HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"It is singular," I said, "that you in your own way should have come to the same conclusion about Steinhardt as I have gradually been coming to. I do not trust him at all; he is pitiless and unscrupulous, and I am sure he would make no more inquiries concerning your father than seemed necessary for the sake of appearances. But, dear Miss Lacroix, I think you can do no good by going to London yourself. Let me act for you in the matter; believe me, I have it as much at heart as if it were my own. Have a little patience, and I think we shall get at something."

"Why," she asked eagerly, "have you heard something at last from the friends to whom you wrote?"

"No; I have not."

"I suppose," said she, with some bitterness, "it is to them only the loss of one stranger out of the crowds all around them."

I then told her of the mission Freeman had undertaken, refraining, however, from saying that I had directed his attention to the railway stations, more particularly to the Great Northern, and I advised her to remain at Timperley Hall for the present, and to conduct herself toward Steinhardt so as not to excite his resentment or suspicion.

Upon this we prepared to leave the cottage; and on glancing casually away from her, I was arrested by the behavior of the old man.

"Look at him!" I involuntarily exclaimed.

His face was flushed, and as if puffed with blood; his eyes were extraordinarily bright and watchful; his mouth twitched grotesquely, as if in the effort to use it for speech; and his right leg and shoulder stirred a little under the blankets.

"Oh!" cried Louise, "perhaps seeing us, and hearing us talk—if he has heard us—has roused him! Uncle Jacues," she said, in a loud voice, going to him, and laying her warm, soft hand on his withered, lifeless wrist, "are you feeling better?"

His only answer was a wink of his bright eyes.

"Here is John coming," she continued to him. "I shall come and see you tomorrow again."

We left the cottage as John approached with his wheel barrow, bearing the shell fish for his afternoon round.

"I think your master must be rousing up a little, John.," said Louise.

"Yea," said John; "I think he mun, miss. Seems to me he may get as weel again as he was afore th' other master went to Lunnon."

As I took my way through the village to my lodgings, I found myself turning over these words of John: how "well," I wondered, had old Jacques been before his nephew went to London? If he could recover speech, could he tell us anything of consequence concerning him?

CHAPTER VIII.

Both Miss Lacroix and myself waited impatiently for news from Freeman in London. From day to day I expected a letter; and day after day, when I met her either in Jacques's cottage or in the little clough beyond Timperley Hall, I had to tell her that no letter had come. She quickly began to show signs of that heart sickness, which in the young is so ready to follow upon the steady, indefinite postponement of hope. In my efforts to encourage her I encouraged myself also to believe that an Overruling Power was holding this mystery in hand for some great purpose, only to reveal it eventually with the more force and effect.

One evening when I met her in the clough we were both startled and silenced by the clear, full note of a bird—a liquid "joug-joug."

"Is it a thrush?" I said in a whisper.

She listened breathless, almost panting, with joy.

"Oh," she whispered, at length, "it is a nightingale—it is a nightingale!" and, poor girl, she actually sobbed. "How can the dear little bird have got so far out of its way as this dreadful place?"

After a rapt attention of some minutes to the ravishing song, both of us were impelled to go away to tell others of our delight. The path out of the clough led along the ridge behind Timperley, past two or three neat little houses. From one of these we were surprised, as we approached, to hear music and singing of an unusually fine quality. It was just growing dark; a lamp shone out from a window, over which the blind was not yet drawn, and we could plainly see a man seated at the piano, and a girl, slight and small of figure, standing with her hand on his shoulder. She sang in a voice clear and sweet as a bird's, a song then much in vogue, called "Ehren on the Rhine." As we passed the song ended, and the player turned; we saw his face, and each exclaimed to the other, "Why, it's Frank!" So here dwelt the reason of his indifference to Louise's beauty and sad grace!

"Oh, what would his father say, if he knew!" exclaimed Louise, in alarm.

"I don't think we'll tell him," said I.

I was that night more cheerful and hopeful than I had been since my coming to Timperley. I was not addicted to writing letters to the newspapers, but the presence in that district of the little bird of song, that usually suggested soft, clear skies and scented groves, was so extraordinary, and seemed to me so delightful, that I sat down and wrote a letter concerning the phenomenon to a daily paper of some importance published in the neighboring large town. The paper, I knew, was widely read, but I had not reckoned upon my letter attracting such attention as it did. The second night after I had written it men and women of all conditions, but chiefly of the working class, were inquiring their way through the village, or finding their way along all the roads and lanes to "the Nightingale Clough." The small weekly papers of course copied the letter, and on Saturday and during the following week parties came from long distances in 'buses and vans to hear the nightingale sing. I went first one night, and then another, and another to see the crowd thus drawn together.

It was a strange and touching spectacle: the men and women, the lads and lassies standing under the trees down to the very edge of the discolored little lake, and the mischievous boys among the branches—all hushed while the summer twilight deepened into dark about them, waiting patiently for the unseen little bird to break forth like a voice from heaven into rapturous song. And when at length, after a few timid notes it poured out its full heart, I heard many a low sob mingling with the strains of the artless music.

Whether the nightingale took alarm at this invasion of its solitude, or whether some mischievous persons frightened it, it is certain that by the end of the week it was heard no more, and the people went away disappointed and noisy. One of these evenings I was returning with the crowd, when an old fellow walked alongside of me, looking at me hard, and at length speaking.

"Thou'rt parson as wrote th' letter—eh?"

I answered I was.

"Ah. An' thou'rt fo' London—eh? A git place that—wi" gardens, I've heard say, full o' a' kinds o' birds and beasts."

I said I supposed he meant the Zoological Gardens.

"Ah. Happen that's them. I'm rare and fond o' brids and beasts; I mun go to London some day, and see them gyardens. Happen I may come across thee: I hear thou'rt leaving Timperley."

"In a very few weeks," I said.

"Weel, now, I like thee; and I mun come and hear thee praich afore thou goes. Ee, mon, I a' something here, tho';"—he produced an old pocket book, and from one of the compartments he took a square of paste board which he gave me—"happen that may come in handy when thou goes back to London. I found it in Lacroix's Lane yond' more'n a year ago, and says I, 'I mun keep this till I go to London,' but I do not think I'll ever ride in a first class carriage—so thoud'st better tak' it, mon."

"What is it?" I asked.

"To be sure," said he, "'thoo conn see. It's a first class ticket".

I thanked him, and put it in my pocket.

We were then upon the cottage in which I had seen Frank Steinhardt sitting at the piano. Sounds of music and singing were again proceeding from it, and I was not surprised to see that many of those who had been disappointed by the nightingale stood listening in silence to the girl.

When I reached my lodgings I took out the old fellow's singular little present. It was the "return" half of a first class railway ticket from London Bridge to Croydon. It was tolerably clean; it must have been thrown away or dropped, soon after it was issued, and picked up soon after it was thrown away. A suspicion which had begun to creep upon me when first I looked at it shot up with startling suddenness when I turned it over and read the date stamped on its edge—"Mar 15 82."

This ticket had been found by the old man in Lacroix Lane: had the person who had lost or dropped it there been the same as the person who had bought it in London? If he had, had he been a resident in Timperley? In a word—had the person been Mr. Lacroix? It was impossible to say, until after such inquiry as I saw little chance of being able to make; for though visitors to Timperley seldom passed along the Lacroix Lane they sometimes did. I might, however, discover from Louise whether her father had had any connection with Croydon.

I met her next day at Jacques's cottage (I had almost given up my visits to Timperley Hall). After again answering in the negative her constant question as to news from Freeman, I began my attempt to get at this point concerning the ticket. I wished to avoid raising in her undue suspicion.

"Do you still wish," I asked, "to go to London yourself?"

"I do," said she; "but I take your advice, and wait."

"If you went," I continued, "where would you stay? Have you any friends in London?"

"I hoped," said she, shyly, "you would tell me somewhere to go."

"You have, then," said I, "no friends about London, or anywhere round? It is not necessary, you know, that you should live in London to follow up inquiries."

"Well," said she, "I know two or three girls living in London who were at school with me in Croydon, but I think I could not ask them."

Imagine how my heart leaped! I was afraid I showed my emotion in my look and tone. I quickly urged another question.

"Croydon is not far from London: might not your old school mistress take you in?"

"I did not think of that," said she; "I was there for only a year, after I left school in Paris. I had only been home three months when father went away."

I had learned more than I could have anticipated. Here, surely, at length was the strongest presumptive, if not direct, evidence that Mr. Lacroix, and not another, had dropped the ticket, and therefore that he had come home. I imagined him traveling from London Bridge to Croydon to pay, perhaps, his daughter's school bill, and returning a different way, although he had taken a return ticket to London Bridge. This struck me as agreeing with all I had heard of Mr. Lacroix—careless of money, and without much steady consistent purpose. How easily such a man must have become subject to the resolute Steinhardt!

It occurred to me that it would not be impossible to learn from the Croydon school mistress whether Mr. Lacroix had called on her. With a few questions as to the size, situation and character of the school, I learned the name and address of the school mistress; and as soon as I returned to my lodgings I wrote to her. On the second morning after I received her reply, which I treasured along with the railway ticket as invaluable evidence—a polite note, presenting compliments and begging to inform that on referring to her books and her diary, she found that Mr. Lacriox had called and paid a term's charges for his daughter's "finishing" education, on Wednesday, March the fifteenth, eighteen hundred and eighty-two.

CHAPTER IX.

The end of my six months' curacy was almost at hand, but, since my recent discovery, I was resolved I would still remain at least in the neighborhood of Timperley. I went first to the rector, who was not yet well enough to resume his duties, in the hope that I might prevail upon him to let me continue to fill his place for some time longer. I was surprised, and somewhat piqued, to hear that it was entirely out of the question, because another curate had already been engaged.

"A young man from St. Bee's," said the rector. "Mr. Steinhardt says we must have no more clever men in Timperley. I would have liked you very well to stay, but you know—you see it can't be. If I can do anything for you—"

I said, since I could not stay in Timperley, I wished to get a curacy somewhere in the neighborhood. The rector looked at me in a way which made me doubt whether I had been wise to tell him my desire. However, he answered he would see what he could do.

Steinhardt, it was evident, expected me to go away, back to the south probably, since I disliked Timperley so much; but I metaphorically shook my Croydon evidence at him and more obstinately resolved not to go away. There happened at that time to be several curacies vacant in neighboring parishes or districts; I applied first for one with the result after some time of having my application declined, and then for another, with the same result. I was disappointed and puzzled, I knew I had been reckoned successful in Timperley, and I could not understand the coldness and reticence of the replies I received. But I was soon startled into the perception of their cause.

Louise and I had got into the habit of meeting frequently (as I have already hinted) at the cottage of old Jacques: we were still waiting for news from King's Cross, and we did not know whether the letter was to be sent to me, or to Feeman, or to Miss Lacroix. Louise met me one morning in great alarm and hurriedly told me the expected letter had come, but addressed to Mr. Lacroix—that Steinhardt therefore had opened it, naturally expecting to find it a business communication! He brought it to her, and asked if she knew what it meant. She read it;, it was short, and to this effect: The guard who had had charge of the 8 o'clock express on the evening of March the 16th, 1882, had been found and interrogated; he could not remember anyone answering to the description of the missing gentleman. He might or might not have traveled by that train, but it really seemed impossible to ascertain at that distance of time.

(To be continued)

YES, HE WAS TIRED.

Barber Confirmed His Theory About a Haircut's Weakening Effect.

"Did you ever know that a haircut weakens a man?" asked the talkative barber. The customer squirmed uneasily in the chair.

"It's a fact," continued the barber. "I've cut lots of men's hair and have their admissions to go by. Of course, the discovery of the affinity between hair and strength is not mine, as you will readily discern if you are at all familiar with the Bible. Samson, you know, gave Deliah the tip that the secret of his 'strong man stunts' lay in his hair, and you may recall the fact that the Philistines put him out of the business temporarily after his locks had been shorn.

"To come back to the twentieth century, I've known men who were in poor physical shape to collapse immediately after their hair had been cut—not for long, you know, but long enough to make 'em think they were done for. Now, I'll venture to assert the that removal of your hair has had an effect on you. Don't you feel a little tired?"

"Very tired," responded the customer.

"See," exlaimed the barber, excitedly. "A complete confirmation of my theory."

"Not at all," growled the customer, as he started for the door, says the Philadelphia Record. "It was your jawing that made me weary."

Few Japanese in America.

There are comparatively few Japanese in the United States. There are but 100 in Chicago, and many of them are students in various schools. Several merchants and foreign representatives are here, while from one to a dozen Japanese business men pass though Chicago every day. There is no disposition on the part of the Japs to emigrate to the United States as the Chinese do. —Chicago Chronicle.

Wendell Philips' Warning.

Wendell Philips once said that unless our next step in progress, as a nation, was in a spiritual direction, that boy was now living who would write the downfall of the American republic, as Gibbon wrote that of the Roman empire.

We are not inquiring for that boy now, but for one who will make that history impossible.

Fallen From High Estate.

A former chief of the United States signal service, ex-professor of mathematics at the University of Pekin, China, and but recent president of the University of Washington, now has the position of a roller of logs at Port Blakely, Wash., at $1.50 a day. Politics and sickness are said to be responsible for his fall from high position.

White as a Color.

Speaking scientifically, white is a combination of all colors—that is, the pure light of the sun when decomposed by the spectrum analysis shows that it is made up of all the colors. Speaking popularly, white is not a color, as when we say that a person was "perfectly colorless."

Last Fate Worse Than the First.

Smith—Poor Wederly is having a hard time of it. His first wife got a divorce from him, you know.

Jones—Yes; and he has had a hard time paying her alimony, I suppose.

Smith—Worse than that. She is his present wife's dressmaker.—Chicago News.

Crime Not Profitable.

Joe King, aged 28, who has spent 12 years in jail, writes to the Anamosa, Ia., Prison Press that crime is not profitanle. The articles he stole had a value of $67, and in his 12 years of imprisonment he could have made $16,800 at the trade of a printer.

History of American Cities.

American cities are built to be burned. Their histories read something like this: Flourishing, public library, handsome churches, blocks of stores, new courthouse, first class hotels; destroyed by fire; loss, millions.

German Tariff On Sewing Machines.

Germany's new tariff on sewing machines, which varies from $6 to $9, will probably reduce the value of our export machines to that country about $1,000,000 a year. Last year we sold Germany $6,125,000 worth.

High Price for a 'Cello.

A record price for a Stradivarius 'cello is reported from Berlin. It is stated that Piatti's 'cello by Stradivarius has been bought for $20,000 by a banker, who is a grandnephew of Mendelsohn.

Long Range in England.

Artillery can fire 7,000 yards on Salisbury Plain entirely over war office land. This is by far the longest range in the British Isles.

YOUTHFUL GRAY HAIR.

A Hairdresser Gives Her View of Its Cause.

"Have you noticed that so many young women have gray hair nowadays?"

"Have I noticed it?" repeated the woman hairdresser in a scornful voice. "Maybe I haven't any eyes. And let me tell you," she continued, "if it wasn't for the enormous sale of hair dyes, I actually believe there'd be ten times as many gray-haired women as we see now. I laugh often over the regular announcements that women have quit using hair restorers (which are usually dyes) and have decided that gray hair is becoming. It is my experience, in a pretty extensive observation, that nine women out of ten dread gray hair, and fight its approach as they would a plague. Gray hair makes anybody look older, and we all know it. I admit, it is often charming, and softens a face wonderfully, but it adds years, all the same. When you see a fresh-faced, white-haired woman what do you think? Why, naturally, what a young face that old lady has. Not one observer in twenty-five reflects that there is a young woman with white hair."

"But there are a great many?"

"Oh, dear, yes. I have plenty of patrons whose hair is gray at 25. The reason of it is plain enough. Nervous prostration, overwork, overexcitement, worry, all those things are prime hair bleachers. Women now try to learn everything. And they are crowding into professions, where they overtax themselves. There isn't any need of it, either. A woman can work every day in the week, moderately, eat a wholesome luncheon, leave her cares at the down-town office, and grow young on it, as I do. Nerves are the cause of wrinkles, mind you, and gray hair, and about everything that destroys beauty. If a woman discovers that she is getting gray or hair is falling out, she must use her hair brush vigorously. The scalp must be kept healthy and full of blood by friction. Then she ought to have a tonic, something from the doctor, to put her system in order, and some local treatment from her hairdresser. There are plenty of good, reliable hair tonics, which do not contain a particle of coloring. Hair grows, you know, from delicate bulbs or roots. It is perfect nonsense to talk of doing anything for the hair as long as these are not in an absolutely healthy state.

"Oh, well," said the doctor, "one reason that so many young-faced, gray-haired women are seen is that it is a peculiarity of some nervous diseases that they make people look younger. It's a fact. One of my patients, who is suffering from nervous prostration, appears ten years younger than she really is. The face is relaxed, the muscles are not tense, and the mind is unimpaired. The least exertion brings a spark to the eye and a bright color to the cheeks. At the same time the hair becomes quite gray. In fact, the woman is old enough to have gray hair naturally, but she doesn't look it. In the main, I think that women are becoming gray earlier than they used to, and I think it is caused by nervous strain." —Chicago Inter Ocean.

DECLINED TO BE KING.

Monument Marks the Spot Where Washington Spurned a Crown.

Perched upon the brow of a hill, about two miles southeast of Newburg, N. Y., stands a plain, unpretentious rubble monument, erected by the Historical Society of Newburg Bay, which marks the site of a building within whose walls occurred one of the most dramatic events of American history.

In 1782-83 a large part of the revolutionary army was encamped in the fields around this hill, under the command of Gen. Washington, who had his headquarters for a time in the Ellison house, at New Windsor, and later in the Hasbrouck house at Newburg. The building whose site is now marked by the monument was a sort of meeting hall, or public building, for the use of the officers and soldiers, called the Temple.

In 1782, owing to lack of pay, etc., discontent with their lot, distrust of a republican form of government had gained a formidable foothold among the rank and file of the army. Matters

NEWBURG MONUMENT.

had reached such a pass, indeed, that a secret meeting was called, urging the army to appeal from the justice to the fears of the government, make demonstrations of power and determination, arouse the fears of the people, and so obtain justice for themselves.

The outcome was a letter addressed to Gen. Washington by Col. Nicola, an officer of the army, which, after a recital of fulsome praise of the commander-in-chief, said, in part: "Owing to the prejudice of the people it might not at first be prudent to assume the title of royalty, but if all things were once adjusted we believe strong arguments might be produced for admitting the title of king."

Of what avail would have been Bunker Hill, Concord, Yorktown, Valley Forge and the long, weary years of strife had there been a less determined man than Washington in command?

Thus forewarned, Wasnington issued an order for a meeting of the officers at the Temple. Gen. Gates presided, and amid great solemnity the commander-in-chief arose and read his address, which was a masterly and eloquent plea for faith in the justice of their country, terming those who would overturn the government traitors, and finally emphatically declining to be made a king.

WORLD POWER.

The Moral and the Intellectual as Well as the Material.

Whenever the little American Pessimist begins to weep fresh tears over the gross materialism and vulgarity of his country's prominence as a world power because Congress does not agree with his own economic views, two or three of those troublesome things called facts rise up to dam his tears into stagnation. American scientists are found to command the same attention in the London, Paris and Berlin circles of savants that American statesmen and financiers are commanding in Lombard street and in the bourse. In fact, they have been receiving this degree of respect for many more years than the statesmen and financiers have, only the newspapers do not say as much about them. American art, especially in landscape painting, appealed to European connoisseurs before the Chicago Fair of 1893, and the Paris exhibition of 1900 compelled the world to recognize us as a first-class power in that realm also, including the provinces of sculpture and architecture, as well as painting. Now it is announced that the exhibition of the Vienna Academy of Arts, which is the largest held there for twenty years, contains forty canvases by sixteen American artists. The world-wide recognition which is accorded to American learning is shown by the fact that our universities receive imbitations even to such far-away functions as the fiftieth anniversary of the University of Sydney, New South Wales.

These details are not to be gloated over in any spirit of jingo bumptiousness, for it is quite as true that he who says, "What a brave boy I am!" is only a Little Jack Horner as it is true that he who excuses, accuses, or that he who belittles America belittles himself. But it is worth while to gain hope and courage from the fact that our moral and intellectual influence, which cannot be forced into being undeserved, grows apace with our material and commercial influence, which alone might be credited only to bigness and the fear of it, but which when so accompanied is a means to the usefulness and uplifting value of American excellence to the world.—New York Press.

WONDERFUL HOG TRAINER.

Edward S. Holder Has Achieved Distinction in His Line.

Edward S. Holder, an Easterner, has achieved distinction as a hog trainer. He has been in the business of training horses for some years, and turning to hogs he has had greater success than anybody anticipated. He has taught ten representative specimens to perform as one group, and they do almost

TRAINS THE HOG.

impossible things for hogs. Two of them drive to a light wagon as cleverly as Shetland ponies. They teeter-totter, walk a thin board, sit in chairs, etc. Two of the group came from the wilds of Florida, two from the hills of Georgia, two from the Mississippi bottoms, two are Tennessee "elm-peelers," and two are from Rush County, Ind. People are amazed at the influence exercised over the animals by Holder, and they will not perform for anybody else. The hogs perform cleverest in troop. Each has a name, to which he responds at call.

"THE HORSE"—A COMPOSITION.

Written by a Candidate for the High School.

"The horse is a noble animal. He is the smartest animal of any animal on earth. The horse is a very pretty animal and he is more beautiful than a cow. I like a cow, but I like a horse better, because he is more gentle and you can ride him anywhere you have to go. The horse is also a very careful beast, because he is the only animal that wears shoes. The cow does not wear shoes, the dog does not wear shoes, the camel does not wear anything on his feet, and the horse is the only beast that does not go barefooted. The horse's shoes are different from the shoes of a person, because he does not take them off when he goes into the house.

"The horse cannot talk like a person, but he can come nearer to talking than a giraffe, because the giraffe's neck is so long that his voice gets stuck on its way to his mouth.

"There are many kinds of horses. There is the white horse, the black horse, the gray horse, the brown horse, the race horse, the clothes horse, the wood horse, the hobby horse, the night horse, and there are many relations of the horse, such as the horse pistol, the Colt's revolver, the nightmare, the horseless carriage, and the horse radish.

"The horse is different from a person, because he has four feet and he can walk on all four feet at the same time. The horse has four sides, a near side, an offside, a topside and a bottom side.

"I like horses very much. I have a horse, and he is very pretty. I ride him every day, and when I get bigger I am going to have some more horses." —Washington Times.

Burmese Women and Girls.

Not long ago Lord Dufferin remarked that the Burmese are the only Eastern nation among whom women are publicly respected, honored and—obeyed. Woman in Burma has always had fair play; she has been bound by no ties, and she has had perfect freedom to make for herself just such a life as she thinks best fitted for her. She has been allowed to change as her world changed, and she has lived in a very real world—a world of stern facts, not fancies. Boys and girls grow up together, but with the school days comes a division. In great towns there are regular schools for girls; but in the villages, while the boys are in the monasteries, the girls are learning to weave and herd cattle, and drawing water and collecting firewood. The daughters of better class people, such as merchants and clerks, and advocates, do not, of course, work at field labor.

Great Salt Lake.

According to the report of the United States Geological Survey, Great Salt Lake has been steadily sinking for a number of years. If that clear, briny drop of ocean, left behind when the Pacific rolled westward, should sometime dry up into a salt basin, there would be grief and loss in Utah, since it has become a prominent point for business and pleasure. As to the cause of the decline opinions vary. It is thought by some that the lake is subject to cycles of change, and this is its low water period. Others attribute the sinking to the clearing of the forests from the neighboring mountains, thus destroying the protection of the head waters of many streams flowing into the lake.

A woman's idea of refinement is to be tall and thin.

Science and Invention

As a consequence of artificial propagation the yield of cod in the coastal waters between Maine and New Jersey has in ten years increased 50 per cent.

Water thrown upon ice in the Arctic regions will shiver it just as boiling water breaks glass. This is because the ice is so much colder than the water.

French scientific journals report that a small room renews its air through the walls in an hour, with 25 degrees difference between the outdoor and inner temperature.

A cinematograph picture of the Severn Bore, believed to be the first moving picture of a tidal wave, was exhibited by Dr. Vaughan Cornish at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. The photograph is clear and sharp, and the peculiar motion of a tidal bore was accurately produced. The film is 150 feet long and contains 2,400 individual pictures.

Before the end of the present year the work of laying the transpacific cable to connect Canada with Australia and New Zealand will be begun by the British government. The manufacture of the cables is in progress, and a new cable-laying steamer, the largest vessel of the kind afloat, is under construction. The longest span of the new cable will be 3,560 miles, between Vancouver Island and Fanning Island in midpacific just north of the equator. The total length will be about 8,000 miles. The cable will touch the Fiji Islands and Norfolk Island, will reach Australia near Brisbane, and will cross thence to New Zealand.

A very curious result of recent operations by the Trigonometrical Survey in India is the conclusion, stated by Major Burrard, that there is, in the middle of India, an underground, or buried mountain range, a thousand miles in length, and lying about parallel with the chain of the Himalayas. This conclusion is based on the singularities of the local attraction of gravitation in central India, the plumb-line being deflected southward on the north side of the supposed subterranean chain and northward on the south side, leading to the inference that a great elongated mass of rock of excessive density underlies the surface of the earth between the two sets of observing stations.

A most interesting light is thrown on the approaches toward civilization made by the people who dwelt in caverns in France during the stone age by the discovery of a great number of drawings of animals on the walls of an ancient cave at Combarelles in southwestern France. Many of the drawings, which represent, with surprising skill, reindeer, mammoths and other animals now extinct in southern and western Europe, have become covered in the course of time with thick layers of stalagmite. Among the most interesting pictures are some which represent horselike animals belonging to two different species, and some of these animals have halters and other attachments, plainly showing that they had been subjected to the service of man.

ROMANCE OF A STOWAWAY.

Marooned on Desert Island, He Discovers Great Treasure.

Of the vicissitudes of life few records show so romantic a change as happened to a young stowaway recently. Finding himself at Bombay minus friends or the means of transit, he spent his time on the quayside doing odd jobs, anxious to find favor in the eyes of a friendly ship captain and so be permitted to work his way home. Fortunately, or unfortunately, his first direct attempt was with the skipper of the brig Nemo, loading for London.

Joey, as the youngster was called, made a most disastrous choice, for not only was his offer to act as cabin boy, or in any other menial position on board, rejected, but he was hunted off the ship with a rope's end. This very act of severity, however, brought him friends in the direction of the fo'castle, where, unknown to the youngster, a conversation amongst the men ended in their offering to stow away the boy until well clear of the coast.

One night this was successfully accomplished, but when Joey made his appearance on deck at the end of a few days' incarceration, he found the captain more furious than before, treating him worse than a dog, and almost sorry the ship was too far off to land the intruder. Dame Fortune, however, came unexpectedly to the skipper's aid. Heavy weather had carried the Nemo somewhat out of her course, and when the wind subsided her captain found himself becalmed off one of the smaller islands to the south of the Laccadive group. To the astonishment of all, the captain ordered out a boat with a few days' provisions on board, and directed the mate to take Joey and land him forthwith on the barren island. The kindness of his fellow-men in the ship resulted in a hasty collection being made of matches, a knife, some fish hooks, and other likely things handy, with which the boy was presented on his landing. He made no trouble about the change, probably more than glad to get away from his tormentor.

When the boat returned to the ship Joey smilingly waved his hand, the stout-hearted British youngster having no fear at being marooned. He set about examining the island, and found it some three by two miles, with a ridge running north and south. Following one of the large creeks, he was surprised to find it leading to a small harbor, and, to his astonishment, there, sure enough, was a ship, but dismantled and abandoned. Making his way to her side, he read the legend, Sunshine, and a veritable ray of light it proved to him. Further examination showed she had been deserted, but under what conditions and how she arrived on the island, the lad was to find out later. It was sufficient for him that there she lay ready to be claimed.

The hull was sound, so far as he could see, her hatches unopened, and presented little evidence of having been tampered with since fastening down in dock, so Joey walked her deck whistling and fashioning out a scheme by which he could secure his prize.

Some three weeks later his smoke signal from the top of the ridge brought a boat's crew to the shore, anticipating finding a shipwrecked crew. The boy only told them his history up to the time of his being landed, and hearing his rescuers were bound for Bombay his heart leaped with delight, as that was the nearest port. On arriving there he had some difficulty in interesting any one in his story who would be likely to render the financial assistance to recover the derelict. Finally he succeeded, the wreck was recovered and brought to Bombay with safety, proving to be the Sunshine, bound from Bombay to Liverpool with wool, hides, dyewoods and minerals, of the approximate value of a million dollars. She had been dismantled at sea, and under the impression that she was foundering had been abandoned, her crew being subsequently picked up at sea and reporting the total loss of their vessel.

SAT NEAR KING EDWARD.

How a String of Titles Influenced a Head Waiter.

At the dinner given this week in this city in honor of Henry A. Bishop, who recently resigned as purchasing agent of the New Haven Railroad to become the head of a railroad system in the South, Samuel Fessenden, of Stamford, former member of the national Republican committee, told a story of how he and John M. Hall, president of the New Haven road, obtained seats near the table of King Edward VII. at Hamburg last year.

"We were in Hamburg," said Mr. Fessenden, "and learning that King Edward VII. and his suite were to dine at one of the hotels that evening, I suggested to the 'Judge' that we try to get a table near the royal party.

"'You can if you wish,' was the reply. 'I don't care anything about it.'

"Not discouraged by this reply I sought out the hotel and the head waiter thereof and told him that I wished to get a table near to that of the royal party. The head waiter calmly and decidedly told me that such a thing was impossible.

"'But,' said I, 'I have with me one of the most distinguished gentlemen in the United States. He is president of the great "Consolidated" Railroad, president of the New York and New Haven and Hartford Railroad, president of the Shore Line Road, president of the Shepaug Road, president of the Boston Air Line, president of the New England Road, president of the Naugatuck Road—'

"At this point the head waiter interrupted me:

"'Why, he must be Commissaire of all the railroads in the United States; I will see what I can do.'

"He saw, and the result was that the Judge and I sat within ten feet of the King that evening."—New Haven Correspondence New York Sun.

Book Reviewers.

Sat two girls in a street car. They were bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked. They were not over 18 nor under 16. They were passing their opinions on literary products and authors, past and present. Fragments of these opinions floated through the car when its wheels became quiet to let off or take on a passenger. Here are a few samples of what they said:

"Don't you like Kipling?"

"Oh, I think he's too dear for anything! What was that he wrote about plain—plain—"

"'Plain Sails from the Riels.'"

"Yes; it reminded me so much of that new book—'High and Fly—'"

"You mean 'High and Dry,' don't you?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure. How stupid of me! Let me see—who was it wrote it?"

"Washington Irving."

"So it was; I believe he was a bachelor."

"How do you like Shakspeare?"

"Oh, isn't he a stunning writer?"

"Perfectly divine! What have you read of his?"

"Oh, I've never read anything by Shakspeare. Have you?"

"Of course not, but I think he's great, just the same. By the way, how do you like Laura Jean Libbey?"

"Say, isn't she simply exquisite?"

"Too good to talk about!"

"Doesn't she describe love to perfection?"

"Oh, I could die reading her books!"

At this point the car stopped opposite the Statehouse, and the two literary critics passed out still gurgling over the merits of their respective favorites. —Ohio State Journal.

Art Collector's Novel Idea.

One of Philadelphia's collectors of modern paintings pursues an original and happy idea, which adds much to his gallery's value. He sends to the creator of each of his pictures—if the painter be living and if he be dead to some member of his family—a photograph of the work and across the face or the margin of the photograph the painter certifies in obedience to the collector's request that he executed the picture of which the photograph is a copy. Usually, too, he tells where and in what year he painted it; he gives its name and he appends a little criticism of it, favorable or unfavorable, as the case may be.

Thus the collector has a beautiful and large Thaulow, a study of running water, and under the photograph of this picture Thaulow himself says he regards it as one of his best works. He also has a superb Jacque, showing cows, chickens, horses, figures and instruments of agriculture. Jacque's son writes of this work an admirable appreciation.

Such men as Gerome, Bouguereau, Benjamin Constant, Cazin, Dagnan, Bouveret, Schreyer, Ridgway, Knight and many others, says the Philadelphia Record, certify and criticize in this way the works of theirs that the collection includes.

Ghosts.

It is a remarkable thing that while men have talked of ghosts since the witch of Endor frightened Saul and the old man "promissa barba horrentique capillo" failed to frighten the Athenian philosopher, mankind has come to no agreement as to whether there is such a thing as a ghost at all. Even Dr. Oliver Lodge, who addressed the Society for Psychical Research recently, leaves the question unsettled. In effect he asks: "What do you mean by a ghost?"

In one sense ghostly manifestations are as common as bicycles and few people are without experience of some instance of thought transmission or subconscious knowledge manifested especially in a state of trance, and at present quite outside our knowledge of natural law. But have ghosts objective reality or, to avoid straying into metaphysics and raising the ghost of Bishop Berkeley, we will put it thus: Is there a ghost which has the convincing presence of a motor car, so that a million onlookers would swear that it was there? That is the question which is the business of the society's "investigation," and it is curious that it should still remain a question.—London Chronicle.

Explaining the Title.

"Yes, he's a 'skipper of industry.'"

"Eh? How so?"

"If there is any industry around he skips it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What bright things we all think of when the opportunity is past for saying them!

How many things you pay too much for!

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