

A Feudal Courtship

By HENRY F. KEENAN

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the door closed behind him that luckless night, Teddy stood a moment, smiling softly. He expected to have it reopen for another tender adieu, but as he heard over the heavy handle a firm hand was planted on his mouth, his legs were lifted from the step and in an instant he was seated in a carriage. That he recalled distinctly, but afterward he had no memory of the journey or his captors until he awoke with the sun streaming in upon him through the narrow panel of a port-hole. At the same moment he was conscious of the rolling movement of a craft at sea, the tread of feet above his head and the drawing tones of the skipper. He was in a very comfortable bunk in a very completely fitted cabin.

His first glance informed him that he was not free, for his narrow windows were barred with ornamental brass bars. He knew without trying it that the door was locked. His head ached atrociously, and his throat was parched as after a long ride in the sun. He drank copiously from the pitcher and scanned the water outside. He could catch a faint outline of banks that seemed familiar, but he was not certain. Then he tried to reconstruct the events of the night. It was more than he could do. Beyond the abduction at Kitty's door his mind retained nothing. He must wait the pleasure of his tormentors to learn whether the affair was a joke or a villainy. He was minded to ring and make a row, but as the craft was at sea there would be no advantage in hastening events.

Still, as the moments passed and no one paid any heed, he set up an outcry. It was labor lost. He was still incapable of coherent thinking and threw himself on the couch dazed with doubt, but in no alarm. It was Kitty he was thinking of, wondering if she knew of the villainy that kept him from her. He was almost terrified to find some one standing beside him, as he had not heard a lock turn nor noise of an opening door. A nattily equipped steward held a tray on his arm as he spoke:

"Do you feel like some breakfast, Mr. Acton?"

"Where am I? Whose vessel is this? How came I here?" Teddy asked, seizing the youth's disengaged arm.

"Orders are to feed you and answer no questions," the young man replied, with respectful precision.

"But—Teddy stopped. He recognized the familiarity of pursuing inquiry after the lad's explanation. He ate with a relish the fruit on the salver and felt able to think when he had swallowed a cup of coffee. He observed when the steward went out that he made a tapping signal on the door, which was opened by invisible hands on the outside. He was convinced by this that the baseness was serious when the perpetrator made confidants of so many. Presently the door was again opened, and to his amazement Count Malster entered with punctilious deliberation.

"May I come in?" he said gayly, as the door closed with the significant click behind him.

"It is you, then?" Teddy half gasped.

"What does this baseness mean? I suppose you know that you are not in Germany, where rank is a law to itself."

"Ah, dear sir, you are agitated; I assure you no harm is done—on the contrary, great gain, great advantages to you."

"What the devil do you—how dare you meddle with me?"

"In that tone I will answer briefly. You know that Miss Van Guedres was my fiancée; you gained her attention by despicable arts. You made her believe ill of foreign fortune hunters. You put an affront upon me and my family—a family older than any sovereign race in Europe. You have made me ridiculous in my clubs—in every capital in Europe. I have done as my family always have done. We have humbled the pride of a Hohenzollern; we've made reigning princes bow in humility; we've forced amends from the laughtiest monarch Europe ever knew—Charles V. of Spain. Do you suppose that I could quietly endure the role your marriage with this fickle girl would place me in? No. You are morally ruined. You are now known in New York only as the thief of Miss Van Guedres' marriage gifts; they disappeared the hour after you left her house. Detectives are en route all over the seaboard for you. Were you to appear at the Van Guedres' door this moment you would be received with handcuffs. In fact, you've come to the end of your fortunes in the Van Guedres' direction. Now, as I'm not vengeful or unnecessarily vindictive, here's what I have arranged for you to do: The jewels are in your luggage in a safe place. You will copy this letter. You will be landed in South America as soon as I have quit the vessel. The jewels, in value \$100,000 or even more, will await you in Rio Janeiro. I should be disposed to add to the sum if you find the \$100,000 insufficient. Here's the letter, which, when you have copied and signed, will be sent from the next port."

Teddy, stupefied, listened to the astounding villainy, incapable of interrupting a word. Even when the count bowed for he had seated himself with a quiet composure—the wretched victim sat quite helpless, speechless. As the door closed behind the apparition of miscreancy the wretched Teddy threw himself against the panel with a wild execration of mingled loathing and horror. Even then he could not realize the devilish ingenuity of the destruction intended him. But his eye fell on the neatly arranged sheets of paper the scoundrel had laid softly on the table. Mechanically he read:

It adds to the enormity of my guilt to force you to read these lines. In a certain sense they are a mitigation, for it is better that you should know from my own pen that I am unworthy of you than to forever doubt, as it is in the nature of the loyal, when love has once been given, I will not attempt to avow the ignoble complications that have compelled me to feign the theft of your jewels in the least of my culpability.

With a gasp and a malediction that sounded like the bursting of metal he tore the malignant declaration into fragments and then stamped upon them with howls of fairly demonic wrath. "The infernal miscreant! Ah, if he would show his face I'll— But Teddy had been doctored by a cunning hand. His strength gave out; he fell, completely collapsed. How long he groaned and tossed he couldn't guess, but when he was conscious of himself again and his surroundings the perfect stranger figure and serene smile of the count were before him. He strove to rise, but found himself strapped to the bunk. He glared at his enemy in impotent fury.

"You have not signed your confession?"

"If it is ever signed it will be with your blood, you know. But Teddy couldn't find revilement strong enough; he fairly choked at the thought of being so near and yet so helpless to throttle the incredible wretch.

"You lack repose, my good fellow," the count went on, gazing at his victim curiously. "It's a characteristic of you Yankees; you do everything with violence. Listen, there is absolutely no choice for you in this matter; that is, if you are sane. This yacht is at sea. I can have the pleasure of your company for years, or I can have you as my guest, rather, for I shall quit you soon. Now, in New York you can never appear again. The form of letter I submit to you seems to me a duty to the lady who honored you until you dishonored her. So far as I'm concerned, I don't care a straw whether you return to New York or not, but I must warn you that every hour's delay brings Miss Van Guedres' life in peril. Don't you mind even that?" he asked, with just an infection of surprise, for Teddy had remained quite impassive.

"Ah, I see. You don't believe me. Well, you shall see. He took a small jewel case from his vest pocket and opening it drew from it a ring, which sent a flash of light athwart the narrow cabin. "You recognize the jewel?"

"It is the duplicate of the one Miss Van Guedres did me the honor to accept in your presence. You recollect, eh?"

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He sat the pig down. It scampered over the floor perhaps five minutes. Suddenly it staggered, fell over on its side and noiselessly stiffened into death.

"Of course," the count continued, "a human form could not be attacked so swiftly. Still, I could do for you in an hour if that were my mind. On the whole, I think you will see that it will be a matter of life or death for you to write and sign the paper. I leave you a fresh copy, as perhaps in your agitation you'd disfigure the other."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INFLAMMABLE AIR.

The Product Dr. Hales Distilled From Coal. In the early days of the last century Sir Walter Scott, writing from London to a friend in Edinburgh, said, "There is a fool here who is trying to light the city with smoke." Sir Walter's "smoke" was not a human invention. Accumulations of gas from coal beds found their way to the surface and, being highly inflammable, attracted the attention of men who erected altars over them and their perpetual fires were dedicated to the gods. For thousands of years the Chinese have speculated upon the meaning of the natural gas which has escaped abundantly from the earth in several provinces. In 1726 Dr. Hales informed chemists that by distilling a few grains of coal he had obtained an equal number of cubic inches of "inflammable air" and that if attempted on a large scale millions upon millions of cubic feet of that valuable substance could be made and conveyed unseen along the highways of the land and become the means for obtaining perpetual day. In 1813 Sir Walter's "smoke" was burned on Westminster bridge in London, and one year later the streets of St. Margaret, Westminster, enjoyed illumination from gas, it being the first parish contracting for such a luxury.

VIOLIN MOODS.

Little Things That Make an Instrument Lose Its Tone. Some obscure but definite change takes place in the material of the body of a violin through the vibrations of the music produced, and it is very possible that some stages of this change are detrimental to the tone. The style of playing is said to influence the change, and rest checks it.

The maturing of a violin has been compared with the growth of a child who progressively increases in wisdom and stature, but has stages of weakness due to the irregular development of parts.

The tone of an instrument is also gravely influenced by the setting up of the movable parts, the sound post, the strings, the bridge and even the pegs.

Many instruments lose much of their power or sweetness if the sound post be altered a fractional amount from its best position and angle, if the bridge is inclined a little more or less or shifted if the strings are not exactly suited to the violin. Some instruments prefer one pitch and others another, and all vary with the weather. In addition to this the best players have moods when they cannot play, and the instrument is often blamed for these.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Almost All Deaths Are Practically Without Physical Pain. Death nearly always ensues from cessation of the heart's action, whatever it may be that causes it to stop. Almost the only exception to this rule is in the case of poisoning with prussic acid, where the whole body becomes dead before the heart ceases to beat.

It is scientifically certain that almost all deaths, even those that are seemingly most agonizing, are practically without pain. The fear of extinction may cause mental agitation amounting to pain while consciousness exists, but that is quite another thing.

In death by burning pain ceases at an early stage. In execution, while a man killed by a gunshot wound probably does not know that he has been hit, the action of the bullet being more rapid than the message to the brain announcing it. For this reason wounded men sometimes drop without knowing in what they die.

In chest diseases pain is relieved by suffocation at death, and in fevers the nervous system becomes depressed to such utter apathy as to induce quite a painless end.

HE COULD WRITE.

Edmond Rostand, the great French writer, was on one occasion the hero of an amusing episode. During a visit to a friend in the country M. Rostand was requested to accompany him to the mairie in order to register the friend's newborn infant. The adjunct of the mairie, a conscientious little man, booked the infant and then turned to M. Rostand as the first witness. "Your name, sir?" "Edmond Rostand." "Your vocation?" "Man of letters and member of the French academy." "Very well," replied the official. "You have to sign your name. Can you write? If not you may make a cross."

A young man once took a sack of corn to an old-fashioned mill to have it ground into meal. The mill was fearfully slow, only a faint stream of meal trickling out. At last the young man became impatient and complained to the miller. "Do you know," he said, "I could eat that meal faster than your old mill can grind it." "Yes," replied the miller, "but how long could you keep on eating it?" "Until I starved," was the conclusive answer of the young man.

CURIOUS.

"There's one curious thing about discovering places," said Johnny. "Take Bermuda, for instance. It was discovered by a man named Bermudez. How he happened to stumble on a place with a name just like his beats me."

IMPOSSIBLE.

Tommy was telling his mother about the wonderful things he saw at the country fair. When he claimed to have seen a monster pig that was bigger than his father his mother accused him of exaggerating.

"It is impossible," she said.—New York Press.

LEGENDS OF THE SEA.

WEIRD SPECTRAL SHIPS DOOMED TO ENDLESS VOYAGES.

The Flying Dutchman of Evil Fame Appears in Many Kinds of Sea Lore. Block Island's Fiery Remnant of the Wreckers of Colonial Days.

Among the multitude of superstitions to which the sea has given birth not the least interesting are those concerning weird spectral ships doomed by some irrevocable decree of fate to sail the wide seas over till eternity, without hope of ever once entering a harbor of safety. Conspicuous among these is the Flying Dutchman, or, rather, Flying Dutchmen, for there are innumerable versions of this legend, which have been colored and designed to concure with the various fancies and ideas of different nationalities.

It is not improbable that the original Flying Dutchman was that described in the old Norse tradition of a viking who had sacrilegiously stolen a ring from the gods, and whose skeleton was ever afterward seen seated on the mainmast of a black spectral ship enveloped in fire, to behold which foreboded wreck and disaster. A later Danish variation of this story no doubt inspired Longfellow's lines describing—

And is called the Carminean. . . .

Without a helmsman steers—

Tradition says of this ship that a hideous crew of sailors sat on the bowsprit smoking a horrid pipe filled with a more pernicious weed than tobacco, and it betide the luckless vessel that encountered her, for—

Over her decks the seas will leap. She must go down into the deep.

And the most generally accepted version of the Flying Dutchman, however, is that of the pighedend Dutch captain who swore he would round the Cape of Storms in the teeth of a terrific hurricane. His fatuous determination scared the crew out of their wits and culminated in threats of mutiny. Eventually they became omnipotent, a humble apology for his previous blunder. By chance he had found in his desk the manuscript of the very article in question. Written as it had been years before, it had passed entirely from his mind, "and you may tell your young Boston lawyer," he concluded, "that he knows my style better than I know it myself!"—Youth's Companion.

THE SAND WASP.

Ingenuous Manner in Which This Insect Uses a Hammer. The deliberate use of a tool by a little sand wasp might well be supposed to indicate reasoning power, says an exchange. A well known naturalist, Dr. Peckham, watched a wasp dig a hole in the earth and deposit therein an egg. To counter with a spider which she had stung into paralysis to feed the grub which should be hatched in due course. Then she filled up the hole with sand or earth and jammed it down with her head.

When at last the filling was level with the ground she brought a quantity of fine grains of dirt to the spot, picked up a small pebble in her mandibles and used it as a hammer in pounding them down with rapid strokes, thus making this spot as hard and firm as the surrounding surface. Before we could recover from our astonishment at this performance she had dropped her stone and was bringing more earth.

In a moment we saw her pick up the pebble and again pound the earth into place with it. Once more the whole process was repeated, and then the little creature flew away.

"The whole of this performance," writes Sir Herbert Maxwell in "Memoirs of the Months," "is so unexpected that even Dr. Peckham's high reputation as a scrupulous observer might fall to convince skeptics that he had not been deceived, but similar behavior has been recorded independently by Dr. Williston of Kansas university."

BARBAROUS ENGINES.

Man Traps and Spring Guns Once in Use in England. We were reminded the other day of some of the incidents of country life of former years by the offering for sale at a London auction mart of a couple of man traps. These engines were used upon a time part of the chateaux of well high every considerable landowner and every energetic gamekeeper. Another implement was the spring gun, which turned on a swivel and discharged itself as soon as one of the connecting wires was stumbled against, the muzzle of the gun turning in the direction of the trespasser as indicated by the wire, the guilty party generally receiving a coating of pitch if of nothing worse. The man traps sold the other day were probably the first some of the attendants at the sale ever saw and were of the old formidable pattern—that is to say, they resembled a glorified gin. They measured seven feet in length and were just about three feet in height, so that they would catch a poacher well above the knee, and once slipped there he would remain till his cries or the ordinary round of the keepers led at once to his release and capture. The spring gun gave its alarm, and watchers were speedily in attendance. There was something very barbarous about the use of these engines, which were not so very long ago quite common. In fact, people need not be very old to have seen boards bearing the legend, "Beware of man traps and spring guns."—London Field.

THE POLITE PORTER.

There is a large town on the North Carolina railway which, it is said, boasts itself as possessing the most polite porters on the system. Everything is relative. Recently a lady having secured a porter at this station told him after her small luggage had been removed from the carriage to get the rest of it from the van.

He returned presently empty handed, with the observation: "Beg pardon, ma'am, but y're a liar. There's none 't in the van."

In the south a similar official would have said, "If it's in the van I'll get it for ye."—London Spectator.

SHOULD BE GRATEFUL.

"Yes, sir, Charley says Miss De Witt made a perfect monkey out of him."

"Has he thanked her yet for the improvement she brought about?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

WOODEN RHEUMATISM.

"And you say the rheumatism's in your left leg, colonel?"

"It is, sir."

"Why; that's your wooden leg?"

"I know it, sir," replied the colonel. "That makes it all the harder."—Allan's Constitution.

TOO HARD.

Farmer's Wife—Why have you left that piece of steak I sent out for you? Tramp (indignantly)—I didn't ask for work, ma'am. I asked for something to eat.—Illustrated Bites.

STYLE IN WRITING.

An Incident That Showed How Well Choate Knew De Quincy. It is the fashion to laugh gently at any claim of a special sense for style in writing. Most people really believe that Mr. Brown and Mr. Johnson will order a car load of potatoes in substantially the same words and that Lord Bacon and Master Shakespeare wrote enough alike to deceive their dearest friends. But occasionally one comes upon an illustration that goes to prove style in writing is as distinctive to the trained eye as color is.

Many years ago James T. Fields was making a collection of the writings of De Quincy. The essays were widely scattered in various periodicals and were often hard to identify. Mr. Fields knew Rufus Choate as a devoted student of De Quincy and wrote him one day asking his opinion as to a certain article. Was it by De Quincy or not?

Mr. Choate replied that it certainly was. There could be no mistaking the style of the piece. A few weeks later Mr. Choate received, through Mr. Fields, a letter from De Quincy denying absolutely and somewhat indignantly the authorship of the article. But Choate was not of the stuff to yield his opinion for a trifle like that. He wrote to Mr. Fields, "I still believe that De Quincy wrote the essay, De Quincy to the contrary notwithstanding."

Doubtless Mr. Fields read the note with a smiling countenance, "That's just like Choate's confidence in his own judgment!"

Months elapsed. One day there came a letter from De Quincy containing a humble apology for his previous blunder. By chance he had found in his desk the manuscript of the very article in question. Written as it had been years before, it had passed entirely from his mind, "and you may tell your young Boston lawyer," he concluded, "that he knows my style better than I know it myself!"—Youth's Companion.

WOMAN AND FASHION.

A Stylish Frock. Spanglier dresses are greatly liked for blue girls and allow of many charming combinations. This one is quite novel and shows the straps widened to form epaulettes, while the skirt is laid in box plaits that are trimmed to simulate pointed straps. As illustrated the material is of blue and



GIRL'S SUNDRESS COSTUME.

white chills trimmed with silk braid and worn over a gumpie of white. The gumpie is made with a shallow round yoke of tucking banded with embroidered insertion, to which the full front and backs are joined. The quantity of material required for a girl of ten years of age is four and three-eighths yards (twenty-seven, two and three-eighths yards forty-four or two and one-third yards fifty-two inches wide, with two yards thirty-six inches wide and a half yard of tucking for gumpie.

THE NEW BELTS.

Crushed velvet and velveteen belts are among the novelties for autumn. All over shirred effects are the latest corners in beltdom. Some are on an elastic frame; others have a piece of elastic at the back.

Oriental belts are among the newest additions to the fashionable girl's varied supply of waist accessories.

Japanese, Chinese or Bulgarian belts are very effectively and consistently finished by buckles of jade, amber, crystal or chrysolite.

Very unusual and therefore correspondingly popular is a crushed belt of Turkish embroidery, bordered with leather and completed with leather straps and harness buckles.

BROWN THE COLOR FOR AUTUMN.

Brown will be the great autumn color, and all sorts of freakish shades will be in vogue. Chocolate brown will be used for street wear, and the golden brown is another favorite. Brown with a yellow cast is a brand new shade. Many of the newest brown costumes demand boots and stockings to match and a hat of corresponding hue. The summer brown suits for men were popular. Brown is not the best color to buy for one who has not many clothes. It is a shade of which one tires quickly, and it suits the fewest women.

FOR FALL WEAR.

The modes of the periods of the three Louises—XIV, XV, and XVI—are a source of inspiration to the dress-makers at the present moment. The model represented shows a gown in



BROADCLOTH COSTUME.

mode broadcloth, light and supple as chiffon. The jacket comes just to the curve of the hips, is close fitting at back and sides, and the front follows the straight line, a single dart adjusting the fit. A double row of handsome buttons appears down the front, and those on the cuff are a trifle smaller.

As to Winter Furs. Mink is to be more used than ever the coming winter, and ermine will be used for trimming for muffs and evening wraps and for small pieces for the neck. Chinchilla is another long standing favorite and will again largely be used.

Fox, as always, will be much worn, and that in the Isabella and sable hues as well as in the rare and natural hues of black and blue.

"DIFFERENT."

The abuse to which the word "different" is subject from writers who imagine that "two different men" means nothing more than "two men" was illustrated by the following sentence from a report in a daily newspaper of a terrible powder mill explosion: "Two human heads were found in the ruins of the mill. They are assumed to have belonged to two different employees."

If you be poor, do not seem poor if you would avoid insult as well as suffering.

FACTS IN FEW LINES.

Eggs of Indian game fowls are worth \$1,200 a dozen.

Zanzibar apples sell for \$100 apiece, and they are not large.

Devil's lake, in North Dakota, is now boasting of a sea serpent.

In fifty years suicide has increased in Great Britain by 200 per cent.

The total number of British troops in South Africa is 21,500, and their annual cost amounts to \$15,500,000.

The number of outdoor and indoor paupers in London on the last day of the third week of June was 108,428.

The tiger hunt in the central provinces of India during 1903 resulted in the killing of 199 tigers and 190 men.

Ripules seek the light, but independently of heat. In winter they often leave comfortable and warm retreats to seek the sunlight.

An elderly Briton gentleman claims to be the "record" omnibus rider of England. For the last twenty-five years, with the exceptions of Sundays and holidays, he has journeyed each day to the city on the same bus and occupied exactly the same seat.

German acrobats are superseding the English in England. The reason of this is that Germany has a remarkable number of circuses—the best places for the training of acrobats. Only about one in ten of the boys who enter on the training is found physically suited to the work.

In a case involving the management of an English insane asylum several former inmates were called as witnesses, and the king's counsel who called them remarked that they were as sane as any one in the court. The judge on the bench showed no enthusiasm at the announcement.

Sometimes buried landscapes exist in countries now densely inhabited. Recent investigation has shown that one lies beneath the region in England known as "barrowwood forest." The rocky projections seen there are the peaks and crests of a buried mountain chain belonging to the old red sandstone period.

The other day, just as the tide in the Thames was turning from ebb to flow and the fish were coming up the river again, a very heavy rain, following several days of drought, suddenly flushed the sewers of London, and the rush of foul water killed the fishes by the million, so that the dead bodies covered the banks for miles.

The telegraph line from Vienna to Czernowitz is the longest line in Europe which uses the duplex system, being 639 miles long. The system was adopted a few months ago, as it was found necessary to increase the capacity of the line, which takes all the matter for Roumania, southeastern Russia and a part of Bulgaria.

A dog eleven years old, fat, intelligent and affectionate, was seized for the first time with convulsions, without loss of consciousness, when sharply reprimanded by his master. After this the animal was taken with a similar attack whenever his master entered the house, the convulsion taking the place of his customary manifestation of joy.

Cretinism, which is one form of idiocy, is curable, according to Professor von Wagner of Vienna. He has treated fifty-two cases with thyroid gland and finds improvement in body and mind in all cases, even when the patients had passed the age of growth. All improved in their power of speech, and some of the children were made fit to attend school.

From Jericho to the Dead Sea, the Jordan and back to Jericho carriages pass when the mud is not too deep, although there is no made road. Carriages go from Yafa to Gaza, forty miles; from Yafa to Haifa, at the foot of Mount Carmel, sixty miles, and from Gaza across the desert to Beer-sheba, although no made roads exist. Beer-sheba is nearly two days' journey south of Hebron.

The English promoter is getting ready for events in the land of the lama. In one day in London recently the following new companies were registered: Copper Mines of Tibet, Lassa Gold Mines, Lassa Exploration Company, Lead Mines of Tibet, Tibet Mining and Finance company, Tibet Mines and Minerals company, Tibet Exploration company, Tibet Corporation and Goldfields of Tibet.

The projected electric railway between Berlin and Hamburg would cost 70,000,000 marks single track, and 150,000,000 marks double track. The distance is to be covered in an hour and fifty-five minutes. It is estimated that 650,000 passengers a year could be counted on, and a single track road would pay expenses if there were only 520,000. For a double track 850,000 would be required.

Since a French engineer named Gammond planned a submarine tunnel in 1877 various projects have been advanced for connecting England with the continent. The latest is the suggestion of Brunau-Varilla, who wants to build a tunnel to within three kilometers of England and thence a bridge, which England, which has not favored a tunnel, could destroy at any time in case of danger of a foreign invasion, thus rendering the tunnel useless.

The old three-decker Duke of Wellington, once the pride of the British navy, is being broken up at Portsmouth. She was launched in 1852 and headed the fleet that went to the Baltic when war was declared against Russia in 1854. At that time she was the biggest man-of-war in the world, though her tonnage was only 6,071. But she carried 121 guns. "She can fire 290 shots a minute. What can stand up to her?" said a London paper. She was of wood, of course, and represented the produce of seventy-six acres of forest oak, reckoned at forty oaks, 100 years old, to the acre.

The Realization. "Hear you're been speculating, old man. What did you realize?" "I realized that I was a blamed fool," replied the other man sorely.—Cincinnati Tribune.

NOTHING TO SHOW.

Young Kallow—You guaranteed that elixir you sold me to raise a beard and mustache in six weeks' time. Druggist—Yes? Young Kallow—Yes, and I want to say it's a barefaced lie.—Exchange.