

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"It is singular," I said, "that you in your own way should have come to the same conclusion about Steinhardt as I have gradually been coming to. I do not trust him at all; he is pitiless and unscrupulous, and I am sure he would make no more inquiries concerning your father than seemed necessary for the sake of appearances. But, dear Miss Lacroix, I think you can do no good by going to London yourself. Let me act for you in the matter; believe me, I have it as much at heart as if it were my own. Have a little patience, and I think we shall get at something."

"Why," she asked eagerly, "have you heard something at last from the friends to whom you wrote?"

"No; I have not."

"I suppose," said she, with some bitterness, "it is to them only the loss of one stranger out of the crowd all around them."

I then told her of the mission Freeman had undertaken, refraining, however, from saying that I had directed his attention to the railway stations, more particularly to the Great Northern, and I advised her to remain at Timperley Hall for the present, and to conduct herself toward Steinhardt so as not to excite his resentment or suspicion.

Upon this we prepared to leave the cottage; and on glancing casually away from her, I was arrested by the behavior of the old man.

"Look at him!" I involuntarily exclaimed.

His face was flushed, and as if puffed with blood; his eyes were extraordinarily bright and watchful; his mouth twitched grotesquely, as if in the effort to use it for speech; and his right leg and shoulder stirred a little under the blankets.

"Oh!" cried Louise, "perhaps seeing us, and hearing us talk—if he has heard us—has roused him! Uncle Jacques," she said, in a loud voice, going to him, and laying her warm, soft hand on his withered, lifeless wrist, "are you feeling better?"

His only answer was a wink of his bright eyes.

"Here is John coming," she continued to him. "I shall come and see you tomorrow again."

We left the cottage as John approached with his wheel barrow, bearing the small fish for his afternoon round.

"I think your master must be rousing up a little, John," said Louise.

"Yes," said John; "I think he must. Seems to me he may get as well again as he was afore th' other master went to Lunnnon."

As I took my way through the village to my lodgings, I found myself turning over these words of John: how "well," I wondered, had old Jacques been before his nephew went to London? If he could recover speech, could he tell us anything of consequence concerning him?

CHAPTER VIII.

Both Miss Lacroix and myself waited impatiently for news from Freeman in London. From day to day I expected a letter; and day after day, when I met her either in Jacques's cottage or in the little clough beyond Timperley Hall, I had to tell her that no letter had come. She quickly began to show signs of that heart sickness, which in the young is so ready to follow upon the steady, indefinite postponement of hope. In my efforts to encourage her I encouraged myself also to believe that an Overruling Power was holding this mystery in hand for some great purpose, only to reveal it eventually with the more force and effect.

One evening when I met her in the clough we were both startled and silenced by the clear, full note of a bird—a liquid "joug-joug."

"Is it a thrush?" I said in a whisper.

She listened breathless, almost panting, with joy.

"Oh," she whispered, at length, "it is a nightingale—it is a nightingale!" and, poor girl, she actually sobbed.

"How can the dear little bird have got so far out of its way as this dreadful place?"

After a rapid attention of some minutes to the ravishing song, both of us were impelled to go away to tell others of our delight. The path out of the clough led along the ridge behind Timperley, past two or three neat little houses. From one of these we were surprised, as we approached, to hear music and singing of an unusually fine quality. It was just growing dark; a lamp shone out from a window, over which the blind was not yet drawn, and we could plainly see a man seated at the piano, and a girl, slight and small of figure, standing by her hand on his shoulder. She sang in a voice clear and sweet as a bird's, a song then in vogue, called "Ehren on the Rhine." As we passed the song ended, and the player turned; we saw his face, and each exclaimed to the other, "Why, it's Frank!" So here dwelt the reason of his indifference to Louise's beauty and sad grace!

"Oh, what would his father say, if he knew!" exclaimed Louise, in alarm. "I don't think we'll tell him," said I.

I was that night more cheerful and hopeful than I had been since my coming to Timperley. I was not addicted to writing letters to the newspapers, but the presence in that district of the little bird of song, that usually suggested soft, clear skies and scented groves, was so extraordinary, and seemed to me so delightful, that I sat down and wrote a letter concerning the phenomenon to a daily paper of some importance published in the neighboring large town. The paper, I knew, was widely read, but I had not reckoned upon my letter attracting such attention as it did. The second night after I had written it men and women of all conditions, but chiefly of the working class, were inquiring their way through the village, or finding their way along all the roads and lanes to "the Nightingale Clough." The small weekly papers of course copied the letter, and on Saturday and during the following week parties came from long distances in buses and vans to hear the

nightingale sing. I went first one night, and then another, and another to see the crowd thus drawn together.

It was a strange and touching spectacle: the men and women, the lads and lassies standing under the trees down to the very edge of the discolored little lake, and the mischievous boys among the branches—all hushed while the summer twilight deepened into dark about them, waiting patiently for the unseen little bird to break forth like a voice from heaven into rapturous song. And when at length, after a few timid notes it poured out its full heart, I heard many a low sob mingling with the strains of the artless music.

Whether the nightingale took alarm at this invasion of its solitude, or whether some mischievous persons frightened it, it is certain that by the end of the week it was heard no more, and the people went away disappointed and noisy. One of these evenings I was returning with the crowd, when an old fellow was kneeling beside me, looking at me hard, and at length speaking.

"Thou'rt parson as wrote th' letter—eh?"

I answered I was.

"Ah, an' thou'rt fo' London—eh? A git place that—w! gardens, I've heard say, full o' a' kinds o' birds and beasts."

I said I supposed he meant the Zoological Gardens.

"Ah, happen that's them. I'm rare and fond o' birds and beasts; I run go to London some day, and see them gardens. Happen I may come across thee; I hear thou'rt leaving Timperley."

"Well, now, I like thee; and I run come and hear thee preach afore thou goes. Ee, mon, I a' something here, tho'!"—he produced an old pocket book, and from one of the compartments he took a square of paste board which he gave me—happen that may come in handy when thou goes back to London. I found it in Lacroix's Lane yond' more'n a year ago, and says I, 'I man keep this till I go to London,' but I do not think I'll ever ride in a first class carriage—so thou'dst a' better tak' it, mon."

"What is it?" I asked.

"To be sure," said he, "thoo con see. It's a first class ticket!"

I thanked him, and put it in my pocket.

We were then upon the cottage in which I had seen Frank Steinhardt sitting at the piano. Sounds of music and singing were again proceeding from it, and I was not surprised to see that many of those who had been disappointed by the nightingale stood listening in silence to the girl.

When I reached my lodgings I took out the old fellow's singular little present. It was the "return" half of a first class railway ticket from London Bridge to Crofton. It was tolerably clean; it must have been thrown away or dropped, soon after it was issued, and picked up soon after it was thrown away. A suspicion which had begun to creep upon me when first I looked at it shot up with startling suddenness when I turned it over and read the date stamped on its edge—"Mar 15 '82."

This ticket had been found by the old man in Lacroix Lane: had the person who had lost or dropped it there been the same as the person who had bought it in London? If he had, had he been a resident in Timperley? In a word—had the person been Mr. Lacroix? It was impossible to say, until after such inquiry as I saw little chance of being able to make; for though visitors to Timperley seldom passed along the Lacroix Lane they sometimes did. I might, however, discover from Louise whether her father had had any connection with Crofton.

I met her next day at Jacques's cottage (I had almost given up my visits to Timperley Hall). After again answering in the negative her constant question as to news from Freeman, I began my attempt to get at this point concerning the ticket. I wished to avoid raising in her undue suspicion.

"Do you still wish," I asked, "to go to London yourself?"

"I do," said she; "but I take your advice, and wait."

"If you wait," I continued, "where would you stay? Have you any friends in London?"

"I hoped," said she, shyly, "you would tell me somewhere to go."

"You have, then," said I, "no friends about London, or anywhere round? It is not necessary, you know, that you should live in London to follow up inquiries."

"Well," said she, "I know two or three girls living in London who were at school with me in Crofton, but I think I could not ask them."

Imagine how my heart leaped! I was afraid I showed my emotion in my look and tone. I quickly urged another question.

"Croydon is not far from London: might not your old school mistress take you in?"

"I did not think of that," said she; "I was there for only a year, after I left school in Paris. I had only been home three months when father went away."

I had learned more than I could have anticipated. Here, surely, at length was the strongest presumptive, if not direct, evidence that Mr. Lacroix, and not another, had dropped the ticket, and therefore that he had come home. I imagined him traveling from London Bridge to Crofton to pay, perhaps, his daughter's school bill, and returning a different way, although he had taken a return ticket to London Bridge. This struck me as agreeing with all I had heard of Mr. Lacroix—careless of money, and without much steady consistent purpose. How easily such a man must have become subject to the resolute Steinhardt!

It occurred to me that it would not be impossible to learn from the Crofton school mistress whether Mr. Lacroix had called on her. With a few questions as to the size, situation and character of the school, I learned the name and address of the school mistress; and as soon as I returned to my lodgings I wrote to her. On the second morning after I received her reply,

which I treasured along with the railway ticket as invaluable evidence—a polite note, presenting compliments and begging to inform that on referring to her books and her diary, she found that Mr. Lacroix had called and paid a term's charges for his daughter's "finishing" education, on Wednesday, March the fifteenth, eighteen hundred and eighty-two.

CHAPTER IX.

The end of my six months' curacy was almost at hand, but, since my recent discovery, I was resolved I would still remain at least in the neighborhood of Timperley. I went first to the rector, who was not yet well enough to resume his duties, in the hope that I might prevail upon him to let me continue to fill his place for some time longer. I was surprised, and somewhat piqued, to hear that it was entirely out of the question, because another curate had already been engaged.

"A young man from St. Bee's," said the rector. "Mr. Steinhardt says we must have no more clever men in Timperley. I would have liked you very well to stay, but you know—you see it can't be. If I can do anything for you—"

I said, since I could not stay in Timperley, I wished to get a curacy somewhere in the neighborhood. The rector looked at me in a way which made me doubt whether I had been wise to tell him my desire. However, he answered he would see what he could do.

Steinhardt, it was evident, expected me to go away, back to the south probably, since I disliked Timperley so much; but I metaphorically shook my Crofton evidence at him and more obstinately resolved not to go away. There happened at that time to be several curacies vacant in neighboring parishes or districts; I applied first for one with the result after some time of having my application declined, and then for another, with the same result. I was disappointed and puzzled. I knew I had been reckoned successful in Timperley, and I could not understand the coldness and reticence of the replies I received. But I was soon startled into the perception of their cause.

Louise and I had got into the habit of meeting frequently (as I have already hinted) at the cottage of old Jacques: we were still waiting for news from King's Cross, and we did not know whether the letter was to be sent to me, or to Freeman, or to Miss Lacroix. Louise met me one morning in great alarm and hurriedly told me the expected letter had come, but addressed to Mr. Lacroix—that Steinhardt therefore had opened it, naturally expecting to find it a business communication! He brought it to her, and asked if she knew what it meant. She read it; it was short, and to this effect: The guard who had charge of the 8 o'clock express on the evening of March the 16th, 1882, had been found and interrogated; he could not remember anyone answering to the description of the missing gentleman. He might or might not have traveled by that train, but it really seemed impossible to ascertain at that distance of time.

(To be continued)

Few Japanese in America.

There are comparatively few Japanese in the United States. There are but 100 in Chicago, and many of them are students in various schools. Several merchants and foreign representatives are here, while from one to a dozen Japanese business men pass through Chicago every day. There is no disposition on the part of the Japs to emigrate to the United States as the Chinese do.—Chicago Chronicle.

Wendell Phillips' Warning.

Wendell Phillips once said that unless our next step in progress, as a nation, was in a spiritual direction, that boy was now living who would write the downfall of the American republic, as Gibbon wrote that of the Roman empire.

We are not inquiring for that boy now, but for one who will make that history impossible.

Fallen From High Estate.

A former chief of the United States signal service, ex-professor of mathematics at the University of Pekin, China, and but recent president of the University of Washington, now has the position of a roller of logs at Port Blakely, Wash., at \$1.50 a day. Politics and sickness are said to be responsible for his fall from high position.

Last Fate Worse Than the First.

Smith—Poor Wederly is having a hard time of it. His first wife got a divorce from him, you know. Jones—Yes; and he has had a hard time paying her alimony, I suppose. Smith—Worse than that. She is his present wife's dressmaker.—Chicago News.

Crime Not Profitable.

Joe King, aged 28, who has spent 12 years in jail, writes to the Anamosa, Ia., Prison Press that crime is not profitable. The article he stole had a value of \$67, and in his 12 years of imprisonment he could have made \$16,800 at the trade of a printer.

History of American Cities.

American cities are built to be burned. Their histories read something like this: Flourishing, public library, handsome churches, blocks of stores, new courthouse, first class hotels; destroyed by fire; loss, millions.

German Tariff On Sewing Machines.

Germany's new tariff on sewing machines, which varies from \$6 to \$9, will probably reduce the value of our export machines to that country about \$1,000,000 a year. Last year we sold Germany \$6,125,000 worth.

High Price for a 'Cello.

A record price for a Stradivarius 'cello is reported from Berlin. It is stated that Platti's 'cello by Stradivarius has been bought for \$20,000 by a banker, who is a grand-nephew of Mendelssohn.

Long Range in England.

Artillery can fire 7,000 yards on Salisbury Plain entirely over war office land. This is by far the longest range in the British Isles.

WORLD'S GREATEST ARTIFICIAL CANAL.



CANAL AS SEEN AT WILLOW SPRINGS—LOOKING WEST.

THE Sanitary and Ship Canal of Chicago is probably the most remarkable artificial waterway ever built in the history of the world. Its total length, including the improved portion of the Chicago River, is thirty-four miles. It has the greatest width of any canal on earth, having a cross section of 202 feet at the bottom and 300 feet at the top. The ultimate object is to afford a water way for the largest ocean-going vessels from Lake Michigan to the Gulf of Mexico.

The work is yet being carried on unceasingly, the widening of the Chicago River being now in progress. Residents of Chicago have already spent \$37,378,840 in the construction of the canal. They must spend nearly \$10,000,000 more before their part of the work is done. Then it will cost \$25,000,000 additional to complete the work necessary to the proposed shipway. This latter expense, however, it is expected, will be borne by the Federal Government, and the entire canal will become Government property.

Thus the total cost when the work at present contemplated is finished will have amounted to more than \$82,000,000. The Panama Canal is offered to the United States for \$40,000,000, or less than half the total cost of the Sanitary and Ship Canal. Had this canal been built under conditions that prevail in Central America its cost would probably have been doubled.



THE BEAR TRAP DAM AT LOCKPORT.

PALESTINE WAKING UP.

Many Signs of Progress Due to German Enterprise.

According to United States Consul Agent Harris at Elbenstock, Palestine has shown unmistakable signs of progress during the last decade, much of which is to be attributed to German enterprise. "German colonists, merchants and horticulturists," says Mr. Harris, "are awakening that part of the Levant from a lethargy of a thousand years. Three years ago a German bank was established in Jerusalem, with a branch in Yafa, which exchanged \$15,000,000 in 1901. The waters of the Dead Sea, where no fudder had been seen for centuries, are now being piped by German motor boats. A direct line of communication has thus been opened up between Jerusalem and Kerak, the ancient capital of the land of Moab, which still commands the caravan routes leading across the Arabian desert.

"There is no doubt that German enterprise will also exploit the phosphate fields situated on both sides of the Jordan, when transportation facilities shall have been sufficiently developed to insure success to the undertaking.

"For many years Germany has been looking to Asia Minor and other countries adjacent to Palestine as suitable territories in which to develop German markets. The Baghdad railroad, which will lead through Anatolia, intersecting the headwaters of the Tigris and Euphrates, to the shores of the Persian Gulf, is an enterprise of vast importance, not only to Germany, as the promoter, and the Turkish empire, but to the world at large. It is the greatest commercial and civilizing factor that could be introduced into this region, and will tap the rich territories which composed ancient Mesopotamia. Apart from new avenues of commerce a land will be opened up to students and tourists which, owing to expense and unsafe methods of travel, has thus far been practically inaccessible.

"The great plain of the Hauran—the granary of Syria—forms the 'hinterland,' or back country, of Palestine. The railroad from Beirut to Damascus is said to be in financial difficulties. Twelve months ago the German consul at Damascus, in a report to his government, advised his countrymen to buy not only this railroad but the unfinished Hama-Damascus railroad as well.

Were Germany to acquire these lines and connect them with a railroad running from Damascus to some point on the projected Bagdad route she would be in a position to practically monopolize the trade of Palestine and Asia Minor.

ably have been doubled. The expense is said to have been the minimum for the amount of work accomplished. Former Senator Warner Miller of New York said: "The use of the im-



LOOKING DOWN THE DESPLAINES VALLEY FROM THE REAR OF THE CONTROLLING WORKS.

proved excavating machinery on the lastman canal would reduce the cost of construction from 30 to 40 per cent. The machinery, remarkable for handiness and speed, constructed especially



the market could be found answering the requirements for convenience and speed.

The building of the canal resulted in reversing the flow of the Chicago River, a feat long regarded as an impossibility. The river which formerly emptied into the lake is now an outlet of the lake and empties at its other end into the canal proper. Even yet Chicago is debating as to which is its head and which is down the river, which is its head and which its mouth.

The waters flowing through the canal are emptied into the Desplaines River at Lockport, through the controlling works, which comprise several sluice-gates of metal with masonry bulkheads and a bear-trap dam. This dam is regarded by the canal trustees as "the greatest triumph of engineering genius that has ever been achieved in this or any other country."

The sluice-gates have a vertical play of twenty feet and openings of thirty feet each. The bear-trap dam has an opening of 100 feet and an oscillation of seventeen feet vertically. The controlling works are operated by admitting water through conduits controlled by a valve.

Several Cities Add a Dendrologist to Their Official Corps.

Doctor of trees is the latest official addition to the municipal corps of large cities. Boston has engaged a tree doctor to feel the pulses of the elms on Boston common; Chicago has a consultant to help Jackson Park recover from its attack of World's Fair; New York added one to its official roster when the rapid transit subway was likely to interfere with the boulevard trees, and Brooklyn is considering the advisability of offering a permanent position to a "tree doctor" competent to look after the health of the trees in Prospect Park.

Most of the interest in city trees is directly due to the growing fashion for country houses and estates. City men have learned to recognize good trees when they see them and to observe them closely enough to detect promptly any sign of approaching decay. Landscape architects, who used to be scarce, are now plentiful and able, and they have succeeded in educating such a considerable proportion of the general public that complaint is soon made if the trees of a city show symptoms of municipal neglect or ill treatment. Indeed, since the days of Secretary of Agriculture Morton, who established "Arbor day," there has been a regular campaign of education in favor of city trees. The direct effect of this work has been the creation of the "tree doctor."

The "tree doctor" is not necessarily a practical landscape architect, or gardener, says the Brooklyn Eagle, though he very often stands high in that profession. More than one of the really successful men in this new occupation actually knew very little about trees until a few years ago. Many of them were amateurs who became interested

in the subject and took it up as an amusement. At that time there were few facilities for the acquisition of tree knowledge, but in recent years it has not been hard for intending doctors of trees to gather knowledge of the best methods of arboriculture.

for this work, was a source of wonderment to the mechanical world. Nearly every piece of important machinery used in the entire work was invented for the especial purpose, as nothing in



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Sam's Choice of Brides.

Former Lieutenant Governor John C. Underwood, of Kentucky, told a story at the Canadian Society dinner at the Arkwright Club Tuesday night about a Negro in his employ who was married four or five times, every time receiving as a gift \$5 from his employer. The sixth time the servant appeared Mr. Underwood said: "This thing has gone too far, Sam; this time you have got to get married in the regular form. I will get you a license from the County Clerk which will cost \$1.50, which sum I will deduct from the \$5 I am going to give you."

Sam demurred, but finally consented to have the license procured. He came to Mr. Underwood's house in the evening and when the certificate was read to him it contained the name "Mary Ann Jones," the name of a woman to whom Sam had been paying attention. "Land's sakes, Marse, Mr. Sam, Mary Ann Jones ain't de woman. It's Sarah Jenkins I wants to marry."

Colonel Underwood replied that he would arrange it all right, says the New York Times, and would take out another license, costing \$1.50, which sum he would deduct also from the \$5. "This is getting too expensive," cried Sam. "I think you better leave de prier like it am. I did wanter marry Sarah Jenkins, but dere ain't \$1.50 difference 'tween dem, so I reckon I'll take Mary Ann Jones dis time."

Great Salt Lake.

According to the report of the United States Geological Survey, Great Salt Lake has been steadily sinking for a number of years. If that clear, briny drop of ocean, left behind when the Pacific rolled westward, should sometime dry up into a salt basin, there would be a prominent point for business and pleasure. As to the cause of the decline opinions vary. It is thought by some that the lake is subject to cycles of change, and this is its slow water period. Others attribute the sinking to the clearing of the forests from the neighboring mountains, thus destroying the protection of the head waters of many streams flowing into the lake.

Politeness is the zero mark of love's thermometer.

WHEN IS A PIG A HOG?

Decision Disgusted Young Lawyer and Drove Him to Exile.

"When does a pig become a hog?" This question was considered of such moment by a young Alabama lawyer that he carried a case in which it was brought up to the Supreme Court. When that tribunal sustained the lower court and decided against him he left the State in disgust.

The case is cited in the Alabama reports and is one of the numerous ones in which a son of Ham was tried for stealing a hog. Appointed by the court to defend the negro, the young Alabamian threw into this his first case an enthusiasm born of long hours spent with candle and book, which had charged his soul and now broke loose and rudely brushed away the dusty cobwebs of precedent which had gathered in the temple of justice before the war and had hung there undisturbed even by the cannon's roar.

He made the witnesses for the State admit that the "razorback" was of years that were few and tender, and rested his case on a motion to quash because the indictment charged the defendant with the crime of stealing a hog, and the evidence was that he stole a pig. The court denied the motion and the jury promptly returned the usual verdict "guilty as charged." But the lawyer's hot Southern blood was up and he took an appeal to the Supreme Court.

Unfortunately for the budding Bacon the Supreme Court of Alabama, like that of most States, was years behind on its calendar, and when the case involving the question of when a hog is not a hog came up for hearing the stolen pig had grown to be a hog and was produced in court by the State's Attorney as a living witness to the potential possibilities of Alabama pigs when given time to assert themselves.

With this ocular demonstration before them of the correctness of the indictment in the lower court, there was no other course left to the Supreme Court judges but to affirm the decision.

Disgusted by such "pig-headedness," says the New York Mail and Express, the young man moved to Florida, where such an experience can never happen to him, because there they grow pigs that can always outrun a man of color.

QUEER STORIES

The coldest time of the day, at all seasons of the year, is usually at 5 o'clock in the morning.

Carrier pigeons are to be bred and trained by the German military authorities in a large four-story columbarium which has just been erected at Spandau. Great use will be made of the birds in future military maneuvers.

There are several States without debt, but no American city, with the single exception of Washington, the local debt of which is an obligation of Congress. State debts are decreasing steadily; city debts are increasing.

The deepest Atlantic soundings ever made were about ninety miles north of the Island of St. Thomas, in 3,575 fathoms. The pressure was so great at this immense depth, that the bulbs of the thermometer, made to stand a pressure of three tons, broke.

Victor Smith tells of a family that is toothless. There are three brothers, and not one of them has a tooth in his head, and never had. Two of them have no children, but one of them has three children well grown up, and the inheritance sticks to all of them. Not one in the family has a tooth. The only dentists' bills are for the three wives.

There are 1,000 halls and corridors in the Vatican, and 11,000 rooms, counting everything, the quarters for the Swiss guards, the stables for the horses, the storehouses for gardeners' tools, the mosaic factory and other workshops, and it is said that an average of 2,200 people are employed under the roof, most of them being lodged there. This includes the Swiss guard.

In Cincinnati recently a woman was taken ill of heart disease in the night. A hurry call was sent for a doctor. When the doctor arrived the elevator had stopped and he was obliged to walk up three flights of stairs. As he opened the door of the woman's room she gasped her last. The doctor sank into a chair, putting from the exertion of the swift and hard climb, and an instant later slipped to the floor, dead. He, too, was a victim of heart disease.

Children of the White House.

There's romping in the red room
And whooping in the blue;
There's shouting in the attic
And in the cellar, too.
The White House doors are strewn with toys
That once were whole and new.