

HOW BOTH REMEMBERED.



high wall encircling her grandmother's grounds opened on a quiet side road. Thereafter the stars witnessed a solemn compact that, that day three years, at the same hour, Sylvia would unlock the green door to give Brunton entrance.

Atwart the little green door the moonlight glistened softly, and Brunton, standing in near the shadow of an ivy, would willingly have dropped the coming hour out of his life.

Since his return to England, a few days before, the memory of this approaching assignment had persistently occurred to him. As a man of honor he knew he dare not shirk it. And yet, how painful to be forced to see Sylvia, to look into those innocent, trustful eyes—and confess how he had changed, and to tell her boldly that their meeting had proved but an incident, of no moment in the ordering of his life.

He must deceive her as tenderly as possible, speak of Eleanor regretfully, at least not let Sylvia guess how entirely happy their union was, or that she, Sylvia, had long ceased to be aught but a pretty, sentimental remembrance to him.

Even as he schooled himself a distant clock struck the hour, and with the first faint chime came the stealthy sound of an opening lock. She was there!

Gently turning the handle he passed through the green door and entered Lady Martingale's garden. Beside the great stone basin of the old fountain stood Sylvia.

Her eyes met his in questioning appeal, and for a moment a mad rush of pity, romance, affection, call it what you will, overcame him, and, springing forward, he caught her hands.

"Sylvia!"

"You had not forgotten?"

"No, and you?"

"I am here."

After the greeting there fell a sense of constraint, which Brunton realized was not all of his own making. She was lovely, even more lovely than of yore—taller, too, added something in her expression that was new to him.

"You—have changed. Are not the same. Of course you look older and bronzed. I don't mean that. But there is something else—your manner—"

"Sylvia," he began, breathlessly, "three years is a long time—"

"Oh, yes; is it not?" she interposed, eagerly.

"And, you know, one's circumstances alter—new people intervene."

"Yes, yes; so they do."

Her unexpected quiescence was disconcerting, but he doggedly stumbled on.

"And, Sylvia, I wish to tell you—I know it seems mean and cruel—but last year I met Eleanor, and—"

"Hush!" whispered Sylvia, suddenly raising her hand and turning in an attitude of listening expectancy toward the lighted windows of the house visible across the expanse of lawn.

As they paused, mute, from an open casement came a feeble cry—vague, plaintive, sending its message into the night.

The aerodrome resembles a metal

Sylvia's eyes sought Brunton's—his wondering, hers lambent with maternal "baby," she said.—Chicago Journal.

Where Women Never Speak.

The severity of the Bernardines of Anglet, Sisters of St. Bernard, most resembles that of the famous Trappist monks. The nuns take a vow of perpetual silence. The abbey is situated in the southwest corner of France, on the borders of Spain, and under the shadow of the Pyrenees. It was founded by the Abbe Cestac. Every hour of the day is carefully mapped out. Each time the big clock of the monastery chimes the hour, every nun falls on her knees and spends a few moments in prayer. Out in the fields, it is marvellous to see how well the oxen know these chimes. Directly they hear them they stop instinctively, starting on their way again the instant the Sisters rise from their knees. The Bernardines have no fear of death. Indeed, on the contrary, they long for it. When the first Superior of their order lay dying, she had an interview with one of the nuns, who implored her to intercede on her behalf in heaven that she, too, might die soon. The Superior smiled, and in an inspired voice said that in a month her request should be granted. On the day of the burial, just as the coffin was to be closed, the nun drew near the body, whispered in its ear, and slipped a note into the dead hand, imploring the Superior not to forget her promise. Just a month from that date the nun, too, passed away and so the promise was fulfilled.

Deaf, Dumb and an Idiot.

The coming of age of the Earl of Arundel, son of the Duke of Norfolk, the premier peer of England, is a sad episode of the year. The boy is said to be idiotic and deaf and dumb. For years the father, a staunch Roman Catholic, has frequented Lourdes and other shrines with his son, but in vain, and

prayers have been offered for him in numerous convents and churches and votive offerings made. He has employed the best medical talent, but there seems to be no improvement in the boy's condition. He is devoted to him. The Duke of Norfolk is a comparatively young man, a little over 50 years of age. He is a widower, and has never seemed to want to marry again. His brother, who was Cardinal Howard, lost his mind shortly before he died. Arundel castle in Sussex is one of the great showhouses of England. Some years ago a rumor was started that the Duke of Norfolk was paying devoted attention to Miss Virginia McTavish, of Baltimore. Mrs. and Miss McTavish have lived abroad for several years, making their winter residence in Rome, where they have become identified with the "Blacks," or the papal aristocracy, which is the most exclusive in the holy city.—New York Times.

IT FLIES AND FIGHTS.

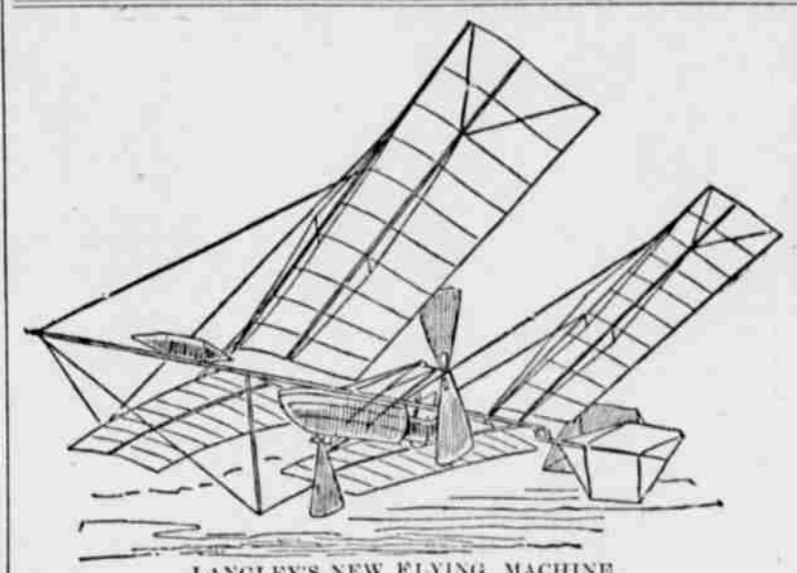
Prof. Langley's Combined Airship and Dynamite Thrower.

If current reports from Washington are true Professor S. P. Langley has invented a real flying machine and the most powerful engine of war known to civilized man. So mighty is the power of the little forty-seven-pound engine that it could propel a vessel of 100 tons. A fleet of ironclads could be destroyed by it in fifteen minutes. Coast defenses would be broken up like rail fences before a tornado if once the aerodrome passed over them and dropped bombs into their midst. At least this is what Professor Langley's friends assert.

For three years past Professor Langley has devoted himself to the problem of aerial navigation. He claims to have solved it at last and to have built a machine which will render American armies invulnerable by means of bombs thrown from his airship. He calls it the aerodrome. This machine will be not less valuable in peace than in war. A man can settle himself to sleep in the car of one of these flying machines in the evening at Chicago, and wake up to find himself in New York by morning. Air travel will be more safe than transportation by land. The aerodrome can dart upon a sinking ship and snatch its passengers from peril. The airship, it is claimed, is as completely under control of its pilot as a locomotive is under the guidance of an engineer.

The aerodrome which Professor Langley has constructed and tested cost \$17,000. This sum included the cost of numerous experiments. The machine can probably be duplicated for less than \$10,000. Professor Langley says his perfected aerodrome is the result of between twenty-five and thirty unsuccessful experiments with various engines and motors. His work has been carried on in the East with the utmost secrecy. The professor was convinced that an airship could be constructed which would fly by its own power. The problem was to invent a machine that could depend upon its momentum for support and at the same time furnish considerable carrying capacity above that required to sustain itself. After ten months of effort a flying machine was actually launched in 1897. In the first experiment it worked well. Subsequent trials showed that it was not and could not in that shape be put under perfect control.

The aerodrome resembles a metal



LANGLEY'S NEW FLYING MACHINE.

whole propelled by the wings of an albatross. It is built largely of aluminum, and the body, or car, is about 25 feet long, 6 feet wide, and 8 feet high. Liquefied air is the substance which gives life to its body and its wings.

The aerodrome Professor Langley has constructed can carry five or six people with ease, and it is only a matter of building a sufficiently large one to sustain any given weight. On entering the machine the doors are first to be securely fastened, and then the liquid gas, which has been stored with the refrigerating tanks is vaporized to fill the balloon. As the lifting power becomes sufficient the machine is gradually lifted bodily from the ground, and after clearing all obstructions the engines are started. As the vessel gains headway and is thus maintained in the air by its own momentum, the gas in the balloon is again gradually liquefied and the balloon is drawn down closely over the top of the car in order to present as little surface for wind obstruction to the movement of the flying machine as possible.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Many Bells Used by Farmers.

The farmers really use more bells than any other class of people or any trade or industry. A single foundry in New Jersey casts annually 28,000 bells for the farmers and about 4,000 for schools, churches, engine-houses, etc. It is estimated by a foundryman that at least 50,000 are sold every year in the country to tillers of the soil and breeders.

It is always a great shock to a woman to hear a preacher express a desire to go to Paris; his longing should be to visit the Holy Land.

As an extra precaution every cooking school should be run in connection with an eating school.

Dinner in a State prison is usually served in three courses—course bread, course meat and coarse vegetables.

DISTRIBUTES GREAT WEALTH.

Jacob H. Schiff, Who Has Given \$400,000 to Harvard.



JACOB H. SCHIFF.

grow large enough to support such a home. He has just redeemed his promise by giving the association a plot of ground at Ninety-second street and Lexington avenue, and instructing his architects to erect a building thereon.

He originated the plan which led to the birth of the Montefiore home. He gave a few years ago \$25,000 for a country sanitarium in connection with the home at Bedford Station, on Harlem Railroad. He has also given \$5,000 as the nucleus of a fund in memory of the late Michael Heilbron, \$10,000 to the Hebrew Loan Society, and a large sum to Barnard College. The offer of his gifts to Harvard for the Semitic Department was made June 27. The next day President Eliot said in effect the university would accept the conditions imposed. These were that about seventy other persons who have contributed to the fund for a Semitic hall and museum release their contributions for that purpose to a fund for the purchase of material for the museum.

In addition, Mr. Schiff founds a number of Semitic scholarships in the university, his total proposed gifts footing up, as stated, to \$400,000. The time when the gifts become available is uncertain until the corporation has acted upon them.—Chicago Times Herald.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Holmes' comet, which was discovered in 1892, and which aroused great interest because of an unexplained outburst of light that it exhibited while retreating into space, was rediscovered coming sunward once more, by Mr. Perrine, of the Lick Observatory, on June 11. Its period of revolution is about seven years.

The new satellite of Saturn, recently discovered by Prof. W. C. Pickering, with the aid of photography, has been named Phoebe. Owing to its small size, probably not exceeding 200 miles in diameter, and its great distance from the planet, about 7,87,000 miles, Phoebe bears no resemblance to such a satellite as our moon. Seen from Saturn, it would appear only as a star, and a faint star at that, probably just noticeable to the naked eye.

Wide currency having been given to the statement that liquid air promises to do the work of coal at next to no cost, because an experimenter claims to have produced "ten gallons of liquid air by the use of three gallons in an engine," President Henry Morton, of the Stevens Institute, has pointed out the fallacy of the claim. He shows that it really takes twelve times as much power to make a gallon of liquid air as that which would develop in an ideally perfect engine.

The waves of the Indian Ocean in a strong west wind are three hundred to four hundred feet long and sixty feet high and have a speed of thirty-three miles an hour. Such a wave weighs 394 tons to the foot. If a ship six hundred feet long lies in the trough of the sea a wave sixty feet high hurls against it 218,400 tons, more than nineteen times its own weight. This weight does not fall upon the ship at sea, because its buoyancy enables it to rise, but if it drifts upon the lee shore the power of a succession of 218,400-ton blows will tear to pieces any ship man has the cunning or the power to build.

Mr. Darwin once wrote a book, which many readers pronounce as interesting as a novel, on earthworms and the wonderful way in which they plow up, turn over and fertilize the soil. In a recent address, Dr. L. O. Howard, of Washington, showed that many species of insects are also important agents of soil making. "They are found beneath the ground," he says, "in incalculable numbers, and they penetrate to surprising depths. The minute insects of the family Pseudoscorpionidae—which are wingless—have been found swarming literally by the million at a depth of six to eight feet in a stiff clay subsoil."

Among the means of protecting fruit trees against frost, practiced in California, is the production of fog by a generator in the form of a wagon, invented by George F. Ditzler. The wagon carries a sheet-iron tank, the upper part of which is filled with wet straw, or similar material, kept moist by the automatic injection of water from a cask, while near the bottom is a grate upon which tar is burned, a blast, operated by a revolving fan

servicing to maintain the combustion. All the heat is compelled to pass through the wet straw before reaching the air, and in consequence the wagon is buried in a dense fog, and as it passes between the rows of low trees it envelops them in a mist so thick that the driver is frequently compelled to lead the horses.

QUEER WEDDINGS IN JAPAN.

Odd Ceremony in the Land of Flowers and Sunshine.

A woman who lived many years in Japan has an article in a late number of the London Graphic on Japanese social customs. Of courtship and marriage among the "little brown people" she says that both are very curious ceremonies and that they still savor somewhat of barbarism. These ceremonies are described in an interesting manner in her communication. "When a young man," she informs us, "has fixed his affections upon a maiden of suitable standing he declares his love by fastening a branch of a certain shrub to the house of the damsel's parents. If the branch be neglected the suit is rejected; if it be accepted so is the suitor. At the time of the marriage the bridegroom sends presents to his bride as costly as his means will allow, which she immediately offers to her parents in acknowledgment of their kindness in infancy and of the pains bestowed upon her education. The wedding takes place in the evening. The bride is dressed in a long white silk kimono and white veil and she and her future husband sit facing each other on the floor. Two tables are placed close by; on the one is a kettle with two spouts, a bottle of sake and cups; on the other table a miniature fir tree—signifying the strength of the bridegroom; a plum tree, signifying the beauty of the bride, and, lastly, a stork standing on a tortoise, representing long life and happiness, desired by them both. At the marriage feast each guest in turn drinks three cups of the sake and the two-spouted kettle, also containing sake, is put to the mouths of the bride and bridegroom alternately by two attendants, signifying that they are to share together joys and sorrows. The bride keeps her veil all her life and after death it is buried with her as her shroud. The chief duty of a Japanese woman all her life is obedience—whilst unmarried, to her parents; when married, to her husband and his parents; when widowed, to her son.

WHAT THEY REALLY SAID.

Stilted Rhetoric Did Not Come Natural to the Soldiers.

Deeds of valor and self-sacrifice in face of the enemy are not always accompanied by rhetorical fireworks. During the Zulu war, after an engagement in which the British troops were defeated by Cetewayo's black warriors, and were compelled to fly for their lives, an English cavalryman, whose serenity little pony flung from an assualt slash, detached himself from the retreat and galloped back upon the charging Zulus.

A glance over his shoulder had shown him a dismounted comrade, stumbling painfully along trying to jam some cartridges into his clogged revolver. When the trooper's pony trotted over the Zulus were almost upon the two soldiers. Fortunately, however, they had discarded their spears, and were mis-handling captured carbines.

Now, in a melodrama, or in a realistic script, the language of these two gallant soldiers, one to the other, would have been noble, lofty and inspiring. This is what they really said:

"Get out of this Bill, ye bloomin' lit—the black beggars will skewer ye," gasped the wounded man.

"You climb up on this 'orse or I'll punch yer 'ead off!" was the reply of the other.

"And it is delightful," says a writer in Collier's Weekly, "to be able to say that he did climb up, and they both escaped from the 'black beggars,' and that the trooper got the Victoria Cross."

A Big Sale of Monkey Wrenches.

The buyer of the jobbing house listened to the young man's convincing talk and examined the new monkey-wrench with care. He seemed impressed and asked the price per dozen gross. It was given to him, and he figured on a desk pad for a while and then asked: "What kind of a price could you give me if I took a hundred dozen gross?"

The young man came very near having a heart failure, but he figured for a few moments and made a price.

"Come back to-morrow," said the buyer.

The salesman was elated, for he felt sure that he would make a sale.

Next day when he went back to the wholesale house the buyer said: "We have been figuring and we believe we can handle this wrench to advantage. Of course, if we take hold of it we want the closest price you can make, and we will be willing to give you a big order. What is the output of the factory?"

The salesman did not know.

"You find out what your output for the next five years will be and make us a price on the whole thing."

The young man telegraphed his house and received the information. The buyer gave the immense order and the salesman wired it to his house. In a few hours he received the following message from his employers:

"Congratulations. Having sold out for five years, services no longer required."

Next day he was back in Chicago looking for another job.—Chicago Record.

At the Peace Conference.

The note paper used at the peace conference at The Hague was provided by the manager of the hotel which served as headquarters, and was decorated with a fierce design of cannon, rifles, bombs, swords, and bayonets. A spider weaves his web across the bayonets, the swords lie broken in two, the cannon is spiked, and a dove bearing an olive-branch in its beak, sits calmly upon the muzzle.

Antiquity of the Grip.

The grip is generally supposed to be a modern disease, but the British Medical Journal shows that epidemics of the disease not only broke out so long as fifty years ago, but that they occurred at least 700 years ago, the Handbook of Hirsch listing the epidemics from 1173 to 1874 in ten pages.

She Always Has It.

Willie—Say, pa, is every word in th dictionary?

Pa—No, I guess not, my son. Every little while a new one comes into use.

Willie—What's the last word, then, pa?

Pa—I don't know. Go ask your mother.—Chicago News.

It's only half as bad to make a monodic of yourself as a spectacle.

MUTUALLY PERPLEXED.

Two Old People Who Thought They Knew One Another.

The ships that pass in the night do not trouble us, it is the ships that pass in the daytime, whose signals we can not read, that perplex us. Here is a case mentioned by the Chicago Tribune:

"Why, how do you do?"

Smilingly the man in the brindle suit and brown derby hat held out his hand to the little woman in the gray traveling dress.

"Well, this is a surprise," returned the little woman, shaking him by the hand, and saying to herself, "I ought to know this man. Where have I met him before?"

"It is about a year since I saw you, I think," he said.

"Y—yes, I believe it is," she answered. "By the way—where are you living now?"

"Same old place," he replied, waving his hand.

"She hadn't made any progress. She tried again. 'What are you doing these days?'"

"Oh, just the same old business," he said, airily, as before. "Wasn't it too bad, the way they treated you?"

"You mean that—that time—"

"Yes, that time, you know. It was a shame, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes," she rejoined. "It was too bad. It—it was a shame."

"It was, indeed. Well, I am very glad to have met you again. Good day."

"Thank you. Good day."

"I don't think I could have been mistaken," he muttered, as he walked along; "and yet—"

"I wonder, how," mused the little woman in the gray traveling suit, as she hurried down the street. "If I ever did meet that man before, and I'd give worlds to know who the people were that treated me so badly, and when and where they did it!"

It is an Art that Few People Know.

Few people know how to cough properly. In fact, it never occurs to the ordinary individual that there is any right way and a wrong way of doing it.

Yet it is a matter of no small importance. If every sigh means a drop of blood out of the heart, as people say, every cough means some greater or less proportion of time knocked off one's life.

Most people cough as loudly and forcibly as they can. Some chronic coughers seem a bit proud of the terrible noise they make. But it is a rather costly noise, for the simple reason that it tears and inflames the lungs.

The lungs consist of an extraordinarily delicate sponge-like tissue which sometimes gets inflamed and choked with phlegm. When we try to get rid of this substance we cough. But obviously if we remove it violently we must necessarily injure the delicate lung tissue.

Therefore, train yourself to cough as gently as possible. After a little practice you will find it quite easy to do so. In that way you will do a minimum of mischief to the lungs and add years to your life.

Lawn Playhouses.

The latest novelties in the smart toy shops are large playhouses, to be set upon the lawn for the use of the little girls of the family. These come in very pretty designs, counterparts of the Queen Anne cottages in which the little mothers really live. They are large enough to accommodate three or four little girls and their dolly families.

The interiors consist of one large room, which is furnished with small chairs, tables, couches, beds, bureaus, bookcases and so on, all of which articles of furniture come in very attractive forms and can be purchased at any of the large shops dealing in children's toys and games.

These houses will be welcomed gladly by the little misses, for they open out a vista of afternoon teas, parties and receptions at which the hostess can play at being a real live mamma and social leader. Placed in a shaded corner of the lawn, or out in the orchard, the girls of the family will pass many a happy hour when the sun is too hot for outdoor exercise.

Cider and Bacteria.

Cider is sometimes made with impure water, and there are makers who affirm that dirty water makes the best cider. Hence the Pasteur Institute of France has been examining Normandy ciders to see how far they are free from bacteria. It appears from their results that the malle acid in cider tends to kill bacteria. Ordinary cider contains at least 2 per cent. of malle acid, and when the percentage does not fall below that the bacillus of typhoid dies in it after eighteen or twenty hours. Good cider, then, may be drunk twenty-four hours after it is made without any fear of catching typhoid.

New Baby Incubator.

What the French call a "couveuse," or "baby hatcher" of a new kind, has been invented by Dr. Liffre, and recommended by Dr. Budin, of the Academie de Medecine, Paris. It is designed to foster new-born infants, especially those who are at all weakly, and is virtually a copper cradle closed by a movable plate of glass, warmed by a boiler heated by an oil lamp underneath, and ventilated by narrow air holes. A moist sponge inside keeps the air humid, and a thermometer shows the temperature.

World's Telephones and Telegraphs.

The London Engineer says the approximate mileage of the telegraph and telephone lines of the world is 2,029,503 and the miles of wire amount to 8,254,004. Of telephone lines only there are 382,417 miles, involving the use of 3,302,000 miles of wire.

The Moon May Come Back.

Professor Darwin of Cambridge prophesies that the moon will ultimately return to the earth, whence it was cast off in the remote past.

A Gigantic Map.

A map 137 feet high and 225 feet long, showing the railway system of the United States will form a remarkable feature at the Paris 1900 Exhibition.

A lady writer says a kiss on the forehead denotes reverence for the intellect. Perhaps it does, but the average girl doesn't care for that style of intellectual reverence.

The portrait artist's work is easily done.