THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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The London book, "How to Tell a Joke," is the biggest joke of the season to the Atlanta Constitution.

The Western poets make more money shoveling snow than from writing about it, reckons the Atlanta Constitution.

Now it is promised that wireless electric lighting will quickly follow the wireless telephone, but politics without wirepulling is not yet in sight, laments the Florida Times-Union.

A noted scientist says that women who blondine their hair are immoral. A perfectly safe statement to make to the Associated Press, admits the Louisville Courier-Journal, but a risky one to make in a drawing room.

The Roman Stock Exchange, which was wrecked by an explosion, was housed in an ancient temple of Neptune, God of the Sea. To that god also why should not the classic temple in Broad street be solemnly consecrated? asks the New York World. Water is its element.

Adjutant-General Henry, in his annual report, says that more than one-half of the members of the National Guard fail to complete their term of service. If staff officers adopted ways and means to make the service more attractive to young men there probably would not be such a falling off, suggests the New York Herald.

Workmen on the roof of the United States assay office in Wall street, New York City, aroused the indignation of the entire neighborhood by using a tattered American flag for the purpose of cleaning the glass. Patriotic Wall street, sneers the Chicago Tribune. How its loyal, true-blue old heart must have been wrung!

The Rome Sentinel thinks: In going the pace that kills New York City breaks records of mortality in the matter of heart disease. Statistics for the first eleven months of the year indicate that 1907 will show an increase of about twenty-seven per cent. in the number of deaths from heart ailments in Manhattan and the Bronx compared with the figures of last year.

Remarks the New York Tribune: The exhibition of life-saving appliances or of devices intended to prevent loss of life or physical injuries is attractive because of the inventive ingenuity displayed. Efficiency in production, in profit making and in speed has been pushed to a marvellous degree. It will be well to catch up with it, at least in efficiency for the protection of human limb and life.

One of the serious propositions for the people of Canada to solve is the fuel supply of the future. Not a pound of coal of any kind has ever been discovered in the Province of Ontario. In the older part of the province the timber is practically exhausted. The grotesque-looking stump fences, the last remains of the once gigantic pine forests, are now being replaced with wire fences and the stumps converted into fuel.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, who has begun a crusade against "sissified" influence in the public schools, declared that men teachers were needed to revive the good old custom of flogging. "One of the evils of effeminization," said he, "is the sentimentality that cannot tolerate flogging. The new movement that I find very strong in New York City and State and through the West is that men be restored to the schools in due proportion. The high school must not be a girls' school."

That because of the decrease in birds the United States is losing yearly without protest a sum larger than the capitalization of all the national banks in the country, was the statement made by President William Dutcher, of the National Association of Audubon Societies, at the annual meeting of the association. "The public," declared Mr. Dutcher, "placidly allows agricultural crops valued at $800,000,000 to be destroyed annually by insects, which destruction is entirely due to the rapid decrease in the number of insectivorous birds in the country."

Charles A. Conant writes as follows in the Atlantic: Negotiable securities constitute one of the most important parts of the mechanism of modern finance. By their aid manufacturing upon a great scale has become possible, cheapening and multiplying the essential comforts of civilized life; all parts of the earth have been bound together by bands of steel or floating ocean palaces; the inventor, the manufacturer, and the banker have been enabled to transfer the resources of the older countries to new and untried lands. Is it any wonder that the security markets have come to represent, more than ever before, the pulse of economic life, and that he who contemplates doing anything to disturb those markets, even to further the ends of justice, should weigh carefully the consequences of his acts?

WHEN OUR LOVE BEGAN.

BY CLARENCE OUSLEY.

The year is young, but its lineage runs
To the dawn of the far first day,
When the sun burst forth and the earth was flung
On its splendid starlit way.
And so with the love we feel but now—
It began in the earlier time,
Ere the souls of men were garmented
In the flesh of an earthly clime.

'Twas there in the morn of the primal state,
In the world of the truly-real,
Our love was born, our souls were joined
In a union fast and leal.
We know it not in the sentient way
Of the passionate embrace,
For we had no ken of mortal things
Nor the form of mortal grace.

With the sweet and fleet bewilderment
Of a first beatitude
We touched and passed in the whirling throng
Of the spirit multitude,
Then sped our ways in the wilderness
Of a human destiny,
With only the feel of a faint caress
And a mystic memory.

But ever we heard a mating call,
And ever we sang the note
Till the good God brought us eye to eye
And we spoke from throat to throat.
Now nothing matters of time or place
In a mere mortality,
For a twain that loved in the Soul's estate
Are one for eternity.

—Uncle Remus's Magazine.

The Sale of David.

By FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM.

Eliza was tired of taking care of David. Eliza was eight and David was two. In the morning before she went to school Eliza washed and dressed him and gave him his breakfast. When she came home at noon she gave him his dinner; when school was over at night Eliza took entire care of David till his bedtime.

Eliza's mother was a very busy woman with little money and seven children to clothe and feed. There was a baby younger than David; there were three children older than he and younger than Eliza, and only Eliza and Mary, a girl of twelve, to help the mother. Eliza should have been grateful that she was required to take care of David only.

But Eliza sometimes got very tired of David, very; though of course she was fond of him. This afternoon she was more than usually cross as she trundled him down the street in the cart her father had made out of a soap box on four squeaking, wriggling wheels.

Eliza tugged resentfully at the rope fastened through a hole in the box. David grinned delightedly at the sunshine, and enjoyed the squeak. Not so Eliza. Amy Winters had invited the girls to her house that afternoon to make candy. She had told Eliza she could not come if she must bring David. This was not so unkind of Amy as seems at first, for the girls were fond of David, who was the best natured baby in the world; but at the last candy pull David had attended, he had upset on his head a cup of molasses just ready for the stove. So, while the other girls had pulled the candy, Eliza had to wash David's face and hair.

Eliza went fast past Amy's house, beating up a cloud of dust about her downcast eyes. She walked on toward the postoffice. Here some boys were playing marbles. One of them stopped and greeted Eliza.

"Hullo, how's your kid to-day?"

The boys all called David "Eliza's kid."

Eliza did not deign to answer; she tossed her head and the wagon wheels creaked ominously.

"Kid for sale, kid for sale," called another, smiling good naturedly at David's happy face.

The silent Eliza went on faster than ever. When she had turned the corner, and was out of sight of the boys, she looked back at David. She wished he was for sale; she wished somebody would buy him. With his soft red curls and round blue eyes, he was pretty enough for anybody to buy. Now she remembered she had heard her mother say that very morning she wasn't rich in anything but children, and she wished somebody would buy some of them.

Eliza's mother was so busy moving about that a speech begun in one room was likely to end in another, so that Eliza frequently did not hear the end of her mother's remarks. Eliza did not hear her mother add that there wasn't a child she part with for less than ten million dollars. Eliza thought that perhaps her mother would be glad to sell David.

"I'll find him a good place," said Eliza, "with a kind, rich old lady, and she'd pay a good deal, and I wouldn't have to take care of him. I'd want him to have a nice big house."

The cart, the baby and the little girl went up the hill, where were some of the pleasantest homes in the town. Eliza stopped in front of one of these. On the side piazza sat a pretty lady dressed in black. Squeaking, squeaking, the cart came up the path. The diplomatic Eliza left David at the front and went around the side path toward the lady. David did not cry; David seldom cried.

"Are you the lady that lives here?" asked Eliza.

The lady took a moist handkerchief down from her eyes and looked with a start at the small Eliza standing at the foot of the side steps. She nodded.

"Would you like to buy a baby?"

"A—what?" asked the lady in a strange voice.

"A baby. I have one to sell."

The lady sat up very straight. "How much is it worth?"

"I don't know; I'll let you see him and then perhaps you can tell."

Eliza trotted around to the front, gave David's red curls a rub in the right direction, sighed at his dirty hands, then pulled the cart around to the side.

"So that is the baby," said the lady. "Take him out and let me look at him."

Eliza pulled David out of the box and tugged him, limply indifferent, up the steps. The lady looked at him. She held out her hand and David caught at her finger; then, with a gurgle of pleasure, fell against her knee. The lady bent over him. "This baby is worth a great deal," she said. "Why do you want to sell him?"

"Because there's six more like him—not exactly like him 'cause I'm one; but we've got a good many babies and not much money, and I thought—I—I have to take care of him all the time—and the girls don't always like to have him 'round."

"Do you think he's worth a hundred dollars?" asked the lady.

A hundred dollars! Why, of course, no baby in the world could be worth that!

"I—I think ten would be enough," said Eliza tremulously.

"I can't pay you all at once," said the lady. She stooped and lifted the baby into her lap and he leaned against her, laughing contentedly. "But I'll pay by installments."

"What's that?" asked Eliza with dread.

"Why little by little, you know. If he suits me, I'll pay it all; but meantime I'll give you—how much shall I give you till we get acquainted?"

"Ten cents would do for to-night," said Eliza.

The lady took up a dangling silver purse and, holding it out of reach of the baby's fingers, she extracted a dime.

"I suppose you'll give this to your mother," she said gravely.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Eliza with greater gravity.

"And here's one cent for you to spend. And here's my card to show your mother who's bought the baby."

Eliza stood looking at the lady.

"Good-by," said the lady. "What's his name?"

"David," answered Eliza.

"David and I are going into the house," said the lady. She gathered the baby up in her arms, and he, playing with the silver purse, never looked at Eliza.

"Do you—do you"—asked Eliza, "know how to take care of babies?"

The lady's lips quivered. "Very well indeed," she said, and then she went into the house and shut the door.

"I'll leave the cart," shouted Eliza; "you may need it."

Nobody answered, and Eliza walked slowly away. She tied the card and the dime in the corner of her pocket handkerchief, but she held the penny in her hand. When she reached the postoffice the boys were gone, so she went in and bought ten candy marbles for a cent. Then she went on to Amy's house. The candy was delicious and sticky and Eliza's marbles were delightfully hard. The little girls kindly inquired about David, but did not follow up Eliza's evasive answers. Eliza ought to have had a beautiful time; but she did not.

"I'll walk home with you," she said to Catharine Whitney, who lived at the other end of the village.

"It's out of your way," said Catharine, with more truth than politeness.

"I don't care," said Eliza; but she walked so slowly that Catharine protested:

"You act dreadful queer, Eliza; are you sick or anything?"

"No," answered Eliza.

She said good-by to Catharine at the gate, and then she waited some time before she began to walk toward home. The sun was setting and pouring a golden glory over the world, but it all seemed dark to Eliza. She walked more and more slowly. Her head was hanging low, so that those who passed should not see the tears in her eyes. What was the matter? She took out her handkerchief and felt the ten cents in the corner. She was coming to the postoffice now. Up that street she had trundled David to his new home. Eliza stopped and threw up her head.

"David!" she called; then went up the road like a deer.

The maid of the lady who had purchased David had just said at the door of an upstairs room:

"A little girl to see you, mum," when Eliza pushed past her.

Eliza was breathless; there were tear streaks on her cheeks; she threw herself on a baby sitting in sweet placidity on the floor.

"Oh, David, David," she cried, "don't you know sister, don't you love Eliza?"

David gurgled and thrust the nose of a woolly lamb in Eliza's face. Then the lady who was sitting very, very near David said:

"What do you want, little girl?" This is my baby, I bought him today."

"Oh, no, he isn't, he isn't, he's mine." Eliza caught David around his fat shoulders and dragged him toward the door. "I'll give you back your ten cents and your penny when I earn another, but you can't, you can't have him."

"Wait, little girl, wait, you are hurting him," for David had begun to whimper. "Let me speak to you for a moment, dear."

Something in the lady's eyes made Eliza let her take David into her lap, though Eliza stood close by.

"Once I had a baby something like David," the lady put her lips against David's curls. "And God took him away—and—and I can't have him back. You can have David back—but don't try to give away or sell or lose anything that loves you. Some day there won't be so many and you'll want to remember that you always loved everybody God gave you to love. You should be very happy to have so many people."

"Yes'm," said Eliza. "Here's your ten cents."

"Thank you," said the lady. "David is going to take the woolly lamb home with him and—has he a pretty coat and hat? It's cool now the sun is down."

"Mother is going to make him a nice coat when she has time," said Eliza.

"I have one that will just fit him," said the lady.

As they went creaking down the driveway a little later David had on a pretty coat and hat and the woolly lamb in his arms. The lady walked beside Eliza to the gate. Then she said good-by.

"Bring David to see me sometimes."

"Yes'm," answered Eliza. "Good-by."

Eliza flew toward home with now and then a careful backward eye on David and the cart. Near her own house Mary came running toward her.

"Oh, Eliza, where've you been so long? Mother's most crazy. She's afraid something happened to you or David."

"There hasn't," Eliza nodded happily. "She might have known I wouldn't let anything happen to David."—Congregationalist and Christian World.

"SOME GOOD THINGS SAID ABOUT FARMING."

The withered leaf is not dead and lost, there are
Forces in it and around it, though working in inverse order; else how could it rot?

—Thomas Carlyle.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

—William Shakespeare

The great cities grow like creeping paralysis over freedom, and the man from the country is walking into them all the time because the poor, restless fellow believes wealth awaits him on their pavements.—Owen Wister.

Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Farmers may well be congratulated on the interests of farmers in economic and political affairs and on their independent thinking and independent voting.—John M. Stahl.

If we can not find God in your house and mine, upon the roadside or the margin of the sea, in the bursting seed or opening flower, in the day duty and the night musing, I do not think we should discern Him any more on the grass of Eden or beneath the moonlight of Gethsemane.—James Martineau.

Suppose you sit down and tell us of any industry that will not be helped along with any help given to agriculture.

Henry Ward Beecher once said: "The best fertilizer for any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence; without these lime and gypsum, bones and green manure, marl and guano will be of little use."

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the law of the land he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, feels more strongly than another, the character of a man as the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by His power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his from the centre to the sky.—Edward Everett.

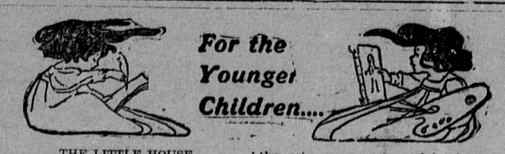
SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

Wireless telegraph messages have been received at Point Loma from Sitka, a distance of 1905 miles. This is the longest distance across which a message has been sent on the Pacific coast.

Paper making in Japan has been very active for the past year or so. New companies have been formed and old ones enlarged. Most Japanese mills use steam for motive power, and nearly all the machinery used is of American make.

The occurrence of spinel in blast furnace slags appears to have been first determined in 1880 by Muirhead, who found that highly aluminous slags left a proportion of very intractable residue varying from five per cent. to seventeen and a half per cent. of the whole weight. This when analyzed proved to be spinel, with about one-third of the magnesia replaced by iron.

Professor Wiechert at Gottingen, Germany, has just had constructed two great seismographs, the instruments which record earthquakes, even when the region shaken is thousands of miles away. One of them has a horizontal, the other a vertical pendulum. The horizontal pendulum weighs seventeen tons. Four levers placed in series multiply the movements of the ground 2200 times. This apparatus is so sensitive that it registers the shocks transmitted to the earth by a gas motor a mile and a half distant. The vertical pendulum weighs 2600 pounds, and its multiplying levers amplify the movements of the soil 160 times.



THE LITTLE HOUSE.

Through all the happy summer time
The Little House was ours,
Hidden away among the trees,
With neighbor birds and flowers.

All day we played our summer plays,
Bareheaded in the sun,
But sought the funny Little House
When playing-time was done.

And patiently as any friend
It waited all the while;
The windows hailed us eagerly,
The doorway seemed to smile.

But now, with summer birds and flowers,
We, too, have gone away,
The wistful, waiting Little House
Is empty all the day.

Think—how the shivering trees are bare,
And how the shrill winds blow
About the lonely Little House
All smothered in the snow!

Think—how the door is buried deep,
The windows scarcely see,
And no one drives away the crows
Who gossip peeringly!

Dear Little House among the trees,
'Tis lonely-time for you;
But far away we wait and long,
For we are lonely, too!

—Abbie Farwell Brown, in The Churchman.

A SCARE.

"If you are not careful, Molly, that wheel of yours will be stolen."

"Now, mamma, who on earth in this little town would be mean enough!"

"There's no telling," said Mrs. Evans, "but you're altogether too careless; when you come home from school at recess you should not leave it out on the sidewalk; there are always tramps passing through, and unscrupulous people who wouldn't hesitate to go on with it."

"Well, it would have to be a person of my size who could ride it easily, that's all," said Molly, laughing. "Good-bye, mummy, dear; nobody wants my own particular wheel, and I don't believe it would spin along for any one but me," and Molly mounted and was off, waving her hand as she turned a corner, with that utter disregard of her handle bar which always brought poor Mrs. Evans' heart into her mouth.

Molly stopped on her way back to school for her bosom friend, Annie Heywood, who always rode with her, and the two girls arranged to spend the afternoon on their wheels, for the day was perfect and the approaching cold weather would soon cut them off from their favorite pastime, so they made the most of their opportunities.

"I'll go home and leave my books," said Molly, after school, "and you stop for me."

"All right," returned Annie, "but I warn you to hurry. I won't be gone but a minute."

Molly flung herself off her wheel and rushed upstairs. She had not been in the house five minutes, but when she came down her wheel had vanished, and there was Annie riding swiftly toward her.

"Get your wheel," called Annie; "we'll go toward Wilson's wood."

"It's—it's gone!" cried Molly, with something between a sob and a gasp.

"I seen a boy get on it," said a voice nearby, which belonged to little Micky Flannigan, the butcher's boy.

"Why didn't you stop him?" asked Molly excitedly. "Who was it?"

"I dunno," said Micky, stolidly. "Looked like he owned it."

"Which way did he go?" demanded Molly.

Micky pointed toward the east. The girls strained their eyes and saw a vanishing speck in the distance.

"Oh!" cried poor Molly, "mamma was right, it was all my own carelessness, and now some one has gone off with it. What shall I do?"

"Take my wheel and follow," said Annie heroically; "he's bound to turn to his right at the end of the street, and if you go the back way you can head him off. I'll wait here."

So Molly mounted and was off, but the boy on the wheel passed the "heading off" place before she reached it, so he had the start of her in the race. He darted and twisted around street corners, made daring cuts across the road, coasted down hill after hill, always eluding Molly, who was in close pursuit. She could not get a good glimpse of him, but from his looks and the "tough" way in which he wore his cap, she was sure he belonged to the "butcher boy" variety, a constant menace in the little town, for there was quite a gang of them.

Suppose she did overtake him! She never would have courage to claim her wheel, and if she did he would never give it up to one weak girl.

All this time she was going like the wind, and he—straight as an arrow in front of her. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled with excitement.

Suddenly the boy turned into a familiar street—her own! A cry of astonishment escaped her, for he rode directly to the Evans' door and dismounted, stood cap in hand, smiling and talking with Annie while he waited for her to come up.

"Why, Tom!" she exclaimed, as she recognized her own brother's mischievous, freckled face. "How could you?"

"Wasn't it fun? I led you a dance, didn't I? I always wanted to try that jolly little wheel. Much obliged, Molly, for my charming ride; but if you will leave your wheel standing unguarded on the king's highway you must expect—"

Before he finished his sentence the two girls had gone, but the prank, rough and boyish as it was, taught Molly a lesson which she never forgot.—Belle Moses, in the Washington Star.

THE COW AND THE GATE.

When I was a bucolic treasury clerk in Washington, the cow of an old Irish woman near by, used to peep through the cracks in my garden fence at my growing corn and cabbage till her mouth watered. Then she saw that a place in the fence yielded to me and let me in, so she tried it; she nudged the gate with her nose until she hit the latch and the gate swung open and let her in. There was an audible crunching of succulent leaves and stalks that soon attracted my attention. I hustled her out and sent a kick after her that fell short and nearly unjointed my leg. But she was soon back and she came again and again till I discovered her secret and repaired the latch so that nudging or butting the gate would not open it.

How surely such conduct as this of the cow's evinces reason to most persons. But shall we not rather call it the blind gropings of instinct stimulated into action by the sight and odor of the tender vegetables? Many of the lowest organisms show just as much intelligence about their food as did the old cow.

Even the American sun dew, according to Mrs. Treat, will move its leaves so that it can seize a fly pinned half an inch from it. The method of the old cow was that of hit and miss, or trial and error. She wanted the corn, and she butted the gate, and as luck would have it, when she hit the latch the gate swung open. But shall we conclude that the beast had any idea at all but the sense impression made upon her hunger by the growing vegetables?

Animals do not connect cause and effect as we do by thinking the "therefore," they simply associate one thing with another. Your dog learns to associate your act of taking your hat and cane with a walk, or your gun with the delights of the chase, or with its report, if he is afraid of it, and so on.

Without this power of association, the birds and beasts could not get on in life; the continuity of their experience would be broken. It is a rude kind of memory—sense memory. A sense impression to-day revives a sense impression of yesterday, or of the day before, and that is about all there is of it.—From "Animal and Plant Intelligence," by John Burroughs, in the Outing Magazine.

HAVE YOU EVER PLAYED IT?

The game that certain boys and girls we know like best is "The Den of Wild Beasts." Each player represents some ferocious wild animal, such as panther, wolf, lion or bear. Each chooses a tree or post or stone for his particular den. As a signal for the game to commence, all make a terrible noise, imitating the animals they pretend to be.

The most venturesome then leaves his den and advances toward the middle of the playground, where he dances around, trying to entice the other animals from their lairs. Suppose the wolf comes out first. Perhaps a lion and a tiger will immediately follow. Then the wolf calls out, "I'm after the lion!" The wolf starts in pursuit, and the lion tries to get home to his den before being caught. If the wolf catches him he takes him back to his own lair, and there the lion has to stay throughout the rest of the game, unless the wolf himself is caught.

No two are allowed to chase the same animal at the same time, and the chase belongs to the one who calls "I'm after so-and-so!" No animal can be taken while he is bringing a captive home.

It often happens that all the animals are in the field at the same time, each in pursuit of his prey. Then it is most exciting. Whenever the captor of an animal is himself captured, the prisoner is free to leave his den and go back to his own lair. The game ends only when all the animals are caught and imprisoned in one den.—Home Herald.

THE KITTEN'S LESSON.

Here is a pretty little story about a cat and her kitten. The kitten, full of mischief, was fond of climbing fence posts, walls and trees. One day it climbed away up to the top of a cherry tree, and then, seeing how far from the ground it was, it got frightened and was afraid to come down. Sitting off a little distance from the tree was the mother cat, looking at the kitten as if she were wondering what she could do to get the youngster down. Suddenly she seemed to have made up her mind, for she scrambled up the tree to the kitten, and, pausing there a moment as if to fix the kitten's attention on what she was going to do, she began to descend the tree slowly. She was evidently showing the kitten how to get down. When she reached the ground she sat down and looked up at the kitten, calling to it with soft cries, and the little fellow, as if understanding what was expected of him, came down just as the mother had done.—Busy Bee.

Weeklies Raise Their Rates.

The subscription price of the Journal and the Witness and Mining Times, of Platteville, according to a joint announcement of the publishers, was raised from $1 to $1.50 a year on January 1, 1908. The publishers declare that "under the present condition of business everywhere, a good weekly paper cannot be published at the present price. Everything that enters into the general makeup of a newspaper has greatly advanced, and publishers all over the country are seeing the absolute necessity of adopting the same course we are taking—the raise to $1.50, some to $2. Print paper, because of the scarcity of wood pulp, from which it is made, costs nearly double what it used to; ink, type, machinery and all printing stock have taken exorbitant leaps."

Appearances Are Deceptive.

Do not judge from mere appearances, for the light laughter that bubbles on the lip often mantles over the depths of sadness, and the serious look may be the sober veil that covers a divine peace and joy. The bosom can ache beneath diamond brooches, and many a blithe heart dances under coarse wool.—E. H. Shapin.

CORNER IN WILD PEPPER.

Evidently Americans were hustlers and strategists of commerce from the beginning. For witness a good story of fact as told by Ralph D. Paine, in The Outing Magazine, under the title of "Pioneers in Distant Seas:"

"In 1793, Captain Jonathan Carnes, of Salem, was looking for trade along the Sumatra coast. Touching at the port of Bencoolen, he happened to learn that wild peper might be found along the northwest coast of Sumatra. The Dutch East India Company was not as alert as this solitary Yankee shipmaster, roaming along strange and hostile coasts.

"Captain Carnes kept his knowledge to himself, completed his voyage to Salem, and there whispered it to a merchant, Jonathan Peele, that as soon as possible a secret expedition should be fitted out. Mr. Peele ordered a fast schooner built. She was called the Rajah, and carried four guns and ten men. There was much gossiping speculation about her destination, but Captain Carnes had nothing at all to say. In November, 1795, he cleared for Sumatra and not a soul in Salem except his owner and himself knew whither he was bound. Her cargo consisted of brandy, gin, iron, tobacco and dried fish to be bartered for wild pepper.

"For eighteen months no word returned from the Rajah, and her mysterious quest. Captain Carnes might have been wrecked on coasts whereof he had no charts, or he might have been slain by hostile natives. But Jonathan Peele, having risked his stake as Salem merchants were wont to do, busied himself with other affairs and pinned his faith to the proven sagacity and pluck of Jonathan Carnes.

"At last, a string of signal flags fluttered from a station at the harbor mouth. Jonathan Peele reached for his spy-glass, and saw a schooner's topsails lifting from seaward. The Rajah had come home, and when she let go her anchor in Salem harbor, Captain Jonathan Carnes brought word ashore that he had secured a cargo of wild pepper in bulk which would return a profit of at least 700 per cent. on the total cost of the vessel and voyage.

"In other words, this one 'adventure' of the Rajah realized what amounted to a comfortable fortune in that generation.

"There was great excitement among the other Salem merchants. They forsook their desks to discuss this peper bonanza, but Captain Jonathan Carnes had nothing to say and Mr. Jonathan Peele was as dumb as a Salem harbor clam. The Rajah was at once refitted for a second Sumatra voyage, and in their eagerness to fathom her dazzling secret, several rival merchants hastily made vessels ready for sea with orders to go to that coast as fast as canvas could carry them and endeavor to find out where Captain Carnes found his wild pepper. They hurried to Bencoolen, but were unsuccessful, and had to proceed to India to fill their holds with whatever cargoes came to hand. Meanwhile the Rajah slipped away for a second pepper voyage, and returned with a hundred and fifty thousand pounds of the precious condiment."

A TARPON LEAP.

In the big pass tarpon can best be caught from near the bottom of the channel and should be fished for with fifty feet of line and a heavy sinker. In shallow water the tarpon leaps high in the air the instant he feels the hook, but in the pass he often fights for a minute or two before coming to the surface. More than once when I had come to fear that my tarpon was a shark he has suddenly shot above the surface, like a bullet from a gun, and in the first wild shake of his head thrown hook and bait fifty feet in the air, and one even sent a four-ounce leaden sinker flying over my head from nearly twice that distance. Other tarpon when struck came straight up from the bottom, one grazing our gunwale as he rose, and another leaping over the stern of the canoe. As soon as a tarpon was tired enough to let us pull the canoe beside him we removed the hook from his mouth and let him swim home to his family. It happened once that a tarpon was less tired than we had assumed. On that occasion we swam home and he had a good man-story to tell his friends.

It had been counted a poor year for tarpon; yet in fifteen consecutive days of fishing we were fast to forty-four tarpon, each of which had jumped for us from one to twelve times. This high-water mark of twelve jumps was made by a tarpon which was stimulated to his later efforts by the presence of a pursuing shark, and the twelfth jump was a double number. There was commotion in the crimsoned water, new vigor at the other end of my line, and it was an hour later when I finally landed on a sand bar a shark with an aldermanic stomach. A knife drawn across this distended organ disclosed the tarpon in sections with the hook still fast in his jaw, and enabled the camera man to photograph together the subjects he had recently photographed separately. Although this shark was only one-fifth the size of our big hammerhead, yet he made but two bites of his victim.

Our work at Boca Grande ended with the red-letter day of the season, of all seasons. I was fishing in the pass with fifty feet of line, and the bait was directly under the canoe, when a tarpon struck fiercely, quickly carried away a hundred more feet of line, and then swam so swiftly toward us that I feared, from the loosened line, that he had escaped. Then, [illegible] feet from the canoe, there [illegible] into the air a giant tarpon, measuring, as we learned afterward, an even seven feet. Up! up! he rose, until the camera seemed to be pointed at the zenith, and before the rattled camera man could get his aim, the silver king had turned gracefully in the air and was plunging downward. The captain swears that he saw, swinging clear of the water, the ribbon which marked twenty-five feet on the line as it hung plumb down from the tarpon.

Once I gave my own estimate of the height of the jump to a group of friends, and after a glance at their grieved expressions appealed to the one of most experience on the coast and with the tarpon. After a single moment of hesitation he remarked firmly:

"We fishermen must stand together. I believe the story."—A. W. Dimock, in Appleton's.

IMPALED ON DEER'S ANTLERS.

In a successful attempt to save Miss Helen Bloch, daughter of a millionaire tobacco manufacturer of Wheeling, W. Va., from an enraged buck, Frederick Hall, a university student and son of James K. Hall, postmaster of Wheeling, was seriously wounded. The deer charged on the couple repeatedly, and at last, unable to evade it, Hall placed himself between the animal and the girl. He was struck in the side, and a prong on one of the antlers went deep into his body.

Two men beat off the deer with clubs when Hall was helpless on the ground and Miss Bloch was without protection. The young couple went walking and entered the deer park of John A. Howard. They were walking along quietly when suddenly the buck charged them. The girl screamed, but Hall swung her clear, and as the deer went past he attempted to carry her to the fence, 100 feet distant. But he was kept busy sidestepping the deer with the girl in his arms. So quick were the charges that the youth was without a moment for rest, and soon he found himself unable to evade the buck. Miss Bloch continued to scream, and her cries were heard by two men working on the estate.

They were just going through the fence when the buck struck Hall, driving him about ten feet. He was unable to rise, but the girl struggled to her feet and was standing paralyzed by fear, with the deer ready for another charge, when the men came up. The buck promptly went at them with lowered head, and one of them knocked it down with a blow from a club on the head. Both men then laid on heavily with their clubs until the buck got up and raced off. An operation was performed on young Hall in his home, and it is believed he will recover. Miss Bloch escaped with only a nervous shock.—New York Press.

GIVES HIS LIFE TO SAVE.

In their sorrow there will come to his children the consolation that Frank C. McBreen died a hero, at a time in life when most men are thinking only of self-preservation. Sixty-four years old, with a life of ease before him, McBreen, a wealthy contractor, gave his life to save a woman he had never seen before.

Mr. McBreen lived at the Triangle Hotel, at the junction of Jamaica and Myrtle avenues, Richmond Hill. He had just crossed the tracks of the Long Island Railroad, near there, when he heard a man shout: "That woman will be killed!"

He turned and looked. On the tracks stood a middle aged woman who had run around the gates after they had been closed for the Sag Harbor express bound for Long Island City. Its headlight was only a hundred yards away. The tracks at this point run between fences and there is just room enough for a person to hug the fence and let a train go by.

Without an instant's hesitation the old man vaulted the fence like a boy. Edward Duffy, a young man of No. 2063 Fulton street, did the same. The pair caught the woman, who in her confusion had fallen. They pulled her from the tracks a few seconds before the train whizzed by. The younger man held the woman with one hand and clung to the fence with the other.

McBreen did not hold to the fence and the suction pulled him beneath the wheels of the first car. The five coaches passed over his body.

The train went on, the engineer ignorant of the accident. A slouch hat, a coat that was torn to ribbons and other garments were picked up. In the lapel of the coat was a Grand Army button. Mr. McBreen was a soldier in the Army of the Potomac and well known in Grand Army circles. He was a widower. Two sons and two daughters survive him.

The woman who was saved from death was Mrs. Mary Sheele, fifty years old, of No. 177 Norman avenue, Evergreen, Long Island. She was uninjured.—New York American.

Man as Old as His Arteries.

Policemen in Chicago are to be retired in the order of the hardness of their arteries.

"It has been determined beyond dispute that a man is as old as his arteries," said Health Commissioner Evans in explaining the plan on which the Retiring Board will work.

"While it is a universal rule that as a man grows older his arteries harden, yet the process of hardening does not move evenly with the years. The arteries of a man of fifty may be harder than those of another man of sixty-five. It depends on the way he has lived.

"The machine for testing the arteries is a hollow rubber band put around the biceps of the arms and connecting with a rubber tube which runs to a common pump bulb in the hand. By working the bulb the person being examined forces air into the band around the arm until it swells enough to stop the pulse. A mercury standard attached indicates how much pressure this takes."

Dr. Andrew S. Draper, Commissioner of Education in New York, says that illiteracy in much more general in that State than in Germany, France, Great Britain, Switzerland, Scandinavia [illegible]