

"YOU PUSH THE BUTTON."

CHAUNCEY ALPORT, got into the way of not sleeping nights, through sheer listlessness, he said. He took no interest in his food, either, and his fellow-clerks down at the Hitchcock stove works said to one another that if a trial sheet of Alport's were to balance they'd fall dead of surprise.

The young man himself knew to a reasonable degree of certainty why he could not work better, and why the hours after work dragged even more lamely than those in the office. The truth was, he could see no future ahead. He was at that point of his career where he looked with distrust upon everything relating to himself. He had grave doubts about his ability to become anything more than a clerk on a small salary. He didn't believe he would be able to maintain the agreeable social position to which he was born, and he was absolutely sure that the girl he loved would never accept him.

The girl he loved was Violet Gilder-sleev. She lived in the low, long, Elizabethan house just beyond the outskirts of town. Here, half hidden among trees, the beautiful house seemed to dream through life in spite of the eager commercial town just beyond it, and into Violet's days there appeared to come nothing but beauty and contentment and whatever was refined and leisurely. She was in a household of gentlewomen, all of elegant serine lives, all taking money as a matter of course, and Chauncey Alport fell chocked by the complaisance of their manners and, and by their matter-of-fact prosperity. To take Violet from a life so placid and full of grace to the toll and worry, and poverty that must be the lot of his wife was out of the question.

That she loved him, that the long Sunday afternoons on that shady lawn, talking of music and books, and best of all, of themselves, had been as absorbing to her as to him to feel in the innermost consciousness of his soul. But this was all the more reason why he should not indulge himself in the luxury of her society. If he alone was to endure the pain in sweeten, and run the risk of ultimate despair and bitterness he might continue to indulge himself in her society. But he could not involve her in this suffering. The only thing for him to do was to break

He was ashamed of himself for his وضع السرقة to ill-fortune.

Everybody congratulated him on improved appearance. Violet Gilder-sleev, bending forward from her piano, nodded at him in a commendatory way, and called out that he must come to see her. He flushed, feeling the old pang at his heart, and gave an evasive answer. He knew that he dare not accept that invitation. Now that life beat so strongly in his veins again, and that he felt so full of potential happiness, he dared not visit her, lest in spite of the guard set upon himself he should tell her of his love. It was a hard and rasping condition—his poverty. The worst of it was that she would never understand. She would think him selfish and coarse and cruel. She would remember those exquisite evenings, with their air of insinuating tenderness, and blush at the recollection, because of his silence. He could hardly endure that she should be so humiliated. But there seemed no other way but silence.

Down at the shop they inquired about his photographs, and he said that he thought in the interests of artistic photography they ought never to be developed. But Fellows, who was an enthusiast, would not have so done. He insisted upon seeing for himself the results of his friend's first experience with a camera.

So 100 preposterous prints came back from the developers. Dogs with tails off, human creatures that looked like monsters, landscapes blurred till even Corot would have refused to call them the handiwork of the creator, cows who had neglected to fore-shorten themselves, and hills that were a disgrace to their kind and seemed to have been skipping like little lambs at the time of having their pictures taken, presented themselves to the jeringing comment of the office force.

Then, from among these monstrosities, appeared one amazing, beautiful print, full of poetry and motion and light. It was the photograph of Niagara Falls. The fringes of face-like mist that decorated the great downpour of shadowy water, was thereas though it flattered in the summer wind; the whirlpool at the foot of the fall seemed to leap and rise and fall again, with grottoes and a madness of fear. The wind of the waters appeared to come from this weird thing. A bush of admiration fell upon everybody. It seemed almost

Fellows picked it up reverently.

"It's the best picture of the Falls ever taken, my boy," he said.

Alport looked at it incredulously. "It can't be that I took that," he said. "There's some mistake."

"You pushed the button," some one quoted. "Nature did the rest on this occasion."

The excellence of the photograph was soon witness to presently by the photographer, who came down to inquire if he couldn't buy the plate. Fellows winks Alport to refuse though when the price offered began to ascend it was hard to resist the temptation.

"I saw that on the railroad company and see if they won't use it for an advertisement," said Fellows.

"But don't give up the copyright—you must get it copyrighted, you know. This will come out gloriously in a transcript."

Alport caught the enthusiasm from his friend and began, like the sensible fellow he really was when he was not badgered by fate, to push his advantage. He did this so well that at the end of three months he was the possessor of \$10,000 made from his lucky and explosive picture.

He always maintained that with capital he could liberate himself from the drudgery of office work, and he proved this to be true. There were opportunities opening in his ambitious village of which he availed himself. He got in on the "ground floor" of an industrial enterprise, and in a year he had a home—a modest imitation of a certain luxurious Elizabethan mansion of which he had been a peddler's pack strapped upon him. He put from him with bitter distaste the recollection of his poverty and the dull drudgery of the office. It seemed as if light-heartedness was coming back to him again. He thanked his employer almost tearfully, and got his desk in order ready for leaving. Just then Fellows, his associate, but freshly returned from his vacation, came in.

"I hear you're getting out of here," he said cordially.

"Yes," responded Alport. "The truth is I'm so near done for that there's no use in my staying. I do everything wrong and am in everybody's way. If my vacation doesn't set me up, I don't know what will become of me!"

"O, a vacation acts like a miracle when a man gets fagged that way. Get some good novels? I'll get some out of my case—I picked out a rare lot before I started. And, say, take my cameras with you."

"I don't know how to use it. Thank you, just the same, old man, but it wouldn't be any good in my hands."

"Yes, it would. It's no end of fun squinting around at views and presenting you understand 'composition,' and snapping at things. I'll run a film in. You've got to take it, that's all. You don't know what's good for you. It'll make you, you'll see."

So Alport had no choice, but to add the camera to his paraphernalia, though he felt not the least interest in it.

His journey was to Central New York, where some kinfolk of his lived on a fine old farm. He went his way patiently, finding nothing of interest except his own brooding thoughts. He read the novels his friend lent him, but he could not recall, a few hours after he had completed one, whether he had read it or not. His tortured mind refused to accept any idea, except violet. The camera was strapped about him, and as in duty bound he took snap shots at everything he saw which had in it the least element of the picturesque. He took views of old men with umbrellas, and pert girls with parasols; he got pictures of sheep and cattle and trees and churches and lakes and hills. And incidentally, he took a snap at Niagara Falls. It seemed a silly impertinence to snap that little machine at the wonder of green, impetuous water in its eternal passion. But he did it, and laughed.

He found health and strength out in the fields during his vacation. He became aware of the sweetness of the earthy, and he was no longer averse to life. He slept well, and ate well, and came home eager to renew his work and determined to endure his sorrows gallantly. If he must always drudge, then he would do it without complaint. If he must live without the woman of his heart he would bear it as other men had borne similar sorrows, with philosophy.

When a man wants to get out of giving a dollar to help a man gets up a petition for other men to sign, prouling to give it.

It is becoming harder every day to work a scheme on a farmer.

"DOG WATCH" IN EARNEST.

A Clever Cattie Who Acts as Light-house Keeper's Assistant. Probably the only real "dog watch" in the world so far as the sea is concerned is kept on Wood Island lighthouse, off Biddeford Pool, Me. Sailor is the name of the faithful four-footed watcher who keeps vigil there for passing craft. His master is Thomas H. O'neill, keeper of the light.

Having passed most of his nine years of life on rocky Wood Island where the waves beat ceaselessly on the granite shore, and the passing of vessels up and down the coast is the chief thing to see her. She flushed, feeling the old pang at his heart, and gave an evasive answer. He knew that he dare not accept that invitation. Now that life beat so strongly in his veins again, and that he felt so full of potential happiness, he dared not visit her, lest in spite of the guard set upon himself he should tell her of his love. It was a hard and rasping condition—his poverty. The worst of it was that she would never understand. She would think him selfish and coarse and cruel. She would remember those exquisite evenings, with their air of insinuating tenderness, and blush at the recollection, because of his silence. He could hardly endure that she should be so humiliated. But there seemed no other way but silence.

In early life, when but a 2-month-old puppy, he was brought to the island from Woburn Brothers' milk farm in Westbrook, Me. He was not a sailor then, for his family were farmers, being Scotch colliers and sheep dogs. But Sailor was not long in learning the ways of the sea. He took a deep interest in whatever his master did, and followed him around the light station wherever he went. He noticed, among other things, that his master often pulled a rope that made a bell ring. The bell was a great heavy one very like that a few years ago, when John Islip, an Englishman, who made a huge fortune out of silver in Mexico, drove himself mad through worrying about his death.

After exhausting all the safeguards London could offer, he bought a small, rocky island called Breyell on the west coast, taking with him one faithful servitor. Here, in peasant guise, he had four stone pillars raised and a small unenclosed cabin, with one room, rather like a houseboat, sitting on chairs from iron girders that crossed the masts and swayed clear of the ground. Once inside this he shut himself up, with some books and a pet jack-in-the-box for company, and never left his swinging house until his death.

The attendant, who lived in a small house close by, used to row to the mainland a mile and a half when the weather permitted for provisions. The master spent his time reading and looking out over the Atlantic from the cabin windows. His brain had given way, of course, and he imagined his life stood still while the earth revolved under him. He had no relatives to insist on his entering a private asylum, and worried out of life by the fear of death. His hair was snow-white, though he was only 43.

Another wealthy man, Jean Inglesant, though he had made a fortune by shrewd speculation, also gave way to the dread of death. He conceived the idea that all movement and effort wasted the tissues of the body, and this notion sank so deeply into his mind that he went to bed in a quiet country house and hardly moved hand or foot for years; if he even stirred a finger he did it with dread, believing it used up his vitality and shortened his life by so much time. He spoke as little as possible, sometimes not opening his lips for days, and was fed by attendants with spoon. All his food consisted of "soup," to save him the fatal exertion of chewing, and his one amusement was being read to by his nurse together, for he could not hold a book or turn the pages. Even the reading he did away with toward the close of his life, believing that listening shortened his existence.

One of the queerest cases was that of a Mrs. Holmes, a very wealthy widow, who had a terrible fear of germs and bacilli of all kinds. She had studied the subject deeply and insisted on constant care to all parts of her body. The dread of death seized her, and she was convinced she would die by some wasting disease inspired by microbes. Recently, however, Prof. J. W. Gregor has discovered in the British Museum what he believes to be an ancestor of the lovely blue coral in a fossil coral of the Cretaceous period, called Polyptermata.

By distilling fresh herring oil and olive wood in an iron retort, and then condensing the products in a Liebig condenser, William C. Day reports, in the American Chemical Journal, that he has produced an artificial asphalt closely resembling the natural product. This experiment is regarded as confirmatory of the opinion that asphalt and petroleum are the products of a natural distillation by which the remains of early forms of animal and vegetable life have been transformed in the heated crust of the earth.

Bret Harte's "outcast in gray," the coyote, is described by Prof. C. F. Holder as a species of wolf which is virtually a wild dog. Domestic dogs, he says, although they will kill the male coyote, will often refuse to injure the female. Prof. Holder defends the coyote against those who would exterminate him, on the ground that he is the only effective enemy of the jack-rabbit and the ground squirrel, which cause so much damage in California. A coyote in a camp after chickens yelps so fast that he creates the impression that a whole pack is abroad.

Naturalists have generally accepted the opinion that ants are not able to perceive any sounds that are audible to human ears. Prof. Weld, of the Iowa State University, controverts this opinion. He describes in Science careful experiments made by him with four species of American ants, from which he deduces the conclusion that these species, at least, are able to perceive sounds, but whether they do it by means of organs of hearing or through the sense of touch being excited by atmospheric vibrations, he is unable to say with certainty. He inclines to the opinion that they do really hear, as some individuals showed a perception of the direction of the sound, such as that of a shrill whistle, and others, who were not disturbed when violently shaken in their glass prisons, seemed to be "driven nearly frantic by shrill sounds."

Boats described as steel rafts are now in use in ice-blocked Russian harbors and rivers and have proved that they can force their way through thick ice, even with 72 degrees of frost.

The marine of Vladivostok, till of late has mostly sailed for four or five months, has since 1893 been kept accessible through the winter; the Finnish port of Lappeenranta is now open to commerce throughout the year. And last winter a similar steamer kept up connection with the Ural railway through the ice of the Volga at Saratov. It is proposed now to keep open to the winter through the ice of St. Petersburg with the sea and to form a winter connection through the ice from Archangel to the mouth of the Vistula. Admiral Makarov, addressing the Russian Geographical Society, insists that still more powerful boats of this kind might safely be counted on to cope with polar ice, such as Nansen had to deal with, and to cut a passage to the north pole.

Chambers' Journal.

The Spelling-Bee at Angel's.

"For instance, take some simple word," said he, "like 'separate'?"

Now who can spell?" "Dog my skin,

that's the one in eight!"

This set the boys all wild at once. The chairs was put in row,

And at the head was Lanky Jim, and at the foot was Joe,

And high upon the bar itself the schoolmaster was raised,

And the barkeep but his glasses down,

and sat and silent gazed.

Oh, little kids, my pretty kids, 'was

meant to survey?

These kids, with weepings on,

They'll laugh with glee, and shout to see

each other lead the van,

An' Bob sat up as monitor with a cum

for a ratten,

Till the Chair gave out "incinerate,"

And Brown said he'd burned

If any such blam'd word as that is in

a school was ever learned.

When the police officer learned under what charge he was being held a prisoner he ordered his release. The singer, after thanking the captain, strolled slowly out of the police station into the street and wandered away. His identity is still a mystery.—Chicago Chronicle.

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People are always disappointed in a

circus.

It is a mighty poor person who can't pay backs.

It is becoming harder every day to work a scheme on a farmer.

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