THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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The Evening Star, of Washington, D. C., complains that "the art of burglary has declined;" that "there has been a slump in the profession."

The Japanese, by taking thought, have added two inches to their stature since the war. In a few decades our Scripture may need revision, suggests the New York Evening Post.

The big hats of the period will be a great protection. Like the hoop-skirts of the eighteenth century, so praised by Addison, they must serve to keep man the enemy at a distance.

There never was a time in the history of the world when there were so many good, true and beautiful things which one may find and enjoy if he only has a mind to, avers the Christian Register.

The town of Stonington has done a commendable thing, opines the Hartford Courant, in publishing its "Tax Book," as it is entitled, giving the tax list of each taxpayer, the real estate and the personal amounts separate, the deductions, if any, made by the board of relief, and the total tax payable. All of this is public business. Every taxpayer has a right to know it, and its publication should tend to justice.

A butcher in France has been sent to jail for supplying the army with bad meat. The damages assessed by a Paris court following a recent automobile accident cost the owners $25,000. When the Opera Comique burned in 1887, now ancient history, the managing director was fined $10,000 and sent to prison for three months. In France they have views of responsibility at variance with our own, adds the New York World.

The time is fast coming when the common people won't be able to eat meat at all, and poor people cannot even have pleplant.—James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, before the Eastern Manual Training Association. When the prices of wheat and beef begin to soar, their stomachs will educate the people. That is Secretary Wilson's doctrine, explains Home and Farm. The enormous fortunes of this generation will be made by young men with brains to see, in its full significance, the fact that the most fertile of all countries is not producing one-half so much per acre as the farms of well-husbanded Europe.

The gratitude of millions is due to one Dr. Savary, who has discovered that a delightful habit, hitherto described by the ultra-strenuous as a lazy one, is most beneficial to health. Before the august body of the French Academy of Sciences he has declared that to rise the moment one is called is sheer madness. When the fatal news comes that the bath is ready it is a huge mistake to pay any heed. The proper thing is to blink lazily and treat the announcement with the contempt it deserves for fully twenty minutes. To leap up at once and energetically set about the monotonous business of bathing and dressing is most dangerous. This way insanity and all manner of ills lie.

The colonial glory of Spain has passed away. It lives in history and in the colonies she founded but could not hold. The world empire that Charles VI. bequeathed to the young Phillips has dwindled to less than the size of a province which in olden times might have been bestowed with royal lavishness upon some noble favorite. The last pathetic relic of this past power, the Pantheon of the Spanish Colonies, is now being dismantled, and its wonderful collection of manuscripts and curios are to be distributed among the libraries and museums of Madrid. The site of the Pantheon is needed for other purposes, and the building now only symbolizes what is no longer a fact. Greece, Rome, Carthage, Spain and Holland—each has had its empire on the sea. Which will be next in the line of nations to be shorn of its strength?

The following are pointed out as the seven most notable achievements accomplished in the year 1907: The dirigible airship, recognized by England, Germany and France as a necessary adjunct in military equipment and successfully maneuvered by the soldiers of those nations; the electrification of railroads, the Southern Pacific having hitched motors to trains carrying freight over the mountains of California; the practical application of transatlantic communication by wireless telegraphy and the sending of press dispatches; Thomas A. Edison's concrete house made practicable, placing a substantial home within reach of the laboring man; transmission of checks, signatures and photographs by telegraphy, making forgery impossible and furnishing newspapers and magazines with illustrated dispatches; the forty-eight story Singer building in New York, 612 feet high, with nine and one-half acres of floor space, and housing 6000 people; the Mauretania, the world's greatest passenger steamship, burning 1000 tons of coal a day and carrying 3000 people across the Atlantic in about four days.

LOVE'S UNREASON.

Down the path, with fragrance laden all the air, there went a maiden
And a youth walked there beside her—youth a girl might well adore,
And as they went, slowly walking, heads together, lowly talking,
He declared that he had never, never, never loved before;
And she knew his declaration, made with calm deliberation,
Without fear or trepidation—was a fib, and nothing more.

As their voices low, were blending, and their heads together bending,
Love a keener zest was lending—gilding all the landscape o'er;
And so shyly then he kissed her, for what mortal could resist her?
And she blushed and said she never, never had been kissed before,
And he made no contradiction, but he knew her blushing diction
Of unkissedness was a fiction—was a fib, and nothing more.

But, her eyelids shyly drooped—Oh! the wiles and ways of Cupid—
Though he was not much more stupid, pray, than either me or you,
Were so wet, like jewels grieving, that they could not be deceiving,
And he found himself believing what he knew could not be true;
And though firm was her conviction of the element of fiction
In his all love-laden diction—yet she did not say him no,
For while reason kept resisting what he said, her eyes were misting,
And her heart kept on insisting that each word of it was so.

—J. W. Foley, in the New York Times.

A Fence For Paravgrad.

By E. W. THOMPSON.

You may always see plenty of prairie-chickens in the Doukhobor villages of Saskatchewan. In February, 1907, they became extraordinarily numerous in Paravgrad, an outlying hamlet. One morning the pretty birds were strutting on almost every earth-covered, grass-grown roof, and picking in every straw-littered yard among the domestic fowl. So the gentle vegetarians of Paravgrad knew that many wolves must be ranging the neighboring scrub prairie.

The winter had begun very early and brought uncommonly deep snow. No January thaw lessened the accumulation. It lay so dry and light in the forest, northward and eastward, that wolves could not catch their usual prey.

Out on the great plains the snow was packed closely by the wind. In February starving hordes came out of the forests, and scattered in small bands over many leagues of prairie.

Paravgrad village consists of forty log cabins ranged in parallel files, twenty on each side of the street. As a protection against wolves, the hamlet was fenced all round with barbed wire. Its strands passed from cabin to cabin, and were clouted on the corner logs. The fencing was impenetrable by wolves, but only five feet high. Wolves might jump over it.

There was not a gun in Paravgrad. Doukhobor religion prohibits taking animal life. Pitchforks were plenty, but no man or woman there would use one as a weapon. These people are consistent with their creed to a degree inconceivable to any person who does not know them. They would think it blasphemous to kill a chicken for broth for a sick person. They will not kill or trap rats. But they stop up rats' holes. If the vermin then die, these casuists say, "That is the will of God."

They pamper all their domestic beasts. Companies of Doukhobor men and women have often drawn plow, harrow or wagon—to rest their horses. They use steam and gasoline motors in agriculture as much as possible, to spare animals from labor.

Wolves would not leap over the Paravgrad fence in daylight. But they might come over at night, unless it were heightened. In that case the stock animals would be safe, because under cover. But what of the beloved prairie-chickens, peculiarly dear to the villagers, because their mere presence certified Paravgraders to be kind and devoted vegetarians? These birds will not go under roofs at night. They then shelter themselves in straw or snow on the ground. If wolves came over the fence they might kill "God's chickens."

This fear quite appalled the young brothers Vianovitch, Simeon and Alexis. So frightened were they that they resolved to drive seven miles to the railway flag-station of Podavsko, where trains pass bi-weekly, for a sleigh-load of barbed wire, enough to raise the village fence two feet more.

"But the wolves," said the elders.

"That must be as God will," said Simeon.

"Yea—it is right to go for the wire," said Alexis.

It was perceived that they had "a leading." Still, a good deal of counsel was imparted to them by the elders. In consequence, they reached Podavsko about noon with a sleigh-box tightly packed with straw, a lot of loosely twisted straw ropes, and the whole covered with quilted bed-comforters.

All this stuff they loaded on top of the reels of barbed wire, much to the wonder of Michael Kelly, the station agent. He watched them drive homeward on a trail through scattered patches of dwarf willow and poplar.

About two miles out of Podavsko the horses showed nervousness. Evidently wolves were near, hiding in the scrub. But the Vianovitches saw none until they were nearly out of the scrub, within two miles of home, and aware that they might soon see the smokes and roofs of Paravgrad across "rosebush" plain.

Now the wolves drew nearer. Occasionally one could be seen sneaking from clump to clump. There was no estimating how many might be in the band. The boys, bred in Russia, and acquainted with immemorial traditions of how wood-wolves act, expected a rush soon.

But they assumed that the brutes would pack and howl before making it. So the elders had foretold.

But the Vianovitches concluded not to await the chorus. This turned out to be sound judgment, since no warning howls were given. Perhaps they might have come had Alexis not lighted a straw rope.

Its flare, in broad, sunny daylight, was less visible than its smoke. Immediately much angry snarling was heard from both sides of the trail. Then, as if they had packed suddenly, eleven monstrous timber-wolves ran out into full view on the track about one hundred feet behind the sleigh.

Simeon quickened the pace. Alexis flung out burning clumps of loose straw. Before reaching the first of these, the wolves sprang away on both sides, with furious yowling. They vanished in the bushes, still yelling, and reappeared fifty yards in front of the team.

Perhaps they would have rushed in, but Alexis immediately got down, straw torch in hand, and went in front of the horses. The wolves stood hesitating, and again silent.

To sacrifice the horses was no more in the minds of the young Doukhobors than sacrificing his children is in the mind of an ordinary American father. It was pretty clear that the horses could not escape unless freed from the sleigh. They stood trembling, but although in dire terror obedient and trustful of kind masters.

Simeon got down, also with a straw torch. They stripped the horses, except of the collars. Then they led them straight to the wolves.

Again the brutes sprang away on both sides. Instantly the boys slapped their horses, shouted at them, and stood watching. It never occurred to them to ride away on the team. Doukhobors seldom learn to straddle horses; they think that would be to impose on them. And the Vianovitch boys would have considered it very wicked, anyway, to burden their dumb friends, and so lessen their chances of safety.

When the horses started galloping, about half the wolves were racing towards the sleigh, the others watching the boys. But all ran after the horses, howling in full cry.

Simeon and Alexis ran back to the sleigh. Knowing just what they meant to do, there was little talk between them.

"They will be back in ten or fifteen minutes," said Simeon.

"You mean if they don't catch the horses?"

"No fear of that. Our men will see the horses coming. They will hurry out to save them. Then the wolves will turn back to us."

The boys spread their loose straw in a wide circle about the sleigh. They kept four torch ropes burning while they pitched out every reel of the barbed wire except one.

Then they loosened the ends of two coils. They wove the wire all round the top of the sleigh-box, turning it twice around each of the six side stakes. Next they tied down the top strands by strands passing down and up again, holding the horizontal wires in connection with the uprights of the runners.

Then they hurried to weave the barbed wire crisscross over the box, securing it to the upper and end strands, not by passing it continuously under and over and back and forth, but by tying it on the top or round-the-box strands. The barbs assisted well to hold the stiff, loose loops in place.

Before the job was done back came the wolves, furious. Both boys stopped work. They went about the straw circle, firing it with their torches. When it blazed well they returned to the crisscross.

A few moments later the wolves were ranged at a respectful distance round the blaze, yelping and howling madly in their daunted rage. So long as the straw circle might hold out to burn, the boys knew they could work securely.

"Now, brother, get in," said Simeon.

Alexis stepped into the gap left unfilled by crisscross work. He drew his form carefully down. When he vanished the wolves set up so wild a cry that Simeon feared they would leap the now smoldering circle. Instead of stepping in after Alexis, he went about the ring of straw, kicking the under part to the srface, so that all blazed more fiercely than before.

Simeon took two more turns at crisscross work. Then he got in where Alexis lay working, passing strands underneath the top, from corner to corner, using wire from the reel that had been left in the box. Both pairs of hands hurried in this work and in closing the gap.

Meanwhile the wolves raged in bewilderment. What had become of those boys? The human scent could not pass the smoke circle.

"Poor things!" smiled Alexis. "They think they've lost their dinner."

"I can't pity them much. They're flesh eaters," said Simeon.

The day was bitterly cold, twenty-eight degrees below zero. But the boys were clad in sheepskin coats, and two pairs of thick woolen stockings with felt boots outside. Also they had five heavy woolen bedquilts.

As they no longer saw smoke drifting they know the wolves would soon come within the straw circle. When the leader jumped in his howl sounded like a boast. Then the whole company joined him. The boys heard nosings, sniffings, clawings, snortings about the sleigh. Perhaps the wolves feared a trap. Or perhaps the barbs along the top and sides kept them down. At any rate, it seemed quite a while before Alexis, looking up, saw a mouthful of white fangs, and two fierce eyes glaring down on him. The leader! As he saw the boys, he yelled, and sprang up on the crisscross.

The next moment a rival joined him, just as the paws and long legs of the leader came through the barbed netting. He sprawled. As the barbs tore his legs and under body he screamed with anguish and fear. The second wolf tried to get away, but down came his legs, too. Pandemonium broke loose on the crisscross. That pair fought one another with teeth. Then one got his scrambling legs out, all four free at once. He rolled off, and yelled more wildly as the sharp points pierced his sides and back. But he had escaped the rack. A moment later the other got free also.

Drops of blood fell on the face of Alexis. Wiping them off he spoke remorsefully: "Poor creatures—they were torn!"

"It was the will of God," observed Simeon.

There were more sniffings, clawings, yells of disappointment round the sleigh. Then the pack seemed to draw off for conference.

"An elders' meeting!" chuckled Simeon.

"It is wrong to laugh at dumb animals," said Alexis, but he could not help smiling a little.

The pair felt safe now. They did not know Canadian timber wolves. A stunning chorus suddenly arose. Then there was a rushing sound and a battering along the box. Another moment and the whole crisscross top seemed to be falling down under a weight of scrambling bodies and tearing legs.

Some of the wire side loops slipped and then really became tight. The wirework bent down so far that claws, struggling to escape, came scratching on the boys' bodies. But the barbs were doing their iron duty. Just as it seemed that the top would cave in the whole gang got off, frantic and bewildered.

"I wish the brethren would hurry," said Alexis, anxiously. "The wolves may try it again."

"Let us try to strengthen the wire top, brother."

"I don't mean that I am afraid, brother. The cover is good yet. But the poor things don't know any better. And they suffer so."

"Yea. Perhaps some may bleed to death. But we shall not be guilty."

"I am not sure about that. We might have stayed at home."

"No, no, brother. The fencing is needed. Think of those wolves getting at our dear little prairie chickens!"

Again the wolves came pressing about the box, smelling, yelling and seeming to criticise one another angrily. Then in an instant they went scurrying away. A loud shouting of men came nigh. The brethren of Paravgrad, knowing that wolves would not attack a large company in daylight, had started on the road as soon as they opened the wire gate for the Vianovitch horses.

Before night had long fallen the barbed fence about Paravgrad was seven feet high. In the Saskatchewan sky stars appeared, as ever, greatly dilated. Vast auroral phantasms shifted their colored and shining banners.

"Heaven is pleased to-night, brother," said Alexis, piously, "for the dear chickens of our Lord are surely safe."—From Youth's Companion.

CONTENTMENT.

By DAVID SWING.

Let us be content with what we have.

Let us get rid of our false estimates, set up all the higher ideals—a quiet home; vines of our own planting; a few books full of the inspiration of a genius; a few friends worthy of being loved and able to love us in return; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or remorse; a devotion to the right that will never swerve; a simple religion empty of all bigotry, full of trust and hope and love.

To such a philosophy this world will give up all the empty joy it has.

The Best Cash Register.

"But, sir," insisted Mr. Dan Beck, "I want to sell you the most wonderful cash register that was ever put on the market. It will keep account of what you take in, what you pay out, what you spend, how you spend it, and—"

"My dear man," interrupted the customer, with a wan smile, "I already have a cash register that does all that."

"Indeed! And may I ask the name?"

"Yes; my wife."—Philippines Gossip.

New Industry For Boys.

Boys who have been apprenticed to no trade and who want to make a career for themselves invent their occupations. The knocker cleaner has been knocking at the door. But two boys of Charlton appear to be starting a new industry. They called up the housemaid. "Do your missus want any kittens or cats drowned today? Penny each or four for thripence."—London Chronicle.

The Utility of Children.

Evidence has been given by the police that children are frequently hired in order that they may be taken out with organs, that the usual rate of payment for them is sixpence a day, and that they have practically supplanted monkeys for the purpose.—Lancet.

The Lonely Croaker.

The man who goes around croaking that the worst is yet to come either has a weak spine or knows of something that he would like to get at a marked down price.—Chicago Record-Herald.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

IN OUR FOREFATHERS' DAY.

When grandfather dear was a wee little lad,
This is the task he often had,
Here on a chair he proudly stands,
While mother winds yarn from his little pink hands.

And when it's all wound by the fire she'll sit,
With her long shining needles, and merrily knit
On a pair of blue mittens with lovely red bands,
To keep off the cold from those little pink hands.

—St. Nicholas.

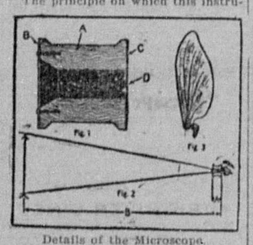
MICROSCOPE WITHOUT A LENS.

Nearly every one has heard of the pin-hole camera, but the fact that the same principle can be used to make a microscope, having a magnifying power of eight diameters (64 times) will perhaps be new to some readers.

To make this lensless microscope, procure a wooden spool, A (a short spool, say one-half or three-fourths inch long, produces a higher magnifying power), and enlarge the bore a little at one end. Then blacken the inside with india ink and allow it to dry. From a piece of thin transparent celluloid or mica, cut out a small disc, B, and fasten to the end having the enlarged bore by means of brads. On the other end glue a piece of thin cardboard, C, and at the center, D, make a small hole with the point of a fine needle. It is very important that the hole D should be very small, otherwise the image will be blurred.

To use this microscope place a small object on the transparent disc, which may be moistened to make the object adhere, and look through the hole D. It is necessary to have a strong light to get good results, and, as in all microscopes of any power, the object should be of a transparent nature.

The principle on which this instrument works is illustrated in Fig. 2. The apparent diameter of an object is inversely proportional to its distance from the eye, i. e., if the distance is reduced to one-half, the diameter will appear twice as large; if the distance is reduced to one-third, the diameter will appear three times as large, and so on. As the nearest distance at which the average person can see an object clearly is about six inches, it follows that the diameter of an object three-fourths of an inch from the eye would appear eight times the normal size. The object would then be magnified eight diameters, or sixty-four times. (The area would appear sixty-four times as large.) But an object three-fourths of an inch from the eye appears so blurred that none of the details are discernible, and it is for this reason that the pin-hole is employed.



Details of the Microscope.

Viewed through this microscope, a fly's wing appears as large as a person's hand, held at arm's length, and has the general appearance shown in Fig. 3. The mother of vinegar examined in the same way is seen to be swarming with a mass of wriggling little worms, and may possibly cause the observer to abstain from all salads forever after. An innocent looking drop of water, in which hay has been soaked for several days, reveals hundreds of little infusoria, darting across the field in every direction. These and hundreds of other interesting objects may be observed in this little instrument, which costs little or nothing to make.

WHAT SAWDUST MARY KEPT.

"For two or three days Sister Mary hasn't been very well," said Marian; "she didn't sleep much last night."

"Sister Mary" was the rag doll who slept with Marian, ate with her, rode with her, walked with her, did everything that Marian did as nearly as a rag doll could. She was named for Brother Frank's wife, who had made her for Marian, and who was Sister Mary, too.

"If my face were as dirty as Sister Mary's," said mamma, "I think I would feel very badly. Let's put her in the wash, and perhaps Aunt Jane can make her well."

Mamma found a doll that had been hers when she was a little girl, so Marian decided to let it take the place of Sister Mary for one day.

"Her name is Mary, too," said mamma. "I didn't know when I played with her that I would have a daughter-in-law named Mary, and a little girl named Marian, and a little girl's doll named Mary."

The new doll wore a funny, old-fashioned dress yellow with age, for she had not been played with since mamma was a little girl. Marian and mamma made her a dress, while Sister Mary tumbled about in the big boiler and later hung her clothes on the clothes-line. While mamma sewed, Marian stuck pins into Marian's sawdust sides. Sister Mary was filled with cotton, and wasn't easy to stick, but Mary's body was weak with old age, and one of the pins made a little torn place. Marian let the sawdust run out in a tiny stream until Mary's body was very thin. Then she felt something hard. She moved it about and tore a large piece so it could come out, and just then mamma looked up.

"What a pretty ring!" she said. "I lost it forty years ago. I remember now pushing it in where Mary's arm was off, and then I suppose I forgot it and mother sewed the arm on, so we never found the ring, though I remember how mother searched for it."

So mamma slipped the ring on Marian's finger and it fitted exactly, because forty years ago mamma had been only three years old.—Home Herald.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

A little bird was looking about one time for a place to build her nest. All the trees were too sunny, and she thought their scanty leaves would not protect her nest from the rainstorms that were sure to come. So she flew along the fences, but she did not like to build underneath the rails for fear some naughty boys might come along, discover her nest and destroy it. Finally, as she was flying up a ravine, either side of which was thickly timbered, she came to a ledge of rock that projected forward right in the centre of it. There was such a fine place for a bird's home under this overshelving rock that she at once began to gather twigs, leaves, and blades of dry grass with which to construct her nest. Shortly after it was finished there were four or five little blue eggs in it. The bird was very proud of them, and one day she began to set on the nest that she might hatch some wee birdies.

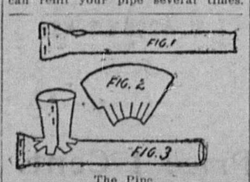
She had been on the nest only a few days when it began to rain. The ravine was filled, and the water went roaring and splashing over the ledge of rock. At first the little bird was very much frightened, for she thought she and her nest might be destroyed. But not so. She was safely sheltered beneath the rock.

Not a drop of water touched her or the nest, and soon she rested as peacefully as ever.—W. D. Neale, in Mayflower.

HOME-MADE FIREWORKS.

Take a strip of stiff paper, three and a half inches wide and eleven inches long. Cut a hole in one end and paste the two lengthwise, edges together, forming a hollow tube. Then pin up the open end nearest the hole, like Fig. 1. Cut Fig. 2, making it about four inches across at the widest point. Slash the lower edge and pin this pipebowl in funner shape by bringing the two sides together. Fasten it on the tube over the hole in the top by gluing the flaps down on the pipestem like Fig. 3. Half fill the pipe bowl with brilliant bits of colored paper, including scraps of gold and silver tinsel cut very small.

Make a good supply, so that you can refill your pipe several times.



The Pipe.

Place the open end of the tube to your lips and blow vigorously, and note the result.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

An English minister says that Londoners are developing into a race of dwarfs owing to smoking and riding in trains.

The impression given at the latest exposition in Berlin of inventions is that liquid air will soon enter the field as a very serious competitor of steam and electric power.

Trial trips have been made on a new railway up the Wetterhorn, which is so steep that it is called an "elevator." It rises 450 meters in a length of 600, which is a gradient of 3960 feet a mile, or seventy-five per cent.

By the autogenous method two sheets of metal may be welded by placing their edges and following the seam with a blowpipe. "Seamless" copper and sheet vessels may be made by forming the body and ends separately and tracing the joints with the blowpipe.

There is a plan for utilizing the tremendous force which lies beyond the Khyber Pass in the wasted waters of Afghanistan. It is proposed to supply electricity for lighting the forts and military cantonments scattered over a large territory.

Mr. Eddington, of the Greenwich Observatory, holds that the canals of Mars are simply cracks or wrinkles caused by the shrinkage of the planet. He thinks Mars may have had an intelligent population millions of years ago, but that it is "played out; its career is finished." This seems to us the more likely supposition of the two, but we can sympathize fully with the interest taken by many astronomers in trying to locate intelligent beings on another world.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

SPENCER'S TREE.

One seldom hears nowadays of the man who gave his name to Spencer's Tree, says Miss O. Z. Bond, the author of "Old Tales Retold; or, Perils and Adventures of Tennessee Pioneers," but in olden times the name of Thomas Sharpe Spencer was connected with many tales of Tennessee adventure. He was a man of extraordinary size, remarkably kind and gentle hearted. He went to Cumberland County in 1776 in company with John Halliday to explore and hunt in the unknown forests.

Halliday decided not to stay, and Spencer went with him as far as the border of Kentucky to put him safely so far on his way home. Kind and thoughtful to the last, the big man with the big heart broke in two pieces his long hunting knife, and gave one half to Halliday, who had unfortunately lost his own.

With only half a knife and his rifle Spencer turned back into the forest, and began to look out for a site for his home. He was fortunate in finding not only a suitable place for a field, but also ready to hand a large dwelling, vacant of a tenant.

The foundations of the structure were fastened deep in the earth, the walls were tinted silver gray, the lofty roof was lichen green and its fretted pinnacles towered toward the sky.

The dwelling had a tall opening in one side, through which Spencer walked into the hollow of the great sycamore tree which was to be his home, and took possession of a spacious chamber which measured nearly eleven feet across and thirty feet and more around.

The new proprietor stood his rifle against the wall, hung powder horn and drinking cup upon projections of the wood and was ready for housekeeping. At nightfall he spread down a furry bearskin, and lay serenely down to sleep.

Spencer lived in his tree through the varying seasons of a full year, caring nothing for wind or rain, and minding neither heat nor cold in his snug retreat. The tall sycamore known as Spencer's Tree stood many years after its tenant had passed away, and was long pointed out as an example of the magnificent growth found by the pioneers in our primeval forests.

WRECK OF THE SAGINAW.

In an out of the way corner of one of the huge buildings at the Naval academy hangs a boat which few visitors have ever noticed. She is an ordinary ship's gig, twenty-six feet long and decked with painted canvas, on which lies a dusty placard bearing the names of her crew and telling in the fewest possible words the story of her gallant voyage. Even at the time the incident attracted little attention, for the papers were crowded with the battles of the Franco-Prussian war, and now it is only a memory among the older officers of the navy; but it is too fine a story to be forgotten.

By the 29th of October, 1870, the U. S. S. Saginaw had finished dredging a channel for Pacific mail steamers at Midway, and, following his instructions, her commander, Capt. Sicard, sailed that afternoon to take a look at Ocean Island, about sixty miles distant. During the night the Saginaw was caught by a strong current, and about 3 o'clock the following morning crashed upon a coral reef. As officers and men rushed on deck, many were hurled back by the torrents of water that poured down the hatchways, and on gaining the deck they found great seas breaking over the ship, which drove every one to a place of safety in the rigging. In a few minutes the vessel was forced so high on the rocks that the seas were less dangerous and it was possible to do something for the safety of the crew.

It was a time to try the coolest nerves. No one knew where they were, for the darkness made it impossible to see beyond the side of the ship, which was rapidly pounding to pieces. All the boats on one side were smashed; then the smokestack toppled over the side, followed by the mainmast, which was chopped away. About daybreak, or 6 o'clock, the forward half of the ship broke away and swung in further upon the reef, but the dawn revealed within the reef a small island—Ocean Island itself. At the sight of land the men cheered and worked with a will to get the undamaged boats afloat over the breakers to the shore. All that day was spent in saving as much of the provisions as possible, amounting to a couple of barrels of pork and a small quantity of canned vegetables and coffee. Fortunately the carpenter's chest also was saved, along with the hammocks of the men, which were used as tents.

On looking about, Ocean Island proved to be a low sand pit, nowhere more than fourteen feet above the level of the sea, and covered with bushes. As there was no spring to be found, a dozen wells were dug, but in every case the water proved too brackish, and it looked as if the seventy officers and men had escaped drowning only to die miserably of thirst. Then, at the suggestion of some ingenious fellow, a condenser was rigged, by means of the ship's boiler and a rubber hose, which supplied forty or fifty gallons a day. Luckily, fuel was provided by the wreck of an old whaler imbedded in the sand. Naturally, this could not supply fuel indefinitely, and the amount of food saved from the ship was barely enough to supply officers and men for a month at one-quarter rations—that is, one-quarter of their regular daily allowance. This was helped out by seal meat and fish, but both proved unwholesome.

Since Ocean Island was so far out of the track of ships, it was only too clear that starvation was bound to come in time unless help could be brought from somewhere. Accordingly Captain Sicard decided to fit out one of the small boats that escaped the wreck and let a volunteer crew try to take her to the Hawaiian Islands—1200 miles distant—to get relief. Out of the volunteer officers and men who instantly pressed forward Lieutenant J. G. Talbot and four seamen were selected to undertake the long and perilous journey. The boat was fitted out with all the care possible under the conditions, containing a few necessary instruments, twenty-five days' provisions and ninety gallons of water, and three weeks after the wreck of the Saginaw the little gig spread sail and disappeared below the horizon, followed by anxious eyes.

Meanwhile Captain Sicard had begun work on a larger boat out of the material in the wreck of the Saginaw, for the double purpose of gaining another chance of rescue and of keeping the men occupied. It was very difficult work, and officers and men toiled together manfully, but, owing to the wretched food fully one-half of the number were always on the sick list. Finally, at the end of the second month, it began to look as if the little boat had been lost, and the remaining chances of escape were small indeed. But about 4 in the afternoon of January 3, 1871, the lookout perched on top of the signal mast shouted, "A steamer's smoke!" and a great cry of joy went up from the camp. The little gig had succeeded after all. The strange vessel proved to be a Hawaiian steamer dispatched to their relief, and it brought also the melancholy story of what the miss of rescue had cost their brave comrades.—From St. Nicholas.

CATCHING A LION CUB.

"Jim," a South African native, won the applause of his employer by a feat which gave him among his brethren the title of "The one who conquers the waters." In "Jock of the Bushveld" Sir James Percy Fitzpatrick tells the story as related by the boy's employer:

"Well, it's really simple enough. We came right on to the lioness waiting for us, and I got her, and then there were shouts from the boys, and I saw two cubs, pretty well grown, making off in the grass.

"The boy Jim legged it after one of them, a cub about as big as a Newfoundland dog; not so high, but longer.

"I followed as fast as I could, but he was a big Zulu, and went like a buck, yelling mad all the time. We were in the bend of one of the long pools down near Komati, and when I got through the reeds the cub was at the water's edge, facing Jim, and Jim was dancing round it, heading it off with only one light stick. As soon as it saw us coming on the cub took to the water, and Jim after it.

"It was as good as a play. Jim swam up behind it, and putting his hand on its head, ducked it right under. The cub turned as it came up and struck out at him viciously, but he was back out of reach.

"When it turned again to go Jim ducked it again, and went on like that six or eight times, till the thing was half drowned and had no more fight in it.

"Then Jim got hold of it by the tail and swam back to us, still shouting and quite mad with excitement.

"Of course," added Bob, with a wag of his head, "you can say it was only a cub, but it takes a good man to go up naked and tackle a thing like that, with teeth and claws to cut you into ribbons."

NEIGHBORLINESS IN ALASKA.

It is a phase of woman's life in the North that when she herself is beyond her own resources of body and spirit, brave things and hard things are done for her by man—done unhesitatingly and willingly, because woman's place in the North is a high one. The wife of a Yukon settler, fifty miles beyond Dawson, was at the point of death, and the doctor said that only fresh milk would save her. The nearest milk to be had was at Dawson, and the mercury stood at seventy below. No stage runs at seventy below for money or government. But it went for neighborliness' sake, and two of the toughest Yukon horses, blanketed and nose-bagged, and one of the Yukon's ablest stage drivers, fur-wrapped and felt-booted, made the hundred-mile trip. What that meant is known only to those who have had experience of away-down-below-zero weather. But the milk was procured and the woman's life was saved.

Another Yukon woman was herself carried over a winter trail of 175 miles in a dog sleigh to the nearest doctor. A weary and trying journey it was, with narrow escapes from wolves and from sheer exhaustion, but it was safely accomplished and was not without its reward.

Which is Right?

Every time a big building is put up one is struck with the prodigious multiplication of land by the imposing of one story upon another. A lot 100 feet square can be multiplied by this device into one containing 160,000 square feet of space. Can it? It can, but it isn't. About one-fourth of the ground is not built upon at all. Why not? For the simple little reason that space has to be left for light and air to enter the building. Forty thousand square feet are absolutely sacrificed just for light and air. It isn't very good light nor very nice air, but such as it is the owner has to have it.

When capitalists understand this principle and accept it at such a notable sacrifice in their building operations, why shouldn't the whole public accept it on a wider scale for the whole community? Why should it be considered good policy to have every downtown lot built upon if it is not good policy to have all those lots built entirely over? Doesn't the public need some reserve air and light spaces?—Minneapolis Journal.

Large-Eyed Animals.

Horses, giraffes and ostriches [illegible] in pro[illegible] their [illegible] eyes than an[illegible]