

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER XII.

At O'Hourke's the pretty widow showed signs of fatigue, and O'Hourke having seen her comfortably tucked away in one first-class carriage, with his own traveling rug for a pillow, sought another. Mrs. Spry was heavy-eyed when she arose, and yawned behind her little gloved hand as she stood upon the platform watching the assistant O'Hourke, who hustled her and thither in her behalf in his own brightest and most cheerful manner.

"I suppose your friends expect you at—forget the name of the place, Janene? Is it Janene?" He glanced at her quickly and with so evident a surprise that she added: "Mr. Maskelyne told me you were going there. Is that the name of the place?"

"There is a little place of that name," said O'Hourke. "Maskelyne and I were there together a few days ago. I may go on, or I may not. I shall probably have a day or two in Brussels in any case."

When the hotel was reached, O'Hourke secured rooms for his delightful companion and ordered for her at her request a cup of warm milk and a biscuit. This modest refreshment was conveyed to her bed chamber, and she retired, purring an acknowledgment of obligation.

If Mrs. Spry had been, charming the night before, she was still more delightful next morning. O'Hourke made a guess as to her age, and set her down as being between three and four and twenty, in which he flattered her. Bearing in mind all the while how time was flying, and how it behooved him to make the most of chances which were likely to be limited, he turned the conversation to the lady's probable movements. Did she intend to stay long in Brussels? he asked.

"Well, no," she answered, with a becoming little blush. "There's only one thing brings me here. There's an old lady living here—a little hard up, I'm afraid. Mr. O'Hourke, she's a relative of my poor dear late husband—a distant relative, but the only one he had, and he left her out in the cold. I'm afraid she's not very likely to be very good friends with me, but I want to make it up with her. It sh'll be me. O'Hourke's attentive and sympathetic face was worth a volume of commonplace answers to this statement. "And then," said the widow, "I've got a friend to see, and then I've done with Belgium. I shall go and see Paris again, and I shall try to persuade my friend to go with me. I have seen her for two years, but she's the dearest girl in the world."

"That," said O'Hourke, "is a flattering description. Is your friend in Brussels?"

"No. From what I can learn, she's gone and bought herself a little house in a quiet place, miles and miles away from everywhere. I've looked it up on the map, and I make out Namur to be the nearest city. It's a little place called Houffoy."

"I have been there," returned O'Hourke, with admirable naturalness. "There is only one English family residing there. I have the pleasure to know them."

"Oh," said the lady, rapidly and enthusiastically, "do you know Angela Butler? Oh, now, really? I say, what a little place the world is, to be sure! Well, now, I do wonder that young George Maskelyne never told me that you knew Angela Butler."

"I only know them very slightly," said O'Hourke. "I only met them a fortnight ago. No; three weeks since."

"Oh," purred the widow, making her best and most expressive eyes at her companion. "I adore Angela Butler. Don't you adore her, Mr. O'Hourke? Oh, I'm sure you do."

"I think her a very charming girl. Frank, clever, English—thoroughly English."

"Oh, so very English," said Mrs. Spry. "And you are going to Houffoy to see Miss Butler?"

"Yes, I am," said O'Hourke. "That is a delightful news indeed to me. We shall be neighbors. I am going to Janene to see some old friends of mine, and Janene is the nearest village to Houffoy."

"That will be pleasant," said Mrs. Spry. "When she has heard that this old lady, whom she had met suddenly, and a second or two later shot a most vanquishing glance at O'Hourke."

She discharged her little bit of actual business, and she set out on a bright afternoon in early June, with the constant O'Hourke in attendance, for Houffoy, having previously advised Angela of her coming by wire.

"Let me see, now," said Mrs. Spry, holding her head on one side and looking up at O'Hourke thoughtfully. "How long will it take this train to reach Houffoy?"

"It does not go on to Houffoy," returned O'Hourke. "It reaches Janene in four hours and five minutes."

"I think you know everything, Mr. O'Hourke," said the lady, admiringly. Then, clasping her hands with a soft fervor, "Will you do me a favor, Mr. O'Hourke?"

"Try me," said O'Hourke, with his own admirable mixture of jest and earnestness.

"Will you go to the telegraph bureau and write a telegram to Janene, or, if those dreadful foreigners'll bungle it, from Mrs. Spry, Brussels, to Miss Angela Butler, the Chateau, Houffoy. To say that I shall be at—what's the name of the station?—at—when does the train get there?—and to ask her to meet me there. Because she might forget."

"May I look at your books?" he said.

"Certainly," she answered, taking up a loose handful and handing them over to him. As she did so his eyes met hers, and he drew them away with a sad and apologetic look.

"Ah," cried O'Hourke, brightly, a moment later, "you have bought 'Fireflies,' I see."

"Yes," she answered, looking up with a faint memory of the blush still lingering in her eyes. "I loved a great deal of talk about it in London, and I want to see what it's like."

"A delightful book," said O'Hourke. "A lovely book. The author is a dear friend of mine. He is staying at Janene with his wife and their little boy. I'm going down there to pay them a visit."

"Oh," cried Mrs. Spry, clasping her hands. "How delightful to know such people! Oh, how I do envy you that privilege!"

"You will be bound to meet him," O'Hourke said, "and sure to like him. I believe that Miss Butler and Mrs. Farley are great friends."

"I shall be afraid of him, I'm sure," cried the widow, hiding her face in her hands, and surveying O'Hourke through her fingers. "I was afraid of you at first."

She blushed prodigiously at this avowal, and dropping her hands before her, she turned her head away. O'Hourke caught her hands and held them for a moment.

"Of me?" he said, tenderly.

And here, since they were alone in the carriage, and had still a good twenty miles to go before they reached their first stopping point, no man can say how rapidly and how happily O'Hourke's fate might have been decided, if only the adventure had happened in England, where the guards refrain from walking about the outside of their trains during transit. But at this instant the door swung open and a ticket collector entered, and having with a perfect stony gravity punched their tickets, swung himself out through the door on the other side of the carriage and went on his way with a broad grin. O'Hourke saw the grin, and for a moment, though he was a fairly good-for-nothing fellow, he felt a pang of vengeance. The obvious impossibility of pursuing the ticket collector along the foot-board did nothing to assuage his anger for the time.

CHAPTER XIII.

"I should like," said Mr. Frost—"I should like to know what your individual caper really is."

"Make your desire a little clearer," returned Mr. Frost. "I speak English tolerably well, I think, but I have yet to learn American. Try English."

The two were seated in Frost's dingy apartment. The tenant of the room was better dressed than usual, his clothes were better brushed, and his linen was stiffer and whiter than ordinary. A tall, shiny silk hat cocked lazily over one eye gave him a rakish air, and as he leaned back in a broken down rocking chair, with his heels on the window sill, he contemplated the trim and well polished boots which ornamented his feet with a look of obvious satisfaction. The evening sun shone through the dirty, uncurtained window, and gave his sallow skin an unaccustomed glow.

"What do you want to get at, at all?" demanded Frost. "What do you want to know? What do you want to do?"

"I want to know and do many things," returned Zeno. "Come to your point, my friend. Be more precise. What do you want to know? What do you want to do?"

"You don't put your head into the lion's mouth and hold it there for nothing," said Frost, turning a shifty glance upon him. "You could know every movement that old madman makes, if that's your only game without putting your own skin in danger for a second. There isn't a thing he does that I don't know, or couldn't know if I wanted to, and what I know you could know at a very slight momentary expenditure."

"Well," returned Zeno, "very well. You know the man in the photograph. You know Athanos Zeno. Nobody else knows Athanos Zeno, my good friend. If Athanos Zeno is betrayed he is betrayed by George Frost. It is worth while to talk of this any longer? Do you think that I am not content with carrying my life in my own hand, and that I put it into yours? Do you think that I am young enough and foolish enough to trust anybody without a check? Let me tell you why I employed you. I saw that you were clever, cunning and without scruple, and without courage. It is not a good thing always to choose a man without courage, but it is a good thing in your case, because you know that putting your life hangs upon your good faith you will be faithful. Now, it is really worth while to talk of this any longer?"

"I own up," said Frost.

"I shall not trust you a bit more if you own up, as you call it," said Zeno, tranquilly. "I shall not trust you a bit less, because I have never trusted you. I shall not trust you any more, because I never trust anybody. I am obliged to be in danger. Now, really, shall we talk of this thing any more? Is it really worth while?"

"You're not such a fool," Frost answered, evidently ill at ease beneath Mr. Zeno's smile—"you're not such a fool as to suppose that I'm going to throw up a valuable safety such as I've got hold of. I ain't the man to quarrel with my reasons, nor yet to get my skin pierced while I can keep it whole. I was a fool to threaten you, and I wanted to know your game and that was all. If I ain't going to be let know it, I'm pleased."

"The," said Zeno, "we will go on and have some dinner, and you shall pay for the dinner, because you have been a fool. Eh, my friend?"

"I'm game for that," said Frost. "Are you going to take your parcel with you?"

"The parcel?" said Zeno. "The parcel is your affair. I had forgotten. This is a little invention of your own. You will bring it under the attention of the committee this evening and it will secure you a little praise, I can assure you."

"What is it?" Frost demanded.

"Ha! ha!" cried Zeno, with a laugh. "You have divined its nature. What a cunning fellow it is, and what a courageous fellow it is!"

"I say, look here," said the other, shoving close against the wall, "you haven't got any of that stuff here, have you? I can't stand it, Zeno. I won't—"

"What?" cried Zeno, laying a hand upon Frost's collar. "You call me by that name! You are frightened, are you? and you forget, do you, my poor Frost? Never be frightened again, will you? Please! Never forget again, will you? Please!"

"I hate the stuff," Frost declared. "I can't bear to be about it."

"Do not mind the stuff, dear Frost," said Mr. Zeno, tightening his hold on Frost's collar. "Mind me, if you please. You will be very sorry if you call me by that name again."

"I won't forget again," he said, stammering. "But I hate the stuff. I wish you wouldn't bring it here."

"Fool!" returned Zeno, with a brutal disregard of his friend's agonizing and grinding at his companion as he worked at the knots with his fingers. Frost glared upon the wall and stared at the parcel with an involuntary batting of the eyes. When at last the knots were conquered, the paper wrappings removed, and the contents exposed, he gave a sigh of relief, and wiped his brow with the back of his hand.

"Well," he said, with a ghastly attempt at a jocular air and tone, "there ain't any harm in that, so far as I can see." Zeno held up before him a packet of half a dozen books, held together by a double strap, and differing slightly in size. Fastened to the two straps was a loop of sewn leather by which the parcel could be conveniently carried. "I don't know," said Frost, "what you want to scare me for. I've told you over and over again I can't bear the mere sight of it."

"Come here," said Zeno, laying the packet on the table and unfasting the buckles. "I have something to show you." Frost approached with a slow swagger of unconcern. Zeno, having laid down the straps on either side, opened the topmost volume. "A dictionary," he said, "of French and English." He fumbled over the first two or three scores of leaves.

"Well," said Frost, "where's your invention?"

"Here," replied Zeno, and, turning over another score of leaves, revealed the top of a tin box, displaying at the same time the fact that the interior part of the leaves was cut clean away, and that the apparent bottom books was but a case. He lifted the dictionary, and some two inches of the tin box stood clear. Then he lifted the second book, which was smaller than the first, and held it up, a mere oblong frame. Then he drew out the tin case itself, and balanced it in his hand before Frost, who stared rapidly at the tin case, and then at the dictionary, and then he fell over a chair backward. "Get up," said Zeno, "it is empty." Frost arose, rubbing the back of his head, which had come smartly in contact with the wall.

"I don't know," he said, "what you want to scare me for."

"Why," returned Zeno, showing the gaps in his teeth again, "it is right that you should know that you are a coward."

"There are some men," said Frost, rising slowly, "that can't stand snakes. I ain't sweet on snakes myself, but I'd sooner go to bed with a horsehead of 'em than be in the same room with dynamite. And outside that, I don't know that I'm such a champion coward as you take me for. It's a natural repugnance; that's what it is—a natural repugnance. I've seen men that have that same precise kind of feelin' in respect to cats, and roses, and all manner of things that you and I don't mind at all."

"Well," said Zeno, smiling still, "this is your invention, my brave Frost. I make you a present of the tin box to your place again, and strapped the innocent looking volumes together as he spoke."

"You observe that there is not the least suspicion about this. If any of your friends, who does not share your natural repugnance, should want to cross the Channel with anything that should not be observed, this may be useful to him."

"Yes," replied Frost, taking the parcel in his hand and weighing it. "It looks innocent enough. It's an ingenious idea, I think. I should think it would act. But it won't hold much."

YANKEE TRICKS OF CHINESE.

How the Foreigner is Dealt with by Dealers in Antiquities.

The way in which the art trade is carried on in Hsinanfu is a matter of curiosity in itself, says the Craftsman. The shops of the dealers are tiny rooms, dimly lighted and a never-failing source of wonder to the new arrival. Trifling bric-a-brac is heaped up in the front room, some crumpled paper paintings spread over the walls; not a sign that important art objects would ever be forthcoming. The foreigner whose eyes are accustomed to the magnificent, glaringly gilt stores of Shanghai and Peking has not yet learned that the true Chinese antiquarian never exposes his heart-loved treasures to the profane eye.

What he does display openly is cheap trash to allure the innocent and ignorant. Woe to him who is trapped in this pitfall; he will never rise to see himself treated to a good genuine piece.

It requires patience, proper introduction, personal acquaintance and the power of wholly adapting one's self to Chinese usages to be initiated into the sanctum where true art dwells the seer; and it is not the possibility that the foreigner may be willing to pay the price—or any price, that induces the Chinese to lift the veil; but the certainty that he possesses a discriminating knowledge and judgment. Only this affords a passport to the hall of adepts and to fair treatment. The shrewd Chinaman is well aware of the fact that he can palm off on the inexperienced foreigner an imitation at the same price as an original. Why, therefore, should he let him have the genuine article of which he does not recognize the value?

Another peculiarity of the art dealer is that he does not talk about his objects; the buyer of ancient art is expected by him to know all about them himself, and he is responsible for his own failures. If he is disappointed he must take the blame himself. It has also become an established rule that antiquities must be paid for, cash down, at the very moment of the sale; while, on the other hand, there is hardly anything that a Chinaman cannot obtain on credit. Another interesting point is that in Hsinanfu no discount is allowed on any great work of art, except by small houses which may be in immediate need of cash. All the world knows how dearly a Chinaman loves bargaining and haggling and how he advances prices to a point he never dreams of realizing, just for the pleasure and excitement of a bargain. But for the real works of art such haggling is not permitted and where the valuation is thought excessive a piece may as well be given up at the start.

How the pieces are made is a mystery; there are no fixed rules and standards; everything depends on chance and circumstance and not the rarity of a piece; a trademark, with a date or an inscription consisting of a few characters always commands an additional sum; in lengthy inscriptions the number of characters is carefully counted and a conscientious estimate is put upon each of them.

—Patient—I have come to tell you, doctor, that that young stock broker, whom my daughter met at the sea four months ago, has now proposed to her and they are engaged."

Doctor—Now didn't I tell you that you would benefit later by your change! —Megendorfer Blatt.

FARMS AND FARMERS

How Book Learning Pays. "Book learning" for farmers has been a thing to laugh at in the past. It used to be thought that an almanac and one or two patent office reports were all a man needed to make him competent to "run a farm." We are getting past that day, and doing it at a pretty fast pace, in our times. Think of the report just published by the commissioners appointed a couple of years ago in the State of Louisiana to investigate crop pests, with particular reference to the boll weevil and the terrible injury it has wrought to the cotton crop. For two years these commissioners have been studying and experimenting on the State farms in the Red river region, and now they send word out to the world that they have succeeded in growing cotton that cannot be hurt by the boll weevil. Just how they have done this we must wait to learn. The great fact is that they have done it. Think what this will mean in money to the farmers of the cotton growing States! Now will the benefit of their work stop there? Other people than the cotton growers are interested in cotton. We all have use for the plant and its products. From the poor man down in the most obscure quarter of the city to the millionaire in his beautiful home, we all need cotton in some form or other. And "book learning" cuts the cloud which has hung over the men who grow the plant and lets the sunshine all over the world.

Potato Tests at Cambridge. The university experiment station at Cambridge, Mass., reports that a variety of tests were conducted on light loam. The sprouting of seeds before planting did not appear very useful for ordinary purposes. Planting entire tubers gave better results than the use of cut seed pieces. Tubers weighing nine or ten to the pound, or 14 to 16 inches in size, were most suitable for planting.

Seed Imported from Scotland produced equally good crops the first and second years, while the third year the crop was much reduced. The second growth, induced by weather conditions in 1904, had a very injurious effect on the cooking quality of the potatoes. The best results on poor light land were secured with a fertilizer application consisting of 175 pounds of sulphate of ammonia, 350 pounds of superphosphate and 150 pounds of sulphate of potash. On the light loam soil the best yield was secured where this same application of fertilizers, together with twelve tons of barnyard manure per acre, was used. The barnyard manure alone gave good results.

Fruit Gatherer. Professional growers of small fruits have been on the lookout for some such satisfactory device in which the picked fruit can be temporarily held by the picker. These devices have taken many forms, the majority consisting of baskets and similar receptacles, which are secured to the body of the picker.

FRUIT GATHERER. A vast improvement in this line is the fruit gatherer shown here, the invention of a New Jersey man. It consists of a leather receptacle which is attached to the arm, one end overlapping the palm of the hand, the opposite end being sealed. The open end is shaped like a scoop. As the operator picks the fruit, such as berries, cherries, etc., he drops it into the receptacle. The device does not in any way interfere with the free movement of the arm or hands, nor is there any likelihood of the fruit falling out of the receptacle.

Cabbage Rot. The disease known to the cabbage growers as black rot, or stem rot, has come into prominence within the last few years, and is said to be a serious hindrance to cabbage growing in several States. From a recent farmers' bulletin prepared by the chief of the division of vegetable pathology, it appears that no way is known of curing the disease or of entirely ridding a locality of it when once it is well established. The whole subject of treatment may be summed up in one word—preventing. The disease is not confined to the cabbage, but attacks a number of species belonging to the mustard family. The planting of other crops for a long series of years is said to be the only satisfactory way to get rid of this disease of the cabbage when it has once become serious.

Summer Feeding of Sheep. The summer feeding of sheep is not difficult. There is no other animal that can be shifted from field to field in summer to consume the weeds as can sheep. When handled in this way, they will keep the fence corners clean. To what better use could you put your weeds than to turn them into mutton? Inquires a grower in New England Homestead. But do not overlook the fact that they also enjoy and thrive upon good grass. In order to keep a large number on a small farm you should have small fields and change them often, for this gives them short, tender grass, which they like best, and also keeps them healthy by not allowing them to remain upon one pasture too long.

The Collie Dog. The intelligence of the collie is believed by many to come as near to human thought as that of any animal, and it is possible to teach them so many things that some very remarkable stories are told about them. They are for this reason the great sheep dog, and no Scotch herder would attempt to get along without his collie, with which he lives alone far off on the hills, says the Circle.

And that is saying nothing of their beauty and charm as companions.

THE OLD-SOAKEM BUCKET SHOP.



How dear to my heart are the bucket shop earnings. When fond recollection presents them to view: The clerk, the mechanic, for wealth vainly yearning. And every one else I was able to do. No longer they'll come with the bulk of their wages. And hand them to me, when for margins I call: No longer they'll find in the newspaper pages. The news that a bucket shop's gone to the wall: The well-furnished bucket shop, swell looking bucket shop. The bucket shop ready to go to the wall.

How oft have they stood by the ticker and waited. To learn what their profits were going to be! How oft to their sorrow they've found they were fated. To leave all their profits forever with Their coin! How I seized it with hands that were glowing.

And safe in my pockets it speedily fell; Alas! now my business they've been overthrowing. The bucket shop business that did 'em up well. The lucrative business, the get-rich-quick business. The bucket shop business that did 'em up well.

Alone in my sorrow, I scarce can believe it. I'll profit no more as a bear or a bull; My business is gone, and I ne'er can retrieve it. I find they have broken my wonderful pull. No longer I'll rake in their money and spend it. No longer be out when my customers call: The Legislature has passed a bill that will end it. Forever the bucket shop's gone to the wall. The old soakem bucket shop, cash getting bucket shop. The bucket shop now that has gone to the wall. —Detroit Free Press.

"MILKMEN" OF BELGIUM. Queer Hags of Milk Peddlers Who Are Mostly Girls. There is a land across the sea, sandwiched in between Holland, Prussia and France, that is more densely populated than any other country in the world. It is the kingdom of Belgium, where there are a little more than 550 inhabitants for every square mile of territory. The inhabitants are of French and German origin of about equal proportions, are quite numerous enough to engage in great manufacturing industries, but who are, nevertheless, pastoral in their pursuits and depend on the soil for a livelihood. Many canals and a network of railroads through the country enable the farmers to transport their products to the markets, and the climate in general is delightful.

"I tell you, brethren," said Brother Sipes, "it pays to trust the Lord. He's a great deal better business manager than anybody in this congregation."

UP-TO-DATE LIVING. Electrical House—Everything Runs by Current. One of the delegates to the electric light convention at Washington, who is builder and owner of the famous "electrical house" at Schenectady, N. Y., described his wonderful house to the members. "To start with," he said, "I had plans drawn for two houses, one with and one without a kitchen chimney. The cost of the chimneyless house was enough less than the other to pay for the wiring and equipment, and after a couple of years' experience, I can say—with my wife's authority—that nothing would induce us to go back to coal and gas. In the kitchen there are an electric oven, griddle-cooker, meat broiler, cereal cooker, water heater, egg boiler, potato steamer, frying pan, coffee percolator and a stove for ordinary cooking utensils. The whole outfit can be purchased for about \$25. But this is not the only way we can use electricity. In the dining room there is a small electric table for a chafing dish and percolator. On the veranda and in the smoking room electric cigar lighters make matches an unknown quantity. In the sewing room the machine is run and the flat-iron heated by electricity. In the bathroom an electric shaving mug furnishes hot water in less than a minute. An electric radiator takes the chill off the room and an electric heater warms the water. I am not sure that I have given you a complete list of all our devices. To 'build a fire' in our house means simply to turn a switch or to turn a plug, and the required degree of heat, mild or extreme, is there in a few seconds. The possibility of regulating the degree of heat exactly as wanted results in considerable economy of fuel. As to cost, I have kept careful records, and the average monthly bill for electricity for two years is \$6.09 a month, or about 10 per cent more than we paid for coal or gas. And there are no ashes to carry away, no fires to build, no dust nor dirt. The electric kitchen is as neat, clean and healthy as the sitting room. There is no doubt that the electric home will be commonplace in a little while. The immense increase in the sale of all sorts of domestic electrical apparatus proves that."

The Logical Result. "What division did his heirs make of old Moneybag's estate when his will contest was decided?" "No division." "No division?" "No; the lawyers got the whole of it." —Baltimore American.

Better than They Know. A congregation in a hill district in Ohio bought a small tract of land and erected a church of building upon it. Then the question of insurance came up. Mr. Sipes, the wealthiest member, who had contributed more than half the money needed for the new structure, declared that he did not believe in insurance. "This is the Lord's building. He'll take care of it," he said. His view prevailed, and there was no insurance. In a few weeks the building was struck by lightning and almost totally consumed by fire. An-

other one was erected, Mr. Sipes contributing the greater portion of the fund, as before. This time the demand was almost unanimous that it be insured, but Mr. Sipes again objected, on the same ground. "If it burns down again, brethren," he said, "I'll agree to rebuild it myself."

Again he carried his point. In less than a month the new church was struck by lightning again, and although strenuous efforts were made to save it, the loss was almost total. "There must be some reason for this, brethren," said Brother Sipes. "I am going to find out what it is."

Thereupon he employed a force of men to sink a shaft on the site of the twice-destroyed church. Within a few days a rich vein of iron ore was found, and the church property was sold for many times the amount needed to buy land in another locality and build again.

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Thereupon he employed a force of men to sink a shaft on the site of the twice-destroyed church. Within a few days a rich vein of iron ore was found, and the church property was sold for many times the amount needed to buy land in another locality and build again.

"I tell you, brethren," said Brother Sipes, "it pays to trust the Lord. He's a great deal better business manager than anybody in this congregation."

UP-TO-DATE LIVING. Electrical House—Everything Runs by Current. One of the delegates to the electric light convention at Washington, who is builder and owner of the famous "electrical house" at Schenectady, N. Y., described his wonderful house to the members. "To start with," he said, "I had plans drawn for two houses, one with and one without a kitchen chimney. The cost of the chimneyless house was enough less than the other to pay for the wiring and equipment, and after a couple of years' experience, I can say—with my wife's authority—that nothing would induce us to go back to coal and gas. In the kitchen there are an electric oven, griddle-cooker, meat broiler, cereal cooker, water heater, egg boiler, potato steamer, frying pan, coffee percolator and a stove for ordinary cooking utensils. The whole outfit can be purchased for about \$25. But this is not the only way we can use electricity. In the dining room there is a small electric table for a chafing dish and percolator. On the veranda and in the smoking room electric cigar lighters make matches an unknown quantity. In the sewing room the machine is run and the flat-iron heated by electricity. In the bathroom an electric shaving mug furnishes hot water in less than a minute. An electric radiator takes the chill off the room and an electric heater warms the water. I am not sure that I have given you a complete list of all our devices. To 'build a fire' in our house means simply to turn a switch or to turn a plug, and the required degree of heat, mild or extreme, is there in a few seconds. The possibility of regulating the degree of heat exactly as wanted results in considerable economy of fuel. As to cost, I have kept careful records, and the average monthly bill for electricity for two years is \$6.09 a month, or about 10 per cent more than we paid for coal or gas. And there are no ashes to carry away, no fires to build, no dust nor dirt. The electric kitchen is as neat, clean and healthy as the sitting room. There is no doubt that the electric home will be commonplace in a little while. The immense increase in the sale of all sorts of domestic electrical apparatus proves that."

The Logical Result. "What division did his heirs make of old Moneybag's estate when his will contest was decided?" "No division." "No division?" "No; the lawyers got the whole of it." —Baltimore American.