THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY. AUGUST 1, 1908. NO. 36.

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e death rate of
5.25 from 16.35 a
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nd that racing is
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Evening Post.

Wilcox may be tell-
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the way American fishing
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he New York Evening Jour-
Could'nt honesty be a pretty
or-saving device? Isn't it
ul waste of energy and time
ree good men, capable men,
be condemned to idle, lazy
mply watching for dishonesty
r men?

use of the word "strike"
resent accepted sense occurred
London Chronicle in 1765. In
ber of that year are many ref-
to a great suspension of labor
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re stated to have "struck
higher wages.

the nobler type of physician
n is as safe as with her own
; but there are many facile
alists and cheap skeptics in the
ion, says Julian Hawthorne,
women fair game, and
ake advantage of their oppor-
es to play havoc with them.

here has been an epedemic of
des in St. Petersburg for three
hs, the average number being
y-five a month. The high rec-
d for a day was reached lately,
en eighteen persons killed them-
ves. Many of the suicides were
stitute, says the Argonaut, but most
re despondent.

Congressman Dawson, of Iowa, in
speech said: "The American hen
produce wealth equal to the capi-
stock of all the banks of the New
k Clearing House in three months,
have a week to spare. In less
days she can equal the
uction of all the gold mines
United States. In one year
months she could pay off the
bearing debt of the United
."

Rochester Democrat and
icle notes that one feature of
canoe accidents this year has
en the number of canoeists who
ould not swim. If a youth who has
never learned to swim chooses to
risk his life in a cranky canoe that
is his business; but such a person
has no right to invite another per-
son, especially a woman, to accom-
pany him. Every one, male or fe-
male, should learn to swim; but es-
pecially persons who are fond of
ater sports.

A well-known English writer, Mr.
. Ellis Barker, author of "Modern
Germany," has lately published some
tatistics showing that Germany is
rowing richer and Great Britain
poorer with every decade, and that
already the former can meet better
than can the latter most of the tests
of national wealth. Mr. Barker's
data and deductions are corroborated
by the latest election manifesto of
the German Social Democratic party
and by Mr. Richard Calwer, the
leading German Socialist statistician,
who are not likely to exaggerate Ger-
man prosperity under the existing
political and industrial regime.

BY THE SEA

BY SALLY BRUCE KINSOLVING.

When to the restless sea mine eyes I turn
My spirit sigheth oft for mountain rills,
Tall pines that sentinel, deep dells of fern,
And peaceful sunsets over quiet hills.

Amid untrammeled days of listening youth
The ocean's vast unceasing turbulence
The pulses stirred, and of God's might and truth
Awakened in the soul a deeper sense.

But in the tide and current of the world,
Amid its cares, its fears, its restlessness,
The lash or moan of waves forever whirled
Yields but an echo of life's painful stress.

No longer need I witness of God's might
In nature's power nor in her length of lease,
But from the crest of some far lonely height
I fain would seek the whisper of His peace.

—From the American Magazine.

An Impromptu

By COLTON SPENCE.

"Three cheers!" cried Kitty Gray, rushing into the morning room, waving a letter excitedly in the air. "Three cheers! They're coming!"

To her surprise three gloomy countenances greeted her advent.

"Coming!" echoed Eunice, the eldest of the family. "It's just our luck."

Mary and Isabel nodded their heads in sad acquiescense.

"What on earth is the matter?" exclaimed Kitty. "I go out immediately after breakfast and leave you all in the best of spirits. I come home at 12 o'clock and you all look as though the world had come to an end."

"Cook's mother is ill," Eunice said in mournful tones, "and she has gone off at an hour's notice. On the top of that—"

"Good gracious! Is it possible for still another catastrophe to have taken place in three short hours?"

"It is." Eunice's tones became sepulchral. "The doctor came to see Sarah and said she was beginning with ulceration—ordered her away at once; Mary took her to her own people straight away."

"What a fiasco!" exclaimed Kitty, with a low whistle.

Eunice, as a rule, always reproved her sister for this unladylike accomplishment, but in the family crisis she let it pass.

"And now you come in with the proverbial last straw," said Isabel. "You say they're coming."

Kitty rested her chin on her hands and gazed into space.

"There must be some way out of the difficulty," she said.

The others shook their heads doubtfully.

"What about Mrs. Skue?" suggested Kitty.

"Her legs are bad and she can't walk."

"Bother! Then there is Eliza Ann Browning."

"Eliza Ann has gone to work at Dr. Watson's for a fortnight. It's no use, Kitty; we've gone over the whole village, and there isn't a soul who can come to our relief."

"Oh, why are they coming?" moaned Isabel. "If only they had refused. Are they all coming?"

"All of them," Kitty assured her, remorselessly. "Colonel Gerard, Mrs. Gerard, Miss Gerard, Miss Emily Gerard and Mr. Edward Gerard."

The girls looked at each other in dismay. Five people to dinner the next evening, and both their maids snatched away from them at the last moment.

"Listen to me," said Kitty, after a few minutes' silence. "There's one way; and only one. We must do all the cooking ourselves in the morning, have things that simply need warming up at the last moment, pigeon pies, and that kind of thing. And I will answer the door and wait at table."

"You?" They gazed at her in astonishment.

"Even so. In the first place the Gerards scarcely know me. Don't you remember when we first got to know them in the hotel at Brussels I was a martyr to toothache? For three days I was invisible, and then I only appeared with a swollen face and a shawl carefully arranged over it. In the second place I traveled home with Aunt Jane by a different route, so that when you met the Gerards for the second time at Rochfort, I wasn't with you at all. In the third place, I am exactly Sarah's height and can wear her black dress easily. She won't send for her things for a few days at all events."

The three girls looked at her breathlessly.

"Kitty," said Isabel at last, "you're a brick. I believe we shall manage splendidly after all."

Eunice looked doubtful, but finally gave in. She had a shrewd suspicion that young Gerard was in love with her, and was anxious for the evening to pass off well.

"Let's go and see mother," cried Kitty. "I know she'll consent."

Mrs. Gray had been as great a tomboy as her youngest daughter in her day, and after resisting the idea for form's sake, she finally gave in, and entered into the scheme with a good deal of zest.

"There's one blessing," Kitty said to Mary, when they were in their bedroom that night, "Mr. Nelson, that friend of Mr. Edgar Gerard's, isn't staying with them, evidently. He told me, when Aunt Jane and I came across him in Brussels, after you left, that he was coming over to England when the Gerards did. He would have known me again at once."

"You saw a good deal of him?"

"H'm—a fair amount."

Kitty let her hair down, and proceeded to brush it vigorously.

"Why, you're blushing!" exclaimed Mary.

"Stuff!" retorted Kitty.

The next morning the girls turned to with a will. The odor of savory cooking smote the nostrils of every passer-by. Isabel, who was artistic, undertook the decoration of the table, and succeeded admirably. The girls flew about everywhere, laughing and joking. Mr. Gray withdrew into his study in high disgust.

"I should have them put off," he remarked to his wife over lunch.

"Oh, nonsense," she retorted, glancing at Eunice. Mrs. Gray remembered the days of her own youth.

Kitty rehearsed her duties till she felt fairly certain she should escape detection. She even imitated the absent Sarah's voice to the best of her ability.

"You'll think I'm Sarah herself," she told her sisters when they went upstairs to dress.

"You don't look like her," retorted Mary.

In truth, Kitty made a far more attractive housemaid than Sarah. All the Gray girls were pretty, but Kitty was by far the prettiest.

"Never mind my looks," retorted Kitty. "I mean to do my work well, at all events."

The family assembled in the drawing room at five minutes to 7, and awaited their guests with considerable nervousness. Mrs. Gray had a firm conviction that the pastry would be tough and the soup too salt.

The front door bell rang and Kitty started to her feet.

"Now for it," she said, and ran out of the room.

She opened the front door with a flourish.

Mrs. Gerard and the two Miss Gerards swept past her. Then came Colonel Gerard, then Mr. Edgar Gerard, and then — Kitty's heart nearly stopped beating—Harry Nelson.

For one awful moment Kitty stood as though she had been turned to stone. Then she thought of her family waiting in the drawing room, and counting on her loyalty. She closed the front door firmly and helped the ladies off with their cloaks. Her knees trembled under her, and she kept her face turned away from Harry Nelson as much as possible.

"This way, mum," she said, in Sarah's strident tones, and led the way to the drawing room. She heard a gasp behind her, but she went firmly on and threw open the door.

"Colonel and Mrs. Gerard, the Misses Gerard—"

"Miss Kitty," said a voice in her ear. Nelson had paused for a moment as the others filed in.

"Not a word," she almost hissed at him. "I'll explain after."

Harry Nelson walked into the room with a dazed expression on his countenance.

Kitty nearly closed the door after him—but not quite. Then she listened with all her might at the chink.

"We've taken the liberty of bringing an unexpected guest," Mrs. Gerard said. "Mr. Nelson arrived from London two days before we expected him, so we brought him here, and felt sure you would forgive us—"

"Delighted," declared Mrs. Gray.

Nelson bowed with an air of nervousness which hardly did him credit. His usual self-possession had left him for the time being.

"Is this your first visit to Emslin, Mr. Nelson?" asked Mary, after he had trodden on her dress and apologized incoherently.

"Eh—yes—I believe so. I'm not quite sure."

"The man is mentally afflicted," Mary declared to herself. Then the reason dawned on her and she went hot all over. He must have recognized Kitty! She glanced at Isabel and Eunice; they were quite calm and collected. She, Mary, was Kitty's particular confidante. Fortunately the others had never heard her talk about that meeting with Mr. Nelson in Brussels and his kindness to them.

Kitty meantime sped away to the kitchen to dish up the soup. Five minutes later she threw open the drawing room door.

"Dinner is served," she announced in Sarah's voice.

Nelson got into the dining room in some manner, how, he never knew, and watched the housemaid whip the cover dexterously off the soup tureen with a look of blank amazement.

Edgar Gerard looked at him and smiled to himself.

"Nelson is smitten with the pretty housemaid," he whispered to his sister, who was on his left.

Miss Gerard laughed and gazed at Kitty through her eyeglasses. Edgar looked at Eunice and thought her the most charming girl he had ever met.

The dinner passed off successfully. Kitty waited well, though there was a tremor in her voice when she said to Nelson:

"Cold pudding or hot, sir?"

Nelson in the hurry of the moment answered, "Both."

When she had put the desert on the table, Kitty drew a breath of relief and rushed off to the kitchen to sit down and recover herself. She wondered how on earth she had managed as well as she had with Nelson's eyes on her all the time. She had promised to explain it all to him, but that could be left to the future. The great thing was to keep him quiet for the rest of the evening. She tore a strip of paper from a household diary hanging on the wall and scrawled a few words:

"Please don't look so astonished, the Gerards will notice it. Don't betray me whatever you do."

She folded it up into a small compass, and then proceeded to make the coffee. Coffee making was not one of her strong points; the result was a very weak and insipid fluid of a pale fawn color. Nevertheless she bore it off in triumph to the drawing room and handed it round with perfect self-possession. Into Nelson's saucer as she handed him his coffee she slipped the twisted piece of paper.

As she went out of the room she encountered Isabel's eyes. She had taken one sip of the coffee, and was evidently struggling with suppressed laughter. The ludicrous side of the whole situation suddenly overcame Kitty and she had barely time to close the drawing room door before she began to laugh. Safely back in the kitchen she sat down on a chair and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks.

"It's a lovely joke," she gasped. "Isabel's face was a study."

There was a knock at the kitchen door. Kitty wiped her eyes and called, "Come in."

"May I?" The door opened and Nelson walked in.

Kitty started to her feet and flushed crimson.

"How—how dare you?" she cried. "And what will the others think?"

"Nothing at all. The men are out in the garden admiring the flowers. I gave them the slip and came to you. I was always fond of pretty housemaids."

She twisted the corner of her apron and looked down in mock humility.

He took a step forward. "You are adorable," he cried.

"No, no," she said. "You mustn't."

"Mustn't I? Well, explain this mystery to me, Miss Kitty."

She told him the whole story, and Nelson laughed heartily.

"Oh, hush!" she cried, holding up her finger. "They'll hear you in the drawing room."

"Never mind if they do."

"But I do mind. I'm the housemaid for the rest of the evening, and you mustn't give me away."

"Very well. I'll be as good as gold. I suppose you haven't thought yet of the answer to the question I asked you in Brussels?"

Kitty began to twist the corner of her apron again.

"I'll tell you some other time," she said under her breath.

"No, no, tell me now. I've waited patiently for three months, haven't I?"

The drawing room bell rang violently.

"That means they are ready for me to light the lamps," cried Kitty, glad of the diversion.

Nelson came near to her and took hold of her hands. "You have time to say 'Yes' or 'No' before you light the lamps," he said, gravely.

The blood flamed into her cheeks. Then her irrepressible spirits came to her rescue. She dropped a curtesy. "Yes, sir. Thank ye kindly, sir."

"Darling!" Nelson seized her in his arms.

The drawing room bell rang again.

"They think I didn't hear the last ring," murmured Kitty. "I must see to the lamps and you positively must join the others."

* * * * * * *

When it was all over and the girls were going up to bed, Eunice laughed and said: "Our funny dinner party has passed off capitally. And I have some news for you."

"We can guess," cried Mary. "Edgar Gerard said, 'Will you?' in the conservatory this evening, and you said, 'Yes, thank you.'"

Eunice blushed and nodded her head.

"You see," said Mary, when she and Kitty were in their own room, "our dinner party has resulted in an engagement in spite of the servant difficulty."

When she was in bed Kitty murmured to her pillow: "Our funny dinner party has passed off successfully. And it has resulted in two engagements!"—London Sunday-School Times.

Daily Thought.

Nor love thy life, nor hate, but what thou livest live well; how long or short permit to heaven.—Milton.

Masculine Imagination.

Some men make mountains out of mole hills and then sell them for summer resorts.—Dallas News.

PAPER—ITS PRESENT AND ITS FUTURE.

ALL the wisdom of the past, garnered by patient toil and effort, all the wealth of experience gained by generations of men through alternating defeat and triumph, belongs to us by right of inheritance. . . . But to what agency do we owe the preservation of our inheritance? What conservator has kept our rich estate from being scattered to the four winds of heaven? . . . The peoples of the earth were increasing rapidly; they were advanced in the arts and sciences and in the experiences that inspire thought, poetry, and philosophy; they had a heritage of knowledge to which they were constantly adding, while business transactions, together with other deeds worthy of record, had greatly multiplied. . . . The sands in the hour-glass were beginning to run golden; time was taken on a value unknown before. . . . A deed of land written in clay and put away to bake might answer the purpose when real-estate transfers were infrequent and attended with much ceremony. . . . What was to take the place of the old and cumbersome materials? Even at a very early date men were asking this question, and it was the good fortune of Egypt to be able to give answer. Along the marshy banks of the Nile grew a graceful water-plant, now almost extinct, which was peculiarly fitted to meet the new demands. The discovery of its value led to an extensive industry, through which the land of the Pharaohs was enabled to take high rank in letters and learning, and to maintain a position of wealth, dignity, power and influence that otherwise would have been impossible, even in those remote days when printing was still many centuries beyond the thoughts or dreams of men.—From "The Story of Paper-Making," by courtesy of J. W. Butler Paper Co., Chicago.

—From the Printing Art Sample Book.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

A French journal announces the discovery of a new method of preserving eggs. It consists in covering them (not too thickly) with lard. This stops up the pores, prevents evaporation and keeps out the air.

Experiments have recently been made with an inflammable paste on bullets. When the bullet leaves the muzzle the paste ignites, leaving a stream of smoke behind it, and enabling the marksman to watch its course and, if necessary, correct his aim for the next shot.

Glass is made irridescent by being exposed, in a red hot condition, to the fumes of salts of tin, barium and strontium. Red is produced by the strontia, blue by the baryta and bluish white by the tin. In ancient glass, which is more opaque, irridesdence was due to partial decay.

The skin of the men and women of some nations is much thicker than that of others, particularly in hot countries. The Central African negro has a skin about half as thick again as that of a European. That of a negro is thickest over the head and back, evidently to form a protection from the sun.

Recently M. J. Thovert reported to the French Academy of Sciences the results of experiments made to determine the possibility of reducing the heat evolved by nitro-explosives to such a degree as to prevent the combustion of the carbon monoxide abounding in the air of many mines. It was found that the addition of alkaline salts had this most desirable effect. The detonation of the explosives thus treated was not accompanied by inflammation of the surrounding atmospheric gases.

It has often been suggested that the brilliance of the sun's disk is due to incandescent particles of carbon, and within a few years past the presence of carbon in the sun has been demonstrated by the spectroscope. Lately Professor Morton, attached to the Naval Observatory at Washington, has shown that there is a thin layer of carbon in the lower part of the sun's atmosphere. It surrounds the solar globe like a luminous shell, and, under normal conditions, is probably not more than 500 miles above the sun's surface. But when an eruption takes place from beneath the carbon layer, like all the other constituents of the solar atmosphere, is broken up and locally dispersed by the tremendous agitation.

The English Sparrow.

"I remember," said John Burroughs to me recently, "that I first saw the English sparrows in Jersey City about 1866. They were scratching around in the streets, and I said to myself, 'What in thunder are those birds?' Soon they were in Washington, where I was then living, and I noticed a boy one day with a sling shooting them. I wanted to call the police. 'They'll be exterminated,' I thought, 'and that'll be too bad.' But I didn't know them. A few years ago a friend of mine shot sixty sparrows one after the other from a single nest, and the survivor of the pair always found a mate. As the shooting continued the birds got cautious, and would skedaddle as soon as they saw him; but they finally raised a brood in the nest."

The sparrows do not now seem as threatening a nuisance as they did at first. Nature has furnished checks, and there are probably less of the sparrows than there were a decade or two ago. They are essentially a town bird. The country does not furnish sufficient food in winter and is too cold. They are seed-eaters, and the droppings of grain-fed town horses have been their chief dependence. With the introduction of electric cars and automobiles this source of food has been diminished and has tended to cut off the sparrows. Then, too, the hawks have come to understand them, and now often hover around the cities in winter to pick them up.—Clifton Johnson, in "Our Imported Pests," in the Outing Magazine.

About Ancestors.

In the first generation, going backward, your ancestors were two, a father and a mother; in the second four, two grandfathers and two grandmothers. But each of these had two parents, and thus in the third generation there are found to be eight ancestors. In the fourth generation the number is sixteen; in the fifth, thirty-two; in the sixth, sixty-four; in the seventh, 128. In the tenth it has risen to 1024; in the twentieth, 1,048,576; in the thirtieth, 1,073,741,824. It will thus be seen how difficult it is to settle the question as to who one's ancestors were seven or eight hundred years ago.

Josh Wise Philosophizes.

"A gal don't generally think a man is in love with her unless he threatens t' commit suicide if she refuses him."

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

AN EVENTFUL CRUISE.

Captain John Willard Russell, mariner, of Bristol, Rhode Island, achieved no great distinction in the annals of his time, but he was one of a great company of undaunted Americans who braved such perils as have long since vanished from the seas to play a part in building a mighty commerce for a young nation. In editing Captain Russell's letters, under the title "The Romance of an Old Shipmaster," Mr. Ralph D. Paine says that as a youth, in 1796, John Russell undertook a Western journey, and joined the pioneers who were pushing on into the wilderness of Western New York and Michigan. But he had not the bent for land, and two years later he is in Virginia, and embarking upon his first voyage.

What were the risks our sailors and merchants faced in the years when the French, in our unofficial war with the "Terrible Republic," were cruelly harassing our feeble marine, are pictured in the following letters from John Russell to his father:

"Charleston, S. C.

"Dear and Respected Sir—I think it uncertain whether you have heard anything from me since I left Virginia in the month of August. I then informed you of the particulars of my Southern journey, and how, to secure my own Debt, I was induced to take a share in a Brig and Cargo—bound to the West Indies. I sailed soon after from the river Potomac, bound to Cape Nicholas Mole—the Brig and Cargo worth eleven thousand dollars—one-half of which was my own, and the remainder consigned to me as super-cargo. After being out fourteen days we were taken by a French privateer—myself and a boy were put on board the prigateer without being allowed to take my clothes with me.

"After being ten days on the Pricateer—she having weakened herself by manning prizes and having only ten men on board—I, with two other prisoners and two boys, concerted a plan to take possession of the privateer, in which we happily succeeded and stood for Jamaica. But twelve hours after we unfortunately fell in with another French Privateer, of large force, who, on sending their boat on board, discovered our situation, and soon turned the tables upon us. I will not attempt to detail the long series of cruel treatment which succeeded.

"In three days I was landed and closely confined at Petit Ance. When I was liberated I had no clothes and not a shilling.

"I took passage in a sloop bound to Norfolk in Virginia, and came in a packet to this place. I have an offer to go to St. Thomas, and expect to sail to-day. You may rest assured, my Dear Father, that poor and unfortunate as I am, your son has not disgraced himself. No—though entirely a stranger here, I have received the countenance and friendship of some of the best men in the place."

DOGS TRY TO EAT MAN.

Battling for forty hours against a pack of hunger-maddened dogs on an ice pack off the coast of Labrador, with the temperature ten degrees below zero and only a knife to defend himself from being torn to pieces by the brutes, is the thrilling experience that Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, the celebrated missionary-physician, recently passed through. The story of Dr. Grenfell's escape from death is told by Captain W. Bartlett, of the steamer Strathcona, which has just arrived at St. John's, N. F., from the north. Captain Bartlett was with Commander Peary on several of his expeditions to the Arctic.

Dr. Grenfell had left Battle Harbor, Labrador, to attend several patients at another settlement, ten miles distant, and was traveling over the ice with a pack of dogs, when he found himself driven off the coast by a moving ice field. Before he realized it he was in an area covered with broken drift ice, and before he could stop the dogs the animals had carried him into the water. The dogs attempted to climb on Dr. Grenfell's back, and he was obliged to fight the before he was able to climb on to a solid piece of drift ice. The dogs also succeeded in saving themselves.

The wind was blowing a gale from the northwest, the temperature was ten below zero, and night was at hand. Taking off his skin boots, Dr. Grenfell cut them in halves and placed the pieces over his back and chest to shield those parts of his body from the blast. As the wind and cold increased, when night came on, he determined to kill three of the dogs to afford him more warmth and to supply the other beasts with food, fearing that, becoming hungry, they would tear him to pieces.

As it was, they attacked him savagely, and he was bitten terribly about the hands and legs. The doctor spent a trying night. He wrapped himself up in the skins of the dead dogs, but still found it so cold that he repeatedly had to run about the ice to keep up the circulation. Hoping that next day he would be in sight of land, though the ice was fast receding from the shore, the doctor took the legs of the dead dogs and, binding them together, made a pole, to the top of which he attached a part of his shirt to serve as a signal. This eventually proved to be his salvation, as the flag was seen by George Reid and others of Locke's Cove, Mare Bay, and they effected a rescue.

COYOTE HUNTING.

The wily coyote abounds in Southern California, and, if not courageous, is always troublesome. At night he leaves the foothills and sallies forth to visit neighboring towns, pass through the outskirts, and lurking around back dooryards—a veritable scavenger. When alarmed, he is alert, and easily outdistances the fleetest common dog.

Occasionally he is seen by the light of the moon dashing away, with a yelping laugh or cry, followed by a half score of dogs; and it is said that the coyote will at times allure the dogs on until one is in the fore, then turn and lead the victim to an ambush, where several coyotes are lying in wait. Seemingly at a signal they will pitch upon him and send him home, torn and bleeding, if not seriously injured.

Almost every canyon in the range is the vantage ground of one or more coyotes. As the sun rises they leave the plains and make their ways to the hills, where they sleep on the soft grass, or lie on the ledges of rock that overlook the ravines.

The coyote is about the size of a setter dog, often smaller, with a bushy, wolf-like tail, big, prominent ears and an exceedingly odd expression. A glance at the animal would not convince one that it was adapted by nature to remarkable bursts of speed, yet such is one of the attributes of this singular creature.

The swiftest of California dogs are required to capture it, and then Master Coyote succumbs only after a one or two mile run at race horse speed—not the run of a fox before the hounds, but a chase where the game is ever in sight, and the horses are put to the utmost speed, as upon the track. No wonder, then, that the coyote has attracted the attenion of the cross country rider, and is considered game well worthy the best mettle of horse and rider.—Good Literature.

PAIN CAUSED BY IMAGINATION.

A German surgeon in the Franco-Prussian War had occasion to lance an abscess for a poor fellow, and, as the sore was obstinate, it became necessary to use the knife twice. The operation was not a very painful one, but the patient declared that it had nearly killed him, and when a third resort to the lancet was proposed he ptotested that he could never go through the operation alive.

The surgeon promised to make it easy for him, and, calling up a few of the loungers, ordered one of them to hold his hands close over the patient's eyes and two others to grasp his hands firmly.

"This arrangement," explained the doctor, "is said to prevent pain in such an operation. Now lie perfectly quiet, and when I say 'Now!' prepare yourself."

The surgeon at once began quietly with his work, and in a short time had completed the operation without the least trouble, the patient lying as though in sleep.

When all was done the surgeon laid aside the knife and said, "Now!" Such a roar came from the lips of the sick man as seldom is heard from any human being. He struggled to free himself, yelling, "Oh, doctor, you're killing me!"

Shouts of laughter soon drowned his cries and he was told that the operation had been all over before the signal was given. It was a good joke, but it is doubtful if the poor fellow could ever be made to believe that he did not feel actual pain immediately after that fatal "Now!"—Tit-Bits.

RUN OVER BY EXPRESS.

Nine coaches of an express train on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, running at forty miles an hour, passed over Julia Weigle, two years old, at Mayfair, Ill., without harming a hair of the baby's head. She fell under the train in an effort to rescue her Teddy bear.

The little girl toddled across the tracks while playing near her home. Between the rails she dropped her Teddy bear. She allowed it to lie where it had fallen, while she sat down along the embankment to gather dandelions. Suddenly she heard the Omaha express thundering toward her down the track. She scrambled to her feet and started toward the track to rescue her plaything. As she was within a foot of the rail the train whizzed toward her.

The suction of the flying cars drew the child under the train. James Lewis, the engine driver, leaning from his locomotive cab, saw the baby jerked under. He stopped his engine four blocks further on, leaped to the ground and ran back. At the spot where he expected to find the body he saw the little one sitting in a depression between the ties, the Teddy bear hugged tightly to her breast. —New York Telegram.

The Supposed Life of Mars.

Not only do the observations we have scanned lead us to the conclusion that Mars at this moment is inhabited, but they land us at the further one that these denizens are of an order whose acquaintance was worth the making. Whether we ever shall come to converse with them in any more instant way is a question upon which science at present has no data to decide. More important to us is the fact that they exist, made all the more interesting by their precedence of us in the path of evolution. Their presence certainly ousts us from any unique or self-centered position in the solar system, but so with the world did the Copernican system the Ptolemaic, and the world survived this deposing change. So may man. To all who have a cosmoplanetary breadth of view it cannot but be pregnant to contemplate extramundane life and to realize that we have warrant for believing that such life now inhabits the planet Mars.—From Prof. Lowell's "Proofs of Life in Mars," in the Century.

Ptolemaic Astronomy.

According to the Ptolemaic theory, the earth was the centre of the universe, and was motionless. The surrounding etheral region was composed of eleven skies, or firaments, which revolved around the earth as a common centre. All the celestial bodies moved around the earth. This system lasted for more than eleven hundred years, from about 200 B. C. to the time of Copernicus.

For Children at Home

WELL-BRED LITTLE POLLY.

She never soiled her pretty clothes
She was never known to pout.
When she was told to stay indoors,
She never did go out.

If she was told to sit quite still
Upon her little chair,
You really might assure yourself
That she would sit right there.
If ugly children called her names
She merely sat and smiled;
She never quarreled back at them;
She was a well-bred child.

Of course, she never worked a bit;
She couldn't sweep nor sew;
She couldn't cook nor make a bed,
For she was a doll, you know.

—Maud Walker, in Birmingham Age Herald.

THE CUCKOO'S HABITS.

It is well known that the cuckoo lays her eggs in the nests of other birds. Now comes the German naturalist, Konrad Fuss, who breaks a lance in defense of the cuckoo's character, or rather, gives the reasons for the bird's strange habit. Owing to the unusually large stomach of this bird, he says, she has not room in the rest of her body to develop more than one egg at a time, with a week's interval between each. If she laid her eggs with such long pauses between in one family's nest, there would result a confusion of hatched, hatching and embyro progeny which would mean disaster to all.

She could not herself attend to more than one nest at a time. Consequently, she is forced to exact maternal care for her eggs from other birds.

She is careful to choose the nest of a worm-and-insect eating bird—preferably one in whose menu caterpillars often appear, the hairier and bigger the better, for the hungry big stomachs of the young cuckoos.

Nature seems to do everything in her power to encourage the cuckoo in her apparently shiftless, lazy ways. She has no natural gift for nest-building, but lays her eggs on the ground, seizes them in her bill, and drops them by stealth into some unsuspecting neighbor's nest.

Oddly enough, although the cuckoo is four times as large as the skylark, her eggs are as small as those of the lark, and pass unnoticed among the eggs of many varieties of small birds.

The young cuckoo, till about ten days old—the age at which it begins to crowd legitimate progeny out of the nest—has a natural depression in its back which acts as a convenient kind of ladle for turning the luckless fledglings out into the cold world. The cuckoo, being so much larger than the other birds, fills the nest with its own bulk, and is forced to adopt these drastic measures. This act of self-preservation accomplished, the cuckoo's back assumes the comely symmetry of later life.

The adopted parent does not seem to notice or resent this behavior in the least, but coddles and tends the interloper till it has reached the age of discretion, and pays no further attention to her discarded young. The cuckoo's migration is also arranged for at a much earlier date than others of the feathered world—an engagement which she could not keep if domestic cares detained her.

Poetry, sentiment, scandal, superstition—since history began the cuckoo has been a favorite subject of all these. She is the herald of spring, of storms; she will foretell your length of days; she becomes a hawk in the winter in order to add to her wisdom.

"Cuckoo, cuckoo, dear, how many years till I marry?" is eagerly asked by peasant maidens in the springs, and the answering "Coo, coo! Coo, coo!" as eagerly counted and implicitly believed.

The earliest English song extant, written in the thirteenth century, is a joyous welcome of the first cuckoo-call in the spring. It begins "Sumer is icumen in," or, as we spell it, "Summer is a-coming in."—American Home Monthly.

PETER WENT HOME.

"I left my dog accidentally at a friend's house yesterday," said a young girl. "My friend tried to get him to run after me, but he would not leave. He plainly held that I would soon return; that since I had gone without him, I would come back inevitably for him, and he stuck to the room where I had parted from him, feeling that it was his duty to do so. Finally my friend called me up on the telephone.

"'Your dog won't go,' she said. 'He thinks you will be back, and we can't drive him out.'

"'Hold him up to the 'phone,' said I.

"She held him up.

"'Peter,' said I, 'come home; I am waiting at home for you. Come straight home, Peter, good little dog.'

"Peter wagged his tail, wriggled down out of my friend's arms and set off homeward like a flash of lightning."—Home Herald.

Diamonds.

Why are diamonds expensive, being merely dust and ashes? Because women love them. And why do women love them? Because they are expensive and useless. — London Chronicle.