

## Science AND INVENTION

The liquefaction of gelatin in old canned meats has been found by Dr. Grisoni to be due to bacteria. As animals were poisoned both by injection and feeding, he concludes that canned meats that splash on being shaken are dangerous unless boiled before use.

The Harvard Observatory announces the discovery, by Professor Wendell, that the asteroid Iris, which was first seen in 1847, exhibits a variation of light resembling that of the new asteroid Eros, which was discovered in 1893. The periodic change in the light of Iris takes place in about six hours, and amounts to two or three-tenths of a magnitude, which is much less than the amount of change exhibited by Eros.

A new method of producing artificial respiration is claimed by Professor Shafer, of Edinburgh, to be much more effective in cases of drowning and asphyxiation than any other. Placing the subject in a prone position, the operator applies pressure with his hands to the lower ribs, and repeats this about thirteen times a minute by swinging himself backward and forward. The common moving the subject's arms is condemned as of little value.

This descriptive phrase is suggested by the grotesque appearance of an animal recently added to the collection of the New York Zoological Park, the blue gnu. It has been said to have the tail and hind quarters of a horse, the legs of a deer, the neck and horns of a buffalo, and a nondescript head which gives it a most fantastic look. The oddity of its appearance is increased by the extraordinary postures it assumes when disturbed. It comes from South Africa.

The old question of the origin of the extreme saltiness of the Dead Sea has received a new answer. William Ackroyd, after showing that the soil and rocks can have furnished but a fraction of the quantity of salt that has collected in the Dead Sea basin, proceeds to argue that the most important source of supply of this salt is atmospheric transportation by winds from the Mediterranean. This view he thinks is confirmed by the fact that the ratio of chlorine to bromine in the Dead Sea is the same as in the Mediterranean.

The perspectartigraph is an ingenious instrument with which Otto Eichenger, of Geneva, makes it easy for the amateur artist to give accurate perspective to landscapes or drawings of any objects. A folding box opens to form a table, and near the top of its extensible sides a telescope is so mounted that as it is moved about in following the details of any view a pencil is made to draw a corresponding line on a sheet of paper beneath. Crossed hairs in the telescope give precision, while the pencil is kept upon the paper by sliding up and down in a suitable holder. Beautiful drawings are made with little or no practice, and specimen work exhibited includes a panorama of the Alps and a view of Geneva.

It is reported from Canadian sources that the government of the Province of Ontario is considering the advisability of withdrawing from sale or lease the as yet unsold nickel lands within its territory, and reserving them for the use of the British Imperial government in the manufacture of armor plate and guns. The Ontario nickel deposits, and those of the island of New Caledonia, a French penal colony in the South Pacific Ocean, are at present the world's most prolific sources of nickel. The metal is not widely distributed. But in Austria a process has been discovered for the manufacture of bronze, which is said to be equal to nickel-steel for making great guns, and the Austrian government has decided to continue the use of bronze instead of nickel-steel for that purpose.

### STORY OF STRANGE BATTLE.

Runaway Slaves Resist Attempt to Capture Them by Soldiers.

On Aug. 24, 1816, occurred a unique and but little known battle, in which within the Spanish boundary, United States forces, with Indian allies, after the conclusion of our war with Great Britain, which we call the war of 1812, fought against negroes using British ammunition and having, like us, Indian allies, says the Chattanooga Times.

Colonel Nichols, a British commander, had built on the east bank of the Apalachicola River (where Fort Gadsden afterward stood) a fort for a refuge for runaway negroes, that they, with Indians, might attack the frontier settlers. It was garrisoned with British and became an Indian rendezvous and fugitive negro slaves settled for some fifty miles along the river, defying the governments of Spain and of our country, but it does not appear that they ever attacked the frontier.

After the war of 1812 closed the British withdrew their garrison, but left the fort in possession of the negroes. These had Indian allies, and a

negro, Garcia, was their leader. The Chattahoochee and Flint form the Apalachicola at the Florida and Georgia boundary, and the fort commanded the Apalachicola and Flint and was a refuge for runaway slaves and a menace to the border settlers. It was on a high bluff projecting into the river, a deep swamp in the rear, and a creek above and below. A parapet fifteen feet high and eighteen feet thick and nine pieces of artillery supplemented the natural advantages. There was plenty of ammunition in the two magazines and the British had left 3,000 stands of arms. But the result showed how feeble are such defenses in the hands of men who do not know how to use them.

Who were the aggressors may never be positively known. We have only our own side of the story. Colonel Clinch, United States army, at Camp Crawford, above, on the Chattahoochee, was expecting provisions, stores and artillery from Apalachicola Bay, and had instructions to reduce the fort in case it opposed their passage. He started down stream in boats with 116 men, in two companies, under Major Muhlenburg and Captain Taylor, encountering on the way a slave-hunting party of Creek Indians under Major McIntosh, on their way to capture the negroes for their owners. These were joined by another party, and the Indians agreed to co-operate with Clinch. Information was received that Garcia and a Choctaw chief had been down the bay and claimed to have killed some Americans and captured a boat. Clinch's force landed near the fort, the Indians were placed to prevent communication and an irregular fire kept up, to which the besieged replied ineffectively with artillery. It is said that some days before some Indian chiefs had demanded the fort's surrender, and that the commander said he had been put in command by the British and intended to sink any American vessels trying to pass, and would blow up the fort when unable to hold it, after which he had hoisted the red flag with the British Jack above. This story may have been invented or enlarged, for Americans under the circumstances would be disappointed at lacking an excuse for attack, and McIntosh was on a slave hunt.

The vessels below came up within four miles, a place was chosen for a battery opposite the fort, the forces of Muhlenburg and Taylor were also placed on the west bank, McIntosh and the Indians with some Americans invested the rear and on the morning of the 24th two gunboats took position in front of the battery and fire was opened on them from a thirty-two pounder in the fort, the reply to which was so successful that speedily a hot shot exploded one of the fort's magazines, after which the defense was impracticable. The garrison of about 100 effectives included about twenty-five Choctaws. Of the women and children, over 200 in number, not more than fifty escaped the explosion. The besiegers suffered no loss. The affair reads like a fight in the Philippines.

A council of Indians condemned Garcia and the Choctaw chief to death for the previous murder of the Americans. The Spanish negro fugitives were delivered to the Spanish agent, the American to Colonel Clinch for their owners. A Seminole party coming down the river to help the fort heard of its fall and went home.

### "Don't Forget."

Many years ago, writes Thomas Bailey Aldrich in "Pongapog Papers," a novel Boston publisher used to keep a large memorandum book on a table in his private office. The volume always lay open, and was in no manner a private affair, being the receptacle of nothing more important than hastily scrawled reminders to attend to this thing or the other.

It chanced one day that a very young, unfledged author, passing through the city, looked in upon the publisher, who was also the editor of a famous magazine. The unfledged had a copy of verses secreted about his person. The publisher was absent, and young Milton sat down and waited.

Presently his eye fell upon the memorandum book, lying there spread out like a morning newspaper, and almost in spite of himself he read, "Don't forget to see the binder," "Don't forget to mail E. his contract," "Don't forget H.'s proofs," and so forth.

An inspiration seized upon the youth. He took a pencil, and at the tail of this long list of "don't forgets" he wrote, "Don't forget to accept A.'s poem."

He left his manuscript on the table and disappeared. That afternoon, when the publisher glanced over his memoranda, he was not a little astonished at the last item; but his sense of humor was so strong that he did accept the poem—it required a strong sense of humor to do that—and sent the laud check for it, although the verses remain to this day unprinted.

### Can Claim Damage.

In Mexico the family of a dead duelist can claim support from the person who shot him.

The masculine idea of an intellectual woman is the one who is as thin as a match and wears glasses.

## THE DRAGONS.

Prince Vortigern—so run the ancient tales—A stronghold sought to build in wildest Wales; But some fell power frustrated each essay, And nightly wrecked the labors of the day; Till Merlin came, and bade the builders all, Beneath the escarp'd and many-bastioned wall, Dig deep; and lo, two dragons, o'er whose lair Nothing secure might rise, lay sleeping there.

Search the foundations, you that build a state, For if the dragon forms of Wrath and Hate Lie coiled below, and darkly bide their hour, Fear walks the rampart, Fear ascends the tower, And let it not content you that they sleep; Drive them with strong enchantments to the deep. First of such charms is Perfect Justice; then Comes the heart's word that conquers beasts and men No other craft shall serve—no spells but these Drive the old dragons to the whelming seas.

—Saturday Review.

## Their Growsome Bridesmaid

GEORGE HAYDEN was really no such great villain after all.

Put baldly, he had merely flirted with a girl of a lower position in life than his own, and left her. Yet circumstances and the girl had before long made the affair seem a heartless tragedy, and for two miserable years George Hayden had been haunted by it.

There was no doubt that he had made love, generally with gay nonchalance, occasionally with fervor, to Kate Moon, of Mossdyke farm.

It was during that summer when he was off fishing in Devon, and the weather was beyond reproach—except for fishing. The trout would not bite, and Kate Moon was beautiful, tall and black haired, with a complexion of the proverbial Devon milk and roses; a magnificent, passionate, impulsive girl.

It was an artistic pleasure to him to see her coming toward him in her lilac-cotton gown—she always wore lilac-cotton gowns—like any one else's, full gathered and dainty, with a bordering of palest pink around hem and waist; the effect was one of lavender and roses.

It was when the rector came back after his holiday, bringing with him his sister, his niece and—quite by coinci-

dent, and his heart leaped. He could see, too, that Sybil was happy to meet him.

For weeks he sunned himself in joy, and tried to banish Kate. Then one day he faced the ghost and reasoned with himself in a logical, sensible manner, and his state of mind became more normal, and he asked himself why he should not be happy.

Next morning, on the hill, he broke into the first love words he had uttered since he dawked with Kate by the Devonshire river.

"I love you!" he cried out, as he and Sybil sat resting in the noonday. "Sybil, I can't live without you! I have hungered for you since I first met you two years ago!"

"I love you, too!" she said, simply, when she could find voice. And Hayden held her in his arms for a rapturous moment.

When he glanced up, his arms still about her, a girl was passing along the hill below—a dark-haired girl, in a lilac gown. It was, of course, merely a coincidence.

Hayden shivered and loosed his clasp. The old haunted feeling had returned. He had an impulse to tell Sybil the whole wretched story, but it would be a gloomy beginning to the first hour of his new happiness. Besides which, Mrs. Dove came into sight at the moment.

Those were strange months, those months of engagement. There were hours when both Hayden and Sybil were wildly gay; but again there were hours when a cloud hung over them, when something seemed to be between them, checking their words as if a third person were listening.

In himself Hayden could understand the feeling, for even now, spite of argument, spite of happy future, he could not throw off the recollection of Kate Moon and her despair. But the same mood in Sybil he could not understand. Was the drowned girl always to be between them? Hayden groaned.

"Tell her, I say, tell her, or—"

In desperation Hayden caught up his hat. "I'll stroll down to the church," he muttered hastily the evening before the wedding, after hours of gloom in which he had seen the dead girl walking between himself and his living bride. "I'll see how the decorations are getting on."

It was a lovely old building of gray stone, far famed for its many windows of stained glass, which in a close line told in rich purples and crimsons the story of Joseph and his brethren.

One or two gardeners were busy at the choir stalls; some girls talking in subdued tones were garlanding a pillar. Hayden watched their deftness. Then with a tender impulse he turned his eyes to the altar, where he would kneel to-morrow beside—

A sudden horror clutched him, the blood surged within him and deafened him. Bending at the altar step was a dark-haired figure in a lilac gown with a pink band across the hem.

Hayden groped with his hand, and clutching a pew door, closed his eyes in a despairing faintness. His bondage was to be relentless.

When he looked again the figure was gone. The girls at the pillar had turned from their work to speak to another. Unseen in his misery, Hayden stole out at the porch, stunned and cold in the sunshine.

Hayden never forgot the night which followed, as he lay, unnerved and hopeless, waiting for his wedding day, and facing in all their details the two years past and the many years to come, from the day when he had played a summer's game with the heart of a girl to all the days when he should live close to the girl he loved, and feel himself a murderer.

Toward morning he began to take a more ordinary view of the matter. This was his wedding day—sunny, happy, glorious. He had been in an excited, unnatural state of mind yes-

terday. He had brooded so long that his remorse was abnormal.

"The prettiest wedding the village had ever seen," the people said afterward. The pews were packed and a subdued buzz of comment played about Hayden's ears as he waited.

He had not allowed himself much time to kill; but, supported by his best man, he took his place about five minutes before the bride was expected. He determined to throw off useless self-reproaches and do his best in the future.

The brightly colored crowd was an undistinguishable whole to him; but at the end of the aisle was a shaft of brilliant light; it streamed through the porch, and into and through it walked a double line of beauty.

They came on in the sunshine and halted till the end of the lines was inside the door, then they widened the space between them and lined the lower half of the little aisle.

The smile on Hayden's face snapped off as suddenly as if struck by a hand; his features became stiff and ashen-colored; a roar seemed to be filling the church and hurting his brain, the building itself heaved about him.

But the figure on which his eye had first smilingly rested stood motionless. She stood nearest to him, as first bridesmaid, her back slightly turned; a drooping hat almost hid her features, but she was dark-haired and splendidly poised, and her gown was of lilac with a pink band about the hem! Lilac, among the white gowns beside her!

Then he felt a hand grip his arm firmly. "Keep up, old man, she's coming," some one said.

Then a hush, then a stir filled the church, and between the waiting bridesmaids, shutting from his sight that terrifying form, came Sybil toward him; and chilled, horror-filled, as one in a dream, he stepped to meet her.

"Tell her, I say, tell her—" was in his ears as the marriage service began.

A strange vow mingled with Hayden's marriage vows. "Tell her?" "I will." "I will." "I vow it."

There was no lilac gown among the bridesmaids surrounding her when he took her away. He could see no one like Kate Moon.

But he told Sybil all the story as they drove toward their new life; and she listened with flushed, averted cheek.

But when he had finished, and a moment's silence like a concrete block of despair had followed, she turned to him and wept upon his shoulder. And "How you must both have suffered!" were her first sobbing words.

But because she was frightened by the new suffering the telling of the tale had cost him, she did not say that she had known the story all along, and that the silence had been as an avenging ghost between them.

One day, long after, when Hayden and his wife strolled into the old church, he noticed a curious thing.

Sybil had walked toward the chancel while Hayden halted by the door, and as she stood a moment in the aisle he saw her white gown turn to lilac in the sunlight, and a band of rose-color fell across the hem.

For a moment the blood flushed into his face, and all the miserable past rose before him.

Then, as he looked, Sybil moved forward and her gown was white again—and again as she moved it was splashed with color.

Then in swift enlightenment he looked up at the famous windowed story of Joseph and he understood.

"It was all for the best, though," he said to himself at last, and in unutterable relief he followed his wife and stood again beside her before the altar.—Utica Globe.

### The Plea and the Evidence.

Almost any clerk will take his hat in hand when approaching his employer, but the native clerk in India is deferential by nature. Tit Bits gives a characteristic bit of baboo English written by one who wanted a holiday:

"Most Exalted Sir—It is with most habitually devout expression of my most sensitive respect that I approach the clemency of your masterful position with the self-dispraising utterance of my esteem, and the also forgotten-by-myself assurance that in my own mind I shall be freed from the assumption that I am asking unpardonable donations if I assert that I desire a short respite from my exertions—indeed, a fortnight's holiday, as I am suffering from three boils, as per margin.

"I have the honorable delight of subscribing myself your exalted reverence's servant. X."

Apparently the young man feared that his humble and touching epistle would not suffice. In the margin he had drawn a rough but graphic picture, showing the location of the three boils upon his own person.

### Queer Request.

"There were others present at the time," Miss Ouden was saying coyly, "and he asked if he couldn't see me apart."

"The idea!" exclaimed Miss Bitter; "just because your teeth and hair are false, does he think you come apart?" —Philadelphia Ledger.



"TELL HER ABOUT ME AND SEE WHAT SHE'LL SAY."