

A crash and a blinding explosion.

but pure carbon. I did crystallize that, though I didn't say anything about it. Another man—Mr. Hannay of Glasgow—also did the same thing and published his results in 1880. He exposed a mixture of paraffin spirit and bone oil distillate with lithium in a strong iron tube to the prolonged heat of a reverberatory furnace. He got specimens of diamantoid carbon, but they were small in size and when placed on the polishing wheel immediately crumbled. I was about as lucky, except that in addition I had a bad blow-up which cost me half a femoral muscle and will make me limp to my dying day. Afterward I found that there was something else in natural diamonds besides pure carbon, and, working with that something else and a mechanical contrivance with electrical adjuncts—"Oh, look here," I cut in, "that'll do. You make me tired."

"Greek, still Greek to you?"

"Emphatically; so come to results. You say you know how to make diamonds of large size for half nothing a carat—diamonds which will stand cutting and which are in all respects equal to the dug up animal?"

Macdonald nodded and rubbed his hands softly.

"And now you're going to put them on the market? Well, don't flood it and you've got the softest thing any one man ever owned since Noah had the monopoly for live stock."

"It's highly improbable that I make or sell a single crystal."

I turned and stared at him. Was the man crazy?

"There's a much better dodge than setting up a diamond factory."

He paused again and laughed.

"Speak, you scoundrel!" I shouted.

"Don't keep me in the thumbscrews here. What's better?"

"Why, not doing it and being paid for that same. Don't you know that all the diamond people have clubbed together into the biggest ring or trust or corner or whatever you choose to call it of any commercial fraternity in all the world? This ring either owns or has a governing interest in all the big mines in Africa, Brazil and India, and even the lesser ones in Virginia and Borneo and those places, and it

just arrived in Burton by special train to say that the demand for the £200,000 annuity was agreed to. I have never seen any one so effusively genial and civil as Mr. Levenstein made himself while he attended to our physical needs after that explosion.

The process of blossoming out into a man of means was one I did not see, as the French were going up to Timbaktu just then, and I wanted to go with them to see whether the place really existed or whether it was only a magnified joke. As it turned out, the neighborhood proved intensely interesting, so I stayed there a longish time, and when I got back to England again Macdonald had quite settled down to the new order of things.

That tank, the only creature comfort of his working days, was a forerunner of what is the man's abiding place now that he has come into enormous wealth. On the flank of his more stable residence he has built him a huge house of glass and filled it with palms and bananas and palmettos and other tropical foliage plants and ferns. There is no method or order in their placing, nor are there concrete walks about the place. Some of the floor is soft short grass, the rest water winding in deep, narrow channels in and out of the islets of foliage. The temperature stays in the eighties.

Here Conrad Macdonald, in the garb that nature gave him, basks and swims and dives for six hours of the day and meditates over an airship built on natural principles. He studies the flights of birds and butterflies and insects which skim and flutter in the warm air around him, but till now he has made no practical effort to put his observations into shape. Yet I think he will make that airship.

If you don't know Macdonald and do not believe this tale, go round to Hatton Garden and ask any diamond merchant there how much he pays toward Conrad Macdonald's pension. He may wax eloquent, but the odds are he refrains from giving a civil reply.

The Wife, the Church, the Five Dollars

Irving Parke allowed himself to be persuaded to accompany his wife to church, and, of course, after he got there he found that part of the service was devoted to raising a small fund for church repairs. His first feelings of resentment wore away under the pleadings of the preacher, and when his wife handed \$5 to the usher he thought of the economy she must have practiced to have saved that much out of her allowance.

But the fund still lacked a small sum of being complete, and as other men spoke a good word for the cause, at the same time giving from their cash surplus, Mr. Parke felt the spirit possessing him.

"We all want to see our church kept in good repair," he said, "and I will supplement my wife's gift with \$5 more."

As he said this he felt in his fob pocket for a five dollar bill which he had placed there the night before. It was gone. He felt in other pockets, his embarrassment growing each moment, and then, as if an inspiration had come upon him, he turned an accusing look on his wife.

Mrs. Parke flushed; the congregation, which had been enjoying the scene, burst into laughter, contributions were called off for the day, and the preacher pronounced the benediction.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Reminded Him of Old Times.

An old man whose millions were all the time rolling up other millions for him not long since happened to notice the tin lunch pail of the new office boy whose home was across the ferry from the big city. It chanced that the lad was the newest and youngest of the numerous boys employed by the firm of which the old man was the head and had not had time to become acquainted with the personnel of the office. He was out at the moment, and a certain reminiscent, half tender curiosity tempted the millionaire to lift the lid of the little round pail. There were two sandwiches of homemade bread, a doughnut and a piece of apple pie. The old man smiled. For a minute he was a boy again, and the little tin pail before him was the one he himself had carried fifty years ago. The new office boy's face was a study when he discovered this tableau behind the big screen.

"That's my dinner you're eating?" he exclaimed indignantly at sight of the strange face.

"I know it, my boy," returned the other, still smiling, "but you must let me finish it now," taking another bite of the pie. "Here's enough to get you another dinner"—and he handed the astonished youngster a five dollar bill—"only it won't be as good a one as this," he added, with a twinkle in his eye.

Paid Him Back.

Schoolmaster (to his wife)—My dear, I wish you would speak more carefully; you say that Henry Jones came to this town from Sunderland.

Wife—Yes.

Schoolmaster—Well, now, wouldn't it be better to say that he came from Sunderland to this town?

Wife—I don't see any difference in the two expressions.

Schoolmaster—But there is a difference—a rhetorical difference. You don't hear me make use of such awkward expressions. By the way, I have a letter from your father in my pocket."

Wife—But my father is not in your pocket. You mean you have in your pocket a letter from my father.

Schoolmaster—There you go with your little quibbles. You take a delight in harassing me. You are always taking up a thread and representing it as a rope.

Wife—Representing it to be ropé, you mean.

Schoolmaster—For goodness' sake be quiet. I never saw such a quarrelsome woman in my life.—London Mail.

"I'll tell you what I wish, Georgie. I wish the woods between here and our house were just full of bears—great big ones, too—and then I'd take my gun, and first thing you'd know a bear would come from behind a tree. Then I'd bang away, and off would go his head, and another 'd come up, and I'd shoot him. Bang, bang! And maybe one of the bears would come up from behind and he'd bite my arm so it would bleed, but I'd go on shooting the rest just the same, and the blood would keep coming until I'd walk into the house and say to mamma: 'Here's my little brother and sister. I've saved them.' Then maybe I'd faint dead away, like papa told us Ivanhoe did after he fought all of the knights."

Georgie's eyes opened wide with admiration as he looked at his brother.

"Wouldn't you be 'fraid at all?" he asked.

"'Fraid? No, of course I wouldn't! Do you suppose I'm a coward? Would you be 'fraid of a bear?"

"I don't know," said Georgie doubtfully, "but if it was a big one I might be."

"'Fraidy cat, 'fraidy cat!" sung out Stanley. "I'd be ashamed to be a 'fraidy cat if I was you."

"Children!" called grandma from the open door. "I've got Susie ready now, and you'd better start immediately. It's later than I thought it was, and I'm afraid it will be dark before you get home. I wish your grandpa were here to go home with you!"

"Oh, I ain't afraid of the dark, grandma," said Stanley, "but I suppose Georgie 'll be. He is a 'fraidy cat!"

By the time they reached the middle of the woods it had grown dark. Little Susie looked at the strange shadows and in fear crept close to Stanley.

Just then the children heard the cracking of twigs near them.

"Hark! What's that?" cried Stanley.

Not far from them they saw a large animal coming toward them. It came in great bounds, its eyes glaring like balls of fire.

Stanley dropped Susie's hand and sprang toward the nearest tree, shouting as he ran: "It's a bear! Come on, Georgie! Quick, Susie, climb a tree!"

But little Susie stood still, crying pitifully with terror. Georgie, his face white, stepped in front of her and with clinched fists awaited the approach of the monster.

The creature bounded up and began to lick Georgie's face.

"Oh, Bruno, you dear old fellow, did you come to meet us?" Georgie called out, half crying and half laughing.

Stanley climbed down from the tree and slowly rejoined the group.

"Georgie," he said presently, "you're not a 'fraidy cat, but I am one myself. When we get home I'm going to ask mamma to give you all the jam you want on your bread, and I'll go without any for a long, long time!"

The Secretary Bird.

The secretary bird is a South African species, though it is found as far north as Abyssinia. It builds its huge nest of sticks in low bushes or tangled underbrush. While sitting the female secretary is fed by her mate. The young mature in strength very slowly, seldom leaving the nest till six months old.

The secretary bird differs from the other members of the hawk tribe in its exceedingly long legs. It is a bird of prey, feeding on insects, small animals and reptiles, snakes being its favorite food. These reptiles are often of the most venomous kind, but of them the secretary feels no fear, attacking them with its great and powerful wings and beating them to helplessness, after which it swallows the victims whole and headforemost.

Dolly Limericks.

There once was a dolly named Abby,
Whose body of sawdust was dabby,
And the worst of her woes
Was the fact that her clothes
Were always so fearfully shabby!

Another xxx doll named Louisa,
Just hated to have children tease her;
She would close her eyes tight
In a terrible fright,
And we found it quite hard to appease her!

"Come, Puss," said Sue; "now be my guest
And take a seat here close by me."
Miss Pussie mewed and then confessed
That this would suit her to a teal.