

OUTBOUND.

A lonely sail in the vast sea-room, I have put out for the port of gloom.

They Were All Sorry.

GEORGE FERGUSON, what does this mean? The voice was that of Mrs. Ferguson—shrill, piercing, and ominous.



THIS LETTER DROPPED OUT OF YOUR POCKET. George, are you?—My dearest George: When are you coming to see me again?

"I mean to say I am reading this letter you told me to read, Mr. Ferguson. I am reading this letter I found in your pocket that dropped out of your pocket."

"Laura, are you fool enough to think that's genuine? Don't you know better than to imagine—"

"Well, I'll just show you—"

"Let me see the letter."

"On your honor! Humph!"

"Yes, on my honor—h'mph! I have never seen that letter before. I never put it in my pocket. I didn't know it was there. I am not anybody else's dearest George, and that letter is a clumsy fake got up by somebody who wants to have a little fun with me—"

"I wish I could believe it! Oh, George! George!"

you played on me when you put that letter in my pocket yesterday, but it threatens to break up my family, and I ask as a favor that the chap who did it will just write a letter to my wife and tell her it was a bit of fun and that I am not to blame in the slightest degree.

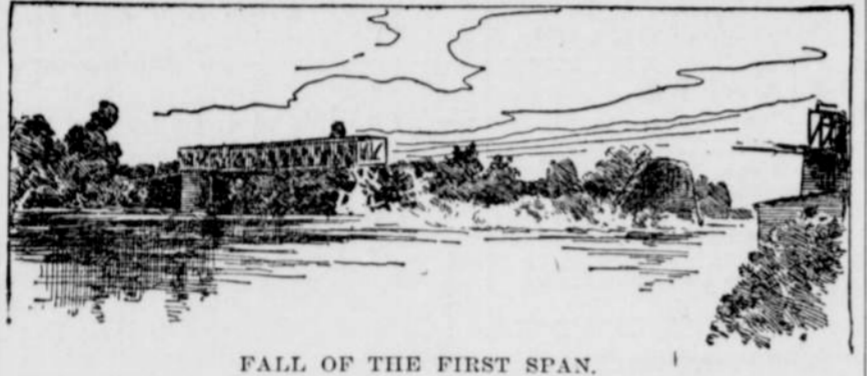
It was late in the afternoon. There came a ring at the door bell pertaining to the Ferguson dwelling, and a messenger delivered a letter addressed to Mrs. George Ferguson.

She opened it and read: "Dear Mrs. Ferguson—In a spirit of mischief I slipped a letter in your husband's coat pocket yesterday which I fear may have fallen into your hands, and in order to atone for any misunderstanding it may possibly have caused I wish to say that I wrote it myself and that it is purely imaginary. With great respect, I subscribe myself yours truly."

This was signed "Marcellus Hankinson." Hardly had she finished reading this when another messenger came and left another letter. It read thus: "My Dear Mrs. Ferguson: I have a little confession to make. Yesterday, in a thoughtless moment, I wrote a letter purporting to come from some woman and dropped it into your husband's pocket. For fear you may have seen it I take occasion to assume the respon-

without injuring in any way the sustaining piers and masonry. This was apparently a very easy task, but after consultation with bridge builders, house wreckers, riggers, engineers, and, in fact, every one who had a plan to suggest, the only practical plan evolved was to build a false work and take the bridge down piecemeal. To blow the bridge up with dynamite would probably injure the piers, and to burn it would likewise crack and injure the masonry.

The bridge, which was built in 1853, consisted of three spans, with a 70-foot draw, and, as already mentioned, was 735 feet long. Each of these spans was composed of nine chords, each consisting of three nine-inch by nine-inch yellow poplar timbers. It is perfectly evident, therefore, that if each of these timbers was cut through simultaneously, the span would drop into the river without injuring the piers. Current was secured from a near-by generating plant, and leading wires were run to the farthest span. Each of the timbers cut was next encased with a heavy resistance wire and connections run to



FALL OF THE FIRST SPAN.

sibility for the clumsy joke and to apologize for it. With great respect, yours sincerely."

The signature was "Oliver Peduncle."

Then there came another letter—also by special messenger. It was as follows: "My Dear Madam: Iardon me for addressing you, but I wish to plead guilty to the perpetration of a foolish joke on your husband yesterday. I wrote a love letter (signed 'Dollie,' if I remember rightly) and slipped it into Mr. Ferguson's coat pocket. Fearing it may have met your eye I write this to exonerate your husband and to take upon myself the entire blame for the silly performance. Respectfully yours."

It was signed "A. Spoonamore."

The bewildered woman had hardly perused this note and laid it on the parlor table with the others, when a fourth came. It was to this effect:

"Permit me, my dear Mrs. Ferguson, to atone for an act of thoughtlessness committed yesterday. Yielding to a hasty impulse, I wrote a letter to your husband purporting to come from some feminine admirer. This I placed in one of the pockets of his coat, unknown to him. As it may possibly have fallen into your hands, I take the liberty of assuring you that I alone am to blame for the stupid joke and to express my hearty contrition."

The signature to this was "Wesley Hightop."

About two hours later Mr. Ferguson came home. He was whistling, with apparent unconsciousness of any domestic trouble, past, present, or to come.

"George," exclaimed Mrs. Ferguson, in a high-pitched voice, as she met him at the door, "where are those other letters?"—Chicago Tribune.

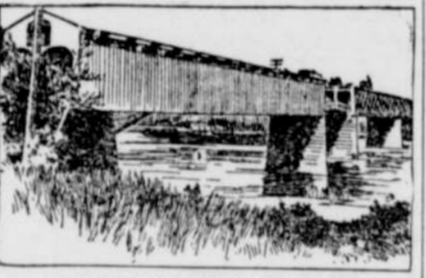
WRECKING A BRIDGE.

Novel Use of Electricity Successfully Tried at Clinton, Ind.

The 735-foot bridge over the Wabash at Clinton, Ind., was wrecked in August by a Hoosier, who employed the heating power of an electric current to do the work, without injury to the substructure. This exceedingly interesting feat is described in the Western Electrician.

It appears that the bridge was, up to that time, the only toll bridge in the State, and was owned by one man. It had become antiquated, and the county authorities purchased it with the idea of erecting a steel bridge in its place, using the same piers and approaches. Under the terms of the contract, the owner of the bridge was to remove the superstructure inside of thirty days,

the main circuit. The resistance of these wires was so proportioned that the passage of an electric current of definite strength would bring them to a cherry red, just on the same principle as an incandescent lamp filament is brought to a nearly white heat. To make the cutting, or more correctly, burning, more positive, a five-pound sash weight was hung at the bottom of each loop. In exactly one hour and forty minutes after the application of



BRIDGE BEFORE WRECKING.

the current each timber was cut through by the hot wires to a point where the weight of the structure was sufficient to break the rest, and the span they supported tumbled into the river. This operation was repeated with each span without a hitch or delay of any kind.

An examination after the fall of the bridge showed how thoroughly the current had done its work. Each timber was burned through to the same extent, namely, five inches deep on the top and three inches on the sides, the cut being comparatively clean, the wood not being charred more than an inch on each side of the point of contact with the hot wire.

Juvenile Depravity.

"Papa," said the boy, as they drove along, "that's the same horse that was buzzing around the horse when we started out, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then one horse will follow one horse more'n a dozen miles, won't it?"

"It seems so."

"I reckon," said the boy, who had been busy thinking again, "you'd call it a one-horse fly, wouldn't you?"

"Perhaps."

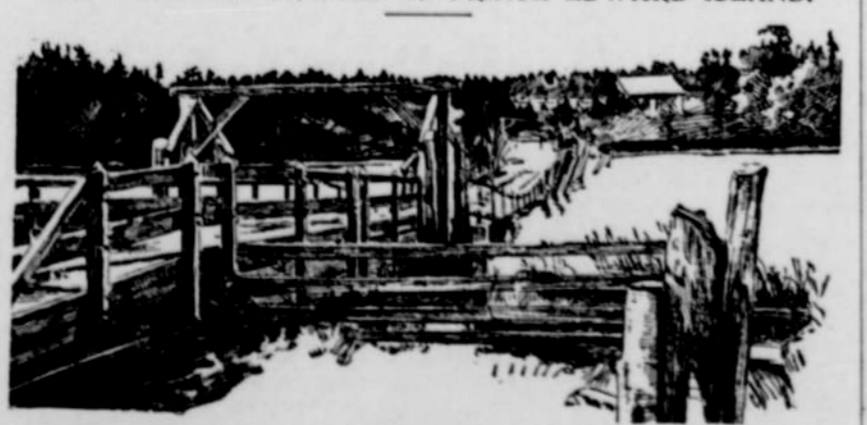
"Then it was a one-horse town where we got this rig, wasn't it?"

"Don't be too fly, my son," said papa, grasping his whip and meeting the necessity firmly.—Chicago Tribune.

A Greedy Crane.

A New York man claims to have shot a crane up in the Adirondacks that had forty-five trout in its stomach, none of which weighed less than a pound.

ODD FLOATING BRIDGES OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.



Floating bridges are picturesque affairs, but one who ventures on them for the first time feels that he is risking his safety in crossing. The one shown in the illustration does not span, but lies upon the beautiful Morrell river, in Prince Edward Island. The central portion is merely a raft, attached at each end to slightly more stationary divisions. The stretch is long, and as a vehicle crosses the bridge ways and threatens to float down stream. In the flood season, or even at high tide, the water frequently comes up over the timbers, and as the waves splash through the water the sense of uneasiness increases if one is not bred to such methods of getting from one side of a river to another. In winter the bridge is embedded so firmly in the ice that it is as stable as the Brooklyn bridge, but at that season it is not needed, for one may cross anywhere on the ice for six months or more.

EAST INDIANS LEARN ENGLISH.

Methods by which the Queen's Subjects Learn the Language. In many Indian schools now the English language is being taught to the little dusky subjects of the empress queen. G. Gill & Sons, of London, have

Table showing the English alphabet and its corresponding characters in various Indian scripts, including Devanagari and Gurmukhi.

TEACHING YOUNG INDIA ITS A B C.

designed a chart for helping the pupils to acquire the language, and a facsimile of it appears above. The pronunciation of the English characters is given in both Pers and Nagri.

A PROMISING OFFICER.

Death of Lieut. Col. Miley, Who Was Prominent at Santiago. Lieut. Col. John D. Miley, inspector general of the volunteer forces, who died in Manila of fever, was one of the most promising young officers in the army. He was a lieutenant in the artillery branch of the regulars and was on Gen. Shafter's staff in the Santiago ex-



LIEUT. COL. JOHN D. MILEY.

pedition. He had much to do with the movement of troops at San Juan and El Caney and, with Generals Wheeler and Lawton, negotiated successfully for the surrender of the Spanish forces under Toral. After the Cuban campaign he asked to be assigned to duty in the Philippines, and has served there ever since. The Colonel was six feet three inches in height and very slender.

A REMARKABLE ROCK.

At a Distance It Looks as if a Battleship Was Approaching. In the canyon of the Little Miami River, near Clifton, Ohio, there is a rock which perhaps has the strangest formation of any rock in the United States. It is shaped almost exactly like a modern battleship, bearing so close and striking a resemblance that it has



BATTLESHIP ROCK.

gained the name of Battleship Rock, and is generally known thereby. It is over 75 feet long and nearly 40 feet in height.

Man's Most Attractive Age. "Thirty or thirty-five," says a woman who has evidently given some serious thought to the problem, "is, I think, the age when a man is at his most attractive stage. His manners are then modeled and his character formed; he has had some experience with the world and human nature, and consequently knows how to act and make allowances. He realizes, too, how utterly impossible it is to live on romance and flattery, which younger fellows fondly imagine possible; is more level-headed, practical, sensible, sincere, and just in his attachments. Not so liable to be led away with every pretty face, and, mixing with the world, has found out perhaps that 'all is not gold that glitters.'"

A Boer Delicacy.

This is a Boer delicacy. A great square slice is cut off a loaf made of coarse, unsifted meal, and covered with a thick layer of jam—preferably strawberry. A row of sardines is then placed on top, and the oil from the sardine box is liberally poured over the whole.

A Sweet Breath.

The breath may be sweetened by a simple mouth wash of crystal permanganate of potash in a tumblerful of water.

Nearly all old women want to wear white.

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Send us your address on a postal and we will mail you our Illustrated Announcement of the 1900 volume and sample copies of the Paper Free.

The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

A new cotton spindle is said to be capable of running 20,000 revolutions per minute, and, if so, will indeed revolutionize the spinning process.

4-POUND CATALOGUE FREE

Advertisement for Sears, Roebuck & Co. 4-pound catalogue, featuring a list of goods and a free offer.

PORTLAND DIRECTORY.

French railroad companies have been ordered by the courts to provide their passengers with season tickets without advertisements. The Western railroad had increased the number of advertisements until a season ticket was as thick as a pocketbook, and commuters refused to carry them.

Secret of a Girl's Beauty

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, claiming to be the secret of a girl's beauty.

Relief for Women

Advertisement for French Female Pills, offering relief for women.

SURE CURE FOR PILES

Advertisement for Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, offering a sure cure for piles.

YOUNG MEN!

Advertisement for Dr. Gunn's Improved Liver Pills, targeting young men.

OREGON SHORT LINE RAILROAD

Advertisement for the Oregon Short Line Railroad, featuring a train and travel information.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS

Advertisement for Dr. Gunn's Improved Liver Pills, offering relief for liver issues.

RELIEF FOR WOMAN

Advertisement for Moore's Revealed Remedy, offering relief for women.

IF CLAIMANTS FOR PENSION

Advertisement for pension claimants, offering assistance.