

THE RED STORM Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"I am not master of my own wife and child," he muttered. "The one threatens me, and the other refuses to obey. All my plans are continually thwarted: I am always to be opposed by both mother and daughter. And so it is with the Girty affair. He is good enough for Inna; and in that matter I will have my way, in spite of resistance, threats, tears or entreaties."

"You will never live to see Inna wedded to such a fella," replied Mrs. McKee. "The mass will gather upon your bones first."

"He will soon own a great deal of land on the south side of the Kentucky River."

"Just enough to bury his vile body in!" said Mrs. McKee.

"The Indians have promised it to him when Boonesborough, Harrodsburg and Logan are leveled with the ground, and a white settler has a foothold in this country," rejoined McKee.

"That time will never be," responded the Indian spouse. "The white stragglers will remain long after the red men have lost their power. The descendants of Daniel Boone will build their houses in peace upon the graves of the Wyandots, the Shawnees, and the Chickosaws."

"Accursed prophesies of evil! What will stop your dismal croakings? Your hollow voice sounds in my ear when any great project is started that promises well to all eyes but yours. Even at this very moment Boonesborough may be in flames; and the Indians have already attacked it with hundreds of Indians."

"They'll fall and go away like whipped dogs," responded Mrs. McKee.

With a threatening glance at each, McKee arose and left the cavern.

"Can Boonesborough stand against so many enemies?" asked Inna, after a pause.

"Yes; it has always been able to defend itself; why shouldn't it now?" replied her mother. "Long-Knife (Daniel Boone) is there, and he is a very great warrior. The station can be taken while he's alive. We will go up there and see what they're doing."

"To Boonesborough?" asked Inna.

The Indian mother replied in the affirmative. In a short time they both issued from the subterranean dwelling, and walked in the direction of the station.

CHAPTER XXII.

The bold pioneers at the fort awaited with painful anxiety the return of the heroic women who had descended the slope to procure water for the spring. Eliza Ballard and Matilda Fleming were the two last of the party to fill their vessels with the sparkling fluid. While they were in the act of doing so, a half-dozen Wyandots, headed by Girty, rushed from the covert of the surrounding shrubbery, seized the two maidens, and in spite of their resistance and shrieks, bore them away before the men at the fort were scarcely aware that anything had happened. Joel Logston was the first to realize fully the new misfortune that had befallen them.

"Come on, to the rescue!" he shouted, running to the open gate; while several young men followed him with equal impetuosity.

"Stop, I command you!" cried Daniel Boone, in tones distinctly heard above the confused tumult of sounds.

"Away, away, you wicked men, with your terrible earnestness. I hear only the shrieks of those females. I listen only to their calls for help. Let me go—I am desperate."

"And if you go with those ready to follow you, who will defend the fort? Who will protect the one or two remaining, and have equal claims upon our exertions?" replied Captain Boone.

"And what would it avail if we should attempt a rescue?" said Reynolds, who had been among the first to follow Logston. "We can effect nothing against a hundred of these savages; we should be cut down in a moment, and then would our lives be thrown away, without accomplishing anything. Let us remain and trust the two maidens to the care of God."

By this time the rest of the women were at the gate, which was instantly opened for their admission. Strange to relate, they had, by their own exertions, maintained their self-possession to such an extent as to bring with them the several vessels of water which they had procured. While they were entering, a strong body of Indians, among which were several Frenchmen, tried to rush in after them; but a well-directed fire from the fort forced them to retreat, with severe loss.

Joel Logston appeared unlike himself; he threw down his rifle and leaned against the stockades, gloomy, silent and dispirited. Daniel Boone attempted to comfort him.

"Look," he said, pointing toward the parents of the girls who had been captured, "they are striving to bear their grief with Christian fortitude. They are struggling with Roman firmness to master their paternal instincts; to listen to the admonitions of duty; and how to the stern admonitions of Providence. Be a man, Joel."

"All this trouble has come of that Frenchman," said Logston, bitterly. "I've never felt right since he's been among us. It is very clear to me that he's been nothin' more nor less than a spy on us ever since he's been here, and you'll find it so."

"Such remarks, Mr. Logston, are extremely offensive to me," said Mr. Alston.

"I can't help it," retorted Joel. "I know I'm right, and have good reasons for what I do. I never like to hurt nobody's feelings, nor nothing of that sort; but I do like to tell the truth, and to see justice done to all. Why did Silas Girty speak about this Le Bland, if he didn't know this man and what was he doing? Your Frenchman walks around a great deal making his fort on the Kentucky land; and I know very well how he expects to make it. The land he has so much to say about is right here where we stand; and if he ever gets it Boonesborough'll be a pile of rags and he'll walk over our graves. That's what will happen, Mr. Alston, think of it as you may. Twenty-four hours haven't passed since Girty offered me two thousand acres of land to join the Indians against the white stragglers."

"Le Bland has my friendship and esteem; nearer relationship, it is well known, has been talked of. I will find it impossible to believe all the dark reports which I hear of him. I hope you will pardon me if I act the friendly part, until I have ocular evidence of his guilt," rejoined Mr. Alston.

Daniel Boone replied that he trusted

they were all willing to make a proper allowance in the case, considering how great had been his friendship for the man; but so far as his own feelings were concerned he had no doubt of Le Bland's guilt.

During the morning and the greater portion of the forenoon, the defenders of Boonesborough were constantly employed in repelling attacks made at different points, and in many instances conducted with much spirit and resolution; but about noon the assaults ceased altogether.

While each stood at his post, trying to assign some plausible reason for this sudden suspension of hostilities, a white man was seen approaching cautiously, bearing a flag of truce.

"It's Girty!" said Joel, raising his rifle.

"Don't fire," exclaimed Boone. "Let us hear what he has to say."

Finding that he was not fired upon, Girty mounted a stump and addressed the pioneers as follows:

"I have come to summon you to surrender. It's no use for you to resist; if you surrender promptly no blood will be shed; but if you will not listen to reason, and give us instant possession, we will batter down your works about your ears with cannon that we momentarily expect; for, know that we are expecting not only cannon, but reinforcements, also. What can you do against such numbers? Nothing; every man of you will be slain."

"Shoot him down," cried several of the foresters; but Boone bade them to forbear.

"Perhaps you don't know me?" added Girty, with much pomposity of manner.

"You have asked if we know you," said Reynolds, showing himself boldly. "Hear me, you villain; you know us well. We know you as the vilest of men living; we know you as a cowardly renegade, recreant to all that is noble in the human character; we know you as a monster of wickedness, and as a blood-thirsty villain. The name of Girty will be spoken of with contempt by all those who shall hear of his treachery in all time to come. I have a worthless dog that kills lambs; instead of shooting him, I have named him Silas Girty, and he has never held up his head since; for he knows that every body despises him. You talk large about reinforcements; what could you do with cannon? Such cowardly wretches would be afraid to fire them if you had ever so many. We also expect reinforcements; and it will be well for you to be off before they get here. Shoot me, if you please, but you are fully prepared for that contingency, for we have roasted a score or two of hickory sticks, with which we intend to sally out and whip you out of the country as we would thieves' crows."

Reynolds' sarcastic speech put the renegade in a towering passion. He poured forth a volley of threats.

"I have two of your young women in my power," he added, "and it would be better for you to be a little more humble; but I shall enter your works and get the head of such a villain as you."

"It's a thousand pities I hadn't made an end of you out in the woods there," cried Logston. "How does your head feel?"

"It will never be well till yours is out of sight. I shan't soon forget that mean trick you pulled on me; and I'll go hand in hand with you for that, Joel Logston," rejoined Girty.

"Don't tempt me; you make a fine mark for my rifle at this particular time," said Joel, menacingly.

"I'm under a flag of truce," returned Girty.

"I wish you was under the ground!" added Joel, impatiently. "Mind what you say, I warn you, for no human power shall prevent me from shooting you, if you provoke me further. What care I for a flag of truce, when it floats over the head of such a villain as you?"

It was easy enough to be seen that Girty began to feel uneasy and fearful of consequences, if he was not more careful in his speech; he therefore prudently addressed himself to Daniel Boone, and asked for an answer to carry back to his army.

"Tell your red crew and your ruffianly French allies that Boonesborough will never be given up while two sticks of it remain together," replied the pioneer, promptly. "This is our final answer, begone."

Girty sneaked down from the stump in rather undignified haste, considering that he was under a flag of truce. Shouts of defiance and derision from the fort followed him until he was again with his friends.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Reynolds and Mr. Fleming were in the block-house nearest to the river, and within a few feet of them, looking cautiously through the loopholes. At different parts of the structure stern faces were seen, begrimed with powder and dust. Each heart felt that danger was pressing, and every pulse throbbing with anxiety. The attention of the pioneers was suddenly attracted by an exclamation of surprise from Exquisite Ebony.

"What now?" asked Daniel Boone.

"Will yer look der?" said Ebony. "Right afore yer eyes."

"I don't see anything but the river," rejoined the captain, after looking a moment from one of the loopholes.

"Don't yer see, Massa Boone, it am changed its color; it am just like mud as one darkey is like anudder," returned Exquisite.

The pioneer looked again from the block-house, and the truth of the negro's remarks was at once apparent. The waters of the Kentucky were no longer of their natural color, but deeply colored as when, swollen with heavy rains, the loose red soil is washed away. For an instant the pioneer was at fault.

"This is strange," he exclaimed, "what can you make of it, men? Ah! I understand it all! They are digging a trench; they intend to let the water in upon us."

"You are right," said Fleming, mournfully. "Boonesborough is no better than lost."

The pioneers looked gloomily at each other; they thought of their wives and children; brave men wiped away tears, that, perhaps, were never guilty of the like weakness before; but they were not selfish; tears they flowed for those unable to defend themselves from savage barbarity.

"Girty must have put this infernal idea into their heads," said Reynolds.

"Possibly not; for I heard Le Bland remark once, that Boonesborough might be easily undermined, and the whole of

FARM AND GARDEN

us drowned out like so many rats," replied Mr. Fleming.

"De women folks won't have to go arter no more water," observed Ebony, philosophically.

"No; de water will come arter dem," rejoined Andrew.

"Dat's more of de mischief!" exclaimed Ebony.

"So there is; they're shootin' flamin' arrers at us to set the works on fire," said Joel Logston.

The women and children had learned by this time what was going forward, and every part of the fort resounded with cries and lamentations. Hands and wives, parents and children, embraced each other tenderly, thinking that they would soon be parted forever in this world.

"Death must come to us all in some form or other," said Boone, addressing the mournful terrified ensemble, in a calm, subdued and solemn voice.

"It is an irrevocable law of God that all created beings should die. Seeing that death is something that cannot be evaded, it becomes us to meet it with firmness and Christian philosophy. So far as I am able to judge, the terms of our earthly lives is drawing to a close. I must certainly regard it in this sad light, unless some means can speedily be devised to thwart this ingenuity of our enemies. I enjoin upon you all to be calm in this terrible emergency, etc. etc. the women and children all take shelter in the block-house, and be careful not to encumber and embarrass their brave defenders. I desire implicit obedience, and if it is accorded, all may yet be well."

The forester paused, and the effect of his words was instantly obvious; the females checked their tears, and the men grasped their arms with fresh resolution.

"Mr. Reynolds," added Boone, "take about half of our able-bodied men, gather up all the picks and shovels, etc., that can be found, and hasten to the enclosure on that side toward the river; if our foes mine, we must countermine."

This order was received with loud cheers, and the plan was so promising that every man felt a new hope springing up in his bosom.

"Cut a trench eight feet wide and as long as you can, within the stockades, and we will battle them yet. While you are digging, the rest of us will keep a sharp lookout that they don't set us on fire."

(To be continued.)

A LONELY SPOT ON SUPERIOR.

Lighthouse in the Lake Is Fifty Miles from Nearest Port.

Out of sight of land, perched on a pinnacle of rock far out in Lake Superior and visible only to lake craft which make Marquette and other ports along the south shore east of Keweenaw point or those which ply from one end of the lake to the other, is a conical gray stone tower rising 102 feet above the level of the water and from which every night during the season of navigation there flashes a white light every thirty seconds, warning navigators of the danger zone. This is Standard Rock lighthouse, the loneliest spot on the big inland sea—of which Capt. Chambers, of Mackinac Island, is keeper, says the Milwaukee Sentinel.

So isolated is the lighthouse that the nearest port—Marquette—is more than fifty miles distant, while the nearest land of any description is Manitowish Island. In clear weather the light is visible for a distance of over eighteen miles and in thick weather there is a ten-inch steam whistle to give warning to passing craft.

During the season of navigation the keeper and his assistants while at the rock look out on nothing but sky and water except when they sight a passing ship in the distance or the lighthouse tender visits them with supplies.

The rock itself rises from two and a half to three feet above the level of the lake and is but fifteen or twenty feet in diameter. This pinnacle marks the site of a dangerous shoal extending north by west and south by east for 200 feet, with a width of 1,500 feet. Close around it, however, is some of the deepest water in Lake Superior, soundings having been taken for 900 feet.

In the early days of the lighthouse the keeper had only one or two assistants, and there were periods of months that he never got away from his post. The government, however, soon realized the undesirability of such lonesome service and the difficulty of getting men who would stay on the rock for so long a stretch.

In later years there have been four men, including the keeper, to care for the light and the fog whistle, and by an arrangement between them two are on duty all the time.

The lighthouse can only be approached on one side, and then when the water is smooth, for there is an abrupt wall at the top of the platform, some thirty feet high, and the boat and all the supplies are hoisted up by a derrick. There have been many occasions when the returning keepers found a heavy sea running at the lighthouse, so that they could not approach, and have had to take chances of lying by for hours in their little craft—not the safest thing to do on Lake Superior—or of making for the nearest shelter, miles away.

Bird in the Hand, Etc.

Prudent Aunt—You should not be in too big a hurry selecting a husband, my dear. I don't think much of the young men of to-day.

Ethel—Yes; but many a girl remains single all her life by waiting for the young men of to-morrow.

Pastors' Speak.

Stubb—the papers speak about "society burglars" making a round of this vicinity.

Penn—They must be society burglars. Those that broke in our house last night took only the prizes we won at euchre.

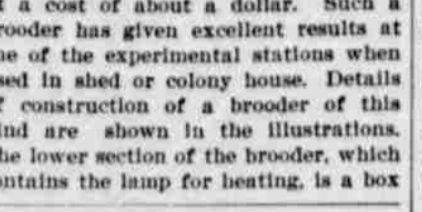
The British Automobile Association maintains a corps of "scouts" on the most frequented roads, to warn automobilists of "police traps." Incidentally, there are also stalwart witnesses in time of need.

The Khedive of Egypt owns the most costly saddle in the world. It is made of black leather, though more gold than leather is visible, and it cost \$70,000.

John Jacob Astor's income is estimated at \$30,000 a day.

The Way to Make a Brooder.

Those who prefer the artificial method of raising chickens can make a brooder out of an old packing case which will accommodate fifty chicks at a cost of about a dollar. Such a brooder has given excellent results at one of the experimental stations when used in shed or colony house. Details of construction of a brooder of this kind are shown in the illustrations. The lower section of the brooder, which contains the lamp for heating, is a box



HOMEMADE BROODER.

three feet square made of ten-inch boards, which is covered with tin or galvanized iron.

Above this cover, around the edges of the lamp box, one-inch strips are nailed. Two one-inch holes are bored through the strips on each side of the box for the purpose of ventilation. A floor of matched boards is laid on the strips. A hole eight inches in diameter is cut in the center of this floor, and over it is reversed an old tin pan ten inches in diameter, the sides of the pan being punched full of holes to allow free circulation of heat. Over this is placed a table two feet six inches square, with legs four and a half inches high.

Around the sides of this table is tacked a curtain of felt cloth from top to bottom at intervals of five or six inches to allow the chicks to pass in and out of the brooder.

SECTION OF BROODER.

and out at will, the whole being surrounded by boards four inches high and three feet long nailed together at the corners and resting on the floor of the brooder. When the chicks are ten days old one of these boards may be taken away and a bridge used so that the chicks may run from the hover to the floor of the room.

Open the Stable Windows.

If the cows have been stabled all winter they are likely to become uneasy as spring advances and long for outdoors. It is an excellent plan to turn them out into sheltered barnyards that are clean and so arranged that the cold spring winds will not blow over them. Give them some roughage to munch over while they are out. If it is not feasible to turn them out yet, then arrange the stable so they may have all the fresh air possible without causing the air to blow over them so they are likely to catch cold. The window arranged so that it may be opened and the opening covered by the innish each will furnish this air without draught better than anything else. Especially give the cows sun if it can be done. If there is an open shed on the place facing the sun into which the cows may be turned they will enjoy it immensely. This little care just a few weeks before they are turned out to grass will help affairs wonderfully.

Bracing a Fence Post.

Oftentimes it is necessary or politic to cure the farm fence at a certain place, and those who have built such fences appreciate the difficulty of setting the post at the sharpest point of the curve, so that it will not pull over.



HOW TO BRACE A FENCE POST.

Any of the ordinary methods of bracing do not seem to answer the purpose. An excellent brace may be made by the following plan: Place the post in position, then dig a hole two feet deep and about six or eight feet from the post. Obtain a heavy stone and fasten it to the post and wrap around it two or three times. Then bury the stone in the hole, covering it with the soil and tramping the soil down tightly. The other end of the wire is then wrapped about the post tightly and held in position with staples. It should be drawn taut. It will not be possible for the post to draw away from this brace under any ordinary conditions. The illustration shows how simple the plan is.

It has been found beyond all question that it pays to thoroughly season posts and poles of all kinds, or lumber which is to be used for construction purposes, says Professor Baker of Iowa. If lumber is put into a building while green it does not hold nearly as well under the nail, and is almost sure to be more or less injured by warping or dry rot. Cut your posts at the time suggested, peel them and rick them up as railroad ties are piled, and see if their increased lifetime will not more than repay for the time which they stand idle.

Mixed Seeds for Meadows.

Taking one farm with another, there are few containing the soil necessary to grow a profitable crop of pure timothy hay, hence it is best to use mixed seeds. What the mixture should be depends somewhat on the locality and the strength of the soil. Where clover hay is mainly desired a mixture of alsike clover and timothy gives splendid results, particularly on soil that is inclined to be wet. Eight pounds of clover to the acre is the usual seeding for red clover, though on land that has been in clover six pounds is usually sufficient. As a rule, there is not enough clover hay grown on the farm. Valuable as timothy is for horses, the clover hay is much more valuable for a mixed lot of stock; it suits the cows, sheep, calves and lambs better than either timothy or mixed hay, and is very valuable for the poultry. Where there is an abundance we would not hesitate to feed more or less of it to swine as a variation in the roughage from corn stover.

Weighing the Milk.

There is no good reason why the plan of weighing the milk to ascertain what each cow is doing should be put off until fall. Start in with the fresh cows and keep it up around to the time they are dried off again, and one will then have a valuable record of results. A neighbor whom we induced to try this plan several years ago was glad enough to get rid of one-half of his herd of eighteen cows and buy new ones, for he found that those he sold had been robbing him for years; in the case of two of them they were a positive loss while the others gave a positive profit in the twelve months to anywhere near pay for the time consumed in caring for them. The eyes of more than one dairyman have been opened by this simple expedient of keeping a careful record, by weight, of the milk furnished by each cow for a given period of considerable length. This is necessary, for some cows are small milkers in summer, others in winter, and vice versa.—Indianapolis News.

Good Milking Stool.

The milking stool on the average farm is of little value. Usually it is an affair with one leg, upon which the milker balances himself so that he can fall readily, carrying the pail of milk with him, should the cow move quickly. A stool that will not tip over is readily made of a small box that is strong. The box should be about fifteen inches high, unless the cow is built low, in which case the box can be three inches lower. It should be from twelve to fourteen inches square to form a comfortable seat. Nail two cleats on the inside of the box exactly eight inches from the bottom, then fit a bench or shelf on these cleats, with one end extending out the sufficient length and held in place with two legs. On this the pail is set, while the milker occupies the top of the box and straddles the pail. This appliance is readily made, is firm on the floor, and, except in unusual cases, no cow would be likely to upset either milker or pail. The illustration shows the affair very plainly.

Baling Hay from Window.

Either wild hay or timothy can be baled direct from the window, provided it is in proper condition to be put in the barn; otherwise, not, says Wallace's Farmer. Clover hay must be drier than either timothy or wild hay. We have never tested this on our own farms, but we have seen enough of it in operation elsewhere to justify us in making this statement. We doubt whether under ordinary conditions it will be practical, as the additional work would have to be done at a time when labor is usually expensive. We do not know of any reason why this hay should not command fully as good a price on the market as hay that has gone through the sweat in the stack.

Prune Peach Trees Low.

The only rule to follow in pruning a peach orchard should be to keep the tree as low-headed as possible, says an expert orchardist; to keep all growth from the inside of the tree, as that growth is away from the light and sun, and therefore weak and unable to bear good fruit. Cut out all the weak limbs and twigs from the inside of the tree, so as to admit the sun and allow a free circulation of air through the tree. Cut back to one foot all the top or upright growth of last year, thus keeping the tree from growing too tall, and enabling it to carry heavier loads of fruit without breaking down, and to resist damage by wind, and allowing the fruit to be gathered with less trouble and expense.

Cattle That Are Immune.

A discovery that may have an important place in the world's history, though of apparent trivial importance in itself, is that native Japanese cattle, under natural conditions, are free from tuberculosis, while cattle imported into Japan appear to be highly susceptible. The significance of the discovery lies in the possibility that an immune breed of cattle may be developed which, of course, would be a big victory in the war being waged against the white plague.

The simplest way of killing locust or other trees is to cut them down soon after the quick growth of the spring has been made, which would be some time between June 1 and 10. If you merely wish to kill them without removing them, there is no better way than to girdle them around by cutting through the sap wood with an ax. The use of salt about the roots of trees will kill them, but it requires a large quantity to kill established trees.

It is better to look for a physician than for sympathy when you are sick.

SHE DIDN'T CARE

"I think I like him," said the young woman who was nibbling the hem of her handkerchief, "but—"

"I haven't noticed any," said the very dearest friend.

"Any what?"

"Any but."

"I was going to tell you, but I won't now. Oh, I like him, yes—in a way, but not in that way at all. You're so foolish. If any man comes to see me you always imagine there's something special in it. It makes me cross."

"When any one comes to see you seven nights in the week and as many other times as he can make any excuses at all, I think I'm justified."

"That's exactly the reason I don't like him."

"I thought you said you did."

"In a way; but he just tires me."

"Why don't you tell him?"

"I can't be rude. I don't like to hurt anybody's feelings, anyway, but honestly I've tried to discourage him as much as I could. I wonder sometimes that he comes at all, I'm so mean to him."

"Why, you awful girl!"

"Well, I just don't want him. I wish he'd go away somewhere—to China, or Australia, and stay there. I let him go with me to a fitting the other day and—"

"You never did that, Cora?"

"Why, yes; I—oh, of course, I don't mean that I let him go to Grisby's with me. I just met him accidentally in State street and he begged to walk a block with me, and sooner than stand on the street and argue about it I let him. When we got to Grisby's I said, 'Now, you may go,' and went in and left him. I was mad at him for insisting. He is just the most persistent."

"I didn't think that was so bad."

"Well, you didn't hear all of it. When I got in I found that I had mistaken my time and I had three-quarters of an hour to wait. The girl said half an hour, but they always keep you waiting a little longer than they say. But I got into a big leather chair and open-

ed a box of bonbons that—that I had found an interesting story in a magazine and—well, I believe it must have been an hour that I waited. But the fitting took a long while. What I got it all settled at last—and—Mr. Pankey think? There was that—Mr. Pankey waiting outside for me and it was beginning to snow, too. He just looked as cheerful. I said, 'What have you been doing all the afternoon?' 'Oh, been walking up and down with one eye on the door,' he said. Now, wasn't that absurd? And he was nearly frozen, if he was cheerful. His hands were— It doesn't please me to have a man act in that idiotic way. It just exasperates me."

"What are you looking at?" asked the very dearest friend.

"I was just looking out of the window," said the young woman, returning to her chair. "Well, I just told you he could go home, or about his business if he had any to attend to."

"Then how did you find out about his hands?"

"What do you mean? Oh, I saw when he took his gloves off. He teased me to go and have a cup of chocolate. No, really and truly, it disgusts me. What time have you got? I believe that clock must be fast."

"Just right. Well, I should think you could get rid of him if you wanted to."

"I do want to, and I'm going to get rid of him. You just see if I don't. It's getting worse and worse all the time. He's been calling me up on the telephone lately—about nothing."

"Cora, what is it you're looking at out of that window? You've done nothing but look out all the afternoon—ever since I've been here. Are you expecting anybody? If you are I'm going."

"No, don't go," said the young woman. "There isn't anybody coming—at least, I guess not. Mr. Pankey said he'd call at 4, but it's nearly 5 now and—I wonder what on earth can be keeping him. But I don't care if he doesn't come."—Chicago Daily News.

Topics of the Times

Germany has 33,504 miles of broad-gauge railway lines.

Orin Steinberger, a well-known artist of Urbana, Ohio, lived all winter in the top of a majestic oak tree for his health.

The nickname with the British public for Balfour, lately Premier, is "Miss Fanny," and that for Joe Chamberlain is "Monocle Joe."

The adverse vote of Bath, England, in Carnegie's offer of \$55,000 for a public library was taken by means of postal cards sent out by the City Council.

Telephones are being much used in large coal mines. In some cases where the galleries penetrate far from the shaft or mouth of the mine, the telephone systems are quite elaborate and extensive.

Under the patronage of the "Housewives' Union" there has just been opened in Hamburg the first of the schools to be established in German cities for the improvement of domestic servants.

Careful tests made in a German well which has been drilled more than a mile into the earth show that the average rise in temperature is about one degree Fahrenheit for every fifty-five feet in depth.

The iridescent colors in what is called "peacock coal" are due to the presence of a