UNION Estab. July, 1897. Consolidated Feb., 1899.

CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 1903.

VOL. III. NO. 51.

Little Stories and

Incidents that Will

Interest and Enter-

A Tale of the Early Settlers \$ of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK \$

CHAPTER XV .- (Continued.) "Why, really, gentlemen," said Simon, after he had picked the paped up, "one would think there was something surprising in a simple marriage. And you, sir," he added, turning to the marquis, "I should not suppose that you would wonder at this, especially seeing that you yourself gave me permission to seek Louise for my wife." "I did not!" groaned the old man. "O,

I never gave it!" "You told me distinctly that I might

ask Louise for her hand, and that if she consented you should bid her follow her

"But that was after you had fairly hunted me down with questions-after I had refused to listen to you on the subject. But my child never freely gave her consent to this. She could not have done so. O, Simon, you have forced her to this! You have-" But the poor man's emotions were too powerful, and his speech failed him. A moment more he gazed into the villain's dark features, and then he bowed his head and burst in o tears. He sobbed as though his noble heart would break.

"Ha, ha, ha! you didn't want me for a son-in-law, then," the scoundrel uttered, in a coarse tone; "for," he added, turning a defiant look upon Goupart, "you meant, no doubt, to have had a more beautifu husband for her."

"You will be careful how you use your tongue in my presence," spoke Goupart, in a hushed tone, the very breathing of which told that there was a smothering volcano near at hand.

"Ho-ho, monsieur!" the fellow replied; "you hoped to stick your fingers into the old man's gold pots, eh? I understand the reason of your coming here very well. But rest assured you won't handle the money through the daughter's pockets." "Hush, Simon Lobois! I am movel now more deeply than I can bear, so be

careful that you move me no more. It is enough that you have crushed this old Monsieur St. Denis. You have lost the among the living! You understand!" prize, eh? I suppose if you had married the daughter, 'twould have been all right. But you're a little behind the coach this time. However, if you remain here long

enough, you shall see the bride." "Villain!" gasped the marquis, in a "O, would you had killed frantic tone. me ere you had done this thing!"

"But, monsieur, what do you mean? If the girl chose to marry me, what can

"She did not choose so to do. O, she never consented to wed with such as you of her own free will."

"Such as me!" hissed Lobois. "And so you would spurn me now, eh? You have found a new flame in your dotage-have you? Monsieur St. Denis, I give you joy of the friend you have gained; but I can't give you up the wife. You did it well, but I'm afraid you'll have to work some other way for a living now, unless, indeed, monsieur le marquis may take pity enough on you to give you a few crowns just to find you in bread and salt until you can get your eyes upon some other heiress!

This was spoken in a coarse, sneering manner, and during its delivery Lobols had kept his eye fixed upon the youth with a look of fiendish exultation,

Goupart St. Denis could not have moved more quickly. Not in all the language of all the world could words have been found more insulting. With one bound he was by the dastard's side, and on the next instant he dealt him a blow upon the face that felled him to the floor like "O, St. Julien, I could not help it! For-

give me!"

"Goupart, I do not blame you!" For some moments Lobois lay upon the floor like one dead, and the youth was beginning to fear that the blow might have been fatal, when the villain moved, and shortly afterwards he grose to his feet. He gazed a moment upon his enemy with a deadly look, and then, as he noticed that the blood was trickling down his face upon the floor, he turned towards

"Goupart St. Denis, thou shalt answer for this!" And thus speaking, the villain left the

CHAPTER XVI.

That evening Brion St. Julien and Goupart conversed long and earnestly toge her. For some time the youth had entertained the thought of proceeding at on e to New Orleans and seeking Louise, but finally he resolved to wait awhile, at least until he had one more interview with Lobois.

"That Lobois was the cause of her being abducted I have no longer any doubt," said the marquis, after some remarks had been made upon the subject. "How can there be a doubt?" returned

Goupart. "His story of the rescue of the poor girl is too improbable for belief. unless he had some understanding with the Indians."

"But do you not think that he found her as he says?" inquired the marquis,

"Of course I do. He found her as he says; but, of course, the Indians understood that he was to meet them there.

He took her there, and he must have used some terrible power to make her marry him." St. Denis went to his chamber, and

went to his bed; but he could not sleep. He lay with his hands clasped over his brow, and ever and anon deep, painful groans would break from his lips. His thing stop!" grief was deeper than he could tell, even n his wildest prayers, and his hopes were all gone. The thing had come upon him with a doubly crushing force, for it had found his soul already bowed down beneath the weight of fear. He could have known that Louise had died, for then he | Simon, I command you!" might have wept awhile, and then calm- "Brion St. Julien, look upon this mark that sad and melancholy boon was denied him. Like the frantic mother who stands and sees the eagle perched upon the should stand back. There stands and sees the eagle perched upon shall be a death to wipe this out. If I struggles.—Sharp.

Surmounted difficulties not only it follows and every time I have tried this once I have tried this once

becomes the cliff with her shricking infant, stood | fall, 'twill die with me; if he falls, the the youth with respect to his beloved. But, at length, when the first hours after midnight had come, Goupart sank into a dull, dreamy slumber, and his pains to me now is not worth the price I would were for awhile only the phantoms of pay for it by refusal. Let it go on."

While Goupart thus lay pondering upon his terrible misfortune, Simon Lobois was not alone. He was in the chamber he usually occupied, and with him was Now are you ready, Monsieur St. Denis? a black slave named Peter. He was a middle-aged man-Simon's special servant, and the only one in the whole household who had any sympathy for the dark nephew. Lobois had purchased him in New Orleans, and though he had done so only as the marquis' agent, yet Peter looked upon the former as his master. And, moreover, Simon had paid know, where Louis St. Julien is." him various sums of money to serve him. "Now, Peter," said Simon, after some

other conversation had passed, "have you watched the affair between Goupart and the marquis, as I bade you?"

"Yes, mas'r; me watch 'um well, an' me hear all. Me foun' de hole you tole me of in de floor ober de ole mas'r's library, an' me hab watch 'um ebery time I's got a chance.'

"And what have you found?" Peter went on and told a long story he had heard about letting Simon go, and about Goupart taking his place. "And," uttered the negro, with a sparkling eye as he gave a sort of flourishing emphasis to the conjunction, "me's heard one oder ting, berry sartin'; One time dey feared young mas'r an' missus'd neb-

ber cum back, an' ole mas'r's gwine to

gib Goupart all his whole fortin'. He'll hab heaps o' money, eh?" "Did he say the whole, Peter?" "He did sartin, mas'r. An' he's plan ned to gib 'im haff of it now. O, I tell ye, mas'r Goupart got mitey big hold onto ole mas'r's pocket, an' onto ole mas'r's lub, too. Dey's togedder all de time. Yah-guess ole mas'r don't s'pect

he'll want you no more." It was late in the morning when Simon Lobois made his appearance. He had his breakfast served in his own room, and for some time he had been engaged in bathing his face. He walked on to the sitting room, and he found the marquis and Goupart there.

"Monsieur St. Denis," he said, in a low, icy tone, "I would speak with you." In an instant the young man turned and followed him. Lobols led the way to the garden, and there he stopped and turned.

"Monsieur St. Denis," he spoke, while

his eyes flashed and his thin lip trembled, "last night you did what no living man has ever done before. You struck me in the face. Ere I leave this place, the man's heart, and overturned his life cup." stricken man must be past remembrance "Ho-ho! thou art wondrous sensitive, of his shame, or the striker must be not Now, Goupart was not in a frame of mind to endure much, or to argue much on moral points. His heart was aching from a horrid wound, and his soul was tortured by a fearful power; and before him was the serpent who had done it all, who had torn loved children from a dot ing parent-sundered the brother and sister, and made unhappy the life of a defenseless girl. The young man's eyes did not flash like his enemy's, but they

> burned with a deep, calm fire, such as utter disgust and abomination add to "I think I understand," was St. Denis

"I taught you your first lessons in the sword exercise, and you were a proficient when I last saw you handle the blade.

Will you now choose that weapon?" "Then get it and join me at once."

Gonupart turned away and went to his He took down his sword, and buckled the belt about him. Then he drew the blade, and for a moment he gazed upon it. It had once been an uncle's weapon-the well-tried companion of Gen. St. Denis, a hold and true knight. It was of Spanish make, and never yet had it failed in the hour of need. There was another sword in the room-a lighter one-a Damascus blade, and of exquisite finish, and one, too, with which the youth had always played. But it had been his father's sword, and he would not use it now. After he had returned the blade to its scabbard, he stopped a moment to reflect. Then he moved to the table, where an ink horn stood, and tearing a leaf from his pocketbook, he hurriedly

wrote as follows: "Monsieur le Marquis-You are my friend, and you know the few friends have on earth. If I fall to-day, you will know why, and I know you will not blame me. You will see Louise. Tell

her we shall meet-' The youth stopped and started up, and his hand trembled.

"If I fall thus, shall we meet there?" he murmured to himself. "O, heaven will pardon the deed. It knows the deep provocation-the burning shame that

Then he stooped once more and wrote: "-in that world where love knows no ST. DENIS."

This the youth folded and directed to Brion St. Julien, and wiping a single tear from his cheek, he hurried down to the hall, and from thence to the garden where he found Simon waiting for him. "Now follow me," said Lobois; and thus speaking, he led the way around the house towards the barn, and thence out through the postern to the foot of the hill beyond, where grew a thick clump of

hickory trees. "Now, Goupart St. Denis, are you ready?" asked Simon, at the same time drawing his sword. "In one moment," returned the youth

also drawing his own weapon, but lowering its point upon the ground. He was stopped short in his speech, for at that moment the marquis came rushing out from the court, and soon reached

the spot where they stood. "Simon," he gasped, white with fear, "what means this? Put up your sword." "Brion St. Julien," quickly retorted the

what passed last night-did you not?" "But that was the result of hot passion. You taunted him most bitterly, Simon: you insulted him most shamefully, and he knew not what he did. O. let this

"Stop? You might as well try to stop yonder mighty river from flowing to its mouth! You say I gave him provocation. Did he not give me provocation?"

"Yes-yes. It was all folly-all eager,

atonement is complete. "Good Sir Brion," spoke Goupart, at this point, "let the conflict go on. Life

"But-my child-my son, if you are

"You'll have me left," interrupted Simon-"me, who of right belongs here The youth turned an imploring look upon the marquis, and as the old man fell back, he replied:

"Now I must ask the question I was about to ask ere our friend came to interrupt us. Simon Lebois, you may fall in this encounter, and before I cross your sword, I would pray you to tell, if you

"How?" hissed Simon. heap more insult upon me?" "I ask but a simple question." "Ay-and that question means a foul

uspicion. I know nothing of him." "Then come on!" And on the next instant the swords

were crossed. Simon Lobois had been accounted one of the best sword players in Marne, and he came to the conflict as though he were sure of victory; but at the third pass he was undeceived. He turned pale in a moment, for he now knew that he had met with a superior, even in fencing skill. He was a coward at heart, and he fairly trembled. Goupart saw it in an instant, and for the moment he was astonished. But then he remembered how Simon used to tremble at the whiz of a pistol ball, and he wondered no more. Almost did

"Ah, Simon, I've taught the sword art since you left me in France! Take care! Poor wretch, I gave you credit for more

he pity the poor wretch. Straight, pow-

erful and tall he stood, with his broad

chest expanded, while before him fairly

cowered the diminutive form of the vil-

skill, and for more courage."

In all probability, the villain believed that Goupart meant to kill him if he could. That belief begot a feeling of despair, and that last taunt fired him. Like the cornered rat, he set to now with all the energy of a dying man, and for a few moments St. Denis had to look sharp; but it was only for a few moments. Simon made a point-blank thrust from a left guard, and with a quick movement to the right, Goupart brought a downward stroke with all his available force, only meaning to break his antagonist's sword, or strike it from his grasp, and thus end the conflict without bloodshed. But Simon had thrust his arm further forward than Goupart had calculated, and the blow fell upon the sword hand, the guard receiving part of the force, thus causing a slanting stroke. With a quick cry of pain, Simon dropped

"Don't strike me now!" he cried. satisfied?"

"No-no, Lobois. I meant not to strike

been at my mercy thrice." ' "It was your own fault that you did not take advantage of it. I should have kill-

would have done the same." "No!" cried the marquis; "you know better than that, Simon.' But the wounded man made no further

reply. His hand pained him now, and he held it out towards the marquis with a beseeching look. The old man examined on the back of the hand, but none of the bones were harmed. Had not the guard of the sword received the weight of the blow, the hand would have been severed wholly off, for the stout iron guard was found out nearly in twain!

And thus ended the duel. Goupart was surprised at the easy victory he had won. while Simon was surprised at the incredible skill his antagonist had displayed. And the marquis was thankful-deeply thankful-for the result, so far as mere life and death were concerned.

(To be continued.)

Quality Folks. Since bacteriologists have attributed the dissemination of yellow fever in Cuba, and of the deadly malaria in Italy, to the mosquito, that creature has emerged from the general host of insects into a place of individual importance. For other reasons than these, pronounced upon the mosquito's aristocracy. She had asked her parish priest to read her a letter from her son was doubtful, but the vicar did his best

to read phonetically. "I cannot tell you how the muskittles torment me. They pursue me everywhere even down the chimney!" The fond mother's eyes grew large

with mingled pride and amazement. "Ezekiel must be rare handsome," she said, "for the maidens to be so ties is quality folks, too!"

Willie's Perplexity.

When Willie came home last night he pupils to write a sentence in which the slope toward the mangers. special word should appear.

Along with others, Willie announced that he did not know the meaning of the word, and so could not use it in a sentence. The teacher explained that it meant "delay" or "put off," and, en- legs or even burn straw under him. couraged the youngsters to try. Wil- Quietly go and pat him on the head a lie's thoughts were on pleasanter things than school, and his made-to-or-

"Boys postpone their clothes when they go in swimming." College Colors,

"Our college colors are pink and old gold," said Miss Frocks. "Our college colors were black and blue when I was initiated into the secret society," added her brother.



A Home-Made Fodder Cutter. No one will question the value of cut fodder for stock, and especially for horses, although many farmers will not use it because of the labor involved in preparing it. The home-made cutter shown here will do quite as good work as the more expensive machines, and it really does not take much time to prepare quite a lot of fodder. To make this machine, two boards, each one foot wide and five feet long, are required. Nail these together in V-shape, as shown, then make the legs of pieces' three feet long, nailing a strip across each, as shown, to keep them from spreading. Have the blacksmith make a cutting blade; it may be formed from an old scythe, as shown in the illustration, arranging it so that a place is reserved for the handle and that the cutting portion is about two and one-half feet. Bolt a piece of iron at one end to one leg six inches below the box and bolt one end of the scythe to the other end of the iron, arranging them

HOME-MADE FODDER CUTTER.

so that both will work easily. Lay a strip of iron against the top of the other leg, with space for the scythe to work in easily, as shown in the cut. The downward slanting motion of the scythe when in use will cut the fodder readily if the blade is kept sharp as it should be.-Indianap lis News.

A Farm Electric Light System. A well-known farmer in eastern New York State, J. T. McDonald, reports feed plants, but not where it is likely "Fear not," replied Goupart. "I never favorably of his experience with a to check their growth by drying the strike a defenseless man. But are you farm electric-lighting plant. He put soil and depriving the crop of its moissatisfied?" in a fifty-light dynamo costing \$300 ture.—St. Paul Dispatch. "Yes—yes! But that was a cowardly and paid out about \$100 more for wirtroke." through his farm which supplies the sword down. But you knew you have power. There are sixteen lights in the stables, and the house is lighted throughout whenever desired by turning on the switch. The power of the ed you had I been able, and I think you current is regulated by an indicator in the kitchen, and all the trouble necessary is to watch the indicator and change the voltage to correspond with the number of lights that have been turned on or off. The two wires are drawn tightly on a sweep, and so arit, and found that a bad gash was cut ranged with a gear wheel that the from the roots of the thumb to the wrist, water gate may be easily managed, it being very sensitive to the slightest change in the voltage, and very easily controlled without leaving the kitchen. Mr. McDonald says the convenience cannot be realized without trial, and no other investment which he has made has pleased him so well. For power, an apparatus has recently been invented, costing about \$300 all up and wired ready for use. It is a combined gasolene motor and generator, and is said to prove quite satisfactory .-

American Cultivator. Proper Stabling for Horses. The Farm Journal gives some points of value to be observed in caring for man's best friend on the farm: The use and value of farm horses are often seriously impaired by lack of proper stabling. They are crowded in filthy, however, an old Cornish woman lately ill-ventilated stables, the air so bad from the damp urine-soaked floors that milk. the harness is rotted by it. The eyes and lungs and general health are inin Brazil. The writer's orthography jures, and disease of some kind is sure to follow. A side light strains the eye unequally. The light should come in tne stable from the front, and the windows should be lime washed to mellow the light. A stable should never be dark. The stable should be well ventilated, but so carefully that no draft can possibly touch a warm horse. A draft on a horse warm from work or after him. And I reckon the Miss Kit- driving will be sure to ruin him. Do not feed from a rack overhead, as the dust from the hay is apt to be breathed and is not good for the lungs. A deep manger is best. A wide manger for was more convinced of the uselessness the grain is best, so the grain can be her, provided he knows a good milch of schools than he ever was before, scattered to prevent bolting. The stalls says the Buffalo Express. Asked the should be five feet wide. A horse cannature of his latest trouble, he ex- not rest in a narrower one, and in a plained that "postpone" had been one wider one he might roll and get fast. have a good herd. By lack of intelliof the words in the spelling lesson of Look out that the slight settling of the gence in breeding you can in less time the day. The teached had directed the barn does not cause the stall floors to

Starting a Balky Horse. When a horse balks, no matter how badly he sulks or how ugly he is, do not beat him; don't throw sand in his ears; don't use a rope around his fore-

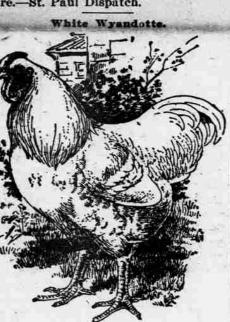
moment. Take a hammer, or even pick up a stone in the street, tell the driver to sit still, take the lines, hold them quietly while you lift up either front foot, give each nail a light tap the milk should never be fed cold. and a good smart tap on the frog, drop the foot quickly and then chirp to him to go. In ninety-nine cases out of 100 the horse will go right on about his scooping snow from walks and from business, but the driver must keep his about the barns. Sometimes the snow

back.

even bet \$5 bottles of wine that I could not do it. So far I have won every bet. This may make you smile. but a horse has more common sense than most people are willing to give him credit for. The secret of this little trick is simply diversion. I am a firm believer that with kindness and proper treatment a horse can be driven with a string.-Missouri Valley Farm-

Possible Yield of Soil. A recent publication by Prince Krapotkin, the Russian economist, recites some of the effects of intensive culture in the possible yields. Thus in Belglum they grow enough agricultural products to feed their own population of 400 inhabitants to the square mile. and have enough left to send \$5,000. 000 worth each year to Great Britain. If we could do as well in our fields, the State of New York might furnish food for 28,000,000 people, and Texas could feed twice the present population of the United States. The prince tells of instances where eighteen tons of hay a year have been gathered from a single acre, and an acre has produced 1,500 to 2,000 bushels of potatoes. But this is as nothing compared to the crops under glass in Beigium and the isle of Jersey, where the land is kept under cultivation all the year, one crop being ready to succeed another without any interval. By this method he claims that thirteen acres under glass in Jersey have produced better money returns than 1,300 acres under ordinary methods of farm cultivation. This must be a satisfaction to those who are worrying from a fear that the world will not produce enough to feed the grandchildren of the present generation .-This poor unfortunate Hottentot Exchange.

Fertilizing theCorn Land. At the Purdue corn school, the great emphasis was placed upon fertilizing the corn land at least one year before the field is given to corn. An old clover sod that has received manure the previous year was regarded as an ideal soil on which to grow corn. Corn growers considered it quite a risk to aul manure on land intended for corn later than Jan. 1. After that date the surplus manure should go to the growng grain crop, as wheat or rye, to the clover fields or to the pasture land. If placed on corn land it may cause the plants to fire in a dry time, the presence of the manure thus acting to produce an appreciable loss. Take this valuable fertilizer to where it may



White Wyandotte prize winner at the Chicago poultry show. Owned by A. W. Davis, Big Rock, Ill.

Cow and the Dairy. No cow can get more out of her food than nature has put into it.

Ten cows are about as many as man can milk properly in an hour. Keep the stable and dairy room in

good condition, fresh air and clean. All persons who milk the cows should have the finger nails cut closely. Milk with dry hands. Never allow the hands to come in contact with the

Whitewash the stable once or twice year. Use land plaster in the manure

Do not move cows faster than a comfortable walk while on the way to lace of milking or feeding. Good care is as important as good

cows. The careless man will make but a sorry living even with the best of A large udder is not by any means an

infallible sign of a good milker. A poor cow may sometimes have a large, fleshy udder. It is seldom we find a man that has

a good milch cow and wants to sell cow when he sees it. . By intelligent breeding you can in a few years weed out poor stock and

ruin a good herd. Farm Notes. Heifer calves that are to be kept for the dairy should receive very little corn. as this is apt to develop the tendency to take on flesh too strongly. Steer calves and those which it is expected to fatten may have all the corn they will eat. Three factors to be kept constantly in mind in raising the calf on skim milk are: First, the calf should not have too much milk at any time; second, the milk should at all times be sweet; third,

The Wisconsin Farmer says: We have all had more or less experience lines taught and not pull or jerk him will stick to the shovel and make it difficult to scoop. To avoid this the



The Poor Hottentot.

He was not content with his lottentot;

This poor unfortunate Hottentot,

Quoth he, "For my dinner,

This poor unfortunate Hottentot

I'll get me a cantaloup.

Or else a young antelope,

One who'll enjoy being shottentot."

This poor unfortunate Hottentot,

This poor unfortunate Hottentot,

He chanced to set eyes on

A snake that was p'Ison,

-tying itself in a knottentot.

There's really no knowing

When a lioness met him.

This poor unfortunate Hottentot

And grown even thinner

My mother teached me to.

I guess I might teach you:

Big folks what never learn.

An' start right at the top;

reach The little hand you stop;

To find the minutes out.

You started from, an' see

You multiply by five-

As sure as you're alive.

At any time o' day;

-Leslie's Monthly.

To watch what you're about,

You go right back again to where

How far the minute-hand's away,

Like this-you're watchin' me?--

And then you've got the time of day

Don't have to count that way,

That they can tell by jus' a glance

Because of that was true,

Me like I'm showin' you.

But I don't b'lieve no fibs like that,

An' when you've found the minute-hand

They's folks, I know, what says that

My Ma would know it, but she showed

The Magic Pill Box.

dience, being careful to show them

only the face that is not covered. Now

That's twelve o'clock, an'

For lack of a dinner.

-St. Nicholas.

And suddenly "et" him,

Was turning to flee to his grottentot,

Moral:

How To Tell the Time.

I've jus' learned how to tell the time.

An' ef you think you'd like to learn,

At first, though, it's as hard as fun,

An' makes you twist and turn,

An' mother says that they is folks,

You stand before the clock, jus, so,

Now, that's the hour, but you've got

Because the hardest part is to come,

I'd better be going;

And being stout-hearted.

At once he departed.

tentot.

As I am a sinner.

tain Young Readers ********* learned. At the last minute Robert would take his arithmetic and slate,

and try to solve his problem in less

time than was possible for even the

brightest boy in the class. There's nothing to put in the pottentot!" It is many years since I saw Robert, but I heard from him the other day. A friend was good enough to Cried: "Yield to starvation I'll nottentot: write me a long letter, telling me about many of the boys and girls who went to school to me. About Robert he said:

"You no doubt remember Robert He is still 'going to do' all sorts of Hos bow and his arrows he gottentot; things. I went by his home yesterday. It is a sorry-looking place. The front gate has been separated from its And struck thorugh the bush at a trothinges for about five years, yet I have heard Robert say many times that hewas 'going to fix that gate.' The pump When several miles from his cottentot, at his well became disabled more than a year ago, and Robert has been 'going to fix it' every day during that time, but it is not done. In the meantime his family must carry water Then this poor unfortunate Hottentot from the well of a neighbor, a fifth of Remarked: "This for me is no spottentot! a mile distant. Two years ago the drainage pipe on Robert's place became he's trying to charm me, or whattenclogged up, and Robert was 'going to fix it' for more than a year. When it rained, the water stood a foot deep all over the cellar, and Robert came very near losing two of his children because of illness traceable to this cause. The As a penny's engulfed by the slottentot. worst of it is that Robert has fallen into the habit of borrowing money that he is 'going to repay,' but somehow never does. They speak of him as 'the man who is going to.' Poor Rob-Had better have borne with his lottentot. ert! His life has been made a dreary failure by the reprehensible habit of procrastination."-Forward. But I should have had, then, no plotten-

> The Antiquity of the "Score." Twenty is called a score because it represents the whole man, ten fingers, and ten toes. Etymologically, it means a cut or mark. In very early times, when men could not count beyond twenty, or "one man," it was usual to cut a notch in a stick and begin again. and so it went on, one man, two men, counted by the score. Now, a tally (Freuch taille, cut or nicked) means an account kept by means of a notched stick, aid until the end of the eighteenth century such sticks were given as exchequer receipts accompanied by a written document. This was also the usual way of keeping accounts in the inns of the middle ages. The number of drinks or meals a customer had were scored against him on what was called a tally-stick, and when it reached twenty, or a "whole man," he was expected to pay. In some country inns, scores are still kept on a slate. four chalk marks and one acrossfive; and four of these make twenty. or a score.

> Je Air Invisible. If air cannot be seen, what is it that we see quivering above a field on a hot summer day, or even above a hot stove in the house? That question has puzzled many a head, both old and young. The answer usually given is that it is the heat: but heat can not be seen, and, therefore, it is not heat.

The explanation of the phenomenon Take a small, round pill box and a is really quite simple, like all such coin that exactly fits into it. Cover things, when we hear it. As a matter one side of the coin with paper of ex- of fact, it is air that we see quivering. actly the color of the inside of the but heat makes is visible. The quiverbox. Now show the coin to the au- ing is caused by the upward passage, close by each other, of small currents of air of different temperatures, in drop it into the box with the covered | which the rays of light are irregularly refracted, and this makes the currents visible.



A CLEVER LITTLE TRICK.

face up. Put the cover on the box and show the audience that the coin has disappeared. Put the lid on the box again, make a few passes, openthe box and let the coin fall out into your hand, with its uncovered face up. When you show it to the audience they will be mystified,

The Man Who Was "Going To." In the first place, he was a boy who was always "going to," but who rarely did any of the things he was "going to do." He was for a time a pupil of a school I taught, and I boarded at is for the British business man; it his father's house a part of one win- is an active partner in the settlement ter. That was nearly twenty-five years of differences between debtor and ago, so the boy has been a man for creditor. Yet even under the German some years. When I was staying at postal system, whereby the amount of his home, his mother would say, "Robert, have you filled the woodbox yet?" "No. ma'am; but I'm going to," he would reply.

Or his father would ask, "Robert, ave you fed the horse yet?" "No. sir; but I'm going to," Robert vould reply.

Sometimes I would say to Robert, in chool, "Have you got your arithmetic reform.—London Telegraph. esson yet?" "No, sir; but I'm going to," he would

o recite, the lesson would still be un. slou.

Toes of Animals. No animal has more than five toes, digits or claws to each foot or limb. The horse is one-toed, the ox is twotoed, the rhinoceros three-toed, the hippopotamus four-toed and the elephant five-toed. Carnivorous animals never have less than four toes on each foot. The hyena alone has four on each

Ignorant of Bank Checks. The Berlin correspondent of Commercial Intelligence calls attention to the antiquated and cumbersome method of forwarding remittances that obtains in Germany. A check system such as has been developed and perfected as an instrument of commerce in England is practically unused there. payments being usually effected by means of money orders taken out at the local postoffice. The English bank exercises the double function of adjusting accounts and guarding wealth, whereas the German bank, under favorable circumstances, scarcely does

more than the latter. For the German merchant the postoffice is, in a sense, what the clearinghouse of the English banking system a money order is paid at the residence of the payee by a special functionary called the "geldbrieftrager," the postoffice is clearly an intolerably clumsy agent for liquidating accounts nowadays, and occasionally one hears a German bemoaning the steam-roller progress of his feilow countrymen in the technics of payment and urging

When a young man gets to be a so-But when the time came for the class at the tail end of every other process