

FAY-FOLK.

Some nights I try to keep awake
To see how fairies really look;
You have to watch so sharp and still—
So says my mamma's Fairy-Book!

They nod and whisper to themselves—
Then scamper off across the floor
As if they'd never, never seen
A little boy like me before!

I squint my eyes a tiny ways
And then I see them, one by one,
Come trooping in from fairyland
With funny little hop and run.

But if you ask me how they look,
Somehow I cannot seem to tell;
For pretty soon they've slipped away;
And then—I hear the breakfast bell!
—Laura Simonsdon, in Lippincott's.

IMPRISONED BY LAVA

By ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

IN 1854 the brig-of-war Eudocia, Capt. Henker Lambie, was sent on an exploring expedition to the Antarctic Ocean to determine certain points of the Southern Continent, the most cheerless and inhospitable of all lands. The vessel touched at Cape Town late in November, and a few weeks later again set sail.

Among the brig's company were two midshipmen, Harry Furness from Bristol and Richard Scoresby of Liverpool, who had been together in the service for two years, and had become close friends.

The Eudocia sighted Kerguelen Island, and slightly altering her course, kept due south for several days. On January 14 land, or rather the glaciers that fringed it, came into view upon the southern horizon.

The ship ran for three days along a sheer wall of ice, from one hundred to two hundred feet in height, through a sea filled with floating bergs and floes. Although it was the Antarctic summer, snow-squalls were frequent and the wind was at times piercingly cold.

On the morning of the 18th a column of black smoke was sighted above the ice-cliffs far to the west, and as the vessel approached, this was seen to be issuing from an active volcano, a strange spectacle in that land of ice and snow.

It was decided to effect a landing, if possible, and ascertain the height of the peak. Upon the coast, not far from the base of the mountain, two ice promontories stretched out on each side of a natural basin, almost circular, with an opening about a hundred yards wide affording an entrance from the sea. The cliff at this point was considerably lower than elsewhere, and black volcanic rocks and ravines were visible along its front.

A boat was sent ahead to examine this harbor and to make soundings; and as a result of its report, the Eudocia was soon riding snugly at anchor upon the sheltered expanse. At the head of the little bay was a beach of volcanic debris, with a ravine leading up to the tableland above. Beyond the smoking cone of the mountain rose over a disfigured region of blackened ice and snow. Streams of water, melted by the heat, were running down the cliffs.

Furness and Scoresby were detailed to go ashore with a boat's crew, to make observations, examine the surface of the plateau and determine the height of the peak. The service was one involving no little fatigue and even a considerable degree of danger, for an ice-field at the base of a volcanic mountain was likely to be seamed with crevasses and filled with hidden pitfalls. The young officers were, however, much elated at the prospect of exploring an unknown land.

A few strokes of the oars brought their boat to the beach of volcanic rock and ashes. The boys landed, taking their surveying instruments and two of the boat's crew. But the men were wholly unable to keep up with the nimble youths, so they were sent back to the shore, whence a boat took them off to the ship.

After a hard scramble up a steep gorge, over black boulders and slippery ice, in full sight of the Eudocia, the boys gained the summit of the cliffs. From this point a gradual slope of rock and ice extended upward to the base of the mountain, half a mile distant.

Toward this the boys now made their way, but with considerable difficulty. The slope that had appeared so smooth from a distance proved, on closer approach, to be a broken country, gutted with deep fissures and ravines, from some of which smoke and steam were rising. There was also perceptible a slight tremor of the earth and an occasional rumbling.

At last, after much labor and fatigue, the two explorers reached a long, narrow stretch of fairly level surface, parallel to the base of the mountain. Beyond lay a deep ravine, apparently impassable. Here they stopped, and made observations to ascertain the height of the peak. A rough calculation gave its altitude as a trifle over four thousand feet.

By this time the long Antarctic afternoon was drawing to a close, and the boys started back toward the vessel, which lay hidden from view beneath the edge of the cliffs. They moved slowly, observing the configuration of the land as they went.

Suddenly the deadened boom of a gun from the brig came to their ears. Its echoes had hardly died away before there came another report, and then another. What did it mean?

Involutionally and a cry of surprise and alarm broke from both. In place of the thin, tapering column of smoke, great clouds of pitchy blackness were rolling up to the sky, as if some giant

were heaping fuel on the subterranean fires beneath. Even as they looked, there came a series of muffled explosions, and dull red flames began to flicker about the crater. The ground beneath them trembled ominously. "Hurry up, Dick!" cried Harry. "There's going to be an eruption, sure!"

He had hardly spoken when a tremendous roar came. The whole upper part of the mountain disappeared in a burst of flame and smoke. Great stones began to fall about them, and deluge of fiery lava came pouring down the sides of the peak.

The boys put down their instruments and ran for their lives. They reached the gorge leading to the sea, and plunged headlong down it. Half the distance had been covered without mishap when Dick, looking behind, gave a cry of horror: "Run higher up, Harry! Keep out of the middle!"

At the head of the ravine appeared a crest of glowing lava, which hung for a moment on the verge, and then darted down toward them. The boys leaped up to the higher ground above the middle of the gorge, still keeping on in their rapid course. And it was well that they did so! In fifteen seconds a lava stream six feet deep was flowing down the channel where they had been running!

It overtook and passed them, and swinging a little to the right to follow the deepest part of the ravine, plunged, hissing and steaming, into the sea about a hundred feet from the landing-place. At it passed the base of the cliffs, it had swerved abruptly toward their feet, almost touching it, and cutting off the boys' retreat to the water.

For an instant they stood in horror, looking at the crawling stream of boiling lava. Then the danger of their situation roused them to action. "Quick, Harry!" cried Dick. "Run for your life! It's only six feet broad below there! We must jump it!"

They dashed on over the boulders to a point farther down, where the current of lava was narrow. Dick, without pausing a moment, gave a quick leap that landed him on the other side. As he passed over the stream, the intense heat seemed to scorch his clothing.

Having heard a cry just as he jumped, Dick looked about for Harry. On the other side of the fiery current he saw his friend struggling to rise from the ground, and falling back, Harry had twisted his ankle on a slippery stone, and could not stand upon his feet.

Just for an instant Dick hesitated, uncertain what to do. Then he ran back a short way to get a start, and another leap carried him back over the lava. A faint cheer from the brig came to his ears, showing that his action was appreciated. He put his arm about Harry, and half-carried, half-dragged him back toward the foot of the cliff.

With a sudden swelling, the width of the current increased a foot on each side. "O Dick," groaned Harry, "don't trouble with me! Save yourself. You can jump it yet. Quick!" he added. "It's growing broader every minute!"

It is no shame to the memory of Richard Scoresby to say that for a moment the wild desire for life, the instinct of self-preservation, came upon him strongly. To remain where he was seemed but to invite a speedy and terrible death. He could not save his companion. At best he could only die helplessly with him.

He looked at the red stream. It had broadened to twelve feet, but it was not yet too late. "Jump, Dick!" moaned Harry. "You can't help me any more. Go, and God bless you! Quick, before it's too late!"

"No, Harry," Dick said. "Here I stay with you. Whatever comes to us we'll meet together."

The next minute took away the last possibility of escape across the flood. With a sudden surge the stream broadened to twenty feet, red, fierce and impassable.

Just behind them was a mound of debris several feet high, which had fallen from the overhanging cliff at this spot, leaving a space between it and the foot of the rocks, and thus affording some protection against the heat of the stream in front. Dick drew Harry behind this natural rampart, and they were able to breathe more freely, for the current of cool air drew in from the sea along the base of the wall. Here they awaited what might come.

Meanwhile Captain Lambie, when the eruption began, gave orders to weigh anchor on the Eudocia and get the vessel under way, saying to his first lieutenant, "If one of those stones falls aboard it may send us to the bottom or explode the magazine. We must get out of range until the eruption is over."

Just then the boys appeared at the

head of the ravine, and a boat was manned at once to go to their rescue. But it had hardly left the side of the brig when the boys were encompassed, as I have just related, and orders were given reluctantly for the recall of the boat. Every minute of delay in the harbor was endangering the lives of all on board.

All sail was set, two boats' crews took a line ahead, and the Eudocia moved out of the basin into the open sea.

As long as the daylight lasted the officers earnestly watched with their glasses the two figures at the base of the cliff, beyond the stream of lava. After twilight came and all through the night rockets were sent up to encourage them and show them that the vessel was lying by to take them off at the first opportunity.

That night was never forgotten by the two young officers. Through its long hours they lay gasping at the foot of the cliff, saved from the falling stones by the overhanging wall above and shielded from the infernal stream in front by their rampart of rocks.

The heat of the eruption caused a strong wind to blow from the water, and this undoubtedly saved the boys' lives, for it swept away the sulphurous smoke and gases, and gave them occasional opportunities to breathe the fresh air.

The possibility of escape hardly entered the boys' heads. At first there was the dread lest the stream of lava might rise to fill the ravine; but as the hours went by and its flow did not materially increase, their fear was replaced by a dull endurance of whatever might be in store for them.

There was little sleep that night on board the Eudocia. The two boys were favorites, both with the officers and the crew. All hoped for the best, but feared the worst. As the brig lay rolling in the heavy antarctic swell, now and then a strong gust would blow aside the clouds that hid the land, and they could see the black peak spouting its fiery fountain, and the lava streams winding down to the sea like dull red serpents, and entering it with a hissing that could be heard for miles.

The short polar night soon passed, and as morning came every eye on the vessel was turned toward the shore to detect, if possible, some signs of life. The force of the eruption, however, was still unspent, and it was not safe to approach very near the coast. The brig was compelled to pass that day cruising to and fro in anxious doubt.

Another night came, and with it a strong wind from the north, which drove the smoke back upon the land, and once more revealed the outline of the coast. When the second morning dawned the aspect of the shore was changed.

The long white wall was seamed and guttered with deep ravines, and black streams of lava and rugged slopes of rock showed here and there. The little harbor in which they had lain was gone. Scattered along the broken coast line rose columns of hissing, roaring steam, but the force of the volcano was spent. No stones were falling and the flow of lava had almost ceased.

Hardly daring to hope that his mid-dies were alive, Captain Lambie drew in again toward the shore. Suddenly the lookout in the foretop gave a shout.

At the foot of an overhanging cliff Richard Scoresby rose from the ground wildly waving a short jacket. Beside him was seen Harry Furness, striving to rise to his feet. A cheer went up from the brig, for it was apparent that both boys were safe. They had spent two nights and a day in their shelter, and come out of the fiery ordeal unharmed.

How to rescue them was the next question, for the lava stream was still impassable. Finally a landing was made farther along the coast and a rescuing party with ropes succeeded in gaining the summit of the cliffs above the boys' position and hoisted them safely up.—Youth's Companion.

First Typesetting Machine. In answer to the query, How old are typesetting machines? the London Chronicle prints an extract from a copy of the local Herald, of 1823: "Dr. Church is now at Birmingham preparing his new printing machine. The compositor is only to sit down at the curious mechanism as he would sit at a pianoforte, and as he strikes the keys the types all fall from the case into their proper places with a velocity that keeps pace with the most rapid speaker. The form having been worked off, the type moves into the melting pot, from which it is returned, recast into its original state, and thence distributed into the case quite new. One of these machines placed at the bar of the House of Commons would always insure a correct report of the debate. Dr. Church, the inventor, is a native of Boston, in New England."

Governmental Wisdom. New South Wales, the most progressive State of the Australian Commonwealth, has for years been building up its population and productive capacity by advertising its natural resources, climatic advantages and commercial opportunities throughout the world. One branch of its publicity campaign is conducted by a salaried press agent, who supplies thousands of newspapers in Europe and America with New South Wales prosperity pabulum. His Government has learned by experience the value of newspaper advertising.—Philadelphia Record.

A Rare Bird in England. The Zoo has just received the first humming-bird which has reached the garden, and the second which has ever arrived in England alive. It was brought from Venezuela by Captain Pain, and its food is syrup mixed with extract of beef. The bird is a dark green in color, with blue cheeks.—London Chronicle.



Cleaning Spots. Nothing else makes a dress look so untidy as spots on the goods. These spots are most frequently found in the front of the waist and skirt if from fruit, ice cream, etc., but the lower part of the skirt will sometimes show spots from almost anything of a liquid nature with which they come in contact.

One of the best agents for cleaning spots is soap bark jelly. This is made by dissolving a handful of soap bark in a quart of boiling water and letting it cool.

To clean the garment lay the spotted portion over a folded towel and rub the spots gently with a damp cloth dipped in the jelly. With another cloth and clear water wash off the jelly, dabbing it gently with the wet cloth and changing the cloth under it. Rinse with another clear water and a clean cloth, then let dry in the air. When nearly dry, cover the place with a thin cloth and press with a moderately hot iron.

A dress skirt or waist that has lost its first freshness may be improved by a good brushing and sponging. After every bit of dust has been brushed and shaken out clean any spots that may be found, as directed, then sponge one portion at a time and press it with a cloth between the material and the iron. Use white cloth for light goods and black for dark ones.

Shoes That Creak. A good many children's shoes (after they have had unwary but intimate knowledge of the contents of alluring puddles) have a way of creaking that is absolutely maddening.

No one ought to be forced to listen to it when the remedy is so simple. The cause lies in the rubbing of the inner sole against the outer, and the wetting may cause one to shrink so that this rubbing is an inevitable following.

Take a large plate or a platter and pour just enough oil on it to cover the bottom well. Then stand the shoes with their heels propped so that the sole of the shoe rests in the oil. Let them stand over night, and in the morning wipe off any excess of oil there may be. If you are careful to let the oil only barely cover the bottom of the plate the shoes will probably absorb all the oil and be seemingly as good as new.

But the treatment, simple though it is, is effective, and the "squeak" will, in nine cases out of ten, be found to have disappeared entirely. If it hasn't a second application will finish it.—New Haven Register.

Self-Government at Vassar. So far weaknesses in the student government have resulted in reform, not so much in this or that particular, but in general. The most notable case of this kind occurred now some years ago, when a kind of slackness crept into the association and the elders began to wonder if student government was losing its grip. The answer to that question was the advent of a senior class persuaded in its own mind as to its destiny, and determined to impress its conviction upon the association.

That year its house was swept and put into an order which has never since been seriously disturbed. The event not only inspired the association with fresh confidence in itself, and with higher ideals, but inspired the college with a confidence well deserved and of which the students are fully aware.

Of course one of the most obvious menaces to a good government by students is the fact that every year it loses a body of its best informed and best trained citizens, and has to accept in their place a still larger body of the unformed and uninformed, coming from the comparative dependence of schools and families, and likely, like any other immigrants, to be either indifferent or overexecutive. It is hard to see how any executive body so constituted can keep to a steady policy. Yet the association does.—Georgia A. Kendrick, in Harper's Bazar.

Women of Oklahoma. At the ranch we were pleasantly welcomed—astonishing fact, despite our introductions, for the hostess had just dismissed the last of thirty guests who had stayed with her through the show. The house was still in confusion, for they had not expected to entertain more than half a dozen; but the six invited ones, relying upon her well-known hospitality, had calmly multiplied themselves by five. The parlor, as we entered, proved to be a large, handsome room with a hardwood floor and mahogany furniture. Magazines and papers were scattered about, among them, on the centre table, a big pistol. The daughter was introduced to us—a Vassar graduate—and instead of talking murder and sudden death, as we discussed psychology and recent fiction. Also the servant-girl question.

They would have no women servants on the ranch, they told us. Girls were always sick when the mistress felt under the weather; they would rise to no extra occasion, such as thirty guests instead of six; but explained that they weren't hired for that. A man cook, now, did his work without fretting and furnished as many meals as might be required. They had had Englishmen, colored men, and now had a Chinese, and they had all proved satisfactory.

The ladies took care of the bedrooms themselves.—Marion Foster Washburne, in Harper's Bazar.

Cheap Rugs. A cheap rug, says the House Beautiful, shrieks out its pitiful price to the passing critic most unmistakably. Better bare floors, or one good rug representing self-denial and economy, than a floor lavishly covered with base imitations.

And if only one or two rugs can be bought at first, choose soft, rich tones, which will harmonize with everything, and patterns which are good, but not very striking, and you will never tire of them. Hardwood floors as a background for rugs are of course the most desirable, but even a cheap softwood floor may be stained a rich dark blue, green or brown, so that the attention will be distracted from the scarcity of rugs. There is no rug to compare with the Oriental rug in beauty and durability; but for upstairs rooms, where the wear is not very heavy, there is nothing more charming than the rag rug, particularly if woven in colors harmonizing with its surroundings. The Indian Dhurri rugs are good in color and design, but have an exasperating habit of refusing to lie flat upon the floor. Perhaps no cheap rug gives more return for the money expended than the Navajo blankets, but their brilliant hues make them difficult to use. Those with a great deal of white in them are the safest purchases. While the rugs woven of bits of carpet are not beautiful, they often help cover a bare floor, and if made of soft dull colors are unobjectionable.—Evening Post.

Business Woman at Home. When the business woman gets home at night she is tired and her head aches. It may be her custom to sit down at once to her evening meal, and shortly after retire for a bath and bed, feeling too worn out to spend the evening in any relaxation or amusement.

Yet after a day in office or store she needs the diversion of a little amusement, and this would be possible, even after a hard day, if she followed the plan of resting, bathing and changing her clothing immediately on going home.

Say she gets home at 6 or 6.30. One hour later she can feel like a new person by following out this routine. The first thing to do on getting home is to remove all clothing worn during the day and hang it to air for morning. The next thing is a bath, and this should be tepid, as cold water will not remove the heat and perspiration of the day, and hot water is too exhausting. Stay in the tub ten minutes. Then slip on a night dress, let the hair down, braid it loosely, and lie at full length on the bed for fifteen minutes.

During this resting period the nerves should be relaxed, the eyes closed and all worrying thought banished. If consciousness is lost, so much the better. At the end of this time get up and rub the body gently with alcohol or any toilet water, patting it gently, so as not to increase circulation and overheat. Then dress slowly, putting on entirely different garments from those used during the day. This can be managed without extravagance by keeping two sets of underclothing out, using one for day wear and one for evening; the following week take the evening set for day and get a fresh set out for evening. In this way one set a week need be sent to the laundry, although in hot weather the possession of plenty of underwear and frequent changes is an extravagance well worth while.

Put on different shoes and stockings from those worn during the day, and a pretty frock. And by this time, which need not be an hour from the time you came home, you will feel refreshed and ready for an enjoyable evening. Instead of going to the evening meal hot and dragged out and cross, you will be cool and almost as fresh as if the day had just begun.—New Haven Register.

FRILLS FASHION. The light and white cloth costumes that were so popular last winter are again in fashion this season, and, if possible, are more elaborate than ever. The house was still in confusion, for they had not expected to entertain more than half a dozen; but the six invited ones, relying upon her well-known hospitality, had calmly multiplied themselves by five. The parlor, as we entered, proved to be a large, handsome room with a hardwood floor and mahogany furniture. Magazines and papers were scattered about, among them, on the centre table, a big pistol. The daughter was introduced to us—a Vassar graduate—and instead of talking murder and sudden death, as we discussed psychology and recent fiction. Also the servant-girl question.

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White cloth gowns are almost invariably becoming and effective. To trim chiffon with cloth is another popular fad, and the contrast of the two materials is certainly most effective.

The favorite fur of this season in Paris is without contradiction chinchilla. It shares to some extent popular favor with ermine, but the latter is easily imitated, and so vulgarly, that its vogue is diminishing.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

MINE INSPECTORS NAMED

Charles MacGregor, Latrobe, and John Bell, Washington Run, the Appointees.

Two new bituminous mine inspectors have been appointed for Western Pennsylvania—Charles MacGregor, of Latrobe, and John Bell, of Washington Run. The latter was for years foreman of the mines of the Pittsburgh Coal Company. MacGregor has been a mine foreman in Latrobe and Conneville regions for years. Two new districts will be created for the new mine inspectors, to be known as Nos. 17 and 18. The lines for the districts have not been definitely decided upon, but they will probably effect the Ninth district, of which Conneville is headquarters. It is possible that the Somerset county mines will be taken out of this district. The Eleventh district, with Scottdale as headquarters, will also be affected. State mine inspectors are for three-year terms and pay \$3,000 a year and expenses.

Heard up on a dark street and compelled to accept a dollar, was the experience of D. D. Rogers, a merchant tailor of Franklin. The highwayman had a revolver, and the seriousness with which he did the job at once dispelled Mr. Rogers' thought that his Masonic friends were playing a joke on him. After thrusting the dollar into his victim's hand, the man fled. Mr. Rogers thinks it is "conscience" money.

June 8 has been fixed as the date for the unveiling of the Center county soldiers' monument and Curtin memorial, which are nearly completed. Col. Thomas J. Stewart, National Commander A. W. Tanner of the G. A. R., and Col. A. K. McClure will be invited to make the principal addresses. The governor and his staff and Major General Charles Miller and his staff, with the three brigadier-generals of the National Guard, will be invited to attend the ceremonies.

The Altoona glass works, started 10 years ago by popular subscription to stock, was burned. The flames spread rapidly and the only part saved was the stock room, which contains \$10,000 worth of glass ready for market. The plant was valued at \$300,000, with \$10,000 insurance. The fire is believed to have been incendiary.

While walking on the tracks of the Panhandle railroad near Cecil, Washington County, Miss Nellie Parks, aged 22, was struck by a train and instantly killed. The young woman was on her way to a religious service. Her father, who was a few hundred yards in the rear, passed close to his daughter's mangled body but did not see it.

A company for the purpose of purchasing 2,000 acres of land in Dunbar township, Fayette county, for a game preserve is being formed. Jacob Macfarlane, Robert F. Sheppard and H. M. Liston are the promoters. The tract extends from Bear Run on the Yough, river, through Dunbar township to the rear of Dunbar. It is well timbered.

The body of John Walker, an aged recluse who resided about four miles from New Kensington, was found near the passenger station at Valley Camp. He had been killed by a passenger train on the Buffalo and Allegheny Valley, a division of the Pennsylvania railroad. Walker was about 65 years old.

Viewers appointed by the Westmoreland county court met in the matter of the condemnation of the wooden bridge over the Youghiogheny river at West Newton. The board unanimously agreed upon recommending the erection of a new bridge, the cost of which is to be borne by the county.

The Carnegie Steel company sustained a loss of \$100,000 as the result of the storm which prevailed at Shartlesburg. The cantilever ore bridge was blown over and is a wreck. M. Seifert, of Hubbard, O., was on the structure when it was wrecked and was badly injured.

When the list of applications for wholesale and retail liquor licenses closed in Cambria county, it was found that 367 applications have been filed, two less than last year. Of this number, one attorney has 53, one 44 and another 43.

The home of Cashier D. R. Anderson, of the Masontown National Bank, was entered early in the morning by robbers and besides considerable cash some valuable jewelry was taken. Sheriff M. A. Klefer arrested Andrew Alexander on suspicion.

Charles L. Sanford, formerly president of the Washington (Pa.) Novelty company, who disappeared last September, was arrested at Newark, O., on charges of obtaining money under false pretenses and embezzlement. Sanford is said to have confessed.

The Pennsylvania Coal and Coke company has decided to construct 300 more coking ovens at Moss Creek, Cambria county. A new slope will shortly be sunk at the West Branch operations at Frenchtown, near Barnesboro.

Oliver B. Blair was killed by a train at Zelienople. He was the son of J. W. Fair.

Nearly an entire block in the business district of Turley Creek was wiped out by fire, causing a loss estimated at \$125,000. Little insurance was carried, owing to the high rates demanded by the companies.

Trouble in the Polish Catholic church at Footesdale, near Uniontown, resulted in a fistc encounter. It is alleged, and the priest, Rev. Ignatius Ostasevsky, was arrested, charged with assault and battery.

The station of the Pittsburg, Summerville and Clarion railroad at Strattonville, Clarion county, was robbed by burglars.