

THE MILL STORY

A SINGULAR GUEST.

HENRY APPS of Hexton completed the fixing of the wires on the lawn of Hexton house. He looked up at the dim light in the dressing room and chuckled slightly as he bent the last yard of wire.

"A trip in time," said Mr. Apps, "saves time."

He threw the rope ladder gently in the air, and at the first effort caught the projecting nail.

"Once on board the ladder," quoted Mr. Apps, facetiously, as he mounted the rope ladder, "and the girl is mine."

He opened the window very gently and soon stood in the dressing room. Near the table in the corner of the room was an iron safe.

"Well, I jiggered!" exclaimed Mr. Apps. He loosened the flap of his back cap and wiped his brow with the flap of his handkerchief. "Well, I jiggered! If they haven't been and left the key in for me."

"I might have sived myself a lot of trouble if I'd known."

Mr. Apps swung open the heavy door of the safe and listened to the music downstairs. Young Lady Staplehurst was giving (as Mr. Apps very well knew) a dance, a fancy dress dance, on her return from the continent, after her term of widowhood.

"I'll just see first of all," he said, "that the coast is clear, and then—then for a bagful."

Henry Apps stepped out into the broad passage. He slouched with his jimmy sticking out of his capacious side pocket a few steps toward the stairs. Suddenly a girlish figure turned the corner.

"Bliss my art!" cried Mr. Apps. "Why, how do you do?" said the young lady, stepping forward.

She gave a soft laugh that was very pleasant. "Do you know I recognized you at once in spite of the costume."

She held the hand of Mr. Apps for a moment, causing that gentleman to gasp for breath, and called one of the maids.

"Just bring me a pencil and a card," she said. "I must arrange for a carriage to take Captain Norman back to his hotel in the morning. I wasn't sure that he would come."

"I can walk," remarked Mr. Apps, with restored self-possession. "I won't hear of it. When shall we say now?"

"Say in an hour's time," said Mr. Apps. "I can go upstairs again alone, change my top and do all I want to."

"And can't you stay longer?"

"She gave the card to the maid and ordered it to be dispatched at once."

"I've got a bag night before me," urged Mr. Apps, exultingly.

He thought of his dog waiting on the lawn, and feared it might give an inopportune bark. Besides, the safe was still open and the diamonds were waiting for him. He had noticed with satisfaction that Lady Staplehurst was wearing none.

"Will you excuse me for one moment?"

"You were always an active man, Captain."

"Always—always something," agreed Mr. Apps. "If it isn't one thing it's another."

He shook his head reflectively. "I often wonder I don't write a book about it all."

"I don't believe you will know anybody here, Captain Norman," she said, as they walked downstairs. "You couldn't help sending you a card, seeing how friendly we were on the Pechawur. Do you remember those evenings on deck in the Red Sea?"

She was really a very fine young woman, and in her costume she looked extremely well.

"Do I not?" said Mr. Apps, with much fervor. "Shall I ever forget 'em?"

"And then the journey from Brindisi, you know; and the funny little German—you remember him?"

"He was a knock-out, that German was."

"And the girl who played the banjo, and—"

"It was great," agreed Mr. Apps, "great."

The large ballroom was very full. A small crowd of brightly dressed young people were waiting for the young hostess to appear. The young hostess, however, was absent from the room, and a broad-shouldered, good-looking man, who was standing near the door, was talking to a young woman.

"I thought I had left the key in the—excuse me," the young hostess took back her card from the good-looking man.

"I am engaged to Captain Norman. You don't know him? Allow me."

"Pleased to meet you," said Henry Apps. "Ow's the world using you?"

"That's an original costume of yours, Captain Norman," remarked the good-looking man. "I don't know that I've ever seen anything so daintily real before."

"Well, what of it?" demanded Mr. Apps with sudden aggressiveness. "What's the odds to you I like to wear?"

"You needn't think you are—"

"Captain Norman," interrupted the young hostess laughingly, "you must have overdone the part. Look here, I've put your name down for this waltz, but if you like we'll sit it out—that is, if you promise to keep up that diverting end talk. I like it. Do you think we can manage to do so?"

"It's that," said Mr. Apps. "And it is a capital make-up, Captain Norman," she went on. "Do you know that at first, just for one moment, I thought you were a real burglar?"

"Fancy that, now," said Mr. Apps. He was relieved at seeing an obvious way out of his difficulty. "There's nothing like doing the thing in proper, strident, forward way."

"And," said Lady Staplehurst, with her fan on her arm as she walked across the room, "you have got the east end accent capital."

"Tain't so dusty, is it?"

She beckoned to the good-looking man. "Captain Norman and I are great friends," she said, in an explanatory way. "He has not been long home from abroad, and he knows scarcely anyone."

"Not a blessed soul," echoed Mr. Apps. "You must let me show you around a bit, Captain Norman," said the good-looking man, with determined gentility. "Can you come around with my club one night this week?"

"What?" demanded Mr. Apps suspiciously.

"Why, to dine. Say, Thursday."

"Evening where I shall be on

Thursday," said Mr. Apps. "I don't."

"You must consider me at your disposal if you require any introductions. I know a lot of good people, and to any friend of Lady Staplehurst—"

"Oh, come off the roof," said Mr. Apps, with much discontent. "What's the use of talking?"

"Isn't it capital?" asked Lady Staplehurst of the good-looking man. "How much more interesting it would be if everyone would only talk to me in their character."

"Lady Staplehurst arose with something of haste in her manner and spoke to Henry VIII.

"What regiment do you belong to, Captain Norman?" asked the good-looking man. "Find out," said Mr. Apps.

"Am I too curious? I know very little of the army, I am afraid." The good-looking man smiled at the remark of Lady Staplehurst's friend. "I always dodge the army nights in the house. I suppose you know several of the service members?"

"I know as many of them as I want to know," said Mr. Apps, easily. "The good-looking man smiled at the remark of Lady Staplehurst's friend. "I always dodge the army nights in the house. I suppose you know several of the service members?"

"I can make nothing out of this man," whispered the good-looking man, as he arose. "I think he's silly."

"If you know any qualities you wouldn't speak of him like that," she resumed her seat by the side of Henry VIII.

"Well, blow me!" said Lady Staplehurst, screwing her pretty mouth in her effort to imitate the cockney's accent. "I mean the damn," she laughed. "It's of no use, Captain Norman, I can't talk as you can."

"It's a gift," said Mr. Apps, "that's what it is."

"You don't want to be introduced to anybody here, I suppose?"

"Not me."

"You have heard—"

"She pointed in the direction of the good-looking man."

"All I want to."

"He's really making a big name in the house, you know. I watch his career with great interest."

"Thinks a jolly lot of himself."

"Oh, I think a lot of him, too," remarked Lady Staplehurst pleasantly. "And that's a jolly sticking out of your jacket pocket? This is indeed realism. You got a kind of idea, it works."

"Well, I've got a kind of idea," said Mr. Apps. "Lookee 'ere. You put this in and—"

Mr. Apps found himself getting quite excited in the explanation that he gave. "There's a new sensation to meet one who should be introduced to me in his profession, and he could not help feeling flattered. Looking up, he saw the good-looking man gazing at him."

"E don't look 'appy, that chap," said Mr. Apps.

"Will you excuse me for one moment?"

"What are you up to, miss?" he said apprehensively.

"I want to speak to him."

"Oh" (with relief). "I don't mind that."

While Lady Staplehurst was making the good-looking man's acquaintance, Mr. Apps thought and thought. The couples promenading after the waltz looked curiously at him.

"It's the rummish sort you was ever in," said Mr. Apps; "you're 'aving 'em on toast, you are; but you'll be tired to get upstairs again. You want them diamonds, that's what you want. Time means money to you, 'Eary."

Lady Staplehurst hurried toward the doorway. A murmur of amusement went through the room as the guests saw the arrival in the costume of a police constable, accompanied by a man in plain clothes. Mr. Apps, thinking over his exploit, gazing abstractedly at his boots, regretting their want of polish, did not see them until the plain clothes man tapped him on the shoulder.

"What, Apps again?" exclaimed the man.

"Yes," said the burglar, discontentedly. "Yus, it's Apps again, Mr. Walker. And vurry glad you are to see him, I've no doubt."

"Always a pleasure to meet a gentleman like you," said Mr. Walker, cheerfully, as he conducted him toward the doorway. "I've wanted to run up against you before."

Much commotion in the ballroom at the diverting little scene. General agreement that Lady Staplehurst was a perfect genius at entertaining.

"But, loveliest girl," said the good-looking man confidently to Lady Staplehurst, "isn't this carrying a joke rather too far? That's a real detective."

"I know," said the loveliest girl, trembling a little. "That's a real burglar, too."

"A real—"

"Yes, yes. Don't make a fuss. I don't want the dance spoiled. Take me down to supper, like a good fellow."—London Tit-Bits.

Must Be An Astrologer.

Ignorant people think that an astronomer is also an astrologer. Sir John Herschel once received a letter asking him to tell the fortune of a friend. Another letter writer requested the distinguished astronomer to consult the stars and answer these two questions: "Shall I marry?" and "Have I seen her?"

An American replied in words now notorious. "Of what use is a new-born babe?"

Unhappy French Queens.

Of sixty-seven queens of France only thirteen have died without leaving their histories a record of misery. Eleven were divorced, two executed, nine died young, seven were soon widowed, three cruelly treated, three exiled, the poison and broken-hearted make up the rest.

London's Insane.

The London County Council has decided to spend £100,000 on the provision of new asylums for the insane. The expenditure is to spread over five years, and at the close of that period it is believed that the provision of asylum accommodation will be fully adequate to the wants of the metropolis.

THE LOST POCKETBOOK.

How a Washington Business Man Had a Little Recreation.

"Found—A pocketbook, containing a sum of money. Owner can have same by applying at Room 43, Blank Building, and identifying."

That was the advertisement which Mr. Bilton recently inserted in "The Star." He had found a dark green purse on the sidewalk while on his way to the office, and, after advertising it, went on his regular business.

The next morning a group of men and boys stood about the door to his office, and he was regarded eagerly by the watchers when he passed in. The office boy immediately announced that a man wanted to "see about that pocketbook."

The man, who was long on whiskers and short on cuffs, was ushered into the office, and Mr. Bilton asked:

"Well, did you lose a pocketbook?"

"Yes, sir; and it had some money in it." When it came to a question of color the visitor hesitated and finally said "black."

"How much money did it contain?"

"Well, er, I can't say exactly," replied the visitor.

"Was there more or less than \$10?"

"Yes—that is, there was—more," said the man, breathing deeply, as if he had cast a die.

"It is not yours," said Mr. Bilton. "Good morning."

The man with the whiskers walked out and joined the group. A shabby young man, wearing a golf cap, next essayed to prove ownership. He said the pocketbook was not black, but a "sorter reddish yellow, that some people might call brown." In fact, it might be called by any of those names.

In answering an inquiry as to the amount contained in the purse, the young man said: "I can't say, but I know there was between five and ten dollars in it."

"It's not yours," said Mr. Bilton, to the business man, affably.

The young man with the golf cap was waiting outside with a pink shirt as five," he told them, "and it ain't red nor yellow nor brown. You guessed black, didn't you, Whiskers?"

"Taint black," replied Whiskers. "Next person to appear to Mr. Bilton was a young man with a pink shirt, blue striped cuffs and a green tie. He wore damaged yellow shoes and smoked a cigarette."

"Good mornin'," he said. "I lost a pocketbook, 'y know, and I guess the one you put in the paper for it. It was green, and had some change in it. There wasn't as much as \$5, though."

"Was the amount nearer five than one?" asked Mr. Bilton, quietly.

"Yes, sir."

"Then this is not your purse, although it is green."

"Well, I guess I made a mistake," said the sportsman. "I guess it was a little less than twenty."

"No, sir; it's not yours," said the business man. "Good morning."

Mr. Bilton had three other visitors within a half hour, who stated that they had lost a dark green pocketbook, containing a sum variously estimated at \$2, \$1, and 50 cents.

The last visitor, in making his report to his companions, said: "Say, it just makes me sick. That guy ain't been doing a thing to beat the band. Say! How much do you guess was in that pocketbook? One cent! Yes, sir. One cent and the pocketbook ain't worth that much. De little fellow put in the paper for a five, but it ain't been a five, and he said, it wouldn't be worth while to put it in the paper at all."

Washington Star.

What Franklin Accomplished.

Lord Jeffers wrote of the American inventor and philosopher, "He never lost sight of common sense." Philip G. Hubert, Jr., in a sketch of Franklin in his recent book, "Inventors," says:

"Nothing in nature failed to interest him, and a catalogue of his achievements, showing his activity and resource, is conclusive proof of the truth of both statements."

Franklin inspired and established the Junto, the pleasantest and most useful American club of which we have knowledge.

He founded the Philadelphia library, parent of a thousand libraries, which marked the beginning of an intellectual movement of endless good to the whole country.

He first turned to great account the engine of advertising, indispensable in all modern business.

He published "Poor Richard," a record of homely wisdom, in such shape that hundreds of thousands of readers have made him their friend and helper.

He created the postoffice system of America, and was the first champion of a reformed spelling.

He invented the Franklin stove, which economized fuel, and he suggested valuable improvements in ventilation and the building of chimneys.

He robbed thunder of its terrors, and lightning of some of its power to destroy.

He founded the American Philosophical Society, the first organization in America of the friends of science.

He suggested the use of mineral manures, introduced the basket willow, promoted the early culture of silk, and pointed out the advantages of white clothing in summer.

He measured the temperature of the Gulf Stream, and discovered that northeast storms may begin in the southwest.

He pointed out the advantage of building ships in water-tight compartments, taking the hint from the Chinese who first used the use of oil as a means of quieting dangerous seas.

Besides these great achievements, accomplished largely as recreation from his life-work as economist and statesman, Benjamin Franklin helped the whole race by his inventions of value and comfort to theorists and dreamers the world over. When some one spoke contemptuously of Montgolfier's balloon experiments, and asked of what use they were, the great American replied in words now notorious. "Of what use is a new-born babe?"

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There are three ex-Mayors of the town in the newly elected City Council of Bath, Me.

PHOTOGRAPHING A WHALE.

A Snap-Shot at a Monster as It Leaped Out of the Water.

Whether a certain whale breaching, dined and supped every day in the Santa Catalina channel, went out one morning with the determination of being photographed, I really cannot say; but the picture was certainly taken.

Living in the neighborhood the whale was probably familiar with the steamer that plowed daily through its dining room; and if it was at all an observing whale, it must have noticed on the morning in question an unusual commotion on the deck of the steamer, and this is what it saw:

The passengers were crowding about the rail, and on the upper deck stood a man and a little girl, the former holding a square black box into which he looked earnestly. If the whale had been a little nearer this is what he might have heard:

"Will he look pleasant?" asked the little girl of her companion.

"I hope so," he replied, glancing rapidly from the camera to the whale that was then swimming a few hundred feet away.

The passengers had first observed it a mile or more distant, when the little girl said it was "dancing on its tail." It had, really, leaped out of the water, and for a few seconds exposed almost its entire back, most of which was flat and fallen back into the sea with a thundering crash, soon it came to the surface again, and shooting a cloud of vapor into the air that slowly floated away, at intervals disappeared until the whale, swimming along alongside the steamer, swam within a short distance. It was then that the fortunate possessor of the camera secured a good position near the rail, and waited, as his little companion had said, for the whale to "look pleasant."

In this instance, meant for the whale to show a large portion of its body above the water. It was now swimming just below the surface, its huge black form, sixty or seventy feet in length, distinctly visible, propelled by the undulating movement of the tail. Suddenly it rose, showing just the portion around the blow-holes, and with a loud puff the hot breath burst into the air, was condensed, and a little cloud drifted away.

The little girl, earnestly asked the photographer, as he peered into the tiny window of the camera that reflected the sea in brilliant tints, "I could catch the spout, but I want to wait until he throws his entire head out of the water and looks really pleasant before I touch the button."

It was an exciting moment, as never, so far as known, had a living whale, in the open ocean, posed before a camera, or a photograph been taken of an animal obligingly swim along, allowing its picture to be taken.

"It's a tame whale, isn't it?" said the little girl, as the whale gradually came nearer.

"He certainly does not seem very timid," replied her companion; "he's smoke, puff; that's the spout, like the escape of steam, the vapor actually drifting aboard the steamer into the faces of the passengers."

The whale was now so near that the barrels of the camera could be seen, and one man was sure that he saw its eye. Suddenly it sank, and all that could be seen in the little window was the dancing waves and the white sails of myriads of vesicles that covered the surface of the whale's back before the fresh treading. Then, without warning, the creature as suddenly rose again, showing a large area of its back, sending at the same time a cloud of misty vapor into the air as its top or dorsal fin appeared. The latest experiments in photography, which have been made by Professor Liversidge of the University of Sydney, who finds in the waters surrounding Australia the quantity of gold per ton of sea-water varies between a grain and one ounce. Calling the average three-quarters of a grain to the ton, and putting the number of tons of sea-water to the cubic mile, in round numbers, at 2,400,000,000, we see that there is 3,150,000,000 grains of gold in every cubic mile of sea-water. It has been estimated that all the oceans combined contain about 300,000,000,000 miles of water, so that if the same proportion exists everywhere, the total amount of gold held in solution by the sea would be 90,000,000,000,000 tons. This would be worth, at \$20 per Troy ounce, \$30,190,000,000,000, or translated into pounds, more than thirty-nine thousand millions of millions of dollars!

Turning Diamond Into Graphite.

Elementary chemistry teaches us that, as far as the nature of the substance composing them is concerned, there is almost no difference between a brilliant white diamond and the black graphite forming the core of a lead-pencil. Both are simply forms of carbon, and if we could readily turn one into the other, the diamond would cease to rank as the king of gems. In fact, very minute diamonds have recently been made in this way by Monsieur Moissan, the French chemist. Graphite can be dissolved in molten iron, and when the iron cools the graphite crystallizes. By performing this operation in a particular manner, which has heretofore been described in this column, Monsieur Moissan gets microscopic crystals, not of graphite, but of diamond. Curious enough, now that we know how graphite may be turned into diamond, it has also been discovered that diamond can be changed into graphite. This is effected by placing a diamond in an exhausted Crookes tube. In such a tube it is believed that invisible molecules of matter are continually darting about, and these molecules produce a ceaseless bombardment on the surface of the diamond. At the first effect becomes visible in a black stain, covering the diamond. On examination this is found to be composed of graphite.

Vulgarity.

A loud-voiced American lady was explaining at a London reception why it was that she had come to Europe. "I have a house in New York," she remarked, with an obvious sense of self-importance, "in which I have twenty bed-rooms. 'It must be a palace,' remarked the hostess, graciously. 'Or else a hotel,' added a more cynical commentator.

"It is my own house," the lady ran on. "It costs a pile of money to keep it up! Why, I have ten twelve servants, even when I am not entertaining!"

There was a pause, during which the company either looked bored or exchanged peculiar glances, and then awaited in silence her explanation of her journey across the Atlantic.

"I cannot endure having the same furniture," added the lady, after a critical examination of the rings on her fingers, "longer than four years. I have refurnished my house three times in twelve years, and it is now time for



New Use for X-Rays.

It is said that the X-rays have been successfully applied in France to the detection of adulterations of food, where the adulterations consist of some kind of mineral matter. The food to be examined is reduced to powder and spread thinly upon glass. An X-ray photograph of the glass reveals the adulterations, and the mineral particles by the failure of the rays to penetrate them as they penetrate the other constituents of the powdered food.

Felt Through the Earth.

Prof. John Milne, who studied earthquakes for many years in Japan, where they are frequent, now has an "earthquake observatory" on the Isle of Wight, to detect any tremors there during the past year, he recently remarked that his instruments enabled him to feel heavy earthquakes at great distances, even right through the straits of Dover.

For example, on August 31 last a distant earthquake was felt in Japan to conclude that a violent earthquake had occurred about 6,000 miles away. Afterward it was learned that there had been an earthquake in Japan at that time, and the distance through the straits of Dover between Japan and Japan is about 6,000 miles.

Trains Without Rails.

Expected to be described as a satisfactory machine recently been made in the suburbs of Paris with a train, drawn by a steam locomotive, running not on rails but on an ordinary road.

The train used at present consists of three cars, one of which contains the locomotive, together with seats for fourteen passengers, while the other has twenty-four seats. The engine is of 16-horsepower and the average speed is about seven miles an hour.

The train is about to turn in a circle only twelve feet in diameter. Another train has been constructed for the conveyance of freight. It is hoped by the inventors that trains of this kind will be extensively employed in the near future.

The Phonograph for the Deaf.

An apparatus which may enable the deaf to hear is being constructed by Mr. C. B. Cory, Canadian, in the suburbs of Paris with a train, drawn by a steam locomotive, running not on rails but on an ordinary road.

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