Bohemia Nugget

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COTTAGE GROVE ... OREGON.

It costs something to live these days, but it is even more expensive to die.

If a man is inclined to lead a fast life he should lead it to the nearest hitching-post and tie it.

When a woman begins to have a double chin she ceases to hate to recognize her grandchildren in public.

An old bachelor says it is evidently a greater pleasure to die for some women than it is to live with them.

King Leopold, of Belgium, would doubtless feel safer if he could take his automobile to bed with him.

If a man tries to stand on his dignity the chances are that some less dignified chap will come along and sit on him.

After all, Miss Stone might never have been released if Major Pond had not thought it would pay to bring her back.

J. Pierpont Morgan, having secured control of about everything on the surface, is going into the underground railway business.

The sadness of a man who has loved and lost is frequently exceeded by that of the poor unfortunate who loved and failed to lose.

Prince Henry says the Americans are not a nation of mere dollar hunters. The swiftness of the Prince's perceptions is simply amazing.

After a girl has been referred to in print as "a beauty," it is pretty hard to get her to return to the old belief that life is a dreary waste.

There are people inquisitive enough to want to know how many times in seventeen years, anyhow, the seventeen-year locusts may be expected.

The troubles which have fallen to the lot of Queen Wilhelmina during the past few months show very conclusively that the pathway of royalty may be anything but a rosy one.

Says Mr. D. B. Hill: "It is perhaps difficult to predict how Jefferson, if he were alive to-day, would meet the difficulties which we encounter." Simple old Jeff! He'd have a sad time of it these days.

Joe Jefferson ran threequarters of a mile the other day to escape from a crowd of women who wanted to kiss him. Eye witnesses say the grand old man put up a sprint that would have been wonderful even for a professional.

An Illinois justice has decided that a man's wife is entitled to the money paid for the eggs laid by their hens. Oh, wise judge! Let the old man and the old rooster divide their profits; but the lady is surely entitled to the hen and the emoluments derived therefrom.

Does the higher education of women tend to increase their power of self-control? A remark bearing upon the question is credited to President Thomas of Bryn Mawr College. A fire recently destroyed a building in which a number of the young women students lived. The president said that if the fire had occurred twenty-five years ago there would have been seventy-five girls in tears, but at the time of the disaster she did not see one girl weeping.

You may go about among nine-tenths of the comfortable homes in almost any civilized country and find the sun is counted by the typical housewife her especial foe. She does not allow him even to peep into her parlor, that holy of holies, where her best furniture and her finest carpets and costliest hangings are—oh, no! Science has clearly shown that sunlight properly used decreases morality. Both physically and morally we should let the sunlight have free right of way into our lives. If we let it into the physical sphere it will find its own way into the moral. There is no such thing as too much sunlight.

Two forest reserves will shortly be established by Presidential proclamation in the sand hill district of Nebraska: one, the Dismal River reserve, between the Dismal and Middle Loup Rivers, containing 86,000 acres; the other, the Niobrara reserve, between the Niobrara and Snake Rivers, 128,000 acres. Neither of these reserves contains mining or agricultural land, and but little private land. Some of the area is now or has been covered by forests, and the reserves are easily accessible from the settled country. In this unique work of converting what is really a sand plain into a forest region the government foresters will cooperate with the forestry department of the University of Nebraska. It has for some time been the conviction of those who should know that these long stretches of sand hills can be forested, and that some portions of them are more valuable for forestry than for any other purpose, and can be given increased value. In the meantime the reserves will, as the Secretary of Agriculture says, improve the general condition of that country by growing timber to check the winds, retain the soil moisture, and provide fuel, posts, and other supplies for settlers.

Mark Twain has bought a house. This may seem nothing unusual for a man to do, but it means a good deal in this particular case. Mark Twain, as probably you know, was a partner in a publishing house that failed for a large sum nine years ago. It not only swallowed up all of the money he had earned by his books, but he also found himself with unpaid notes to the amount of several hundred thousand dollars. Mark Twain was 58 years old at the time, an age when a man naturally begins to think of lying back on his oars and taking life easier. Many a man would have let this reverse end his usefulness. Not so, Mark Twain. "Never mind," he said, "I'll have to go to work again and make some more money." He started around the world on a lecturing tour shortly after this and out of the proceeds of the lecture and the book he wrote telling of his experiences, he paid off the notes dollar for dollar. Then he kept on working, in order to have something laid by for his old age. As he paid pretty nearly $50,000 for this new home, it looks as if he had accomplished his purpose. All this would sound almost like the tragedy a similar state of affairs made out of Sir Walter Scott's life, were it not for the fact that Mark Twain has accustomed the people to expect him to look on the humorous side of things, and so they can hardly take him seriously. Sir Walter Scott cleared himself of debt—and died. Fortunately it is that Mark Twain has accomplished a similar task, and still lives to make the world laugh.

There is a certain feature of international relations which has come into existence almost imperceptibly, but has grown to great importance. In somewhat the same way that townships and counties pay taxes toward the support of the States, the United States government contributes to projects in which the world is interested. The diplomatic and consular bill which this year passed Congress, as usual, with little debate and practically no opposition, contained provision for several of these "world taxes," one was for our share of the expenses of the "International Bureau of the Permanent Court of Arbitration," created by the convention concluded at The Hague in 1899. Another was to meet our annual dues as a member of an international association for measuring the earth. There is also an international bureau of weights and measures, one for the publication at Brussels of the customs tariffs of all nations, and also at the same city a bureau for the suppression of the African slave trade. To all of these we contribute, as we do also to the International Prison Commission and for the support of the Red Cross Conference. Congress granted in the same bill a sum for the maintenance of foreign hospitals at Cape Town and at Panama, and for our share of the cost of a lighthouse on the coast of Morocco. The Bureau of American Republics, although obviously confined to this hemisphere, is an important international organization. The Postal Union, which has its headquarters in Switzerland, includes most of the nations and colonies of all continents. Quick communication, in bringing the nations nearer together, makes it desirable for them to do many things in common; they thus profit by a certain unity of plan and harmony of operation.

DARING HURDLE JUMPING.

One of the most interesting features of the recent military tournament in Madison Square Garden, New York, was the bareback hurdling and general rough riding exhibition of the detachment of the Second Cavalry from Fort Meyer. These men show to what a remarkable degree of proficiency Uncle Sam's troopers are developed in rough riding. One of the most hazardous feats of the soldiers is the vaulting over one horse and landing on the back of a second horse just as the hurdle is cleared. While this feat had been seen at previous tournaments, it never was done so well as by this detachment, and the hearty applause of the crowd each night manifested the patriotic pride taken in the work of the soldiers, says a New York paper.

AUTOMOBILE FOR THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

An elegant and sumptuously appointed automobile coupe has recently been completed by a French firm for the Sultan of Morocco. It is finished in green, with gold tracery, and the interior is luxuriantly fitted with silk linings and curtains. There is a double set inside for the conductor and passenger, and in the rear the place for the footman.

Knitting as a Medicine.

Knitting is declared by specialists in the treatment of rheumatism to be a most helpful exercise for hands liable to become stiff from the complaint, and it is being prescribed by physicians because of its efficacy in limbering up the hands of such sufferers. For persons liable to cramp, paralysis or any other affection of the fingers of that character knitting is regarded as a most beneficial exercise. Besides the simple work is said to be an excellent diversion for the nerves and is recommended to women suffering from insomnia and depression. In certain sanitariums patients are encouraged to make use of the bright steeds, and the work is so pleasant that it is much enjoyed by them.

He Lost.

"I suppose you visited beautiful Monte Carlo when you were abroad, didn't you?"

"Beautiful? Huh! 'Twas the most ungainly place I ever struck."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Blessed is the woman whose husband can always find in the bureau drawer the thing he is looking for.

HOW KEEP THE BOYS?

GIRLS, ALSO, ARE PRONE TO LEAVE THE FARM

A Judicious Study of the Child's Natural Inclinations May Give the Parent an Idea of the Right Course to Pursue.

Much has been said and written about the tendency of the boys, and the girls, too, to leave the farm and seek some other occupation, which will prove more remunerative, or which they expect will be so. We do not blame them, for ambition is the right of every one, and the young person who does not have it can scarcely expect to be more prosperous, and may not be boosted into a higher place even by the efforts of others.

It is possible, however, to so direct that ambition and encourage it as to confine it to the farm, instead of sending it behind the counter, or on an electric or steam car, or on board a steamship. We know that the natural talent and the inclination of some boys, and girls also, is for a mechanical occupation. They can scarcely be kept from it. They want to be making something with hammer and nails or needle and thread all of the time. Others have other tastes which lead them away from the farm, and to force them to remain there would be almost as bad as imprisonment to them.

There are others whose bless of life off the farm is largely influenced by their reading. Certain books may arouse an idea that they would like to go in search of adventure among the Indians, or as bandits to hold up railroad trains, or as sailors visiting foreign countries or wrecked and living as Robinson Crusoe did on an uninhabited island. A few more years and a little more experience usually gives discretion enough to show them the folly of such dreams as these.

But the farmer who desires to keep some one or more of his children at home with him, to take up the business there when he shall give it up, has no one but himself to blame if he does not succeed in doing so. Setting aside those who have a decided mechanical or mercantile turn, and they are not many when the parent is not a "born" mechanic or trader, the others can be made to feel an interest in the farm work.

There are few boys who do not love animals, at least such as they can pet, and they like them none the less if they can see a profit coming directly to themselves for their care of them. Most of them also like to see the crops grow; fruit more often than vegetables, because they can enjoy the proceeds of their labor.

If a boy is given a calf or a colt, and is allowed to feel that it is his own, and that it will be so when old enough to be profitable or useful, and that he will receive the profits of it, not, as is too often the case, the boy's calf and the father's cow when it comes to be sold, he will care for it well enough to probably make it the best animal of its kind on the place. He may be made to pay for its feed, and to care for it himself as he grows older, but if it is a good one to begin with, he will find it a profit in that. A cosset lamb or a breeding sow have served the same purpose.

Even better may be a little flock of poultry, because the care of them may be taken by either boy or girl, and with the petting care given by one who loves them, they are almost sure to yield a profit. Possibly the Belgian hare might suit some others as well. But whatever the stock might be, let it be good of its kind, and pure bred, that the young owner may feel proud of it, and love it, as he could not love a lean, misshapen mongrel that would be the laughing stock of his companions.

There are others who have been retained on the farm and made to love farm life and farm work by a little tract of ground, on which they could have a garden, a strawberry bed or a fruit tree, the products of which were their own. They learned to care for them, and were anxious to learn from the experience of others. They studied the details of caring for the crops, as older farmers do not often study, and we have seen the boy's garden and the boy's animals good enough to put to shame the best that the father, with greater experience, could produce.

To make this more effectual the younger student should be provided with such books and papers as treat upon the care of that to which he may have devoted himself. If he reads a good agricultural paper every week he may become interested in some other branch of agriculture than that he has started in as a beginning. If he does let him branch out, but discourage that fickleness that wants to swap the calf for sheep, the sheep for hens and the hens for rabbits each year, especially if the desire for trading is based on an idea that the new acquisition will not need as much care or labor as the other needed.

Not all boys are industrious or enterprising, but many might be made so, if when young they were taught that to work, to try to improve on existing methods and to economize were necessary to success. To try to drive them on a road that they do not like is worse than useless, but they can often be led along pleasant paths.—American Cultivator.

BERMUDA'S NEW DOCK.

It Will Replace the Old One Built in 1869.

The great floating dock which has just been launched from the yard of Messrs. Swan & Hunter, of Wallsend-on-Tyne, was built by the order of the admiralty and is to be placed in his Majesty's dockyard at Bermuda, where it will replace the old floating dock that has been there since 1869, which is both obsolete and insufficient in its dimensions. It is interesting to compare the old and the present docks, for they show very clearly the great increase that there has been in the size of ships of the English fleet since the old dock was built, for it, like the present one, was designed with a view to accommodating the largest vessels that were then built or building. The length of the old dock was 381 feet and its lifting power was 8,000 tons, which was sufficient for the ships of the Bellerophon class, although it was capable of bringing the keel out of the water of vessels up to 10,200 tons, such as the long, fully rigged line-of-battle ships Agincourt and Minotaur.

The present dock is 545 feet long and its lifting power up to the pontoon deck level is 15,500 tons, which can be increased up to 17,500 tons. It is the invention of Messrs. Clark & Stanfield, from whose plans it was built. This type, of which many examples already exist, notably the large 18,000-ton dock for the American navy which has just successfully lifted the battleship Illinois, was specially introduced by that firm with a view to producing a structure having a large amount of longitudinal rigidity.

The necessity for such rigidity will be apparent when the different types of vessel that the present dock will be called on to lift are remembered. Primarily it has to lift the line-of-battle ships of 15,000 tons displacement, with a length of bearing keel of 343 feet, but in addition it has to deal with cruisers of the Terrible class of about the same displacement, but with 383 feet of bearing keel, and, lastly, auxiliary cruisers like the Campania, weighing some 17,000 tons, with a bearing length of keel of 502 feet. It is evident, therefore, that great longitudinal strength is necessary, since while the dock has to be long enough to deal with the 500-foot Campania, practically the whole displacement of the 545-foot long pontoons have to be utilized to lift a vessel bearing only on some 384 feet of their length. Apart from this, the fact that the dock on its voyage out to Bermuda may have to encounter the long rollers of the Atlantic, also makes it imperative that a very stiff form of structure should be employed. Like the original Bermuda dock the present one is a self-docking dock—that is, it can lift all parts of itself out of water—a most necessary facility in the subtropical sea of Bermuda.

The dock itself, says the London Graphic, consists of five portions, comprising three pontoons which form the main lifting portion of the dock, and two wide walls, which, while affording a certain amount of lifting power, primarily serve to give the dock stability and to regulate its descent when the pontoons are submerged.

"A MUD FALL."

Singular Spectacle Seen in the Thibetan Mountains.

Waterfalls are plentiful, but a "mud fall" is less common. In "Mount Omi and Beyond, A Record of Travel on the Thibetan Border," Archibald Little describes such a fall, upon which he came and under which he had to pass in his travels.

A sort of recess in the mountainside, apparently scooped out by the river, was filled by a huge whirlpool, into which from above came a steady fall of rocks. For at the back of the recess a mud fall tumbled over the cliff, here, perhaps, a thousand feet high, bringing down with it a constant stream of rocks, which bounded over the narrow footway and thence down the lower slope with a splash into the boiling river.

We sat down on the rock at the bottom and watched the spectacle. We had been told beforehand of all sorts of impossible dangers, especially since the heavy rains, but we were not prepared for running the gauntlet of such a cannonade as this. Never having seen anything of the kind in our previous experience of mountain countries, we should much have liked to climb up the mountainside, had that been possible, and investigate the source of this extraordinary stream, which flowed on with a steady persistency that fascinated our gaze. But unfortunately we could not afford to loiter by the way and miss our daily stages.

Presently some coolies came along, and we watched with intense interest how they would pass the fall. The path was not a foot wide and in fact was only retained as a path at all by the traffic over it, by which a way was trodden in the shaly slope as fast as it dribbled away. A big rock lined the inside of the track on one side of the fall, and under the lee of this the men crouched. They watched for an exceptionally heavy shower, and when this was over made a bolt for it. This maneuver was repeated by each individual, and he was greeted by the laughter of his companions as he successfully ran the gauntlet. The stones were all angular, and varied in size from that of a walnut to that of a pumpkin, while the great height from which they fell rendered them doubly dangerous.

We sat for nearly an hour watching before we made up our minds to venture, and I should certainly not then have had the courage to do so had we not seen the natives pass with impunity. We went on at last, and stood under the sheltering rock at the very edge of this novel cascade. The muddy, stone-laden stream made a loud, rattling, grating noise as it carried the smaller stones along with it; the larger fragments came bounding down in huge leaps as they crashed by. Waiting for a bigger mass than usual to go by, we made the run, and all got safely over.

It was literally a rock cascade, for there was very little water in the stream, and that quite shallow.

Our pony jumped across without any difficulty, but an invaluable watch-dog got panic-stricken when he felt the ground moving beneath his feet, and crouched down. I was behind, and was able to catch him up and save him from death.

Writing His Last Words.

Albert Bigelow Paine, the poet, who wrote "You Ought to Be in Kansas When the Sunflowers Blow," has been called the champion long-distance stammerer of the earth. One day, when he had spent the greater part of a minute in asking a friend what time it was, the friend, after telling him, remarked:

"If you ever intend to become famous by your last words, you would better write them out."

"W-w-w-w-h-h-h-h-y?" asked Paine.

"Because," replied his friend, "if you were to attempt to say them you'd never live long enough to finish the sentence."—New York Times.

"There he goes," a green German said, "coming this way."

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"Oh," said she in a terrified voice, "Mr. Steinhardt looked terrible! He asked me if I had written telling some one to ask such questions. I answered at once, 'No; but Mr. Unwin has.' I wish I had not said that; for he said at once, 'Oh; Unwin! I'll make short work of him.' So, please! do be careful! I could see in his eyes how cruel he might be. I said, 'Surely there is no harm in trying to find out what has become of my poor father?' 'Oh,' said he, 'no harm at all—none at all,' and went away."

I could not but regret this very much.

It was, therefore, with some anxiety that I received and accepted an invitation to an interview—I had almost said, a collision—with Steinhardt that evening at seven o'clock in the laboratory of the Chemical Works. I had never yet been within the mysterious, tainted precincts, and it was with something of a shudder that I asked myself why he should have invited me to call upon him there, and at an hour when probably there would be no one in the place except himself and the watchman. I went, however, with the sternest courage I could summon.

I cannot describe the laboratory, for I clearly saw only Steinhardt, red as a Mephistopheles; all else was a jumble of retorts, taps, tubs of raw color and what not. He was very civil.

"I asked you to come and see me here, Mr. Unwin," he began, "because I am watching an experiment which I cannot leave, and I wanted to see you at once. You have not taken my word for it that Miss Lacroix is not for you; you have been seeing her at times and places when you should not." He paused and looked at me, as if expecting me to say something. I was silent, and he went on, "Miss Lacroix is not a girl to be the wife of a clergyman who has his way to make; she is beautiful, I know, but she has no money—nothing to speak of. Your time here will be up in another week or so; you have been trying to get a place near here, but you cannot; it will not do to stay about in this neighborhood. I will help you to get a good place in the south—a living of your own—I know where I can, and you must go away to-morrow. There is a cheque I have written for your quarter's salary."

"I am sorry, Mr. Steinhardt," said I, "I cannot go away tomorrow; and I cannot promise to leave the neighborhood."

"Oh, you cannot. Think again; if you do not go, I must send away my family."

"My mind is quite made up," said I.

"It is? Very well." He rose, as if to end the interview, and I rose also. "You had better take the cheque," said he, pushing it toward me; "it is almost due, and I shall not want to see you again."

I took it, and was going. Involuntarily I glanced about for any vat or vessel which I could think of as that which had figured in Dick's confession. He seemed to notice my curious glances.

"You have never been in here before," said he. "That is the most interesting place"—pointing to a small door—"would you like to look in? I call it the Experiment Bath."

I said I would; and my heart beat wildly.

"You must let me tie up your mouth and nose then," he said, taking some kind of muffler from a drawer.

I wondered whether this were the place, and whether he was going to show it me out of bravado, or whether he was quite unconscious of my suspicion. I determined to go through with it. I was muffled, and he muffled himself. He opened the door, and I saw a small chamber, filled with purplish-red vapor, in which a gas jet burned dully, and with an unwonted tint.

"Enter," said he.

I entered, and he followed.

"This," said he, raising a lid by some arrangement, "is my experiment."

Vapor rose more densely from the vessel, whose outlines I could not discern. I felt stifled; I gasped for breath. I tugged at the muffler; I could not help it. I reeled; I felt his hand on me—whether to snatch or to push me I cannot now say—but I thought then the former, with a violent effort I recovered myself and turned at once to look at him, and saw—great heavens!—the very counterpart on the wall behind him of that shadow, with head and hands outstretched, which Dick's delirious figure had cast, only vaguer, because of the vapor!

"What! Again!" I involuntarily cried, and dashed from the chamber.

I had to sit down to recover myself; I trembled violently. I thought, when he undid his muffler, he looked paler, and more open-eyed. Did he suspect now my suspicion?

"It is very risky, you see," he said, calmly enough, but with a very keen look, that longed, no doubt, to read me, "very risky to enter my bath!"

I said not a word, but after a moment or two rose with a "Good-night," and went out into the air.

Had he intended to suffocate me? Thinking calmly of the adventure now I do not think so. I think the danger I escaped was altogether owing to my own rashness and folly.

CHAPTER X.

I was scarcely surprised when next day I received a hurried note from Louise. They were all going away at once, she said—all except Mr. Steinhardt. He had come home late, and told them they must pack that night, to be ready to set off in the morning—to the seaside somewhere—where she did not know yet, but she would write to me as soon as she had an address to give, so that I might send her any news. How I treasured that little note! It was the first bit of writing I had had from her; and I read it again and again that day, and for many days, and tried to conjure a hidden meaning, a lurking touch of tenderness or concern out of its ordinary words. A strange feeling of being alone, and forsaken, seized me—a foolish feeling, which I could not shake off for some days.

I looked in upon old Jacques, as usual. He had been recovering himself since I had seen him first, at least, regaining a consciousness of his own existence, and of the existence of things about him. I thought that day I could see a something in his eyes and in the twitching of his mouth, which told that he missed the presence of his niece. He gazed at me long and keenly, till I felt rather disconcerted, looked down at his hands (the fingers of the right hand trembled a little), and uttered some guttural sounds, as if in an effort to articulate. I talked to him a little, though I was not sure he could hear me; or, hearing, could understand; I told him his niece had gone away to the seaside; I hoped it would do her good, for she had been in a very anxious state of mind since her father's loss. It gave myself some relief to speak these things. When I rose to go away, he looked me shrewdly up and down, and watched me to the door. A week or two passed before I saw him again.

My time was taken up with attempts to provide a post for myself against the day when I should leave that at Timperley. Under ordinary circumstances I would have taken the opportunity of the season of the year, and such a rupture in my affairs, to spend a holiday among my friends; but I was now convinced the mystery I was pledged to clear up was in Timperley, and I was resolved to sit down and besiege it there—the more obstinately resolved, since I knew Steinhardt so heartily wished me away.

I wrote letters. I made journeys to this vicar and that rector in the neighborhood, who then needed, of course, would need, a curate, with the same result in all cases. I would not do. I was not just the kind of man they wanted; they were not sure that my opinions were quite as they would wish the opinions of their curate to be. It became plain to me that I was to be "boycotted;" the word had been passed round, apparently—and by whom, if not by Steinhardt?

Again and again I tried, though with little hope now, to find a curacy even in the neighboring large towns but nothing came of my efforts except disappointment, and weariness, and disgust. My time was up in Timperley, but I still retained my lodgings there; they were cheap and comfortable. I held them like an outwork advanced against the enemy's position. The situation was, indeed, becoming like a duel between Steinhardt and me, in which, for the time, he certainly had the best of it.

My anxiety was not lessened by the fact that in the three weeks which had passed I had not heard a word from Louise, and did not know what had happened to her, or even where she was. I finally went to the girl whom I had seen Frank with, and from her I found out that he had written from an address (which she gave me) in Douglas in the Isle of Man. At the end of another week, not having received any reply to a note I had written to Louise, I confess I was tempted with weak thoughts of giving the whole matter up, of surrendering my position to Steinhardt, and going away. I was earning no money, and my quarter's stipend of 22 pounds 10 shillings was rapidly disappearing. What could I do, when it was all gone, but surrender? I am not ashamed to confess that, oftener than once, I was betrayed into an unmanly prostration of disappointment—of despair, I may even say—and grief. But remember that I was desperately in love (I suppose a clergyman may be as desperately in love as another man) with a young lady, who might be dead, or dying, or married, for aught I knew; that I was sojourning, so to say, in a strange land, whose chief was bitterly hostile to me, that the affair upon which I had staked my success in love had not advanced an inch during those long and lonely weeks.

I do verily believe that, in spite of the conviction which usually sustained me of the final revelation of the truth—in spite, too, of the obstinacy of my nature, and the high reward of success which I had hoped to gain, I would, indeed, have soon beat a retreat, if it had not been for a visit I had from my old friend Birley, and the results that immediately followed upon that.

One evening I heard a loud, cheery voice there was no mistaking ask my landlady, "Is th' parson at whoam, Betty"—a question which I answered myself by calling, "Come upstairs."

"Well," said he, "you haven't come to see me since I've come back" (he had been ill, and absent from home for some weeks), "so I ha' looked you up."

I said I was very pleased indeed to see him; he looked much older and greyer than when I had seen him last, poor old gentleman).

"Now I've come," he continued, "to ha' a bit of serious talk with you, my friend. You know I wish you well lad, and that I'd do all for you that a broken old chap can do; but there's no sense, tha knows, and no policy in sticking here wi' nought to do—not even courting. You love a lass, and, of course, naturally, hang about her; but, deuce take it, lad, what do you expect to get by hanging about the place when she's miles and miles away? Is it that the ground whereon her gentle feet have trod—eh? Come now, lad, let's talk the thing out; we cant' ha' the folk about here that used to think so much of you getting to look at you as a sort o' harmless luney."

"There is at least one person in the village," said I, somewhat nettled, "that does not believe me harmless, whether he thinks me a lunatic or not."

"Well," said he, "you munna be offended at my saying that."

"No, certainly," said I. "If there is one man who could never offend me, it is you, Mr. Birley. But, when I think of it, I am not surprised that people should begin to look upon me as a maniac, since nobody but myself knows altogether what I keep staying here for."

"Ah, well, of course," said he, looking mystified, "but talking on at a venture, according to his word, "you know your own affairs best—but you think nobody else knows this altogether. Well, I daresays—"

"I daresay," said I, interrupting him, "I am a monomaniac." The impulse stirred me to take him into my confidence. I felt it would relieve and cheer me to talk to him about the matters that occupied my thought so much, he must know them sooner or later, and, by knowing them at that juncture he might give me a useful hint. "Perhaps," said I, "you will think me mad if I tell you what really keeps me here. It is not, as you imagine, that I am in love with your ward, or with the ground she has walked on; I don't deny that I am in that condition—but it is not that keeps me here. I wish to tell you what it is, but you must promise me to keep it locked up in yourself."

"Nay, lad, if it's some very private affair of your own, do not tell me."

"But," said I, "it is no private affair of my own; indeed, it concerns you at least quite as much as me; and I think, perhaps, you might help me a little in it."

I then related my story, point by point, not even omitting mention of Louise's repeated dream, or of my own recent adventure in the chemical works. The effect my story had on him caused me great anxiety. Being, by nature, more of a talker than a listener, he could not refrain, at first, from breaking in now and then with a "To be sure," a "Just so," or an "Ah, yes—there you are!" but as the point of the story took hold of him, his talking instinct took vent in occasional grunts, while he became paler and paler, and more and more moved. He did not for a moment doubt that my suspicions pointed to the truth. He adopted them at once and was engaged that he had not learned them himself before.

"Stupid old idiot," he exclaimed, "that I was, not to ha' guessed them! That Manuel would stick at nothing to get Paul taken completely up! And Paul was a hot tempter, and if he had words wi' Manuel, there would be the devil to settle! And of course, Paul was likely to come home unexpected, to catch Manuel on th' hop, so to speak, wi' that confounded potion again! Lord, Lord! I had only thought in all that a scrape at worst! Why, I'd even rather be taken it up! Well, lad, what can we do—eh? what can we do?"

I answered that I had been striving for weeks to discover what could be done, but I had not yet discovered it. I was anxious, too, I said, about Louise.

"Oh," said he, "I expect she's all right with his sister, in th' Isle of Man."

"I think," said I, "I can give a reason that makes me believe that Steinhardt is concerned in—"

"True for you, lad," said he.

"Besides," I continued, "she promised to write to me, and she has not written a week or more ago, when I found out the Douglas address, I wrote and asked her to send me only a line to let me know—well, I have had none."

He looked very grave.

(Before referred.)

THE CAPITOL'S FLAGS

Regulated by Strict Rules When Flying at Half Mast.

The flying of flags over the capitol at half-mast, says the Washington Star, is regulated by the strictest rules. Whenever these flags are seen floating half way down the mast it is a sure indication that a vice president, senator or representative is dying, and that the action is taken in response to a presidential proclamation ordering the flags on public buildings at half-mast in respect to the memory of some prominent official of the government who has passed away. When the sergeant-at-arms of the senate or house of representatives learns of the death of a member of either of these bodies they at once order that the flags over the senate chamber or hall of representatives be half-masted. This is often done before the houses of congress themselves are officially notified of the death. A good deal of discretion is exercised in the manner of placing the news of a death of this kind officially before the senate or the house. Upon such announcement it is customary for the houses to adjourn in respect to the deceased senator or representative, and in order that current business may not be stopped early in the day the announcement is generally made just before the houses are ready to conclude their day's work. Officers of the senate and house, when they fly the flags at half-mast in response to a proclamation by the president, regard their action as one of courtesy, as they do not recognize the power of the president to order congress to do anything except to assemble in extraordinary session.

For Her Special Benefit.

Lady Butler is probably the only English artist for whose sole benefit a cavalry charge was ordered. When she was painting her stirring picture, "Scotland Forever," she one day expressed a regret that she had never seen a body of cavalry in the act of charging, with the result that a general in whose bearing she had spoken, arranged that a charge should take place for her special benefit.—Cassell's Magazine.

Hobbies.

Men who ride hobbies would not be nearly so objectionable if they did not want all the road to themselves.—Town and Country. Canada has a group of young sculptors of whom much is expected. One of them, Hamilton McCarthy, of Ottawa, is making the bronze statue which the government of Nova Scotia will erect in Halifax to commemorate the services of Nova Scotians in the South African war.

Chickens' Tails Twelve Feet Long.

A new breed of chickens just received in New York from China have tails 12 feet long. They are kept in cages, and when they are taken out for exercise an attendant goes along to hold up the feathers. The hens lay 30 eggs a year, which are hatched by other hens.

Senator Kerns Outdoes Depew.

Until Senator Kearns of Utah arrived Senator Depew's watch was the costliest watch in the senate. Now Mr. Depew asks Senator Kearns what time it is.