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Opening Volcanoes With Cannon.

Shelling across the bay of Naples, past the spot where the notable city of the present day is situated, our travelers came to Puzosol, or Pozzuoli, as it is now called, at present a dependent suburb of Naples.

This miserable and dirty town of some 18,000 inhabitants, as it now is, is connected by trolley and steam railway with Naples and is often visited by the modern tourist who wishes to see the remains of the ancient temples and amphitheater and the mighty mole, which still tell of the ancient glories of Puzosol.

Near by, too, is the volcanic field of Solfatara, not a mountain, but a flat plain, the center of a low volcano, into which one can thrust his cane in many places and find smoke and sulphurous vapor issuing from the hole as he withdraws it. Probably there are few more dreary or disreputable places in Italy than this modern suburb of Naples. It has not the rugged picturesque quality which somewhat redeems the worst slums of Naples, but is a squalid, unwholesome town of the worst type.—Christian Herald.

Big Gun Range Finders.

Said a man who knows mechanics as an open book, "The science of precision and the perfection of all mechanism known to the human race is devoted to the art of killing men."

He was talking about the extreme exactness of range finders for big guns. "I know of no other thing in the wide domain of mechanics," said he, "that is worked out with so great care as these range finders."

He said that with that instrument it is possible to plant a shot within one yard of the desired target ten miles away. When I remarked that that required unusual delicacy this scientist replied, "No, not delicate, because one of these finders weighs 100 pounds, but they must be mechanically exact and perfect."

One might almost be tempted to say that killing men in war has become an exact science.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wouldn't Be Bullied.

Lord Kitchener, celebrated for his stern and exacting manner, met his match on one occasion and proved the fine quality of his nature by acknowledging the fact.

It was in the days when the railway was being driven across the desert to Khartoum. A young Canadian officer of engineers was in charge of the work, which was progressing satisfactorily, when one morning the slender (so Kitchener then was) appeared on the scene and expressed his disapproval of certain features of the work with his usual bluntness.

The young officer listened until his chief had finished and then quietly inquired:

"Am I boasting this railway, sir, or are you?"

Kitchener gave him a quick glance, recognized him as one of his own sort, nodded approval and went away.

Self Help in Case of Fire.

As a house is never attacked by fire at the top and bottom at once, if there is a safe and ready exit at both top and bottom very little danger to life is to be feared. It is important that all exits should be so known as to be easily found by day or night by every inmate of the house. If the clothes you have on catch fire a blanket, rug or some such woolen article should be quickly and tightly wrapped around you. Air is thus excluded, and the fire goes out. A small fire in a room can often be put out in the same way in preference to pouring water on it. In case of fire keep all doors shut as far as possible. If a room is full of smoke keep low or crawl, because smoke and hot air both rise.

Build Up From Within.

If a psychologist can contribute anything to the progress of mankind he must first of all offer the advice not

to rely on plans by which the attention is focused on the disasters which are to be avoided. Education by forbidding the wrong action instead of awakening the impulses toward the right one is as unpromising for peoples as it is for individuals. We must truly build up from within.—Hugo Muensterberg.

His Luck.

"Brown never spends a cent for street car fare."

"Hides on passes, eh?"

"Oh, no. Three years ago he was kicked in the face by a horse."

"Well?"

"Now he has a horse scar of his own."—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Cornish and Squab Pie.

There are few, if any, conger evils in American waters; they are to some people a most unpleasant looking fish. Cornwall, England, esteems them highly and makes them into pie with much cream and parsley. Cornwall, Mrs. Florence Cook Albrecht explains in a National Geographic society bulletin, makes any number of things into pie and calls the product invariably "squab pie," though all things but squabs are among the materials. "Squab pie" gave rise to the following Cornish story repeated by the writer:

"The devil came one day to the banks of the Tamar, the rippling river that divides Devon and Cornwall, and looked over at the rocky land beyond. His majesty considered the swift current and shook his head. 'No,' he said finally, 'No, that's no place for me! Every one who goes there is turned into a saint and everything else into squab pie. I'm fit for neither one nor the other! And he stayed in Devon.'

What the Duke Said.

The Duke of Wellington, of course, never said "Up, guards, and at 'em!" at Waterloo, but is it generally known how near he came to saying it? Sir Herbert Maxwell in his biography of the duke points out what is the probable origin of the pleasing legend. Late on the afternoon of that memorable 18th of June the First and Second battalions of the Third chasseur were foremost in the attack on Mount St. Jean. They had reached a crossroad unaware that British troops were lying behind the wayside banks according to orders to remain prone when under fire, but not actually engaged. Then at the proper moment Wellington's voice was heard, "clear above the storm," "stand up, guards!" It was Malland's brigade of guards that thus "stood up" and with a victorious rush swept the chassours out of the combat.—London Mirror.

Thick and Thin Shells.

There are several kinds of high explosive shells, which have been designed for various purposes. For instance, there are the shells the case of which is very thin, so that their capacity for containing explosive may be increased. These explode instantly at the slightest contact and are used as mines, or, in other words, they cause damage not by the impact of their mass but by the fierceness of the explosion. Another kind of explosive shell is made by increasing the thickness of the steel case and reducing the charge of explosive. The explosion of this missile is calculated to take place a little after contact. This type is used for the destruction of solid defenses, like walls, earthen works, etc., as the thickness of the case and the slowness of explosion permit them to penetrate the fabric before exploding.—London Standard.

The Man in the Iron Mask.

The Bastille, whose fall July 14, 1789, marked the birth of French liberty, was built in 1393 to defend Paris against the English. It is as a state prison, however, that the grim fortress is remembered and chiefly on account of the mystery of one romantic prisoner, the "Man in the Iron Mask," who was "interned" there in 1679 and died in 1703. As to who the prisoner actually was scarcely two authorities agree, but among the almost innumerable "claimants" have figured the Duc de Vermandois, son of Louis XIV.; the Duc de Beaufort, a supposed son of Anne of Austria by the Duke of Buckingham; a twin brother of Louis XIV., and Count Matthioli, secretary of state to Charles III. The last two may be termed the favorites.

Beetles of Prey.

Many beetles are bugs of prey. Predacious insects generally have wonderful appetites. The so called "green fly," otherwise popularly known as "golden eyes," is, as a larva, a tremendous gobbler of plant lice. It thinks nothing of devouring 100 of them, one after another, at a meal. Thus insects themselves do much to keep the numbers of other insects down. But not even with their aid nor with all our ingenuity in devising methods of destruction could we maintain a successful fight against injurious bugs were it not for the help given by birds.

A Foxy Reply.

One of the most caustic replies ever made during an election campaign was that of Fox when he called at a shop during one of his candidatures. The shopman happened to be a rabid opponent. Taking hold of a piece of rope, he said savagely: "Vote for you! I'd sooner hang you with this rope!" "Very interesting," remarked Fox blandly, examining the cord. "A family relic, I presume."—London Mail.

Revised Versions.

Handsome is that handsome is made up. Those who live in glass houses should always have the largest sledge gun. Nothing fails like success. Necessity is the mother of pretension.—Life.

In Wall Street.

Uncle Josh—There's lots of money dropped in Wall street, ain't there? Nephew—Lots of it, Uncle Josh—And it's all dropped by folks that's tryin' to pick it up.—Puck.

A Cruel Retort.

Discontented Wife—Several of the men whom I refused when I married you are richer than you are now. The Husband—That's why.

Was It Spirit Or Illusion?

By F. A. MITCHEL.

There is nothing so strong in nature as the chains that draw two persons together, and nothing better typifies it than two vines that originally could have been broken apart by a child's delicate fingers, each becoming after a lapse of, say, half a century as large as an athlete's biceps and much harder to bend.

The most remarkable case of this kind came under my observation. I will relate the story.

Donald Gregory, when he was too young to remember the fact, became a playmate of a little girl about his own age, Ella Marston. Their parents' places were side by side, and the children, neither having brother or sister, were together all day. Then they went to the same kindergarten and afterward to the same school. Their first and only separation was when Donald went to college. They pined for each other, and he neglected his studies to write her long letters, receiving equally long replies. When the first examinations came on, though a bright fellow, he failed. This ended his college career. He returned to his love and was never again separated from her till half a century later, when death claimed her.

They were married when the groom was nineteen, the bride eighteen. A son was born to them and a daughter. The former lived; the latter died in infancy. Till the son came to manhood he remained with his parents. Then he broke away to engage in business at another location.

Even in their youth they had few intimate associates and after coming to middle age dropped away from anything social. Those who knew them wondered at this, for they were both attractive and popular. Efforts to get them into social undertakings always failed.

Mrs. Gregory died at seventy. It was a year after this that I made the acquaintance of their son, now a man of nearly fifty. Strange it is that with his parents' happy married life before him he never married. When his mother died he persuaded his father to come to live with him. I had made George Gregory's acquaintance some time before this, and when his father appeared on the scene George and I, both bachelors, were intimate, I being at his house frequently.

When I was introduced to his father I saw a handsome old gentleman with a fork complexion and white hair and mustache. It struck me that if I were a woman I would fall in love with him no matter what was his age. George told me of the close relationship between his father and his late mother, and when the latter died he feared his father would lose his reason. But his father seemed to settle down to an acceptance of his fate and in a measure apparently ceased to grieve. His son noticed something about him which he communicated to no one. I discovered it for myself.

One day when going to George Gregory's house I saw his father putting his night key into the door. He opened it, stepped back as if waiting for some one to enter, then went in himself. The matter made but little impression on me till later I heard the old gentleman talking to himself in the library. At first, thinking that he was reading aloud, I permitted myself to overhear him. I soon became aware that he was talking to some one whom he called "my dear." The two episodes together set me to wondering, and I narrated them to his son. George sighed and said:

"So you have noticed it. I have known that of which you have seen evidence ever since father came to live with me. He ever has my mother with him—just how I don't know. Whether he sees her spirit, whether he fancies that it is present with him, whether he hears her replies when he talks to her—all this is a puzzle to me. I have often heard him talking to her as you heard him, and he says the same things to her that he was used to saying while she lived, only they are more endearing. He was always during her life as gallant to her as when they were young lovers, and when he fancies she is with him he will not sit while she stands, will not go through a doorway without waiting till she has gone before him. I have seen him come into the house after having been out of an evening and remove her wraps as tenderly as he ever did while she was with him in the flesh. He had a way of sometimes walking with her hand in hand, and since her death I have often seen him swinging his arm through the empty air as if often saw him do it when I was a boy."

"Do you observe," I asked, "whether after apparently being with her he is more or less gloomy?"

"He is never what we call gloomy, though there is a certain sadness always in his eyes. It seems to me that Providence, in whose slight such lover-like lives as were his and my mother's must be acceptable, has made some physical change in his brain which causes an illusion to comfort him till the day shall come when he will be reunited to her."

"Did it ever occur to you," I asked, "that the strong affection between him and your mother has enabled him to see and commune with her spirit?"

"It has," was the reply, "but I don't know."

Since then the same door has closed behind Donald Gregory that closed behind his wife.

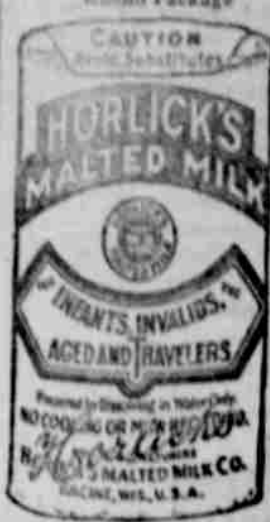
One Sure Outlet.

Strawber—Why do you think you will have any trouble in keeping the engagement secret? Singery—I had to tell the girl, didn't I?—Puck.

What one has that one ought to use, and whatever we take in hand we ought to do with all our might.—Cicero.

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