THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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All roads lead to the White House, asserts the Atlanta Constitution, and the more distinguished travelers the merrier.

"If you wish to preserve peace between the nations give us more battleships and fewer statesmen," said Rear-Admiral Evans.

Hard work, long continued, is the condition of success. But successful work, declares the Christian Register, is never done until the labor is forgotten and the outcome is spontaneous.

M. Briand, Minister of Justice in France, has introduced a bill to extend the powers of juries so that besides returning verdicts they may in case of condemnation express their opinion as to the amount and kind of punishment to be inflicted.

When the general manager of the London and Southwestern Railway solemnly avers that enactment of the so-called Daylight Saving bill would be worth $10,000 a week to his line, the New York Herald contends it must be admitted that the matter is not all a joke.

A donkey in Paragould, Ark., brayed so frequently and persistently as to disturb a church congregation, and the owner was sued for maintaining a nuisance, with the result that the congregation was defeated. The constitutional right of any creature with a loud voice to make a noise is sacred and must not be interfered with, b'gosh! comments the Chicago Tribune.

The wielder of language has not only single words freighted with associate ideas at his command, but he has analogies, metophors, comparisons, similes, parables, tales, to draw upon. The whole experience of the race is his—limited only by his hearer's or reader's intelligence, avers the Dial. No other artist has a twentieth part of the weapons with which he is armed for the conquest of mankind.

"Hampton's aim," says the Southern Workman, Hampton's magazine, "has always been to develop the practical side of education; to give to its students a knowledge of real things so that they shall learn by doing; to make the recitations in the classroom apply to the problems in the shop; to give to every girl some knowledge of sewing, housekeeping, gardening and cooking, and to every boy some acquaintance with agriculture and mechanics. And this seems the best possible course of training for the Indian schools maintained by the Government, whether they are day schools or boarding schools and whether they are located on or off the reservations."

What makes the judicious exaggerator grieve is the reckless waste with which his carefully husbanded reserves of strong and effective words and phrases are squandered by the unthinking and unscrupulous on subjects of trivial moment; so that when the really great occurrence demands forceful description, the adequately descriptive terms are found to have been all worn threadbare. Funds that should have been accumulating against an earthquake, a pestilence, or a war, have been dribbling away in the purchase of daily bread. The reckless exaggerator, insists The Dial, is a spendthrift; unthinking resort to hyperbole is improvidence; and the few wise and heedful pay for the misdoings of the many foolish.

A lesson in the ways of statesmen may be found in an anecdote of Gladstone at Oxford, told in a Cornish article. Mr. Gladstone arrived in the afternoon and was brought by the warden into the coffee room to be introduced to the fellows. M. B. had expressed in vigorous terms his conviction that he could not conscientiously meet Mr. Gladstone, but had been persuaded to join in the reception. Directly Mr. Gladstone heard his name he said: "Ah, professor, it is one of the charms of Oxford that one meets at every moment, some one who with whose name in some branch of learning one has long been familiar." M. B. beamed with obvious pleasure, and at once surrendered to the spell. Soon after I saw him trotting about after Mr. Gladstone with the sugar and cream jug.

A dispatch from Sargent, Ky., describes the marriage of a boy of fifteen and a girl of eleven near that town with the reluctant but formal assent of their parents. According to the telegram the children were so determined upon marrying that after the elders had argued uselessly it was agreed that it would be better to let them have their way. The fault in this case of unusual precocity, declares the Washington Star, lies not with the children, but with the parents. If the father of the boy and the mother of the girl had each applied a good old-fashioned remedy it is quite likely that postponement would have been agreed upon as desirable. Such marriages are abhorrent to the American ideal. They suggest the oriental custom of infantile matchmaking.

THOMAS JEFFERSON,

GREAT AMERICAN.

JEFFERSON'S GRAVE.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, if he were alive to hear the Declaration of Independence which he wrote read on this Fourth of July, would be 165 years old.

As a matter of record, he has been dead eighty-two years. And he was born and died in Virginia.

Jefferson sat with Washington in the Virginia House of Burgesses, and years later headed Washington's Cabinet. He went to Congress in 1775. He succeeded Franklin as Minister to France in 1785. He was elected Governor of Virginia in 1779. He was chosen President of the United States in 1800 and re-elected in 1804, having previously been Vice-President under the first Adams.

For forty-four years, almost continuously, he was in the public service.

And always, to the end of his days, he was the typical American, the instinctive aristocrat and the soundly grained Democrat.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Things Jefferson Did.

Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence.

He proposed the present system of dollars and cents.

He led the original Democratic (then the Republican) party.

He formulated the first national parliamentary rules.

He concluded the purchase of Louisiana.

He worked constantly for peace and union at home and wide markets abroad.

Jefferson as Boy and Man.

Jefferson was born to easy circumstances; inherited slaves and land and acquired more by marriage; got a college education; had a fine estate, Monticello; was poorest when he retired from public life.

At seventeen he was tall, rawboned, freckled, sandy-haired, with large feet and hands, excellent health, great strength and fine spirits.

He was a surpassingly good scholar.

In later life he became courtly, of good figure and almost handsome.

MONTICELLO,
Jefferson's Home.

Passion never showed in his countenance, though the nobler emotions played there freely.

Jefferson's One Romance.

Jefferson married Mrs. Martha Wayles Skelton, an auburn-haired young widow, in Virginia, in 1772.

No portrait of Mrs. Jefferson is extant. She was a very beautiful woman, and the attachment between herself and Jefferson was romantic and deep to an unusual degree.

Music played a great part in their courtship. Both of them sang, Jefferson was a fine violinist and the young widow played the harpsichord.

Mrs. Jefferson, always frail, died in 1782.

Martha, the eldest daughter (three other children dying), became Jefferson's comfort and, in his later years, his nurse. She married Thomas Mann Randolph, afterward Governor of Virginia.

MRS. MARTHA RANDOLPH,
Jefferson's Oldest Daughter.

"Jeffersonian Simplicity."

In 1824 Daniel Webster, who had dined with Jefferson many times, wrote of him: "His diet is simple, but he seems restrained only by his taste. His breakfast is tea or coffee, bread always fresh from the oven—of which he does not seem to be afraid—with sometimes a slight accompaniment of cold meat. He enjoys his dinner well, taking with his meat a large proportion of vegetables. He has a strong preference for the wines of the Continent, of which he has many sorts of excellent quality."

Jefferson never drank ardent spirits or strong wines.

While in France he acquired a taste for light French wines, and was captivated by olives. He was passionately fond of figs and mulberries. Rice was another favorite. In 1790 he introduced upland rice into the South.

In his account of table expenditures are found such luxuries as crabs, anchovies, pineapples, oysters, venison, partridges, nuts, peaches and poultry—the latter bought often from his own slaves.

The Finish.

Jefferson died at his loved Monticello July 4, 1826.

John Adams died on the same day, but later, saying: "Thomas Jefferson still lives."

Jefferson's last days were made comfortable by distinguished contributions to a national relief fund. His own fortune had melted under his generosity, his overconfidence in a friend and the embargo on tobacco.

Philip Hone, Mayor of New York, started the relief fund.

Jefferson was buried in his own graveyard at Montecello under a stone bearing this inscription, prepared by himself:

"Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom and Father of the University of Virginia."

JEFFERSON'S SEAL.

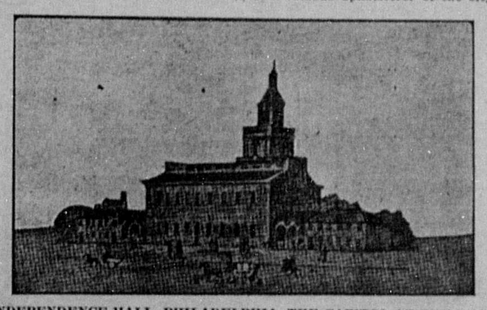
Though himself a man of faith, Jefferson showed his breadth of mind by acts of distinguished friendship for unbelieving Tom Paine.

Keep an Interest in Life.

Do not live alone, but ask the indulgence of your married friends who have children. By this means you will retain an interest in live things and not sharpen your own opinions to too fine a point.

CLAY'S TRIBUTE TO JEFFERSON.

Neither his retirement from public office nor his eminent services nor his advanced age can exempt this patriot from the coarse assaults of party malevolence. Sir, in 1801 he snatched from the rude hand of usurpation the violated Constitution of his country, and that is his crime. He preserved that instrument in form and substance and spirit—a precious inheritance for generations to come—and for this he can never be forgiven. How vain and impotent is party rage directed against such a man! He is not more elevated by his lofty residence upon the summit of his favorite mountain than he is lifted by the serenity of his mind and the consciousness of a well-spent life above the malignant passions and bitter feelings of the day.—Henry Clay to the House of Representatives.



INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, THE CAPITOL AT THE TIME OF JEFFERSON'S INAUGURAL.
(A Decoration for a Menu Card.)

A JEFFERSONIAN SENTIMENT.

Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the General Government in its whole constitutional vigor as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; * * * freedom of religion; freedom of the press; freedom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus, and trial by juries impartially selected. These principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation.—Jefferson in His First Inaugural Address, March 4, 1801.

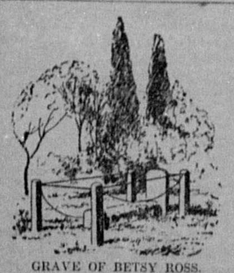
AMERICAN FLAG HOUSE.

The Place Where Betsy Ross Made the First Star Spangled Banner Under Washington's Instructions.

It is believed by those who are working for its success that the American Flag House will soon become an assured fact. Contributions are constantly pouring in, and many earnest men and women are giving their time and money in order that the home of Betsy Ross shall remain as a patriotic landmark among the other Revolutionary scenes. J. Augustus Rice, of Bethlehem, Pa., has secured a large number of members, and in addition gave "Betsy Ross certificates" as Christmas presents to his friends, and thus helped to swell the fund. The directors commend this, and say they see no reason why certificates could not be fittingly given as valentines.

The Betsy Ross house, where the American flag had its birth, is at No. 239 Arch street, Philadelphia. It is a strange little house, nestled down in a busy street, and is a quiet but strong link between the past and present. It was at the door of the shop seen in the picture that Washington presented himself one evening, with the request that Betsy Ross, the most famous upholsterer of the city, should convert his coat of arms into a suitable standard for the Nation.

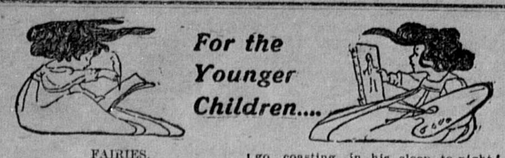
Sitting in her quaint back parlor before the great blue-tiled fireplace, with the light making its way through the tiny window-pane, the great man of America gave the gentle Quakeress her instructions. Interested in her because of the enthusiasm she manifested in the plan, Washington inquired as to her antecendents, and learned that she was a woman of excellent birth and breeding, but had married her husband (whose only fault was his poverty and the fact that he was an Episcopalian) against the wishes of her parents. She had proved an excellent helpmeet, and after his death pluckily determined to carry on the business alone.



GRAVE OF BETSY ROSS.
Mount Moriah Cemetery, Philadelphia.

In letters written by Benjamin Franklin, Robert Morris and others Betsy Ross is frequently mentioned, for all of these old patriots held the "mother of the flag" in high esteem.

With 5,500,000 inhabitants Holland has 1,000,000 wage earners.



FAIRIES.

I never saw the fairies
That sister reads about;
I've looked around the orchard
And up the waterspout;
I've peered within the coal-bin,
And searched mamma's clothes-press;
I've hunted through the garret,
And everywhere, I guess;
I've climbed up all the apple-trees,
And searched the garden nooks;
I think the only fairies are
Just those within the books.
—James P. Webber, in Youth's Companion.

A BRAVE LITTLE COWARD.

The boys called Nannie a coward, and it is true that she was afraid of a good many things, but it made her very unhappy to have the boys hold such an opinion of her, and she tried hard to be brave.

One day father and the boys went away to stay a week. The very next day there was to be a baseball game in the vacant lots across the street, and even before dinner the men and boys began to gather. Some of them had walked from other towns and had brought their lunches, which they ate as they sat around on the grass. Many of them were rough and rude, and Nannie's mother kept glancing anxiously out of the window at the noisy crowds passing. The roses were in full bloom, and oh, so beautiful. Next Sabbath was Children's Day, and every bud and blossom was being treasured up to use in decorating the church.

All at once they saw a boy dart across the yard and break off a great red rose. Sticking it into his buttonhole he ran off laughing, as though he thought he had done something very brave, indeed.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the mother, "I'm afraid that they will take every rose. What shall we do?"

Then Nannie came to the rescue. "I'll stay out and watch them," she said. "I won't be afraid if I can take the kittens with me."

At first mother did not like the plan, but Nannie was so anxious to save the roses, and there were so many people around that no harm could really come to her, and at last it was decided that she might do as she wished.

"You will be my private policeman," said mother, "and you will be such a polite one that nobody will ever suspect what you are doing."

She took the tall rosebush nearest the street for a playhouse, and there she stayed all the afternoon. For a while, whenever a crowd of strange boys passed her heart beat very hard for a minute, but she did not run away.

So it happened that on Children's Day there was a whole wheelbarrow load of roses for the church, and Nannie was happy, and she was still happier when Tom whispered, "Say, I'm never going to call you a coward again." Tom kept his word this time. He learned for the first time that a girl need not be a coward even if she is a girl. In fact Tom began to see that there were many ways in which a boy could be a coward.—Laura M. Oglevee.

SMOOTHING THE WAY.

"Why, Auntie, I thought that you were all through."

"So I am with my work," returned Aunt Carrie, as with a smile she went on threading her needle. "I am only trying to smooth the way for the next one."

"Who, for instance?" questioned Will, curiously.

"Well, supposing that just as papa is starting for business to-morrow morning he discovers that he is about to lose a button from his coat, and he can spare only about two minutes in which to have it sewed on. Don't you think it would be a relief to mamma to find her needle already threaded?"

"Of course, for I shouldn't think one could find that bit of an eye at all if he were in a hurry. I had a dreadful time the other day when I wanted to mend my ball. I'm sure I should have been glad to be your next one then."

"Suppose again, Will, that whoever dropped that piece of wood upon the cellar steps had stopped to pick it up, remembering that some one else would be coming that way soon. Just think how poor Bridget has suffered from her fall, and how the household has been inconvenienced."

"Yes, auntie; and if I had wiped up the water I had spilled this noon, sister wouldn't have been obliged to change her dress when she was in such a hurry to get back to school; but a fellow will have to keep pretty wide awake to remember every time." And with a thoughtful expression on his boyish face, Will passed out of the house and toward the front gate, leisurely munching a banana as he went, but apparently engaged in deep thought. Reaching the sidewalk, he threw down the banana skin, and proceeded on his way; but presently he turned and looked hard at the yellow object lying on the pavement, and then, quickly retracing his steps, he picked it up and flung it far into the road, where no one would be likely to slip up on it.—Home Herald.

A STRANGE RIDE.

"O, dear," sighed Bessie, "I can never, never write my composition to-night! Miss Barrow could not have chosen a harder subject than this—'A Strange Ride.' And it must be a true story, she said."

Bessie's father heard her. "You are tired," he said, gently, "but I guess father can help you this time. I will tell you about the strangest ride that I ever took, and you can see if it will do."

"Why, papa," cried Bessie, "did you ever take a strange ride?"

"Yes, indeed," her father answered, "and you shall hear all about it. When I was a little boy I stayed out coasting all one fine winter day, and when night came I was so tired I could hardly eat my supper.

"Your grandma tucked me in my bed, and said, as she kissed me good night, 'I am afraid my little boy will go coasting in his sleep to-night.' About 2 o'clock in the morning I woke up, and where do you suppose I was? At the foot of the stairs in my mother's clothesbasket. My father and mother and my brothers and sisters stood round, looking at me anxiously. I rubbed my eyes and remembered I had been dreaming that I was coasting. I must have jumped out of bed in my sleep, gone down stairs and brought up the clothesbasket instead of my sled, got into it and coasted down the stairs, waking up the whole family, who were very much alarmed."

"Did you have any clothes on?" asked Bessie.

"I had on my night-dress, my little fur cap and my overshoes," laughed her father. "I felt decidedly foolish."

"And it didn't hurt you any?" questioned Bessie.

"Not a bit," her father answered. "People who walk in their sleep often escape uninjured where they would be severely hurt were they awake."

Bessie got her block and pencil and began to write.

"Then that will do?" her father asked. "It is certainly a true story."

"Yes, indeed," Bessie replied. "And I don't believe anybody will have a composition just like mine, do you?"—Christine Gleason.

BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE PAST.

If you boys and girls had lived a century ago, this is what would have happened to you:

When you were babies you would have worn no nice, warm, comfortable undergarments. No; you would have worn low necked and short sleeved dresses, and have been kept in houses so cold you shivered. You would have cried, wouldn't you? Well, that's what the babies did; but it didn't do any good. You would have been given a dose of bitter medicine instead of any warm clothes. The mothers and fathers wore velvets and furs, but they didn't think such things were good for babies—long ago.

Long ago—just as soon as you outgrew your first clothes—you would have been dressed just like your parents. An old book tells us that a little tot of two years old was dressed in this fashion: "Yellow brocaded satin over a petticoat of crimson velvet. It touched the floor in front and trailed behind." How would you enjoy a dress like this if you intended to go out coasting or skating or to fly a kite?

Boys were dressed just like their fathers—long ago—in doublets, leather breeches, fancy waistcoats, and, what do you think of this, boys?—after seven years of age all boys of aristocratic families wore white wigs!

School was most uninteresting. No kindergartens or play or music. The children were put at their lessons by the time they were two or three years old. At five they could read and write and answer correctly any question in the Catechism.

Long ago children had almost no toys. They were very few and very expensive. If a little girl and boy of that time could peep into a modern nursery and see its beautiful dolls and dishes, furniture, mechanical engines, toys and books, they would surely think they were in fairyland.

Despite all these hardships, the children of long ago were happy. Let us not be sorry for them because their ways were different from ours; let us, rather, learn from them industry, system, simplicity, orderliness and piety. It is well to remember the lines of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

Little of old we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both looking and feeling queer.

—Washington Star.

WITH AN OBJECT.

Tim helped his father in his house painting and decorating business. Usually the boy worked rather slowly, but his parent one day found him painting away with tremendous energy.

He paused a moment to investigate so strange a matter.

"What's come over ye?" he said. "It ain't like you to work that fast."

"Whist," said Tim. "Stand out o' the way and don't stop me. Ol'm sthrivin' to get through before the paint gives out."—Chums.

Why Razors Get Tired.

"Do you know why we dip a razor in warm water before we begin shaving, and do you know why some ignorant men say a razor is 'tired?'" asked the barber. "Well, this is all due to the fact that a razor is a saw, not a knife, and it works like a saw, not like a knife. Examined under the microscope its edge, that looks so smooth to the naked eye, is seen to have innumerable and fine saw teeth. When these teeth get clogged with dirt all the honing and strapping in the world will do no good—the razor is dull and nothing will sharpen it. Then is the time the ignorant say it is 'tired' and stop using it, but th wise know it is only clogged.

"The wise, though, don't suffer their razors to get clogged. They dip them in warm water before they use them, and thus the teeth are kept clean. It is because a razor is a saw that lather doesn't soften the beard, as so many people think. It stiffens it, so that it will present a firm and resisting surface to the razor."—Philadelphia Record.

Newspaper Advertising the Best.

The newspaper is the best advertising medium, and the more we employ that and boycott the other the better for the community. Advertising devices and the bill-board are utterly hideous.—Professor Zueblin, in a Lecture at Boston.

Roumania is said to hold the prize for illiteracy. Two-thirds of the population can neither read nor write.

THE POCKET MINERS.

Before the days of steam dredges to hoist and wash the gold bearing gravel from river bottoms, and of mighty hydraulic plants to break down and sluice the gravel of old river beds, in the days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49, in short, the pocket miner was looked upon with disesteem by the men of pick and pan.

The miner who loosened pay dirt with his pick, shovelled it into his barrow and wheeled it to the side of running water, there to pan it out, was the legitimate worker; his wages were not always large, but they were remarkably regular, considering the character of his work. He did not attempt to steal from nature any of her secrets; he made a few test washings of the gravel on his claim and if he was satisfied with the promised wage set up his camp and went to work. Now and then a nugget would dully gleam out of the melting mound of earth in his pan as he lifted it from a fresh dip in the water, a bonus nature threw in to reward faith and industry.

This, before the day of heavy and expensive machinery, was the work of thousands of individuals on the bars, flats, creeks, gullies, gulches of the western slope of the Sierra Nevadas—the romance period of American gold mining.

But not all of those young adventurers who swarmed to every dip in the foothills where for ages casual or regular flow of water had deposited flakes and granules of gold worn away from some distant out-cropping ledge of quartz were content with the slow, regular wage returned by the pan, the rocker, the roughly built sluice box.

Where those countless millions of minute particles came from nature had hidden stores of bulky nuggets, thick layers of virgin gold—such weighty masses of the metal as all miners dream of but few search for. Pockets of solid gold! There were men who sought for such secret stores—pocket miners.

They were the drones, the dreamers, the highly imaginative. An ounce a day, worth from $17 to $20, made no appeal to them; they would have a fabulous treasure of the metal revealed by one lucky stroke of the pick. The dreams of few came true. Some thought they had learned signs which led to pockets, knew the formation whereof the strongboxes were built, and wasted their "stakes" and their frequent borrowings from the pan men, their strength and sometimes their lives, in pursuit of pockets which seldom opened to them.

It was a saying among the pick and pan men that most pockets were found by accident and that no finder ever profited in the end by his bonanza. It is probable that the pockets recently found near Williams Creek in Oregon were accidentally discovered.

The text books tell nothing of the signs by which pocket ledges may be known; they are examples of nature's architectural whimsies, and as if half ashamed of the lighter mood in which she designed them she leaves no clue by which her departure from normal building may be traced.

An elderly gentleman, a California pioneer, delighted many of his friends and aroused contrary emotions in the minds of others by blossoming into verse later in life than the customary bloom period for flowers of song. One of his friends whose early ounce a day had grown into some tons of the metal, transmuted into delectable stocks and bonds, remarked upon the literary event: "I knew Jack would do some fool thing, for I mined with him on the North Fork in '52 and he was always looking for a pocket."—New York Sun.

RESCUED HIS MASTER.

John MacMaster, a farmer, living in the Orange Mountains near Roseland, N. J., was saved from death by a sagacious dog, according to a story told by a member of his family.

Mr. MacMaster went to Newark Wednesday night with market produce, and when on his way home at an early hour in the morning became benumbed by the severe cold and fell into a comatose condition. He lost control of his horse, which halted when nearly a mile from the MacMaster farm.

Mrs. MacMaster was astir early and at the hour she expected her husband had breakfast prepared for him. Time passed, and often the devoted wife went out in the cold morning air to listen for the sound of his wagon, relates the New York Herald. At 5 o'clock Bob, a dog, arose from where he had slept during the night under the kitchen table and ran out with Mrs. MacMasters to the front yard.

"Run up the road and see what's keeping your master, Bob," she said.

Bob wagged his tail and started off. In about fifteen minutes the dog returned and barked and scratched at the door of the house. Mrs. MacMasters, alarmed, ran to the door.

"What's the matter, Bob?" she asked, and in answer the faithful little animal ran toward the front gate whining.

Frightened, Mrs. MacMaster put on warm clothing and followed Bob up the road. About three-quarters of a mile from her home she came upon the horse and wagon with her husband sitting upon the front seat. She climbed up beside him and tried in vain to arouse him. Taking the reins from the benumbed fingers, she drove rapidly to the house, where she dragged her husband into the warm kitchen, and after a quarter of an hour's work revived him. It was more than an hour before MacMaster could stand up.—Newark Call.

CONQUERING AN AUDIENCE.

There is more than one way of bringing order out of chaos. Jere Clemens, a near relative of Mark Twain, is described in the humorist's "Autobiography" as a noted pistol-shot. He was also an orator, and to one of his meetings went antagonists with drums, intending to drum down any attempt at speech-making. When he got up to speak Jere pulled out his revolver and laid it on the table.

"I do not wish to hurt anybody," he began, in what Mark Twain calls his "soft, silky way." "I shall not try to; but I have got just a bullet apiece for those six drums, and if you should want to play on them don't stand behind them."

The meeting was a model of order.

The late Moncure D. Conway used to tell of another meeting, held in Tremont Temple in the days when the anti-slavery question was at its zenith of agitation. It illustrates another method of dominating a crowd. There was much disorder, and coats had been torn and hats smashed in the attempt to suppress free speech. One or two tried to get a hearing, only to be howled down. Wendell Phillips was among the unsuccessful. In turning to his seat he caught sight of Emerson looking calmly on the wild scene. He went to him and whispered.

Emerson advanced; the roughs continued their noise for a time, but he stood with such beaming composure that finally came a break in the roar. Emerson began:

"Christopher North—you all know Christopher North—"

There was perfect silence, as if the name had paralyzed every man. Hardly one of them had ever heard of "Christopher North," but this assumption of their intelligence by the intellectual Emerson disarmed them. The rest was peace, and they listened to an address from the philosopher who understood the value of a little flattery at the right time.

RESCUER KILLED BY MISTAKE.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McAllister, of Quinton, Va., owe the life of their child to the faithfulness of a setter dog. While the four-year-old son of the McAllisters was looking for flowers in the woods and fields near his home the little fellow tumbled into a creek. Leo, the dog, plunged into the stream to the assistance of his struggling playmate. He caught the clothes of the child in his mouth and dragged him to land, then ran home for assistance.

Leo bounded into the house and sprang upon Mrs. McAllister, pulling and tugging at her garments in an effort to induce her to follow him. Seeing the wet and bedraggled condition of the dog and his foam flecked mouth, Mrs. McAllister concluded the dog was mad. The screams of the woman brought her husband to her assistance, and he, also believing that the dog was suffering with rabies, struck him over the head with a club, cracking his skull. The dog, despite his mortal wound, succeeded in leading McAllister to the side of the half-drowned boy, after which he crawled off into the weeds and died. Leo was carefuly buried with appropriate ceremonies and the grave covered with flowers.—New York Herald.

SHERIFF'S BRAVE DAUGHTER.

Every sheriff throughout the country should congratulate Sheriff Sylvester Hanson, of Murphysboro, Ill., on the possession of so brave a daughter. The sheriff and family live in the jail building, and the other night a thunderstorm awoke Miss Verna E. Hanson, and she arose and, in order to pass the time, busied herself with needlework. Suddenly she saw dark objects dropping from the window above her own, and realized that prisoners were escaping from cells on the upper floor. She gave the alarm and the sheriff hastened to the scene. In the meantime another prisoner was sliding down the rope by which six fellows had already escaped, but Miss Hanson opened the window and grasped him, and, with the aid of her mother, who had run in, dragged him into the room, and held him until the sheriff himself appeared. It seems that the prisoners had broken through the brittle doors of the cage in which they were confined, and had twisted bedclothes into a rope by means of which they slid to the ground. The sheriff's quick response to his daughter's cries prevented half a dozen other escapes. Miss Hanson, who is only seventeen years of age, was the heroine of the town when the news of her bravery spread abroad. It is said that she prevented two previous jail deliveries by her quick wit and pluck, and she is evidently a born officer of the law.—Leslie's.

Population of Cities.

The accuracy of the Government estimate that to correctly ascertain the approximate population of the cities between each decennial census the multiple of 2 should be used upon the number of names in a reliable city directory is being challenged in a number of cities, large and small, where attempts to estimate the population have been made since the census of 1900.

Prior to the census of 1900 the multiples 2¼ and 2½ were used more frequently in making these estimates, and the official count in 1900 showed that where a city directory was strictly reliable the former figure was not far from the mark. As many directories in different cities are padded, the multiple of 2 was recommended as a fair average to use.—Louisville Post.

Newspapers Are Best.

The good newspapers of this country are the most effective means of getting quick or certain results in advertising now or any other time. They get closer and keep closer to the great American public than any other medium.—Ben B. Hampton.

Origin of Heraldry.

They are supposed to have arisen in the eleventh century, out of the necessity that existed of distinguishing between the multitude of knights and nobles who flocked to Palestine in the first Crusade.