

MASTER OF THE MINE

By Robert Buchanan.

CHAPTER XIII.

It seemed as if the days of my boyhood had come back to me. Never since then had I experienced such feelings as now filled my heart, for with Madeline's fading they had faded, and during the years of our separation I had passed my time with tolerable tranquillity; but now that she had been so miraculously restored to me, the old fire was rekindled in my soul, and I became another man. Her very presence in the house that night drove away all thoughts of sleep.

All that day, overcome by the fatigue through which she had passed, Madeline remained in her chamber; while I, utterly unable to work, hung like a restless spirit about the house. The next morning she awoke refreshed; and when we three sat at breakfast, she astonished us all by appearing amongst us, fully dressed, and looking bright and well.

As all her own clothes had been lost in the wreck, she wore a dress of my aunt; over it she had thrown the cloak which she had worn on the wreck. She came forward languidly, leaning on the shoulder of her black attendant, and sank down into the chair which my uncle had placed for her, while the native began crying and kissing her hands. They spoke together in the foreign tongue; then Madeline raised her eyes and looked quietly around. Her glance swept the room and finally rested with a look of recognition on my face. I felt the hot blood mount to my temples.

"Am I mistaken?" she asked, softly; "did you take me from the wreck?" I bowed my head. In a moment all her languor disappeared, the old fire darted from her eyes, the old flush suffused her cheeks—she was the Madeline of my childhood—once more. She looked at her hands, with one quick movement pulled off the most valuable of her rings, and held it toward me.

"Will you not take it?" she said, with a bright smile. "You saved my life." Her whole manner was that of a lady speaking to an inferior. Under my excitement I hardly noticed it. Scarcely knowing what I did, I sprang forward and took the ring; then, eagerly kissing her hand, I placed it again upon her finger.

"Madeline," I said, "don't you know me? Madeline—Miss Graham?" She looked at me more critically and shook her head.

"Have you forgotten Munster's?" I said, "and Hugh Trelawney?" If I expected a wild outburst of pleasure at the mention of my own name, I was quickly disappointed. She only smiled; and, with her eyes fixed upon vacancy as if she was reviewing the past, said:

"Munster's? Hugh Trelawney? Oh, yes; of course I remember now! Hugh Trelawney was the nicest of those Munster boys, and we were friends; but," she added, fixing her eyes anxiously upon me, "surely you are not that boy?"

"Yes," I replied, "I am Hugh Trelawney."

Her eyes opened wider, she glanced from me to my uncle and aunt, then round the kitchen, then she was silent. I felt that some explanation was due to her, and I gave it. I told her of my father's death—the kindness of my uncle and aunt, and of my subsequent life at St. Gerloot's.

"St. Gerloot's?" she said. "Is this St. Gerloot's, in Cornwall? I have an aunt living in a place of that name. Perhaps you may know her; her name is Mrs. Redruth."

"Who, that be our master's mother?" broke in my aunt. But I added:

"Are you sure it's the same, Miss Graham? This Mrs. Redruth has a son who owns the mine."

"Yes, I know—my cousin George," she answered; while my heart misgave me at the familiar manner in which she mentioned the name. "Oh, it must be the same," she continued, enthusiastically; "and to think I should be shipwrecked here, of all places in the world! Mr. Trelawney, are they far away? Would it be possible to let them know that I am here? Perhaps if you tell her the story and show her this," she continued, drawing a quaint signet ring from her finger, "my aunt will come to me. This was my dear father's ring, and she knew it well, for he always wore it—and he had it on even when he died!"

I started off on my mission. The events of the last few hours had made me a changed being. I began to wonder if it was all real. It was clear to me now that she thought little of the past. While I had been living upon the memory of those dear days, she had let other events obliterate it entirely from her mind. Well, it was clear I must do the same. I must deliver her up to the custody of her relations as coldly as if she were a stranger who had casually been cast in my path for a day.

Having made my decision, I became calmer, and walked with a steady step up to Redruth House. I inquired for the young master; learned that he had left for London two days before. I asked for the mistress, and she saw me. She listened to my story quietly enough; when I showed her the ring, her white face flushed, her hand trembled, and her eyes filled with tears.

"It is my brother's, my poor brother's," she said, more to herself than to me; then she added: "My niece is at your cottage, you say?"

"Yes, madame."

"Tell her I will come to her at once." I left the house and, instead of returning to the cottage, walked straight down to the mine. Where was the use of my returning to Madeline; to stand by and see that grim and stony-hearted woman bring to her quently eyes the light of happiness, to her lips the cry of joy, which the sight of my face had failed to do?

All day I worked with a fierce persistence which alarmed me. I looked at myself in my mining suit, then recalled Madeline as I had seen her that morning—with her soft hands sparkling with gems, and the black servant crouching at her feet—and realized more than ever the distance that divided us from one another. I returned home in the evening and found the cottage much the same as it had always been. Madeline was gone.

"She is up at Redruth House, Hugh," said my aunt. "The awd missus came

and took her away, and right glad she was to go, poor lass!"

She showed me a five-pound note which Madeline had given her, borrowing it from her aunt to do so. She put the note into an old work box where most of her treasures were kept, and set about getting the tea, imagining that the romance of last night's wreck had ended.

CHAPTER XIV.

For some days after that I saw nothing whatever of Madeline. One day, the seventh from that on which the lifeboat had brought her to shore, I made a minute inspection of the mine, which every day grew more dangerous, and came up from my work covered with filth from head to foot. I had passed the last ladder, and stood at the mouth of the mine, dazzled by the quick transformation from pitch darkness to broad daylight, when my ears were struck by the sound of a voice which passed like sudden music through my frame. I rubbed my eyes and looked about me, and there, not far from where I stood, was my old sweetheart. She was dressed now in an elegant costume of gray, which fitted her to perfection; a little hat with long plumes was on her head, and her face, looking lovelier than ever, glowed and sparkled in the light; with her rich brown skin and sparkling black eyes, her erect carriage, graceful tread, she looked like some Eastern princess! She was walking toward the spot where I stood; George Redruth was beside her; while behind followed the black girl, Anita, her dark eyes fixed upon her mistress. This sudden encounter unnerved me. Quickly recovering myself, however, I was about to move away, and so avoid embarrassment, when the master's voice arrested me.

"Trelawney," he said; "one moment. Miss Graham wishes to go down the mine. I tell her it is impossible. What do you say? Is it fit for a lady?" "Don't worry about it, George," she said, "I've abandoned the idea." Then, stepping up to me, she held forth her little gloved hand. I bowed over it, but did not take it, giving as an excuse that I was not fit to approach her.

"I daresay you were in quite as forlorn a condition the other morning when you snatched me from the wreck," she said; "yet you did not hesitate then, when your own life was in peril. Mr. Trelawney, take my hand."

I did as she requested, I clasped the little hand in both of mine and raised it respectfully to my lips. In doing so, I caught a glimpse of George Redruth's face; it was black as the pit mouth.

"Now, my dear Madeline," he said, impatiently, "shall we go back?" But Madeline was not ready, or perhaps she was too imperious to be so ordered by her cousin. She had abandoned all intention of descending the mine; but she was nevertheless anxious to inspect the outside of it.

"But you can go," she said. "Mr. Trelawney will escort me."

"Nonsense!" returned her cousin. "Trelawney has got his work to attend to. I will stay."

And he did stay for fully two hours; at the end of which time she allowed him to take her away.

Three other days passed without a sign from her; then I encountered her again. It was in the evening when I was walking home. This time she was alone; except for the servant, who walked at a respectful distance behind her. She came up to me unreservedly, and again held forth her hand.

"I came to walk back with you," she said. "Do you mind?"

"I mind?" I repeated in amazement. "You forget, Miss Graham, it is an honor for me to walk beside you."

She gave a little impatient toss of her head, and we walked on together. For some time not a word was spoken, but I felt that she was watching me keenly. Presently she said:

"Do you know what I have been doing, Mr. Trelawney? I have been trying to find in you one trace of the boy I knew years ago, at Munster's—and I have failed."

"I don't understand."

"No? Well, I will explain. The boy I knew was kind to me; frank, open-hearted, generous. You are somewhat unfriendly, reserved, harsh, and, if I may say so, churlish. Why are you so changed?"

"I am not changed, Miss Graham; or, if I am, it is but with the tide of fortune, which has ebbed and not flowed with me since we met before. When we were at Munster's I believed we were equals, but now you are Miss Madeline Graham; I am overseer of your cousin's mine."

"Then you wish us to remain as strangers?"

"I think it would be better."

"Ah! you are crueler than I thought; if you will not accept my friendship for the sake of the old days when we were boy and girl together, you will, at least, have some pity upon me. I am lonely and among strangers here. You seem like an old friend. If you will suffer me to talk to you sometimes it will make my stay here more pleasant."

Her pleading won the day, and we became friends. I never went to Redruth House, and she never came to the cottage. I never sought her, but quite innocently and frankly she sought me. We often went on the moor when, after my long day's work, I was making my way home, and I could not regard these meetings as purely accidental on her part. She was always accompanied by the black girl, until one evening, when she appeared alone.

"You are looking for Anita!" said Madeline, noting my glance. "She has gone to London with my aunt's maid, and will not return till close on midnight. My cousin counselled my staying at home to-night, or allowing him to accompany me. I knew I should not want for company, so refused to submit. I may not enjoy these walks much longer."

"What! are you going away?" I asked, in some alarm.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Perhaps! I do not know; certainly I shall have to go sooner or later, but I trust it may not be sooner. When I was shipwrecked here I was on my way to London, to take up my abode with some other

relations. They are troubling me with questions, so I have sent Anita to satisfy them as to my safety. Yet I suppose I shall some day have to go."

She tried to speak carelessly, yet I fancied I detected a ring of regret in her voice, and I quailed before the feeling of desolation which her words brought to my heart.

In that one sentence she had unwittingly shown to me myself—revealed to me the terrible secret which I had been vainly trying to crush from my heart. Even as she had influenced my boyhood, she had influenced my manhood.

I loved her with the same unthinking love which had filled my soul as a boy—loved her even while I felt that such a love might be the means of blighting my life. I knew that no good could come of it, for was she not as far removed from me as the moon was removed from the sea? and yet I felt at that moment that to love her so, be it only for one hour, was worth whole centuries of pain. (To be continued.)

WAGNER AS A HUMORIST.

How He Complied with the Suggestions of a London Newspaper.

Richard Wagner was not a man to whom one would naturally ascribe the faculty of ready joking. It is not from the creator of the serious, somber, "Flying Dutchman" or the composer of the half mystical, half religious opera "Parsifal," that one would expect cheerful pranks at the expense of other people. Nevertheless, an instance is on record of how the great tone-painter of Bayreuth played a very funny trick on a newspaper and probably a good many of the readers accustomed to relying on what it said. It was in the '50's. Wagner, then still climbing the ladder of fame, was conducting the Philharmonic concerts in the British metropolis for a season. Being, as he remained to the end, a very ardent admirer of Beethoven, and, in fact, knowing that master's nine symphonies by heart, he selected several of them for performance in the said series of concerts. The first time, then, that Wagner conducted a Beethoven symphony in London, the public received the rendition kindly enough, but the next morning a certain newspaper with a very large circulation came out with a rather severe criticism. The author of "Lohengrin" was in cold print, but in unreserved terms, scolded for directing a symphony by the immortal Beethoven without a score in front of him. Such a proceeding, to which London was unaccustomed, was sheer presumption, so ran the criticism. And after further uncomplimentary remarks, the great and influential journal advised young Herr Wagner to use a score when he conducted a Beethoven symphony again. Well, soon Herr Wagner did, this time with a book of music open before him on his desk. He was seen to turn over the leaves with a certain amount of regularity, too. His reward came, next day, in the form of a commendatory article in the aforesaid newspaper, which praised him for a very much better interpretation of Beethoven than his last, due, of course, to the suggested use of the score. Whereupon Wagner (we think our pun is justified in this particular instance) announced the fact that the score in front of him the previous evening was that of Rossini's opera, "The Barber of Seville"—turned upside down.—*Collier's Weekly.*

Saved by Chance.

"His life was saved by a button?" "How fortunate. Tell me about it." "A girl asked for a button as a souvenir. He gave it to her. Then he fell in love with her and she fell in love with him. They were married."

"But you said she saved his life?" "Oh, yes. His wife would not let him go to war, and the man who took his place was killed."

Babies to Burn.

Teacher—Johnny, what are you going to name the twins at your house? Johnny—Anthracite and Bituminous, I think.

Teacher—Aren't they rather strange names? Johnny—No, ma'am; I guess not. I heard pop telling the man next door that he now had babies to burn.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

Indiscretion.

"Isn't the perfect trust and confidence engaged people have in each other perfectly beautiful?" "Perfectly idiotic, I should say."

"Why?" "Because when I was engaged I told my future wife all about my income and prospects; and now I can't spend a dollar on myself without her knowing about it."

Suited His Surroundings.

Lady—I wish to select a pet dog. Dealer—Live in town, I suppose, mum?

"Yes, I live in a flat." "Then I would advise an Italian greyhound, mum. No matter how much you feeds a greyhound he alters stays natter."

An Art Critic.

Ethel—What do you think of this landscape, aunty? Aunt Hannah—Well, er—I don't think so much of the trees, but that grapevine is pretty good.

Ethel—Grapevine? Why, dear, that is the artist's signature.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Case in Point.

"It was Shakespeare who wrote: 'Wim's in a name?'" "I know it, and it's funny, too. If they could prove that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's works most of us wouldn't think half as much of them as we do."

The exiled Marlinus sitting among the ruins of Carthage is a spectacle that has moved many a schoolboy to an agony.



Rural Free Delivery an Aid.

At the recent International Good Roads Convention, at St. Louis, Hon. Frank E. Nevins, of the United States Postoffice Department, delivered an address in which he said:

"The establishment of the rural free delivery of mail throughout the country has produced a marked improvement in the condition of the highways. When there is a prospect of rural free delivery in a community, work immediately begins on the roads. There are now in operation 23,000 rural routes over which carriers travel 550,000 miles delivering mail to about 9,000,000 people. More than 15,000 bridges have been constructed over streams that would not have been built if it had not been for the establishment of the free delivery system. Nearly every portion of the country, where road conditions will warrant it, is now supplied with this service. But in many sections the bad conditions of the roads, or the lack of bridges, prevent the extension of the service. The rural carrier of a standard route is now expected to travel about twenty-five miles each day to earn his salary of \$600 a year. He is required to furnish and maintain his own outfit and team, and to give a bond of \$500 for the faithful performance of his duties. Experience has demonstrated that this distance is too great on account of the bad condition of the roads. So many carriers have resigned, thereby causing much confusion and labor in the department, that the Congress just adjourned has been compelled to add \$170 a year to the salaries of the carriers of the country. This increase of salaries amounts to about \$4,000,000 a year additional that the department has to pay to maintain this service on account of bad roads. Over a good grade of macadamized pike road a carrier can easily make twenty-five miles a day six times a week. With the roads as they are, it is a question whether the next Congress will not be called upon to add another \$4,000,000 to the salaries of the carriers."

"Under the road laws of most of the Western States at the present time work is done upon the roads in the fall by the various road districts, when there is no work to be done on the farms. In the spring this work disappears. Nothing permanent remains, and the roads are in as bad condition, or worse, than they were before. The cost of \$2,000 to \$6,000 a mile for the construction of hard roads in this Western country is too great, in most instances, for road districts, townships and counties to bear; neither is it right that they should bear the entire cost. The public at large, which shares directly or indirectly in the benefits, should contribute to the expense. There never will be good roads in this country until the National Government takes the initiative in this movement, and the respective States of the Union join in with liberal contributions, and this again is supplemented by local enterprise. Continental Europe, England and Ireland are covered with hard broad pikes built at the expense of the governments of those countries. No country in the world ever yet had or ever will have permanent and passable highways constructed and maintained by local authority."

"Sixty per cent of the population of this country lives in the cities and villages; 40 per cent lives in the country. It is not fair or just to place the entire burden of good roads upon the shoulders of the farmer. The general public shares directly or indirectly in the benefits and should bear the expense of an equitable tax for this purpose on all assessable values. The weight of it upon the individual would then be as light as a summer shadow. While this specter of taxation may frighten some of our skittish country friends and cause them to rear and plunge a little, they will find on closer inspection that the goblin is a harmless creation of the imagination. They will get back in benefits ten times more than they will pay out in taxes."

"Why some of our friends spur Government aid when it is offered them I cannot understand. They claim to be opposed to it on principle, and can see no good in it. There are some people so constructed that when looking into a pool of water they can never see the sky and the clouds above it reflected on its surface, but only the mud at the bottom."

"This Government never fails to do the right thing in the end. It will not fail to do the right thing in this instance. The impetus given to this movement by a few progressive statesmen who introduced measures in Congress last winter authorizing national aid in the construction of highways, will ultimately produce the results aimed at. It cannot fail to do so because the public interest demands it; the progress of the age demands it; the welfare and development of the country at large demand it, and it is bound to come in spite of those who raise their voices in opposition to it."

Fewer Deaths by War.

If a French writer on military subjects is correct, the advocates of peace can no longer fall back upon war's increasing destructiveness to human life as an argument. On the contrary, he claims that experience shows that the greater the destructive power of modern

rifles and artillery the less is the percentage of men killed. During the Seven Years' War between Germany and Austria and the dynastic wars of the eighteenth century the rival armies opened fire at a distance of one hundred yards, and after the first few volleys charged with the bayonet or pike. The average loss in those wars was seventeen per cent of the total number of combatants. During the time of the Civil Revolution and the Napoleonic era the losses were sixteen per cent. In the Italian war and Crimean war, with improved weapons, the loss fell to fourteen per cent. In 1866, in the war of Prussia against Austria, with improved needle-gun and greater distance, the losses were seven per cent. In the Franco-Prussian war the losses sank to five per cent. This is both fortunate and unfortunate, according to one's viewpoint. But the financial argument for peace cannot be gainsaid.

INVISIBLE HANDWRITING.

Transfer Left by Ink Which May Be Readily Developed.

In writing with certain forms of ink on ordinary paper, placing the sheet after thorough blotting in contact with a white sheet of paper, it is possible to make on this latter an invisible transference, which, as M. A. Bertillon has shown, may be rendered visible by the use of certain methods. In fact, a letter placed for several hours between the leaves of a book will leave its secret in this book, and a falsification in a ledger may be proved by the examination of the page against which the falsified page rests.

A Swiss investigator (R. A. Reiss, of Lausanne) has recently made investigations in reference to the above phenomenon and in reference to the conditions under which it may be produced. It appears that the formation of the image depends principally on the ink, although it was discovered that the latent image may be produced by nearly one-half of the inks in current use, out of thirteen different varieties of ink seven having produced a positive result. It further appeared that the formation of the image depended upon the presence of acids in the colored mixture, the gum and the sugar having no part in the phenomena, although the paper on which the writing has been placed gives different results. The best results were obtained with paper well sized and polished, for the reason that the contact in this case is closer, thus favoring the production of the image.

The duration of the contact is not necessarily long, in general about an hour, while in order to reveal the image two very simple measures are resorted to. The first method is to apply the back of the sheet on which the latent image is supposed to be a warm iron, an ordinary flatiron, which is held in place until the paper is slightly browned, after which the image will appear sometimes very clear and complete. The other method does not make any change in the paper to be examined, and consists in placing in contact with the latter a sheet of nitrate of silver photographic paper for several hours—six to twelve—the two sheets being exposed to the light. The photographic paper will completely blacken, but the latent image will stand forth very distinctly. It should be stated that the leaf on which a latent image exists loses this image by contact with water or alcohol.—*Paris Illustration.*

The Great Russian Lake.

Lake Baikal, which figures so much in the Oriental situation, is a somewhat remarkable body of water. Its name is a corruption of the Turkish *Bel-kul*, "rich lake"—the reference being, presumably to the valuable fish with which it swarms.

Lake Baikal is the third largest body of water in Asia. The Caspian and Aral seas are the two larger. Both are salt, however, while Baikal is fresh. It is, therefore, the largest fresh water lake in Asia, and the sixth in size in the world, the five Great Lakes of North America each exceeding it in area. Its waters occupy a remarkable depression in the vast plateau of Central Asia. The level of its waters is 1,300 feet above the sea, while the bottom of the lake is, in some places, more than 3,000 feet below the sea level. Its depth is, therefore, 4,500 feet in the deepest parts.

The lake is 330 miles long, and from nine and a quarter to forty miles wide. Its waters are a deep blue, and remarkably clear. There are a number of islands in it; the largest Olkhon, is forty-two miles long. There are numerous hot springs on the shores, and earthquake vibrations are frequent. The annual value of its salmon, sturgeon and other fisheries is about one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Fresh water seals are abundant, and they are caught for their fur. It receives the waters of several streams, the main one being the Selenge River, eight hundred miles long. The upper Angara River, also of considerable size, enters its northeastern end. Its outlet is the Lower Angara, on which Irkutsk is situated.

The reason why the Siberian Railroad was not built around the southern end of the lake is that the solid rock of the mountains reaches to the water's edge, and the task would be herculean. Events in the East may compel it nevertheless.

Consolation.

It may be dat yo' sweetheart Done lef' you feelin' blue, But de melon coolin' in de well Wid a ripe, red heart fer you!—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Consider the other side. You may be unreasonable.

JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

The advisability of documentary evidence tending to establish the guilt of an accused of the offense charged is held, in *Adams vs. New York*, advance sheets U. S. 1908, p. 372, to be affected by the fact that it was in violation of the constitutional prohibition against unreasonable searches and seizures.

The constitutional guaranty of religious freedom is held, in *People vs. Pierson* (N. Y.), 63 L. R. A. 187, not to be violated by a statute requiring the furnishing of medical attendance to minors, where the constitution provides that liberty of conscience shall not justify practices inconsistent with the safety of the state.

The right to interrogate a witness as to his belief in a Supreme Being who would punish him for false swearing, for the purpose of affecting his credibility, is denied in *Brink vs. Stratton* (N. Y.), 63 L. R. A. 182, where the constitution provides that no person shall be incompetent to be a witness on account of his religious belief, and abrogates all disqualification from civil rights because of such belief.

A stipulation in a railway pass that the company shall not be liable to the user "under any circumstances, whether of negligence of agents or otherwise, for any injury to the person," is held in *Northern Pacific Railway Company vs. Adams*, Advance Sheets U. S. 1903, p. 408, to violate no rule of public policy and to relieve the company from liability for personal injuries resulting from the ordinary negligence of its employees to one riding on the pass with knowledge of its conditions.

A promise by a conductor to assist a female passenger who is partially blind, in alighting from the train at her destination, is held, in *Southern Railway Company vs. Hobbs* (Ga.), 63 L. R. A. 98, not to amount to an undertaking on the part of the conductor to enter the car in which the passenger is riding, assume charge of her bundles and escort her from her seat down the aisle and out upon the platform, unless the passenger is so helpless as to require this extraordinary attention and the conductor has notice that such is the case.

The right to cross examine handwriting experts in order to prove their ability is sustained in *Hog vs. Wright* (N. Y.), 63 L. R. A. 163, and it is held to be error to strike out an admission by such an expert that he had been mistaken as to signatures which he had pronounced genuine, although the trial judge might, in his discretion, have excluded an effort to secure such admission in the first instance. The other authorities on examination of witnesses to handwriting by comparison are collated and reviewed in a note to this case.

A combination prohibited by the act of Congress of July 2, 1890, is held, in *W. W. Montague & Co. vs. Lowry* (C. C. A., 9th C.), 63 L. R. A. 58, affirmed advance sheets U. S. 1903, p. 307, to be constituted by an association to unite all "acceptable dealers" engaged in certain business in a certain city and within 200 miles therefrom and all American manufacturers of their supplies, the rules of which exclude unacceptable persons from membership and prohibit their purchasing supplies at less than list prices, which are more than double what members of the association pay.

WOMAN CLERKS IN GERMANY.

Steady Progress of the Sex in Spite of Conservatism.

Women have become an indispensable factor in the German postal telegraph and telephone service. It seems, in spite of the conservatism which prevented the utilization of feminine activities in public work in Germany until nearly half a century later than in France and England. United States Consul Monaghan, of Chemnitz, in his recent communication to the United States department of commerce and labor, reviews briefly the conditions and requirements which are of interest as showing the progress of women in the fatherland.

It is not every woman who can obtain a position in the German postal service, so strict are the government regulations respecting age, character, education and health. A government medical examiner pronounces upon the health, which must be perfect; the age must not exceed 30 or be under 18, and a good common school education is a primary requisite. Possessing all these qualifications, the woman candidate is eligible only to a position as assistant in the postoffice, and the highest salary she can hope for is \$119 a year. In the telegraph and telephone service, however, all grades of positions are open to women, though the rules of admission are equally strict, and no women with children are employed. Four thousand women are now engaged in the telephone service of the German empire. It is stated, 1,000 of them being in Berlin. The hours are light, ranging from six to eight a day.

The highest pay which a woman can draw in German telephone offices is \$357, which is said to afford a comfortable living in Germany, but is a low wage compared to that to be obtained in England, where experienced telephone clerks get \$600 and chief supervisors are paid as high as \$2,550. In Germany, however, it must be noted that women on their withdrawal from active labor after the prescribed number of years of faithful work are awarded a government pension on the same plane with the men.

A Dividend.

Conductor—I got your fare before, sir.

Passenger—I know; this nickel is for the company.—*Judge.*