Uncle Samuel-Well, goodby, Cuby. Take keer o' yourself. Never do anything gratis to-day that

some one is likely to pay you to do to-morrow. "Make room for the kicker." It isn't necessary; he generally makes room

Albany, N. Y., has refused to accept a Carnegie ligrary. Alas, poor Andrew! He may have to die rich after

that Ezekiel long ago sounded a warning to "them that dwell carelessly in the isles." A man got ninety days for stealing an umbrella. The man whose shade is

Readers of the Bible will remember

lost usually talks as if the crime merited ninety years. "Pull Tight" postoffice in Shannon County, Missouri, has been discon-tinued and mail for that point will in

future go to Ink.

We don't wish anybody any harm, but isn't Denmark running a pretty big risk in deciding to hold on to her stock of West Indian islands until fall?

A Chicago man went crazy because he inherited \$4,000. It is evident that he would never have been a Morgan even if he could have had Pierp's

Council Bluffs Nonpareil thinks this thing of Cornelius Vanderbilt introducing the fashion of wearing gold buttons for evening dress suits is carrying the gold standard too far.

That man and woman, aged 77 and 75 respectively, who were forced to elope for the purpose of getting married, may well say: "And, oh Lord, save us from the wrath of our children and our children's children."

The opinion of a clergyman that the earthquakes are the death throes of Satan is encouraging. It is to be regretted, however, that the old rebei has been so long dying. Earthquakes have been known for thousands of

Another woman killer has had the grace to blow the top off his own head after shooting his victim. The action is, of course, no amends for the murder, but it at least saves decent people the trouble and expense of hanging the assassin. The example is commended to gentlemen who contemplate murdering their wives.

A sociological expert is inclined to believe that society should facilitate the process of evolution by killing off people who are unfit to live. The professor, of course, means only the physically unfit. If he included people too mean to live the undertakers would have to work eight-hour shifts in order to keep up with the public executioner.

Of all the thousands living in St. Pierre but a moment before the destruction of the city, only one person lived after the tempest of flame had passed. When searchers went into the midst of that appalling scene of death and desolation, they found in a stone cell of the jail, alive and unburt, a negro murderer, chained to the wall. where he awaited the execution of the death sentence of the law. When released he rose and fled. Lot, the righteous man, was saved out of Sodom. A murderer was saved out of St.

During a fire in a large apartment house in Chicago recently, a child of 9 years old was seen emerging from the burning building, holding a caged canary in one hand and the family cat and her skirt in the other. The crowd outside took in the situation and cheered her lustily. The girl had been carefully drilled by her father, with repeated practice, what to do in case of fire. On hearing the alarm she had jumped out of bed, calmly picked out her best clothes, put them on, and made her exit decently and in good order, bearing her own particular treasures with her. A better than Casablanca is here!

The cry of frenzied and panic-stricken inhabitants of the island of Martinique to be taken away is met by the determination of the French Government to evacuate the island entirely. Nature has triumphed over man. In the long fight between the two the former has been put under contribution to the latter. It has been held down, repressed, made a slave. As if in revenge, it appears to claim one region for its own. Thus far shalt thou go and no farther, says recalcitrant nature, and man, terrorized, submits. But if this land is given up, may not the people of other islands in the volcanic belt also give up the struggle and evacuate. Every island in the Windward group is subject to a like visitation and throughout the West Indies a simtlar doom impends. Is nature going to claim one district for its own where it may mutter and spit upon the earth to its content? And will the day ever come when man shall control its subterranean wrath even in those beautiful but stricken islands of the sea?

Recently two attempts were made to kill the chief of police of Moscow. Three shots were fired at the governorgeneral of Warsaw, and the minister of the interior was assassinated at St. Petersburg. All these crimes were committed by students or by their friends, and may be interpreted as a response to the severe measures recently taken by the government against student agitators. How severe these macsures are is indicated by the fact that in Moscow alone six hundred students have been condemned either to exile or imprisonment. The process is that known as "administrative order." that is, a simple police hearing, in

chance to vindicate himself. The min RISE OF THE COLLAR. puted to wear it in heaven, common ister of education, General Vannovski, the one Russian official of high rank who has shown sympathy with reform, has resigned in despair because the reactionary elements are too strong for him. At the other social extreme there have been riots of working men, partly on their own account, as an incident of strikes, and partly to express sympathy with the student agitation. In the southern provinces there bave been outbreaks of peasants, aimless and unorganized, the expression apparently of a blind revolt against the misery of their lot. In Finland there is determined resistance to recent edicts for the Russianizing of the army. The communal governments have refused to obey the edicts, the conscripts summoned have not responded, and at Helsingfors, the Finnish capital, there has been street fighting between the people and the Cossacks. Russia is a vast empire, and is ruled so autocratically that a revolutionary propaganda encounters peculiar difficulties. The press is censored, and there is no opportunity for public assembly. But these simultaneous denonstrations of unrest among different classes of people and in widely separated parts of the empire tell a story of revolt which is the more pathetic for being seemingly hopeless.

The drift of young men toward the engineering professions is one of the marked developments of an industrial era in which inventive genius is harnessing the forces of nature to every possible form of productive energy. The electrical field is particularly alluring. this department in the technical schools being crowded beyond the facilities provided for instruction. In order to prepare students to enter upon success ful careers in the varoius departments of engineering these technical schools have arranged their curricula with reference to teaching the largest amount of science and engineering that can be compressed into the time at the student's disposal. The schools have found it necessary to omit from their courses many studies which were formerly regarded as essential to a liberal education. Chief among these are the languages and English composition. That this is a serious defect in technial school training is now becoming manifest in all branches of modern engineering, and, singularly enough, the technical journals are the first to recognize it and to call attention to it. The benefits to be derived from a study of modern languages by those who are preparing for a profession, much of the literature of which is written in other languages than that spoken by the student, would seem to be plainly obvious. But if instruction in foreign languages must be dispensed with, the acquirement of ability to speak and write the English language clearly, concisely and logically would seem to be of the first importance to engineers. A man may be an expert in some department of engineering and may have a most complete knowledge of his subject, but without the ability to impart his ideas to others in good English he suffers a severe handicap. Says the Electrical Review: "The value of an engineering report does not depend so much upon the erudition and the familiarity with the subject exhibited by the engineer making it as it does upon his ability to make clear and explicit his reasons, to ters of politics and religion through show logically the origin of his deductions, and to impress others with his her three weak sons, Francis II., conclusions. It is precisely this art which has been neglected. Facility in the use of language is a tool in the hands of a competent man with which he can accomplish much. Mere knowledge without this facility is practically useless." The technical school, however, is not alone in the matter of de scient training in English. A similar gravity and comparative moderation. complaint is lodged against the high schools and colleges. It is gratifying to note, however, that the engineering journals are joining vigorously in the general appeal for a more thorough and Saxon proportions. The gallants and exact training in English expression.

In Washington.

von know who I am?"

alsle of the car. the government, fellow!"

The conductor grimly smiled as he

ment. "And it strikes me that the old gag is a little overworked." Then with one hand on the bell

he poked his head into the car. "Any more Senators to get off here?" he politely inquired.-Cleveland Plain

Dealer.

An Ingenious Excuse. General William T. Sherman was pected a good-looking mulatto, and orlered the man to be brought before him. You have stolen my turkey and profitable. eaten it!' said the irate planter. not gwine to say I didn't when you says I did, massa.' 'I ought to have you flogged. What have you to say why I should not punish you? 'Well, massa, you hain't lost anything particular. You see, you has a little less turkey and a good deal more nigger!" And the master was compelled to acknowledge the philosophy of the slave and let him go unwhipped."

Long Postponed. Helen of Troy was admiring a new

girdle given by her lover. "You don't think that horrid thing be oming?" asked one of her maids; "it's not at all the style."

"Oh, you're very much mistaken." olied the beautiful princess, "this is the latest thing from Paris!" So obtuse, however, was the Trojan mind that it failed to see the point. get."

and the straight-front corset did not ome into vogue for 3,000 years. New into use very tardily, considering its York Sun.

which the person accused has small ly look down in the mouth at times their purple and though saints were re-

EVOLUTION THROUGH VARIOUS FORMS TO THIS DATE.

Began 6,000 Years Ago with Pendents of Human Bonce and Came Down to Us Through Strings of Beads, Chains, Ruffe and Handkerchiefs.

As a development of the last 6,000 years the collar is, to classify it roughly, either barbaric or civilized. In the first class must be ranked such ghastgropings after beauty as pendants human bones, strings of glass beads and the celluloid anachronism; in the second, various adornments in gems, lace and linen. Between these extremes, winding into each and having some of the qualities of each, may be named the collar of mediaeval and modern knighthood, the knotted neckerchief of the bandit, the chain of servitude and the balter of punish-

Humanity has ever shown a strong impulse to bedeck its neck. Civilizamust not claim a regard for the llar as its peculiar development, for barbarism gives phenomenal prominence to the adornment. Informal history, not yet twenty years old, has recorded the unaffected surprise of the captive Zulu king to find that the paper collar in which he was exulting would not be accepted as a full presentation dress at Cape Castle. A glance at the pictured ruins of Nineveh and Babylon and at the carved records of Memphis and Thebes shows that circlets, rich and flamboyant, abounded both for neck and arm. The Hebrew Joseph had a gold chain hung about his neck as the insignia of power. The ornament was probably harmless as far as Joseph was concerned, but it set a perilous fashion. Eight centuries lar we find Isalah lamenting over "the chains and the bracelets and the mufflers" with which the daughters of Jerusalem were frivolously adorning themselves. As for three famous dames of myth and poetry-Helen, Penelope, Clytemnestra-they doubtless shone at home in jeweled necklaces, while their lords gleamed up and down the road in collars of mail. It may be here added that necklaces are interwoven with the legendary tragedies of Queen Guinevere and the glossy-throated Isolde, and with the modern tragedy of Marie Antolnette. Pictorial representations of Greece in

its prime show a general scorn of the collar-as if statesmen and orators would not allow any hamper whatever put upon their eloquent throats. But Macedon near at hand, and Rome not far away, were, even then, forging a chain of servitude for the Hellenic

Chivalry made a man an esquire by investing him with collar and spurs. To these equipments were added, in the case of the fullgrown knight, an entire shell of metal. In the development of honorary knighthood the collar has been a conspicuous badge of ornament.

The sixteenth century may be taken as the boundary between the ancient and the modern collar. When Henry II. of the house of the Italian ruff. Catherinede Medici ruled, as to matfour reigns-those of her husband and Charles IX, and Henry III -and with her ruled the ruff. It is impossible to think of this woman-whether her head is lifted toward the heavens in the study of the stars or bent toward the earth in the mixing of poisonswithout an investment of Medici collar. Spain adopted the fashion with England first eyed it as a vice, then endured it-then let it embrace her.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the Latin ruff attained its greatest Angloladies who gathered around Henry III., wore wire-framed ruffs one-third of a yard deep, but Elizabethans were, as "Sir," cried the disorderly individual a rule, content with a spread of onewho had refused to pay his fare, "do quarter of a yard. As may be imagined, courtiers-French and English-"Send me your name and address by found banqueting an inconvenient mail," said the husky conductor as he pleasure. Long-handled spoons came hustled the struggling man down the into use as a fashionable necessity. For a time "the stately arches of pride" "I'm a United States Senator, sir!" stood up, three or four deep, supported shricked the disorderly one. "You are by what a satirist of the age called insulting and assaulting the majesty of "a master devil ruff"—a frill stiffened with gold, silver, lace and jewels. If the satanic support could not be afbalanced his victim on the lower step forded the ruffs were fastened to the ears or allowed to fall over the shoul-"You're the twenty-third Senator I've ders like windmill sails. "Everybody had to eject to-day," he said as he let will have them," mourns the satirist, the stranger gently slide onto the pave. "whether they can afford them or not. No people is so curious in new fan gles." And then he adds, more seriously: "Monstrous ruffs-three steps and a half to the devil! God be merciful unto us!"

Ruffs were first made of holland, but this fabric yielded to lawn and cambrie when starch was brought into England. It was in 1564 that Mrs. Wingham, a Fleming, came to London as a fond of relating the following story; starcher of ruffs and a teacher of the When I was with the army in Geor art. She drew around her large classes gia, a slave-owner about Christmas of pupils, and as she charged 15 per time missed a fine fat turkey. He sus- pupil, with an additional fee of 20 shillings for instruction in "seething the starch," she found ber handlcraft

In the reign of James I. the ruff contracted its circumference somewhat, and then it assumed a modified form known as the "band"-a wide, stiff collar, horizontal and square, starched.

wired and edged with lace. Charles I. introduced to his courtiers picturesque collar of point lace, with Van Dyke points and Henrietta Maria to her ladies a neck kerchief. To these fashlons cavallers clung through the civil war and the severe years of the

commonwealth. Charles II. adopted "the neckcloth, or cravat, with ends of lace. The style was an expensive one, to judge from a royal entry of cost-"£20 10 shillings for cravat to be worn on the birthday of my dear brother." This outlay seems to justify an early definition of the word "cravat"-namely, "a handsome, gracious, new-fashioned gour

Linen as a fabric for neckwear cam antiquity and that it was ever at hand for experiment. It would seem that, Prosperous throat specialists natural- though the rich wore the fabric with

nortality did not selze upon it for a practical standard collar until starch had done its utmost with lawn and other half-hearted textures. It has the general world this year under despotic rule. Since the rise of the linen collar men have never rebelled against its rules; women sometimes have, but just now they are acquiescent.-Chicago

THE NEIGHBORS NOTICED. Feature of Pural Life that City Wom

an Disliked. The mistress of the house and the guest who was staying with her heard light tap on the panel, and before it could be answered Mrs. Overtheway pushed the door ajar, peeped in, pushed it wider and entered. Her face was anxious, but it beamed relief as she

was met by a cheerful greeting. "Well, now, Mrs. Whitehouse, I guess there isn't anything wrong, after all," she said, settling into an easy rockingchair. "But Sister Almira and I were getting kind o' worried, and Almira thought I'd better run over and find

out, anyhow. "You had three extra sheets on the line Tuesday, and next day morningwell, it was pretty foggy and we couldn't be sure, but we thought it was the doctor's buggy stopped at the end door; and we haven't seen anybody go in to call since Saturday; and leave your side again." we didn't know but there might be

sickness, and it was catching. "To be sure, there wasn't any board of health card on the door. It's been so wet we didn't dare run over to look, what that man meant when he accused but we used grandfather's field-glass. me of seeking to marry an heiress?" and it was quite satisfactory as far as the front door and the side porch, only (the beautiful head), "I think I do. we couldn't command a view of the He said something of the same to me kitchen door or the back hall; and some at Blackpool." people are sensitive about such things. so we didn't know.

"There were the Joneses, now; they just wouldn't have a scarlet-fever card from the first moment I had seen her, on their front door-said it made them before I guessed that she might be an feel disgraced, being placarded that way in the face and eyes of all Main would only be because I expected she street. They took it down and tacked would be rich one day?" it on the kitchen door instead, and when the board put it back, why, they just took it down again. It was a back-and-forth fight over that bit of red card-board all one week, and 'most not an heiress. ended in a lawsuit. No, it didn't seem like your folks to act that way; but then I'd always been in the habit of thinking the Joneses had sense, too. There's no telling till the test comes. So there isn't anybody enjoying less good health than common? Almira'll be real glad, and so'm I. We'd have offered to help if there had been. We've had all the usual diseases."

When she had gone the visitor burst out laughing. "'Three extra sheets!" she quoted. "Well, I believe in neighborliness, but there's a point where I draw a line-and it's the wash-line. Don't you hate to live under such a scrutiny as that?"

The answer came with a laugh, but it was given in earnest:

"No, I like it. I used to hate it, and of us spoke again. If they took what they saw as a text for mallclous comment it would be dif- 'it is right that we should have said ferent; I should hate it still. But after these things at such a time?-when we a winter we spent in a strange city do not yet know anything certain about where no one knew or cared what we my dear, dear father?" did, or what happened, and when we had sickness and no sympathy-why, would, you know, save you the smallgetting back to the neighbors' notice est pang of pain. But I think I ought which passed over the top of the wall. was just a lovely part of coming home. to say at once, dear, that you must give "The devil!" exclaimed Steinbardt, I'm not made that way myself; I don't up the hope that you have clung to, I starting suddenly to his feet. But he watch their wash-lines nor count their sheets; but they may lean over my fence in rows and inspect every frayed napkin and torn pillow-case I own, if they want to, as long as I know it means they care and when we want

them, they'll help." That is the difference indeed. In small place, where happenings are few the frank inquisitiveness of friendly people is a thing to count as part of the comedy of life, and meet with a laugh. It is only the inquisitiveness that is spiteful, or that pries into matters where privacy is known to be desired, that a sensible person will resent.-Youth's Companion.

The Original Mr. Squeers. The thoughtlessness of writers in cause of much annoyance and sufferens and Thackeray sinned in this re- for him-shall we not?" spect. The grossest injury which Dickens ever inflicted on a fellow be- Uncle Birley" came in. ing was his too accurate portrait of suspected the understanding we had an innocent man in Squeers. That come to, but, like a kind and discreet Yorkshire schoolmasters were, as a old gentleman as he is, he said nothing rule, cruel and wicked enough it is then true. But the particular schoolmaster, who was recognized and who recog- you? Well, lad, I've just walked down nized himself as the original of to thy lodgings to tell th' old woman ley and me, "I have found you, sneaks Squeers, seems to have been an exception to the rule. It will be remembered that Dickens and his illustrator traveled together to the north of England for the purpose of collecting material for "Nickleby," and especially for the Dotheboys episode. At Great Bridge they visited a boarding-school known as Bowes Academy. The master, William Shaw, received the strangers with some hauteur, and did not as much as withdraw his eyes from the operation of pen-making during the interview. "Phiz" sketched him in the act, "Boz" described the act. The personal peculiarities of William Shaw were recognized in Squeers. Yet there is abundant evidence to prove that he was a really excellent and kind-hearted man, who was made to suffer for the misdeeds of his neighbors.

Throw Cold Water on Him.

A titled lady warned her gardener that her husband had an irritating habit of disparaging everything he saw in the greenhouse, and of ordering, in a reckless manner, new plants to be bought.

"But on no account humor him," she said. "Whatever he says, throw cold water on him, or he will ruin us with his extravagance."

At this point the new gardener turned on her a white and startled face. "Ma'am," he asked, "if he orders me to pitch every plant in the place fascination that I am drawn to the deon the rubbish-heap, I shan't ever have scription of them, to the risk of omitthe pluck to douse him in cold water. Won't it do just as well if I get a drain of warm water out of the boiler

neck?" When an undertaker looks sympathetic, no one believes that he feels it.

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

I had much ado to keep quiet, but I did manage to hold my tongue. I had my eyes fixed on him, however; as he again turned to go, his eyes encountered mine, and, I thought, fell before them. In a moment we heard the door slam behind him, and Louise sank sobbing into a chair. It took all Birley's efforts and mine to calm her. I think I must in which Freeman had de ivered his have become very much engrossed with my own efforts, for when at length famous lecture. The kind of thing was rather new in the village, and there famous lecture. The kind of thing was Birley, Birley was gone.

laying her hand on mine, "till he comes back?"

me, and the confession which I had not intended I should make for some time yet. Considering the highly wrought condition of the nerves of both of us, I do not think it is surprising that we should then have opened our hearts to

"I wish," I said, "that I need never to withdraw her hand, butI kept it and

"And do you think," I urged, 'that if I told that heiress how I loved her, how I had loved her and thought of her cated, struggling to get out of a vat or heiress-do you think if I said that, it bath of vapors, while the other, with mouth muffled, held him down. Still

But," she said, looking up with a bright, uncertain smile (which was so winning!-so ravishing!) "but I am

"You guess, then, it is you I would say this to?-that it is you I love and have ever thought of?"

"I did not guess," she murmured "until he made me think of it at Blackpool. Then I understood why you had

"Ihen I-I think," she faltered, "I began to- Do not make me say it! "To love me a ilttle?" I asked.

"Yes," she whispered. Her face was hid against my shoulder, and my arms were about her before she added

It was some moments before either "Do you think," she said at length.

"Louise," I answered, "darling, I packages gone, the hole covered in, and

all find your father alive. He does At once the last picture of all flashed the Boston surface cars, and was standnot live. I am sure now-indeed I may upon the sheet; the wall lay flat on the ing on the platform on the side set say I as good as know where he lies ground, and the man stood by with the the gate that protected passengers from more at present. All we can hope to Up started Steinhardt, and strode lady-a Boston lady-came to the door cent resting place. Then we shall go silence, to where the big Dick stood by move toward the gate, which was his away out of this terrible region of his apparatus. money grubbing, of horrible toiling abused-we shall go away to a place come change?-and to get away from the constant talk of 'brass.

We were thus talking when He probably

she may go to bed, for thou'rt to stay here the rest of this night-the last night but one, very likely, that I sha.l be here myself!"

A tear glistened in his eye, and a lump rose into his throat; but, after a momentary pause, he talked on, and these signs of emotion disappeared. We soon went to bed, but I think no

one of the three slept much. in the course of an intimate talk with Louise which I had that Sunday I learned how near I had been to losing her while she was at Blackpool, where her vigilant duenna had been a hard, faithful old German servant of Steinhardt's. It was only gradually that I got to know all the anxiety, and even terror, of those days of detention and surveillance, but that day I heard to my borror that the poor girl had been so wrought upon by Steinhardt's representations of her duty to her father. of the heniousness of refusing to fulfil what (Steinhardt declared) had been his frequently expressed wish, that she was on the point of accepting Frank for I told you, you'e not yet done with law called away, the one home and the other to London.

CHAPTER XV.

As I recall the final episodes of my story so far as they concern the archvillain Steinbardt, I am so affected with a shuddering horror that I scarce write legibly. Yet they have such a ting one or two matters of quieter interest, which are yet vital to my story. These I must dispose of. Weinesday and let it trickle gently down his and Thursday passed away, and the Friday arrived, which to think of even now makes me tremble. It was a dartempt, and so very little would make it -a height which I could not have con-with Spain.

TO THE WAY WE WAY WE WAY TO THE WAY THE WAY

SAMMANAMAN SE MANAMANAMANA

and others low, Freeman and I crept up

behind the sheet, where I waited with

trembling pulse and sudden creeping

chills till the, to me, uninteresting

part of the entertainment came to an

end. The curate acted as lecturer, and

explained with fluency what the views

meant, or told something about the

places represented. I cannot tell what

it was about. At length his series of

views and his lecture were finished.

There was a moment's pause—to me a

attitude of quarrel, surrounded by col-

the same two men -the one half suffo-

appeared. I ventured to peep at Stein-

hard; he was gazing fixedly, with part-

ed lips. The fourth picture called

forth an instantaneous cry of horror; it

was, perhaps, too realistic. The dead

moan from the front bench, but on

glancing at Steinhardt I saw him sit-

vas packages, and the man stood by as

if pondering. Quickly came the next;

the man digging near a ruined build-

ing, with the three packages by him.

Th' owd spinning mill!" some one

exclaimed aloud; I had not thought the

resemblance was so recognizable. That

was almost immediately succeeded by

the same view of the mill, with the

"Where the devil," I heard him ex-

claim, "d d those horrible pictures

come from? They were not among the

You must tell me where you got them.

tell him anything about them. In the

midst of this the lights flashed forth

again, and the people began slowly to

disperse, with hushed but earnest

I went straight to Jaques's cottage.

he (meaning Steinhardt) do now.

Louise wished she had been there, and

Birley had just said it was as well she

had not, when a heavy foot rapidly ap-

proached, the latch was noisily raised,

are nothing!-you are beggars!-you

arrested for making calumnious charges

against me!" How in his fury had he

Freeman and I slipped out by

There was now a wild hubbub

Who gave them to you?

speech.

a side door.

hard stood before us.

recollected himse

ridiculous! I had taken partly to my CHAPTER XIV-Continued. confidence the big son of the landlady (a staunch Lancashire lad of the old breed). With him I went through the slides of my story several times, and showed him how to manage them with effect. The evening came and I was almost sinking under excitement. The place of entertainment was that public hall

ple, especially of Steinhardt's own. Steinhardt, with his wife and son, sat "You will not leave me," she said. right in front, where the reflectioon from the sheet fell full upon him. When the lights were turned, some out

That touch precipitated feeling in each other.

On an impulse of shyness she tried

she let it stay.
"Louise," I said, "do you know "Yes," said she, with hanging head

no word of explanation. Rapidly "Oh, I do not think that at all! came the third picture—the man one lying dead and dyed before the other, and beside an open box. Awful whispers began to stir among the spectators, who were the more impressed no doubt by the silence amid which the pictures

She trembled violently (dear fluttered heart!) but I still held her hand.

been so very good to me, and I -' "What, Louise? What, dear?"

"Do, do say it."

-"but not little-very much!"

know, in secret, that you might after buried, though I must not tell you loose rope in his hand! do then, darling, is to give him a de-down the room; amid an ominous of the car, and, as it stopped, started to and moiling in smoke and steam and poisonous vapors, where the eye cannot rest upon one single spot of nature unwhere the people are poorer and milder, where we may see clear skies and pure water, and trees and flowers bright and wholesome. Won't that be a wel-

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed "that will caricaturing people for grotesque pur- be sweet. Let us go-do let us go as poses in their novels has been the soon as ever all things are settled, and we have done somet ing for our dear ing to sensitive persons. Both Dick- uncle Birley! We shall do something

"Wondered where I've been, have

nmitted himself! "Herr Steinhardt," said I, at once, 'the pictures, so far as I heard, were unaccompanied by a single word of comment, except what they drew from the people, and no one could say that the figures represented were likenesses. But your guilty, black heart has charged you. As it says, I say: "You are the murderer of your partner, Mr. Lacroix, and his remains will now be found securely locked, whence you can't remove them, under that fallen wall!" His jaw dropped, and his great body

trembled for a moment, then as with a sudden impulse of fury he made as if preparing and engraving the kind he would crunch me with a bearish hug, when Birley came between us. Come, 'Manuel, none of that. As and Lancashire. You'd better go home, or go to our experiments."

"Fool!" he cried, still glaring at me 'Idiot! What scrap of proof have you of the ridiculous charge you make?" 'For one thing I have proof that Mr. Lacroix, before he went to you at the works, called here to see his old

tongue at last then?" We we all amazed, Steinhardt as superheated steam. much as any, at the electrical effect of this upon the old man. I had casually noticed throughout the scene that he had eagerly though painfully listened

died in his chair—and, quivering with excitement, strove to give un This be could not do, but with ning gesture he pointed with ning gestar to the door. Steinbart stood and stared open-eyed, when is made as if he would himself

him to go.
"Go, "Manuel; go, man!"
Birley, holding the door open. Steinhardt went without a word, and the old man fell back in his chair-and was soon rigid in death.

CHAPTER XVI

Birley remained that night at the When I left to return to my ottage. lodgings I was surprised, even for the moment terrified, to see lights series the stream, hovering about the spe which I knew was the temporary gan of Mr. Lacroix. In the moving light I presently saw figures; I heard sounds. too-the sounds of a pickaxe.

"They are breaking into the grare!" I exclaimed to myself, and resolved I

would go and see. I hurriedly picked my way round b the place. About the fallen wall-the gigantic tomb-slab of Lacroix, which brawny pickman, naked to the vais was hewing at—there stood, in silent stolid expectation, a crowd of thirty or forty men and lads, with two or the women with shawls over their heads. Many of the men were in the colored garb of the chemical works. "Pick on that spot where you see the

green," I called to the hewer; I had hastily come to the conclusion that since I could not hinder the opentions I ought to help. When I said this they all turned and

wild throb of anxiety-and then the bass voice of the manager of the lantern looked at me. boomed forth the annoucement: "A "You know summat about this, do Lacashire Mystery." Without another not yo', parson?" asked one. word the first picture came upon the

Something," said I. sheet (I crept to its corner to watch "I'm thinking, Mr. Unwin," said an old man, whom I recognized as the Steinhardt). It was two men in an father of the man to whose death bed ! ored vapors. The second followed had been summoned months before quickly without a word of explanation; "I'm thinking this that you've shows tonight in th' pictures is th' same business as my lad raved about. So my connection with the pictures

had been discovered. In silence the hewer picked the bricks loose, pausing now and then to let a comrade throw the debris aside, Soon a space was cleared, and he begin carefully to pick into and loosen the soil. A shovel was brought into requisition, and the earth and rubbish were thrown aside. And the old ventil ating cowl overhead kept grinding stiffly and slowly about, with painful long-drawn moans, as if it were op pressed with the spirit of the scene.

body lay stripped and quartered before "I've struck on summat!" exclaimed the living man, who stooped over it. I the hewer, pausing abruptly and speakfancied that at this sight I heard a low ing in a hurried whisper. Several hands were now tearing a the soil, and fearfully sounding it.

ting as before, as if fixed as much by "I feel a clout," whispered one man, utter astonishment as by horror. The and he began to tug at it. next picture rapidly blotted out the "Ah," I exclaimed in alarm, "you gruesomeness of the other; the portions mustn't disturb them-not tonight, at of the body lay wrapped in three can-

"Yea, parson," said the man, "but we mun. We mun see which on us it is he's done for like this. There's Jim Riley gone missing, and Job Kershav.

(To be continued)

WANTED TO CLIMB THE GATE the man standing as if pulling a rope Story of Secretary Moody and Haughty Bos-

> They are telling a story in Washingcars coming on the other track. A den from her by the man standing be

fore it. "Other side, please, lady," said the conductor. He was ignored as only a lot I bought! Come, no d-d nonsense! born and bred Bostonian can ignores

man. The lady took another step to ward the gate. "You must get off the other side, talk. Dick, I was sure, had refused to said the conductor. "I wish to get off on this side," came

the answer, in tones that congealed the

official into momentary silence. Be fore he could either explain or exposts late. Mr. Moody came to his assistant "Stand to one side, gentlemen," h remarked quietly. "The lady wants to There I found Birley. In low, anxious climb over the gate."-New York voices we began to discuss what would Times.

Sent to Conference Committee Gen. Grosvenor had just been tell ing a story. When he reached thed max he paused expectantly, but nobed the door was dashed open, and Stein- laughed. They looked at him in an proachful manner, and the general, with some irritation, tartly explained the point of the joke. They the

and cowards! You think with your laughed, but it was an effort, and see fool's tricks and your pictures you will ator Payre said: annoy me, and spoil me! Piff! You "Grosvenor, you are deteriorating Formerly anyone could see your joint are dirt! I will have you, Sir Parson, after one application."

"Yes," replied the crestfallen Grat venor, abjectly, "and now they have it be sent to a conference committee New York Times.

England's Mint.

Some striking details of the open tions of the mint are given in the est mate for the coming financial year The profit on silver and bronze coing is estimated to be the same as last yest namely, 800,000 pounds, while t loss on worn coins withdrawn from de culation, is expected to amount to 55 000 pounds, as against 60,000 pounds last year. The gold coinage represent a loss of 5,000 pounds. The costs seals is put at 2,000 pounds.-London Daily News.

Where Bronze Is Weak.

An astonishing decrease in the te sile strength and ductility of brones temperatures above 400 degrees Fahrer heit has been reported by Prof. C. of Stuttgart. With an alloy of 91 cent copper, 4 of zinc and 5 of these properties were reduced shere per cent at 400 degrees, but about per cent at 600 dergees. This disco-"Soh! Has the old idiot found his ery suggests caution in the as a bronze for engine parts in contact

Spread of Civilization

The first Tagalog-English and Est lish-Tagalog dictionary has just I was smitten with fright, as if I saw a completed. It is the work dead man rise to his feet, when he now Sto omple of New York, who worked # tompt, and so very little would make it nittle if Ho

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