

Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

The officers in the shipping office at Tower Hill were treated on the following morning to a strange sight. According to formula, the brokers of the Martial had indicated to the shipping authorities their desire to pay off the crew of the vessel. Shortly before the hour named a number of women began to assemble. Some were dressed respectably, others were of the lowest class that London produces; but all made some attempt at mourning. One or two wore their crapes weeping; but incomprehensible feminine pride in such habiliment which shows itself in all grades of society, while others were clad in black—rusty, ill-fitting, evidently borrowed. A common sorrow, a mutual interest, served as introduction among these ladies, and they talked eagerly together. Scarcely a conversation flatted over the black bonnet. One had lost her husband, another her son, a third only her brother. "Ain't he come yet?" they asked one another at intervals. "The survivor—in that brought 'er 'ome with his own hands. I wanter ask him about my man—about his end."

At last a hansom cab turned the corner of the Minories and pulled up noisily on the noisy stones. Claud Tyars threw open the doors and stepped out. He had come to be paid off; he was the crew of the Martial.

In a moment he was surrounded by the women, every one clamoring for news of her dead sailor. The broker's clerk, an observant youth, noticed that during the half hour that followed Tyars never referred to his logbook, but answered each question unerringly from memory. He gave details, dates and particulars without hesitation or doubt. It was perhaps owing to a knowledge of the commercial value of a good memory that the young clerk made note of these details. He was not observant enough to take account of the finer shades of manner, of the infinite tact with which the survivor of the crew treated the women folk of his late comrades. He did not detect the subtle art by which some were sent away rejoicing over the dogged, dauntless courage of their husbands; he was only conscious of a feeling of admiration for this man who, hitherto, had hardly noticed him. But he failed to discern that the difficult task was accomplished unconsciously. He did not realize that Claud Tyars possessed a gift which is only second to genius in worldly value—the gift of unobtrusively ruling his fellow men.

As Tyars drove away from the shipping office he saw the street news vendors displaying their posters with the words, "A Wonderful Story of the Sea" printed in sensational type.

"Hang it!" he muttered, with a vexed laugh. "I never counted on a notoriety of this sort."

Presently he bought an evening paper and read of the exploits of "Captain Tyars with a singular lack of pride."

When Mr. Lowell, the owner of the Martial, offered him the command of the ship the same afternoon he gravely and politely declined it. With the ship-owner, as with Lieut. Grace, Tyars appeared quite blind to the necessity of an explanation, and none was asked.

So ended the incident of the Martial. Its direct bearing upon the life of Claud Tyars would seem to terminate at the same moment; but indirectly the experience thus acquired influenced his career, formed to some extent his character, and led—as to all things great and small lead us—to the end.

CHAPTER VI.

In the meantime Lieut. Grace had received at the hands of his father and sister a warm welcome.

Without announcement of any description he made his way from the Admiralty to Brook street and knocked at his father's door. He found the old gentleman and Miss Helen Grace engaged in the consumption of afternoon tea.

"Oswin!" exclaimed the old admiral. "I thought you were on the African coast."

Helen Grace was a young lady not much given to exclamatory expressions of feeling. She rose from the low chair she habitually occupied and kissed her brother. Then she turned his face toward the light by the collar of his coat.

"Have you been invalidated home?" she asked.

"No."

"But the foam is out there still," put in the admiral, eager to show his intimate knowledge of official matters.

"Yes, I came home on a despatch. A fine, big ship without a crew. All dead of yellow fever except one. I am glad that he was picked out by Providence to survive."

"Why?" inquired Helen.

"Because I like him."

"What was he, an officer?" asked the admiral.

"Second mate, holding a captain's certificate. I have asked him to dinner to-morrow night."

"Oh!" murmured Helen, doubtfully.

"With his dog—the other survivor?"

"Ah!" said Helen in a more interested tone. "Do they know how to behave themselves?"

"I think so—both of them," was the reply. "Although we did not dress for dinner on board the Martial."

"It seems to me," observed the admiral, with an easy chuckle, "that you do not devote much time at all to the question of toilet."

"No," replied Grace, frankly. "We were a shady crew. You see, there were only ten of us to navigate a thousand-ton ship full rigged. We had no time for personal adornment. You will see all about it in the evening paper."

"I brought one with me on purpose. May I have some tea, Helen? It is months since I have seen such an article as bread and butter."

The girl hastened to supply his wants, performing her duties with a deft service of touch where maidens are not dolls. While Grace was performing wonders among the dainties supplied to him, his father read aloud the details of his deeds upon the high seas, and Helen listened with a faint smile of pride upon her refined face.

"And this man," she inquired, upon the paragraph had been duly digested—"the man you have asked to dinner—what is he like?"

"The naval officer helped himself to a limp slice of bread and butter with great thoughtfulness."

"That is just the difficulty, my dear," he replied. "I cannot tell you what he is like, because I don't know. I do not understand him; he is the long and short of it. He is above me."

"I suppose," suggested the admiral, who held the keener study of human nature in some contempt, "that he is merely a rough sailor man—a merchant captain?"

"No, he is hardly that. I want you," continued the lieutenant, after a pause, turning to his sister, "to judge for yourself, so will not tell you what I think about him."

CHAPTER VII.

"Then he is interesting?"

"Yes, I think you will find him interesting."

Helen was already seeking in her mind how things could be made easy and comfortable for the unpolished hero whom her brother had so unceremoniously introduced into the house.

"Agnes Winter was coming to-morrow to dine, but she can be put off," she observed, carelessly.

"Agnes Winter—why should she be put off? Let her come, by all means."

The little man's manner was perhaps too indifferent to be either natural or polite. He was either unconsciously rude or exaggerating an indifference he did not feel. Helen, however, continued her remarks without appearing to notice anything.

"Would you not," she inquired, while replacing in its vase a flower that had become displaced, "rather have him quite alone—when we are by ourselves, I mean?"

"Oh, no. He is all right. If he is good enough for you, he is good enough for Agnes Winter."

"Has he got a suit of dress clothes?" asked the admiral, with a blunt laugh.

Lieut. Grace let his hand fall heavily upon his thigh with a gesture of mock regret.

"I quite forgot to ask him," he exclaimed, dramatically.

"There is some mystery attached to this person," laughed Helen. Her laughter was a little prolonged in order that her father, whose duller sense of humor sometimes failed to follow his son's fancy, might comprehend that this was a joke.

"Well," said the old gentleman, thrusting his hands deeply into his pockets. "I like a man to come to my table in a clean-banner coat."

CHAPTER VIII.

Helen's eyes rested for a moment on her brother's face. With an almost imperceptible movement of lid and eyebrow he returned her gaze.

"What time is dinner? I told him to come at 7 o'clock," said he, holding out his cup for more tea.

"That is right," answered Helen.

"You would have done better," said the admiral, still unimpressed, "to have given the man a dinner at your club."

"Oh!" replied his son, solemnly. "I wanted you and Helen to make his acquaintance; besides, I could not have invited Muggins to the club."

"The dog?" growled the old gentleman, interrogatively.

"The dog?" inquired Grace, with much innocence.

"No," laughed his father, despite himself. "The man—Tyre, or Sidon, or whatever his name is."

"Tyars. Yes; I think so. Tyars is always presentable, or else I would not have suggested his coming to dine with Helen—and Agnes Winter."

Helen had moved away toward the window, and was now leaning against the folded and old-fashioned shutter. She turned and looked at her brother as he spoke, with that gentle, womanly scrutiny.

Like her brother, Helen Grace favored to some extent a gravity of demeanor when she spoke, and her face was of that refined type which possesses a great mobility. Some faces there are which seem to have brought from old times a recollection of gay knights, full of poetry and full of light; of troubadours and patient women. Oswald and Helen Grace were of this mold. In profile the chiseling of either face was perfect, for Helen was but a refined miniature of her brother; and in smiling their gray eyes lighted up with the self-same soft merriment.

As they stood in the soft sunlight looking sideways toward her brother her tenderness was visible. These two were the only children of a dead mother, who if she had never quite understood her husband had at all events possessed the power of loving her children. Oswald Grace had left home early, as in naval men must, and during the short spells allowed to him by a grateful country as recreation he had not learned to know his sister very well—not well enough to forget that he owed to her the respect due to all women.

The two men now started a conversation upon very nautical matters, employing such technical terms and waxing so interested that Helen sought a chair near the window and settled down to listen with respectful silence. When the admiral had left the room Oswald crossed the floor and stood beside his sister, his scrutinizing glance cast downward.

"How is Agnes Winter?" she asked.

"She is very well. Did those flowers remind you of her?"

"Yes," he replied, slowly. "I wonder why?"

"Because she arranged them, I suppose," suggested the girl, looking up suddenly, as if struck at the possibility of her idea being of some weight.

"Perhaps so. She is not engaged yet?"

Helen threaded a needle with some care and stooped over her work.

"No; she is just the same as ever. Always busy, always happy, always a favorite. But—she never hears the slightest rumor of an engagement, or even a flirtation."

"While," added Grace, airily, "her dear friend flirts here and flirts there, but keeps clear of the serious part of it all with equal skill."

"Which friend?" inquired Helen, innocently.

"Yourself."

"Oh! I have my duties. Papa could not get on without me. Besides, I never flirt. Marriage and love and all that, my brother, have much more to do with convenience than is generally supposed."

"Indeed?" he inquired with fine sarcasm.

"Yes; I have studied the question. You may know more about the slave trade than I do, because you have had superior advantages in that direction; but I also have had advantages, and from personal observation beg to state that in nine cases out of ten convenience is the source of love."

"Thank you," he said, fervently. "I will make a mental note of your observations, and when I marry a plain and stupid heiress perhaps you will withdraw them."

She ignored his pleasantry.

"I often wonder," he said thoughtfully, "why somebody or other does not fall in love with Agnes Winter."

After a pause he put forward a suggestion.

"Because she will not let them, perhaps."

"That may be so; but surely a sensible man does not wait to be allowed."

"The question," he answered, with mock gravity, "is rather beyond me. It is hard to say what a sensible man would do, because in such matters no rule can be laid down defining where sense begins and foolishness ends. The man who got Agnes Winter would be sensible, however he did it."

Presently the girl went to dress for dinner, leaving her brother standing at the window, whistling softly beneath his breath.

CHAPTER VIII.

If there had been any doubts entertained or discussed as to the presentability of Claud Tyars in polite circles, these were destined to an instant removal when that individual entered the drawing room of No. 103 Brook street.

"His dress, if it erred at all, did so on the side of a too scrupulous adherence to the latest dictates of society. His manners were those of a traveled and experienced gentleman. That is to say, he was polite without eagerness, pleasant without gush, semi-interested, semi-indifferent."

Oswin Grace advanced to meet him with a quick glance of satisfaction at his irreproachable get-up, which Tyars showed no signs of having detected.

The necessary introductions were made, and Tyars displayed the same perfect knowledge of social habits up to date. His bow was pure and simple, and to the admiral he offered his hand in a calm, decisive way, which somewhat interfered with the old gentleman's dignified coldness.

"I think," said Helen at once, with a characteristic desire to make things pleasant, "that we have met before."

She was looking up at Tyars, who, being very tall, stood a head higher than any one in the room, and in her eyes there was no speculation, no searching into the recesses of her memory. The remark was without interrogative hesitation. It was the assertion of a fact well known to her, and yet her color changed.

"Yes," answered Tyars; "I had the pleasure of dancing with you on several occasions at the Commemoration three years ago."

"But you are not an Oxford man?" put in Lieut. Grace.

"No."

He did not seem to think it worth while mentioning that his name was on the books of the sister university.

"What a good memory you have, Mr. Tyars!" observed Miss Agnes Winter in a smooth, soft voice. "Perhaps you can help mine. Have we met before? I know your face."

He turned to her with a smile in which there was no light of dawning recollection.

"Hardly," he replied. "But you were sitting in the middle of the last row of the stalls at a performance of 'Hamlet' last autumn."

(To be continued.)

Little Things That Count.

"Many little things make a mickle" in America as well as in Scotland. That is a good point for boys to remember who are inclined to slight little things in their own or their employers' service. A very small matter may at times turn out to be of importance in the "muckle" of success.

Only a little thing was a vest-pocket note book which a young man in the employ of a big wire company worked out. The company which employed him had a number of factories in various parts of the country. Whenever a contract was sought it was necessary to figure out for the nearest factory the cost per foot of the size of wire wanted, the elements being the current price of a pound of copper, the weight of a foot of wire, and the fixed cost per foot of making that size wire in that factory. The amount of computation in a year was enormous.

The young salesman, seeing a chance to save labor and to guarantee accuracy, figured out in his spare time the cost of a foot of wire of every standard size at each of the factories of the concern for every eighth of a cent fluctuation in copper, over a margin of ten or twelve cents a pound. He arranged and copyrighted in a note book, each page of which represented a factory. Across the top of the page were column headings representing the sizes of wire, and down one edge were the prices of copper. By selecting the proper size and the proper price and following column and line to their intersection, the price of that foot of wire in the required factory at the moment was found, which with a single multiplication gave the cost of the contract, less freight.

The ease and rapidity with which the salesman furnished estimates attracted the notice of his employers, who found the book so valuable that they bought it of him, and furnished copies to all their salesmen.

Another little thing of the kind that interests every American boy is now working on a pier at Burwood, La., a little town on stilts at the end of Southwest Pass, where the new Jetties for the Mississippi river are under construction.

In the jettty work great mats are made of willow brush, bound together with timbers pinned with wooden pins. Many thousand feet of timber are used every day, each piece bored with eight one-inch holes at exact intervals, and cut to a given length.

Formerly each hole was bored by hand by a carpenter after the ends had been squared, and the intervals carefully measured. The superintendent in charge, seeking both accuracy and economy in the interest of his employers—and moved by that love of improvement which is the mark of the successful workman—designed a set of eight bits and two circular saws mounted in a frame and driven by a steam engine. Lumber, fed upon rollers, is brought into the machine and locked into place; by a turn of a lever the ends of each piece are squared and the eight holes bored simultaneously in a fraction of a minute, each exactly in the required spot.

There is no chance for error. As a result the work is done faster and cheaper, and it is certain that when the timber comes to the weaving frame each hole is exactly where the pin should be.

A fitting complement to this, and part of the same machine, is a sharpener exactly like the 5-cent pencil-sharpener used by schoolboys, but large enough to take in an inch stick. Round sticks an inch thick are fed to this, which automatically sharpens the end and cuts off a piece as long as a pin should be, drops it, and sharpens the cut end again.

Handlex the Boxes.

Myer—Black tells me he has a brother who is a rattling good actor.

Gyer—That's a fact. He's one of the end men in a minstrel show.

Qualor and Wretchedness beneath Shadow of the Nation's Capitol



Country interested in a movement to cleanse Washington of its reproach

In the shadow of the great, chaste dome of the capitol at Washington lies what is at once the fairest and the foulest city in America. Thousands of visitors, from every section of the country, catching only impressions of broad avenues, stately buildings and magnificent monuments, take home with them only patriotic pride in its beauty, unaware that here thrive squalor, vice and civic deplorable conditions. The city is honeycombed with alleys, often concealed behind rows of splendid homes. Narrow lanes lead to tangles of concealed thoroughfares built up with jumbles of shanties, shacks and hovels, side by side with stables, refuse heaps and unsightly, health-endangering structures. No water, no sewerage and some of the worst conditions of disease and dilapidation found in the district characterize "Chinatown." This suburb of civilization is three blocks from Dupont circle, heart of aristocratic Washington, and seven blocks from the White House. Men and women domestics, employed in well-kept Washington homes, are found in shanties here. A brief inspection tour over the ground covered by the work of the investigators rob the visitor of wonder that the fair city of Washington ranks among the most unhealthy cities on this continent.

To remedy the blight of the alley it is proposed to sweep these clear of shack, hovel and shanty, to open and widen the alleys and to provide legislation that shall demand homes supplied with the essentials of decency, healthfulness and comfort.

The educational problem is equally as grave as that of proper housing regulations. Ten thousand children of Washington are now growing up in ignorance and illiteracy for lack of a compulsory education law.

The census of 1900 showed that 2,000 children under 15 years of age were at work in the District of Columbia. In the face of that fact a child labor law was defeated in the last Congress, and the present Congress is treating the matter in a dilatory and indifferent manner, despite the earnest-work of many local agencies and the advocacy of the Committees on the District of Columbia. Washington is not a manufacturing city, but boys and girls are employed in stores, laundries, in the street trades and as messengers. Protests have been vain, and Congress fails, session after session, to pass a law that will correct this flagrant wrong.

public opinion can act intelligently. Under the auspices of the committee is published a weekly magazine, *Charities and the Commons*, and to this publication were recently sent reports of conditions in the lower strata of Washington life, based upon ten months of careful and intelligent investigation. The investigators report the discovery of conditions of life in many of the neighborhoods visited more debased than anything found even in the most squalid sections of New York. The city is honeycombed with alleys, often concealed behind rows of splendid homes. Narrow lanes lead to tangles of concealed thoroughfares built up with jumbles of shanties, shacks and hovels, side by side with stables, refuse heaps and unsightly, health-endangering structures. No water, no sewerage and some of the worst conditions of disease and dilapidation found in the district characterize "Chinatown." This suburb of civilization is three blocks from Dupont circle, heart of aristocratic Washington, and seven blocks from the White House. Men and women domestics, employed in well-kept Washington homes, are found in shanties here. A brief inspection tour over the ground covered by the work of the investigators rob the visitor of wonder that the fair city of Washington ranks among the most unhealthy cities on this continent.

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QUEER STORIES

Bombay is the most crowded city in the world. Buzzards and vultures can scavenge their food at a distance of forty miles. In the Amazon there are known to exist at least two thousand species of fish.

A railway engine usually travels about one million miles before it is worn out.

A shipyard at Omiato, Japan, still in operation, was established 1900 years ago.

A floating bottle dropped in the Gulf Stream as it leaves the Gulf of Mexico will cross the Atlantic in about 180 days.

Birds cannot open the foot with the leg bent; that is the reason they do not fall off their perches. When a hen walks, its toes close as it raises its foot, and opens as it touches the ground.

Compressing three hundred thousand newspapers by hydraulic machinery, an Austrian genius has constructed a yacht of the material thus obtained. It is sixteen feet long, and every part, including the masts and sails, is paper.

Silk stockings originally came from Spain, and it is said that Henry VIII. considered a pair of silk Spanish stockings a great luxury and wore them on state occasions. In 1570 Queen Elizabeth was presented with a pair of silk stockings by her treasurer, and afterward never wore any other kind. The stocking-frame was invented by William Lee in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, about 1580.

Egg gatherers of the Scottish island of St. Kilda prize ropes of human hair. Ropes vary in length, some being forty to fifty feet long. Such a rope is a bride's dower. To manufacture it is the work of years, but the St. Kildan girl saves her hair combings religiously. A curiosity collector who visited the island a short time ago wished to buy a fine specimen of hair rope, but the \$100 offered was refused.

Delegate Rodney of New Mexico tells of the amazement of a ranchman when he first saw a typewriter at work. After staring at it for a while the ranchman said: "Great Scott! Ain't that the most intelligent machine you ever saw? Why, it's plumb human." Finally, overcome by his admiration, he took off his hat, made a low bow to the complicated mechanism and said: "I surely would admire, Mr. Machine, if you all would come out and take a drink with me."

Devises Caught 630 Animals in One Night in Australia.

Consul General Bray reports from Melbourne that a new rabbit trap is being used in Australia with great success, whereby rabbits may be caught alive in very large numbers, says the *Washington Star*. It is used in connection with small trap yards, diagrams for the construction of which are supplied by the patentee of the traps. The trap itself is 18 inches long, 12 inches high and 6 inches in width. It has a balanced moving floor and a door at each end, which opens and closes automatically. The weight of the rabbit on the inverse end of a floor closes the door behind him by which he has entered and opens the door in front leading to the trap yard, so that the rabbit has no option but to go on, and when he leaves the trap it goes back to its former position, thus resetting itself.

The small trap yards are constructed of double-wire netting fences, in the spaces between which green fodder or hay is cultivated or provided, and, although these foods cannot be reached by the rabbits, it entices them to enter through the traps to try and get out the fodder from the other side. Two, three or more traps may be used in connection with each trap yard. The invention has been tried with great success on several extensive ranches in Australia, and the inventor has a number of certificates from leading ranchmen, one of whom states that with two of the traps set at a small water hole he caught 630 rabbits in one night.

Book Collecting Madness.

The insatiable craving of book collectors is illustrated in the case of Rawlinson, an English bibliomane who would buy a book though he had twenty copies of it. He lived and died among bundles and piles of books covered with dust and cobwebs. The *Spectator* mentions two collectors whose covetousness increased with their collection.

Mr. Heber, the brother of the bishop, bought all that came in his way, by cartloads and shiploads and in whole libraries, on which in some cases he never cast his eyes.

Of a similar disposition was the famous Antonio Magliabechi, who is said to have lived on titles and indexes and whose very pillow was a folio. The old bibliomane lived in a kind of cave made of piles and masses of books, with hardly any room for his cooking or for the wooden cradle lined with pamphlets which he slung between his shelves for a bed. He died in 1714, in his 82d year, dirty, ragged and as happy as a king.—*London Standard*.

A Miser's Wish.

Greedydot, who is rather miserly, was recovering from a long illness. "How was it, doctor," he asked one day, "that I was able to live so many weeks without eating?"

"Why, you were fed by the fever."

"Are you sure?" Then after a moment's reflection, "I wish I could give it to my servants."

John Chinaman Takes to Athletics.

The first big athletic meeting in China was held not long ago and 3,000 students from forty-seven schools took part. A corps of doctors was on the ground and were kept busy during the meet, so strenuous were some of the contests.

There is something fine and nice in a daughter who takes pride in making her mother dress becomingly.

OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

The educational system of to-day has not a monopoly of wisdom. Several centuries before the words "child psychology" were heard a worthy schoolmaster and sage wrote down theories upon the instruction of the young which are more in accord with the principles of the present time than with the methods of the rod and ruler that prevailed forty or fifty years ago. At a recent book auction a volume was sold for two hundred and twenty-five dollars. The book was Roger Ascham's "The Schole Master, or plaine and perfitte way of teaching children to understand, write, and speak, the Latin Tongue." It was printed by John Daye of London in 1571.

"If a child doth well," says the gentle "schole master," "praise him and say, 'Here ye do well.' For I assure you there is no such whetstone to sharpen a good wit and encourage a will to learning as is praise. I know by good experience that a child will take more profit of his faults gently warned. I now declare at large that love is better than fear, and gentleness better than beating, to bring a child up rightly in learning."

"Yet some men will say that children, of nature, love pasture and dislike learning, because one is easy and pleasant and the other hard and wearisome. Which is an opinion not so true as some men seem. For the matter lieth not so much in the disposition of them that be young as in the order and manner of bringing up of them that be old."

"The clean, pure wit of a sweet young babe is, like the newest wax, most able to receive the best and fairest printing. Therefore to the goodness of nature should be joined the wisdom of the teacher in leading young wits into right and plain ways of learning."

"The schoolhouse should be counted as a sanctuary against fear."

AS SEEN BY AN ENGLISH FUNNY PAPER.



The dark domestic age of the tyrannical, overbearing, impudent Cook is giving way to the dazzling brightness of the Electrical Kitchen, with the high-class Diplomat and Certificated Electrical Lady Chef, with her volts, switches, currents and storage batteries.—*London Scraps*.

THE PERSISTENT GIPSIES.

"Such as wake on the night and sleep on the day, and haunt taverns and ale-houses, and no man wot from whence they come nor whither they go." So quaintly describes an old English statute against the Gipsies. Ever since the year 1530, says a writer in the *London Standard*, Great Britain has tried to get rid of this strange people without appreciable success. Every year or so some county is up in arms against them, yet they persist in returning, and apparently thrive under persecution.

The Gipsies are popularly supposed to come originally from Egypt, as their name indicates, but their origin is traced farther east than the land of the Nile. Wherever they come from, they are a separate people, a tribe quite by themselves.

They appeared in England about 1505, and twenty-six years later Henry VIII. ordered them to leave the country in sixteen days, taking all their goods with them. "An outlandish people," he called them. "An outlandish people," he called them. "An outlandish people," he called them. "An outlandish people," he called them.

Why the Hair Turns Gray.

The color of the hair depends on little granules, which can be seen if the hair be examined under a powerful microscope, says St. Nicholas. Sometimes the hair may become white in a night. Brown-Sequard tells us that when he was 45 years old his beard turned white in two days. This took place when he was perfectly well and without any special cause. Sometimes, however, sorrow or illness produces the change earlier in life than it would usually take place.

As to the cause, some have said that the hair becomes filled with small air particles which make it look gray; others have said that the outer part of the hair becomes altered so that it is like ground glass and you cannot see the color. But a man by the name of Metchnikoff tells us that the real reason is because small movable bodies in the hair devour the grains of coloring matter and move them to the root of the hair. Sometimes poisons in disease, or some result of sorrow, bring about an effect upon these small migrating bodies (cells), causing them to become active in the above fashion. That is said to be the reason why the hair grows gray.

A correspondent asks: "Do you believe the women chase the men?" We are trying to avoid all violent controversies, and refuse to state.