

LORD OF THE DESERT

CHAPTER XII

A Compact.

When Hammerley entered his home he found three of the cowboys who had started in pursuit of Egan and his band of warriors to recapture Bertha Lyle. They had followed the Indians to a point opposite the trapper's abode and had come to his place the night before to secure his advice and assistance. One whose habit it was to stroll about camp in the early morning had taken his stroll this morning with the fatal result already known to the reader.

Hammerley concluded that it was proper to inform these brave men of the situation. He told them that Bertha Lyle was safe and advised them to bury their dead comrade while he returned to escort her into camp.

On the previous night when the trapper had left Bertha concealed in the opening in the rimrocks two of the Indian searching party had come so close that she became alarmed for her safety and stole away as quietly as a shadow. She soon found herself safe, however, as the footsteps and low guttural-like murmurs of the Indians indicated that they had passed on to the north. But she had some difficulty in finding her way back and she had not felt sure of finding the trapper again, who was now diligently searching for her, until she ran almost into his arms.

The trapper had proceeded with her as near his home as he thought was safe and had left her secreted with the admonition not to leave under any circumstances until his return, and proceeded cautiously on foot.

While approaching a secret passage that led to his cavern, in the early morning, he heard the rifle shots and immediately ascended to the summit of the rimrocks to reconnoitre. When he discovered what had taken place he supposed that a band of cowboys had taken lodging in his quarters, as was his custom, and that the Indians having attacked the place the white men were defending it to the best of their ability.

Having a greater object in view than the ordinary warfare with Indians, he signalled both sides to desist and while the white men did so out of respect for the trapper's judgment, the Indians did so because it was the best thing for them to do.

It was late in the forenoon when the trapper returned with the young woman. The men had buried their dead comrade in the crude manner of the desert. They had wrapped his body in his blankets and placed it deep in the sands and piled the lava rocks upon the grave to prevent the prowling coyotes from disturbing it. They were sore at heart over the loss of one of their best companions, but the thought of the safety of the niece of the Lord of the Desert and the honor of escorting her into his presence somewhat mitigated the terror of the blow.

Hammerley had a great task before him. To acquaint Lyle, the invalid father, of his daughter's presence and to bring the daughter to the disfigured father whom she believed was dead, was a trying ordeal for such a tender hearted man. Then he felt it incumbent on himself to acquaint the cowboys of the truth of the whole matter, and their employer's guilt, of the presence of the long lost Lyle and of the plans on foot to right the numerous wrongs which had been perpetrated. He had only entered the apartments of the invalid that morning hurriedly to explain the cause of the rifle shots from the front of the cavern, and to let him know of his return and to ascertain his immediate wants.

While James Lyle was maimed and disfigured in body he still possessed a clear brain. And the brain of the confined invalid, when clear, seems to be brighter than the ordinary. Whether the vigor intended for the weak points goes to the brain or the prostrated invalid concentrates all force upon this organ, or whatever may be the cause, this often proves true. Hammerley needed counsel and, while the daughter was bright and possessed extraordinary intelligence for one so young, he decided first to consult the experienced father.

Having provided temporary quarters for the young woman and requested the cowboys to remain until he could consult with them on matters of importance the trapper quietly stole away to the invalid's room. The consultation lasted several hours but when he returned it did not take long to begin the plans formed. He went straight to Bertha and acquainted her with the fact that her father still lived, and then conducted her to his presence. The scene that followed is doubtless familiar to the reader's imagination. The trapper left them alone together and returning called the men together and made them acquainted with the entire situation.

When these hardy men of the desert heard the story of the trapper to say that they were indignant would be putting it mildly. They had never suspected treachery in the mysterious disappearance of James Lyle and now that the wicked Lord of the Desert had been proven guilty and had also conspired to have the child murdered by Old Egan, they were ready to attempt anything. The further fact of their long chase and the loss of their comrade in the cause did not soften their tempers. They would have gone straight to the stone house and deliberately killed Martin Lyle and his colleague, Follett. But Hammerley impressed them that there was other work more important just at this time.

The cowboy of the Oregon desert of those days, like the cowboy of that section today, was a man of intelligence. Some of them may have been guilty of some hasty committed offense in the east which was the real cause of their presence in this country, but as a rule they were men of courage, honor and intelligence.

spread in him through sympathy for the invalid under his roof. It was his intention when his earnings were sufficient to take some one into his confidence whom he could leave in charge of his invalid friend while he was away, as it would require considerable time to look after the details of the matter, even should he be successful in getting a starting point.

But now that he had three colleagues in the persons of the three cowboys, the sailing appeared more easy. One of them, Al Beach, was especially shrewd and had had experience in business in the East, and it was therefore agreed that he should make the trip while one of the other men, Oscar Metzger, should return to the Stone House, report that all were killed except himself, and at the same time do a little detective work by "pumping" Lionidas Liggett, the cook at the Stone House, whom it was thought knew more than he had ever divulged.

The third, Julian Byrd, was to remain about the place for an emergency, while Hammerley should pursue his vocation of trapping, as if nothing out of the ordinary had transpired.

The following morning every person set about to perform his respective portion of the compact.

CHAPTER XIII

Jim Lyle's Story.

The cripple had told Hammerley long before, and had repeated to his daughter, the plot into which he and his brother had entered to defraud the elder brother of his inheritance and of the Lord of the Desert's subsequent attempt to put him out of the way. They had seen an advertisement in a New York paper stating that William Lyle had inherited a fortune and the legacy, which consisted wholly in cash, was ready for delivery upon proof of the identity of the person named. They went to New York and Martin, who somewhat resembled the legal heir, swore to the rights of William Lyle and James swore to his identity, the agreement being that they should share the ill-gotten gains equally. They remained in New York until communication could be had with the courts of Scotland. The evidence sent was so accurate as to details that the money was sent without hesitation.

During their stay in New York they busied themselves looking up the whereabouts of the defrauded brother, who was a dissolute fellow and who had become a physical wreck at last accounts. He had married in New York and had one child—a boy, and later had drifted to Chicago and then no trace had been heard of him. But they learned that there was a sailor who was intimately acquainted with the circumstances, but who at the time had gone on a long voyage to sea. They had taken the precaution to find the sailor's address and the cripple had remembered it. It was the purpose in sending Al Beach to New York to find this sailor if possible and then trace down the rightful heirs to the property, hoping by this means to bring the Lord of the Desert face to face with the law and mete out punishment to him.

This had been the sole desire of the cripple and trapper for many years, and they had been working together to carry out the plan prompted by the sole desire that justice be done. The cripple had long since paid the penalty of his crime and while he related the circumstances with some embarrassment his conscience was now at ease for the part he had taken in the swindle except that he desired to see the real heirs in possession of their inheritance.

But the part of the story that made tears come to the eyes of Bertha followed this. On the return of Jim and the Lord of the Desert to their ranch where now stands the great Stone House the brothers grew more distant from each other. Scarcely a civil word ever passed between them and Martin was continually plotting with Dan Follett.

One cold winter day while James and Follett were riding the range they took shelter from a snow storm in a cavern in the rimrocks. Unexpected to James the Canadian approached him from the rear and gave him a stunning blow across the head with a branding iron which he had carried into the cavern. He repeated the blow until he thought his victim was dead and dumped his body into a crevasse by the wall of the cavern. It was the following day before James regained consciousness, and the snow and sleet had blown in from above almost covering his body. His hands and feet were frozen, but notwithstanding this condition he climbed out of the crevasse and half-walking and half-dragging himself he started for the ranch to inform his brother of the murderous assault of the Frenchman.

He arrived late at night in a blinding snow storm and was about to enter the house when he saw the Frenchman and his brother in earnest conversation, and heard the Frenchman give the details of his own murder and saw his brother pay him \$500 for the deed.

He went to the stables, procured a horse and rode away in the blinding storm. After this he lost consciousness and did not regain it until he found himself in the trapper's home, who had found him and rescued him from the storm on the plains.

CHAPTER XIV

Surprises.

Dan Follett reached the Warm Springs village and found the warriors of this tribe anxious for a raid on the Plute camp. They were largely in the minority, and of a less warlike spirit, but had suffered much from the predations of the greater tribe. When Dan told the chief that Old Egan had a large number of

mules and horses in camp near Ash Butte, and that there were only about 35 men in charge of them, the leader of the Warm Springs band was elated and lost no time in selecting 50 of his bravest men and setting out with them on the warpath. Follett adopted the Warm Springs head dress and, although he needed but little padding, he also did this out of an abundance of precaution that the Snake warriors might not discover him and wreak vengeance upon the Lord of the Desert for the betrayal.

As stated at the beginning of this story, the Snakes were the most cunning and most treacherous Indians of the desert. They were feared and dreaded by all other tribes and were rarely ever caught napping on the war trail. After recovering the additional band of ponies for the supposed murder of Bertha Lyle, Old Egan had only gone 50 miles away and decided to spend a few weeks on the good grazing grounds at the foot of Ash Butte, where water and game were also abundant.

He had played a clever ruse on the Lord of the Desert. When he first had to abandon hope of recapturing Bertha Lyle he was for a time at a loss what to do. But Indian sagacity is as deep as Indian treachery and a Snake was never known to stop at anything short of accomplishing an end. The chief knew of the estrangement between the Lord of the Desert and the trapper and rumor had gotten abroad among the Indians that the Lord of the Desert had committed some crime which was the cause of this estrangement. He concluded after weighing matters carefully, that it would be doubtful if the trapper would permit the girl to go to her uncle and he decided to take his chances at least in getting the reward for putting her out of the way before the Lord of the Desert learned of the escape, and then he would take his chances on settling the matter with the man of the Stone House, who dared not push the matter too far for fear of exposure. Searching among his large number of scalps torn from the heads of immigrant women he had found one that compared with the color of Bertha Lyle's hair and rushed on to meet his engagement with Follett and received the reward without question, as the reader already knows.

He had joined the main marauding party at Ash Butte and sent couriers to his other war parties to join him there for a few weeks celebration. He only had 36 men with him now and these spent their time in various ways: tending the band of horses, a little independent scouting and hunting, but mostly in the Indian's favorite pastime of lounging about camp. Dan Follett knew the lay of the country as well as any Indian of the desert. There was not a foot of it that he had not ridden over time and again, and not a watering place at which he had not camped. He led the Warm Springs warriors to the place in the night time and it was decided to make the raid at midnight and get a good start before the following morning.

While the Snakes felt reasonably safe, yet they guarded their band of stock with care. The animals were all driven to camp at night and pickets were kept on the watch to keep them from wandering away or to keep the Lord of the Desert's cowboys from retaking them should he discover the fraud of the scalp. But cautious as they had been the Warm Springs warriors led by Follett, dashed suddenly upon them in the cover of the darkness of the midnight hour and drove the entire band of animals away exchanging only a few shots with the surprised guard.

The raiders decided to make the



The Canadian gave him a stunning blow.

return to the Warm Springs camp in a round about way so as to throw the Plutes off the trail, should they attempt to follow. They therefore drove away in a southerly direction. Out of an abundance of precaution the stock were driven far in advance of the main band of Indians. Ten young warriors were assigned to this duty and Dan Follett and the chief and 40 warriors acted as a rear guard.

"Pretty easy work!" remarked Follett to the chief in the latter's tongue, for the half breed knew all of the Indian languages of the plains.

"Ugh!" replied the chief pointing back toward Ash Butte.

"Old Egan has not been sleeping," replied Follett, as he saw a rich flame of fire rise from the summit of the peak and then saw it smothered and flash up alternately.

It was evident to them that the Plutes were signaling to other war parties of their tribe, and they had wasted no time in doing so. It had only been a few hours since the raid was made and yet the Plutes had attended this high peak and started a signal fire.

It was nearly noon the following day before the raiders stopped to rest and to prepare a meal. They had passed through a canyon and had entered another plateau. A look was sent to the top of the rimrocks, near at hand to make observations. He had barely reached his station when he made hurried signals that put the whole camp in turmoil. Two bands of mounted Plute warriors were approaching from different directions at a rapid speed—one was coming from the southeast and the other was coming from the northwest and each of these bands outnumbered the raiders.

All was hurry bury in the camp and the meal was finished as they moved along, every warrior taking a piece of mule meat in his hand and eating it as they hurried away.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Bad Spelling.

ONLY 56 out of 141 freshmen at the Northwestern University were able to pass an examination in spelling. They were tested with ordinary words, not with difficult and perplexing ones; and the test was too much for most of them. Probably similar examinations at almost any American university would show substantially the same results. Spelling is not an accomplishment in which college youth excel. Nor do the graduates of the common schools distinguish themselves in this useful, but now somewhat superciliously regarded branch. The letters of the average public school graduate or university graduate are likely to be prolific in bad spelling.

Prof. Clark, of the Northern University, says the trouble is with the so-called "scientific" method of teaching spelling. The public schools turn out graduates who have learned with great pains how not to spell. The undergraduates and graduates of the colleges probably spell a little or considerably worse than the public school children.

But the great thing is the method. Nothing can equal the pity which the enthusiasts of the new method bestow upon children who have learned to spell without reliance upon it. Spelling is nothing; method is everything. Let us remember that, when we come across a fantastic or blundering speller. The worse he spells, the more superior is the method by which he came to that pre-eminence as a muddler and twister of orthography.—New York Sun.

The Bible-Reading Habit.

THE Boston Herald, speaking especially of New England, says that not many years ago "orators could make no point more certain of instant appreciation than one which turned on an illustration from the Bible, even for a popular orator on any allusion outside of the gospels and the Psalms." The reason why it is "hardly safe" is that Bible reading has become obsolete in many families, so that quotations from the Scriptures are not recognized by the masses. We suspect there is much truth in that statement. The exodus of the native stock contemporaneously with the influx of foreigners has caused many changes in New England and is largely responsible for this one.

But that is not the only explanatory fact. Formerly the average family had but few books, and no daily papers. This gave the Bible a better chance than it has in these days of cheap printing, free libraries, a multiplicity of newspapers, an infinite variety of weekly and monthly publications—all at insignificant prices—and a vastly improved postal service. The waning of the good old habit of reading the Bible is regrettable on other than religious grounds. Ignorance of the Scriptures disqualifies one for appreciative reading of many of the best pages in general literature. To become a fairly well-educated man or woman, a boy or girl should become familiar with the Bible and with rural scenery and country life. Without such help much of the best of the world's literature is but a desert waste.—Washington Post.

Universal Language Again.

IN the Educational Science Section of the British Association, Sir Frederick Bramwell took down from a high shelf that out-worn debating society topic, "A Universal Language," dusted it carefully, and tried to set it in a new and attractive light. The learned baronet echoes Voltaire, and that must be accounted to him for wisdom; but in point of practicality, his suggestion that England, France, Germany and the United States should agree upon one language, such as Italian, for universal use in commerce and literature, is not very much in advance of the proposal that the nations should discard their own tongues in favor of a common gibberish, however scientifically based and built. We cannot, in our mind's eye, picture the pushful bagman of Chicago studying an Italian grammar in his spare moments at a quick-lunch counter, or his Glasgow rival taking evening classes at the Athenaeum. Are we not frequently advised that the Latin races are moribund, and that their languages are doomed to extinction? So far as the lan-

guage of commerce is concerned, is not the rivalry between English and German, to the exclusion of other tongues, with the weight of American influence thrown into the English scale? It seems probable that the considerable audience attracted to the learned baronet's lecture by curiosity went empty away from a purely academic discussion, which invariably walks round the primary philological principle that language is a growth and not the product of any process of manufacture.—Glasgow Herald.

The Demon of Worry.

THE demon of worry seems to invade almost every home, and more frequently seeks out as its victim the mother of the family, with all her cares and vexations. Worry leaves the system exhausted, and the mind suffers loss of vigor. The habit, however, may be cured, if only one has the will power to assert the fact and then keep to it. There are many practical ways in which this can be done. One is to restrain the outward expression of the feeling itself. We may not be able at once to say, "Peace, be still," to every anxiety that wells up within us, but we can by effort repress its exhibition. We need not pour out our fancied woes into another's ear; we need not carry a dismal countenance with which to afflict our neighbors; we can at least keep our worries within our own breasts, and as a plant that is shut out from fresh air will soon wither, so these anxieties and fears, if denied an outlet, will lose much of their innate force. Let us encourage the cheerful smile, the frank, clear look, the hearty hand grasp, the cordial interest in those we meet, and while shedding brightness upon others, we shall find many of our own worries slipping away even from our own anxious hearts.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Irrigation and Deforestation.

OF the 23,394 square miles of primeval forest not long ago existing in the State of Washington nearly one-third has been destroyed, and the major part of the portion destroyed by fire. That report was made before the recent forest fires, which have swept off some thousands of miles more. What has thus been done and is being done in Washington has been and is being done in nearly every State. Probably no other country in the world was ever so rapidly, so recklessly and so disastrously deforested as the United States. Now, here is the grimly ironical significance of the situation. While a national irrigation congress is being held to promote the irrigation of arid lands, and while vast sums of public money are about to be spent for that purpose, reckless and criminal men are making other lands arid at a still more rapid rate. The so-called lumberman, who wastes ten times as much as he markets, and the man whom we shall not venture to characterize who wantonly sets fire to forests, are doing more harm in one year than all the irrigation promoters can undo in a lifetime. It is a good thing to water land, it is a better and a wiser thing to protect watered land from becoming arid. Millions of acres of the best farming land in America, hitherto amply supplied with moisture, are now menaced with drought because of reckless timber cutting and forest fires. Turn the water on desert lands by all means. But let us not cut off the water supply of the fertile regions.—New York Tribune.

Passing of the Clay Pipe.

IT is curious how the long clay pipe has dropped out of usage. But its tradition lingers. Last evening an American dining at an old-fashioned Fleet street inn which trades on its survival, called for a long clay and smoked it in the belief that he was doing in London as London does. But the man who wants to buy long clays would be puzzled were to find them. Yet thirty years ago there was not a provincial town without its shop devoted exclusively to the sale of specially manufactured clay pipes, and the business was a flourishing one. The long clay, of course, is a serious thing, and unlike the cigarette, cannot be combined with walking or writing. That perhaps is the explanation of its present disfavour with smokers.—London Chronicle.

AN INHABITED BRIDGE IN CHINA.



INHABITED BRIDGE IN THE KWANG TUNG PROVINCE.

At Chai-Chau Fu, in Kwang-Tung, there is an extraordinary bridge, which at once attracts the rare tourist who finds his way to the town. For one thing it is an inhabited bridge, and the inhabitants have not only chosen a site in which they obtain more fresh air than is usually to be found in a Chinaman, but have embellished their ramshackle bow dwellings with little pot-gardens. A market, too, is regularly held on this bridge. But the greatest peculiarity about the structure is the pair of hurdles which we see suspended in mid-air. At nightfall they are let down, like a portcullis, to the level of the stream, not as you would imagine, to bar the passage of stray cattle, but to keep devils from going through. The Chinaman, though described often as a materialist, has a profound belief that the air is full of wandering spirits, and the notion that foreigners are a kind of devil is due not only to their light hair and un-Chinese features, but to the very fact that they have wandered away from home.

PROFITED BY WATERLOO.

Nathan Rothschild Made \$12 Million Dollars as Result of Battle.

There is probably no more picturesque and unique bit of financing in history than that by which Nathan Rothschild made \$6,000,000 as a result of the battle of Waterloo. The story is told by Henry Clews in his book, "Twenty-eight Years in Wall Street." Rothschild had followed Wellington during his campaign against Napoleon, and at Waterloo the "man of money" sat like a soldier in a shower of rain and bullets, watching the battle. As soon as he observed the arrival of Blucher and the rout of the French, Rothschild set spurs to his horse and rode swiftly to Brussels. A carriage whirled him to Ostend, and the next morning he was at the Belgian coast. The sea was so rough that he had to pay \$500 to a boatman to carry him across the channel, and he landed at Dover in the evening. The next morning he was in London before the opening of the Stock Exchange. It was known that he had come direct from Wellington, and must have the latest news. He had outstripped all the couriers and messengers of the nation. There was no telegraph then. In answer to the anxious inquiries for the news of Wellington, Rothschild discreetly said nothing of the battle of Waterloo.

Instead, he sighed, and told of Blucher's previous defeat at Ligny, and said that as a result there could be little hope for Wellington. The gloomy report caused a panic on the exchange, and when the market had reached the bottom Nathan Rothschild bought everything that he could find money for—all being done quietly through his brokers. Then came the news of the battle of Waterloo, England's victory, the final defeat of Napoleon. Securities

of all kinds went up with a rush, and Nathan Rothschild, being well stocked at small cost, made great profits—about \$6,000,000. He was one of the five sons of the original Mayer Anselm Rothschild, who began his career in a little money-lending shop in Frankfurt, Germany, and founded the richest family in the world.—Leslie's Weekly.

MILLIONS FROM COTTONSEED.

What Was Once Deemed a Negligible Now a Source of Profits.

One of the romances of the cotton story of the cottonseed is the millions of dollars it yields annually, where a few years ago the seed was a nuisance, outlawed by the cotton belt. In the early days of 1857 was one important fine of \$20 for every day that a seed was left around a ginsboro. It was public health.

In 1870 a process was discovered for from cotton seed oil, and a new era was realized. Within a few years a nuisance in 1857 counted for more valuable, through invention, all in the census year of 1900 the return to the mill operators was \$42,411,000. Cottonseed oil is now the table, rivaling that of the olive and threatening to drive the olive from the market. The oil also goes into soap and butter making, and is used in miners' lamps. The hulls are used in making paper, fuel and other uses, while enormous quantities of seed itself find a market as food for cattle.

Every candid man must occasionally admit that the churches would have a hard time getting along if no one gave more than he did.

There is nothing like politics to unmask a man's egotism.

White Slave to Savage Bushmen

A strange experience was that of Joseph J. Gill, once a resident of Brooklyn, who died recently on shipboard and was buried at sea. He disappeared many years ago, and, supposing him dead, his wife married again and raised a family, and, acting upon the reported death of his first wife, Gill had also again married. Had he lived to reach his old home in Brooklyn the reunion probably would have been unparalleled in fact or fiction.

Gill's adventures in Australia would scarcely sound credible if presented in a dime novel. He left New York for Australia in 1880. After his arrival no word of him found its way to his anxious relatives for four years. Meanwhile he was given up as dead. Four years later news reached Brooklyn relatives that he was alive, and some correspondence followed.

Gill was the son of the late Thomas Gill, a Brooklyn soap manufacturer. His mother, Mrs. Isabella Gill, of Greene avenue, Brooklyn, and a brother, Thomas Gill, are still living. Joseph Gill left New York to look after some mining interests in 1880. Four years later the family received word from the United States consul at Sydney, N. S. W., that J. J. Gill, a wealthy miner, and four companions had been ambushed and killed by bushmen in the interior of Australia.

The information, from such a source, was accepted without question. Years went by and no word was received from Gill. He was mourned as dead. His wife, whom he had last seen in 1880, married again in 1893, some three years after his reported death. Mrs. Gill had two children by her first husband. She is now Mrs. Frank Johnson, of Brooklyn.

Meanwhile Gill was living as a slave among the bushmen in Central Australia. It appears that four companions with him at the time of the capture were all put to death, but Gill was allowed to live.

He was kept as a slave. He was forced to do the most menial work by his captors, and altogether he led a life of horror. So far, however, had he been removed from civilization and so close was the watch upon him that for years no opportunity of escape presented itself. He was, of course, completely shut off from all communication with the outside world.

Finally, however, after twelve long years of slavery, and sixteen years of absence from the United States, Gill succeeded in escaping and making his way to the coast and civilization.

He escaped with his life, and little else. His property was gone, his Australian friends had died or moved away. He determined to remain in Australia and mend his broken fortunes before returning home. He sought information through a detective agency, and after some delay was informed that his wife was dead. Thereupon Gill married in Australia. His second wife and a child survive him.

In March of this year Gill again sought information of his relatives, this time with more success. He wrote from Australia to Inspector McLaughlin, of the Brooklyn police, to ask if his brothers were still living. Inspector McLaughlin found and notified the family. Some correspondence had passed between the brothers, when Joseph J. Gill wrote that he was about to visit his family in Brooklyn.

QUEER STORIES

It is a notable fact that most of the subjects of King Edward VII. are Hindus.

It has been observed that a man's hair turns gray five years sooner than a woman's.

Copper money in France is to be gradually replaced this year by aluminum bronze pennies of a pale yellow color.

There are 2,655 counties in the United States. Texas has the largest number, 246, and Delaware the smallest number, three.

According to official central market statistics recently issued, eight hundred tons of snails were sold in Paris during the year 1901.

As a rule, dwarfs live much longer than giants. The latter usually have weak constitutions, their blood circulation is sluggish and they have brittle bones.

The Gulf stream flows at the rate of about two and a half miles an hour. Five miles is exceeded in some places, and the rate varies much with conditions of weather and tide.

M. Hamard, the French sculptor, has just completed in Paris the model of a statue of Marshal Rochambeau to be presented to the city of Lafayette. It will be sent to the United States.

It is difficult to keep them in the cold weather. The natives secure their milk for the winter and then kill their cows. The milk is kept in barrels, where it freezes and never turns sour throughout the entire season. When one wishes to use any milk he has simply to go to the barrel and cut out a slice.

Last winter, during a spell of freezing weather, at a quarry in Aberdeen, Scotland, a large stone weighing six tons had been drilled for blasting, when the thought struck the foreman that the severe frost might be utilized. Water was poured into each of the holes, and it was found after a couple of days that the block of granite had broken into pieces.

All Corners. "As the earth is round," said the learned professor, "there are no corners on it."

"Think not!" spoke up the listener. "How about the wheat corner, the beef corner and a thousand other corners?"

Next to naturally curly hair there comes a gift from heaven of hair that needs curling not oftener than once a week to "stay in."