LORD OF THE DESERT

By Paul de Lamey.

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CHAPTER IX.

Rescued and Lost.

The trapper followed along at the foot of the rimrocks occasionally halting to rebait a trap which he would draw from its hiding place from beneath the sands or wire grass. He was not infrequently rewarded by finding an animal in the jaws of a trap, cowardly gnawing at its own imprisoned limb and attempting to skulk away at his approach. These pelts, which were usually carried to a safe hiding place, added to the luggage on his back containing fresh baits for his traps and food supplies, made his burden quite a heavy one, but it did not cause him to abandon his Winchester, revolver and knife, which were his constant companions—and they were not caried for ornament.

Toward night he decided to climb to the top of the rimrocks and take a survey of the country. Away to the west he saw the moving forms of Follett and his companions, as their horses jogged along, leaving a cloud of dust behind them. He brought his field glasses to his eyes and surveyed the men for a moment and the thought ran through his mind: "Wonder what kind of devilry that Dan Follett is out on for his master this time?"

Hammersley had beheld the victim of these two men too long not to suspect every move they made to be a wicked one.

"If you knew how hot your trail is getting, Dan Follett, you would hunt a colder one, but I hope to see the same rope hang you and your master," said the trapper half audibly.

The trapper looked down at his Winchester and shook his head hesitatingly saying, "No, no, let vengeance come in the proper manner."

As he turned in disgust his eyes fell upon another object, far away on the opposite side of the rimrocks. A great cloud of dust rose behind it and the word "Snakes" escaped his lips. Bringing his glass to play, he was no time in making out the character of his party. After surveying it carefully he remarked, "Old Egan has been at work again." Then he exclaimed, as he looked through his glasses, "A girl captive, as sure as I live. Ah, Egan stealing horses has become too tame for you, has it? You are not satisfied with providing your stomaches and means of locomotion, and the hazard of occasionally killing a man who resists you, but now you have gone and taken some innocent white girl."

"I am not the law, neither should I attempt to punish you for your numerous crimes, for I rather like to see you harass the Lord of The Desert occasionally—he deserves it, but I propose to look into this caper of yours."

As the trapper watched the course the Indian party was taking he saw at a glance that it was making for the watering place that night, near the picture rocks. He was first to arrive at the place and secreted himself in a crevasse of the rocks near the top and watched their approach, having selected a place from which he could observe the camping grounds about the watering place.

The reader is familiar with what took place from the time of the arrival of the Indians until the interference of the trapper, for it was he who assailed Old Egan when the latter laid his wicked hands upon the person of Bertha Lyle.

Old Egan was strong and firm but the trapper was active and wiry. With the advantage, too, of having taken the Indians by surprise he soon tore him from the girl and hurled him to the ground. But as the cry made by the warriors as they came to the rescue of their chief warned him that he had not the time to finish settling accounts with his antagonist, if he so desired, he seized the girl by the hand and led the way into a crevasse in the rimrocks with which he was familiar. As they passed into the recesses of the rocks, he heard exclamations from the Indians which alarmed him as to his immediate future course with the girl. They had recognized him and knew where he lived, and to approach his home with her would be difficult should the Indians attempt to guard it. He was not long in doubt on this point, for he heard Egan give directions for them to go immediately to the trapper's place and guard it until he came.

If once hidden in the home in the same room as that occupied by the invalid, he never feared for the danger of her rescue, for the passage to this room was so secret that no one had ever been able to find it, though in his absence his home had been visited by Indians and whites, and ransacked many times.

It was easy to discern from the shouting of the Indians that while a part of the band, headed by Old Egan, were on their way to the trapper's home the others were recklessly trying to follow his trail, for knowing his marksmanship the man who trifled with him knew the risk he was taking. But the Indians knew that as long as he could prevent it he would never fire a gun, while the girl was in his company; that this would endanger her life by drawing the fire to her.

After going a long distance through the crevasse made by nature's great upheavel in the long past, Hammersley led the way into a secluded place which he thought was unknown to any except himself.

As he and his companion seated themselves the shouts of the Indians came to their ears from the distance. The girl was the first to break the silence.

"Do you live in this country, my dear preserver?" she inquired.

When he informed her that he did, she said: "I have an uncle somewhere on the desert; his name is Lyle, Martin Lyle. Do you know him?" The trapper nodded in the affirmative.

"Oh, if we could convey word to him," she said, "he would come immediately to our rescue."

Strong as was the trapper's body and steady as was his nerve, he felt his whole frame yield, with a shudder when he learned that his companion was Bertha Lyle, and of the narrow escape she had had. When she had hurriedly told him her history and the incident of her capture by the Indians he felt relieved that she had fallen into no worse hands than Old Egan's.

To take her to his home that night through the Indian searching party would be too hazardous. He could make it alone, but he doubted the girl's ability to climb among the rimrocks and keep her footing in the crevasses, although she had shown a wonderful spirit of coolness and strength during their recent adventure. The trapper was quick to come to a conclusion. He decided to go and get his rifle and secrete his luggage, and steal into his home with the girl the following day, making as much of the way that night as possible. So leaving her in the cavern he went on his mission, at the same time avoiding the savages who were skulking among the rimrocks and making a diligent search of every nook and corner.

The trapper was not gone more than two hours, though his course was a round-a-bout one, and to his surprise and dismay on his return the girl was not to be found.

CHAPTER X.

A Surprise and a Fight.

Egan rose from the stunning blow given him by the trapper and quickly comprehended the situation. When he ascertained that his late antagonist had escaped with the captive, he knew that he had a difficult task before him. The Indians knew of Hammersley from one end of the desert to the other and his prowess struck them more forcibly than any other characteristic of the man. While they had never come in contact with him before in cunning they knew that he was familiar with every trail of the desert and with every crevasse and cavern among the rimrocks. And now that they were in the vicinity of his home they knew that he was still more familiar here than they, and that it would take quick work to rescue the captive before he reached his home among the rimrocks. If once there he could stand out against a larger band of Indians than Egan's present detachment, and Indian sagacity suggested proper tactics instantly.

Egan ordered four of his best scouts to attempt to follow the fugitives while he and seven of his warriors made straight for the trapper's quarters to get possession, intending when the trapper arrived with his prize, in case they were not apprehended by the trusty scouts, to capture the two.

Egan had left his horses in care of a warrior, and the chief and his companions had proceeded on foot. He knew that the trapper cared nothing for the horses, and that he and his men could make better time on foot, and, besides, they had to cross the wall of rimrocks in order to reach the trapper's place of abode. They moved off in a trot, traveling in this way until a late hour in the morning.

It was almost daybreak when they ascended the rimrocks, surveyed the horizon and descended to the opposite side. They saw the rocks that overhung the trapper's home and placed themselves as sentinels at a safe distance from the entrance and guarded every path that led to the place. Indian courage was not great enough to induce them to enter this place by night. While they had made a quick trip from the scene of the previous night they knew that it was possible that the trapper had made a quicker one. They had, from a lack of knowledge of the country, been compelled to take a round-about way, while the trapper could have come a straighter course, doubtless, and arrived first. They doubted this, however, as he was burdened with his companion, provided the Indian scouts had not overtaken them, and they had great hopes of finding the place vacant on the following morning, and either take the two prisoners before or after they should enter the place. It was Egan's intention to enter the place if it proved to be unoccupied the following morning, provided the trapper did not fall into their hands before that time, and then surprise him upon his arrival. If his scouts should succeed in capturing the girl, for this was all they desired, they were to signal the chief's detachment at the earliest opportunity. Thus Egan and his men concealed themselves among the rocks in front of the trapper's cave and waited for developments.

Daylight comes on the Oregon desert almost as quickly as darkness. As soon as the sun sinks behind the distant rocks night is upon the desert as if a light had been extinguished in a room; and daylight comes with a flash, as it were.

The sun rose above the level horizon as if it had popped out of the sands, and soon peeped over the rimrocks. Old Egan and his warriors, cold and still as the rocks among which they lay, were eagerly peering through the sage brush to discover if there was any life about the trapper's home. For some moments everything was quiet and the old chief was planning for a more definite reconnoiter. It was still shadowy about the entrance of the cave and nothing could be but dimly seen. The door at the entrance was closed and the marauders were coming to the conclusion that they had outtraveled the owner. They were soon surprised, however.

The door opened suddenly and a stalwart man of the desert walked out carelessly, and uncovered, as if he had never thought of danger. A hist, passed down the line of warriors, unconsciously, but almost loud enough to be heard by the frontiersman. But not suspecting danger he strolled out into the sage brush, surveying the country about him. One common thought took possession of the Indians. Quickly every man reached to his quiver, drew an arrow and placed it to the string of his bow. Carelessly the white man strolled on. Nearer and nearer he came.

Indians in the bitterest warfare possess some policy and some sense of reason. The first thought of all was to shoot the man down and then rush into the cave-house, secure the girl and proceed on their journey. But Old Egan reasoned. To kill the trapper, who was the friend of everybody, and had not an enemy on the desert, and who had never crossed his path before, did not seem to him exactly right. To rush upon him and capture him by force and then bind and leave him so he could not pursue them after they had retaken their captive was the plan that suggested itself to him.

But wise plans are often thwarted, when the frontiersman had approached a little nearer to the left there was a "swish," and he fell to the ground pierced through the heart by an arrow. A young warrior near whom he had approached could not resist the temptation and fired the fatal shot; and quick as he had fired the shot he rushed upon his victim with scalping knife in hand.

A loud "Ugh" rose from the Indians and they rose from behind the rocks and rushed to the scene of death, some exulting and some showing signs of disapproval, while old Egan's face wore a sign of disappointment. But before they had reached his side the young murderer clinched his victim's hair and was already twining a scalping lock about his fingers. Before the knife had touched the scalp, however, a rifle rang out a sharp crack, and then another and another. The young warrior and a companion fell full length for their last fall, and in the midst of crackling shots the others sought refuge behind the nearest rocks.

The shots had come from the loopholes in front of the trapper's home, and the Indians could plainly see the dark muzzles of rifles still in the small openings, and every time that the slightest exposure was made on the part of the red men, a puff of smoke, a sharp crack and a whistling bullet warned them to keep under cover.

It had continued thus for more than an hour when a keen whistle was heard from the summit of the rimrocks in the rear. The dim form of a man was seen upon the topmost rock, rifle in hand. He could see the skulking forms of the Indians among the rocks beneath him, and at the same time observe the entrance to the cave. He signaled the besieged to cease firing and motioned the Indians to depart. The white men withdrew their rifles and the Indians gladly accepted the armistice.

CHAPTER XI.

Two Villains and a New Plot.

All is astir at the stone house. The employes have returned from the annual round-up and the place, which had borne a deserted appearance for the past few weeks, is now all bustle, and men are seen here and there feeding the horses, mending bridles, saddles and harness, shoeing horses and doing everything that is required about a great stock ranch. Night comes on and finds them still busy, but they change their work to the finishing touches preparatory for the night and one by one they come and prepare for supper.

The Lord of The Desert is alone in his accustomed place. None enter his quarters except on business and only his foreman and superintendents have business with him, for all business is transacted through these. His glass sits upon the broad arm of the old chair, and now and then his hand goes mechanically to it, and brings it mechanically to his lips, and he swallows draughts therefrom mechanically. With mechanical regularity his face grows redder and his countenance sterner, while his eyes take on a wilder glare.

A knock at the door and to the response of welcome, Dan Follett enters.

"How is it?" inquires his Lordship.

"All is completed," replied the Frenchman.

"Get a glass there and fill it to the brim," exclaimed Martin Lyle.

Partially emptying the glass Follett seats himself and relates the particulars of the transaction with Old Egan, drawing forth the woman's scalp from his pocket and passing it over to the Lord of The Desert.

"Did you see the corpse?" inquired Lyle.

"No, but I deemed this evidence sufficient," replied Follett.

"Old Egan is a treacherous old scoundrel and would deceive us if he could, but the evidence seems straight enough."

"Oh, you needn't doubt that," replied Follett, "the old scoundrel would never lose an opportunity to commit murder, especially when so many ponies and mules were to be gained."

"But they will never do him much good," replied Lyle, as he placed the glass to his lips. "I have a plan, Follett, and you are the man to carry it out. My men report Egan and his men camped at the foot of Ash Butte. You are a pretty fair looking Indian anyway, and I want you to leave tomorow morning for the camp of the Warm Springs tribe, lead the warriors on Old Egan's trail, and take every animal in his possession."

"What about the deed," inquired Follett, "remember this is dangerous work and it has been a long time since our accounts have been adjusted."

"Tut, tut, man, don't worry about that. I'll have all that arranged for you by the time you return. Take a drink, order an early bearkfast and be off with the rising sun. I shall depend upon you, Dan, I shall depend upon you."

Dan Follett rose and left the room, but as he passed out of the door he turned and cast a look at the Lord of The Desert mingled with scorn and contempt.

Martin Lyle sat and drank and thought. For many hours he was in deep meditation.

"With my brother and his daughter dead and out of my way, nothing can ever disturb my rights here," ran through his mind.

His lips barely quivered as the train of his thoughts continued. "But whatever became of that brother to whom the property properly belonged? It is strange that the old man should have disinherited Jim and myself for him. He was never considered a favorite by the connection; and we had done nothing at the time of his death to merit such treatment. But my little sharp work and false swearing and the little forgery combined turned the property this way and, as they used to charge in the old world that one crime led to another, I have carried out the scheme by making way with my brother and his daughter and securing their whole fortune after using Jim as an innocent cat's paw to obtain it.

"But this elder brother, the rightful heir, wonder what ever became of him? He came to America when I was quite young. We heard he was married once and had a child; and then we heard no more of him. Yet my father, after giving my brother and I barely enough to reach America to engage in business upon, willed the majority of his estate to this elder boy whose whereabouts are unknown."

"Well, well, I know he is dead and the others are out of the way, so why should Martin Lyle ever fear of losing his fortune or his title as Lord of The Desert?"

Thus mused the arch criminal of the Oregon desert between drinks until his conscience became so benumbed with the intoxicant that he retired half-dazed, half unconscious to his bed.

Dan Follett left with the morning sun to perform his mission.

(To be continued.)

AN HISTORIC PRISON.

THE TOMBS, NEW YORK, SCENE OF TRAGEDY AND ROMANCE.

Old Bastile to Be Soon Torn Down—Criminals of World-Wide Notoriety Who Have Been Confined Within Its Strong Walls.

The historic old Tombs prison in New York has been practically abandoned and its inmates transferred to the new city prison. With the exception of the boys' and women's departments, the old structure will be demolished, and the whole block will be inclosed by a high granite wall, with handsome gates, which, with the new sidewalks, will cost about $175,000.

In all New York there is hardly a more historic spot than the old Tombs. It has held the most notorious criminals the world ever knew—millionaire murderers and lawbreakers of every description. From it novelists and historians have drawn a world of material.

It was in the old Tombs that Edward S. Stokes, the slayer of "Jim" Fisk, fretted and fumed while the best legal talent in the country fought to secure his release. Stokes came within an ace of being hung on the Tombs gallows, which, by the way, was abolished when the electric chair made its appearance.

"Boss" Tweed once resided within the walls of the old prison, as also did James D. Fisa, charged with a gigantic swindle which brought about a financial panic in 1883.

But now the old prison has played its part in the history of New York, and it will soon vanish, leaving as the only reminder of its existence innumerable stories, in some of which tragedies are strangely interwoven with romances.

The first building used for a jail in New York City was built in 1642 at Pearl and Cuentles Slip. When this structure became inadequate another jail was built in present City Hall Park and remained in use until 1775, when a new bridewell was erected. Here a notable execution took place in 1741 when seven negroes were hanged for alleged complicity in the negro riot of that year.

In time the bridewell became inadequate and the Tombs was the result. The latter building was erected on ground built up in what was called Collect Pond—a small sheet of water, separated from the river by a strip of marsh land. On this pond John Fitch made his first experiments in steamboat navigation.

The story of how the Tombs got its name is interesting. John L. Stevens, of Hoboken, had published a book entitled Stevens' Travels, in which he gave an account of his trip through Asia and the Holy Land. Among the illustrations was one of an ancient Egyptian tomb. This illustration so impressed the committee which had the matter of a new prison under consideration that it reported in favor of a building for that purpose on the plan of the Egyptian tomb, and suggested the name "The Tombs."

OLD TOMBS PRISON IN NEW YORK.

The Tombs occupies an entire block at Franklin and Center streets. On the right of this entrance is the Tombs Police Court and on the left the Court of Special Sessions. The latter is connected with the prison in the rear by a bridge, known as the Bridge of Sighs, from the fact that condemned prisoners are led across it after conviction.

NEW YORK'S NEW CITY PRISON.

Some Noted Prisoners.

The first prisoner of importance to enter the Tombs was John C. Colt, the great manufacturer of firearms, who was charged with the murder of Samuel Adams. His trial lasten ten days, and in that time his friend, Caroline Henshaw, attracted as much attention as the well-to-do murderer. It was the doomed man's desire that he be allowed to marry her before he was hanged, and, agreeable to his wish, the ceremony was performed at noon on the fatal day—the execution being fixed four hours later.

The bride was accompanied by Colt's brother and John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home." Rev. Mr. Arthur performed the ceremony. The woman went away and the prisoner asked to be left alone until "his time was up." His wish was respected.

Just as the clock was about to strike 4, while a great, excited crowd stood about the prison, the cry of fire was heard, and it was found that the cupola of the prison was ablaze. Rev. Mr. Arthur went to the cell to inform Colt that all was ready. He found the man dead with a knife in his heart. One of the burning questions after the Colt episode was: "Who gave him the knife?" Many people believed that during the excitement consequent to the burning of the cupola Colt was allowed to escape and a body substituted by his friends to convey the impression of suicide.

When "Bill" Poole, the butcher prize fighter, was killed the Tombs received many distinguished guests. James Irving, John Morrissey, later a valuable man in Tammany Hall, State Senator, and member of Congress; James Turner and Patrick McLaughlin were indicted for the murder and were lodged in the Tombs.

Formerly executions took place in the central court yard, but since the substitution of electrocution for hanging all legal killings in the State are carried out in the penitentiaries.

One of the noted criminals that the Tombs sheltered was Albert E. Hicks, the pirate. His execution, however, did not take place at the Tombs. On the day set for his execution he was driven to Bedloe's Island and was there executed in the presence of 10,000 persons

The new city prison is a thoroughly modern structure, embracing many improvements not found in other places of detention. It has 320 cells.

ASSIST GROWTH OF VINES.

Electric Currents Are Useful to the Wine Growers of the World.

Experiments recently made by a wine producer in Elba, Germany, in the use of electricity in grape culture form the subject of a report to the State department by United States Consul General Guenther at Frankfort. According to the report the wine producer several years ago planted four fields with native grapevines, in the midst of a district infested with phylloxera, and treated two of these fields with "air electricity." The difference in the development of the grapes of the fields was apparent, and demonstrated that electricity increased the fertility of the soil. The fields so treated yielded better results both in quantity and quality and were not infected with phylloxera, as was the case with the other fields.

It is explained, however, that it is not sufficient to simply conduct air electricity to the earth, but that there must be a direct metallic connection of the electric conduit with the main stem of the plant. In the case of the experiments described five masts were erected on a field of about two and a half across, and the tops of the masts were provided with an arrangement for accumulating atmospheric electricity. These accumulators were connected with each other by wires. Wires were also laid in the soil about one and one-half feet deep, so as to form an evenly distributed metallic net. Every accumulator was connected with this metallic net by a wire running along the mast. Short wires connected with the plants, the free ends being stuck into the stem or into the main root thereof. If this metallic fulfills expectations it will undoubtedly prove a most important invention.—Washington Star.

ANECDOTE OF EDWARD VII.

How He Made Foft Answer to a Fisherman's Rudeness.

During the early manhood of Albert, Prince of Wales, now Edward VII., King of England, the royal yacht containing him and several of his comrades was cruising off the coast of Cornwall, waiting for something new to turn up for their amusement, writes a contributor to the Ledger Monthly.

The sturdy fishermen along the coast were not so lightly employed. On board one heavy boat all was not going well. The seines hauled with unusual difficulty. A heavy swell had tangled them in snags on the bottom, tearing them in places as they came up. The supply of fish was small and discouraging, but they must be reset, nevertheless, so the work went on.

The largest net seemed most firmly lodged and many efforts failed to bring it to the surface. With stubborn patience they loosened and pulled in vain. Finally, after many attempts to extricate it they decided upon a steady, united pull at the net's own risk and ranged themselves accordingly. "One, two, three—pull!" Suddenly the thing gave way, so suddenly that the foremost man, barely keeping his feet, was hurled with some violence against a stranger who had just stepped on board from a small boat alongside.

The collapse was a surprise to the fisherman, who had not seen the approaching boat and knew not whence it came. The shock added fuel to his already worn-out patience. Without a glance at the intruder he drew up his arm and sent his brawny elbow with no particularly gentle force into the stranger's side, exclaiming, roughly: "Get out of my way! What are you doing here anyhow?" There was an instant's ominous pause. Both faces were a study. Then: "I beg your pardon, sir," said the intruder, in as gentle a tone as he could command, "I did not mean to get in your way. We came over to see your fish."

"And who may you be?" gasped the fisherman, with a sudden painful quickening of the imagination.

"Only Albert, Prince of Wales, and heir to your country's throne, my good sir," was the calm but truly vengeful reply.

Then there were other apologies and a generous present of fish to repay the rudeness, says the Detroit Free Press, and in all his realm to-day Albert Edward has no more devoted subject than the aged fisherman, still living on the Cornwall coast, whose wrath he appeased by the mild reply of a gentleman when there seemed ample excuse for another sort of revenge.

THE DUCK SHOOTING SEASON.

PROF. C. W. ELIOT.

Educator Who Is Criticised for His Assault on Labor Unions.

Prof. Charles William Eliot, president of Harvard University, who made the unwarranted assault upon union labor, which recently astonished newspaper readers, is one of the most noted of American educators.

PRESIDENT ELIOT.

He was born in Boston in 1834, the son of Samuel Eliot, statesman. Graduating from Harvard in 1853, he was appointed tutor in mathematics and studied chemistry with Prof. Josiah P. Cooke. He perfected his education in France, Germany and England and upon his return became professor of analytic chemistry in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

In 1869 Professor Eliot was made president of Harvard and has filled that office in the intervening thirty-two years. He has introduced new methods, making the university resemble the great European schools of learning. It has trebled in wealth during his presidency. Professor Eliot is a man of profound learning, but it is evident that there are some things he has not studied conscientiously and fairly.—Utica Globe.

In Ancient England.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne has a very ancient custom. When the business of the assizes is ended the mayor makes a quaint speech to the judges of the northern circuit. He says:

"My lords, we have to congratulate you upon having completed your labors in this ancient town, and have also to inform you that you travel hence to Carlisle, through Border county, much and often infested by the Scots. We therefore present each of your lordships with a piece of money, to buy therewith a dagger to defend yourselves."

Then, as required by custom, he gives the senior judge a jacobus, and the junior judge a carolus. It costs no little sum to buy these old coins.—London Answers.

Uneven.

Once upon a time a Righteous Citizen witnessed a Combat between a Big Man and a Small Boy. The Big Man laid about him mightily and smote the Small Boy hip and thigh, who upon the Tip of his Toes could not reach the Big Man's waistband.

"Hold," cried the Righteous Citizen, as the Big Man proceeded to sit down upon the Small Boy. "It is not a Fair Fight! The Small Boy is hitting the Big Man below the Belt!"—Life.

Science and Invention

NATURE & SCIENCE *6 *6 *6 *6 *66

Half a million miles is the latest estimate of the length of the world's railways.

In Texas and Louisiana there are now more than one hundred canals and pumping stations, each capable of flooding one thousand acres of rice. These are owned by irrigation companies, which supply the water as needed to the rice farmers.

Sleep is induced by the Javanese, states a French author, by compressing the carotids. These large arteries, which carry blood to the brain, run upward below the ear from the lower front of the neck, and are pressed with a hand on each side of the neck. The brain congestion producing wakefulness is thus reduced.

"Black light" is the curious term used by Gustave Le Bon, of the French Academy of Sciences, to describe a form of radiant energy which arises from the back of a thin sheet of opaque metal when the front is illuminated with ordinary light. "Black light" in some of its properties resembles the X-rays, but differs from them in fundamental points. Le Bon first announced the discovery of this singular radiation in 1897. This year it has been observed by Mons. Nodon, who calls it radioactinic phenomenon.

The result of tests of a liquid air plant, made at Cornell University, reported at the Pittsburg meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, indicates that the expenditure of one-horse power continuously for one hour results in the production of just enough liquid air to produce, if utilized in its turn as a source of power, in a perfect machine, one-horse power for one minute. The experimenter adds that the most efficient method of obtaining liquid air as yet discovered would increase the time to only five minutes.

The mighty peaks of the Himalayas, several of which rise far above the loftiest elevation attained by any other mountains on the globe, have long challenged the mountain-climber with impunity. Sir Martin Conway got to the top of one, 21,000 feet in height, in 1892, but the real giants rise more than a mile above that level. Now Dr. Jacot-Guillemot, with a party of two Austrians and three Englishmen, has started for India to attempt the ascent of Mount Godwin-Austen, formerly known as Mount Dapsang. If he succeeds in this attempt, he may yet try higher peaks. The highest climb on record is Fitzgerald's ascent of Aconcagua in the Andes, about 23,000 feet.

According to Consul General Mason at Berlin, the trailing clouds of black smoke from mill and factory that hang over so many American cities, darkening the atmosphere and befouling the buildings, could be eliminated if the scientific methods of constructing chimneys and stoking furnaces that prevail in Germany were adopted here. "It is not every strapping laborer who can shovel coal who is permitted to stoke a boiler furnace in Germany," says Mr. Mason. The stoker in that country must learn the theory and practice of economical scientific firing, whereby the coal is so distributed over the grate surface as to secure the most perfect combustion. The use of fuel briquettes for domestic purposes in Berlin also tends largely to the prevention of smoke.

LANDMARK AT ABERDEEN, OHIO.

Aberdeen, Ohio, claims the distinction of having within its borders one of the oldest houses in the United States. It is known as the Wisnall property, and is located on East Front street. Through its old age it has become famous. Every apartment in it is composed entirely of rock, and notwithstanding that at least fifty Ohio river floods have inundated the old structure and sometimes hid it from view, it is still intact and firm. Generation after generation has occupied the famous old residence, and it is claimed to be over 200 years old.

Simple Methods.

The young ladies of a fashionable school were one day told that they must review a course in arithmetic. "I don't see any sense in it," said one haughty maiden. "I don't know how to subtract, and I don't know how to multiply, but I probably never shall need to."

"Then you can't even buy a yard of ribbon and be sure you have the correct change," said the teacher.

"Yes, indeed!" was the reply. "I always know how to manage that. I give the clerk a large bill, and he gives me something back."

A similar simplicity of method is noted by the New York Evening Post in an answer from an examination paper.

The candidate had applied for an appointment as patrolman, and was asked, "If you were in the vicinity of the general postoffice, and wished to go to the Zoological Garden in the Bronx, how would you set about making the trip?"

"I should ask a policeman," was the answer, written apparently in good faith.

Train Your Pussy.

Trained cats are the latest fad of French society women. Fashion decrees that the animal must be "educated" entirely by its owner and several of the best-known women in Parisian society are giving an hour a day to training their pets.

Somehow it gives a person a shock to hear a woman in a long mourning veil laugh aloud.