White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"Simon Lobois," she said, in a freezing tone, "spare me from your professions of love, for they only add to my misery. Now answer me a solemn question: Where is my brother?"

"Your brother?" Simon uttered, starting in spite of himself. "What should I know of him?"

"But do you not know of him?" she asked, looking him steadily in the eye.

"I do not." But he trembled while he spoke; he could not help it.

"But you know he was seized by the Indians on the same night that I was."

"How should I know?"

"Simon, it is strange that you have never once asked me concerning the event of my abduction!"

"I—I—a—have had enough to think of without that. My love for you has engrossed my every thought, and claimed my whole attention."

"Then you know nothing of him?"

"I—I—why, how on earth should I?"

"Never mind. If you do not, then that is enough. Now, appoint the time for the wedding when you will."

"It shall be this very day."

"As you will. If it must be so, I care not for time. Henceforth all times are alike to me."

"Ay, sweet Louise, all of joy."

"Yes—such joy as the lost child feels in the deep wood; such joy as the poor orphan feels when she stands by the cold corpse of her dead parents!"

"Nonsense! But come; you shall find better quarters than these."

So Simon Lobois led his promised bride forth from the prison house back to the dwelling from whence she had been taken on the previous night, and then he went out to hunt up some more fitting garb for her to wear. He went to the Governor, and there he succeeded in purchasing a suitable habit. It was a dress made after the fashion of the times, of pale blue silk with scarlet facings, and worked with silver lace and thread. It belonged originally to one of Perier's daughters, but she had never yet worn it, it having been made for her wedding dress, and her lover dying on the eve of marriage.

The dress fitted Louise to a fault, and when thus prepared, she suffered herself to be led to the church, for Simon had determined that there should be no subsequent question about the legality of his marriage. When they entered the rude church they found quite a number of people collected, and the aged priest was there in his robes.

The poor girl's head ached, and when she stood before the priest she trembled violently, and even Simon was startled when he saw how pale she looked.

"Go on," she whispered. "O, go on, and let me out from here, or I shall die!"

The priest commenced the ceremony, and Simon answered the questions distinctly. Then the holy man turned to the bride, and he asked her the usual questions. She looked up, and in a faint, forced voice, she replied:

"To the best of my abilities I will do all this."

What more could human law require? Even Simon was surprised, for he had feared she would hesitate. But he knew not how sick and faint she was, and that she might have answered thus promptly in order to hasten the ceremony, for she wanted fresh air. The ceremony was finished, and the nuptial tie had been formed, and the marriage was registered in the great parchment book of the clerk. The fee was paid, and then the bridegroom turned away.

"In heaven's name, my wife," cried Simon, as they reached the open air, "what is the matter? What is it that thus affects you?"

"O, I am sick—sick as death!" was the faint reply. "Hasten—hasten to our home, or I shall fail and sink by the wayside!"

Simon saw that his companion spoke the truth, and with quick steps he hurried on, sometimes bearing his bride in his arms, and anon helping her to walk. At length they reached their dwelling, and Loppa was at once sent for the physician. The old man came, and at a glance he saw that his patient had a relapse of her fever, and this time he shook his head as he remarked:

"We can't drive it off this time, Monsieur Lobois. It is firmly seated, and must have its run. But the lady has a sound constitution, so you need apprehend no danger. But she has not followed my directions, I am sure, or she would not thus have sunk. Has she had the nutritious food I ordered?"

Simon stammered out a reply to the effect that the negro woman might have neglected it.

The physician dealt out his medicine, and having given directions for the care of his patient, he retired. Simon procured for his wife another attendant, so as to have two of them, and then he informed Louise that his business called him up the river.

"To the chateau?" asked she, faintly.

"Yes. I was in hopes that you would have accompanied me, but that is now impossible. However, I must go, though I shall return as soon as possible."

"And what will you tell my father?"

"Simply that you are my wife. Of course I shall explain how I rescued you from the savages, and how, in return, I claimed your hand. But I have prepared the best of care for you during my absence, and you shall not want for anything. The physician will be regular in his visits, and I hope to find you well when I return."

The invalid betrayed no sorrow at the departure of her husband, nor did she exhibit any extended signs of deep affection at his adieu. She closed her eyes as he spoke the parting words, nor did she open them again until old Loppa came and whispered in her ear that her husband was gone.

CHAPTER XV.

Up and down the wide walk in the garden paced Brion St. Julien and Goupart St. Denis. The old man was pale and wan, and his steps were short and tremulous. The silvery streaks seemed to have multiplied themselves upon his head, and surely many a deep line of care was added to his brow. St. Denis looked not so pale, but a sorrowful look was upon his face, and in his dark, rich brown eye dwelt a melancholy light, such as could only come from a bruised and bleeding heart. His hands were folded upon his bosom; his eyes bent upon the ground, while within his own stout arm was locked that of his companion.

"We can search no more," said the marquis, in a broken voice. "They must either have been slain, or else borne away off to the far homes of the Chickasaws."

"And do you think old Tony's report can be relied upon?" asked Goupart.

"Yes. He says he is sure, and if he feels so, then it is so."

"Then our only hope is in enlisting the whole French force in our behalf, for these Chickasaws are a powerful, warlike people, and not easily overcome."

"Ah, we cannot do that," returned the marquis, sadly. "The Governor, Perier, is not a warm friend of mine. He had set his eyes upon this place before I bought it, and he meant to have gained it free of cost. He dares not show open hostility to me, but he would not help me."

"Then," said Goupart, "I will myself go in search, even though I disguise myself in the outer semblance of the red man."

But the marquis shook his head dubiously at this.

"No, no," he said. "You would only throw away your own life, and then I should be left all alone. I could not live, Goupart, if you, too, were gone. Alas! what of life is left to either of us now! I had just seen the opening of life's promise—the budding of my soul's great hope—when this drear midnight came!"

For a while after this they walked on in silence. All search had been made that could be planned with reason, but in vain. Old Tony, who was quick of wit, and who had not forgotten the wild life of his youth, had followed the trail of the marauders a distance of forty miles, and there he lost it upon a branch of the Tickfah. This trail led in a southeasterly direction, so the bereaved ones had not a shadow of doubt that Louis and Louise had been taken to the distant homes of the Chickasaws.

The day was drawing near to its close when one of the female domestics rushed into the sitting room and announced that Simon Lobois was coming. Both the marquis and St. Denis started to their feet, and gazed upon each other earnestly.

"O," uttered the old man, "I wish I knew that Simon was innocent of all crime in this." The words were spoken with strong, sudden emotion, and showed that the speaker had been racked with dark doubts.

"I would not say that he is guilty of all this," returned Goupart; "but things rest most darkly against him. However, we can easily tell. His face is very apt to reveal the emotions of the inner man, and I feel assured he will betray himself."

The marquis took a turn up and down the room to compose himself, and by the time he had done this, Simon's footstep sounded in the hall, and in a moment more he entered. He moved quickly up to St. Julien and caught him by the hand.

"Ah, my good, kind father," he uttered, "I have been detained longer than I expected. But I am happy to find you well."

Then the black-hearted man turned to Goupart, and with a stiff, formal bow, he said:

"Monsieur St. Denis, I hope you are well."

But the noble youth spoke not in reply. He could not. He detected in Simon's eye a look of triumph that was not to be mistaken, and from that moment his suspicions were all alive again.

"But I do not see Louis. Where is he?" asked Lobois, after he had taken a seat.

The marquis gazed fixedly into the speaker's eye, but he could detect nothing there out of the way.

"Louis is—is—gone!" the old man uttered.

"How? Have you not found him yet?"

"Then you knew he was gone?" said the marquis, with a quick glance of fear.

"Yes—I knew that both your children were gone from here."

"How?" the old man asked.

"Louise herself has told me the story," was the calm response.

Both the old man and the young started to their feet.

"Louise! Louise told you?" gasped Goupart.

"Yes, monsieur," returned Simon, gazing upon the youth with a look of malignant triumph. "I had the good fortune to rescue the loved damsel from the hands of the Indians."

At this juncture the marquis sank back to his seat, and Goupart followed his example.

"And where is she now?" the stricken parent asked, in a whisper.

"She is at New Orleans. I should have brought her with me, but the state of her health would not permit. She has a fever; but you need not fear, for I have left the best of care for her."

"But how—where—did you find her?"

"It was most strange," answered Simon, assuming a devout look. "While in New Orleans, I heard that a small party of Chickasaws were on their way towards Lake Pontchartrain with a white girl a prisoner. I knew, of course, that the red villains had been lurking about here; and, moreover, I knew of no other point from whence they could have brought such a prisoner, short of the fort at Natchez. The fear became so firmly fixed that I resolved to set out; so I engaged the services of one who knew the region round about the lake, and having hired some men who belonged to a ship then lying in the river, I obtained two small boats and set out. We crossed the lake, and landed as near as we could to the opening of the trail that I had been informed the Indians were upon. We mounted the bank, and almost the first thing that met my eye was the form of an Indian pacing up and down by the side of an open space in the woods. I knocked the sentinel down, and in a moment the whole party were upon their feet. At a little distance I saw the form of a female asleep upon the ground. I demanded that the prisoner should be given up to me, but I had to use some heavy threats before they would yield. At length, however, upon my promise that I would not cause them to be molested further, they gave the prisoner up, and you can imagine my deep joy when I knew that I had saved Louise St. Julien."

For some moments there was silence in the room. Goupart, who was very pale, but whose lips were firmly compressed, was the first to break it.

"How long ago was it that you found the lady?" he asked.

"About two weeks," was the reply.

"And has she been sick ever since?"

"No. I had meant to bring her with me, but she was taken down with a fever on the very day before I started."

"St. Julien," cried the youth, turning to the old man, "I will away at once and seek her, and as soon as she is able she shall be with you. Tony shall go with me."

A satanic smile dwelt upon Simon's features as Goupart ceased speaking, and in a tone of the same nature he said:

"You need not trouble yourself, Monsieur St. Denis. I assure you I should not have left Louise, had I not seen her in the care of those who will be faithful. She has her own servants to attend her."

"Her own servants!" uttered Goupart, changing color.

"Yes, monsieur."

"But Goupart had better go down, Simon, and come home with her," suggested the old man.

"Excuse me," answered Lobois, "if I object to that. Monsieur St. Denis is not just the man that I should select as an escort for my wife!"

Goupart St. Denis started half up from his seat, and then sank back like a man who has received a shot through the heart. His face was deadly pale, and his hands were clutched upon his knees.

"Your wi—i—fe!" gasped the old man, starting up and taking a step towards his nephew.

"Yes, my dear father," Lobois replied. "I am the happy man. The sweet child has accepted me as her husband. And why should she not? She owed her very life to me, and in gratitude she rewarded me with her hand."

"But not yet, Simon! You are not married?"

"Most assuredly we are."

"No, no; that is impossible! Louise would never have done——"

"Hold, sir! We will have no argument about it. Here is the document that will satisfy you."

Thus speaking, Simon took a paper from his pocket, which he opened and handed to the marquis. It was a legal certificate—an attested copy of the record—bearing the seal and signature of the colonial clerk, and vouching for the legal marriage of Simon Lobois and Louise St. Julien. The old man read it, and then, with a deep groan, the paper fell from his hand. Quick as thought, Goupart picked it up. The hope had flashed upon his mind that the document might be a forgery; but as his eye rested upon it, the hope passed away, for he knew it was a legal transcript of the record. The paper dropped from his hand, too, and he sank back into his chair. The thing had come with a thunder-crash upon him, and for the moment he was unable to speak. But one look into the face of Lobois started his heart to life again.

(To be continued.)

NOTHING GOES TO WASTE.

Chemistry Has Found Uses for What Were Once Refuse Products.

There is no such thing as waste product in the industries of the present day. Everything is wheat that comes to the mill of the manufacturers. In every big factory now there is a chemist, whose business it is to find out what can be done with the refuse. In the packing house every particle of grease is extracted from it and sent to the soap factory. The residue is converted into a fertilizer and sold to the farmer. Buttons and knife handles are made from the horns and bones and the scraps are ground into bonemeal for feeding poultry. Glue and gelatine come from the hoofs and the bristles and hair are used in making brushes and for putting into mortar. The hide, of course, is tanned and made into leather.

In making coal gas, ammonia, carbonic acid, acetic acid, coal tar and various nitrogen compounds are also produced. From coal tar many fine dyes are made. From crude petroleum are made kerosene, gasoline, naphtha, paraffin and vaseline. A still heavier oil, left as a residue, is used for axle grease, and the carbon is turned into sticks for electric lights. The sulphuric acid used for purifying the products of petroleum is recovered and turned into fertilizer for farms where there is too much phosphate rock, which is thus dissolved.

Cream of tartar is made from the residue of wine factories. Cotton seeds are stripped of lint for making paper. They are then crushed for the oil and the meal is pressed into cakes for feeding stock or burning as fuel. If the cakes are burned the ashes are so rich in potash that they are used for fertilizing tobacco plants. From the oil comes a good quality of salad oil. Combined with beef suet it makes cottolene, which is used as a substitute for lard. The crudest part of the oil goes to the soap factory and the various washings and refinings make it yield glycerin. This in turn, besides being used medicinally, helps to make nitroglycerin, the explosive.

These are only a few illustrations of how the chemists make profitable use of refuse, a branch of the various industries that people in general know little about.

A Question of Bills.

A traveller in England rested at noon at a wayside inn and took luncheon. The landlord was a social person and after presenting his bill sat down and chatted with his guest.

"By the way," the latter said, after a while, "what is your name?"

"My name," replied the landlord, "is Partridge."

"Ah," returned the traveller, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes, "by the length of your bill I should have thought it was Woodcock!"

This story, as it appears in a recent book by a distinguished English diplomat, is credited with having amused Bismarck.

The Joke on the Joker.

A Long Island justice has decided that to send a worthless package by express to a person, requiring the recipient to pay charges, comes under the head of petty larceny and is punishable as such. In the case the justice decided one man had sent by express a worthless package to another as a joke. The express charge was 35 cents. The man who got the package couldn't see anything funny in the business and complained to the magistrate, who entered a charge of petty larceny and extortion and fined the joker $5 and costs.

Says Mr. Medlergrass.

"As to this here plan to kill moskeeters with coal oil," said Mr. Medlergrass, while the grocer was filling his can, "I don't know that it is fatal to them insects, but if they are anything like about a dozen hired girls that has started the breakfast fire in this town and subsequently gone out through the roof, it will be hard times for them Jersey biters when the coal oil campaign sets in in dead earnest."—Baltimore American.

Reformed.

"Willie, didn't I see you matching pennies with Willie Blimmer?"

"Y-yes, mamma!"

"Well, don't you know it's very wicked?"

"'Deed I do, mamma!"

"Then don't you do so, again."

"I w-won't, mamma—I'm busted!"—San Francisco Bulletin.

The Magnet.

"Look here, Dunwell, how do you manage to bring out all your apartment house debtors? When I ring the bell no one shows up."

"It's dead easy! I go down disguised as a health-food sample distributer. In two minutes every occupant of the house is in the hall."—Chicago News.

White blackberries and green roses have been propagated in Louisiana.

SINCE WE GOT THE MORTGAGE PAID.

E'VE done a lot of scrimpin' an' livin' hand-to-mouth,
We've dreaded, too, wet weather an' we've worried over drought,
For the thing kept drawin' int'rest, whether crops were good or bad,
An' raisin' much or little, seemed it swallowed all we had.
The women folks were savin' an' there ain't a bit of doubt
But that things they really needed lots of times they done without,
So we're breathin' somewhat easy, an' we're feelin' less afraid
Of Providence's workin's, since we got the mortgage paid.

I wish I'd kept a record of the things that mortgage ate
In principal an' int'rest from beginnin' down to date!—
A hundred dozen chickens, likely fowls with yellow legs,
A thousand pounds of butter, an' twelve hundred dozen eggs,
Some four or five good wheat crops and at least one crop of corn,
An' oats an' rye—it swallowed in its lifetime sure's your're born,
Besides the work an' worry, ere its appetite was stayed!
So we're feelin' more contented since we got the mortgage paid.

We've reached the point, I reckon, where we've got a right to rest,
An' loaf aroun', an visit, war our go-to-meetin' best—
Neglectin' nothin' urgent, understand, about the place,
But simply slowin' down by bits an' restin' in the race!
In time I'll get the windmill I've been wantin', I suppose;
The girls can have their organ, an' we'll all wear better clothes,
For we've always pulled together, while we've saved an' scrimped an' prayed,
An' it seems there's more to work for since we got the mortgage paid.

STORY OF OLD ABE, THE WAR EAGLE.

For centuries the eagle has been the emblem of liberty, the inspiration of poets and the terror of his feathered friends. The king of birds has furnished the story writer with countless incidents, from aerial battles to child stealing. One of Victor Hugo's greatest poems begins: "L'aigle—c'est le genie—Oiseau de la tempete, qui do mont le plus haut cherche le plus haut faite." The poet parallels the struggles of genius with the battle of the eagle for existence, till both spread their wings in the plenitude of power.

These are the fanciful ways of looking at the bird of freedom, and it was doubtless similar ideas that induced

OLD ABE.

the boys of the Eighth Wisconsin Infantry to adopt Old Abe, the celebrated war eagle, as their mascot in the civil war. Abe's public career began in 1861. He had the true spirit the poets sung of. Perched on his stick, Abe fearlessly watched the horrors of twenty-seven severe battles and as many skirmishes. When his company was mustered out the eagle entered civil life with the grace he had shown in war. He was exhibited through the country at soldiers' reunions, attended the sanitary fair at Chicago, occupied a prominent place at the Philadelphia centennial, and was the means of raising funds for many a good cause.

Abe gave the alarm of fire at the Capitol, which broke out near his cage, and when he was rescued it was found the smoke had injured his lungs. He died March 26, 1881, and his body, handsomely mounted, is an object of great curiosity in the War Museum at Madison, Wis.

A REMARKABLE OLD WOMAN.

Bereft of Three Senses, Her Life Is Still Full of Sunshine.

A most remarkable woman is Miss Lucy Reed, of Danby, Vt., who, although deaf, dumb and blind, leads a useful and cheerful existence. Danby is a quiet little village in the heart of the Green Mountains. There for seventy-six years Miss Reed has lived. During sixty-five years she has been in her present plight. At the age of 10 she suffered from scarlet fever, which left her deaf. Loss of speech soon followed, and a year later the added misfortune of loss of sight was visited upon her. But the little body did not despair. She rapidly learned to do all sorts of useful things about the house. She darned the stockings, mended the clothing and even made new garments. She evinced a passion for making patchwork quilts, in which she became very expert.

The old woman cuts out the blocks after various patterns which she devises herself, selects the colors by the sense of taste or smell, and rarely errs in the selection of the proper shade. She selects her own threads and threads her own needles with her tongue. It is said that her patchwork quilts are as neatly and as attractively made as any in that part of the country. She also makes great quantities of knit socks, which are sold for her. The busy fingers are never idle for a moment. She is very cheerful and extraordinarily fond of children.

Another sort of work which interests the blind woman is the making of pretty and tastefully arranged boxes out of cigar-box wood, covered outside with plush and inside with satin. She evinces great taste in the making of this sort of work and her boxes bring good prices at the county fairs. All the money she makes by the sale of her handiwork Miss Reed uses in charity, for she is a member of a well-to-do family.

Tipped the Chief Justice.

Not unlike some other great men, United States Chief Justice Marshall gave little attention to dress or to personal appearance, although his face was unusually handsome. A story is told of a young man who had recently removed to Richmond. This newcomer saw in the market a rusty-looking old man making his way through the entrance, and, walking up to him, abrutly asked him if he would not like to make a quarter by carrying a turkey home for him. The old man quietly took the turkey and walked behind the newly arrived citizen without a word until the latter had reached his own gate.

"Catch!" said the young man, tossing a quarter to his hireling.

The old man caught the ninepence, and as he turned to walk away a gentleman passing by bowed deferentially to him.

"Who is that shabby old fellow?" asked the turkey buyer.

"The Chief Justice of the United States," was the reply.

"Impossible!" stammered the blunderer. "Why did he bring the turkey—why——"

"To teach you a lesson in good breeding," interrupted the gentleman. "He will give the money away before he gets home, but I have no doubt he is enjoying the joke you have so condescendingly given him."—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Girl that Everybody Likes.

You, have undoubtedly met disagreeable girls who, without doing anything especially spiteful or mean, have impressed you as a girl to avoid. But have you ever met the girl that you as well as everybody else likes? You are unfortunate if you have not met her.

She is the girl who is not "too bright and good" to be able to find joy and pleasure all over the world.

She is the girl who is not aggressive and does not find joy in inciting aggressive people.

She is the girl who never causes pain with a thoughtless tongue.

She is the girl who, whether it is warm or cold, clear or stormy, finds no fault with the weather.

She is the girl who, when you invite her to any place, compliments you by looking her best.

She is the girl who makes this world a pleasant place because she is so pleasant herself.

And, by the by, when you come to think of it, isn't she the girl who makes you feel she likes you, and therefore you like her?

Ninety Years in Same House.

Miss Sarah Wolstenholme, the oldest resident in Radcliffe, England, has lived for ninety years in the same house. She is now bordering on her ninety-fifth year.

UNCLE SAM GOVERNS HIS CLOCKS BY OBSERVING ONE OF THE FIXED STARS.

THE United States government does not make use of the sun in reckoning time, but instead one of the "fixed stars" as they are called. Every clear night an astronomer with a big telescope looks at certain of these stars and makes his calculations, from which he can tell just when the sun would cross the 75th meridian. One of the great clocks in the observatory is called the transmitter, because it transmits or sends out the signal that keeps standard time. This clock is set and regulated by the star-time and then every day at 3 minutes and 15 seconds before 12 a switch is turned on and the beats of the pendulum of this clock are sent by electricity over the wires to the telegraph offices in Washington and New York. When the telegraph operators hear this sound on their instruments they know that the noon signal is about to be sent out and they at once begin to connect the telegraph wires with other towns and cities until in a minute or two the "tick, tick" of the clock at Washington is heard in hundreds of telegraph offices. The beats stop at 10 seconds before 12 as a notice that the next tick will be the noon signal, and so as to give the operators time to connect their clocks. There are time balls in a great many cities—usually on top of some prominent building, where they can easily be seen. The one at Washington is on the roof of the State, War and Navy Department Building, at the top of a high pole, ready to drop the instant the signal comes over the wires. In the government offices at Washington and in many places in other cities there are large clocks connected with the observatory by electricity. These are so arranged that when the 12 o'clock signal is flashed over the wires the hands of each one of these clocks spring to 12, no matter what time the clock may show; in this way hundreds of clocks are set to the correct time each day.

Well, the moment the sun is supposed to cross the 75th meridian the telegraph instruments give a single tick, the time-balls drop, the clocks begin to strike and everybody in the district knows it is 12 o'clock.

HIGH ART IN BANK NOTES

Designers' Chief Concern Is to Balk the Ingenious Counterfeiter.

First in consideration in making a bank note is to prevent others from making a counterfeit of it. Therefore, all the notes of a certain denomination or value must be exact duplicates of one another. If they were engraved by hand this would not be the case. Hand engraving is more easily counterfeited than the work done by the process actually used.

"Every note," said an official of one of the leading bank note companies, "is printed from a steel plate, in the preparation of which many persons take part. If you will look at a $5 greenback you will see a picture in the center, a small portrait, called the vignette, on the left and in each of the upper corners a network of fine lines with a dark ground, one containing the letter V and the other the figure 5.

"To make a vignette it is first necessary to make a large drawing on paper with great care, and a daguerreotype is then given to the engraver, who uses a steel point to make on it all the outlines of the picture. The plate is inked and a print is taken from it.

"While the ink is still damp the print is laid face down on a steel plate, which has been softened by heating it red hot and letting it cool slowly. It is then put in a press and an exact copy of the outline is thus made on the steel plate. This the engraver finishes with his graver, a little tool with a three-cornered point, which cuts a clean line without leaving a rough edge.

"Now, this plate is used for making other plates—it is never used to print from. It must be made very hard, and this is done by heating it and cooling it quickly. A little roller of softened steel is then rolled over it by a powerful machine until its surface has been forced into all the lines cut into the plate. The outlines of the vignette are thus transferred to the roller in raised lines, and after the roller is hardened it is used to roll over plates of softened steel and thus make in them sunken lines exactly like those in the plate originally engraved.

"The center picture is engraved and transferred to a roller, like the vignette, but the network in the upper corners and also on the back of the note is made by the lathe. This machine costs $5,000—a price that puts it beyond the reach of counterfeiters. Its work is so perfect that it cannot be imitated by hand. The lathe engraves the network on softened steel and the figure in the middle of it is then engraved by hand. It is now hardened and transferred to a roller like the others.

"The plates from which the notes are to be printed are of softened steel and large enough to print four notes at once. Four engravings of the note must, therefore, be made on it, and this is done by rolling the hardened steel rollers containing the raised pictures over it in their appropriate places until the pictures are pressed into its surface.

"The fine lettering around the borders of the note is transferred in the same way, but the other lettering is put on by hand. This process saves a great deal of time and it secures absolute uniformity in the four engravings on the plate.

"The back parts of the note are printed first and when the ink is dry the green back is printed, to be followed by the red stamps and numbers. It is then signed and issued. For greater security one part of the note is engraved and printed at one place and another part at another place, when it is sent to Washington to be finished and signed.

"But, needless to say, after all this care and all these safeguards many skillfully executed counterfeits have been made and issued; some of them so good as to deceive expert judges of money."—New York Herald.

FORMER NEW YORK GIRL.

Now One of the Most Successful Entertainers in London Society.

One of the most popular American women in London society is the young Countess Donoughmore, formerly of New York. She is the daughter of Michael Grace, brother of William R. Grace, former Mayor of the new world metropolis. Miss Grace was one of the belles of New York and was noted for her beauty, wit and charms. She is not unmindful, even amid the gay scenes of foreign society, of her old home, and frequently visits New York. Her husband is very wealthy, having made many millions in successful speculation in South America. When in London they entertain lavishly and the countess is regarded as one of the most successful hostesses in the English capital.

DONOUGHMORE.

Skating a Very Old Art.

To what race belongs the credit of having first invented skating is still a problem over which men of science are disputing. There is much doubt among historians upon the subject, for traces have been found among prehistoric remains all over Northern Europe indicating that the art was practiced by primitive peoples. The Eskimos of the farthest North are also found to be in possession of runners carved from whalebone. Skating is mentioned by a Danish historian about 1184, and Fitzstephen in his "History of London" says that in the twelfth century young men fastened leg bones of animals under their feet by means of thongs in order to slide along the ice. This statement is confirmed by the pair of bone skates of that period now in the British Museum. It is likely, however, that these early Londoners borrowed the idea from Holland, probably via Lincolnshire, where skates have been used on the frozen fens from very remote times.

Not a Definite Reply.

Deacon Johnson—What yo' doin' now, Abe?

Abe Hardcase—Cleanin' out a bank.

Deacon Johnson—President, cashier, bookkeeper or janitor?—Leslie's Weekly.