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BY SIDNEY LUSKA.

CHAPTER III.

That afternoon I again found myself in the Bischofsplatz. At X—— one is constantly finding one's self in the Bischofsplatz. Nearly all the streets of the little capital give upon it; and the cathedral is there, and the Bishop's palace, and the Mormorhof, and the principal cafe; and it is there that the military band plays of a pleasant evening.

At one of the open-air tables of the cafe I was seated, when a man passed me, clad in the brown garb of a Franciscan monk. He had a pointed black beard, this monk, and a pair of flashing dark eyes, and, though he quickly drew his hood into his cowl at our conjunction, I had no difficulty whatever in identifying him with my querly hirsute fiddler friend and prison mate, Sebastian Roch.

"Dear me! he has become a monk. It must have been a singularly swift conversion," thought I, looking after him with some wonder.

He marched straight across the Bischofsplatz and into the court-yard of the Mormorhof, where he was lost to my view.

"The beggar! He is one of Conrad's spies," I concluded. And I searched my memory to see if I had said anything of a nature that might compromise me in the course of our conversation.

A few hours later I sat down to my dinner in the best parlor of the Hotel de Rome. It is a small hostelry, though the biggest that X—— possesses, patronized chiefly by commercial travelers and special envoys. Baedeker commends it with an asterisk, which it deserves, being both cheap and good. Mine host rejoices in the name of Hildebrandt Strumpf, and on the occasion in question no less a person than himself was serving me. Scarcely, however, had he lifted the cover from my tureen of noodle soup, when, suddenly, and without a breath of apology, he dropped

HE DROPPED THE COVER UPON THE TABLE CLOTH.

the cover upon the table-cloth, and dashed in mad haste from the room. Wondering somewhat at this precipitate conduct, I was about to fill my plate, when I was arrested in the act by a great noise of hurrying feet upon the pavement without. People were running and calling to each other, and altogether there was so much tumult that I said to myself, "Ah, another mob!" Then I, too, left the parlor, and hastened to the street door of the inn.

There I discovered honest Strumpf and honest Mrs. Strumpf, supported by the entire personnel of their establishment, from the boots to the billiard-marker, all agape with astonishment, as three loquacious citizens poured news into their ears.

"Otto is dead," said the first citizen. "He died at sixteen minutes past six—more than an hour ago."

"But that is nothing," cried the second citizen. "The great news is this. Listen to me——"

"No, to me," interposed a third. "I have it directly from one of the sentinels at the palace. The pretender, Conrad, has been killed like a pig, and jolly well he deserved it, too. It was between four and five o'clock this afternoon. A monk, a young monk, a Franciscan, presented himself at the Marmorhof, and demanded an audience of the Prince. The palace guard—and it is straight from one of them that I have the story—of course refused him admittance; but he was determined, and so at last the Prince's chamberlain gave him a hearing. The upshot was he wrote a word or two upon a slip of paper, sealed it up with wax, and begged that it might be delivered to his highness forthwith, swearing that it contained information of the utmost importance to his welfare. The chamberlain conveyed his paper to the Prince, who, directly he had read it, uttered a great oath, and ordered that the monk be ushered into his presence and that they be left alone together. Alone accordingly they were left. More than an hour passed. At a little after six arrived the news of the death of the old Duke. An officer entered the Prince's chamber to report it him. There, if you please, he found his highness stretched out dead upon the floor, with a knife in his heart; the monk had vanished. They could find no trace whatever of his whereabouts. Also had vanished the paper he had sent in to the Prince, but, what the police regard as an important clue, he had left another paper, twisted around the handle of the dagger, whereon was scrawled in a disguised hand: 'In the country of the blind the one-eyed men may be kings, but Conrad only squinted!'"

"The grand point of it all you have omitted," put in the second citizen. "It is this. Shut up in an inner apartment of the Marmorhof, they have found the hereditary Grand Duchess Mathilde alive and well! Conrad has been keeping her a prisoner there these two weeks."

The tidings thus delivered by these worthies proved to be substantially correct.

"The Duke is dead! Long live the Duchess," cried the populace.

It was like a delightful old-fashioned blood-and-thunder opera, and I was almost behind the scenes. But oh! that hypocritical young ribald monk, Sebastian Roch! What had become of him? Would he keep his promise to look me up? The police were said to be prosecuting a diligent endeavor to look him up, but with, as yet, no positive results.

Of course, upon the accession of the new ruler to the throne all the loyal print-shops of the town displayed her highness' portraits for sale—photographs and chromo-lithographs; you paid your money and you took your choice. These represented her as a slight young woman, with a delicate, interesting face, a somewhat sarcastic mouth, a great abundance of yellowish hair, and, in striking contrast to the cheveture, a pair of brilliant dark eyes. I could not for the life of me have explained it, but there was something in her face that annoyed me with a sense of familiarity, a sense of having seen it before, though I was sure I never had. In the course of a fortnight, however, I did see her—caught a flying glimpse of her as she drove through the Marktstrasse in her victoria, attended by all manner of pomp and circumstance. She lay back upon her cushions, looking pale and interesting, but really bored; and again I experienced that exasperating sensation of having seen her somewhere—where? when? how?—before.

CHAPTER IV.

One night I was awakened from my slumbers by a violent knocking at my door. "Who's the el?" I demanded, not too amiably. "What's the matter?"

"Open! open, in the name of the Grand Duchess!" commanded a deep bass voice.

"Good heavens! What can the row be now?" I wondered.

"Open, or we break in the door," cried the voice.

"You must really give me time to put something on." I protested, and hurriedly wrapped myself in some clothes.

Then I opened the door.

A magnificently uniformed young officer stepped quickly into the room, followed by three gendarmes with drawn sabers.

The officer inclined his head slightly toward me, and said, "Herr Weinright, ich glaube?"

His was not the voice that I had heard through the door; it was a much softer voice, and much more high in pitch. Somehow it did not seem at one for the voice of a stranger to me; and yet the face of a stranger his face emphatically was. It was a very floral face, surmounted by a growth of short red hair, and decorated by a bristling red mustache. His eyes were overhung by bushy red eyebrows, and, in the uncertain candle light, I could not make out their color.

"Yes, I am Herr Weinright," I admitted, accepting this German version of my name.

"English?" he questioned shortly.

"No, not English. American, if you please."

"Macht nichts! I arrest you, in the name of the Grand Duchess."

"Arrest me! Will you be good enough to inform me upon what charge?"

"Upon the charge of conspiring with dangerous characters, and being an enemy to the tranquillity of the state. You will please to dress as quickly as possible. A carriage awaits you below."

"Good Lord, they have somehow connected me with that infamous soldier, Sebastian Roch," I groaned inwardly, and I began to put certain shrinking touches to my toilet.

"No, no!" cried the officer. "You must put on your dress suit. Are you so ignorant of criminal etiquette as not to know that state prisoners are required to wear their dress suits?"

"It seems a very absurd regulation," said I, "but I will put on my dress suit."

"We will await you outside your door, but let me warn you, should you attempt to escape through your window you will be shot in a hundred places," said the officer, as he retired with his minions.

I donned my dress suit and opened the door.

The officer looked me over somewhat

THEN I OPENED THE DOOR.

critically, and at last remarked, "Yes, that will do. Follow me."

The whole population of the hotel were in the corridors through which we passed, and crowded after us to the street. A closed carriage was waiting there, with four horses attached, each horse bearing a postilion. Three other horses, saddled, were tied to posts about the hotel entrance. These the gendarmes mounted.

"Will you be good enough to enter the carriage?" said the officer.

But my spirit rose in arms.

"I insist upon knowing what I am arrested for. I want to understand the definite charge against me."

"I am not a magistrate, sir. Will you kindly enter the carriage?"

"Oh, this is a downright outrage," I declared, and entered the carriage.

The officer leaped in after me; the door was slammed to, the postilions yelled at their horses, and we drove, followed by the rhythmical clank-clank of the gendarmes.

"I should really like to get at the meaning of all this, you know," I informed my captor.

"I must caution you that whatever you say will be remembered, and, if incriminating, used against you," he replied.

"It is a breach of international courtesy," said I.

"Oh, we are the best of friends with England," said he.

"But I am an American," said I.

"Macht nichts!" said he.

"Macht nichts!" I echoed, angrily. "You think so? I shall bring the case to the notice of the Minister of the United States, and you shall see."

"How! And precipitate a war between two friendly nations? Unfeeling monster!"

"You laugh! But who laughs last laughs best, and I promise you the Grand Duchy of X—— shall be made to pay for this pleasantry with a vengeance."

"This is not the first time that you have been arrested while in these dominions," he said sternly. "And I must remind you that lese majeste is a hanging matter."

"Lese majeste!" I repeated, half in scorn, half in terror.

"Ja wohl, mein Herr," he answered. "But after all, I am but obeying orders," he added, with an inflection almost apologetic.

Where had I heard that curious, soft voice before? A voice so soft that his German sounded almost like Italian.

Meanwhile we had driven straight across the town, past the walls, and into the open country. The night air, pouring in through the open carriage window, was sweet with the odors of dew-laden grass and vibrant with the humming of a million insects.

"You are perhaps conducting me to the frontier," I suggested, deriving some relief from the fancy.

"Oh, hardly so far as that, let us hope," he rejoined, with what struck me as a suppressed chuckle.

"Far!" I cried. "Can you use the word in speaking of a pocket-handkerchief?"

"It is small, but it is picturesque; it is paintable," said he; "and, what is more, by every syllable you utter against it, you weave a strand into your halter and drive a nail into your coffin."

The night was intensely dark, and I could see no further into it than the few yards of roadway illuminated by our carriage lamps. We drove on in silence, for perhaps a half hour longer. Then at last the horses' hoofs resounded upon stone, and we drew up. My officer descended from the carriage; I followed him. We were standing under a massive archway, a sort of porte-cochere, lighted by a hanging lantern. Before a small door pierced in the stone wall fronting us a sentinel was posted, with his musket presented in salute.

The three mounted gendarmes sprang from their saddles.

"Farewell, Herr Weinright," said my officer. "I have enjoyed our drive together more than I can tell you. If we should never meet again in this world, let us hope we shall do so in another and a better." Then, turning to his second mates: "Conduct this gentleman to the tower chamber," he commanded.

The sentry stood aside. One of the gendarmes preceding me, the other two coming behind, I was conveyed up a narrow winding stone staircase, into a big octagon-shaped room.

The room was lighted by innumerable candles set in sconces round the walls. It was comfortably, even richly, furnished, and decorated with a considerable degree of taste. A vast worm-eaten Persian carpet covered the stone floor; books, pictures, bibelots, were scattered discriminatingly around, and in one corner there stood a grand piano, open, with a violin and bow lying on it.

The gendarmes bowed themselves out, shutting the door behind them with an ominous clangor.

"If this is to be my dungeon cell," I thought, "I shall not be so uncomfortable after all. But how preposterous of them to force me to wear my dress suit."

I threw myself into an easy chair, buried my face in my hands and tried to reflect upon my situation.

Suddenly I was disturbed by the sound of a light little cough behind me, a discreet little ahem.

I looked quickly up.

A lady had entered the apartment, and was standing in the middle of it, smiling in contemplation of my despairing attitude.

"Good heavens," I gasped, but not audibly, as her face grew clear to my startled sight, "the Grand Duchess herself!"

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Weinright," her highness began in English, but slightly continental. "X—— is a cult little place—oh, believe me, the dullest of its size in Christendom—and they tell me you are an amusing man."

Now, of course the reader has foreseen it from the outset, otherwise my story should be detaining him with this anecdote? But upon me it came as a thunderbolt, and in my emotion I forgot myself and exclaimed aloud, "Sebastian Roch!" The face of the Grand Duchess had haunted me with a sense of familiarity; the voice of my red-headed officer in the carriage had seemed strange to me; but now that I saw the face, and heard the voice, tinged by that slight foreign quality of English, at once and the same time, all was clear.

"Sebastian Roch!"

"You said?" the gracious lady queried, arching her eyes.

"Nothing, madame. I was about to thank your highness for your kindness, but——"

"But your mind wandered, and you made some irrelevant military observation about a bastion rock. It is perhaps opera."

"Yes, very probably," assented I.

"But you are a man of honor, are you not?"

"I hope so."

"The English generally are. You can keep a state secret, especially when you happen to have learned it by a sort of accident, can you not?"

"I am a very tomb for such things, madame."

"That is well. And, besides, you must consider that not all homicide is murder. Sometimes one is driven to kill in self-defense."

"I have not a doubt of that."

"I am only sorry it should all have happened before you saw his aquiline. It would have pleased your sense of humor. X—— is the dullest little principality," she went on, "oh, but dull, dull, dull! I am sometimes forced in despair to perpetrate little jokes. Yet you have actually stopped here five weeks. It must be as they say, that the English people take their pleasures sadly. You are a painter, I am told."

"Yes, your highness, I make a shift at painting."

"And I at fiddling. But I lack a discriminating audience. I think you had better paint my portrait. I will fiddle to you to your heart's content. Between whiles we will talk. Sometimes, I may tell you, I smoke cigarettes; one must have some excitement. We will try to enliven things a little, to galvanize a little life into this corpsely court. Do you think we shall succeed?"

"Oh, I should not despair of doing so."

"That is nice of you. I have a most ridiculous high chancellor; you might draw caricatures of him. And my first lady of the chamber has a preposterous lisp. I do hope I shall be amused."

As she spoke she extended her left hand toward me. I took it and was about to give it a friendly shake.

"No, no, not that," said she. "Oh, I forgot, you are an American and a democrat, and the simplest a b c of court etiquette is Sanskrit to you. Must I tell you what to do?"

To cut a long story short, I thought my heaven had fallen unto me in extremely pleasant places; and to indeed they had—for awhile. I passed a merry summer at the court of X——, alternating between the Residenz in the town and the Schloss beyond the walls. I made a good many preliminary studies for the Princess' portrait, while she played with her violin; and between times, as she had promised, we talked, practiced court etiquette, smoked cigarettes, and laughed at scandal. But when I began upon the final canvas I, at least, had to become a little grave; I wanted to make a masterpiece of it. We had two or three sittings, during which I worked away in grim silence, and the Grand Duchess yawned.

Then one night I was again aroused from the middle of my slumbers, taken in custody by a gray-bearded colonel of gendarmes, conducted to a closed carriage, and driven abroad through the darkness. When our carriage came to a standstill, we found ourselves in the Austrian vil-

SHE EXTENDED HER LEFT HAND.

lage of Z——, across the X—— frontier. There my colonel bade me good-by. At the same time he handed me an envelope. I hastened to tear it open. Upon a sheet of paper in a pretty feminine hand, I read these words:

"You promised to amuse me. But it seems you take your droll British art as grand seriouv. We have better portrait painters among our natives; and you will find models cheap and plentiful at Z——. Farewell."

THE END.

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Advertising that Pays.

On Friday an advertiser who has sent us a good many checks, says the Northwestern Lumberman, comfortably filled a good-sized arm chair, and during his stay talked considerably about advertising. "When I buy advertising, he said, I want to feel assured that the paper in which I have space goes to the men whom I desire to reach, and further that the people to whom it goes have a good opinion of it. I place my advertising on that basis. I used to think that I did not receive my money's worth unless I could trace a certain number of sales to some particular "ad." I am over that. I meet the demand of machinery in my line, and having done that I want to be known, and known all the time. I advertise, say in a dozen papers, and a man comes along and buys a big bill of goods. Can he tell me what particular paper directed him to my works? No, not once in a hundred times. I have been advertising for years so he may know where I am, and when he wants to buy he comes to me. Make first-class machinery, let everybody know where the machinery can be had, and then treat your customers while is the way to get business." That man knew what he was talking about.

Anecdotes of Charity.

I must tell you one anecdote of our friend Charlie which is perhaps the most curious of any I have to record. There were two young boys, brothers, in the house, and their mother. Charlie's mistress was in the habit of calling them by name, Reginald and Albert, using certain familiar contractions which she did so. It was no wonder that Charlie caught these up; but what will be said of such an application of them as the following: The bird, as with most parrots, was not allowed water in his cage, so when thirsty he would call, in what may be termed his own voice:

"Reggie! Reggie—Reggie or Bertie! Charlie wants some water!"

Charlie has a great fondness for the paste of which pie crust is made, and this being known he was often treated to a piece. He naturally looked for this, and when forgotten he would invite himself to have some in the form of words which had doubtless often been used by his mistress. He would say:

"Charlie, do you like paste? Will you have a bit?" This would be said in the voice of his mistress or her daughter. He would then add, in quite a changed tone, "Oh rather!"

Doubts as to Truth and Duty.

Every thinking mind is liable at times to doubt both as to truth and duty. But a thoughtful mind will not formulate its doubts or regard them as convictions. If doubt, is to some a natural phase of thought, it is also temporary, unless it is unwisely wrought into conduct. One who sincerely endeavors to live aright cannot long remain astray. Act on the truth which is admitted: do the duty which is plain and doubt as to the next step in either will soon pass away. The experience of life to the honest heart nearly always works to the confirmation of faith and to fidelity in duty.

GRADERS AND THEIR HOME.

Poor Families Whose Only Shelter Is an Ordinary Tent.

At St. Louis, Mo., there are several regiments of poor people dwelling in tents, and already the first cases of suffering and wretchedness have been recorded. These people are "graders" and their families. The graders are the men who perform the labor of leveling the elevations, preparatory to the erection of buildings, in the undeveloped and hilly parts of the city. As a rule, they are too poor to the hardship of living in tents, supplemented by a succession of winters living in houses. Then, again, a cold season strikes them, when from sheer physical despair they are compelled to seek the refuge of

CROWD FOR THE NIGHT.

tents. Their number can only be guessed. Five thousand is a low estimate. And there are many children.

A visit was made to the lots on Euclid avenue, near Westminster. A dozen tents, huddled together, composed this little hamlet. There was no shelter of trees or houses to the miniature plateau they stood upon. A high growth of dark weeds that emitted a sickly odor of decaying vegetation surrounded the tents. A ramshackle shed for horses stood in their midst. All around was scattered the debris from the table. There was no drainage—no convenient rill or sewer to wash away refuse. Tin cans, ashes, relegated utensils, and cast-off wearing apparel—little of that—were strewn around. To the southwest of this scene the tall, stately mansions of the boulevard formed a back ground for this homely, but not homelike, picture—a constant saddening in its enormity.

A noise of a wailing infant attracted attention to a tent a little apart from the others. The five O'Donnell children were the lone tenants. The eldest is a girl of 7. A baby in the cradle was crying as though heart-broken. A little chap about 5 years old was rocking it, trying to calm his little sister. The father was working on the sewer construction. The mother was out doing a day's washing. Before the newspaper men left the camp, Mrs. O'Donnell returned. She apologized for the dirt in her tent, and for the untidy condition of her children, who were unwashed and barefooted. She was not afraid to trust them with a fire—oh, no! They had all been burned and had learned to fear it. Surely, experience was a dear teacher here. This family was prosperous, comparatively.

A few feet away lives Mrs. Salisbury and her three children. Her son, a boy of six, was sick in bed, and had no medical attendance. His foot was a dilapidated affair that would be at the mercy of an ordinary wind storm were it not for the protection afforded by a high growth of vile-smelling weeds. Her husband had been sick and out of work, and they were living from hand

DURING A RAIN.

to mouth. All their clothing was of thin texture, and they had no bed clothing. They slept as many as possible huddled together in one bed, for the sake of warmth, and to get under the only spot in the tent where the rains did not soak through. Only at meal times—when they could afford a meal—do they burn a fire in their stove. Mrs. Salisbury had received no help from any one. Often they had gone to bed supperless. She would not ask her neighbors for help—they were in the same boat of penury. She was ignorant of the method of securing outside aid.

While at present there are not many of these people in dire distress, it is but a question of the advent of the severe cold weather when their appeals for aid will be universal.

A Singing Mouse.

A good deal of skepticism prevails among the household as to the fact of there being such a mouse, but having kept such a songster for four years, I am in a position to speak with authority. She was caught in a coal mine, was brought up in a "doodey box" to the surface, and handed over to me. Thus commenced an acquaintance which soon ripened into intimacy, and which was only terminated by her death. There were no doubts about her sex; a pretty, lead like warble, rising and falling alternately, and of sufficient power to carry from the top to the bottom of the house when all was quiet. In appearance she was just an ordinary house mouse, with the usual well greased coat, the usual cascade of whiskers, the usual beady black eyes, and an elegant tapering tail like the rest of her tribe. It was her song alone which elevated her out from the dumb millions of her fellows, and this song she poured out almost without intermission during her waking hours. The speculations of the learned have been exercised over this matter, and some have thought that bronchitis, by narrowing the air passages, produces a noisy wheezing, which enthusiastic admirers have dignified as a song. Others, with greater probability, have suggested that every mouse is a singing mouse, but that on account of the dullness of our ears we only hear the harsh-voiced vocalists, while the sweet voices of the great majority are unheard. Every one knows that the sounds of a bat is not heard by every one, and that some people are insensible to a cricket. Mice may be almost deafened by a chorus of bats which the other many hear nothing of the noise. Certain it is that dissection reveals nothing unusual in the vocal apparatus of the singing mouse, and doubtless a very slight difference in the quality of the vocal cords would result in a mouse with a voice sufficiently low to bring the sound within the compass of our hearing powers.—St. James Gazette.

Chinese Conjurers.

The court jugglers in the time of Kublai Khan made it appear to those who looked on as if doves from the table actually flew through the air. One of the travelers who visited the regions of which Marco gives us some account says: "And jugglers came one of gold to fly through the air and after themselves to all who but to drink." And Ibn Batuta, a Moor who visited Cathay a century after, gives this account of a similar incident:

That same night a juggler who was one of the Kan's slaves made his appearance, and the Kan said to him: "Come and show us some of your marvels." Upon this he took a wooden ball, with several holes in it, through which long threads were passed, and having hold of one of them sling it into the air. It went so high that we lost sight of it altogether. It was the hottest season of the year, and we were outside in the middle of the palace court. There now remained only a little of the end of a thing in the conjurer's hand, and he desired one of the boys who assisted him to lay hold of it and mount. He did so, climbing by the thing, and we lost sight of him also. The conjurer then called to him three times, but getting no answer he snatched up a knife as if in a great rage, laid hold of the thing, and disappeared after by and by he threw down one of the boy's hands, then a foot, then the other hand and then the other foot, then the trunk, and last of all the head. Then he came down himself, all pulling and panting, and with his clothes all bloody kissed the ground before the Amir, and said something to him in Chinese. The Amir gave some order in reply, and our friend then took the lad's limbs, laid them together in their places, and gave a blow, when, presto! there was the boy, who got up and stood before us. All this astonished me beyond measure, and I had an attack of palpitation like that which overcame me once before in the presence of the Sultan of India, when he showed me something of the same kind. The Kasi Al-Kharaddin was next to me, and quoth he: "Wallah! 'tis my opinion there has been neither going up nor coming down, neither maiming nor mending, 'tis all hocus-pocus!"—St. Nicholas.

The Liberal Education.

That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order, ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to every kind of work and spun the finest as well as force the hardest of the metals, whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature, and of the laws of her operations; one who, to a trained judgment, is full of life and love, but whose passions are trained to virtue to lead by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself. Such a one, and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education, for he is as completely as a man can be in harmony with nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together merely; she as his ever beneficent mother, he as her nobly free child, consciously her minister and interpreter.—Leonard Jerrold.

Spiders Are Specific.

As a rule spiders are quite harmless to man, but one or two species are capable of doing mischief. The great hairy spider of the South American pampas, for instance, has long, black sickle-like fangs, which make severe wounds, and the effects of the poison are sometimes felt for many years after the bite is given.

But an even more dreadful spider is found in the same pampas. It is very large, very active and of a peculiarly foul temper. It does not seem, any provocation upon its attacking but obvious even to anyone looking over the hedge.

Men on horseback who ventured so much within reach of it have been pursued for thirty yards, the spider keeping up with a trotting horse. This irritable individual is named "the king of spiders."

Tarring and Feathering Legal.

Tarring and feathering was once a legal punishment for theft. It is said to be found in the statutes of both England and France about the time of the Crusades.

People acquire a little more pride as they grow older, but they are as weak as ever.

If you can't play on the piano don't be modest about saying so; boast about it.

NOW THE MOTOCYCLE.

New Wheels Which Are Propelled by Automatic Power.

Motocycles and other vehicles propelled by automatic power are enjoying a boom in England. They have reached such a prominent position in the kingdom that a paper is published weekly in their interests. November 11 was termed a red letter day by the automobilists, on account of the throwing open of the highways to the queer vehicles. New companies are being formed on all sides and prospectuses rivaling the pictorial fancy of the mining boom days are being distributed broadcast.

The motocycle is attracting widespread interest and at least a dozen makes are on the market. In a recent public test at Coventry the prize winner was described as hunting everything for pace, and displaying no disposition to shirk noxious fumes. The speed was about thirty miles an hour, and the machine tore up the hill at the end of the straight quite as fast as it went on the level. Mr. Pennington,

A MOTOCYCLE.

who rode it, stands something over six feet, and is a very broadly built man, so that his machine was put to very fair test when taking him up a sharp incline.

Improved Strawberries.

It is a well-known fact that the varieties of strawberries in use to-day are in no respects better, if indeed as good, as many varieties that were popular over a quarter of a century ago, and yet it is recognized by all hands that new varieties are essential. This chiefly comes from a disease caused by the operations of the strawberry fungus, which takes the form of small brown spots on the leaves. Whenever it occurs, the strawberry plants decline in health and general quality. As long as a variety can be kept free from this trouble new kinds are not essential, but it seems, according to the experience of most strawberry growers, that sooner or later fungus diseases will discover to be a real grandmother.—Meehan's Monthly.

A Duchess Crippled for Life.

The Duchess of Buccleuch has been crippled for life. While driving with her husband some weeks ago in the

THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH.

neighborhood of Woburn Abbey, the horses bolted, and the carriage was upset, its occupants being dashed with considerable force against a large tree. The Duchess has been so severly injured that the doctors declare her doomed to remain an invalid throughout her life. She, like so many other Duchesses, in England, as well as in France, is the daughter of a commoner, and it is a peculiar fact that, although Duchesses are usually regarded as the quintessence of everything that pertains to blue blood and aristocracy, yet the vast majority of them are unable to boast of blue blood in their veins, or of being born, so to speak, "in the purple."

Was Coming Down Anyhow.

Some years ago there lived in Perth, Scotland, a man of convivial habits, well known by his Christian name of Jamie. One dark night an acquaintance found Jamie at the foot of the parish stair. "Is that you, Jamie?" asked the acquaintance in a voice of the greatest astonishment. "Aye, it's me," replied Jamie, in a tone of complete resignation. "Have you fa'en doon the stair?" was the next question. "Aye, I fell doon, but I was coming doon, whether or no."

Liniment for Scalds and Burns.

Take equal parts of flaxseed oil, or freshly drawn linseed oil, and lime water; shake them well together in a wide bottle, so as to form a liniment. This will be found an exceedingly healing application for recent scalds and burns. It may either be spread upon a cloth, or the parts affected may be anointed with it two or three times a day.—New York Journal.