Second Cousin Sarah

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

CHAPTER XXII.

It is time that we follow the fortunes of Second-cousin Sarah, whom we left with her shabby sister-in-law in the grounds of Sedge Hill. Taken off her guard by Mrs. Thomas Eastbell's sudden appearance, disturbed by the events of the night, and ever conscious of the danger which the presence of the two intruders in her aunt's house foreshadowed, she followed the woman in good faith some distance along the garden paths and in the direction of the high road.

"We will go no further," she said; "tell me what I have to fear from your husband and Peterson, and I will reward you handsomely."

"Listen then as well as you can. I ain't a-going to speak loud for anybody."

"I am listening."

Sarah Eastbell inclined her head more closely to the woman, who began whispering about her husband in a rambling fashion that was difficult to follow, until she went suddenly back three steps, to Sarah's surprise, and stood gazing at her, or at something near her.

"What is it?" exclaimed Sarah; "what——"

There was no opportunity to say more, to scream, or to struggle. Two strong arms closed round her, and a cloth, wet and sickly with drugs, was pressed to her mouth and nostrils by a merciless hand, that seemed to snatch her at once from active life to oblivion.

When she came back to consciousness it was to a life apart from Sedge Hill, and those who loved her there. She was lying on a bed, with Sophy Eastbell dozing by the side of a scantily furnished fire. There was a narrow window in the side of the room, with some boards nailed across it to keep the light of one splittering candle from betraying itself to the night.

Suddenly Sophy woke up, and gave a nervous jump in her chair at finding her sister-in-law crouched upon the bed, with her great dark eyes glaring at her.

"Where have you brought me? Why am I in this dreadful place?" Sarah asked in an eager voice.

"You've come round, have you?" said Sophy. "Well, I am glad of that. Blest if I didn't think they'd overdone it with their khory-what's-its-name, and sent you bang off afore they meant it."

Sarah Eastbell was sitting at the edge of the bed now, regarding her jailer with eager attention. She was scarcely back from dreamland yet.

"Why have I been brought here?" she asked less patiently.

"You'll know in good time, gal. There's no 'casion for a hurry, or a flurry. Take it cool. You're safe enuf."

Sarah Eastbell was standing at the door of the room when she had recovered herself. It was locked, as she had suspected.

"It's no use your thinking of getting out, Sally," said Tom's wife; "don't build on that, or harm will happen to you. That's certain."

"Do you think I am the weak girl whom you remember last?" said Sarah, walking from the door to the woman's side, and clutching her tightly by the waist, "or that I am to be frightened by this trick of yours, and of the wretches who have assisted you? Do you know in what peril you have put yourself?"

"Oh, yes, we all know; it's all been thought on," said the woman ironically. "We're of the don't-care sort, and have chanced it. You can't say it wasn't well done, Sally."

"Give me the key of the door, or you will find me the stronger woman of the two!" cried Sarah.

"Don't ketch hold of my wrist like that," cried her sister-in-law, "or you'll be sorry if I go away, or if any one downstairs comes up instead of me, because you are too violent for my company. You can't behave like a lady, for all your fine flash silk. I have only to shreek out, and there are three men below who don't stand nonsense sich as yours."

Sarah Eastbell released her hold. Yes, she was in danger, and must be cautious. They who brought her to this den had risked a great deal in entrapping her, and would risk more rather than allow her to escape. She must be prudent and on her guard, not defiant and aggressive.

"I ain't got no key, if you must know," said Sophy, as she returned to her chair and sat down; "this is my room, and we're both locked in together. I'm to take charge of you, that's all, my gal, and think yourself lucky it's me."

"What place is it?" Sarah asked again.

"A place of bis'ness," was the enigmatic answer.

"Coiners—the old gang from Potter's Court—the Petersons," cried Sarah.

Mrs. Eastbell did not answer. She warmed her thin hands at the fire, and a convenient cough prevented all possibility of reply. She was a prudent woman, and not likely to commit herself and her friends by responding to leading questions of this character.

The spiriting away of a young lady from home without her consent, and without leaving a clue wherewith to trace her, is no light feat in the nineteenth century, and Mrs. Thomas Eastbell had shown a natural pride in the neatness of the achievement. True, the house was five or six miles from a quiet city, and was desolate enough at all times, the hour was late, the circumstances were opportune, and how to profit by the riches of old Mrs. Eastbell and her granddaughter had been the study of six months, but still Mrs. Thomas Eastbell had something to take credit for. It was a bold stroke carried out by desperate men, and it had succeeded where a more timid line of policy would have assuredly failed.

It was the boldest bit of business that the Peterson gang had ever been engaged in, and the Petersons had been engaged, under various aliases, in innumerable shady transactions. They had come to "fresh fields and pastures new" by adopting the fair county of Worcester as a sphere for their operations; they had rented a tumble-down old edifice in a wild part of the country, and put on the door the name of Jackson, button maker; they had even made a few acquaintances in distant villages, and bore a respectable name among honest, unsuspicious folk who believed in them and their buttons. No one visited them certainly—it was an out-of-the-way place, to which nobody was invited, and where only button making was the order of the day.

No one confounded the name of Jackson with Peterson—and it was possibly good policy in the Captain adopting his own name when he went with Thomas Eastbell to Sedge Hill. It kept matters clear and distinct, though he had not bargained for Sarah Eastbell's good memory, or imagined that he was known to her by sight.

It was he who unlocked the door of Sarah's extempore cell at seven in the morning, and stood before her, the avowed agent of her captivity.

"I have come to apologize for my friends' rough treatment of last night," he said, reclining languidly against the wall, and crossing his gloved hands, one with a very glossy hat in it, "and to express a hope that you have suffered no inconvenience from your temporary withdrawal from a home which you are accustomed to adorn. I, for one," he added with a low bow, "should regret very much to hear one word of complaint."

"This is your work then," said Sarah bitterly; "it is as I suspected. Tell me what my brother wants?"

"I would say a fair redress for the injury which you have done him. Your grandmother is rich, and will leave you all her money. And your only brother, a man of many admirable qualities—will be left to drag on his life in indigence, and to die in utter abjectness of spirit, without you assist him as fairly and liberally as a fond sister should do. Thomas, who is in difficulties, wants fifteen thousand pounds!"

Sarah drew a sudden and deep breath, but did not reply. The thin face of the woman stooping over the fire peered round at her, horrible in its eagerness and greed.

"Fifteen thousand pounds only from that immense fortune which must come to you when old Mrs. Eastbell dies, the simple conditions being that the sum must be paid at once, as your brother is very poor, and there is a balance of sixteen thousand three hundred and twenty-eight pounds lodged at your banker's, in your name, for the convenience of a current account."

"How do you know what money is lodged in my name at the bank?"

"Thomas tells me—that is all. He sent me here with your check book—he found that in your desk, too, he tells me. You have only to draw a draft for the amount, and you are free, Miss Eastbell. I promised a friend of yours that you should be at Sedge Hill this evening. Miss Holland will tell you everything tonight," he said as he drew the check book from his pocket and pitched it carelessly upon the deal table that was there. "I have left everything for that young lady to explain. It is a story apart from yours, and suits not my style of narrative."

"This money is held in trust for another," she said; "it belongs neither to me nor to my grandmother."

"If to Mr. Culwick, we—I should say, your brother Thomas objects to the title."

"Let him!" cried Sarah with a sudden outburst of anger.

"Am I to understand then——"

"That I will not sign one of those checks. Yes, understand that for your friend. You may kill me," she cried, "but you shall not touch a penny of Reuben Culwick's money."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Captain Peterson, merchant service, received the ultimatum of Miss Sarah Eastbell with his customary sang froid. He was a man whom it took a great deal to disturb, or who concealed his annoyance by an enviable semblance of imperturbability.

"After that, I need not trespass further on your time," he said. "I will communicate with Thomas at once."

He unlocked the door and went to the landing place beyond, closing and locking the door behind him. Finally he went down the rickety stairs, which were crumbling to pieces with the house, halted at the bottom of the next flight, and listened at the right-hand door, as though there were another prisoner close at hand. The door was not locked, and he opened it softly, and put his head into the room beyond, withdrawing it in silence, as if contented with what had met his gaze; and proceeding down another flight of stairs, to a room on the ground floor, where three tall men, in shirt sleeves, were cowering before a fire. If these men were Petersons, Captain Edward had taken the good looks of the family to himself.

"You've done your parts well, boys," he said in a quick, sharp voice, "but there may be more to do."

"How's that?" inquired scoundrel number one; "we've done enough now to get ourselves lagged for ten years."

"It's not easy," said Peterson, "but it must be gone on with at any risk. Failure means Worcester jail, success means ten thousand pounds between us all."

He had mentioned fifteen thousand pounds upstairs, but he and Thomas Eastbell were keeping an extra five thousand to themselves. Edward Peterson did not tell his brothers everything when money was in question.

"What more is to be done?" asked the first scoundrel, who was the worst-tempered and most disputatious member of the gang.

"You will know when it's necessary," was the short answer; "at present the young lady is refractory."

"Will the girl sign the check before the day is out? that's the question," asked number one, "for we can't go on like this."

"I have said that it's her money or her life, and I mean it! She will be back tonight at Sedge Hill, or she will never return again. Mark that. Do you think any woman would prefer to be found in the Severn, to paying away money that she can afford to part with?"

"We don't want to hear anything about the Severn," said the first scoundrel; "you know what's safe better than we do, but we'll have no hand in it. Dennis and I and Mike have talked it over, and won't go further than we've done already—there!"

"You fools, have I asked you?" shouted Peterson, springing to his feet; "you've done the work I've set you to do, and I will pay you for it and be rid of you. The money's safe, and I'll keep my word—as I always do, and always will. I don't want your help—you are in the way, and must go."

"Go!" echoed the men.

"This house will be unsafe after tonight, and we must vanish before it's spotted. I will be in London to-morrow evening, at the old place, with your money."

One by one these men drifted away from home, without a thought of Sarah Eastbell's safety, and with an immense amount of consideration for their own. It was not murder that troubled their mind so acutely as complicity with it, detection, and sentence. If Ned would take all the risk, he might murder half Worcester for what they cared; but it was out of their line, and they would prefer to return to London as quickly as possible, and wait for the money that had been promised them, or the bad news they half expected instead. It was two o'clock in the afternoon before the last of the three men passed out of the house, and went away down the narrow lane which led from the high road.

Captain Peterson stood at the front door. He was in excellent spirits, and he waved his hand to the disputatious Barney, who was the last to leave, by way of friendly salutation at parting.

"They're gone," he muttered, "and they're better gone, whichever way this affair is likely to turn out."

He lingered at the door meditating on the great scheme of his life. The sky was overcast, and he looked up at it and prophesied to himself that it would rain before the morning. He walked round to the opposite side of the house and gazed moodily at the water flowing twenty paces from him, and at a boat lying on the long grass above the river bank. One glance at the darkened window in the topmost story where his fortune lay, he thought, and then he returned to the house meditating on the difficulties in his way, and of his genius to surmount them. He went into the house, and upstairs to the first floor room, wherein we have seen him gaze with interest at an early hour of the morning.

"Bess," he said in a sharp voice, and at the summons a small thin-faced child, in a hat and cloak, appeared at the door.

"You have come back then, father."

"Yes."

Edward Peterson went downstairs, followed by the little girl. At the front door he said:

"You were wise to keep to your room to-day, little woman, for they have been very cross, and Mrs. Eastbell has been worse than ever. You must find your way to Worcester to-night, all by yourself. Two miles from here is a railway station—you know it, where the red and green lights shine out like big eyes after dark. You have run about here a good deal, and know your way well, and you can find the station. Now, take care of that money."

He placed some money in her hands, and she wrapped it up in a corner of a dirty white handkerchief, and tucked it down the bosom of her dress, wrapping her cloak round her afterward with all the carefulness and confidence of a woman.

"At the railway station ask for a third-class ticket for Worcester. When the train comes up to the platform, get in. When they call out 'Worcester,' get out. At Worcester a lady, very pretty, and with hands full of toys, will be waiting for you at the postoffice. Ask the way to the postoffice like a woman as you are, and when you see the lady under the clock, say, 'Pa keeps his word—I'm Bessie.'"

"All right," cried the child again, with a rare amount of confidence in her own comprehension of the details, which, however, he asked her to repeat, listening attentively to the recital.

She needed no second bidding to be off—it had not been so happy a home that she should grieve for it or him, and there had been a promise of a glorious change for her, and a bright child-world. She ran off quickly toward the narrow lane, already full of shadow that murky afternoon.

(To be continued.)

LAWYERS AT CHEAP RATES.

Thirty-nine Cents Is the Cost of Making One in the Old Dominion.

A local business man who was once the representative of one of the big mercantile agencies tells a story of how he became a member of the bar in the State of Virginia a number of years ago. He had occasion to go to one of the inland counties of the State to make an examination of the county records in order to ascertain the standing in the county of a number of country merchants. Upon reaching the railroad station he found it necessary to drive a distance of ten miles or more over a road which was a mere apology for a highway. Reaching the county seat, he went to the clerk's office in the courthouse and proceeded to look over the records as he had done in many other places without any objection being offered. While he was still on his first book he was asked by one of the clerks if he was a member of the bar.

"Not in Virginia," he answered in a tone indicating that he was a member of the bar elsewhere.

"I'm sorry," said the young man, "but in this county it is against the rules for anybody other than a lawyer to handle the books."

It was explained to the clerk that the legal talent in the firm's employ could not be found, and as the lawyer lived more than two miles away he would not have time to get him unless he missed the next train.

"There will be no trouble in arranging the matter," the clerk informed the Washingtonian.

Entering a private room, the oath subscribed to by attorneys was administered and a certificate showing the stranger was a full-fledged lawyer was handed over to him.

"What shall I do now?" the clerk was asked.

"Pay the fee," he answered.

"What is the amount?"

"Thirty-nine cents," was the clerk's prompt response.

The money was paid and the man from Washington returned home and told how he became a lawyer for the small sum of 39 cents.—Washington Star.

Tribe of Eskimos Found.

The remnant of a remarkable and hitherto lost tribe of Eskimos has recently been discovered on Southampton Island, at the extreme north end of Hudson Bay. It is said that until recently these people have never had an opportunity of seeing a white man. Their huts are built of the great jaws of whales covered with skins. In the middle is an elevation, on which is a stone lamp used for lighting, heating, cooking, melting snow and drying clothes. The lamp is only a dish of whale oil, in which is a wick of dry moss. Indeed, the whale is the chief means by which these people live, the bones being utilized for making plates, cups and sledges, but they also use sledges and walrus tusks, with deer antlers for cross pieces. The tribe is almost extinct, as only some sixteen are left. They speak a dialect peculiar to themselves and are very daring hunters.

They Are Sensitive.

The sensitiveness of the families of distinguished men as to the early occupations of their ancestors is somewhat remarkable. Recently an author was asked to write a brief history of the life of a man who had done service to his state. Like Lincoln, this man had been a woodchopper, a fact to which his historian gave prominence.

"Don't say he was a 'woodchopper,'" said the spokesman of the family. "That will never do."

"What shall I say then?" asked the author.

"Say—let me see now. Just say that he was connected with the lumber business."

Kaiser Wilhelm takes great interest in the work of the Y. M. C. A. in Europe.

The rarest of flowers is candor.—Racine.

OLD FAVORITES

The Barefoot Boy.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan;
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace!
From my heart I give thee joy;
I was once a barefoot boy.
Prince, thou art; the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride;
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye—
Outward sunshine, inward joy,
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for!
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Hummingbirds and honey bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste, the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight,
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond;
Mine the walnut slopes beyond;
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches, too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh, for festal dainties spread
Like my bowl of milk and bread!
(Pewter spoon and bowl of wood)
On the doorstep, gray and rude!
O'er me like a regal tent,
Cloudy ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra,
And to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy.
Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can;
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool winds kiss the heat;
All too soon those feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride;
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's, for work be shod;
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil,
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground!
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin!
Ah, that thou couldst know thy joy
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

—John G. Whittier.

OLD MONASTERY IN RUINS.

Home of the Carmelites in Mexico Is Now a Mass of Debris.

The suburban town of San Angel, at the base of the foothills, three-quarters of an hour from the capital by electric car, is every year becoming more fashionable as a summer resort, and every year, as modern conveniences and better houses are provided in the outlying districts, more people take up their permanent abode there.

To the casual visitor to San Angel the most interesting feature is the handsome old church of Nuestra Senora del Carmen. Its triple domes, with their tiles shining brightly in the sunlight, are the first objects that arrest the attention of strangers approaching the town. Its Carmelite bell tower, or campanario, is distinctive, and the edifice is one of the handsomest ecclesiastical monuments in all Mexico. It was dedicated to the worshop of God in 1617, or three years before the pilgrim fathers of New England landed on Plymouth Rock. The interior is handsomely decorated and contains some notable paintings by the famous Mexican artist Cabrera. Pious women have adorned the chapel of our lady, which is one of the features of this ancient church, and the magnificent Churriguueresque ornamentation of the northern transept is a splendid specimen of this most distinctive Spanish mode of decoration. Beneath this transept rest in their eternal sleep 45 American soldiers, who were killed or died of disease during the war of the North American invasion, when the adjoining monastery of the Carmelite fathers was converted into a military hospital and barracks, the good fathers nursing the wounded Americans with such Christian devotion and good will that when the troops evacuated San Angel monks and soldiers fell on one another's necks and wept.

Janvier speaks of San Angel's church as follows:

"In the year 1613 Don Felipe De Guzman, a pious 'cacique' of Chimalistac, in fulfillment of his father's testament, gave up to the Carmelite order a huerta of considerable size. Here the Carmelites built a little hospice. Don Filepe De Guzman presently died, and a little lated died also his widow, childless. By her will the entire estate of which she died possessed passed to the Carmelite fathers, and by these it was devoted to the building of the existing monastery and church. The plans for these buildings were prepared by the celebrated architect Fray Andres De San Miguel, a lay brother of the Carmelite order, and at that time held to be the first architect of New Spain. That this reputation was well merited is shown by the beauty of his still existing work. The building was begun June 20, 1615, and was pushed with so much vigor that the church and convent were finished within two years. The church was dedicated to San Angelo Martir, whence came the name of the little town that presently grew up around it.—Modern Mexico.

Reflection on His Neighbor.

"Paw, what is a 'spite fence'?"

"Any backyard fence, Tommy."—Chicago Tribune.

Many a woman loves her husband less than her husband's wife.

OLD INDIAN BATTLEFIELD.

Where Iowa and Kansas Tribes Struggled for the Mastery.

George Remsburg believes he has discovered the scene of a great fight had between the Iowa and Kansas Indians near what is known as Oak Mills, in Atchison County. The Kansas Indians held the country along the Missouri River until about the time of our revolutionary war, when they were driven away by the Sac and Iowa tribes, which came down from the North and conquered the region. The Oak Mills location is supposed to have been the place of one of their greatest battles. At this point many human bones and implements of war have been plowed up.

Kansas has been the scene of Indian battles innumerable and almost every county has traditions of fights of this character.

One of the most remarkable engagements of the kind took place in comparatively modern times between the Pawnees and Sioux in the valley of Beaver Creek, near the northwest corner of Kansas. The Pawnees were slaughtered in great numbers, the Sioux being the victors. After the battle the Pawnees returned and cared for their dead. This they did by erecting platforms out of poles and branches, and putting the bodies on them out of the reach of wolves and other animals.

When the first fringe of the white settlement had reached as far as Phillips County some of these platforms were still standing and still supported the whitened bones of the dead reposing upon them. A buffalo hunter once told Topics of a curious sight he saw at this graveyard. Some "horse hunters" were hunting in the vicinity. Horse hunters were those who chased the buffalo on horseback, and they were hated cordially by the "foot hunters," who stalked the game, because they ran the buffalo out of the country.

On the occasion mentioned the horse hunters stampeded a great herd of buffalo right through the Pawnee graveyard. They struck the rotten poles in their mad flight and sent the bones of the dead flying in every direction. Indeed, when they had passed not a platform remained standing. In the years which followed many passing hunters picked up skulls and other bones and carried them away as curiosities.

One of these skulls was secured by a man at Hays City. It was remarkable from the fact that an iron-pointed arrow had gone through one side and nearly through the other. People who had seen the bow only in its toy form used to look at this skull and marvel at the prodigious force which the Indians could give to their primitive weapon.—Kansas City Journal.

PAY AS THEY WEIGH.

It takes Western people to look out for themselves and give every man a fair show, even in rapid transit. It is not probable that in Pueblo, Colo., there is the trouble with overcrowding in street cars that is to be found in New York, but on the Pueblo Valley Railroad every man pays according to his weight. If the corpulent mine-owner and his fur coat envelop the slim strip of a counter-jumper sitting

STEPPING ON WEIGHING MACHINE.

next him the C. J. does not meditate with wrath upon bloated bondholders and their monopolies, for he knows that the bulky individual is paying at least twice the amount of his own fare. That is the way they do it on the Pueblo Valley. Every passenger is weighed, and pays according to his avoirdupois. Before he enters the car he steps upon a weighing machine, his weight is automatically stamped upon a slip of paper, which he gives to the conductor, who charges him accordingly. The moral effects of this system are far-reaching, and New York officials may take notice.

Kept for Thankfulness.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, in her recent book on costume in America, devotes much space to that curious dressing gown or negligee costume for men called the banian: a flowing garment so popular with the fine gentlemen of a century ago that they frequently elected to wear it when having their portraits painted. It could be made of any degree of richness in texture and brilliancy in color, and was often enhanced in effect by a gaily colored turban, sometimes worn rakishly on one side, replacing the warm and heavy wig of full dress.

Copley's painting of Dr. Nicholas Boylston, owned by Harvard University, depicts that eminent benefactor and sober citizen in a banian of sky-blue brocade, a scarlet turban and scarlet morocco slippers.

The most interesting banian which she describes is still in existence, and is made of a cotton fabric with varicolored palm-leaf design and lined with soft silk of brownish orange spotted with green and white. A piece of white linen sewn on the cuff is inscribed with its history:

"This Banyan was made in Canton in 1792 for Archelaus Brown by Chinese Taylors. It was made by order of his son, Rufus Brown; Supercargo of the bark The Lively Nancy. He cleared $100,000 of Chinese gold cash for a venture of $100 of Ginseng; and 1 Barrel of dried Sage of his Mother's venture cleared a Chiney tea set, 2 Crape Shawls and $100. All lost by Shipwrack but one small Chest of mostly Books. He was mourned 1 year as Dead & He came in on horseback waring this Banyan for the last of his clothes was wore out and Rotten with Salt Water and Sun. A very live dress he sayd for a Dead Man. Which is kept for Thankfulness."

Many a fool man expresses his willingness to die for a woman who wouldn't even take in washing for him.

QUEER STORIES

A child of 6 who has not yet lost any temporary teeth has in its jaws, either erupted or nonerupted, no fewer than fifty-two teeth more or less formed.

It is a curious fact that the teeth that are seldom used decay more rapidly than those that have daily work to do. It is a fact, however, and, being a fact, the thing to do is to take pains to eat on both sides of the mouth equally.

Gates at frequent intervals bar the country roads in Norway, and are a nuisance to travelers, who have to leave their vehicles and open the barriers. These obstructions mark the boundaries of farms, or separate the cultivated sections from the waste lands.

Nature's infinite variety is well illustrated in the collection of photographs of snow crystals made during the past twenty years by W. A. Bentley, of Vermont. He has now more than one thousand photographs of individual crystals, and among them no two are alike.

The best rugs of Persia represent patience, taste and prolonged labor. On each square foot of surface a weaver works about twenty-three days. A rug 12x12 feet would therefore require the labor of one man for 3,312 days, or over ten years, not counting Sundays.

In the Smithsonian report on scientific work for 1902, Professor Langley remarks that when the bolometer was invented, some twenty years ago, it was able to measure temperature to about one one-hundred-thousandth of a degree. Since then the instrument and its adjuncts have been so far improved that temperature can now be measured to less than one one-hundred-millionth of a degree readily and with precision.

After a series of experiments with carrier pigeons for conveying intelligence, the German naval authorities have decided to erect permanent pigeon stations on the coasts of the North and Baltic seas. Every warship, except torpedo boats, leaving Kiel or Wilhelmshaven, will hereafter carry a consignment of pigeons, to be released at varying distances from the land stations. It is estimated that the birds have sufficient endurance to fly home over a distance of about 186 miles from land.

Fall River easily leads all other cotton manufacturing centers in America. It has about one-fifth of all the cotton spindes in the United States, and more than twice as many as any other industrial center in America. It makes $43,000,000 yards of cloth annually. Every working day its mills weave more than 1,500 miles of cloth. If all the mills could be run on one piece, the fastest express train could not travel fast enough to carry off the piece as it is woven, since the product is more than two miles a minute.

Nowhere is the woman doctor more in evidence than in Russia. Among the wild and scattered population of this immense country there is an inexhaustible field for women as doctors and teachers, and it is the knowledge of this fact which has disarmed the opposition to their going through universities. In 1897 Russia had 997 women doctors and the number constantly increases. In this profession Russian women have made a distinguished name. They have enormous practices in the great towns, and are largely employed by the municipalities.

Rain Is Always on Time.

In few places on the earth has the weather prophet as easy a time as in Panama. In that part of the globe he can always tell to a certainty at what hour to expect a down-pour of rain. At 3 o'clock every afternoon it is due and it seldom fails to be on time.

This is the rule all through the rainy season. The morning is clear and the evening, after 6 o'clock, is delightful, and except from 3 till 6 o'clock nobody ever thinks of carrying an umbrella.

Not so at Colon, only forty-seven miles away. There it rains all the time during the rainy season and it never rains but it pours. Water comes down by the bucketful. At Panama the annual rainfall is in the neighborhood of nine feet, while that of Colon is twenty-one feet, and it all comes in five months—an average of four feet a month.

It is humorously said of Colon that there it takes the people all the rest of the year after the rainy season to get dry.

In the dry season the heat is intense, the mercury ranging from 80 to 90 degrees day and night. There is little difference in the temperature after dark, but it is possible to adapt oneself to the conditions of the place and there is a certain fascination about it that, in the case of some people, seems to make up for the heat.

The Magic of Carbon.

Steel is cast iron, half-way on toward wrought-iron. It has some of the stiff-harsh, stubborn traits of the cast-iron, combined with the bending, yielding qualities of the wrought iron, and inherits from its pig-iron forefather the family trait of absorbing carbon. Carbon, then, in varying proportions, is the great distinguishing mark between iron and steel. The subtle play of this element, as found in steel, is one of the most marvelously fascinating exhibitions of natural phenomena. The smallest quantity, changed in the slightest degree, produces effects as different as night from day.—St. Nicholas.

District Technical Schools.

Special district technical schools for improving the artistic education of the working girls and designers are about to be opened in certain centers in St. Etienne, France.

Water Power Lights City.

The city of Grenoble, France, installed its new system of electric lighting from a water power source twenty-seven miles distant, in the valley of the Romanche.

Politeness occasionally beats the almighty dollar under the wire.

A SINGING MOUSE.

She Was One of a Pair of Field Mice that Had Been Made Pets.

The wise little field mice seem to be fully aware of their constant danger from enemies. By day they seldom come out in the open, and when they do will lodge at the slightest alarm into their underground homes. But after twilight they venture out for food or to make a friendly visit to a neighbor. Ruth A. Cook in "Along Four-footed Trails" tells of catching a pair of little gray field mice in a box trap, and putting them in a cage made especially for them.

They soon grew accustomed to their new home. I firmly fastened a small tree-branch in the center of the cage. This afforded the little creatures very great pleasure, and they would crawl up its trunk and out on the slender branches, which would bend with their weight almost to the ground. On these occasions they used their long tails to aid them in climbing by giving them balance, and also to twist about the slender twigs. They learned to eat from my hand, would run up my sleeve, and dart back again at any sight or sound.

One night, as I was about to retire, I heard a peculiar little squeak, and rushed at once to the mouse-cage. The mice were nowhere to be seen. I shook the cage, a proceeding which had always brought them from their burrows, but they did not appear. Then I noticed that the canvas which I had used to patch the broken wire was eaten away, and at last my pets had found freedom.

I looked about the room for them, and as I did so I saw a sight that shocked me. The family cat was busy munching something. There was a little blood-stain on the floor, and a small gray tail still protruded from her mouth. Was it Deacon or Quaker or both? The only answer the cat gave to my query was to finish the tail and walk away with a satisfied mew.

A few days after this tragedy I was awakened one night by hearing a sweet little shrill song, not unlike that of a miniature canary. The song ceased when I began to move about, and I had my trouble for my reward. Night after night I was serenaded by this mysterious nocturnal musician. The whole family heard it, and joined me in the search for the source of it. All our attempts to solve the mystery of the peculiar sweet sound were futile until one evening I went to take my hat from a closet shelf, when I heard the same shrill little song. Before my eyes sat dear little Quaker! Her little throat was actually pouring forth the sweet refrain. She had made a nest in my rather expensive hat. But Quaker had demonstrated herself a singer. She was recaptured after a time, but while I had her she never sang again. I have never been able to determine whether she lost her power of song through loss of liberty or because she was lonely or for some physiological reason; all that is certain is that she lost it.

HOW UTE CHARMED A GRIZZLY.

Indian Found Bear Susceptible to the Powers of Argument.

"The most interesting story I ever heard came from the lips of old 'Buckskin Charley,' chief of the Southern Utes," said J. P. Adtberger of Philadelphia.

"As told by a white man the narrative is tame, indeed, lacking the dramatic action and eloquence of the red warrior. It was about a meeting with a big grizzly bear in the mountains of Colorado. Charley was out looking for deer. He was equipped with an old-fashioned, muzzle-loading rifle, which put him at a terrible disadvantage, when he was suddenly confronted by one of the biggest specimens of the grizzly he ever saw.

"'I jumped behind big tree very quick,' he said, 'and Mr. Bear came close, rearing up on his hind legs. I was scared to shoot, only having one barrel. Then I commenced to talk. I said: "Mr. Bear, I am your friend. I come out after deer. I hope you go way and so I kill deer and leave big piece of meat for you." Then the bear seemed to get friendly, and he dropped on his legs to the ground, much as to say he'd like a piece of deer, and then he run off into the mountains.'"—Washington Post.

Too Versatile.

Poor Jack of all trades! So strong is the prejudice against him that he is even denied the right to practice one avocation lest it interfere with his calling. This is an age of narrow specialization. When John Belcher, known now as a daring and original architect, was a young man he gave a good deal of time to music.

He had a fine voice, and was greatly in demand at evening parties.

One evening, after he had sung, to loud applause, he overheard two gentlemen talking him over:

"Who was the fellow that sang just now?" asked one. "The professional, I mean."

"Oh, that was Mr. Belcher, an architect."

"Well, he can't be much of an architect if he can sing like that."

The listener never sang again save at home. He decided that it was better to be a good architect than a pretty good musician and a fairly good architect.

The Grizzly of Old Days.

In the old days, before the deadly magazine rifle was invented, hunting the grizzly was a very different affair, and no animal on the American continent was more dreaded, his fierceness and vital force when wounded filling the most reckless of hunters with a wholesome dread. It was not at all unusual for a grizzly with a bullet through his heart to pursue and tear to pieces the hunter, whose long single-barreled muzzle-loading rifle, with its one round lead bullet, was altogether inadequate for such a contest. It is a strange thing, too, that while the grizzly bear is an omnivorous feeder, living on anything from roots and nuts to steer and buffalo meat, he has never been known to devour human flesh.—St. Nicholas.

English Walnuts from California.

California produces more English walnuts than all the other States, and they are of better quality.