THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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Says the Seattle Post Intelligencer: Some men do their best, others their betters.

Wall Street is a necessity, says one writer. Yes, and necessity, the old proverb tells, knows no laws, retorts the Chicago Journal.

Wall Street rails at Washington, observes the San Francisco Call, but when its fingers are burned it knows where to turn for salve.

The hens, observes the Pittsburg Dispatch, seem to be hoarding the fresh eggs rather more jealously than the featherless bipeds are hoarding the money.

Now that another doctor has discovered that kissing is dangerous the common people will enjoy it more than ever, boasts the Hartford Journal. The doctor who wants to put a stop to kissing should discover it is healthful and very good for the participants.

Remarks the Baltimore News: "It is not at all certain that the decreasing demand for higher priced foodstuffs is altogether due to the public's inability to buy. It looks rather as if the point has been reached at which even the American family halts and believes in trying to economize."

The [illegible] preserves have become popular in the West, as the reasons for them are better understood. The Montrose (Col.) Press thus sums up one aspect of the matter: "Stock is allowed on national forests to the limit of their capacity, but it is the policy of the Forest Service that persons living in or near the forests and owning small bunches of stock shall be first provided for. These are the home builders, the supporters of towns, schools and churches. These are the ones first drowned out in an overcrowded range. What an invitation to be able to advertise to prospective settlers, that a place will be provided for them to range a small bunch of stock!"

During the last quarter of a century statistics have shown a notable increase of the average expectation of the length of human life from birth. It appears that within 100 years this average for most civilized countries has grown from twenty-eight to fifty-three years. The statistics vary for different countries, but all show an advance. However, as the French scientific journal, La Nature, points out, this does not mean that the chances have been evenly increased throughout the duration of life, but rather that they have been enormously increased during one period of life, namely, that of infancy, and to a smaller degree in after years. Owing to the progress of hygiene and medical science, the causes of infant mortality have been largely eliminated, the reefs at the commencement of the voyage of life are in the main avoided, and the average length of life, counting from the start, app[illegible] increased for all.

It is a curious fact, muses the Popular Science Monthly, that it is largely scientific discovery that has lessened the incomes of scientific men. Prices depend upon all sorts of conditions, psychological as well as material, but in the end they are determined by the value of gold, and the value of gold depends on the cost of production. The cyanide process and other advances in metallurgy, mining and geology, as well as the discovery of new fields, have greatly lessened the cost of producing gold. The world's production of gold in 1896 amounted to $202,000,000, in 1906 to $400,000,000, or almost double. Unlike the wheat crop, the annual output of gold is not consumed, and the supply is probably increasing more rapidly than industry and commerce. The decreased cost of producing gold tends to make all prices higher, and wages and debts are payable in value less than b[illegible] been agreed.

Fastnet Rock, off the southwest coast of Ireland, is now marked by a powerful light in a new stone lighthouse recently completed. It takes the place of a cast-iron tower stationed on the summit of the rock, rising 173 feet above mean low water. The storms beat upon the rock with such fury that the old tower was considered as unsafe. On one occasion a cup of coffee standing on a table in the top room was knocked to the floor when a heavy wave submerged the tower. The new lighthouse rests on the rock near the water level. For the first forty-eight feet it is a solid mass of granite built up of heavy stones dovetailed together. The upper courses are also held together by tongue and groove, so that it is impossible for the waves to dislodge any stone. The lightest block of granite used weighs nearly two tons. This beacon of safety for the mariners lies nearly five miles from land, and is kept by four men, who are relieved every two weeks. So lonely is the location that a plumber who was sent out to put the piping in the new tower begged piteously to be taken back to land after he had worked one day, and he had to be [illegible] by a less timid man.

LITTLE SAILOR.

BY OWEN OLIVER.

The Grave Man was walking gravely down the lane that led to the sea, when he heard the sound of running footsteps behind him and turned. The Lively Girl rushed at him and held his sleeve, as if she feared that he might escape before she found her voice. They were both staying in the only hotel at a place which is out of the world, and shall not come into it from my telling. She had been there a week with her aunt, but he had come only the day before in a little yacht of his own. They knew nothing of each other, not even the names; but, since the mind must have pegs to hang its thoughts upon, they had named each other as I have called them. He was thirty, and perhaps more; a man who might be anything, the girl thought, but certainly a gentleman.

She was twenty, and perhaps less. "A merry little minx," the Grave Man had said in his thoughts. His thoughts were not so solemn as that grave face of his. Her own face was the graver at the moment.

"Take me to Mallport in your boat," she entreated, catching her breath between her words. "There is no train for three hours, and the carriage is out, and my bicycle is broken; and it is life or death."

The Grave Man looked at the sea and the clouds and frowned thoughtfully.

"It is very rough," he said dispassionately. "I had decided not to venture out this afternoon. But, if it really is a case of life and death—"

"Yes," she cried. "Yes, yes." She looked at him pleadingly, knowing well that she was a very pretty girl. "Oh, do!"

"As it is so serious," he said, "I will go; but it is too rough for you. Do you want a doctor?"

"No, no! It isn't illness. It's worse. And you can't do it for me. No one can. I must go aboard the mail boat before it starts. I must. I—oh! Don't waste time talking. I must go."

"Very well." He resumed his walk down the stony lane to the beach, and she walked with him. His boat—a tiny half-decked cutter, with a cabin for one—lay under the lee of the little rubble pier, green with seaweed and mussels. He helped the girl on board, unlocked the cabin and dragged out the foresail and proceeded to put it up.

"Get a cushion for yourself," he ordered over his shoulder. "Put out the boathook and balers. The thing like a small pail, and the can in it, I mean. We shall ship some water. . . . Yes, those. . . . Now, unfasten the big sail. Put the tapes on the seat. I shall want them again. Now, tie up these reef points two rows higher—like this. . . . No, no. So—"

"We shan't go so fast if you make the sail smaller," she protested.

"We shall go to the bottom if I don't," he replied grimly. "You understand that you are taking a risk?"

"Yes. I—I must."

"You are not afraid?"

She laughed uneasily and pushed back her hair.

"I am afraid," she owned; "but I must go."

"Very well. I must try to make a sailor of you. It's difficult to manage alone in this high wind, you see. Pull on this rope. Now! . . . Now! . . . Again. . . . That's right. Now sit there. Be ready to duck your head when the boom swings over." He untied the boat, pushed it from the pier, stuck the tiller in its socket and sat down, and they slipped away gradually into the sheltered water. "Put your hat in the cabin, and take a cap from the locker on the left. I mean that cupboard under the seat. Now, lock the door and give me the key. I don't want more water in there than I can help. Now sit still and don't be frightened when she leans over. . . . Now! Hold tight."

A great wave caught the side of the boat with a loud slap, and the spray flew over them. The boat sprang forward like a dog off the chain. The mast creaked and the cordage groaned. The girl clung to the side and trembled. The Grave Man lit his pipe calmly, holding the tiller under his arm.

"Now she feels it," he remarked carelessly, as he threw the match overboard and a splashing wave rushed it away.

The girl held the seat—and her breath.

"Will it be—like this—all the time?" she asked.

"No!" said the man with a laugh. "Not a bit! This is nothing. Just wait till we are past the point. But the boat will stand it—unless the storm blows up. Well, I told you it was a risk. But it isn't too late to turn back."

"And I told you it was a matter of life and death," said the girl. "I can't turn back."

The man nodded.

"What is your matter of life and death?" he asked.

The girl pushed her cap on a little further. It was a red stocking cap, and it set off her black hair. She pushed some straying locks under it.

"I suppose you are entitled to know," she said slowly.

"I think so," her companion answered.

She adjusted the cap again and looked at him, considering how much she should tell him. There were some feminine subterfuges in her mind at first; but he did not look like a good subject for subterfuges, and she was not sure that she liked to deceive him, because he had accepted the risk first and asked the reason afterward. He was strong, she felt; and women's burdens are meant to be shifted to strong shoulders; and she wanted to tell some one—being a woman. Also it is not easy to be little and crafty before the great threatening sky and the great swollen sea. She would tell him—the truth.

"It is a man," she confessed, twisting her gloves in her hand. "I needn't tell you his name or what he h[illegible] done, need I?"

"No," said [illegible] the boo[illegible]

Now sit over on the other side. Take your cushion. . . . Well, it's a man."

"I—I flirted with him. . . . He says that is why he went to the bad. I had a farewell letter from him this morning. He is going away out of the country. He thinks it is all my fault. I think so, too. I was the one person who could have saved him, he writes; but he knew me too well to ask my help. . . . I don't think he quite understood me."

She laughed painfully; and the man frowned.

"You don't propose to go with him, I hope?" he asked.

"No. . . . No. I shall tell him that I will wait for him till he—pulls round."

The man nodded.

"I should put a period to the waiting," he counselled. "Some men take a long time to 'pull round,' you know. At least I do."

The girl shook her head.

"If I had been different, perhaps he wouldn't have had to pull round. I—you must think very badly of me."

"No," said the man quietly.

"I didn't mean any harm," she explained. "I am—foolish."

"Yes. That is why I venture to give you advice; out of my lesser folly. You should fix a time within which he must show that he is really 'pulling round.' Some men never do; and you won't want to wait forever. . . . Hold tight. Here's a big one."

A huge wave broke over the bow, and a deluge of water came upon them. The girl gave a cry and clutched at the man.

"It's all right," he said. "Take the baler, and skim it up—so. Then empty it overboard. It isn't much; but if we keep on neglecting it we shall fill up. Some boats get swamped like that; and some men. They ship a little from every sea. You understand?"

"Yes; but it would be my fault. I flirted rather—atrociously. There's no excuse for me."

"You're only a child. Unlock the cabin and get out the waterproof coat and put it on. It's lying on the end of that cushion. See?"

She got out the coat, locked the cabin again, and returned the key.

"But you will want it yourself," she objected.

"I'll have the sweater." He pulled it out from a locker at the stern. "Put the coat on. . . . Now you look like a sailor. Hold the tiller while I struggle into the sweater. Thank you. Sit closer to the cabin. It will keep some of the wet off you. . . . Here's a good one!" The girl wiped the spray from her eyes, and set to work baling unasked. "You'll make a good sailor."

"A good captain makes good sailors," she answered, with a sudden warmth of admiration.

"That's the way through life," he told her gravely, "so don't sign on hastily with a bad one."

"But if you've signed on? He thought I had; and—and I can't desert him when he's—when he's made a mistake in his navigation."

"And run the ship aground! No. I suppose you can't. But I suspect that I should be doing you a kindness if I turned our boat's head the other way."

He set his mouth and looked round as if he would carry out his suggestion; but the girl touched his arm.

"You wouldn't turn me from my duty?" she entreated; and he looked hard at her.

"If it is your duty," he said, "I have no right to turn you from it. But are you sure? Quite sure?"

"Quite sure. We were practically engaged, and—don't make me tell you any more about it. I don't like you to think badly of me."

"I don't." He lit his pipe again, in the shelter of his hands. They were strong, brown hands, and the girl felt safe in them. One of them held her shoulder when two big waves came in rapid succession. The second showered upon her as she was leaning down to bale out the first. He baled, too, that time.

"It is rougher," she said, with a shiver.

"It will be rougher now that we have passed the point. It won't hurt if it gets no worse; but I don't know what is blowing up." He nodded to windward at a mountain of black clouds that seemed to tumble over one another into the sea. The foamy sea-horses were whiter against the blackness behind them. The darkness seemed to grow in the air around. There was a sudden quiet in the rushing waves that was more threatening than the storm.

"There is a life belt on the shelf at the far end of the cabin," he said very quietly. "Get it and put it on."

"Is the gale coming?"

"Yes. Get the belt quickly."

She brought out the belt, but her fingers trembled at the fastenings. He leaned against the tiller to free his hands and put it round her, still smoking his pipe quietly; but she pulled herself away.

"You must put it on," she said. "The risk is mine, not yours. No, no! I won't have it. It isn't fair."

"Nonsense!" he answered. "Come here and be tied up. If you don't I shall leave the tiller and come and do it; and then we're both done for, if we're struck by the squall. Come here, you foolish child."

"How good you are to me!" she cried, as he tied up the belt. "How good you are!"

"Nonsense!" he said again. "I can swim like a fish. I should take an oar if we went over, and we should drive ashore together—with luck—and walk home like a pair of half-drowned rats; and you'd miss the mail boat. Upon my word I think it would be a lucky thing for you if we upset. . . . There! Don't try to disobey your captain again."

The girl laughed unsteadily and wiped her eyes.

"No," she promised, "I won't. I nev[illegible]

boat. It knocked the girl into the well, and almost tore the man from the tiller; but he held on and put the boat into the wind, with the sails flapping wildly. She struggled to her knees in the water—which half filled the stern—groped for the baling can, and used it furiously, gasping for breath.

"Good sailor!" cried the man approvingly. "Take the pail. It holds more. Give me the can. I can manage the tiller with one hand. . minute. You're a plucky girl. . . . minute. You're a pluck girl. . . . It's blowing over. Shall we go on?"

"Yes," she said; and they turned out of the wind and plunged on again into the storm and the rain that had come in torrents.

"What will your aunt say to this business?" he asked suddenly.

The girl looked up suddenly, too.

"How did you know it was my aunt?" she asked, with a laugh.

"I asked about you, of course!"

"Of course?" she queried.

"I thought you looked—a good sailor," he explained.

"I thought I should like to know you, too," the girl owned. "I think—I do like to."

"Thank you. . . . We are friends. That is settled."

"Yes," she agreed. "We can't help it—now."

They subsided into silence, and he lit another pipe. The squalls became less violent and the sea less rough. The girl leaned back on the seat against the cabin, flushed and exhausted. The rain ceased and the sun peeped out from the place where the clouds had been. The clouds hung like doom over the land, and beneath them a curtain of rain. The Great Mole at Mallport was nearer and nearer; and over it they could see the striped funnel of the mail boat.

"Shall we be in time?" the girl asked.

"Yes. . . . Unfortunately."

She sighed.

"You may be right. I dare say I shall be sorry; but I had to do it. We were—greater friends than people knew. We had grown up together; and I treated him very badly. . . . It would be ruining a man's life, you see."

"Better ruin a man's life than a woman's. If he is worth his salt, he'll tell you so."

"But if I could save both? Just by waiting? . . . Don't say things to frighten me, please!"

"No," he promised. "I won't. You are a very good girl; a girl for a man to love very much. You will save him, I think, if anything can save a man from himself; but that is hard to do, dear little sailor. God bless you and help you." He held out his hand and she took it; and suddenly she bent and touched it with her lips. He stared at her and laughed quearly; but they didn't speak.

Then they rounded the Mole and were suddenly in the calm; and he tied up the boat at the slippery green steps.

"Be careful," he said, as he helped her up. "Be careful!" he repeated, in a different tone, as they stood at the top.

"You are going back?" she asked.

"I shall wait to see if I can be of any service to you," he said. "I—I like my little sailor, you know. . . . That is the mail boat, over there."

She wiped her eyes as she went. He lit his pipe again, frowning at the match severely. Then he set to work cleaning up his boat.

The girl came back sooner than he expected. She stood irresolutely at the top of the steps for some minutes, watching him, before he noticed her. Then he sprang up, and helped her down, without looking at her. He had noticed that her lips trembled, and he thought that she did not want to be looked at.

He did not look at her as they sailed round the monstrous Mole in the wake of the great mail steamer, and she did not look at him. They did not speak till the Mole was a couple of miles behind. Then she laughed—a curious, hesitating laugh. Then she suddenly cried:

"He has gone away with—some one else!" she said. "He laughed at me and said that he didn't want me. She was a horrid creature; and I am sure she paints. . . . He only wrote out of revenge . . . just to hurt me, and make me worry. Now I know how bad a man can be!" The Grave Man put his hand quietly on hers. "And—how good!" she said, with a sudden smile. "Captain!"

The Grave Man smiled, too, and looked at her very hard.

"Did you love him?" he asked. "Little sailor?"

She looked very hard at him.

"No," she said. "No!"

He smiled again; and she wondered how she had ever thought him grave.

"I think you are going to love some one else—some day."

"I—think—so," she said.

They sailed on for a long time. He forgot to move his hand from hers; and she forgot to remind him. The sails flapped softly, and the waves splashed gently, and the sun shone brightly; and the girl laughed very quietly from time to time; and so did the man.

"How long do you think we have known each other?" he asked presently.

"Years and years," said the girl dreamily. "Oh! Years and years—in a few hours. You see—we have faced death together."

The Grave Man leaned a little forward, and held her hand very tightly.

"Shall we face life together?" he asked. "Little sailor?"

The girl smiled and gave him her other hand.—The Graphic.

Romantic.

"Is the room disinfected?"

"Yes, mother; and I have sterilized the curtains, deodorized the furniture, septicized all the fixtures, vaporized the air, washed my lips in an antiseptic solution, and—"

"Have you septicized the mistle[illegible]?"

"Thoroughly, mother; everything [illegible]e. Arthur is waiting now in [illegible]rogen room."

"[illegible] you may go in and let him [illegible]lear."—Lippincott's.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

"Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Is this the way you mind your sheep—
Under the haystack, fast asleep?"

Little Boy Blue, awake, awake,
And see how merry your charges make!
Through field and garden their course they steer,
And the mischief they're doing—oh dear, oh dear!

I see them now, as they wander far,
With never a thought of a fence or bar.
I hear them laugh—I'm sure I do—
As they think of the trouble they've made for you.

Ah, little Boy Blue, this wisdom keep,
That much may happen when one's asleep;
And he who'd harvest his field of corn,
Must keep his eyes open, and blow his horn.
—Anna Marion Smith, in St. Nicholas.

FUN FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

When the snow blows and the elements are such as to make it most unpleasant for one to wander far from his own hearth-stone, the open fireplace, with its crackling and blazing logs, seems to hold a distinctive charm. It is then that the family gathers around and each one relates the pleasant and interesting things that have happened during the day, while some one toasts marshmallows and another pops corn over the blazing fire. On such occasions there are a great many ways to make the long winter evenings pass pleasantly.

Word building is one of them, and will prove equally entertaining to both old and young. Some one starts the game by thinking of some word, which, of course, he does not divulge to the others, and gives aloud the first letter of it. The next player has to think of a word with that letter for the first letter of his own word, which probably will be entirely different from what the first player had in mind, and gives aloud the second letter of it. The other players add a letter in turn, until some one ends a word and is dropped out of the game. For instance, suppose the first player thinks of the word charming. He gives aloud the letter c. Then the next player adds aloud l, thinking of the word clash. The next player, having clap in mind, adds the letter a, and the next, thinking of clamor, adds m, when lo! he is dropped out of the game, as he has ended the word clam. A new word is now started and the game progresses, the players dropping out one by one, after the fashion of a spelling match, until the one who has succeeded in staying in longest is pronounced the winner.

A musical contest will also prove an attractive way of entertaining. Provide each player with paper and pencil, and then have some one play snatches of old familiar and up-to-date airs on the piano. The players write the names of the selections on the slips of paper, as they are played. The object being to find out who can name the most number correctly.

At another time familiar quotations might be a pleasing feature. A number of them are written so as to give the correct meaning, but not as they are quoted. Then the players put their thinking caps on and write them out correctly. The following are given for examples, but any others might be used equally as well.

"Beauty is a thing of joy at all times."

"The pulling has to be eaten before you know how good it is."

"Two birds in the bush are of less value than one in the hand."

"Many stitches are saved by taking one promptly."

"Stones should not be thrown by those who live in the houses of glass."

Key to Above.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"A stitch in time saves nine."

"People who live in glass houses should not throw stones."—Katherine D. Salisbury.

GEESE WITH BRAINS.

A farmer would scarcely believe that a goose requires only about sixty hours in order to prepare it for the footlights and a critical audience, and that a common pig, which has been bought in the market, will in thirty hours be competent to blossom forth as an actor.

According to Clyde Powers, a trainer of wide experience and much patience, it takes a duck about three days to learn how to march on the stage, to follow the chorus, and to march off again at the proper time; it takes a chicken a week or more, and a turkey cannot grasp the art of acting in less than six months' time.

Mr. Powers has tried to train a pea fowl, but he finds that it is impossible. A goose is the most intelligent of all the feathered tribe, and a goose is also the only domestic fowl that shows affection.

Animals are always entertaining, and so much in demand are they by managers, that every vaudeville theatre in America books for its program at least one animal act, and often two every week. A good animal troupe is contracted for many months ahead, and its owners and trainers receive salaries far exceeding those of the average troupe of vaudeville performers of the human species.

During a visit to a dress rehearsal at the Hippodrome, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly, three or four cub bears were being schooled in the art of standing on their heads, in driving an auto, or at least appearing to do so, and last but not least—for it amuses an audience greatly—to drink out of bottles.

To teach them this last act is not very difficult if the bottles are filled with sweetened water; in fact, the difficulty comes in preventing the cubs from stealing these bottles and rehearsing before it is time, so fond are they of this particular form of acting.

Bears are decidedly humorous, and while they know perfectly well what they are doing, they often do a trick the wrong way, apparently just for the humor of the thing and they seem to enjoy the scolding, which with baby bears is seldom accompanied by punishment. The trainer's pockets are usually bulging with sugar, and the cubs are given a taste every time they obey orders and go through a trick with willingness. If a bear is good tempered and of adaptable disposition, a new trick can be mastered in about four weeks.

A WASP'S MISTAKE.

It is generally supposed that instinct unerringly teaches birds and insects the best way in which to build their homes or nests and also to provide for their offspring. The following incident will show that instinct is not always infallible.

A naturalist placed three small empty vials in an open box on a shelf in an upright position in close contact, and they were uncorked. A short time afterward it was a matter of surprise to find that these had been appropriated by a female mud wasp. She had placed a goodly number of spiders in the centre vial, doubtless intended to serve as food for her future brood, then proceeded to deposit her eggs in those on either side. She next closed tightly the mouths of all the receptacles with a hard lime cement. Having finished her work, she then doubtless went on her way, satisfied all had been done for her offspring that a thoughtful mother could do. But just think of the sensations of those little wasps when they come into existence, for, while starving in their sealed cages, they can plainly see through the impenetrable glass walls the bountiful supply of food which was provided for their use.

EVOLUTION OF THE RAFT.

The canoe was one of the earliest of boats, but it is not in line with the later growth. The ancestry of the modern boat begins with the log and is traced through the raft rather than through the canoe. By lashing together several logs it was found that larger burdens could be carried. Therefore the boat of a single log grew into one of several logs—a raft. By the time man had learned to make a raft we see he had learned something else; he had learned to row his boat along by pulling at an oar instead of pushing it along with a paddle. Rafts were used by nearly all the nations of antiquity. Herodotus, the father of history, tells us that they were in use in ancient Chaldea.—St. Nicholas.

SAVED BY A SONG.

A boy was amusing himself by watching the birds flying about him. Soon a beautiful bobolink perched on a rough bough of an apple tree, with its head held high up in the air.

The boy picked up a stone, and was ready to throw it, when the bird's throat swelled and forth came the song "A-link, a-link, a-link, bobolink, a-no-sweet, a-no-sweet, I know it, I know it, a-link, a-link; don't throw it, throw it, throw it."

And the boy dropped the stone on the ground.

"Why didn't you stone him, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home."

The little fellow looked up and replied: "Couldn't because he sung so."—Chicago Dispatch.

COMMONWEALTH CHARACTERISTICS.

The most religious State—Mass.
The cleanly State—Wash.
The most egotistical State—Me.
The sickliest State—Ill.
The most maidenly State—Miss
The medical State—Md.
The most paternal State—Pa.
The mining State—Ore.
The bunco State—Conn.
The deep in debt State—O.
The coy State—La.
The personal State—U.
The swift divorce State—S. D
The liquor State—Flo.
The card-sharp State—Mont.
And the oldest State—Ark.

Open Air For Young Consumptives.

Under the auspices of the Alland Institution for Consumptives an interesting experiment was made during the summer in open air treatment for young children infected with tuberculosis. Forty-eight little patients whose ages ranged between four and thirteen years were treated for five months with very gratifying results. At the end of this time forty children were sent home apparently quite cured, six showed very slight traces of the disease and only two were in about the same condition as when they entered, while their general health was better.

These last eight cases had already reached a serious stage when the treatment began. All the children had gained in weight from two to eighteen pounds. The experiment will be continued with more patients next year. — Vienna Correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

Foreign Wheels.

Everywhere in the Old World the wheels of wagons and carriages are two to three times as heavy as those on corresponding vehicles in America, and so appear clumsy and cumbersome to us. The explanation of the difference is that our wheels are made of hickory, a [illegible] which is unknown ab[illegible] and [illegible] the requi[illegible] mass.—Th[illegible]

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

MAN LASSOED AT SEA.

The steamer Hudson, a stub-nosed, gray-sided hooker, loaded deep with treasures of the Far East, swung at anchor just above the Quarantine station. Her crew celebrated her arrival from Manila and other ports, and her skipper, Captain Fenton, came into town to report her safe arrival to his agents and to get a bit of Thanksgiving cheer ashore.

When the Hudson passed in Quarantine yesterday she finished what had been rather a trying voyage for officers and men. There was something happening most of the time, as one of her men put it, and the stories told aft and in the cabin justified him.

The most remarkable happening was the rescue at sea of Anan, the Malay quartermaster, who fell overboard when the vessel was nearing Bermuda, and who was only got on board again after a piece of rare seamanship. First Mate James McGanegal, a very modest man, was loath to tell of the incident, but every English speaking man on board was loud in praise of the skipper and his officers.

Anan, a good looking, yellow-skinned Malay, with a working knowledge of English, on November 21, when the Hudson was battling with a northwest gale 150 miles from Bermuda, started to go from the bridge to the water tank for a pail of water. He reached the port rail when the Hudson fell to meet an oncoming sea, and then, instead of rising, buried her nose and shipped tons of water, which galloped like mad over the bridge and deck. The quartermaster was thrown clear over the rail and landed in the boiling sea. Fortunately he kept hold of the wooden pail, and it is to this fact that he owes his life.

Both the skipper and the mate, clinging to the bridge rail, saw the man go, and as the water receded ran to the wheel. An instant later the Hudson swung to port.

By this time most of the crew were at the rail throwing life belts or whatever they could lay hands on to the unfortunate man, fast drifting away from the vessel. Such was the fury of the storm that they were unable to lower a boat. The steamer slowly circled about until she was tail to the gale and rolling in seas which broke over her poop.

Slowly the skipper worked her about until he was near the man in the water. The whole crew by this time lined the rail. Chinese, Lascars and Malays vied with each other in the endeavor to throw a line to the man.

Anan had been unable to catch either belt or line, but he had had the presence of mind to tuck the pail up under his arm. As the Hudson got to windward, Third Engineer George Murray and another man went down a rope ladder thrown over the side and tried to reach the now unconscious Quartermaster. Overhead, the forty Orientals were chattering excitedly above the storm. This form of rescue was not a success, and so it was given up.

Finally some one on board made a lasso, and by throwing repeatedly they managed to get it tight about the Malay's neck. In this way he was drawn close to the vessel's side and hauled on board. For two hours the crew worked over him before he was brought around, and it was two days before he was able to go to work again.

There was another rescue made on the trip. In the Gulf of Aden a heat-crazed stoker jumped overboard. A boat was promptly lowered, and he was rescued. The bath was evidently what he needed, for he soon returned to work.

The Hudson's voyage from Algiers was a long one, for she was so delayed by storms that it was necessary to put into Bermuda to replenish her coal bunkers. She sailed from that port on Friday, and even then her troubles on board were not ended, for on Sunday morning her main steampipe broke and had to be patched up. After that her officers had to be content to steam along at a five-knot gait. The only real exciting incident below decks, a member of the crew said last night, happened on the way out, when a Chinese stoker bit the ear off of a companion in a stoke hold dispute.—New York Times.

ENDANGERED LIFE TO SNAP OX.

Ernest Thompson Seton told the delegates of the Ornithologists at Philadelphia of a miraculous escape from a muskox.

He punctured the world famous legend of the pelican which is supposed to bite its breast for its hungry young. Besides this he propounded the query for future grave consideration, "Why do mosquitoes bite men and not frogs?" Furthermore he explained how the caribou get rid of these pests of the Great North by creating artificial breezes to blow them away, a natural fly fan in short.

"We were at a latitude of sixty-five degrees north, in the barren lands," he said of the muskox. "Suddenly the ox came toward us. I said to my assistant, Mr. Preble, 'I'm going out in front of the ox and photograph him. My life is in your hands. If he charges me and you miss aim it will be all over with me!'

"'Go ahead,' was his gruff reply, as he put the gun to his shoulder.

"I stood in front of the cumbersome animal and directed my camera toward him. As soon as the ox saw the instrument he charged at me like mad. By the time my camera clicked the ox was almost upon me, and Preble fired. The aim was true, and, as I dropped to the ground to avoid the animal's charge, the bullet took effect, and litera[illegible] knocked him three feet from his c[illegible]

ton, "for devotion to the young, would be put to shame by a common English sparrow. We found a nest of young pelicans and waited around to take a photograph of the parent. At 9 o'clock in the morning the pelican discovered my party in the vicinity and fled. It did not return until nightfall. That's the kind of devoted bird the pelican is. That story of it biting its breast is one Mr. Roosevelt should look into."

"The caribou," said the speaker, "are protected by swarms of mosquitoes from any inordinate depredations. I have often seen the caribou, when they did not suspect my presence, racing along like mad just to free themselves from these apparently insignificant but really terrible little foes by creating an artificial breeze."

In order to give an idea of the immense swarms of these insects he improvised a "mosquito gauge" by holding up his hand.

"In the Great Slave Lake region," he said, "I used the back of my hand as a gauge, and, incredible as it may seem, 150 of the little pests attacked the back within one second.

"Then I did a little experimenting," he continued, "and picked up a frog to see how the mosquitoes would attack it. They flocked to my hand and stung me, but would not touch the frog. When a couple of the mosquitoes did alight upon the frog they jumped off as if it were hot.

"Now, ornithologists," he ad[illegible] "there's a problem for you to solve. Why does a mosquito attack a human being and refuse to touch a frog?"

The ornithologists did not decide to take the question up.

TO EUROPE BY AUTO.

A proposal has been made by a Paris journal to arrange a trip by automobile from New York to Paris. The idea is to proceed across the continent to Alaska, through Alaska and across Bering Straits to Siberia, through Siberia and Russia, and thus to Paris. The Arctic portion of the trip would have to be carried out in midwinter, when the straits are frozen and when the frozen rivers of the North might be expected to furnish the best highways. With this end in view it is proposed to have the journey begin in the middle of February, 1908. The difficulties of the tour are fully recognized. For example, in one part of Siberia 600 miles would have to be traversed without opportunity for replenishing the fuel supply. And before Siberia is reached there is the difficulty of Bering Straits to be solved. The straits do not always freeze in such a way as to afford a safe crossing for a heavy machine laden with the men and the supplies it will be necessary for them to carry for so long a journey. It is estimated that the route would cover 15,000 miles. A prominent automobilist says that the scheme is quite feasible, but of course will depend on the endurance of the car and the men. He points out that it will not be a case of driving alone, but of intelligent adaptation to all possible conditions, in the arrangement of food supply and fuel for the car, and the ability to meet and triumph over difficult situations which have never before been encountered. It will indeed be an adventurous journey. An accident to the machine or a failure of fuel in the wilds of Alaska or Siberia, would probably lead to the death of the traveler by starvation or fatigue. He cannot foresee what may happen to him, and he will be far away from all who can succor him. He courts the dangers and uncertainties which the voyager in the journey of life is forced to face in the path of duty, and he will not have the support that comes to him who goes forward conscious that he is sent of God.—From the Christian Herald.

A POET'S VISION.

For years the poet Francis Thompson had been one of the "submerged," selling matches, calling cabs, anything to obtain the pence necessary to buy food. At last he yielded to despair and having for some days saved up all he could earn he devoted it to the purchase of a single dose of laudanum sufficient to end his troubles. With this he retired at night to his haunt, the rubbish plot in Covent Garden Market. Then by his own narrative the following incident occurred. He had already taken half the fatal draught when he felt a hand upon his arm, and looking up saw one whom he recognized as Chatterton forbidding him to drink the rest, and at the same instant memory came to him of how, after that poet's suicide, a letter had been delivered at his lodgings which if he had waited another day would have brought him the relief needed.

It happened so with Thompson, for after infinite pains the editor of a magazine who had accepted and printed an essay and a poem of his, but could not discover his address, had that very morning traced Thompson to the chemist's shop where the drug was sold, and relief for him was close at hand.—From the Academy.

Loading Freight by Cards.

"I don't know whether the practice is still kept up in the far South, but I remember how tickled I was at seeing the method used in loading goods into freight cars down in Mississippi some while ago," said C. C. Donaldson, a railroad man of St. Louis.

"A lot of strapping black fellows will be on the job under the supervision of a white man, who will be issuing orders with great volubility. 'Put this aboard the king of diamonds; take this to the ace of hearts; load this on the ten of spades; this to the jack of clubs,' and so on, and then you'll notice each one of the long line of freight cars has tacked on it some one of the fifty-two cards [illegible] a full deck. The Sa[illegible]mbian l[illegible]ers were for the most part ignor[illegible] of letters and figures, but eve[illegible] of them knew the pa[illegible] blems which [illegible] of [illegible]