

LONE HOLLOW; Or, the Peril of the Penroys.

"How Grace knew of the contents of this paper," asked the widow, nervously taking a pinch of snuff.

"Not yet," I expect to tell to her at once."

"Your manner of proceeding seems to me extraordinary," asserted Mrs. Penroy. "I shall not submit to be deluded by a forged will."

"Madam, have a care," uttered Mr. Grips, warningly.

"It is a forgery, and I can prove it," retorted the faded lady with nervous emphasis.

"Madam, I would advise you to proceed in a calm manner. So far as I am concerned, I have no personal interest in this matter, but I drew up this document in a legal manner, and witnessed the signature of Morgan Vandible. It can not be broken on any such ground as you imagine. Of course you are able to make trouble and much cost, without result to yourself. It is well understood that the old gentleman meant to leave all his property to his granddaughter, this is susceptible of proof."

"I know that paper is a forgery," interrupted Mrs. Penroy, booming excitedly and warmly. "I will not submit to be robbed by Captain Starbright and an avaricious lawyer."

Then she flounced up and began to pace the room.

The small, keen eyes of Mr. Grips regarded her sharply. Knowing as he did that the will was forged he realized the strength of Mrs. Penroy's case. At that moment the wily fellow was strongly tempted to assume her side of the case and leave the infamous Captain in the lurch. The dishonorable part of the transaction was only able to make trouble and much cost, without result to yourself. It is well understood that the old gentleman meant to leave all his property to his granddaughter, this is susceptible of proof."

"No, sir," cried the excited woman, pausing length in front of the lawyer, and shaking her bony hand within an inch of his hooked nose. "I will not submit to being robbed of my inheritance by you and the Captain. This property is mine, and I will fight for my rights to the death. Don't you dare attempt to rob me! I can prove that the name of Vandible was forged to it, and that will ruin you and the Captain both."

Such proof would indeed ruin them. Both Mrs. Penroy and Mr. Grips made no further attempt to conciliate the angry woman, but rose and said:

"This paper will be advertised for probate to-morrow, and I hope you will see the folly of attempting to break it before the judge's court. It is up to you."

Then he went from the room to meet Captain Starbright, who was waiting his coming most anxiously. The lawyer related how Mrs. Penroy had received his well-meant advice.

"Can it possibly be that she knows where the money is hidden?" asked the Captain, anxiously.

"I think not. It is barely possible, however, that the young lady made a discovery when she rushed in on us that fatal night so unexpectedly, as you of course remember."

"How could that be?"

"Well, some people have sharper eyes than we could think of," proceeded the lawyer. "Miss Penroy entered the sick chamber just as her grandfather expired, and at that time, you will remember, the will was unsigned."

"I had forgotten, but now that you speak of it I remember that such was the fact. Yet I do not believe Grace knew that the old man was dead, or that the will was unsigned," declared Captain Starbright.

"Possibly not."

"Do you imagine so?"

"I do," with a wise shake of the head. "Depend on it, Captain, you have lost mother and daughter to fight, and should they be successful your character would be ruined, and I am afraid that I should not be able to keep you out of the penitentiary."

"But there is no chance for their success. Grace would be a fool to throw away a fortune."

"Perhaps."

The two men left the house together, the Captain laboring under intense excitement. The Penroys, mother and daughter, seemed to be in league against him, and among the unknown quarters were Austin Westward, the hunter, and the young man, Lura Joyce, who, the Captain now realized, was alive and working to thwart his schemes.

Dr. Paxon gave assurance that Grace would shortly recover, and he came to Lone Hollow less frequently as the days passed.

When the wounded girl asked after her mother, Lura gave evasive answers. The young man still languished in Stenfield jail, awaiting the outcome of the shot, and Lura feared to make known the fact, since she now might terminate the life of Grace.

In the meantime Captain Starbright alternated between Stenfield and Lone Hollow. He was pleasant, and even friendly to Lura and Mrs. Penroy. The latter did not attempt to prevent his visits, for she had grown to fear the evil man's power more and more since the will had been broken.

CHAPTER XXVII.
MISS JOYCE'S MISFORTUNE.

The weeks passed.

Grace improved rapidly, and was soon able to sit up, although the doctor advised quiet, and no attempt at exertion, until she was fully recovered, since a reaction might set in.

The wretched court granted a stay of some weeks regarding the will, so that the late Mrs. Vandible, on account of the illness of her son, could be examined. Lura Joyce had succeeded in gaining this concession from the court in spite of the correct opposition of Captain Starbright and his counsel.

"The will is a fraud, and I can prove it," said Lura, and she once again appeared before the court.

He understood to whom he owed his non-success in the matter, feeling in his heart for the brave young girl desperate into absolute hatred.

Miss Joyce often visited Stenfield in the interest of the young mechanic, who lay in the county jail waiting the outcome of Grace's recovery.

It was an unexpected opportunity that Lura declared, and the young man, who, she thought, was her enemy, was now her ally, and which was left in my care, has not been yet read to the heirs at law. The delay has been unavoidable, but I am sure you will overlook it, since I find the business affairs of the deceased in a somewhat mixed condition."

He crossed his knees with the back of his hand, and regarded a distant object fixedly, his head bent moving up and down as he talked. When he paused he made no reply, and then he drew forth a large envelope and proceeded to unfold its contents.

"This is the last will and testament of your late father," said Mrs. Penroy.

"I thought he left no will," Mrs. Penroy interrupted at this point. "It seems a little strange that so many weeks have passed without its being produced."

"I can explain that," Mrs. Penroy proceeded to say. "You will please listen to the reading of the will."

She made no objection, and so he read the document which left the Vandible million to Grace Penroy, provided that she married Captain Starbright, and lived to reach her majority. In case of her death before coming of age, or her refusal to become Mrs. Starbright, then the property reverted to the Captain.

It will be remembered that the dying old millionaire was not aware of the clause regarding Grace's marriage.

Although Mrs. Penroy was not one of the brightest women in the world, this clause in the will at once aroused her suspicions. She believed she saw a chance to break the will, even should she fail to prove that the signature was a forgery. She was completely out with Captain Starbright now, and determined on securing the wealth left by her father for herself.

picture, that even her more poisonous words could not fail to admire.

"You will soon be strong again, dear," said Lura. "It seems incredible that such an accident should come to one so good as you are, Grace. Sometimes I think that it was an accident. You see, I am sentimental, like other girls, once in awhile."

Then Lura gave vent to a sharp little laugh and sprang to her feet, gliding swiftly from the room.

On her way to Stenfield that very day on the stage the horses became frightened, and ran, the stage was overturned, and several of the passengers injured, among them Lura Joyce.

"Confound the luck!" exclaimed the girl, when she found her ankle sprained so severely as to prevent her bearing her weight on it. "I never ride in that stuffy old coach again. This serves me right for not getting on my own conveyance—the back of Romeo."

The driver secured a farmer's wagon, in which he conveyed his passengers to the city. Miss Joyce found shelter at the house of a friend, where, for several days on account of her injuries.

While here she was visited by a grave-looking gentleman of thirty, whose sober face and quiet manners were in direct contrast to the bubbling exuberance of Miss Joyce. This gentleman came in the evening, really the most learned and gifted physician in the city. That he was a friend of Lura Joyce was proved from the cordial nature of their meeting.

"How is your patient, Dr. Colton?"

"This was about the first words that a good hearty hand-shake. Lura, with one foot stretched out on the floor, was reclining calmly in a huge, rustic, and interesting picture. The grave, dark eyes of the young doctor evinced their admiration by the earnestness of their gaze.

"My patient is fast getting, and will soon be sound as a dollar—my old patient, but as you are young and so, I will not say so, and Lura actually blushed under the affectionate earnestness of his gaze.

"So you heard of my little trouble?" she retorted, quickly. "I had no idea that I should require the services of a physician."

"That remains to be seen."

He then bent over the swollen limb, and with deft fingers removed the wrappings. He assumed the physician's liberty, and Lura Joyce was by no means prudent enough to affect any false modesty under the circumstances. She was anxious to be on her feet again, and had full confidence in the ability of Dr. Colton, who, as she knew, had been called to visit her father.

"But I positively can not remain idle that length of time," declared the girl, in quick agitation. "I must return to Lone Hollow to-morrow, at the latest."

"That would be out of the question. You are under my care now, Lura, and must obey orders."

Something like a smile touched his face. Lura realized that he was in earnest, however, and she groaned inwardly at the prospect. What might not happen during her absence from Lone Hollow?

There seemed to be no help for it, however. Lura knew that she was in a position of great disadvantage, and she had no choice but to submit to the treatment of Dr. Colton. She had no thought of disputing the wisdom of Dr. Colton's diagnosis. To Lura his word of all men in the world was law. She regarded Arthur Colton as the wisest man on the globe, and as good as he was wise. She always felt her inferiority under his presence, and this often embarrassed her so that she shrank within herself and ceased to show him the full glow of her vivacious womanhood. Possibly the doctor understood more than his invariable equanimity revealed. He always treated Lura as a child—with a grave seriousness that averted without chilling.

It was late one afternoon of a cold day in autumn that Lura Joyce descended from the stage to Lone Hollow. Three weeks had elapsed since she left by the same conveyance, and during that time not a word had reached her from the inmates.

"They might all be dead for all the stir they make," mused the girl, as she glanced up at the curtained windows and solemn gray walls of the old house. "I wrote, but not one had the courtesy to answer. It seems to me that Grace ought to be out before now."

The girl tripped swiftly around to a spot where she could view the window of Grace's room. She saw nothing of her cousin, and she knew that her steps, a strange misgiving at her heart.

"Of course, nothing very bad has happened or I should have heard of it," declared Lura to herself, by way of stalling the rising premonitions of evil.

She tried the front door to find it yielding to the touch, and the room, where she was gliding along the wide hall. The room occupied by Grace during her illness was on the ground floor. Here Lura passed quickly, only to find the chamber empty.

"She must be well and in her own cozy chamber," thought the girl, going at once up the stairs to the room where she had passed many happy hours with her fair cousin.

A tiny rap on the door was answered by "come in" from beyond, in a low voice.

Scarcely had Lura Joyce crossed the threshold, when she found the door closed, and stood regarding the lock, with its weight of covering, in amazement.

At the bedside sat the colored maid Lucy, while among the pillows was a face so thin, so faded, so ghastly as to quite startle Lura Joyce.

"Could it be possible that this was Grace Penroy, whom she had left but three weeks since almost restored to health?"

After a moment of hesitancy Lura advanced swiftly and stood by the bedside, gazing into the corpse-like countenance on the pillow. It was the body of Grace, but she had changed! To Lura it seemed that a harsh touch or breath of air would break the brittle thread of life.

"What does this mean?" the young girl found voice to articulate at length.

"Lacy did not seem to be ill," Lura said.

"I'm so glad you're come," said Lacy, "my master has wanted you so bad all the time."

"Yes, indeed," articulated the sick girl, faintly. "I feared I should never see you again in this world."

"You must not say the word 'never'!" Lura said to Lacy, after the girl had departed, she looked the door and scolded herself because she could not see her.

"Now, Grace, have you strength to tell me what this means?"

"It means that we were all deceived," Lura said.

"I would not mind, but poor Aunt Lacy! She broke down this and began to cry in a way that showed utter exhaustion."

"Don't trouble yourself about Aunt Lacy," soothed Lura. "He is well, and I will try to get him on his feet to see you if I promise to be good and not worry. Now, tell me if it happens that you are so ill. When I see you, I will try to get you back to your old self."

"And this is why you did not come?"

"No, indeed. I met with an accident that laid me up in Stenfield. I've been with you in that bed all these weeks."

"And he told me you were tired of constant waiting on me, and would come no more."

"He?"

"Mr. Starbright."

"The miserable scoundrel!"

Lura was so indignant to keep back the hot words, although regretting them the next moment.

Grace could not command her feelings to speak for a long time, but lay white and silent, with hot tears raining over her swollen cheeks.

"Never mind, Grace, dear," soothed Lura. "You shall tell me at another time. You are not strong enough now."

Then Lura Joyce came to her feet and

turned to adjust the clothing about the sick one as the door was tried by a hand without. Going thither Lura turned the key and admitted Captain Starbright.

CHAPTER XXVIII.
LURA'S PLANS.

Captain Starbright started at seeing Lura Joyce. The meeting was an unexpected one on his part.

"You here?" he ejaculated. "I thought you would not see Lone Hollow again."

"I did not think so, Captain? Lone Hollow is all the home I have."

"I surmised as much, that is all. Grace was glad to see you."

"After your lies, yes," interrupted Lura, in a hissing whisper. "I'll thwart you yet, Captain Starbright."

Then she turned about and resumed her seat beside the bed, the short red curls on her forehead quivering in a way that boded no good to the scheming Captain. His black eyes took on a look of intense hate as he gazed that had Lura seen it, would have chilled the blood in her veins. His white hands clinched, and for a moment he seemed the very incarnation of evil.

He turned swiftly on his heel and passed from the room. Once beyond the gaze of Lura's eyes his face assumed a black and threatening look. "One day more and all her life's story of her affairs came to change so greatly in the short space of three weeks."

"I can hardly account for it myself," faltered Grace. "I know I felt almost well when you left me, and I should have given up my medicine altogether but for Mr. Starbright."

"Yes, indeed," agreed Lura, in a suppressed voice, her eyes shining like bits of steel.

"He thought the medicine was necessary to strengthen me, and so I continued to take it, only to grow weaker gradually, until I had to take to my bed once more. I can imagine how discouraging it has been."

"I understand it all," Lura interrupted, "and how long has it been since Dr. Colton has been here?"

"Oh, a long time. He came but once after you went away."

"But why was that?"

"He said it was best; that Grace was old, and that I ought to improve faster, and so he procured medicine from a doctor in Stenfield, who can't see me but once."

"It was Starbright that recommended this change?"

"Yes."

"And your mother?"

"She has been ill herself most of the time, and has made no objections, but has left every thing to the Captain. He has procured the medicine, and I have taken it regularly, but it doesn't seem to do any good. I grow weaker all the time. Isn't it strange?"

"Yes, it is strange," uttered Lura, in a suppressed voice. "And this has been going on for three weeks. What is your medicine?"

"There is some in liquid form followed by a powder."

Lura came to her feet and made a swift examination of the bottles and glasses on the stand near.

She found two small white powders and medicine in a glass. One of these powders she appropriated. Scarcely had she done so when Captain Starbright entered, and going to the stand cast a sharp look over the numerous bottles and glasses.

He turned suddenly upon Lura with a stern look, and said: "There were two powders here a short time ago."

THEY DIED TOGETHER.

A Kingfisher seized by a Pickle and Both Are Killed.

A kingfisher sat on a branch of a dead tree, on the edge of Lake Kooka, the other day, near Fairbairn Point, watching for his dinner. A black-bass fisherman was in his boat in the cove only two or three rods above the spot where the bird was sitting. He quit fishing and kept his eye on the kingfisher, curious to see the bird dive for its fish when the time came. He had to wait but a short time, for a fish came within the line of the kingfisher's vision, and the bird dropped like a stone into the water and disappeared beneath the surface. It reappeared almost immediately with a fish impaled in its strong, spear-like beak. The bird's body had freely come to the surface, however, when it disappeared again with a suddenness that left no doubt that it had been jerked back by something that had seized it. The kingfisher did not come up again, and the fisherman rowed to the spot where it had come down to see if he could find an explanation of the bird's strange disappearance. A dead pickle, about eight inches long, was floating on the water. A hole through its body below the dorsal fin showed plainly enough that the pickle was the fish the kingfisher had speared. The fisherman drifted about the spot for some time, but being unable to discover any thing that would solve the mystery of the bird's disappearance, was turning his boat to row back to the cove when something came to the surface near the shore, twenty-five yards below. The fisherman rowed down to the spot, and to his surprise found an immense pickle, and with it the kingfisher. One of the great jaws of the pickle, the latter, just before being set through and through it. The kingfisher's long, keen bill was thrust through the pickle's body from side to side, six inches below the head. The pickle had explained itself. The kingfisher was the water with the small fish and pulled it back beneath the surface, expecting to dine on it. The big bird had, it is true, turned and jabbed his beak through the pickle, inflicting a fatal wound. The pickle, with the bulldog tenacity of its kind, had kept its hold on the bird's leg, and the two had died together and floated to the surface. The position of the two was not changed, and they have been sent to a Rochester taxidermist to be preserved and mounted as they appear in their death embrace.—Hammondsport (N. Y.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.

—First Old Lady—"Conductor, raise this window; I shall smother to death!"

Second Ditto—"Conductor, lower this window or I'll freeze to death!"

First O. L., again—"Conductor, will you raise—"

irate Passenger (interrupting)—"Conductor, hoist that window and freeze one of those old women to death; then lower it and smother the other one!" Silence in the car.—Washington Capital.

A Royal Hunt in India Enjoyed by a Man from New Jersey.

The following account of a royal elephant hunt at Aynthia, India, was written home by a New Jersey man who happened to witness that interesting event:

"The stockade in which the elephants are yearly captured," he says, "is a quadrangular piece of ground, enclosed by a wall some six feet thick, having an entrance on one side through which the elephants are made to enter the enclosure. Inside the wall is a fence of strong logs stakes driven into the ground close together, allowing only sufficient room between them to permit the passage of a man. In the center is a small house erected on poles and strongly supported and surrounded by stakes, wherein men are generally stationed for the purpose of securing the animals, but on this occasion the elephants were let loose upon an open plain behind the arena and then captured. The wild elephants being then in the bamboo jungle in the vicinity of Aynthia, having been decoyed from a great distance in the interior and kept in readiness within a few hours' journey for the appointed day, and as we were informed of their near approach to us we remained and witnessed the wild beasts being lured by the tame ones."

"The sight to us was a novelty. You see over an immense plain at some distance a few tame elephants with their riders ahead of at least two hundred wild ones, large and small, and on see them nearing you closer and closer, until they approach the stockade, when the tame elephants form a front—and some two hundred wild ones in a small space—when they were pressed forward through the entrance one by one. Here we experienced some excitement. Some go through quietly, others refuse, show fight, charge the line of front, and on several occasions broke through, when off go the tame elephants and bring them back, and so by patience and perseverance the whole number is driven in. The gate is then closed and they remain within the enclosure to await the pleasure of the King."

"Early the next morning the King arrived, accompanied by a large concourse of nobles. At about eleven o'clock he arrived at a sort of grand stand and operations commenced. The beasts that had been penned up all night were let out through another gate opening into a plain, where such as the King admired were caught. Here again the scene was exciting. If an animal which is admired escapes, chase is immediately made after it by the tame elephants, the driver of which throws a lasso to catch the fugitive's foot. Having effected this, the animal upon which he rides leans it, self with all its power the opposite way, and this brings the other violently on the ground. It is then strongly bound by a rope to the elephant's stable. One large male made its escape through the front ranks and was lost among the ruins and jungle of the old city. Naturally enough accidents are of common occurrence, men being killed by the infuriated animals, which are frequently confined for two days in the enclosure without food. I am happy to say that no accidents of a serious nature occurred on this occasion. I have only to chronicle a few upsets of no importance. From the two hundred elephants that were decoyed the King selected some twenty of the best. The remainder were driven into the interior to await the ensuing year."—Newark Sunday Call.

HIDDEN JUST IN TIME.

An Incident of Mr. Kennan's Travels in the Land of the East.

Mr. George Kennan, the Siberian explorer and exposé, is one of the most entertaining conversationalists whom a person can meet. He is a very unassuming man and very modest. Some of his most thrilling experiences will probably never be put in print, or at least, not for a number of years, for strange as it may seem, Mr. Kennan hopes to again visit Russia at the end of two or three years. He had very many narrow escapes from death and the mental strain produced by them was naturally very great. One of these which has not been printed occurred once while he was in a Russian house. He had papers with him which, if found, would result in his being instantly shot. He was informed that the officers were on his track, and would arrive at this house within five minutes. Russian officers are very thorough when making a search for any thing of this nature, and what to do with these papers was a most pertinent question. But to think of them, and taking up a hand-glass upon the table, he looked at the back with his knife, hastily put the papers in the frame and fastened the back to its place just as the officers arrived. The search was made, the glass raised from the table, but the papers were not found. This is but a sample of the many experiences Mr. Kennan had in Siberia. He says that the horrors of the prison system there in vogue can not be described in words so as to convey any accurate idea to the reader or hearer.—Philadelphia North American.

Nutmegs as a Medicine.

The medicinal qualities of nutmegs are worthy of a great deal of attention. They are fragrant in odor, warm and grateful to the taste, and possess decided sedative, anesthetic and soporific properties. In the following affections they will be found highly serviceable: Cholera (neuralgia of the stomach), cholera morbus, flatulent cholera, dysentery, cholera infantum and infantile cholera. In all cases nutmegs may be prepared for administration in the following manner: Grate one or more nutmegs into a very fine powder. For children, give one-sixth to one-third of a teaspoonful, according to the age, of the powder, mixed with a small quantity of milk. For adults, from a half to two teaspoonfuls may be given in the same way according to the severity of the case. Every two hours is generally the best time to administer this remedy. Insomnia (sleeplessness) is very often effectively relieved by one or two doses of nutmeg, when much stronger doses have signally failed.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—Steady work for the love of it, and for the satisfaction and peace which it brings, never breaks the worker down. On the contrary, it so weakens temptations from without, and so develops interior abilities and desires that it gives the whole nature steadiness and poise. It is the best cure for restlessness. The joy of life for strong natures lies in a noble activity; a work adequate to the aspirations of the soul; a work that brings calm by its magnitude, and by its very demands evokes the best and greatest in us.—Rural New Yorker.

A Half of Turgenieff, says The Fortnightly Review, was to invite friends to dinner and be absent when he set on his pledge of the little value he set on his pledged word and the very faint impression it made upon his mind. He was once invited to make upon critic Belinsky once invited the famous critic Belinsky and five others to dine with him at his house in the country where he had a chef de cuisine whom he looked upon as a genius. "I will organize a banquet for you the like of which you never dreamed of," he said.

He fixed the day and made each person give his word of honor that he would come. "Don't fear for us," remarked Belinsky. "We shall be there without fail, but you played upon us just the trick that you asked us to dine and winter, when we came; but, lest you should forget your invitation, I shall write to you the eve of the day of our arrival."

It was a sultry day when the whole six of us set out for Pargolovo in an open caliche at 11 o'clock in the morning, as I had the persons invited. We were thoroughly fatigued by the heat and dust of the road. Arriving at Turgenieff's of the road, we alighted with joy in country houses, but we were all struck by the circumstance that Turgenieff did not come out to meet us. We knocked at the door of the glass terrace. The silence of death reigned in the house. All our faces grew visibly long. "Can Turgenieff have played the same trick as last winter?" exclaimed Belinsky.

But we all calmed him, saying that we probably arrived earlier than we were expected. "But I wrote to him that we should be here at 1 o'clock," objected Belinsky; "what can it mean? If they would only admit us into the room we could wait, but here we are scorched."

At length a boy came out of the door and he all plied him with questions. His master had gone off, he said, and the chef de cuisine was in some public house. We gave the urchin money, sent him to fetch the chef, who should let us in, and meanwhile we sat down on the steps of the terrace.

We waited long in vain. Belinsky wanted us to return, but our hired coachman refused to take us back until the horses had had a long rest. So we sat on, hungry and hot. Panaioff went to the public house to see if anything edible could be procured, but there was nothing to be had. At last the chef made his appearance. "Where is your master?" cried Belinsky. He did not know. "Did your master order a dinner for us today?" insisted the critic. "He did nothing of the kind," was the reply. Amazement and terror were depicted on all faces. Belinsky flamed up, and, looking at us in his significant way, exclaimed: "Turgenieff has indeed given us a banquet!"

Are We Handsome?

"I have heard it said that, taken as a whole, people of these days are not so handsome as those of olden times," said an artist to a Washington Post reporter, "but I have a theory that they far excel in beauty of form and feature their ancestors of many hundred years ago. The only way we have to judge of such comparative merits of the people of today with those who are made known to us by tradition and history is by the means of statuary. We compare our modern men with old works of art and pronounce them inferior without taking into consideration the deception that has been practiced by the artists whose work was done for those whose form and feature they portrayed and from whom they were to look for their type."

"It was the easiest thing in the world then, as is done now, to smooth over blemishes and defects. The art of photography will not permit such deception to so great an extent as it was formerly carried on."

"Do artists not flatter their subjects as much nowadays as was done of old?"

"In making oil paintings this is done by a great many, and that is the reason why many people will not sit for a photograph, but prefer to be represented by an artist. The photographers recognize this and do what they can to overcome it. I knew once a woman, having a sister with a nose very much out of shape, actually used putty to straighten it out, and with that improvement in his customer's appearance took the picture."

Will Exclusion Exclude the Chinese?

Sir John Bowring not only testified to this perpetual outflow of Chinese immigrants, but he points in vivid colors the causes which lead to these results. He says: "There is probably no part of the world in which the harvests of mortality are more sweeping and destructive than in China, producing evils which require no ordinary appliances to fill up. Multitudes perish absolutely from want of the means of existence; inundations destroy towns and villages and all their inhabitants; it would not be easy to calculate the loss of life by the typhoons and hurricanes which visit the coasts of China, in which boats and junks are sometimes sacrificed by hundreds and by thousands. The late civil wars in China must have led to the loss of millions of lives. The sacrifices of human beings by executions alone are frightful."

It is such a condition of things, and such causes as these, that induce the laboring classes of Chinese to immigrate to other countries. Considering the intensity which exists in these densely populated districts to escape from the misery which marks their existence, and to seek new lands where their condition may be bettered, the dangers that threaten from such inexhaustible sources of human supply become easy of appreciation.—Willard B. Farwell in Popular Science Monthly.

Too Too.

"Been writing?"

"Yes."

"Who to?"

"Oh, dear! Why don't you speak grammatically? The idea—Who to? You should say 'To whom to?'—Harper's Bazar.

—Pumpkin Preserve: Wash the pumpkins and peel them thickly, cut in quarters and take out the seeds; put the seeds and skins in a pan covered with water and boil for an hour, then strain and keep the water; cut the pumpkins in pieces one inch broad by about two inches long; weigh them and about one pound of sugar to each pound of pumpkin and one teaspoonful of the water; the skins were boiled in; put the sugar and water on to boil with a little essence of ginger. When it has boiled about ten minutes put in the pieces of pumpkin and boil all for half an hour or three-quarters, till it looks transparent.—Detroit Free Press.

SEVENTY RICH FAMILIES.

A Startling Argument Concerning the Concentration of Wealth.

Thomas G. Shearman, the well-known New York statistician, has been known for some time in collecting facts to show as precisely as possible the proportion of the wealth of the country held by a few rich men and families; and he has a greater concentration of wealth here than in any other country. The results of this investigation appear in the Forum, from which the following facts are taken. Mr. Shearman makes the following enumeration of owners of more than \$50,000,000:

\$150,000,000—J. J. Astor, Trinity Church.

\$100,000,000—C. Vanderbilt, W. E. Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Leland Stanford, J. D. Rockefeller.

\$75,000,000—Estate of A. Packer.

\$50,000,000—John I. Blair, estate of Charles Crocker.

\$50,000,000—William Astor, W. W. Astor, Russell Sage, E. A. Stevens, estate of Moses Taylor, estate of Brown & Evans, \$40,000,000—P. D. Armour, F. L. Ames, William Rockefeller, H. M. Flagg, Powers & Weighman, estate of P. G. Goelet.

\$25,000,000—C. P. Huntington, D. O. Mills, estate of T. A. Scott, J. W. Garrett.

\$20,000,000—G. B. Roberts, Charles Pratt, Ross Winans, E. R. Cox, Clara Spreckels, A. Belmont, R. S. Livingston, Fred Weyerhaeuser, Mrs. Mark Hopkins, Mrs. Hetty Green, estate of S. V. Harkness, E. W. Coleman, J. M. Singer, \$15,000,000—A. J. Drexel, J. S. Morgan, J. P. Morgan, Marshall Field, David Dows, J. G. Fair, E. T. Gerry, estate of Governor Fairbanks, A. T. Stewart, A. Schermerhorn.

\$12,500,000—O. H. Payne, estate of P. A. Drexel, I. V. Williamson, W. F. Weld.

\$20,000,000—F. W. Vanderbilt, Theodore Havemeyer, H. O. Havemeyer, W. G. Warden, W. P. Thompson, Mr. Schenley, J. B. Haggin, H. A. Hutchins, estate of W. Sloane, E. S. Higgins, Tower, William Shaw, Dr. Heston, William Sharon, Peter Donohue.

These seventy names represent an aggregate wealth of \$2,700,000,000, an average of more than \$37,500,000. Although Mr. Shearman in making this estimate did not look for less than 20-millionaires, he discovered incidentally fifty others worth more than \$10,000,000 each; he says that a list of 100 persons who made whose wealth averages \$10,000,000 each, and another list of 100 persons whose wealth averages \$5,000,000, no such lists can be made up in any other country. "The richest of these of England," he says, "fall below the average wealth of a dozen American citizens, while the greatest bankers, merchants and railway magnates of England do not compare in wealth with many Americans."

The average annual income of the richest 100 Englishmen is about \$20,000, but the average annual income of the richest 100 Americans can not be less than \$1,200,000 and probably exceeds \$1,500,000. The richest of the Rothschilds and the world-renowned banker, Baron Overstone, each left about \$17,000,000. Earl Dudley, the owner of the richest iron mines, left \$20,000,000. The Duke of Buccleuch (and the Duke of Buccleuch carries half of Scotland in his pocket) left about \$20,000,000. The Marquis of Bute was worth in 1872 about \$25,000,000 in land; he may now be worth \$40,000,000 in land. The Duke of Norfolk may be worth \$60,000,000, and the Duke of Westminster perhaps \$50,000,000.

Mr. Shearman's conclusion is that 25,000 persons own one-half the wealth of the United States and the whole wealth of the country is practically owned by 250,000 persons, or one in sixty of the adult male population; and he predicts from the rapid recent concentration of wealth, that under present conditions 50,000 persons will practically own all the wealth of the country in thirty years—or less than one in 500 of the adult male population.

SINCE ADAM DIED.

The Number of People Who Have Lived Since the Beginning of Time.

Did you ever make a calculation of the number of people that have inhabited this globe since the beginning of time? No doubt you will say that such calculations involve a loss of time, and are, after all, barren of results, but as we are engaged in giving curious readings and odd calculations, let us take a few minutes time and approximate, with a certain degree of accuracy, at least, the number of souls that have been ushered into and out of this sinful world since the time when it was at good for Adam to be alone. At the present time it is believed that there are 1,400,000,000 human beings on the globe; but let us suppose there has been but an average of 800,000,000 living at one time since the creation. To give room for any possible doubt as to the average length of life, we will put it down at 50 years. (It may have been longer than that during biblical times, but we have much shorter, however, since.) With the average length of life reckoned as above, we have had two generations of 800,000,000 each every century for the past 6,000 years. Taking this for granted, we have had about 96,000,000,000 inhabitants on this globe since the beginning of time.

Admitting that there is a great deal of guess-work about this calculation, and that it has been hastily and perhaps inaccurately done, it will be perceived, nevertheless, that our earth is a vast cemetery. On each roof of 1,382 human beings have found a burial place. A roof being scarcely sufficient for ten graves, each grave must contain the remains of 129 persons. The whole surface of the globe, if all peoples bury within the earth as we do, has been dug over 130 times in order to get room for burial places.—St. Louis Republic.

—A queer decision by a New Jersey justice of the peace is reported. John Wolf put a stuffed wolf at the door to represent his name. A dog destroyed the sign, and the justice holds that the stuffed wolf represented John Wolf, the dog is guilty of biting the man, and his owner must pay \$25 damages.

—Puppyism grows up with a child's definition of dogmatism.

—Everything about a rattlesnake keeps cool in time of danger except its tail. That gets rattled.

—A woman generally does not know how to drive a nail, but she knows how to wheedle a man into driving it for her.—Somerville Journal.

—About the only birds that have not been driven out by the English sparrows are the dove, the eagle and the jail-bird.—Munsey's Weekly.