

palest uxure, flecked here and there by dainty masses of soft fleecy clouds; and far inland, a background of high hills, clothed with a tender foliage, a very baby enfdom, just bursting into the fuller life.

Toward the west the trees give way a little, letting a road be seen, that like a straight pale ribbon runs between the greenery for the space of quite a mile or so, and then reaches the small fishing village where the simple folk of Glowring Destley toll from one year's end to the other, some in careless joy, some in ceaseless labor, some, alas! in cruel weeping. because of those "who will never come back to the town.

ing with quite an aggravating slowness-an antiquated vehicle of a type now almost unknown, but which once beyond doubt "cost money." The earriage, being an open one, enables the people as it passes through the village to see without ly alike, though in distinctly different

'It is charming!" says the younger girl. with a little quick motion of the hand toward the sweeping bay, and the awak-ening trees, and the other glories of the landscape. "All charming, far better than I ever dared hope for; and yet my "All charming, far better

mind misgives me, Vera,"

She turns a brilliant glance on her sister, full of terrible insinuations, and then laughs a little. Thus animated, she is a very pretty girl, half child, half woman, as fresh as the morning, and with eyes like stars. She lifts one slender black-gloved band, and placing it beneath her

sister's chin, turns her face gently to her. Such a beautiful face! Very like the riante one beside it, yet unlike, too. There is a touch of sadness round the lovely lips, a mournful curve; indeed, a thought fulness too great for her years is stamped on every feature. A tender, loving, yet strong soul shines through the earnest eyes, and when she smiles it is rejuctantly, as if smiles all her life had been for-

bidden to her. "Oh! that reminds me," said Miss Dysart. "I quite forgot to tell you of it, but the day before we left Nice, Nell Stewart said that this cousin you speak of, if he does exist at all, at all events does not do it here."
"Which means?"

"That either he won't, or can't, life

"Can't it is, you may be sure," says the younger girl, restlessly. 'Fancy a father whose son can't live with him! And yet, after all, virtuous astonishment on that acore is rather out of place with us. I can imagine just such a father."
"Well, never mind that," says Miss Dy-

sart, hastily.

"Yes. Very good; let us then go from sire to uncle," says her sister with a lit-tle shrug. "Do you think we shall gain much by the change? This old relative of ours is, perhaps, as delightful as we could wish him, and yet I wish father had not

left us to his 'ender mercies."
"Do not dwell on that," says Vern, with nervous haste: "do arose out of a letter received by father from Uncle Gregory about a year ago. was-dying-When father waspauses abruptly, and a tremor shakes her

The younger girl turns quickly to look There is infinite love and com passion in her glance, but perhaps a little contempt, and certainly a little impatience.

"Do you know," she says, "it may seem beartless-positively coarse, if you will-but I do not think our father was a man to excite respect, much less love or regret,

"Oh! it is better not to speak like that." interrupts Miss Dysart, in a low, shocked tone. "Don't do it, durling, what you mean, but---"

"And I know that I shall never forgive or forget the life he led you," says Griseldu, with a certain angry exciten-'Well, that is over!" says Miss Dysart,

with a quick sigh, heavily indrawa. What was this vendetta, this terrible lifelong quarrel that was kept up be-tween him and father with such monoton-

s persistency?" "That had to do with our grandfather's will. Papa was the eldest son, yet the property was left to Uncle Gregory; and

that for no reason at all. Naturally, paper was very angry about it, and accused Gregory of using undue influence."
"Just so, and of course there is a good

deal behind that you don't know. There always is; nobody ever tells quite everyg. And besides— Oh! Oh, Vera! what has happened?"

Griselda clutches in an agonized fashion to the leather side of the crazy old chariot, which has toppled over to the left side and stands in a decidedly dissipated position. The ancient driver, presummbly asleep, had let the horses wander at their own sweet will, and they be ing ald and sleepy, too, the result was that they had dragged two of the wheels up on a steep bank and nearly capsused

thank you," says Miss Dysart, leaning forward and addressing with earn est glance and heightened color the young man who had risen-descended, perhaps, sounds pleasanter and more orthodox— like a good angel from somewhere—the wood on their right, no doubt. A fishing rod, lying on the road where he had flung it when preparing for his ignoids battle with those poor old horses, proclaims the fact that he has been whipping the stream that gleans here and there brilliantly through the interstites of the trees

Below, a great broad stretch of ocean, calm as death, slumbering placidly be neath the sun's hot rays; above a strength of the sun's hot rays; and the sun's hot rays are strength of the sun's hot rays and t there is something wonderfully charming in the faint apologetic color that springs nto his cheeks. As he finishes speaking he looks at Griselda so hard that she feels it incumbent on her to return his glance and to say something.

"We thought our last hour had come, she says, laughing softly, and looking a him a little shyly, but so prettily. "But for you, one cannot say where we should

She bows to him, and so does her sis ter quite as graciously, and then the horses once more commence their snail like progress, grinding through the dusty road at the rate of three miles an hour Along the white road, that gleams The little episode is over; the young man hirstily in the burning sunshine of this settles his soft hat more firmly on his thirstily in the burning sunshine of this settles his soft hat more firmly on his hot midday in June, a carriage is crawl- head, picks up his rost, regards it anxlously to see that no harm has come ! it, and disappears once more into the shelter of the cool wood.

Hulf an hour later they are at the entrance gate of Greycourt, and practically at their journey's end. Both girls, with undus trouble that the occupants of it are an involuntary movement, crane their two girls; both very young, both singular necks out of the carriage to get a first necks out of the carriage to get a first glimpse at their future home, and then turn a dismayed glance on each other. Anything more dreary, more unfriendly yet withal grand in its desolation, could hardly be seen.

"How dark it is," says Griselda, a nervous thrill running through her, as they move onward beneath the shade of the mighty trees that clasp their arms between her and the glorious sky-thus

blotting it out. A sudden turn brings them within view of the house. A beautiful old house apparently, of red brick, toned by age to a duller shade, with many gables, and over grown in parts by trailing ivy, the leaves of which now glisten brightly in the evening sunshine.

The conchman, scrambling to the ground, bids them in a surly tone to alight. He is tired and cross, no doubt, by the unusual work of the day. And presently they find themselves on threshold of the open hall door, hardly knowing what to do next. The shambling figure of a man about seventy, appeared presently from some dusky doorway, h waves to them to enter the room, and, shutting the door again behind them with a sharp haste, leaves them alone with their new relative, Gregory Dysart.

CHAPTER II. Vera, going quickly forward, moves to-ward an armchair at the upper end of with his father. Can't, Nell rather led the room in which a figure is sented. She sees an old man, shrunken, enfeebled with a face that is positively ghastly, be cause of its excessive pallor; a living corpse, save for two eyes that burn and gleam and glitter with an almost devilish brilliancy.

"So you've come," he says, without making any attempt to rise from his chair. "Shut that door, will you? What a vile draught? And don't stand staring

like that, it makes me nervous."

His voice is cold, clear, freezing. It cems to the tired girls standing before him as if a breath of key air had suddenly

fallen into the hot and stifling room.
"Vera, I presume," says Mr. Dysart,
holding out his lithe white hand to permit faults in the inevitable. He is all that is I need not ask what lunatic chose your left us. You know the sudden decision names, as I was well acquainted with your mother many years ago."

I feel that I must think you at once Uncle Gregory, for your kindness to us," says Miss Dysart, gravely, still standing "Ay, ay, You acknowledge that," says he, quickly, "I have been your best "I have been your best friend, after all, ch?"

You have given us a home," continues Miss Dysart, in tones that tremble a lit But for you-

tle, "But for you" He thrusts out his "Yes, yes go on." He thrusts out his old miserly face as if athirst for further old miserly face as if athirst for further old miserly face as you would both "But for me you would both have been cast upon the world's highway live or die as chance dictated. To me o me you are indebted for everything You owe me much. Each day you live st you; I have been the means of saving on from starvation

If so corpse-like a face could show signs of excitement it shows it now, as he seeks prove by word and gesture that he is their benefactor to an unlimited extent. The anterni emotion he betrays raises in Griselda's breast feelings of repugnance and disgust.

"I have consented to adopt you," he goes on presently, his cold voice now cut-ting like a knife. "But do not expect much from me. It is well to come to a understanding at the start, and so save future argument. Honesty made me poor. You have been, I hear, accustomed to lead a useless, luxurious xistence. Your father all his life kept up a most extravagant menage, and, dying, left you paupers." He almost hisses out the last cruel word.

Griselda starts to her feet. "The honesty of which you boast is not everything," she says, in a burning tone. Let me remind you that courtesy, too,

has its claims upon you."
"Hah! The word purper is unpleasing, it seems," says he, unmoved. "Before we quit this point, however, one last word, You are beneath my roof; I shull expect you to conform to my rules. I see no one. I permit no one to enter my doors save ny son. I will not have people spying out the nakedness of the land, and speen lating over what they are pleased to call my eccentricities. They will have me rich, but I am poor, poor, I tell you. Always remember that.

Griselda's features having settled them selves into a rather alarming expression, Miss Dysart hurriedly breaks into the conversation.

"If you will permit us," she says, faintly, "we should like to go to our rooms, to rest a little. It has been a long journey." "Oh, no," says he, lifting his hat, "you Her uncle turns and touches the hell mustn't thank me. It was really nothing, near him, and immediately, so lumedi-Poor brutes, I think they were asleep; ately as to suggest the idea that she has Ohio.

been applying her ear to the keyhole, a

"You are singularly prompt," he says. with a lowering glance and a sneer, "This s Mrs. Gruneh," turning to Vera, "my housekeeper. She will see to your wants. Grunch, take these young ladies away. My nerves," with a shudder, "are all un-strong to the last pitch."

Thus uncoremoniously dismissed, Miss Dysart follows the housekeeper from the room, Grissida having preceded her. Through the huge dark hall and up the wide, moldy staircase they follow their guide, noting as they do so the decay that marks everything around.

She flings wide a door for the girls to ater, and then abruptly departs without offering them word or glance. They are thankful to be thus left alone, and induntarily stand still and gave at each other. Vera is very pale, and her breath s coming rather fitfully from between her

seeking a closer companionship. "Did you ing scenes in the great West; cows ver see such a face? Don't you think he is dying?"

'Who can tell?' says Griselda. "I might think it, perhaps, but for his eyes. They"—she shudders—"they look as it they couldn't die. What terrible eyes they are! and what a vile old man alto-gether! Good heavens! how did he dare so to insult as! I told you, Vera"-with rising excitement-"I warned you that coming here would be only for evil-

stairs or to have your ten here?" desertuition, and Ningura's resistless stood, mands the harsh voice of the housekeep. It will take the scholar up the Danmbe r from the threshold.

the bold, circumvents her.

send a maid to help us to unpack our scope will show the great personages

"No maids!" says Griselda.

"None," briefly. "And my room? Oh-is this mine, or Miss Dysart's?"

"Both yours and Miss Dysart's: sorry beach of Santlago a few weeks later?" if it ain't big enough," with a derisive glance round the huge, have chamber.

"Just that, miss. Neither more nor less. And good enough, too, for those

"Leave the room," says Griselda, with a sudden, sharp intonation, so unexpected, so withering, that the woman, after surprised stare, turns and withdraws.

CHAPTER III.

A few days later the girls are aiting in the garden. It is a beautiful day. Even through the eternal shadows that encompass the garden, and past the thick rew hedge, the hot beams of the sun are

"A day for gods and goddesses," cries Griselda, springing suddenly to her feet. and flinging far from her on the green-sward the musty volume she had purioined from the mustier library about an hour

"Perhaps I'll never come back. The spirit of adventure is full upon me, and the knows what demons inhabit that unknown wood? So, fare thee well, sweet, on her sister's brow, averring that a graph grow tiresome "brow" is the only applicable part of her A developed biogram for such a solemn occasion, and runs lightly down toward the hedge.

She runs through one of the openings in the hedge, crosses the graveled path, and, mounting the parapet, looks over to examine the other side of the wall on which she stands, after which she commences her descent. One little foot she slips into a convenient hole in it, and then the other into a hole lower down, and so on and on, until the six feet of wall are conquered and she reaches terra firma, and finds nothing between her and the subject. The camera makes exposures lesired cool of the levely woods,

the dark, sweetly scented home of the scope (by which names the two forms giant trees, with a green, soft pathway of reproducing apparatus are distin-under her foot, and, though she knows it guished) exhibit them to speciators at

not, her world before her.

It is an entrancing hour. She has stopped short in the middle of a broad, green space encompassed by high hiffs, though with an opening toward the west, when this uncomfortable conviction grows clear to her that she is lost. She is not of the nervous order, however, and keeping a good heart looks hopefully around her.

Far away over there, in the distance, stands a figure lightly lined against the massive trunk of a sycamore, that most unmistakably declared itself to be a man. His back is turned to her, and he is bendg over something, and, so far as she can indge thus remote from him, his clothing a considerably the worse for wear. A gamekeeper, perhaps, or a-well, some-thing or other of that sort. At all events the sight is welcome as the early dew.

'To be continued.'

To a Poet.

To learn poetry "for repetition" doubtless a means of cultivating a knowledge of literature, but schoolboys sometimes regard the authors of poems learned as taskmasters and personal enemies. This view is amusingly expressed in a letter which was found among the papers of the venerable German poet Gelbel. It was written to him by some schoolboys of Lubeck, and is signed "Kari Beckmann, 11. Klasse." The letter is printed in Literature. After stating that two boys had been flogged because they could not learn Herr Gelbel's "Hope of Spring," the letter rends as follows:

We suppose you did not think of such things when you wrote the poem. The Herr Lehrer says it is a very beautiful poem, but there are so many very beautiful poems and we are obliged to learn Therefore we beg and entreat you, esteemed Herr Gelbel, make no more beautiful poems. And to make it worse we have to learn the blography of every poet, what year he was born in, and what year he died in. We write to you because you are the only poet still living, and we wish you a very long life.

Senator Mark Hanna wears as 2 watch charm a gold nugget which is worth several hundred dollars. It was presented to him by a number of Methodist friends who reside in Cleveland,

MACHINE THAT PRODUCES THE MOVING PICTURES

Great Future for Them in Education-Some of the Uses to Which They May Be Put - How the Films Are

There is a great future for moving pletures in education. To the insular child what more impressive method of information as to what a warship is like in all its majesty than to show him one in motion-photography? The children of the Central States will shown waves dashing high upon the strand, or rolling in gentle billows on "He looks dying," she says, at last, the bathing beach where children are speaking with a heavy sigh, and going at play. There are city children, too, nearer to Griselda, as it unconsciously who can be shown harvesting and hay horses, and all animals, wild and tame And for both rural and urban young sters the muroscope will display the Indian, the Conaman, the Zulu-all races of men and their manners and customs. To the geography class the mutoscope will display the capes, rivers, cities, bays, towns and historic buildings that heretofere have been but A moment later a knock comes to the names to the book-dazed scholar. He will be shown the Mulr glacter in its Will you be pleased to come down mighty disintegration, Vesuvius in or down the Mississippi, or slow him "Here" is on Vern's lips, but Griselda, the wondrous paneramas of London "Down stairs," she says, coldly, "when New York, Paris, Bombay and Canton we get some hot water, and when you life. To the history class the muto of to-day, as they live and move and "There are no maids in this house," have their being. What more vital sugreplies Mrs. Grunch, suffently. "You must gestion of the war with Spain than the either attend to each other or let me help I two views of the Spanish warship Vis caya-one showing her at anchor in New York harbor, her captain, in bitter jest, training his cannon on the city the other a battered wreck upon the

Life-motion pictures are made with one type of camera and projected by "You mean, we are to have but one two kinds of machines. The moving om between us?" picture camera is arranged so that. when turned by a crank, either by hand or by an electric motor, the sensitized film passes behind the lens at a rate of 320 feet per minute. But, to make each pleture, this film must come to a dead stop for one-seventeenth part of a sec ond, during which time the shutter of the camera opens and closes. Then in less than the hundredth part of a secand the film moves down about two inches, and the process is repeated until the picture is finished. From one half a minute to a minute is sufficient time to take ordinary scenes in life-motion. Five hundred or six hundred men marching eight abreast can pass at a walk a given point in one minute; and so, in taking life-motion photographs of a parade, the operator of the camera turns on his machine only at the moment important personages are passing Pictures three minutes in length or longer are often taken, but experience my love! and when you see me, expect longer are often taken, but experience me." She presses a sentimental kiss up- has shown that long pictures on the blo-

A developed biograph film is simply a ribbon of semi-transparent celluloid three inches wide, on which appears a succession of pletures. These pletures are two inches high and cover the film to its edges, while between each picture there is a margin of one-sixteenth she of an inch. A picture-film of a scene that has lasted a minute will be three inches wide and 320 feet long. On it will be 1,800 separate photographs of the at the rate of thirty distinct snap shots With a merry heart she plunges into per second, and the biograph or muto guished) exhibit them to spectators at the same rate of speed. The eye cannot detect where one picture joins another for they pass at the rate of 1,800 plc tures per minute.-Everybody's Maga-

USES HEIRLOOM RECIPES.

Secret of Fine Cookery at a New York Woman's Restaurant,

The trio of lunchers that went into he little home restaurant out of curlosty lingered long to eat and praise Such flavoring!" "Such seasoning! they said to the proprietress. "Where did you get your recipes?"

The smart little woman smiled in appreclation of these little compliments You are right," she said, "in attributing my success to the recipes. Withour them I should have been a rank failure. With them I have been able to establish a profitable business down on this corner.

'My cook book is simple. There isn't nother like it in the whole country. If it should ever be given to the public it would be no misuomer to call it the Blue-Blood Cook Book, for every recipe therein is an heirloom of some old American family.

"I never knew until I went into the catering business how many families own a special dish that is looked upon as their own property. Indeed, the old colonial family that has not such a posession is rare, and friends and neigh bors all respect the sauctity of this recipe, and would as soon rob them of valuable chattels as to purion the secret of that dish, which was, perhaps, invented by some great-great-grand mother and solemnly bequeathed to posterity along with old lace and satin dancing slippers.

"In one respect these recipes are like unto Shakspeare's women-they have an infinite variety which custom cannot stale. Some treat of a special way to fry chicken, others tell how to prepare roasts and vegetables, and silli others relate to desserts. But no matter what you want to cook, if you follow the minute directions given you can't help but turn out a culinary masterpiece.

"It was through pure luck that I secured this invaluable manuscript work. after ferns-

ABOUT THE BIOGRAPH In my palmy days I was acquainted with many ladies who are now custodians of these recipes, and when I first Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to turned my aftention to a restaurant, their sympathies were enlisted in my behalf, and they kindly offered to ken the secret of their famous dishes, provided I would exercise proper precaution and divulge nothing to curious patrons. Then they wrote to friends who were also cherishing grandmother's particular way of making pancakes or cooking rabbit, and recommended me as an honorable, secretive person, to whom it was advisable to loan the famlly treasure. In almost every instance this request to accommodate me was complied with, and my collection of special dishes now includes tidbits favored by the exclusive families of the East, West, North and South, not to mention a few foreign concections. I consider that no greater bonor could have been bestowed upon me than the loan of material for my cook book, for never be-

fore has the most privileged guest probed the secret of those choice dishes. "According to agreement," said the proprietress, according to the New York Times, "my knowledge thus obtained is to be jealously guarded, but in the case anything ever should happen whereby my collection of recipes could be put on the market, the house keepers and chefs of the land would have a right little gold mine to work

CURR ON INQUISITIVE PEOPLE. Chicago Man's Way of Getting Rid

of an Impudent Crowd. "Some people have a great deal of curlosity." said a Chicago traveling man, as he sat swapping experiences with a group of his fellows at the club. town that I had never visited before

'On my last trip South I took in a The town was growing, and, among other improvements, was the establishment of a public stenographer in the office of the principal hotel. The stenographer, a pretty young lady, seemed quite an attraction to the young men of the town, and there was geenrally a the tropics. dozen or more of them langing around

respectful distance. After a few min- the plain at the foot of the runway. utes, however, they began to edge In my travels over the islands I nocloser, and finally formed a ring around ticed these old courses, very plainly the stenographer and myself—so close marking several precipitous hillsides that they could hear every word of my and suggesting a considerable amount dictation. This was very annoying, of toll in their original making. The and I determined to put an end to their sledge was only six inches wide by impudence. So I began dictating a let- three inches deep, and about twelve ter to my wife, in which I spoke of my feet long, made very stoutly of hard arrival in the town, of which I gave a brief description, and then continued:

"The people here are the most sociable I have met. As I sit here dictating serves to keep alive the native skill of a dozen of them are crowded around list the inhabitants. This is surf-riding in tening to every word I say. This is no a canoe or on a onlini. ing my work."

cago Inter Ocean.

A Poet and the King.

should not be put to death.

en off by a critic."

"Then," said the king, "why don't you count on the right hand?"

"Alas" was the reply of the poet, as

your limitations and disabilities homaterial. You shall write for the magazines."—San Francisco Examiner.

An Interesting Investigation During his summer vacation, an English professor traveled about the country, asking every tramp that he met why he didn't work. He interviewed two thousant vagrants, and, classing them according to the various reasons they gave for not earning their daily bread in an orthodox manner, we get the following: Six hundred and fifty three said they were willing to work. but could not obtain any, four hundred and forty-five could not give any reason that would hold water; three hundred and one thought that no one ought to have to work, and if some people were foolish enough to do so-well, they intended living on those said people; four hundred and seven were on their way to procure work at distant towns, having letters in their possession promising them employment at the said towns, and the remaining one hundred and ninety-four were waiting for relatives to die and leave them

Expresses a Lot.

"Has she an expressive face?" "Well, part of it is." "Which part?" "The tongue."-Philadelphia Bulletin

their money.

the empire.

Insurance in Germany. The Germans are a cautious people There are 17,000,000 people insured in

If a woman ever had enough pluci to go out and dig for greens, she would spoil the effect by saying that she waRAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Repentance.



F AITH remembers His F gets Ha own fall-

> 111'00% The miracles of Christ can only be judged in the light of His misston.

The surplus church in the community will always be a sheep stealing church.

Hygiene is not holiness, but holiness will include hygiene. Glib religious phrases are but the

froth on shallow eddies. No man can speak for God unless he

has been speaking with Him. He who would be great in the day of trial must be great in that of trifles. Hiches in religion must be measured

by expenditure rather than by income. Where the church is not overcoming the world the world is overcoming the church.

The preacher who panders to the

throng will get no approval from the Throne. If Christian conversation is not a means of grace it will be a means of

diagrace. When the church sells its principles to buy up the rich man it is quite apt to find itself sold.

COASTING IN THE TROPICS.

Sport that Has Been Enjoyed Time Out

of Mind in Hawail. In one form or another coasting is mong the most ancient and universal of amusements. Incongruous as it sounds, this has been a favorite sport in Hawali time out of mind. The author of "Hawaiian America" describes the possibilities of coasting in

It seems impossible that any speed can be obtained with the long native "I had quite a lot of writing to do sledges without the aid of snow, and when I arrived, and I engaged her for yet there is abundant evidence to prove the evening, and after supper I sat it. The course, made of dry grass and down to dictate. The usual crowd of smooth stones, was laid down the side rouths and men were around, and when of a steep hill, and the pace attained began they at first moved back to a sent the coaster quite a distance across

wood.

A curious variation of the sport of coasting still lives in Hawaii, and

doubt a fine trait, but it is somewhat | The onini is a board made of the faannoying to the pretty girl who is do-mous kon wood about twelve to eighteen inches wide and from six to eight "In a minute the listeners began to feet long, often with a flat surface, but move away, and after that I was not usually with both sides slightly roundbothered with their curiosity."-Chi- ed. Pushing the boards before them, the natives awim beyond the breakers, where they wait the approach of a suitable incoming wave. When a big one A poet whose lines never would scan comes, they lie on the board face downwas summoned before the king and ward, and paddle with both hands and commanded to show cause why he feet shoreward, until the wave overtakes them, when by expert manipula-"If your ear is imperfect," said the tion the onini is kept on the face of the king, "you could count your syllables waves and coasts toward the shore at on your fingers, like an houest work- steamboat speed. As the board rests on the face of the wave at a considera-"May your majesty outlive your ble angle, some idea may be had of the prime minister by as many years as skill required to keep it there during remain to you," said the poet reverent- the quarter-mile rush for shore, yet ly. "I do count my syllables. But ob- some of the natives become so expert serve, my left hand lacks a finger-bit- that they stand upon the board during the steadier periods of its flight.

In a canoe with two strong paddlers and a helmsman of experience and skill, the sport is not less exciting. In he held up the mutilated left, "that is front, the bow, cutting the water, sends inpossible—there is nothing to count strings of spray backward and upwith! It is the forefinger that is lack ward. At the stern the great bluegreen wall curls above and over you, "Unfortunate man!" exclaimed the and if you are a scattent creature, your sympathetic monarch, "We must make pulse thrills with an exhitaration that up other sport can supply. It is toboggaming without its blinding, gasping

A Commonplace City.

Berlin, as compared with London, is an upstart city, and the Berlin crowd suggests the appearance of people of some great village. They look commouplace, as if just taken from the ranks of toilers that have not yet had time and money to cultivate the more graceful arts of life. The dressing of Berlin women is mostly execrable, and that of the men is scarcely better. You wonder that so much of ugliness of attire, so much commonplaceness in the appearance of men and women could be got together. It is in such a moment that you feel the full difference between London and Berlin.

Concealment.

"You say you are a detective?"

"Yes." "But ought you not to conceal the fact to some degree." "I do."

"How?"

Hungary.

"By not detecting anything."-Wash-Ington Star. Military Kite.

Russian engineers are experimenting with a military kite which will, it is hoped, prove useful for reconnoliering

purposes. Cheap Railway Fares. It is said that the cheapest rallway fares in the world are to be found in

The next time you are tempted to spend a dollar foolishly, reflect how much red flannel it will buy when you are old, and rheumatic, and poor.