



She Had Watched the House from the Window of a Top-Floor Hall Bedroom in the Boarding-House Opposite.

the house numbered 205, then swung up the steps and into the vestibule. Here he halted, bending over to scrutinize the names on the letter boxes.

The short, thick-set man reluctantly detached himself from his polished pillar and waddled ungracefully across the street.

The policeman on the corner seemed suddenly interested in Seventh avenue, and walked in that direction.

The gray man, having vainly deciphered all the names on one side of the vestibule, straightened up and turned his attention to the opposite wall, either unconscious of or indifferent to the shuffle of feet on the stoop behind him.

The short, thick-set man removed one hand from a pocket and tapped the gray man gently on the shoulder.

"Looking for McCabe, Anisty?" he inquired, genially.

The gray man turned slowly, exhibiting a countenance blank with astonishment. "Beg pardon?" he drawled; and then, with a dawning gleam of recognition in his eyes: "Why, good evening, Hickey! What brings you up this way?"

The short, thick-set man permitted his jaw to droop and his eyes to protrude for some seconds. "Oh," he said in a tone of great disgust, "hell!" He pulled himself together with an effort. "Excuse me, Mr. Maitland," he stammered, "I wasn't lookin' for yeh."

"To the contrary, I gather from your greeting you were expecting your friend, Mr. Anisty?" And the gray man smiled.

Hickey smiled in sympathy, but with less evident relish of the situation's humor.

"That's right," he admitted. "Got a tip from the Anisty's office this evening that McCabe would be here at seven o'clock lookin' for a party named McCabe. I guess it's a bum tip, all right; but of course I got to look into it."

"Most assuredly." The gray man bent and inspected the names again. "I am hunting up an old friend," he explained, carelessly; "a man named Simmons—knew him in college—down on his luck—wrote me yesterday. There he is: Fourth floor, east. I'll see you when I come down, I hope, Mr. Hickey."

The automatic lock clicked and the door swung open; the gray man passing through and up the stairs. Hickey, ostensibly ignoring the existence of the policeman, returned to his post of observation.

At eight o'clock he was still there, looking bored.

At 8:30 he was still there, wearing a puzzled expression.

At nine he called the adoring hall-boy, gave him a quarter with minute instructions, and saw him disappear into the hallway of No. 205. Three minutes later the boy was back, breathless but enthusiastic.

"Miss Simmons," he explained between gasps, "says she ain't never heard of nobody named Maitland. Somebody rang her bell a while ago an' apologized for disturbin' her—said he wanted the folks on the top floor. I guess yer man went across the roof; these houses is all connected, and yeh can walk clear from the corner here 'till half-way up 'till Nineteenth street, on Sain' Nicholas avenue."

"Uh-huh," laconically returned the detective. "Thanks." And turning on his heel, walked westward.

from the door, against which she had flattened herself, one hand clutching the knob, ready to pull it open and fly upon the first aggressive sound.

In the interval her eyes had become accustomed to the darkness. The study door showed a pale oblong on her right; to her left, and a little toward the rear of the flat, the door of Maitland's bed chamber stood ajar.

To this she tiptoed, standing upon the threshold and listening with every fiber of her being. No sounds as of the regular respiration of a sleeper warned her, she at length peered stealthily within; simultaneously she pressed the button of an electric hand-lamp. Its circumscribed blaze wavered over pillows and counterpane spotless and undisturbed.

Then for the first time she breathed freely, convinced that she had been right in surmising that Maitland would not return that night.

Since early evening she had watched the house from the window of a top-floor hall bedroom in the boarding-house opposite. Shortly before seven she had seen Maitland, stiff and uncompromising in rigorous evening dress, leave in a cab. Since then only once had a light appeared in his rooms; at about half after nine the janitor had appeared in the study, turning up the gas and going to the telephone. Whatever the nature of the communication received, the girl had taken it to indicate that Maitland had decided to spend the night elsewhere; for the study light had burned for some ten minutes, during which the janitor could occasionally be seen moving mysteriously about; and something later, bearing a suitcase, he had left the house and shuffled rapidly eastward to Madison avenue.

So she felt convinced that she had all the small hours before her, secure from interruption. And this time, she told herself, she purposed making assurance doubly sure.

But first to guard against discovery from the street.

Thus, she took through the hall, she dispensed with the handlamp, entering the darkened study. Here all windows had been closed and the outer shades drawn—O'Hagan's last act before leaving with the suitcase—additional proof that Maitland was not expected back that night. For the temperature was high, the air in the closed room stifling.

Crossing to the windows, the girl drew down the dark green linen shades and closed the folding wooden shutters over them. And was conscious of a deepened sense of security.

Next going to the telephone, she removed the receiver from the hook and let it hang at the full length of the cord. In the dead silence the small voice of Central was clearly articulate: "What number? Hello, what number?"—followed by the grumbling of the armature as the operator tried fruitlessly to ring the disconnected bell. The girl smiled faintly, aware that there would now be no interruption from an inopportune call.

There remained as a final precaution only a grand tour of the flat; which she made expeditiously, passing swiftly and noiselessly (one contemplating midnight raids does not utter one's self in silks and starched things) from room to room, all comfortably empty. Satisfied at last, she found herself again in the study, and now boldly, mind at rest, lighted the brass student lamp with the green shade, which she discovered on the desk.

Standing, hands resting lightly on hips, breath coming quickly, cheeks flushed and eyes alight with some intimate and inscrutable emotion, she surveyed the room. Out of the dusk that lay beyond the splash of illumination beneath the lamp, the furniture began to take on familiar shapes; the divans, the heavy leather-cushioned easy chairs, the tall clock with its pallid staring face, the small tables and tabourettes, handily disposed for the reception of books and magazines and pipes and glasses, and the towering, old-fashioned mahogany book case, the useless, ornamental, beautiful Chipendale escritoire, in one corner; all somberly shadowed and all combining to diffuse an impression of quiet, easy-going comfort.

Just such a study as he would naturally have, she needed silent approbation of it as a whole. And, nodding, sat down at the desk, planting elbows on its polished surface, interlacing her fingers and cradling her chin upon their backs, turned suddenly pensive. The mood held her but briefly. She had no time to waste, and much to accomplish.

Sitting back, her fingers caught and pressed the clasp of her hand-bag and produced two articles—a golden cigarette case and a slightly soiled canvas bag. The Maitland jewels were returning by a devious way, to the owner.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PATTON TO HELP MANKIND.

"Special Service" to Be What King's Guiding Star.

Chicago—"Special Service" is to be the guiding star of James A. Patton in the distribution of his fortune for the benefit of humanity during his lifetime.

Mr. Patton has declared that "a man should dispose of great wealth for the benefit of the community," that "social service is the one great thing in life," and so he has set about the disbursement of his wealth and has given to the most appealing charities no less than \$2,000,000 within the last six months.

Half a million dollars was donated to the cause of medical research in the "white plague." Another large contribution was for the protection and education of that neglected class called by William L. Bodine "the children of the pathetic estate."

A public park has been provided for Evanston; substantial aid has been extended to the Young Men's Christian association for enlargement of the scope of that institution in dealing with the young men of this and succeeding generations; generous assistance has been afforded to the cause of education in the Northwestern University and a large sum given to the Evanston hospital, besides the responses to the almost innumerable appeals that have come to him from the widows, the orphans, the poor and the distressed.

Mr. Patton's intense interest in the tuberculosis investigation dates from the death of his brother from that disease.

WOMAN MAYOR INSTALLED.

She Says One of Sex Will Be Chief of Police—Ban on Pool Halls.

Hunnell, Kan.—The first meeting of the city council of Hunnell under the new suffragist administration was held Tuesday evening, Mrs. Ella Wilson taking her seat as mayor.

After the old council had disposed of unfinished business, the new members organized and the mayorese proceeded to deliver an informal inaugural address.

She pointed out conditions in Hunnell that needed rectifying and explained the hope that her associates in the council would co-operate with her in seeking to improve the standard of morals by reforming certain abuses.

Mrs. Wilson's remarks were understood to be directed especially toward the pool halls, which Mrs. Wilson believes exert a corrupting influence upon young men. She wants to put the institutions out of business with a high license tax.

Mrs. Wilson said she would appoint Mrs. Osborn, defeated candidate for police judge, to the office of chief of police. Mrs. Osborn, it is understood, has agreed to accept that office, provided she is given an assistant.

The councilmen have not shown much warmth toward some of Mrs. Wilson's plans.

One councilman went so far as to say that the council would not support Mrs. Wilson's appointments and that there would be no license for the pool halls.

BARS UP IN ASIA MINOR.

Russia Opposes American Railroad Interests in Country.

St. Petersburg—That Russia is opposed to American railway projects in Asia Minor is for the first time officially acknowledged in an interview which the editor of the Novoe Vremya has had with the acting minister of foreign affairs, M. Neratoff.

The minister said Russia regarded the recent acquisition of a railroad outlet at Alexandretta by Germany with indifference, as Alexandretta is outside the direct sphere of Russian interests.

On being asked why Russia, according to reports, had intervened and insisted that Turkey reject the American railroad project of securing an outlet at Mersina, the minister replied that the American proposals introduced into Asia Minor an entirely new element, which not only considerably complicated the railroad problem, but affected the general political situation in which Russia was interested.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

LOAN FUND EXHAUSTED. STATE CAN'T STOP EXCHANGE

Students at O. A. C. Must Leave Unless They Can Borrow.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—The student loan fund of \$500, given to the Oregon Agricultural College at the opening of the present college year by Senator R. A. Booth of Eugene, for the temporary assistance of self-supporting students, is exhausted. This means that some of the hardest working and best students in the institution, both young men and young women, will have to drop out, since, with all their struggle to make their own expenses, they must depend upon an advance of \$5 to \$75 to tide them over until they are out and earning, where they can pay it back.

Since the existence of the fund was announced a large number of petitions have come to the trustees which upon careful examination proved to be entirely worthy. The fund, however, could care for only about half of the applications, and hence, unless the fund is renewed from some source shortly, a number of the students who have won high grades in their studies while working their way through, will have to give up their studies for the rest of the year.

The student requests brought to light some interesting facts as to the courageous endeavor of some of the Oregon youth to gain special training in their chosen line. One young man requested a loan of \$25 that his sister and he may finish the year's work. By renting two small rooms and doing their own housekeeping they have been able to complete two years of their course.

One young man who requested assistance made the highest grades of any student in the institution during the first semester, in one of the heaviest and most difficult courses. A young woman requested a loan of \$5 in order that she may be able to get through the next two months before commencement, with careful management. Since she is earning her own way in order to gain a college education against her parents' wishes, she is entirely on her own resources.

A senior, who has shown such splendid ability that he has been able to complete the four year course in three years, has asked for a small loan in order to complete his work with his class in June. In spite of his necessity for earning all of his expenses, his work in his studies has been of excellent grade.

Practically 25 per cent of the entire student body is entirely self-supporting, 55 per cent are partially dependent upon what they can earn; and only 20 per cent of the whole enrollment—most of whom are girls—do not have to work for the money to pay their college bills.

ASYLUM WILL BURN OIL.

Saving of \$15,000 a Year in Fuel to Be Effected.

Salem—Contracts were entered into between the state board and the Standard Oil company for fuel oil to be furnished to the Oregon state insane asylum during the next three years. The contract is \$1.08 a barrel delivered, f. o. b. Salem. This oil when used, the board has estimated, will be equivalent to \$3.50 a cord if wood were used, wood now costing the state \$4.50 a cord. During the three years the board expects to save \$15,000 on this contract alone. Recently oil was \$1.35 delivered in this city, or \$1 f. o. b. Portland the present cost being 80 cents f. o. b. Portland.

During the three years starting July 1 the board expects to use 45,000 barrels of fuel oil. The cost of installing storage tanks and burners at the heating plant at the asylum will be approximately \$2,850, the board conservatively expecting to effect a net saving of \$12,150 on the change from cordwood to coal oil.

"This plan will also be beneficial to Salem," said State Treasurer Kay. "People of Salem are finding difficulty in securing wood because the institutions use such immense quantities of it, and frequently wood famines have resulted. The board hopes to use oil at the penitentiary later in the year."

Farmers Plant Big Orchards.

Hermiston—The country about Hermiston on both sides of the river is being rapidly set to fruit. Trees are being received by freight in small and large shipments. Others are coming by express. On the west side of the river the acreage set this spring will be almost 300 acres. On the east side the new acreage will reach 500 if not over. Of this vast area set to fruit this spring nearly all is being given to apples. The Winesap leads with more of that variety than all others together.

Prepare for New Railroad.

Nyssa—The unloading of several carloads of material at Nyssa the past week by the Oregon Short Line indicates that no time is to be lost in the building of the Nyssa-Homedale extension. The material consisted mostly of lumber for the erection of headquarters for the engineer and his crew. Engineer Ashton has been to Nyssa several times the past week to start the crews on the surveys. Contracts will be let this month.

Work Begins on Bridge.

Madras—Work has commenced on the foundation for the big Harriman bridge across Willow creek gorge on the western edge of town. Large quantities of materials—cement, etc., a concrete mixer, donkey engine and equipment are already on the ground, while the excavation for the concrete bases for the four steel towers that are to support the bridge is being done.

Wheat Helped by Snow.

Condon—Condon was visited by a snow of about two inches Monday night and people were jubilant over it because of the big benefit to the farmers who have grain sown. Not enough can be said of the benefits derived from snow falling this time of the year on ground that is planted to grain, as it receives nearly every bit of moisture in that form.

Will Irrigate 1,000 Acres.

Ontario—The Ontario Townsite company has ordered the machinery, motors and pumps, costing over \$8,000, to irrigate 1,000 acres of land adjoining town. The work will be completed this spring.

Land Reverts to Government if Irrigation is Not Carried Out.

Salem—Having been unable through state legislation to accomplish the object, Wellington G. Howell & Co., during the closing hours of the late congress, succeeded in having a law enacted by which this company is permitted to exchange 8,793 acres of timber land that it had acquired in a school section at present lying within a national forest reserve for about 9,560 acres of land that had been reserved from entry by the United States government and which was awarded to a Portland company under contract with the state of Oregon to reclaim under the Carey act.

The interests of the Portland company were afterwards purchased by Wellington G. Howell & Co. The 9,560 acres that are to be exchanged for the school lands lie in the Malheur valley, about 20 miles south and east of Burns and about 10 miles from Lake Malheur. The Wellington interests acquired the school base, which they exchanged for the arid lands in Malheur county, through purchase, not getting it directly, from the state.

For it they paid from \$1.25 to \$2.50 an acre. There are various estimates as to the value of the Malheur valley tract, though it is the opinion of State Engineer Lewis that it cannot successfully be irrigated. It was the plan of the Portland company to irrigate by sinking wells, but no work was ever done by that company.

FRUIT PEST SQUAD STARTS.

Many Important Points to Have O. A. C. Stations.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—A general siege against fruit pests of every description is now being arranged by the experts of this college. Within the next week or two six men will be employed to go to various sections of the state and take up this work.

This general fight against the pests of fruit crops was authorized by the last legislature at the investigation of the fruitgrowers of the state. It will be carried on entirely under the direction of the departments of plant pathology, entomology and horticulture of this institution. Headquarters will be established in the various fruit sections of the state. It has already been decided to establish one at Salem, and others will probably be located at Roseburg, Portland, Eugene and possibly Milton. The work, however, will all be directed from the college.

The details have not been determined upon, but are now being carefully worked out. The plans will probably be completed within the next week or two. Professors Cordley, Lewis and Jackson, who have general charge of the work, are confident that it will result in saving many thousands of dollars to the fruit growers.

Vale Reads Riot Act.

Vale—Much perturbed over delays and various complications in the new water system being constructed at an expense of slightly over \$100,000 and begun nine months ago, the Vale city officials have given the American Light & Water company, of Kansas City, until May 1 to put the system in working shape. The firm is under \$100,000 bonds. A telegram has been sent City Engineer W. P. Bullock at Kansas City to send all maps, plans and contracts of the system. Bullock is drawing pay for supervising the work, but has not been here since it started and the council is debating whether to dispense with his services. When Engineer Oakes was appointed by the council a few weeks ago to look over the system and locate the source of trouble, no maps, plans or contracts could be found. Since then the bonds of the contractors have been located but other valuable papers are still missing.

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The BRASS BOWL
PICTURES BY A. WEIL
BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
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SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman on the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Hannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfield, to get his family jewels during his visit to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelor club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse he "kissed" her. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised her in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook. Daniel Anisty, half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anisty, sought by police of the world, appeared on the same mission. Maitland overcame him. He met the girl outside the house and they sped on to New York in his auto. He had the jewels and she promised to meet him that day. Maitland received a "Mr. Smith," introducing himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland, about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was felled by a blow from "Smith's" cane. This latter proved to be Anisty himself. The girl, however, masqueraded as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. He gave her the gems, after falling in love at first sight. They were to meet and divide the loot. Maitland revived and regretted missing his engagement.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"Very good, sir." The janitor-valet had previous experiences with Maitland's generosity in grateful memory; and shut his lips tightly in promise of virtuous reticence.

"You won't regret it. Now tell me what you mean by saying that you saw me go out at one this afternoon?"

Again the flood gates were lifted; from the deluge of explanations and protestations Maitland extracted the general drift of narrative. And in the end held up his hand for silence.

"I think I understand, now. You say he had changed to my gray suit?"

O'Hagan darted into the bedroom, whence he emerged with confirmation of his statement.

"Tis gone, sir, an'—"

"All right. But," with a rueful smile, "I'll take the liberty of countermanding Mr. Smith's order. If he should call again, O'Hagan, I very much want to see him."

Presumably he saw nothing of interest to him. It was not a particularly interesting block, for that matter, though somewhat typical of the neighborhood. The north side was lined with five-story flat buildings, their dingy-red brick facades regularly broken by equally dingy brownstone stoops, as to the ground floor, by open windows as to those above. The south side was mostly taken up by a towering white apartment hotel with an ostentatious entrance; against one of whose polished stone pillars the short and thick-set man was lounging.

The sidewalks, north and south, swarmed with children of assorted ages, playing with the ferocious energy characteristic of the young of Harlem; their blood-curdling cries and premature Fourth-of-July fireworks created an appalling din, to which, however, the more mature denizens had apparently become callous, through long endurance.

Beyond the party-colored lights of a drug store window on Seventh avenue, the electric arcs were casting a sickly radiance upon the dusty leaves of the tree-lined drive. The avenue itself was crowded with motor cars and horse-drawn pleasure vehicles, mostly bound uptown, their occupants seeking the cooler airs and wider spaces to be found beyond the Harlem river and along the Speedway. A few blocks to the west Cathedral heights bulked like a great wall, wrapped in purple shadows, its jagged contour stark against an evening sky of suave old rose.

The short and thick-set body, however, seemed to have no particular appreciation of the beauties of nature as exhibited by West One Hundred and Eighteenth street on a summer's evening. If anything, he could apparently have desired a cooling breeze; for, after a moment's doubtful consideration, he unbuttoned his waistcoat and heaved a sigh of relief.

Then, carefully shifting the butt of a dead cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other, where it was almost hidden by the jutting thatch of his black mustache, and drawing down over his eyes the brim of a rusty plug hat, he thrust fat hands into the pockets of his shabby trousers and lounged against the polished pillar even more energetically than before, if that were possible. An unromantic, apathetic figure, fitting so naturally into his surroundings as to demand no second look even from the most observant; yet one seeming to possess a magnetic attraction for the eyes of the halibut of the apartment hotel (who, acquainted by sight and hearsay with the stout gentleman's identity and calling, bent upon him a steadfast and adoring regard), as well as for the policeman who loitered in front of the real estate office, and who from time to time shifted his contemplation from the infinite spaces of the heavens, the better to exchange a furtive nod with the fater in the hotel doorway.

Presently—at no great lapse of time after the short and thick-set man had stowed away his watch—out of the thronged sidewalks of Seventh avenue a man appeared, walking west on the north side of the street and reviewing carefully the numbers on the illuminated fanlights; a tall man, dressed all in gray, and swinging a thin walking stick.

The short, thick-set person assumed a man of more intense abstraction than ever.

The tall man in gray paused indefinitely before the brownstone stoop of

the great Porson, librarian and Greek scholar, would sit up drinking all night without seeming to feel any bad effects from it. Horne Tooke told Samuel Rogers that he once asked Porson to dine with him in Richmond buildings, and as he knew that Porson had not been in bed for the three preceding nights, he expected to get mad at him at a tolerably early hour. Porson, however, kept Tooke up the whole night, and in the morning the latter, in perfect despair, said: "Mr. Porson, I am engaged to meet a friend at breakfast at a coffee house in Leicester square." "Oh," replied Porson, "I will go with you, and be accordingly did so. Soon after he had reached the coffee house Tooke contrived to slip out, and, running home, ordered his servant not to let Mr. Porson in, even if he should attempt to batter down the door. "A servant came into the room, sent thither by his master, for a bottle of embrocation, which was on the chimney-piece. "I drank it an hour ago," said Porson.—London's T. P.'s Weekly.

Immense Electric Machine. The largest static electric machine ever built is owned by a New York physician, and is six feet high over all, seven feet long and four feet wide, weighing 650 pounds. It has 40 glass discs, each 40 inches in diameter, of which 20 revolve, while the others remain stationary. It is driven by an electric motor of one-fourth horse power, being first excited by a small auxiliary hand machine, and at full speed may yield a spark 30 inches long and three-fourths of an inch in diameter. To fully excite the huge machine requires from five to ten minutes, the charge, however, being retained for as much as 12 to 15 hours.

Country Without Reptiles.

Newfoundland is without reptiles. It is said that no snake, frog, toad or lizard has ever been seen there.

Both Thinker and Drinker

Eminent Englishman One of the Most Bibulous of Men.

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