and came up with the youngster's limp body.

Swimming with all his strength ashore Ford put the boy on the bank, and made heroic efforts to get the water out of his lungs.

After twenty minutes of hard work the boy showed signs of life, and finally revived.

They gave their names as Willie Emerson, thirteen years old, and Fred Patterson, twelve years old, of Mountain View.

After the lads had been taken away and Ford was receiving the congratulations of spectators in his dripping clothes, a splash was heard, and the cry, "Man overboard!"

Looking in the direction from which the sound came, a man was seen to come up to the surface of the water almost under the bridge.

Ford again jumped into the water and made for the drowning man, who by this time had disappeared. When the man came up the second time Ford seized him by the collar of his coat and made an effort to strike out with his free arm for the shore.

The drowning man grabbed him about the neck. A struggle resulted, in which both men went under the water several times. For five minutes the men fought, the frenzied man clinging to his rescuer's body.

Men on the bank, fearing Ford would lose his own life, called to him to let the man go, but Ford was not made of that kind of stuff. He eventually landed the unconscious man on the bank, and restored him to life after much hard work.

The man saved said he was John Wilkes of Paterson. He had been fishing from the bridge, had fallen asleep, and rolled into the water.

Ford was provided with dry clothes and hurried off to his home.—New York Times.

"OLD DRESS."

How "Old Dress" scared the Indians in the French and Indian War shows what a strategist can do if he has courage. The Dress family, says the author of "Old Schuylkill Tales," lived in Panther Valley, Pennsylvania. Word came one day that the Indians were headed for the valley, and the pioneers started for a place of safety. The Dress family formed part of the little caravan that turned toward the fort, but Old Dress would not leave his home.

He was the first settler to discover the rich farming lands in that locality. The Indians had given him the first kernels of corn which he planted as seed, and in turn he had shown them how to fashion the rude farming implements which he used.

Dress made his way to a hillside overlooking his home, and watched the approach of the redskins. Smeared with war paint and with their war toggery on, yelling like mad, they dashed up the defile.

What could he do single handed against so many? His mind was made up. Taking an extra hitch at his rusty brown linsey woolsey trousers, he ran as hard as he could directly toward the murderous crew and in full view of them, screaming and yelling at the top of his voice, and wildly gesticulating with his long arms.

"Come on, boys!" he yelled. With wild signs of command he ordered an imaginary company to close up the defile and prevent the Indians' escape; the others were to surround and destroy the enemy.

The chief understood German, as Dress knew, for he had taught him. The warriors believed that they were being attacked by at least a regiment of soldiers under command of Old Dress, and fled, panic-stricken.

When the settlers returned to their homes Old Dress was sitting in front of his cabin, mending an old fish net. The cattle had all been recovered by him and returned to their rightful owners. The cows had been milked, the cream was ready for the good wives to churn, and everything was going on as usual.

The Indians never molested the settlement again, and Old Dress is a hero to the descendants of those whose homes he saved.

DEATH OF A RESCUER.

A pathetic incident is reported from Dallas, Ga. It is that of the death of a boy of fourteen in rescuing his little brother. The boy, accompanied by his mother and brother, was walking along the Southern Railroad track when a train was heard. Seeing his brother some distance back on the trestle, he ran to him and made an effort to carry him off the trestle, but not having time to do so he pitched the little fellow to safety and was himself crushed to death by the train. The little one was found afterwards unhurt save for bruises from his fall. We all admire the heroism of the boy, but how few of us realize that our eternal life was won for us at such a price.

He saved others; Himself He cannot save. (Matt. 27:42.)—The Christian Herald.

Berlin's "Anti-Begging Society."

Berlin has a well organized society, the members of which are pledged not to give to beggars, but to send them to a labor colony maintained by the society for this purpose, where they can secure employment at a moderate rate of pay. I took pains, naturally, to knock at all floors bearing the tablet "Member of the Anti-Begging Society," and told them my sad story of having come from America with the promise of work, to find on my arrival that my place had been filed, while my money was almost gone. Sometimes I conjured up a wife and children to add to the disconsolateness of my appeal, and on only one occasion did I fail to get something from the houses so labeled. Consistency is a jewel as rare as it is precious. To be sure, it was only the kind hearted housewives who gave me money; what their long suffering husbands would have had to say to the plan I don't know.—Benjamin J. Marsh, in Charities and the Commons.

One Japanese firm has calico printing mills covering four acres. Twelve years ago the industry was unknown in that country.