Second Cousin Sarah

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

What did it all mean? If Mary Holland were not to be trusted, if this strange girl had for years deceived him, if his mother's warning were after all correct, what was to be done at the eleventh hour, when he was in great trouble? The door opened, and Mary Holland came into the room.

"You sent for me?" she said.

"Yes," he said, "in misery and fear I sent for you. Sit down, please," he said, "I am anxious to ask you many questions."

The old pallor which Sarah Eastbell had perceived stole to Mary's face as Reuben spoke, but she took the chair which he had indicated, and which was at a little distance from the couch, and sat down facing him.

"Though we have not seen a great deal of each other in our lives, Mary," he began, kindly and earnestly, "still it is through you that great changes have occurred—that I have lost my father's love, and home, and fortune."

"Yes," said Mary sadly, "that is true."

"I lost the three without losing confidence in you. As I learned to respect you, so I began to think of the possibility of many past mistakes, on my side and my mother's. Of late days I have considered you the friend of all in this house."

"I have done my best to be the friend," she answered.

"Last night, and for the first time in my life, a suspicion seized me. I hardly know what it was. It would have passed away, but that it came again to-day, strengthened by new doubts. You saw this letter? Are you aware of its purport?"

"No, save that it was written in my presence by Captain Peterson. Dare he—does he refer to me in that?" she cried, with the color mounting to her cheeks for a moment, and then dying away into the old gray tint.

"Not by word. He is as silent respecting the past relations between you as you have always been."

"You know, then?" she said, in dismay.

"I know that you and he were conferring together in the garden last night, that there is a secret between you which I do not share and which you have made no effort to reveal; and I believe that man knows where Sarah Eastbell is, and is in all respects a villain. Tell me what you know of him, and when you knew him first."

"I cannot," she said in a low voice.

"He is at the bottom of a terrible mystery; he has brought grief to me; he is linked with Thomas Eastbell against the peace of this house, and you will not give me one clue to his life."

"I know but little of him, Reuben," she answered, "and that I cannot divulge now. It is more than my life's worth to attempt it. I could not explain to Sarah Eastbell; I cannot explain to you at this time. I can only say that I am a woman grievously misunderstood."

"Miss Holland," said Reuben, "I am sorry, but I cannot trust you any more in this house."

She did not speak again. She looked at him steadily for a few moments, and then went away, and up the stairs to her own room, at the end of the corridor, and it was some hours before she was seen again in that house. It was nearly midday when, dressed as for a journey, she reappeared in the corridor and faced Hartley, still at her old post, a woman forever on guard.

"You are a trusty servant, Hartley," she said, as she advanced; "but you must be extra vigilant, extra strong, and clever, and cunning, while I am away."

"Are you going—at this time, Miss Holland?" exclaimed Hartley, in surprise.

"Yes—for a little while. I will write to Miss Sarah by next post."

"To Miss Eastbell!" exclaimed Hartley.

"Meanwhile listen at this door—you are good at listening, I believe."

"Oh, madam!—I—what makes you say that?"

"All is mystery in this house, and I set you on the watch for all of us—if I have seemed part of the mystery, too, it was your place to warn one who will soon be rightful master here. But listen now for me."

"I do not understand, madam."

"On the brink of many strange confessions, that poor woman has slept in much security. It has been our mission more than once to keep the truth from killing her, and heaven will pardon the fiction we have woven round her life, as I pray that heaven will pardon me."

Mary went swiftly down the stairs, and out of the house wherein she had spent nearly six years of her life, winning no man's love, or woman's gratitude.

CHAPTER XXI.

Sedge Hill was more desolate after Mary Holland had departed. Though Miss Holland knew it not, she had been the ruling agent of that house, for good or evil, for a longer period than that from which the opening of our story dates. A forlorn little woman, set forever under suspicion by an adverse fate beyond her power to resist, she was still to be missed when she had passed from the home into which Simon Culwick's charity had installed her.

The news reached Thomas Eastbell when Wills had brought him his lunch into the picture gallery after he had rung for it, not before. It was strange what a small amount of respect he had gained from the servants during his stay, and with what distrust he was regarded. In response to one or two questions, the news was elicited from the man servant that Miss Holland had left Sedge Hill for good.

"And a good job, too," said Thomas Eastbell frankly and inelegantly; "what did the old gal want with her about the place? It's full enough now of people who've no business here, although they're making themselves scarce by degrees. Where's that Culwick?"

"The young master, sir?"

"The young humbug!—the young pauper!" screamed Thomas Eastbell with unnecessary violence; "you shut up about 'the young master,' or you'll go next, if I have anything to do with this house—which I may have—which I shall have, mind you—though everybody treats me bad here."

Thomas Eastbell consumed his lunch with difficulty. He had no appetite, but it was necessary to keep himself up, the captain had said, and all his life he had believed in Captain Peterson. He fell asleep after his meal, and when he woke up he stared vacantly round, and fought hard to recollect where he was, and how long he had sat huddled in the armchair, an angular distortion in his comfortless slumber.

It was night, and the huge room was full of darkness, which had crept upon Sedge Hill before its time, or he had slept long and late, and all in that unsettled house had forgotten his existence, were his first ideas when he began to remember that he was in the picture gallery which Simon Culwick had built. What a heavy sleep his must have been, to be sure! He stood up, and tried to pierce through the darkness, and a sudden chill seized upon his veins, and turned him sick as he fancied that he might have woke up blind like his grandmother! Why not?—it was in the family—and all before him was awfully black and thick and impenetrable. It was raining outside, too—that accounted for the hissing in his ears which he had awakened with, and which he had thought was his brain.

Finally he groped his way toward the door, keeping his hand on the wall, or on the varnished surfaces of the paintings with which the wall was hung. He had made up his mind, he would seek Grandmother Eastbell, and tell her the truth, and more than the truth if it were requisite. He was being imposed upon. People of no principle had taken advantage of his slumbers, and were setting his nearest and dearest relation against him. Reuben Culwick was at the head of affairs, and poisoning the public mind. Even the servants had turned upon him, and brought him no dinner, and left him in the dark. He came to a full stop, and fell against the pictures, scratching them with his trembling hands, in his alarm, for the door behind him in the distance—the side door leading away from the corridor—had opened suddenly and sharply, and was shut again as he glanced towards a fitful gleam of light which narrowed and then passed away. In that fleeting moment he had seen enough to scare a stronger nerve than his—for a white figure had glided into the chamber, and was advancing toward him, he was sure! He remained silent and trembling till the rustling of garments assured him that something was approaching him with noiseless steps, that reminded him of the ghost in the "Castle Spectre," which he had seen once from the gallery of a theater. He made a swift plunge for the door in his horror.

It was his sister's spirit, he was sure—she had been murdered by those from whose clutches he had made no effort to save her—and she had come for him! His last hour had arrived, and it was all over with his dreams of glory.

"Tom Eastbell," said a sharp voice in his ears, "are you here? Why don't you speak to me?"

"Grandmother," he ejaculated, "is it you then?"

"Come here and sit down—we can talk best in the dark, and I want to talk to you."

"I'd rather have a light, thank you," said Tom, who still had his suspicions that all was not right. He found his way to the principal door, and opened it, letting in a stream of light from the corridor without. He looked back at his grandmother, who was standing by the chair which he had quitted, a strange phantom enough in her white night dress, and with a counterpane wrapped round her toga-fashion, and trailing on the ground behind her.

"What's the matter?" said Tom irresolutely; "ain't you well? What have you come downstairs for, such a night as this?"

"I can't rest. There's something wrong, Tom. I'm unhappy. They're all—you with the rest of 'em—keeping something from me. Where's Sarah?—oh! where's my Sally?—tell me."

"Wait a moment—I'll tell you everything."

An idea had seized him at last. The opportunity which he thought that he missed had come to him in this manner. There was no time to lose.

"Sally's run away," he said.

"Eh—what?" shrieked Mrs. Eastbell; "run away—from me?"

"Yes—that's it!" asseverated Tom, becoming bolder in his statement as his grandmother put implicit faith in *every* word he uttered.

"Run away—forever, do you mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Eastbell, in her highest key.

"Yes, forever."

"Ah! don't say any more," said the old woman, piteously; "I'll try and die now, Tom. I don't want to live an hour longer. I was always so fond of Sally, Tom."

"Yes—so was I," he exclaimed; "but if she don't deserve our love, what's the odds? I've been cut up all day, but I'm getting more composed like. Don't die—that's what she wants—what she expects, perhaps—can't you see it all?"

The hands that were muffled in the counterpane were brought down with their covering from the face, which seemed harder and sterner now, and looked so like her brother Simon's that any one acquainted with the late owner might have thought that he had come back in the flesh.

"Ah, yes; I'm beginning to find out what a wicked and ungrateful world it is, Tom," she said.

"That's right. Cheer up, and look about you."

"She and that Reuben planned this, then? They have gone away together, ain't they—gone without a word?"

Thomas Eastbell hesitated in his reply. He would have been extremely glad to offer that as a solution to the mystery, and turn the tables against Reuben Culwick and his sister, but Reuben might come back at any moment and defeat his machinations.

"No, they ain't gone," he replied; "it's Sally and the Captain."

"What!" and Mrs. Eastbell's high note rang out again with startling shrilliness, and vibrated through the room.

"They planned to go away. Sally was to get you to make a will in her favor, but to pretend to be fond of Reuben Culwick all the while, and then she was to steal off, and the Captain was to get away in the morning, as he did, leaving a line or two to me, which I found on the table in my room."

"It matters a great deal to me and my prospects—that's all."

"Yes—yes; but I shan't forget you. Why, I can make another will at once, if you will help me."

"I'm not a good hand at writing, but I don't mind trying," said her willing grandson.

"Yes—yes; but there's Reuben, too. He has been served terrible bad. Where is he?"

"He's looking for her. He don't know yet of the Captain's letter to me. He hasn't been home all day. He thinks something's happened to Sally."

"I'll wait till he comes back, Tom. He writes a will like any lawyer."

"He said—he left word that he wasn't sure of coming back at all. If you could let me write out a few lines. I have got a form here—handy, too, and that's singular, isn't it?"

"Very."

"Very singlor, as I say, too—a merciful dispensation like; why not a few lines now, if you've left everything to Sally?"

"Very well. Write me out a line or two, and then call in witnesses as Reuben did. Half to Reuben Culwick—nothing to that ungrateful girl, to begin with—and half to yourself; you mustn't forget yourself, Tom."

"Thankee, I won't," said Tom, approaching the table.

He took a printed form from his pocket, and began writing in great haste, blotting and smearing as he went, being clumsy with his pen, and unsteady of hand that day. He and the Captain, prepared for business, had brought down a form of will, praying for a chance like this, and, lo! it had come in an hour of depression and mortitude. It didn't look a nice will; but it would stand its ground, he hoped, being a natural sort of testament in its way, and leaving all things fair and square.

The old woman was standing by his side, with two cold hands pressing heavily upon his shoulder, and—great heaven!—the gray eyes were unsealed and staring at him!

"Don't—go on—with it," she whispered. "Sally wouldn't—wouldn't—go away—for good."

"I tell you——"

"I tell you that—you—lie!"

She turned, as if to totter feebly to her chair again, and he sprang up with a shout of horror as she fell back heavily.

"Grandmother!" he cried.

"Tell my—dear Sally—that I——"

It was all over, and tragedy took a deeper shade onto itself from that hour. Grandmother Eastbell was dead!

(To be continued.)

CROWS LEARN TO FISH.

Taught by Gulls, They Have Now Become Experts.

"See those crows flying low over the water out there?" said a Santa Fe railroad conductor the other day, as his train was speeding along near the Desplaines river, below Joliet. "They are the smartest birds you ever saw. I've been watching them for a year, and all others will have to take a lower perch when they are around.

"Maybe you think those crows are just flying about for the fun of it. Fact is, they are very busy. They're fishing, and they have the petrels, gulls, and hawks beat at their own game. Never heard of crows that fish? We can't stop and watch 'em, but if we could you'd see I am right.

"It's a new industry, so to speak, with them. Two years ago a crow didn't know a thing about the piscatorial art. But when the drainage canal was opened the gulls followed it from Lake Michigan, and they have taught the crows how to catch a nice shiner. Now the river along here is almost black with crows, as you can see for yourself.

"When the gulls first appeared hereabouts and flew over the water looking for fish the crows sat on the trees and waited until the lake fowl had made a catch. Then the crow would swoop down from the tree and chase the gull until it dropped the fish. Very often the gull would get away, and the crow would have to fly back hungry. They are wiser now, and not only do their own fishing, but they have driven most of the gulls away.

"I've seen crows by the dozen sitting in those low trees watching the gulls skim slowly down the river. Every time a gull would dip into the water the crows would strike after it and rob it of the prey.

"When the gulls left the valley the crows began fishing for themselves. The only trouble with them was they couldn't fly slow enough, and they didn't seem to want to take to the water when they saw a fish. They have got bravely over that now. They sit on floating boards or ice and keep an eye on the water, and will catch two fish while a gull is catching one.

"Some people say that a bird learns only by instinct to do a thing like this, but this is a case where the crows have been taught by other birds. They are the champion fishers of the Desplaines valley, and I wouldn't be surprised if they would teach all the other crows until they will become known as water fowl. It'll be pretty hard to teach 'em to swim but they've got the fighting art down to a fine point."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE SHOE RAG IN LONDON.

The Only Bit of Yankee Shoe-Shining Methods Introduced There Yet.

New Yorkers who go to London are always surprised at the elementary methods of the street bootblacks who still carry the traditional box and expect their patrons to lean against a wall until their shoes are cleaned. This kind has practically disappeared in New York, but London is still ignorant of any better.

But progress is not altogether unknown among the London bootblacks, and they have recently taken to what is regarded as an American innovation. This is the rag with which the final polish is given to shoes. Only the most enterprising of the boys have taken to this improvement, which they proudly describe as an importation from America.

"I have often thought that there would be ample return for any man with the courage to establish bootblack rooms in London," said a New Yorker, who has just returned to this country, "for at present there are no such conveniences to be enjoyed there. Situated in the right part of London, a bootblacking room, in my opinion, would make a fortune for its proprietor.

"To-day the average Londoner who has been brought up with the idea of having his shoes cleaned by the chambermaid at home or a small boy in the street, has no conception of the comfort of the American bootblacking methods."—New York Sun.

Roasting Coffee.

In Norway, where superb coffee is made, a bit of butter is added to the beans while they are roasting in the covered shovel used there for that purpose. In France, as well, a piece of butter the size of a walnut is put with three pounds of coffee beans, and also a dessertspoonful of powdered sugar. This brings out both flavor and scent, and, moreover, gives the slight caramel taste which will be remembered as a pleasing part of French coffee.

Despite laws against adulteration, "olive oil" is secured from the cotton plant, marmalade from the turnip, and cherry jelly from the foot of a calf.

If you have a bad headache rub slices of lemon along the temple. The pain will not be long in disappearing, or at least in growing easier to bear.

Tell neither of your own faults nor those of others.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets That Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings That Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

"See here?" cried the merchant, "some one is giving away our secrets."

"I'll bet it's that young Blugore you took in as clerk," said the junior partner.

"Impossible! He comes of one of our best families. He has in his veins the blood of great——"

"That's just it. 'Blood will tell,' you know." — Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Charitable.

He—How I admire Miss Oldham's calmness. She never loses her self-possession.

She—That's right, and if she doesn't get busy during leap year I'm afraid she never will.

That's Right.

Teacher—Tommy, what is a trust company?

Tommy—It's a bunch of men surrounded by other people's money.

Unsatisfactory.

"I hope," said the visiting person, "that when you get out of this place you'll have a higher aim in life than cracking safes."

"I don't know about that," replied prisoner No. ■144. "I did try porch-climbing for a while, but there wasn't much in it."

Asking Too Much.

"My dear," said Ardupp, "I have made a little preparation for your future. Had my life insured for $5,000 to-day."

"Oh, how thoughtful of you, John," exclaimed Mrs. A. "And can I get the money right away?"

No Chance for a Shortage.

"What puzzles you?"

"Oh, I was just wondering what kind of an excuse the iceman will give for putting up prices next summer."—Chicago Post.

Cause and Effect.

The editor smiled broadly.

"Good joke, isn't it?" said the would-be humorist who had handed it in.

"Sure," replied the blue pencil manipulator; "I laugh every time I see it."—Chicago News.

As Others See Us.

"I never would have proposed to my wife," said Enpeck with a sigh long drawn out, "but one moonlight night I simply lost control of myself."

"I see," said his friend Biffkins, "and you have never been able to regain it."

Gave Room for Imagination.

Lord Mort-Gaged—Ah, dar-darling, now my solicitah has awanged with your father for our marriage, look at me, dearest, and say you love me.

Lucy Goldrocks—I can say it easier without looking, m'lord.

Special Inducement.

Prospective Purchaser—I see you advertise a special inducement in engagement rings. What is it?

Jeweler—Well, we guarantee to repurchase any ring we sell within six months.—Chicago News.

Right in Line for Expense.

Mrs. Casey—The dochter says ye hov appendikitis, Tim.

Mr. Casey—Och, Norah, Norah! whoy wor ye so foolish as to show him yure bank book?—Judge.

Wanted a Mourner.

The lawyer was drawing up Enpeck's will.

"I hereby bequeath all my property to my wife," dictated Enpeck. "Got that down?"

"Yes," answered the attorney.

"On condition," continued Enpeck, "that she marries again within a year."

"But why that condition?" asked the man of law.

"Because," answered the meek and lowly testator, "I want somebody to be sorry that I died. See?"

In Literary Land.

"Your new book must be a great seller."

"I'm sure it is. My publisher writes that he's going to Europe next week."

"And you?"

"Well, he has promised to let me see him off."—Atlanta Constitution.

It All Depends.

"Do you believe in second marriages, Mr. Slimpurse?" asked the fair divorcee.

"Well—er—that depends," replied the cautious Mr. S. "How much—er—alimony did you get out of your first?"

Sherlock Onto His Job.

The modern Sherlock was trying to find out if the missing girl had a suitor.

"Show me her gloves," he commanded.

The gloves were brought forward.

"Ah," said Sherlock, "one glove was never worn at all, and that shows she had an engagement ring on her finger."—Chicago News.

Truthful Salesman.

"No," protested the lady customer, "I don't want these shoes. The soles are too thick."

"Is that the only objection?" asked the diplomatic clerk.

"Yes," she admitted.

"Then I'd advise you to take them, madam," he continued. "I can assure you that your objection will soon wear away."

As Others See Us.

Her—And do you really think my new portrait looks like me?

Him—Yes, it really does, I'm sorry to say.

Cause and Effect.

He—Have you noticed how happy Miss Elderleigh looks this evening? I wonder if she is engaged?

She—No, it isn't that. She has quit wearing tight shoes.

Unsatisfactory.

Edyth—Why do you doubt Mr. Slowman's sincerity? His voice has an honest ring.

Maymo—Yes, but that isn't the kind of ring I'm looking for.

Great Bargain.

"Oh, I've found a grand intelligence office," said Mrs. Van Albert.

"Charge you $1 for one cook?" asked her husband.

"One? Why, they agreed to let me have four cooks for $3.98."—Chicago News.

Just a Pointer.

"Why did you yell out when you sat on Rover?" asked the pretty girl. "He didn't bite you."

"No," chuckled the silly young man, "but he's a sharp dog."

Matter of Choice.

Wiggins—I understand your uncle died of a complication of diseases.

Muggins—Either that or a complication of doctors, I'm not sure which it was.

Two of a Kind.

Lady (to applicant)—Yes, I need a good cook. How old are you?

Jane—sakes, mum, an' it's naither av us as'll iver see 40 agin.

A Trifling Matter.

"Why, Willie, I'm ashamed of you for being sent home the second day of school. I suppose you broke one of the teacher's rules?"

"No'm. I broke her glasses this time."

Family Affair.

Jack Gayboy—I'm going to kiss you.

Miss Buddleds—Don't you dare; I'll call mamma.

Jack Gayboy—Oh, never mind; I kissed her in the hall as I came in.

Didn't Like Him.

Blox—What is your private opinion of old Juggernot?

Knox—Well, he's just the man I'd like to see my mother-in-law marry."

Pa's Idea.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what's a bachelor maid?

Pa—Really, I don't know, my son, unless it's a spinster with money.

Home Industry.

"Let me show you some Japanese bric-a-brac," said the clerk in the big store.

"Oh, no," responded the man with the fierce mustache. "I'm a Russian sympathizer. Don't want anything from Japan."

"Oh, you needn't worry. All this was made in the United States."—Chicago News.

A Better Combination.

Jenkins—What's this talk about your applying to the Legislature to have your name changed to Montmorency?

Sniffkins—My wife objects to "Sniffkins."

Jenkins—Huh! she was glad enough to take that name when she married you.

Sniffkins—Yes, but we've got a baby boy now that we've called "Claude," and my wife wants a prettier name than "Sniffkins" to go with it.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Tonic Enough.

"What tonic do you take in the spring?"

"Say—the spring let-up on the coal pile is tonic enough for me."

Rarest of Known Fruits.

The island of Jolo covers fully 320 square miles. It is of coral formation and offers a most excellent harbor to the west. In topography it is gently undulating and covered throughout its entire length by the rankest tropical vegetation, valuable teakwood being found extensively throughout the entire district. Nowhere in the world are more luscious fruits produced.

Among those peculiar to this belt is the durian, which is about the size of a muskmelon. Its exterior presents somewhat the appearance of a chestnut burr, being prickly and tough; within the fruit is white and cheese-like, and owing to this peculiarity the American soldiers dubbed it the "vegetable limburger."

The mangosteen is another of the rare fruits. It is the size of an average orange, chocolate colored and has a very brittle skin. Inside four white sections contain a colorless liquid. This is the rarest fruit known, and the only one, so it is claimed, that Queen Victoria had never tasted, there being no way of preserving the fruit for a sufficient period after plucking to permit of shipping to any distance.—Scientific American.

Science and Invention

The saltness of the Dead Sea is attributed by W. Akroyd in considerable degree to air-borne salt from the Mediterranean.

Exposing pure oil of turpentine mixed with one per cent of oil of lavender is the finest of all simple methods for purifying the air of a stuffy room.

Leather railway ties are made by grinding scrap leather very fine, subjecting to a refining process, and compressing to different grades of hardness in a moulding machine.

A British naturalist suggests that the destruction of animal life by heavy rains has received too little attention. The mortality among insects and all small animals is certainly very great.

In a late experiment in Switzerland a Scotch boiler was found to be 130 degrees C. hotter at the upper part than at the lower part, and the temperatures changed but slightly after two hours. As this peculiarity is a chief objection to this form of generator, a test of other boilers is desired.

The Fuel Builders.—These are the ferns, which in the carboniferous period attained a rank growth. The spores of the ferns, found on the under sides of the leaves, which answer the purpose of seeds, form a brown dust, and this dust, heated and compressed, composes great masses of coal. Jet is also another work of these little builders.

A new luminous fungus has been forwarded to Europe from Tahiti. It is said to emit at night a light resembling that of the glow worm, which it retains for a period of twenty-four hours after having been gathered, and it is used by the native women in bouquets of flowers for personal adornment in the hair and dress. It is believed to grow on the trunks of trees.

According to a recent pamphlet by an Italian doctor, a sure way of restoring life in cases of syncope is to hold the patient's tongue firmly. After two other doctors had worked for an hour without result over a young man who was apparently drowned, he thrust a spoon into the patient's mouth, seized the tongue, and worked it violently until the patient gave signs of life.

Considering the possible influence of alcohol upon human evolution, Dr. Harry Campbell assumes that such civilizations as those of Babylon and Egypt may date back thirty thousand years and that agriculture by migratory tribes may extend back thirty thousand years more, but concludes that the use of alcohol as a beverage has not been known more than ten thousand years. He finds no reason to believe that, as was suggested some years ago, the discovery of fermented liquor gave the first civilizing quickening to the brain of ape-man.

Observations as to the height of the diurnal sea breeze are few in number, albeit of considerable importance. By means of a captive balloon, sent up from Coney Island a number of years ago, it was found that the average height at which the cool inflow from the ocean was replaced by the upper warm outflow from the land was from five to six hundred feet. At Toulon, in 1893, the height of the sea breeze was found to be about thirteen hundred feet, and a distinct off-shore current was found between nineteen and twenty hundred feet. More recently—1902—on the west coast of Scotland, Dines, using kites, had noted that the kites would not rise above fifteen hundred feet on sunny afternoons, when the on-shore breeze was blowing.

ONCE SAVED ELKINS' LIFE.

West Virginian Rescued from Peril by Bandit Cole Younger.

Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, talked for the first time the other day of his late meeting with Cole Younger, the Missouri bandit, recently released from the Minnesota penitentiary. It developed that Younger came to Washington to enlist the influence of Senator Elkins and other prominent public men who showed interest in his affairs, in an effort to get the terms of his parole from the Minnesota pardon board modified in important particulars. Younger claimed that the conditions imposed upon him as a "ticket of leave man" form such a handicap that he is practically debarred from making a living in any legitimate way.

Many versions have been given of the manner in which Younger saved the life of Senator Elkins in Missouri nearly a half a century ago, but Senator Elkins says that none of them have been accurate. The incident occurred just after the fight at Independence, Mo. Elkins says it was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon and he was returning "from seeing a girl." He was mounted on a good horse, had a new pair of cowhide boots and a new broad-brimmed hat. In rounding a turn of the road he almost rode into Quantrell's gang. The particular portion of the organization which took him prisoner was known as "Parker's men." Elkins says he has always believed that one of the reasons why he was immediately accused of being a spy was the desire of some of the rough fellows to have his new boots, his fine horse and his broad-brimmed hat, as they did not hesitate to say that in their belief such possessions were "too good for a Yank." There was but one man in the command that Elkins knew—that was Cole Younger. Younger and Elkins had lived in the same neighborhood in Missouri as boys together and Cole declared that Elkins had a father and brother in the Confederate army and it was impossible that he could be a spy.

Elkins said: "I told Younger to stay mighty close to me, as I did not like the looks of the fellows who surrounded me and the way they talked to me when they told me to sit down on a big walnut log alongside the road. Cole said he never had a man before or since quite so respectful to him. I insisted upon him standing in front of me all the time. It was a good thing, too, because there was no question that if it had not been for Younger's determined attitude and his announcement that he would take a shot at the fellow who harmed me while the leaders were disposing of my case I doubt if the State of West Virginia would ever have been able to avail itself of my services. Cole said it was not true that they wanted my boots and horse, but they were greatly enraged because the day before they captured me Parker, their leader, and old man Christopher had been killed. They were bent on revenge."

EXPERIMENTS ON THE BRAIN.

Electricity Is Not Dangerous When a Mild Current Is Used.

Experiments on the brain of a living subject with electric currents have been comparatively rare, as there has prevailed among physicians and physiologists the idea that such a course of experimentation was extremely dangerous. There have recently been published, however, records of some experiments carried on by M. S. Leduc, with the object of using the electric current to produce sleep and of studying its effect on the brain generally. In early experiments it was shown that the brain is the best conductor of electricity in the human body, being about 3,000 times more conducting than muscle. It was also observed that when a continuous current was passed through the head from one ear to the other, that the sensation of giddiness was produced and that objects appeared to revolve in the same directions as the current flowed. However, when the electrodes are placed on the forehead and neck and the current sent from back to front the effects are innocuous so long as a mild current is used, and in some cases may be beneficial. According to M. Leduc, the most satisfactory current is one of four milliamperes at thirty volts, which is broken or interrupted 100 times a second for nine-tenths of the period of interruption. The first effect noted was the disappearance of the faculty of speech, after which followed the loss of the motor faculties. Under ordinary conditions there is no affection of the respiration or pulse unless the current is increased, and then it may cease. The patient is said to awaken instantaneously from the electric sleep and to experience a feeling of refreshment.

POINTER FOR FLAT BUILDERS.

Why Not Adopt Some Space-Saving Devices of Ships?

"It is a wonder some of your New York builders don't borrow ideas in economizing space from shipwrights," said an English architect who came over in the Cedric, to a New York Press man. "We are beginning to put up small apartments in London and some of the big midland cities now. So far British builders have not been so badly cramped for room as the builders of some apartments I have seen in New York, but we may come to it.

"The strict economy of space in even the best cabins of the modern Atlantic liners is a revelation to an architect who has never made a study of it. Fixed sofas in odd corners that can be made into a comfortable berth in a jiffy, washstands that fold up and disappear without any fuss or mess, racks for stowing away small things that always seem to disappear when they open, are just as essential in a small apartment as they are aboard ship.

"The average outside cabin on a liner is smaller than the average bedroom in a bachelor apartment. There are more conveniences in it when the cabin steward has opened everything out. But after staying for one week in the guest chamber of a fashionable bachelor apartment near Broadway and Greeley square I felt a sense of expansion when I went down to the steamer to choose a cabin for my return voyage."

Frankly Owned His Fault.

Although there has been complaint of late about a growing lack of discipline in the ranks of the French army, the demoralization has not, it is believed, progressed seriously, as the following incidents, coming from a French naval port, will illustrate:

A general holding a high command made his appearance a few days ago at the barracks of an infantry regiment, which, in obedience to his orders, was promptly drawn up in the yard. Then he explained the reason in a brief address. He said that as he was walking in the town attired in mufti on the previous day a man belonging to the corps, who was the worse for liquor, accosted him rudely and asked him to stand him a drink. "Let him step out of the ranks," he concluded.

Immediately a bugler emerged, and, saluting, said: "It is I, mon general." The incident is characteristic and apropos of it one is reminded of such an adventure which befell a certain French marshal. A grenadier, who was exasperated at some injustice that had been done him, pointed his pistol at him and pulled the trigger, but it did not go off. Without moving a muscle, the veteran cried: "Four days in the cells for keeping your arms in a bad state." The bugler's honesty can scarcely have failed to be an extenuation of his offense in the eyes of the general.

Summoned by Name.

An exciting lover's quarrel was once brought about by the young woman's accidental reading of a telegram wherein the unfortunate lover had spoken of his new yacht in terms of endearment, omitting to mention the fact that Geraldine was only a boat. A similar blunder is reported by a Philadelphia paper.

There were five passengers in the street car, and as it approached a crossing the conductor called "William!" One man got up and went out. "Ann!" announced the conductor, and a woman left the car.

Tucked away in the corner was a little man with a foreign-looking face. When the conductor called "George!" and another passenger alighted, the little man awoke to the situation. He rose, tipped down the aisle and whispered to the conductor:

"Before you calls out de name of de lady in dere, I'll tell you I wants to git off soon. My name is Paul."

It's the fresh man who is apt to get in a pickle.