



### A MODEL STEP-DAUGHTER.

THE meadow was all pealed over with dew; the August sun was distilling sweetness from Abigail's clove-pinks and sweet williams, and the girl sang gaily at her work, as she put the coffee and hot banana gems on the table, and nodded her father coming in from the fields, with his black-ribboned straw hat in his hand.

"Well, puss," said the farmer, with a smile, "how did you enjoy yourself last night, listening to this fine new lecturer?"

"Oh, so much, father!" cried Abigail. "The hall was crowded, and I don't know whether we all cried or laughed. Oh, father," she added, "what a grand thing it must be to be able to give people's hearts like that!"

"Humph!" said Ellhu Wray. "In my time women used to stay at home and mind the house and look after their children. Instead of going tramping round the country giving lectures."

"But Miss Perceval has neither husband nor children, father," urged Abigail. "And I don't suppose she has any time to look after."

"Miss Perceval? That's her name, is it?"

"Father, I wish you'd go to hear her!" cried eager Abigail. "I'm sure she'd make you laugh and cry, too! You couldn't help it. She isn't pretty, you see, with such an expressive face, with bright, sparkling eyes like a bird's."

"I knew a woman once," slowly uttered Wray, "who took to spec'ifying in public. Nobody would have thought it of her, either—the quietest, shyest little thing in the world. But there is no accounting for women. I never heard her, but I'm told she made a success of it. Her name was Daggett."

"Father, you'll go with me to-night, won't you?" coaxed Abigail. "Do! Just please me. I do so want you to hear Miss Perceval. John Tracy—he's on the committee, you know—he says they pay her fifty dollars a night. She must have a deal of money like that. Oh, I wish I had a talent like that!"

"Tut, tut, my little girl!" said the farmer as he sprinkled sugar over his heaping saucer of blueberries. "I don't wish it at all. What should I do if you went lecturing half over the continent and left me here alone?"

"But, father, I must leave you some time," reasoned Abigail. "Every girl does."

"These you're not going to become a little old maid for my sake, eh, puss?" Abigail laughed, shot a roguish glance at him from beneath the dark curtain of her eyebrows, and shook her head.

"All girls marry, father," she said.

"Your Miss Perceval hasn't got married, it seems."

"No, father. She can do better."

"Don't you believe that, my girl," said Mr. Wray. "There is no better fortune in all the world than to marry, if you can marry the person you love."

"Getting sentimental?" Abigail asked, clapping her plump hands.

"It ain't sentiment, child. It's common sense," sturdily maintained Wray.

"Father," abruptly spoke Abigail. "I've often wondered why you did not marry again."

"I?" He looked up in amazement.

"Because," added the girl, "mother never was much of a companion for you. She was always sick and complaining, and she didn't care for books, as you did, and she fretted at every little thing, until I used to wonder at your patience with her. Oh, you see, I noticed all these things, child, though you thought I was. And she told me so."

She checked herself abruptly. Wray looked at her with grave surprise.

"Told you what, Abigail?"

"I don't know whether I ought to repeat it, father," said Abigail, coming around to his side and resting her clasped hands lightly on his shoulder. "It was the day before she died; and she told me lots of things, besides, that I did not know. She said she never had any real right to your heart; that she never had cared for her, and that she didn't deserve that you should, and that there was another girl—"

"There, puss, there," said the farmer, with a strange quiver in his stern eyelids. "Mother was flighty toward the last. Well, forget these Lucia Lee—"

"But, father, if it's Lucia Lee—as I mistrust it is—and if you'd be any happier married to her, I won't make any trouble," pleaded Abigail. "I'll be the best stepdaughter in the world; I only want you to be happy, father."

"Well, it isn't Lucia Lee," said Mr. Wray, laughing. "and if it was, why you'd be crazy, child, to think of getting me into such a scrape at fifty-odd years old."

"But you're young-looking, father, and handsome," urged Abigail.

"Nonsense! There, give me some more coffee. Those lazy fellows in the ten-acre lot will be sure to dawdle away the time until I get back to them. Let's hear something more about this returning old maid of yours," he added. "Father, hush!"

Abigail had gone back to her seat behind the tray, where she faced the wide, open door. She could see a figure standing hesitatingly on the threshold; her father was quite oblivious to its presence.

"It's Miss Perceval herself!" cried Abigail, jumping up. "Please walk in, Miss Perceval, I'm so glad to see you. You don't know it, perhaps, but I was one of your listeners last night, and I kept thinking how proud I should be if ever I had a chance to speak to you! Our name is Wray, and I am Abigail. Father, this is Miss Perceval!"

Mr. Wray, who had risen from his seat and now stood facing the unexpected guest, bowed courteously. Few city votaries of fashion could have displayed more exquisite courtesy and

hospitality than this country lass. It was the blue cambric frock with the simple white ruffling at her neck, as she welcomed the stranger.

"Will you have some of our fresh blueberries?" said Abigail. "I picked them myself, while the dew was on them. And the coffee is quite hot!"

Miss Perceval was a tall, middle-aged woman, with brown hair, slightly threaded with silver; bright, dark eyes and color that varied in her cheek, as she looked from Abigail to her father.

"I—I have lost my way," she hesitated. "I oughtn't to have attempted to ramble about alone; but I used to know something about this part of the country, and—"

Once more her eyes fell beneath Ellhu Wray's searching glance; she laughed unseeingly.

"So you are the lecturing woman?" said he, quietly.

"The lecturing old maid," you called me, Ellhu," retorted Miss Perceval, recovering her composure with marvelous quickness. "Have I grown so very old?"

"But—Miss Perceval?"

"That's my nom de publique," said she. "One must shelter one's self behind something. How do you suppose 'Huldah Daggett' would look on the bulletin boards? Can't a woman change her name except by matrimony?"

"Father," cried Abigail, "are you acquainted with Miss Perceval? Why didn't you tell me so before?"

"Because I didn't know it myself, child. How was I to know that Miss Perceval, the famous lecturer who makes people laugh or cry, according to her will, was little Huldah Daggett, who used to hunt hazelnuts with me and build snow forts beyond the school-house forty years ago?"

"I feel exactly like a ghost come back to this earth," said Miss Perceval, shivering. "Everything is so changed, and yet the same. And I have dreamed so many, many times about returning to dear old Millville. And so Janet is dead, and this tall girl leaning on your shoulder is her daughter! But you are not changed, Ellhu; at least, not outwardly."

"I am changed in nothing, Huldah," said he. "Nor have I ever changed in any respect."

"Not when you married Janet? Oh, Ellhu, it was then that I felt forced to plunge into some all-absorbing occupation, to keep myself from heart-break. I never should have had a career if it had not been for that."

"Janet told me you had confided to her that you were engaged to a rich banker in New York."

"It was not true!" exclaimed Miss Perceval. "She told me that you were in love with her; that you were heartily sick of your old bargain with me. And I wrote you a last appeal, which you never noticed by word or line—an appeal that I sent you by Janet. After that what could I think?"

Abigail had flown upstairs, and now returned with a time-yellowed note in her hand.

"Father, I believe I can explain this," said she. "Poor mother yielded to temptation and kept back the letter. Here it is. I found it between the leaves of one of her books, and, until now, I never understood what it meant. I see it all, father! Miss Perceval! Father! Father! Remember what I said ten minutes ago. Dear Miss Perceval, he is so good, so true, and I'm ready to make such a model stepdaughter!"

And then she ran out of the room to rescue her pet terrier from the fangs of the butcher's big dog, coming down the road, and when she returned Miss Perceval sat smiling in the deep window-seat, a daisy in her hand, a blush on her cheek.

"Would you really like a stepmother, child?" said she.

"I would like father to be happy!" eagerly answered Abigail.

"Then," said Miss Perceval, "I suppose you must have your way!"

And the world at large wondered at this brilliant lecturer marrying a quiet country farmer, and secluding herself in the wilderness. But the world at large did not know how happy she was. New York Ledger.

**Straw Horse-shoes.**

In Japan most of the horses are shod with straw. Even the clumsiest of cart horses wear straw shoes, which, in their cases, are tied round the ankle with straw rope, and are made of the ordinary rice straw, braided so as to form a sole for the foot about half an inch thick. These soles cost about one cent a pair.

**Eating thirty quail in thirty days** can't be much of a feat; many a man has eaten beefsteak every day for fifty days.

If a girl is really fond of music, her own piano playing will make her sick.



I'LL BE THE BEST STEP-DAUGHTER IN THE WORLD.

**A Thrilling Entertainment.**

Perhaps the most thrilling entertainment on record was one witnessed in the Romagna, which was as unexpected as it was unauthorised. It was the last day of the carnival, and the theater of Formilpopoli was packed with a crowd of spectators awaiting the rise of the curtain. After a long delay the stage opened by 100 brigands facing the audience with pointed revolvers.

The leader of the strange cast, Il Passatore, one of the most ruthless robbers of any age, bowed profoundly to the horror-stricken audience and explained that the theater was surrounded by his men, that the first man who attempted to escape would be shot, and that he and his merry men would proceed to collect any money and valuables they had with them.

The brigand and his men then descended from the stage and stripped the audience of their possessions to the value of \$400,000. He then thanked them all in a graceful speech and left the theater. It is comforting to know that he and 100 of his brigands were captured shortly after, and that they paid a heavy penalty for their evening's entertainment.

**Insect's Eyes for Lenses.**

One of the latest marvels of little things is the taking of pictures through the lens of an insect's eye. From a dragon fly's head we could obtain 25,000 perfect lenses, so minute that a million of them would not cover a square inch, and yet each be capable of yielding a recognizable photograph.

**In Burmese Schools.**

In Burmese schools making the lads shout is the approved method of elementary instruction. The Burmese educationists argue that so long as a boy is shouting his mind is occupied. When he is silent he is certain to be scheming mischief. Therefore the best shouters are the best pupils.

**Just Held Hands.**

"Have you given Mr. Standlight any encouragement?" asked the impatient mother.

"No, mamma," replied the confident daughter; "so far I haven't found it necessary."

**Hadn't a Dollar.**

Senator-elect Porter J. McCumber struck Dakota in 1889 without a dollar in his name, but check full of law and determination.

**Artificial Limbs.**

Artificial legs and arms were in use in Egypt as early as B. C. 700. They were made by the priests, who were the physicians of that early time.

Mistakes of the past should be made over into guideboards of the future.

### FABRICS' NAMES TRANSLATED.

Glossary that May Be Useful to Shoppers Who Know Only English.

Many of our fabrics and dress goods have French names—and we use them without much idea that they originally had any meaning.

Armure is a material woven so that the cloth has the effect of being woven with small seeds on the thread.

Barre refers to a fabric crossed by bars of a contrasting color.

Bayadere comes from the dancing girls of the East, whose garments are made of stuffs crossed from selvage to selvage with stripes, and when worn with stripes appear to run around the body.

Beige—Composed of yarn in which two colors are mixed.

Boucle—A fabric having a marked curl or loop in the yarn, which is thrown to the surface. Boucle is French for curl.

Bourette—This puts a lump instead of a curl on the surface. The word comes from bouret—to stuff.

Carreau—The same as checks, carreau meaning squares.

Chene—A printed effect.

Crepone—A crepe or crinkled effect.

Damasse—A figured fabric showing a contrast in luster between the ground and the figure. We have the same idea carried out in damask linen.

Drap d'Ete—An all-wool fabric with a twilled face and broadcloth back, woven as a twill and finished as a broadcloth, with the gloss showing on the back of the fabric.

Drap de Paris—A twilled armure. In the weaving the seed-like effects are given a twill effect, as in a serge.

Etamine—Openwork effect.

Frise—A fabric in which the pile stands up from the surface in uncult loops. Friser is to curl, or, as we say, to friz.

Gloria is a silk and wool material.

Jaquard—A weave called after its inventor, in which every warp thread can be made to move independently of any other, intricate figures being thus produced. All such complex figured fabrics are classed under the broad name of Jacquards.

Matalasse—A fabric whose face is broken into rectangular figures and puffed up so as to resemble quilting. Matalasse may best be translated as tufted.

Melange (literally, mixed)—A fabric produced from yarn that has been either printed in the wool or dyed of different colors and mixed together before being spun.

Satin Berber—A satin-faced wool fabric with a wool back. The effect is one of finish, rather than of weave.

Satin Soell—A satin-faced armure fabric woven with a ribbed effect.

Sicilian—A plain-weave fabric composed of a cotton warp and mohair filling, with the filling threads less twisted and broader on the surface than in regular mohair.

Twill—A raised cord running in a diagonal direction in the fabric from left to right. Any fabric with this weave may be called a twill. The number of twills to the inch in cashmere and other standard fabrics is often used to indicate their quality.

Vigoreux—An effect produced by printing the yarn of which the fabric is composed and using it without any regard to order or design.

Zibeline—A wool material used in imitation of sable fur. It has on the face long hairs that give it a fur-like appearance, and may be produced in several ways, but all give the same distinguishing feature—a "camel-hair" fabric.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### NOTHING TO SPEAK OF.

**A Soldier Who Could Not See that a Battle Was Very Exciting.**

To have been a brave participator in deeds of daring, without being conscious that there was anything particularly worth noting in the fact, is not the usual attitude of heroes, however modest and self-effacing. A correspondent of Leslie's Weekly, however, discovered such a one in the person of a Rough Rider in the hospital at Camp Walworth. The correspondent was told that the man's experience had been most thrilling, and went to him eager to hear his story. The following dialogue ensued:

"Won't you tell me some of your experiences down in Cuba?" I asked.

He thought a while, then said he didn't recall anything in particular.

"Didn't you lie sixty hours on the firing-line?"

"Guess I did," looking hard at the carpet; "but I don't know as I could say much about it."

"Didn't you hate to see the men die?"

He thought again for a moment.

"Why, I felt like it was a lamentable kind of business—'twasn't nice to see—but there 'wain't nothin' to do. Do you think there 'wain't anything to do?"

He looked up anxiously.

"Did you feel afraid?"

"Dunno as I did. Mebbe I did, though, some."

"How about Hamilton Fish? How did you feel when you saw him go down?"

"Dunno as I felt much; guess he's the one that felt. Ye see, gettin' shot's like pushin' a log off a wood-pile—it jst drops. There ain't much to say."

"Wasn't the battle exciting?"

"Naw, not specially; not what I'd call excitin'."

"How about Capron?"

"Nothin' to tell about him, neither; same case as Fish's. It kinder made ye feel mean, of course, but there ain't no use fussin'. Say, mebbe I could get up some stories for ye if I studied 'em up, but I ain't got none now on tap."

He was sorry to disappoint me, but I told him not to worry.

After all, he may be right. Perhaps battles are slow affairs.

### MRS. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

For Many Years She Was One of Society's Handsomest Leaders.

Mrs. William C. Whitney, who died recently, at the Whitney country home on Long Island, was one of three handsome daughters of Dr. William May, of Baltimore, and was long a social leader. As a girl Edith May visited Germany with her father and there met Capt. Randolph, a dashing officer of the English army. Randolph was married, but fell in love with the beautiful American and went to England for a divorce. He got it. Long before this Dr. May had taken his daughters back to Baltimore, as he did not approve of the English officer's attentions. Capt. Randolph came to this country later, when he was free to marry, and Dr. May gave his consent. The marriage took place. Capt. Ran-



MRS. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

dolph was stationed in Canada and there the family lived until his death. Then the widow returned to New York. Her means were modest, but she was popular in society.

Mrs. Whitney remained a widow for some years after the death of her first husband. On Sept. 20, 1896, she was married to William C. Whitney in St. Saviour's Church at Bar Harbor, in the presence of a few friends. Mr. Whitney had been a widower then for four years. His first wife and the second Mrs. Whitney had been friends for some years and the families were frequently together. Mrs. Whitney was related to many families well known in New York society, as, for example, the Kanes, Winthrops and Oeldrichses.

Mrs. Whitney met in 1898 with the accident which resulted in her death. On Feb. 21 she was riding to one of the hunts at Aiken, S. C. While she was riding under a bridge her head struck a timber. She had frequently ridden under the same bridge without accident. But it happened on this day that she was riding a hunter much larger than the horse she habitually rode. She was knocked off the horse and ever after that time was practically a helpless invalid. She was removed to New York as soon as her condition made it possible. Later she was removed in her husband's yacht to Bar Harbor, and finally was taken to Westbury, L. I. Mrs. Whitney had always been fond of racing, and a special track was laid out for her at Westbury so situated that she could watch the contests on it from a window of her room. Mrs. Whitney had two daughters by her first husband and they survive.

**The Mexican War.**

The whole number of men in the war with Mexico was 101,282, including regulars and volunteers. The war lasted about two years. Some pretty lively fights were made, notably Resaca de la Palma, Buena Vista and the assaults of Chetumal and other outposts of the Mexican capital. Yet the casualties were comparatively trifling. Killed in battle, 10,499; died of wounds, 508; total, 11,007. Less by about 100 than the Federal loss at the battle of Chickamauga.

**Unmarked Graves.**

Eight of the twenty-four Governors of Indiana who have died lie in unmarked graves, and yet in their time they were the marked men of the hour.

**Howvers.**

Cobwiger—Howvers it is that dog of yours wouldn't do any of his tricks to-day?

Brown—I guess it was because I was showing him to a man who wanted to buy a dog.—Harlem Life.

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### WAS A FAMOUS FRAUD.

**REMARKABLE AND MONUMENTAL SWINDLING SCHEME.**

The Principal Tells How He Forged Records that Deceived Eminent Lawyers, Enlisted Millionaires, and Cost Uncle Sam the Sum of \$250,000.

One of the most remarkable land cases in the history of the country and possibly of the world was that of James Reavis, who laid claim to 12,500,000 acres of land in Arizona and New Mexico under what is called the "Peralta grant" and who recently confessed himself a fraud and his title a myth. It cost the United States \$250,000 to defeat Reavis and secure his imprisonment in a New Mexican penitentiary for two years. In the meantime the influential friends of Reavis had spent \$750,000 in his behalf, and honestly insisted that his claim was just.

The Peralta land claim story reads like a romance. It was founded solely on the mythical lineage of a Mexican girl whom Reavis married. In a way, he forged so skillfully that this woman from Mexican mountains was herself convinced that she was an heiress—she believed the story he told her. She swore that she was the granddaughter of Baron Miguel Peralta de la Cordova, of Spain, who went to Mexico in 1730 as a crown commissioner, and in recognition of his services King Philip V. in 1742 gave him the grant of this great tract of 12,500,000 acres, which to-day lies in Arizona and New Mexico and contains some flourishing towns and is worth \$100,000,000.



JAMES ADDISON REAVIS.

Suit was formally entered in the United States Court of Claims. Emment counsel offered their services to Reavis on a contingent fee. The government sent searchers to Spain. Crocker, Mackay, Huntington, all lent Reavis money to fight what they regarded as a just claim. Conkling, Cockran and Ingersoll agreed to serve as counsel. Ed Stokes let the man and his wife run up a \$10,000 board bill at the Hoffman House. Conding merchants added clothes, horses and carriages, jewels. Strangest of all, there arose all over the country 100 other claimants, all Peraltas and all descendants of the original baron. Yet the baron's descendants were only the creatures of Reavis' brain.

It was after the civil war that Reavis conceived his conspiracy. He was 35 years old. He had forged a little—a pass in the army, a title deed to some land, a note—and hadn't been found out. So when a Dr. George M. Willing told him of a great tract of land in Arizona and New Mexico to which he bore a clouded title he decided to look into it. Dr. Willing had claimed the title, and at his death his wife wanted to look it up. She asked Reavis, who had been dabbling in real estate in St. Louis, to take charge of it. But it was worthless. Reavis then made up his mind to find someone else to whom the title could be ascribed. He found her in an unknown Mexican girl. No one knew the history of her birth. From a baby she had Indian children for playmates. A ranchero's family raised her and sold her into bondage.

Reavis took this beautiful child to San Francisco, and John W. Mackay was so impressed with his story that he allowed him \$500 a month with which to go to Spain to prosecute his search for evidence. So Reavis went, posing as a newspaper correspondent, eager to write accounts of Spanish curiosities, so dear to the American people, then friendly to Spain. Reavis found that the Peralta family was extinct—just the thing to further his schemes!

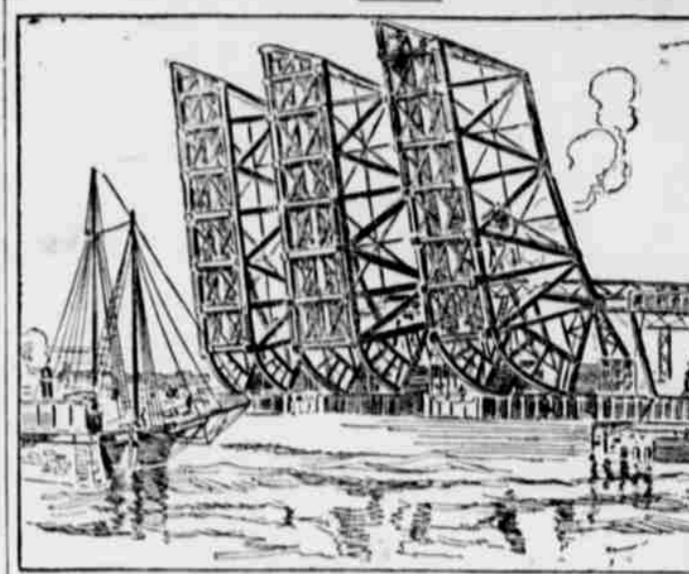
In a curio shop Reavis got a valuable link in the chain of evidence—two old ivory miniatures of a husband and wife. His practiced eye told him that they had been painted in the eighteenth century. They were just what he needed.

"On these as a foundation," says this strange man, "I built the mythical structure which all but stood against the efforts of the government and the vast expenditures of money to tear it down."

Reavis came back and married the beautiful Mexican and told her that the miniatures were those of her great-grandmother. Then pushing aside all the forgeries prepared to back up the Willing claim, Reavis started in anew. He traced the lineage of the Peraltas. He found it to be an old family. The name meant a "high peer," from the Spanish "pera," pear, and "alta," high. The family became a titled one when a dukedom was conferred upon Enrique Carrillo several hundred years ago. The last one was Baron Miguel. Now for a mythical hero, the grandfather of the Mexican girl! This was easy. Reavis selected another extinct Spanish family named Silva, married it by forged archives to the last of the genuine Peraltas, who in reality had never married, and the mythical Silva Peralta was born to the genuine Baron Miguel Peralta de la Cordova, who never had a son.

"I made the records show," says Reavis, "that the second Baron had to abandon Sonora, Mexico, because of the French invasion, and set out for Spain, the home of his ancestors, in 1858, by way of Los Angeles and San Francisco. In 1822 he had married—I doctored the records all right—and to him a daughter had been born who married Don Jose Ramon Carmen Masol y Castillo, Sept.

### BOSTON'S WONDERFUL ROLL LIFT BRIDGE.



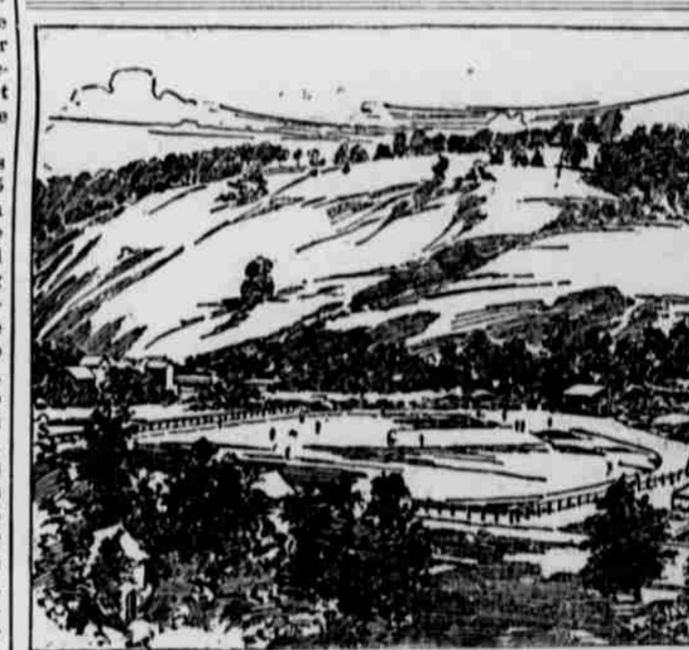
This bridge will be the largest of its kind in the world. In the picture the three sections of the draw are shown lifted to admit the passage of vessels. These draws weigh 3,100,000 pounds. Electricity will be the power used.

### HAS A PRIVATE BALL PARK.

**Base-Ball "Fan" Has a Novel Way of Entertaining Friends.**

Julius Fleischmann, of Cincinnati, New York, Europe and several other places, has clinched his claim of being the greatest base-ball "fan" in the world by maintaining a team and park of his own, in which games are played for the amusement of himself and friends. Mr. Fleischmann has a great racing stable, crack yachts and other means of enjoyment, but it is in his base-ball outfit that he takes the most pleasure and pride.

Mr. Fleischmann owns a summer home in the Catskill Mountains, near Griffin's Corners, and it is there he has made his private base-ball park. The ground had to be virtually cut out of the side of the mountain. People acquainted with the topography of the district don't need to be told that the finding of a level spot large enough for a ball park is a rather serious undertaking in the Catskill country. Mr. Fleischmann looked about, and finally found a four-acre tract that did not have more than a dozen hills and valleys on it, and purchased it. Many thousands of dollars were spent in leveling this ground and blasting the bowlders, so that in the summer of 1895 the team had a real ball ground to play upon. Further improvements have been made, and now the dirt diamond is as smooth as a billiard table, and the rest of the field is covered with a lawn level and perfect for the game. This ground is inclosed by a high wire fence, with thousands of loopholes for the village youth to peep through, and the grand stand, with comfortable seats, accommodates 500 persons. And when a game is on this grand stand is crowded with men and smiling summer girls all in the gayest of summer gowns.



FLEISCHMAN'S PRIVATE BASEBALL PARK.

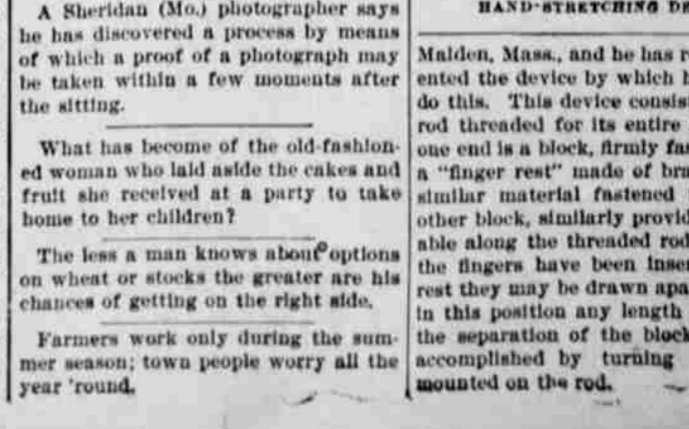
Players who come to try their skill against the Mountain Athletic Base-ball Club, as Fleischmann's team is known, find luxury awaiting them under the grand stand, for Mr. Fleisch-

mann has fitted the three dressing-rooms with plunge and shower baths, and a man in attendance looks after the comfort of the men. Do not doubt that the members of the Mountain Athletic Base-ball Club get plenty of enjoyment out of their season's work, in addition to the salaries they draw and the comfortable living Mr. Fleischmann purchases for them at a summer hotel.

### STRETCHING A PIANIST'S HAND.

**Device that Widens the Span of the Musician's Fingers.**

The achievements of the piano student are often limited by the size of the hand, and one with a small span is severely encumbered. A music teacher recognizing that this shortcoming was present in many persons, has undertaken a scheme for stretching the hand just as one would stretch a glove. He is Frederic L. Crane of



Malden, Mass., and he has recently patented the device by which he means to do this. This device consists of a long rod threaded for its entire length. At one end is a block, firmly fastened to a "finger rest" made of braid or some similar material fastened to it. Another block, similarly provided, is movable along the threaded rod, and after the fingers have been inserted in the rest they may be drawn apart and held in this position any length of time by the separation of the block, which is accomplished by turning a handle mounted on the rod.