

The Flying Mercury

by ELEANOR M. INGRAM
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens on Long Island, near New York city, where Miss Emily French, a relative of Ethan French, manufacturer of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile, loses her way. The car has stopped and her cousin, Dick French, is too muddled with drink to direct it. They meet another car which is run by a professional racer named Lestrangle. The latter fixes up the French car and directs Miss French how to proceed homeward. Ethan French has disinherited his son, who has disappeared. He informs Emily plainly that he will have to have her marry Dick, who is a good-natured but irresponsible fellow. It appears that a party to race with the "Mercury" at auto events, has engaged Lestrangle and the French factory Emily encounters the young man. They refer pleasantly to their meeting when he appeared at a disadvantage. Lestrangle tells Emily that he will try to educate her indifferent cousin as an automobile expert. Dick undertakes his business schooling under the tutelage of Lestrangle. Dick is shrewd, and in making tests races with an accident. Lestrangle meets Emily in the moonlit garden of the French home. Under an impulse he orders Emily to kiss her and she leaves him, confessing in her own heart that she returns his love. The aunt of Emily, learning of her attachment to Lestrangle, informs her that the man is his disbarred son, whom she has never seen before being adopted by him. He claims that his son ran away with a disolute actress, refuses to acknowledge him, and orders Emily to think of Dick as her future husband. A big race is on in the south and Ethan French takes Emily to see it.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued).

"My mother was a Californian," Lestrangle once said, coming back from a tour of inspection. "She was twenty times as much alive as any French that ever existed. I've been told. I fancy she passed that quality on to me—you know she died when I was born—for I nearly drove the family mad. They expect the worst of me, and I gave the best worst I had. But," he turned to Dick the clear candor of his smile, "it was rather a decent worst, I honestly believe. The most outrageous thing I ever did was to lead a set of seniors in hoisting a cow into the dean's library one night, and so get myself expelled from college."

"A cow?" the other echoed.
"A fat cow, and it moored," he stuffed the pillow into a more comfortable position. "Is that our car running in? No, it's just passing. If Frank doesn't wreck my machine, I'll get this race. And then, the same week, my chum and roommate ran away with a Doradora girl of some variety show and married her. I was romantic myself at twenty-one, so I helped him through with it. He was wealthy and she was pretty; it seemed to fit. I believe they've stayed married ever since, by the way. But somehow the reporters got affairs mixed and published me as the bridegroom. Have you got a cigar? I smoke about three times a year, and this is one of them. Yes, there was a fine scene when I went home that night, a Broadway melodrama. I lost my temper easier then; by the time my father and uncle gave me time to speak, I was too angry to defend myself and set them right. I supposed they would learn the truth by the next day, anyhow. And I left home for good in a dinner coat and raglan with something under ten dollars in odd change. What's that?"

"That," was the harsh alarm of the official klaxon, coupled with the cry of countless voices. The ambulance gong clanged as Lestrangle sprang to his feet and reached the door.
"Which car?" he called.
Rupert answered first:
"Not ours. Number eight's burning up after a smash on the far turn."
"Jack's car," identified Lestrangle, and stood for an instant. "Go flag Frank; I'll take the machine again myself. It's one o'clock, and I've got to win this race."

Several men ran across to the track in compliance. Lestrangle turned to make ready, but paused beside the seated Dick to look over the infield.

"He was in to change a tire ten minutes ago," observed Rupert, beside them. "Tell Lestrangle I'm doing time catching him," he yelled to me. Here's hoping his broncho machine pitched him clear from the fireworks."

When the Mercury car swung in, a moment later, Lestrangle lingered for a last word to Dick.
"I'm engaged to Emily," he said, gravely. "I don't know what she will hear of me; if anything happens, I've told you the truth. I'm old enough to see it now. And I tried to square things."

CHAPTER IX.

In the delicate, fresh June dawn, the French limousine crept into the Beach enclosure.
"We're here," said Bailey, to his traveling companions. "You can't park the car in front of the fence; Mr. David might see you and kill himself by a misturn. Come up to the grandstand seats."

Mr. French got out in silence and assisted Emily to descend; a pale and wide-eyed Emily behind her veil.
"The boys were calling extras," she suggested faintly. "They said three accidents on the track."

Bailey turned to a blue and gold official passing.
"Number seven all right?" he asked.
"On the track, Lestrangle driving," was the prompt response. "Leading by thirty-two miles."

A little of Emily's color rushed back. Satisfied, Bailey led their way to the tiers of seats, almost empty at this hour. Pearly, unsubstantial in the young light, lay the huge oval meadow and the track edging it.
"I've sent over for Mr. Dick," Bailey informed the other two. "He's been here, and he can tell what's doing. Dick's car is out of the race. There's Mr. David coming!"

A gray machine shot around the and its driver, Mr. French, you can

west curve, hurtled roaring down the straight stretch past the stand and crossed before them, the mechanic rising in his seat to catch the pendant linen streamers and wipe the dust from the driver's goggles in preparation for the "death turn" ahead. There was a series of rapid explosions as the driver shut off his motor, the machine swerved almost facing the infield fence and slid around the bend with a skidding lurch that threw a cloud of soil high in the air. Emily cried out. Mr. French half rose in his place.

"What's the matter?" dryly queried Bailey. "He's been doing that all night; and a pretty turn he makes, too. He's been doing it for about five years, in fact, earning his living, only we didn't see him. Here goes another."

Mr. French put on his pince-nez, preserving the dignity of outward composure. Emily saw and heard nothing; she was following Lestrangle around the far sides of the course, around until again he flashed past her, repeating his former feat with appalling exactitude.

It was hardly more than five minutes before Dick came hurrying toward them; cross, tired, dust-streaked and gasoline-scented.
"I don't see why you wanted to come," he began before he reached them. "I'm busy enough now. We're leading; if Lestrangle holds out we'll win. But he's driving alone; Frank went out an hour ago, on the second lap, when he went through the paddock fence and broke his leg. It didn't hurt the machine a bit, except tires, but it lost us twenty-six laps. And it leaves Lestrangle with thirteen steady hours at the wheel. He says he can do it."

"He's fit?" Bailey questioned.
Dick turned a peevish regard upon him.

"I don't know what you call fit. He says he is. His hands are blistered already, his right arm has been bandaged twice where he hurt it pulling me away from the gear-cutter yesterday, and he's had three hours' rest out of the last eleven. See that heap of junk over there; that's where the Alan car burned up last night and sent its driver and mechanic to the hospital. I suppose if Lestrangle isn't fit and makes a miscue we'll see something like that happen to him and Rupert."

"No!" Emily cried piteously. Remorse clutched Dick.
"I forgot you, cousin," he apologized.

So resting the card Dick supplied on



"Here Goes Another."

"Don't go off; Lestrangle swears he feels fine and gives at me for worry. Don't look like that."
"Richard, you will go down and order our car withdrawn from the race," Mr. French stated, with his most absolute finality. "This has continued long enough. If we had not been arrested in New York for exceeding the speed limit, I should have been here to end this scene at midnight."
Stunned, his nephew stared at him.
"Withdraw!"
"Precisely. And desire David to come here."

"I won't," said Dick flatly. "If you want to rub it into Lestrangle that way, send Bailey. And I say it's a confounded shame."
"Richard!"

His round face abaze, Dick thrust his hands in his pockets, facing his uncle stubbornly.
"After his splendid fight, to stop him now? Do you know how they take being put out, those fellows? Why, when the Italian car went off the track for good, last night, with its chain tangled up with everything underneath, its driver sat down and cried. And you'd come down on Lestrangle when he's winning—I won't do it. I won't! Send Bailey; I can't tell him."

"If you want to discredit the car and its driver, Mr. French, you can

do it without me," slowly added Bailey. "But it won't be any use to send for Mr. David, because he won't come."

The autocar of his little world looked from one rebel to the other, confounded with the unprecedented.
"If I wish to withdraw him, it is to place him out of danger," he retorted with asperity. "Not because I wish to mortify him, naturally. Is that clear? Does he want to pass the next thirteen hours under this ordeal?"

"I'll tell you what he wants," answered Dick. "He wants to be let alone. It seems to me he's earned that."

Ethan French opened his lips and closed them again without speech. It had not been his life's habit to let people alone and the art was acquired with difficulty.

"I admit I do not comprehend the feelings you describe," he conceded, at last. "But there is one person who has the right to decide whether David shall continue this risk of his life. Emily, do you wish the car withdrawn?"

"It's the young girl exclaimed, amazed. "I can call him here—safe—"
Her voice died out as Lestrangle roared past, overtaking two rivals on the turn and sliding between them with an audacity that provoked rounds of applause from the spectators. To call him in from that, to have him safe with her—the mere thought was a delight that caught her breath. Yet, she knew Lestrangle.

The three men watched her in keen suspense. The Mercury car had passed twice again before she raised her head, and in that space of a hundred seconds Emily reached the final unselfishness.

"What David wants," she said. "Uncle, what David wants."
"You're a brick!" cried Dick, in a passion of relief. "Emily, you're a brick!"

She looked at him with eyes he never forgot.
"If anything happens to him, I hope I die too," she answered, and drew the silk veil across her face.

"Go back, Mr. Dick, you're no good here," advised Bailey, in the pause. "I guess Miss Emily is right, Mr. French; we've got nothing to do but look on for David French was wiped out to make Darling Lestrangle."

When Lestrangle came into his camp for oil and gasoline, near eight o'clock, Dick seized the brief halt, the first in three hours.

"Emily's up in the stand," he announced. "Send her a word, old man; and don't get reckless in front of her."
"Emily!" echoed Lestrangle, too weary for astonishment. "Give me a pencil. No, I can't take off my gauntlet; it's glued fast. I'll manage. Rupert, go take an hour's rest and send me the other mechanician."

"I can't get off my car," he glared fast. Rupert nodded, leaning over the back of the machine to appropriate a sandwich from the basket a man was carrying to the neighboring camp. "Go on with your correspondence, dearest."
So resting the card Dick supplied on

the steering wheel, Lestrangle wrote a

difficult two lines.

He was out again on the track when Dick brought the message to Emily.

"I just told him you were here, cousin," he whispered in her ear, and dropped the card in her lap.

"I'll enjoy this more than ever, with you here," she read. "It's the right place for my girl. I'll give you the cup for our first dinner table, tonight."
"DAVID."

Emily lifted her face. The tragedy of the scene was gone. Lestrangle's eyes laughed at her out of a mist. The sky was blue, the sunshine golden; the merry crowds commencing to pour in woke carnival in her heart.

"He said to tell you the machine was running magnificently," supplemented Dick, "and not to insult his veteran reputation by getting nervous. He's coming by—look."

He was coming by; and, although unable to look toward the grandstand he raised his hand in salute as he passed, to the one he knew was watching. Emily flushed rosy, her dark eyes warm and shining.

"I can wait," she sighed, gratefully. "Dickie, I can wait until it ends now."
Dick went back.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



ECONOMICAL TO RAISE COWS

Found More Profitable and Preferable Than Buying—Give Milk Testing High in Butterfat.

(By L. MORSE.)

I have found it more profitable and preferable to raise my cows rather than buy them. A few years ago while living in Pennsylvania, I had some experience along both lines. In two instances, circumstances necessitated my buying cows to replenish a dairy herd. In all I bought nine cows, and at the time thought I was buying very carefully.

Out of the nine, only two proved to be in any wise desirable, the remainder being from ordinary to poor, and not profitable enough to keep in the herd, the most of them being disposed of at a discount from the purchase price. In the meantime I had growing up six heifers from the best cows in a large dairy herd of grade Jerseys, and out of a thoroughbred Jersey bull. These were bred to another registered Jersey bull of good individual merit and approved pedigree, and their most promising heifers raised to cowhood. What was the result?

Almost without exception the cows thus raised were extra good ones, giving milk testing high in butter fat, the average herd producing a pound of butter from much less than twenty pounds of milk, while such cows as I had been obliged to buy would not make the same amount from less than twenty-five pounds of milk.

The station shown in the illustration, which is self-explanatory, will be found handy in any cow barn. The lever attached to the end is used for opening and closing.

Handy Cow Stanchion.

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ALTERED IN THEIR MEANING

Phrases, Passing Through Generations, Become Distorted Before Generally Acknowledged.

Word building is as much a piece of carpentry as is house building. Only it takes longer. Sometimes a century more. And by that time the word's first meaning is usually changed.

For example, the old word for "neighbor" was "sib." One's good neighbor was known as one's "good sib." This became shortened to "godsib" and later to "gossip." Then the word's whole meaning changed and gossip no longer meant good neighbor, but applied to the sort of talk exchanged between good neighbors.

Take the word "farmer," too. The old word for "farmer" was "boor." (And "boor" later was used for describing farmer-like or rough persons.) The farmer living nearest to one was known as the "neighbor," and this phrase, in course of time, was twisted to "neighbor."

You've heard the proverb, "Little pitchers have big ears." Well, it doesn't refer to the utensil that holds water or goes to the corner side door. "Pitcher" was a slang term with some such meaning as our word "chap" or "fellow." Thus, "little fellows have big ears" is a more sensible rendering of the proverb—Chicago Journal.

PRETTY LANGUAGE OF LOVE

In Switzerland Flowers Are Made Use of by Those Who Seek Their Companions in Life.

In remote Alpine hamlets and vil- lages especially in the Bernese Ober- land there still exist ancient and pretty customs of proposing marriage by the language of flowers. If a maid accepts a bouquet of edelweiss from a man as her fiance, the idea being that the man has risked his life to obtain the flowers for the woman he loves.

Another method which exists in the Canton of Glarus for the young man to place a flowerpot containing a single rose and a note on the window sill of the girl's room when she is absent from home and wait—perhaps days—for a reply. If the maid takes the rose, the young man boldly enters the house to arrange matters with her parents, but if the rose is allowed to fade away the proposal is rejected without a single word having been exchanged between the couple. Sometimes a fickle girl will keep a young man waiting a day or two for an answer, but whatever it may be it is considered final.

Secret of Happiness. Most of us begin well. When we are quite young, we are full of faith. We believe in others, and we also believe in our own powers of overcoming faults and failings.

We set out full of the zest of life—no hill is too high to climb, no point too lofty to reach.
But later most of us get discouraged. We find that our friends are not so noble as we thought them, that it is much harder to root out our faults and failings than we imagined, and perhaps in time to take up the foolish, soul-destroying idea that so long as we are "no worse than other people" it is all right.

Let us try to keep the high ideals that we learned at our mother's knee, to still keep our faith in human nature, no matter how often we may be disappointed. Let us still strive for perfection and resolve to do our best again and again, no matter how often we may fail. For only by doing this can we keep our hearts young, however old we may live to be, and only so can we be our best and do our best.

Victim for Each Building. The belief, illustrated in the ballad of "The Bridge of Araf," that a human victim is required to insure the stability of a bridge or building survives in Greece today. J. A. Lawson says:

There is no wonder now. It suffices to obtain, preferably from an enemy or an old person, a hair, nail, paring shred of clothing, old shoe or a thread or stick marked with the person's height or footprint measure, and bury these beneath the foundation stone. The victims die within a year, but the building is safe.

Even a shadow will do. Mr. Lawson was himself dragged back by a friend in Santorini so that his shadow might not fall across which a fatal spot; and the mayor of Agrigina told him that his four predecessors had all died from lettering their shadows fall on foundation stones laid by them.

Birds Commit Suicide. A very strange occurrence in national history has been seen in the flooded country of the Fen district in eastern England. A narrow bank runs alongside a flooded area of nearly 2,000 acres. Walking along this with intention of learning what had happened to his partridges, a keeper put up a covey. It flew in the direction of the longest arm of the flood. The birds, which were rather a late-hatched covey, after flying some distance, suddenly and at one moment together dropped into the water and were all drowned.

It has been much discussed lately how the partridges are able to fly, but the curious part of this collapse was that the whole number fell simultaneously, as if they had decided to die together.

Old Rules for Diplomats. The Turkish government used at one time to make foreign envoys in Constantinople conform in some degree to Mussulman customs. They were not allowed to appear in public accompanied by their wives, as this practice might have caused heartburnings among the native women, who could never hope to be treated on an equality with their husbands. Endeavors were also made, at one time to extend Mohammed's prohibition of wine to foreign diplomats. This was found impossible, but until the end of the eighteenth century all the wine consigned to them had to be conveyed from the harbor in the dead of the night so that the faithful should not be contaminated by seeing the accursed liquor.

Bosporus and Its Environs



GALATA BRIDGE

ONCE again the eyes of the civilized world are centered upon the channel of Constantinople and on the Thracian Bosphorus and on the Hellespont, the waters of the Black sea and which separates the continent of Asia from the continent of Europe. The channel stretches from the Black sea to the sea of Marmora, and where it runs into this landlocked little body of water, Constantinople lies upon an arm of this sea known as the Golden Horn on the European side. There is scarcely a bit of water on the face of the earth whose name appears more frequently in the annals of human history than this narrow channel. As the history of the world centers so largely along the banks of the River Rhine since the days of Caesar, so it centered along the Bosphorus for some thousand years before Caesar's day, and so it has centered largely since then. All around the Black sea, on the Asiatic shores and on the European, lie immensely broad stretches of the most fertile land upon the globe. Immense rivers drain this territory, keeping the Black sea full and overflowing through the Bosphorus. From the first dawn of history a large population has always found homes on these fertile lands, and as commerce developed its pathways multiplied along the Eurasian sea coming down from these immense rivers. On the south lay the Mediterranean, a large body of inland waters replenished by all the overflow of the Black sea and multitudinous rivers from the Nile to the Rhine, surrounded by broader and richer lands, and as commerce grew up around the Mediterranean its paths crossed those of the commerce of the Bosphorus and Black sea, and the Bosphorus became the connecting link between. Below the Sea of Marmora the outlet for the Black sea waters is the strait of the Dardanelles, shorter but broader than the Bosphorus.

Important Waterway. Important as this bit of water was to the ancient world, it is much more so now, and is becoming increasingly so as the years pass. With the development of modern naval warfare the importance of Constantinople rises to a prominence in European and Asiatic affairs scarcely equalled by any other point on the shores of the two continents, and if a great power ever gets possession of Constantinople and controls the passage of the Dardanelles and Bosphorus it will be very possible for it to dominate the fortunes of all Europe. At the mouth of the great rivers that empty into the Eurasian sea grow up immense cities, affording opportunities for the construction of a mercantile marine as well as one for naval warfare, and with the passage between the Mediterranean and the Eurasian controlled by such a great power these fleets would be unattackable by the combined forces of the world. It would not be a great undertaking to the engineering enterprises of today to construct a bridge over the Bosphorus which would enable railroad trains to pass from one continent to the other, resulting in an exchange of commerce almost unimaginable in extent. With the Dardanelles fortified, the Sea of Marmora and the Golden Horn would afford a rendezvous for merchant ships for a back country reaching up to Vienna and into the Danubian provinces and into Russia, with Asia on the other side, including the rich territories of Palestine and on to Persia and the valley of the Euphrates, going on down in the path of Alexander's conquests into India and to the banks of the Indus.

The nation which could make the best use of this strategic point would be Russia, and the Muscovite has coveted it for 200 years, but this ambition has been halted by the hostilities of rival European powers. The next nation that might make the greatest use of the position would be Austria, with its Hungarian annex, and a population neither purely European nor purely Asiatic. Germany ranks third in the possibilities presented for the possession of Constantinople and the armed merchantman of the period than a ship of the royal navy.

It is beyond a doubt that if Nelson helped to rig her as part of his training for a sea life he would have kept her as a memento of those early days, and now that she is to be publicly exhibited and attention is directed to her existence, it is hoped that further light may be thrown upon her history.

Homelike Effect. "How was your muscle, Mr. Wombal?"
"Aw, slow!"
"The attendance was good; some of our best people were there."
"But the affair had no ginger. Next time I'll have a man who knows his business to go around yelling, 'Who wants the handsome waiter?' That's the kind of action I like."

Presumption. "Gentlemen," said the person who had succeeded in getting upon his feet without upsetting any of the glasses in front of him, "I can't make a speech, but I will tell you a little story that I think will be new to most of you."
"Ray," asked a man at the other end of the table, "where do you think most of us have been all these years?"

English View of Our Politics. "There are few positions on earth so strange as that which President Taft will occupy until March 4—reputedly by his countrymen's vote, but still their chief, with all the president's great powers," says the London Chronicle. "For until the moment of his successor's inauguration the outgoing president remains in charge. At the inauguration of Mr. McKinley in 1897 men noted the ink marks on Mr. Cleveland's unglazed hands. He had been examining and signing bills in his last official hours. Eight years before his very last act had been to hold his umbrella over the head of his successor, Mr. Harrison, taking the oath of office."

Relic of Spanish Armada. An anchor of the Spanish armada period, recovered from the Wallcut, a well known "swatchway," three miles off Clacton, England, has been presented to Colchester (Essex) Museum for generations this anchor has been an enemy to the trawls of local fishermen, but at length one of the fukes became worn partially away, and the last trawl that struck it thus lifted it from the ground.

Relic of Great Admiral. English Museum Has Toy Ship Believed to Have Been Constructed by Lord Nelson.

An interesting addition has just been made to the historical exhibits in the museum of the Royal United Service Institution, London. It consists of a little ship which is believed to have been at one time in the possession of Lord Nelson, and possibly was the toy vessel in which he learned to handle the great admiral learnt the rudiments of seamanship. At all events, some forty years ago, she was given, with this tradition attaching to her, to Lord Walsley, who has now generously presented her to the institution.

Not only was the little boat built and rigged on board the merchant vessel in which, under Rathbone, one of his old petty officers, Captain Buxington sent Nelson, his nephew, for a cruise to learn seamanship in 1772, but it is quite possible she was also intended to represent this ship. In many respects she is more like an

Labor and Idleness. There is but this difference between labor and idleness: That labor is profitable and pleasant to one, whereas a trouble both to oneself and to others.

Unconformity. "I am a man of many parts, and I am not a man of many parts."

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