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The Spanish Treasure.

A NOVEL,

By Mrs. Elizabeth C. Winter.

(ISABELLA CASTELAR.)

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CHAPTER XV.

CONTINUED.

Passionate, and fierce in her passions as an angry child, but superficial and changeable, she was already regretting that she had not remained at Mary Hamilton's, in order that she might have learned something more of this man who was and yet was not her Carlos—the one being in the world who had ever made a lasting impression on her shallow nature.

"And yet, why should I weep?" she exclaimed presently. "If he is Carlos, he cares no more for me. He will not acknowledge me; and if he is not Carlos, why, then he is dead long years ago, and I wept for him then and I weep for him always when I remember. But of what avail? It only spoils my eyes and gives me a red face. I will wait! I will wait and see. If it is Carlos—— Well, perhaps I can compel him to remember!"

Olive Gaye answered nothing; but she listened and thought, and every word sank into her memory.

The carriage rolled on rapidly, and Miss Gaye's thoughts, as she reviewed the events of the past few weeks, moved even more quickly, while the tears and murmurs of Mrs. Helmholtz presently subsided entirely.

The acquaintance of Olive with the beautiful Lady of the Fan, as she had called her in her thoughts, was one of those incidents which seemed to justify the girl's reliance on fate. She had desired intensely to learn something of the stranger and, if possible, to know her personally; and for several days after the night at the opera she had made inquiries in every direction, but had failed to trace the object of her thoughts, till, one evening, her uncle, in whose family she lived, said:

"An amusing thing happened to me to-day. A gentleman came into the office to ask me if I could tell him where he could get a fan mended. It was a beautiful affair of lace and mother-of-pearl, and I was amused by his anxiety about it. His excuse for coming to me was that he was a stranger in New York, and, as I am his banker, he came to me for advice. I gave it; but my advice was that he should buy a new fan and throw the old one away. That, he said, was what he had wished to do; but madame, his wife, would have no new fan; nothing but the broken one, mended, would serve. And when I subsequently saw the lady, I didn't wonder that a man might be willing to do silly things to please her. I never saw such a beauty."

"Oh, uncle," exclaimed Olive, "I think I know about that fan; and the lady is a beauty, as you say. Tell me all you know about them. I will call on the lady, if you know her address, and have her fan mended. There will be a poetic fitness about it, for Bertha Saxton and myself are responsible for the breaking the fan." And Miss Gaye gave her uncle a brief but highly colored description of the incident at the opera.

"Well, yes, Olive, I suppose you may call on Mrs. Helmholtz—Von Helmholtz, the name really is, but it makes it harder to say; and he has a baronet's coronet or crown, or whatever it is called, engraved on his card. As a rule, I don't like that kind of foreigner; but the man has first-rate letters, and I think he's a good fellow, except a little crazy about his wife and very jealous. I think you may call, however."

"Thanks, uncle; I shall," said Olive. And before the next day she had made the acquaintance of Mrs. Helmholtz, and by the end of the week they were intimate friends. Like most of Olive Gaye's friendships the intimacy was all on one side; she listened while the other talked. It did not take this shrewd young woman very long to fill the spaces in the conversation of Mrs. Helmholtz; but she asked no direct question. In the first place, it was always possible that direct questions might not be answered; and, besides, her passion for dramatic effect prompted her to "set the stage" in such a way that the actors could not help taking up the cues and making the proper effect. Her success in the scene just enacted at the house of Mary Hamilton delighted her.

"He is a cool hand," she thought, "the Honorable Clarence. If I had not felt the shock go through him when he first saw Celestine, his effrontery would have imposed on me. What is the mystery between them? But I need not ask. Celestine is will to tell me all about it and I need only wait till we are alone in her room—— Ah, here we are at the house. She must pay the carriage. I have forgotten my pocketbook. I have such a memory! Ha! Ha! I always do forget my pocketbook."

CHAPTER XVI.

A TELL-TALE PHOTOGRAPH.

Mrs. Helmholtz amply justified Olive Gaye's anticipations, and by a judicious question occasionally and patient listening, she soon knew the mind of this superficial but fascinating young woman.

"It is seven years since I first met Carlos Mendoza," she said, "and I loved him from the hour I beheld him, as I shall love the memory of him to the last moment of my life. He loved me, too; I shall always believe that in spite of everything—though he deceived me about our marriage, but I believe he was deceived about that, too—I have good reason for thinking that Carlos thought the man who married us was really a priest; and if he had lived he would have made me his wife truly and lawfully. Of course, I had no one to fight for me, like you happy American girls with fathers and brothers, no one but a half-crazy adopted brother, who was not any relation to me at all. But he was good, Henri was—and no sister ever had a truer brother; he believed in Carlos, too, and just worshiped him. I don't know what has become of poor Henri Van Tassel; but if he is still alive, he would fight for my rights against Carlos or any man. But Carlos is dead, of course, although that Mr. Stanley is so like him that he has made me lose my wits almost; and even if he were still alive, it would be no use now, for I am married to the Baron Von Helmholtz—and he is so jealous. If Carlos has come to life again he would kill us both. Tell me, cherie: Do you think it possible that in all the world two people should be so much alike as my Carlos and this Honorable Clarence?"

"It is certainly singular and unusual," said Olive, in a meditative manner; "but as Mrs. Hamilton said, 'there have been such cases.' If your Carlos is dead, and you say that you saw him dead, that seems to settle it."

"Oh, Dieu! Yes, I saw him! I kissed his cold lips and his golden hair and laid his dear head a-cross my heart!" exclaimed the excitable creature, and in a moment she was weeping frantically and wringing her hands.

Olive waited for this paroxysm to wear itself out, and then said calmly:

"Can you tell me how it happened?"

"It was a quarrel over cards!" sobbed Mrs. Helmholtz. "In that part of the world it is mostly quarrels over cards. It was in a mining-town in California. Henri Van Tassel my brother, I always called him; I should have told you that I was a poor waif, picked up on the plains by another French-Canadian family, who were making their way from Montreal to California across the continent, more than twenty years ago—well, Henri, Carlos and myself had just reached this mining-town, where we were going to give our show. It consisted of of sleight-of-hand tricks, singing and dancing. I did the singing and dancing, of course; and as I was beautiful—more beautiful than I am now, for I was only seventeen—we always had big houses and plenty of money. The entertainment was called 'Professor Van Tassel's Wonders of Magic,' but I was the real magic, and it was to see me dance that people came. But Henri supposed they came to see his wonders of mesmerism and thought reading and all such nonsense, because he was quite crazy on that subject and believed every word of it himself. After I left him, I guess he found out his mistake. It was at one of our shows that Carlos first saw me, and then he came every night. He was only a cowboy, but his father had belonged to the real Spanish aristocracy, his name was Mendoza, and there is a wonderful treasure belonging to the Mendoza family hidden somewhere in California. That was what attracted Carlos to our show. He had heard of the mesmerism and clairvoyance and all that stuff, and he thought if there was any truth in it he might find out something through me; but he soon saw that I was a fraud in that way, though he declared I was a perfect witch to him and had the magic of beauty, which was the only magic any man ever wanted in a woman.

"Ah, mon Dieu! How he made love to me, and how I loved him! We had been married nearly a year, when we reached the mining-town on the night I am going to tell you of: the show was over, and we had just raked in the dust—I mean the money—you see how it takes me back to those days! And I was waiting for Carlos. I was waiting for him in anger, too, for I had learned by this time that the man who had married us was not a real priest, and I was going to compel Carlos to do me justice or else never see me again; and he would have done it, too, for I had a bag of gold, and Mendoza loved the yellow dust more than he loved me or God—or even himself. But he came no more—ah, never more. It was Henri and two other men that came before daylight in the morning, and laid down before me the bleeding corpse of my Carlos, stabbed through the heart with his own dagger that was still in the wound—grand Dieu! But I am nearly mad at the thought! Could I have seen his murderer then, the same knife had killed him, too, but I never saw him, none had seen him, and none had seen the quarrel but Henri; only these three had been in the room, and Carlos had brought death on himself, for he had cheated at the cards, and if the whole camp had been there none would have interfered; for to cheat at cards, that was a capital crime. Well, we fled away in the early dawn, and we could not even bury his body; for I was sure he was dead, Olive—Ah, cherie! Dead, dead, though I saw him no more, for the dagger had gone through his heart till you could have touched the point on the other side! But I couldn't remember all that to-night, in a moment, when I seemed to see him face to face again, alive and well before me. The first time, that night at the opera, I forgot to think at all; it was as if I had met his spirit in a dream. Then I began to remember; and as he was so far away and I might be deceiving myself, I afterward persuaded myself it must have been a strange, wonderful resemblance. And then I forgot once more and thought of my Carlos when I did think of him as dead, cold and ghastly, as I had seen him. To think of him so is very dreadful, therefore I try not to think of him at all. That is why, when I saw this Mr. Clarence Stanley, I was so overwhelmed—I forgot—and it seemed to me I saw once more my Carlos alive before me."

Olive Gaye was an attentive listener, not only because of her interest in the story, but because of the light it shed on the narrator's character. There was a mixture of deep feeling and utter heartlessness in this fair specimen of humanity that proved her quite a new type of woman, at least to Olive.

"It must be a most remarkable resemblance," she said. "I was at first inclined to agree with you, and I think that your first husband had been for some reason masquerading under a new name. But having listened to your story, I have to conclude, as you do, that it must be a very extraordinary but not at all impossible resemblance. Now that you have told me the name of your Carlos, it is easy enough to understand. Mr. Stanley's family is related in some way to a Spanish family of Mendoza, and these family resemblances are often quite marvelous, and in the most distant cousins they are sometimes as great as between twin-brothers or sisters."

"Are they so?" asked Celestine, with the wondering simplicity of a child. "I never heard of it; but of course, that would quite account for the whole mystery."

Olive regarded her for a moment with a positive feeling of envy; her ingenuousness was so perfect and apparently genuine.

"You ought to have remained on the stage," she thought. "It is no wonder you were a valuable feature in the professor's show." But aloud she said:

"And what became of your brother? Did he also mourn for the loss of that wonderful Carlos?"

"Oh, poor Henri? Yes! He was never the same again. I never knew what to make of him at all, but now he became more and more queer. Then he took to drink, and he used to be quite crazy with it, calling on me to forgive him, and saying he had brought ruin and shame on the little sister he loved—I never knew what he meant. But sometimes I thought he felt remorse because he couldn't save Carlos from the man who killed him. At last I couldn't stand it any longer, and I ran away. There was lots of money, and as it had been earned mostly through me of course I took it. But I knew Henri loved me like the best of brothers, and that he would have searched the whole world through to find me if he thought I was alive. So I fixed things so he would believe I had killed myself rather than live without Carlos—and sometimes now I even wish I had."

"Oh, don't say so!" exclaimed Olive. "You are happy now, and Mr. Helmholtz is a devoted husband."

"Yes—yes, too devoted," said the baron's wife, pettishly. "If only he wouldn't be so jealous, but sometimes he fancies that Carlos isn't dead at all, and he just all but drives me crazy. If he knew I had mistaken this Mr. Stanley for my first husband—oh, Dieu! His life wouldn't be safe from me. I must never see that Honorable Clarence again—because you see I don't care for him, and the Baron von Helmholtz is a good husband. No man has ever loved me so truly, and just the same from the moment I first met him. It was in London, and I was on the way to Paris. You see I knew I was half French, and I wanted to get to my mother's country. Well, he took me there, and he married me before all the world—he has spent a fortune to educate me and make a lady of me—he would dress me in clothes of gold and cover me with diamonds—there is nothing he wouldn't do to please me, and if you think, dearest Olive, that I am not grateful, then you don't know me at all. But I do wish he wouldn't plague me with his jealous fancies, and I think I had better—I see that Honorable Clarence any more."

"I quite think so, too," said Olive, "and I'm sure Polly Hamilton will be entirely of the same opinion. You are too awfully handsome for any girl to like the idea of having you mistake her fiance for a former husband. As to the Honorable Clarence himself, well, I don't believe any man could see you often without falling in love with you, and that would be no end of trouble in this case. Oh, by the way, let me show you this photograph." And she caught up a reticule which she had tossed on the nearest chair on entering the room. "I have only recently met Mr. Stanley himself, but I know his family quite well when I was in England. I had a letter to-day from one of the family."

While she spoke, she had drawn from the reticule a large envelope, containing a letter and a photograph. The latter she suddenly placed directly before the eyes of Mrs. Helmholtz, who, although she had been prepared for the picture, could not restrain a slight cry of mingled surprise and delight.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Those who search for gold in the earth and find but little.

A Boom.

Good roads work is making its greatest headway, from all accounts, in New York State, New Jersey having previously taken the lead in this reform. Good work is going on in New York, and plans are under discussion which give promise of results on a large scale. For one thing, the State Engineer and Surveyor proposes a State bond issue of $10,000,000 for road improvement, the sum being payable in seventeen years, and in solving an annual State levy of $700,000 not a great sum for its wealthy commonwealth, as New York. With this fund it is estimated that upwards of 1250 miles of good macadam road can be constructed, which would cover all the counties in the eastern, central and southern parts of the State, and extend to some other counties where road improvement is as much need. The work, it is agreed, could be finished in four years. This proposed system of highways connects practically trunk roads connecting with the principal towns of the State.

A State convention of road improvers, the third annual convention of the kind, was recently held at Albany, the Legislature being in session and its members interested improvers, in which the enthusiasm rose so high that it was resolved to double the estimate of the State Engineer and make the debt expenditure to be expended the State east and west with thoroughly modern highways. The proposition is not being pressed by the road improvers, but is put forth for discussion by the people. Meanwhile an appropriation of $1,000,000 is asked for the current year and will probably be granted.

It is reported that in the South road improvement is being prosecuted with a zeal never before displayed in a similar undertaking. The greatest single stimulus to this movement in the Southern States came from the co-operation of the Federal Government and the Southern railroads in their object lesson of last fall, when a good roads train was run through several Southern States, stopping at important points, where large gatherings of farmers, good and farmers, road work were actually performed.

Some such object lesson would do good in Kansas, where good roads would bring in large profits to the farmers, by enabling them to get to town with their crops and truck at seasons of the year when these products are highest in the market. That it costs more to transport farm products over railway stations than to transport them to their destinations by the railroads is a fact realized by few producers, but demonstrated by the statistics compiled by the Government.

A State convention of road improvers met in Topeka last spring in Kansas, and the co-operation of our railroads asked for a good roads excursion train some time during the early summer. Experience proves that the first cost of good roads is speedily paid back in the better accessibility to markets and the saving in wear and tear on buggies and wagons.—Topeka (Kan.) Capital.

Gould Joins Crusade.

"Good roads" crusaders have won an important convert in George Jay Gould. Automobilists, owners of good horses and New Jersey farmers will call him blessed when his proposal philanthropy bears fruit in macadam and gravel on the drives in the country around Lakewood.

Mr. Gould has written State Engineer Budd, of New Jersey, that he will pay one-third of the expense of making first class the roads within driving distance of his country place (Georgian Court) if his wealthy neighbors and the public funds will assist him in extending the system already improved.

The National Good Roads Association and the Automobile Club of America have made rival claims for the credit of inspiring Mr. Gould to enlist under their banner. An estimate of the mileage and cost of the road improvements suggested by Mr. Gould will be prepared by State Engineer Budd.

Wide Tires.

It is worse than useless to create expensive and valuable highways to have them only cut to pieces by the use of narrow tires as now used for the hauling of heavy loads in New York State. When you have got a good thing it costs money and you must take care of it and change your methods to help maintain it. Wide tires are of the greatest value in preserving ordinary dirt roads. A State wide tire law should be passed, simple in its requirements, positive in its enforcement and going into operation two years from this date in order to permit every wagon user to have ample time to adapt his wagon tires to the new law in the interest of road maintenance.

What is Depending.

New York's commercial supremacy depends upon her ability to maintain within her borders the cheapest freight rate across the continent. The 12,000,000 tons of farm produce raised from the 22,000,000 acres of farm land in New York State should be taken to market on a system of improved highways, costing not in excess of the canal improvements.

Silver is naturally an antiseptic, and is therefore less liable than paper money to convey infection.

SAHARA UNDER THE SEA.

Curious Facts That Seem to Point to the Former Submergence of the Desert.

M. Chevalier, known for his interesting botanical explorations in the French Soudan, has communicated to the French Academy of Sciences certain curious facts which seem to point to the immersion of the Sahara in comparatively recent geological times. There have been found in the neighborhood of Timbuctoo, on the southern edge of the desert, the fossil remains of two marine forms of animals which are still living on the coasts of Senegambia. The presence of the fossil sea urchin at Zan Saghaie, discovered some time ago, is to be associated with these more recent finds of marine forms in the desert. This evidence is important as a contribution to the much disputed question as to whether the Saharan lands were formerly under the waters of the Atlantic.

The very strongest of evidence is accumulating in favor of the hypothesis of the former submergence of the Sahara. These facts are among the latest contributions to our knowledge of the desert, which is quite well known now when we compare with the present accumulation of facts the meager information that was available only thirty years ago.

It will be remembered that some time some Frenchmen proposed to dig a canal on the northwest coast of Africa south of Morocco to admit the waters of the Atlantic into the desert. It was argued that a great inland sea would thus be created in the desert and that vessels from Europe and America might sail through the canal and touch at points along the rich western Soudan. Of course the project was based on the notion that a large part of the Sahara lay below the level of the sea.

But we now know that the elevation of the Sahara is for the most part level. It is supposed that the average height of the desert above the sea level of the Atlantic is about 1,000 feet. No part of the desert is known to be below sea level except in certain isolated areas along its northern borders and near the Nile. The lowest part of the region which it was proposed to submerge is in the district of El Jof, which is 360 feet above sea level. No way is known at present of artificially introducing the waters of the Atlantic into the Sahara, except to pump them in. If these facts had been known thirty years ago we should have heard nothing of the most practical scheme completed in the new century, the idea of creating a large inland sea in Sahara.—New York Sun.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Principle is a precious jewel, truth and right.—Hedge.

Every brave man is a man of his word.—Corneille.

Rank and riches are chaff of gold, but still chaff.—Rollin.

When passion is on the throne reason is out of doors.—M. Henry.

All that is human must retrograde if it does not advance.—Gibbon.

The larger the income the darker it is to live within it.—Wheatly.

Magnificent promises are always to be suspected.—Thomas Packer.

There is nothing more unpardonable than excessive prudence.—Colton.

A proud man never shows his pride so much as when he is civil.—Greville.

Prosperity's right hand is industry, and her left hand is frugality.—Franklin.

Method is the very soul of business, and there is no method without punctuality.—Cecil.

One is never nearer God than in the moment of exceedingly good fortune.—Lew Wallace.

Stillness of person and steadiness of features are signs marks of good breeding.—O. W. Holmes.

The higher the character or rank, the less the pretense, because there is less to pretend to.—Bulwer.

Human nature is so constituted that all see and judge better in the affairs of other men than in their own.—Terence.

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.—Franklin.

A Parisian Election Manifesto.

The following curious election manifesto was found the other day in Paris:

"Electors and business men! On the eve of the elections the friends of the small dealers call your attention to the present very grave danger menacing the invasion of the Chamber of Deputies by medical men. Oppose medical candidates; replace them by commercial men. And why? Because the trend of hygienists is to exercise an insupportable dictation concerning the supplying of food. To increase their authority these hygienists do not hesitate to exaggerate in an absurd manner the importance of food frauds, and then they pose as saviors of human life. This sometimes they do—because who are nothing but quacks, dense purveyors of milk, sometimes wholesale provision dealers or minor grocers. No business in food supplies is free from their accusation of fraud and falsification. Defend yourselves then against the calumny. Food purveyors of Paris and the provinces! Vote against medical men. Let all parties choose other men to uphold their flag. Let them, for instance, choose food purveyors."

The New Man.

The diffidence and nervousness which attend a man in a new position pass away the moment he discovers that his employer doesn't know any more than he does.—New York Press.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

Curious.

Our doctors are so curious lately
They hardly let a patient
You've either got a lot of them
Or none to nurse at all.

—Washington Star.

A Possibility.

Papa—"A young woman can not be too careful about the man she accepts."

She—"Oh! I don't know. She might be so careful that she'd remain single!"—Puck.

An Appropriate Vehicle.

"She seems to be a stickler for doing everything appropriately."

"I should say so; she always does her marketing in a basket phaeton."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Compulsory.

"Is—is your doggie here yet?"

"Yes; he's here, poor little fellow! I'd kick the scoundrel out of him if he didn't."

Not Even a Flag Station.

Original Passenger—"This has been the worst day I ever had. Why in heaven's name didn't you stop here?"

Conductor—"We don't stop there any more; the engineer's dead at the stopping place."—Judge.

As It is Spoken.

Laborer (leaving flag)—"You'll have to turn back. This street's closed."

Driver—"Why, it's closed for?"

Laborer—"Because we've not been opened to the telephone company yet that laid our water."—"That's why it's closed?"—Philadelphia Press.

Consideration.

"We have another rank and station in this country," said the man of democratic instincts.

"We have, too, have rank," said the aristocrat; "but our railroad has just a second and a third-class station and we don't want to be overlooked, either."—Washington Star.

His Destructive Moments.

"Young man," said the solemn looking gentleman in the drawing room, "do you know you are the parlor snake of this place?"

"I do," replied the youth, as he drew himself up and just next forward, "and I hope you will not hesitate to spend in the opera house room."—Baltimore News.

Perhaps—Different Cation.

"Why don't you marry that girl with the money, dad, if you want money?" said the young man.

"Hum! I don't think much of my money. I'm willing to let it be spent by the money that don't make and that I have never had, keeps me thinking."—Washington Star.

An Invitation.

"Pass!" exclaimed the silk tie in the window's window. "How that wind blows out out there!"

"Is the windy wind thought he put a handkerchief forward?"

"Yes, sounds as if it was saying 'Come out and I'll blow you off.'"—Chicago Standard and Times.

As It Seemed to Him.

Pity the restive steed which bears a heavy load to market, has encircled in getting its foot in the stirrup—Oh, one of you going to get up. It's polite not to go down.—Moslem.

A Specialist.

"Do you know how to do plain and fancy cooking, make bread, wash and iron, take care of the nursery, bathe the baby and wait on the table?"

"What wages do you pay?"

"Fourteen dollars."

"No ma'am. All I can do is cook."

"Oh, well, that's different. Well, you'll do all right."—New York Sun.

Original Sources.

The man with the corrugated brow was reading intently. His inquisitive friend stood it as long as he could and asked:

"What are you reading?"

"I am studying the origin of the American policeman," said the man with the corrugated brow, as he held up a history of Ireland.—Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald.

QUEER WAYS OF SOLDIERS.

Interest in Small and Funny Things When Their Lives Are in Peril.

What label shall we put on the esprit which permits a line of soldiers advancing under a devastating fire to yell with laughter and delight, and throw their helmets as a hare springing up before them, as a rule of hunters does in a covert? Forgotten the enemy and the terrible position ahead, forgotten friends, falling alongside or lying across or lying in ones and twos over the course behind, remembered only the little furry fugitive hobbling like a broom ball amidst the spite of dust of the bullets, pursued by a steeplechase rout as fiercely as the "Run, puss!" or the gentle old sportsman at Alcazar? I have seen that not once, but several times, and hundreds will bear me witness. So, too, with a loose and a runaway horse on the battlefield; he would delay the finest attack ever conceived by genius, so completely would his executive career absorb the attention of every soldier within sight; so, too, would a curious snake in the grass, or an apple-laden tree, or anything trivial or unconnected with the work in hand.

Can it be a form of nostalgia when people look for from home to snatch at homely things—the bare feeling as he has fled a thousand times across the earth-scarred furrow of the home from the loose horse as he has always eclipsed from his pursuer across the paddock, which, with indirect head and sudden fall, is and somebody. It may be that or it may be the effect of the strain which makes men in trouble seek unconscious relief in trifles, such as drumming tunes with feverish fingers on the table or counting the bricks in the wall. Whatever it is it has its home, and it is there in a thousand forms, a living force, a thing of immense power on the field of battle, and I believe peculiar to all of the world's soldier.

Those who would fully know the British private must walk with him into the valley of death, for there only is his wonderful, almost appalling sameness to be seen. He among the minerets behind the firing line, listen to the bullets whining and whistling overhead and hammering querulously for admission at your little stone shelter, and to the great shells thudding and crashing near you; you may, long an concerned man, wonder at the time here to which your education is being run, and pity those who have if not to sustain them in this hour of need.

But peep over your wall then do it at your peril, and you will swiftly perceive the reality by being reduced to the limits of the neck. Along the steep hillside sprawl soldiers in every position of disorder. Tom, Dick and Harry in the extremity of peril. Tom is profoundly reading a well-read letter from his mother; Dick, careful soul, wearily raises his cover more for a the fifth or sixth kept in a bucket 3 degrees more acute than himself; Harry is endeavoring the impossible, to cook a series of bacon on a shoe over a fire in a cartridge paper. These men are all engaged in the impossible, to be ordinary in battle, and when, I believe no other man could do the like.—London Star.

French Country Traits.

A Chicago authority is now exercising his talents as the correspondent of various American newspapers. The Bishop of Manchester has incurred a certain amount of odium by speaking of the Lancashire people as "cantankerous." They had, he said, "many amiable traits, but were very cantankerous" and he quoted the proverb: "A Lancashire man will carry a grudge as hard for seven years, and then throw it." But a correspondent declares that this is a Lancashire proverb and says the Bishop has got hold of the wrong story. It is a Yorkshire proverb and it runs: "A Yorkshire man will carry a stone for the seven years before, and then throw it over and carry it another seven years."

Probably further research will discover similar proverbs in the folklore of other counties. There is an opinion prevailing that both Lancashire and Yorkshire men are fairly vindictive. But it is noted of a typical Yorkshire village that a story is told which has been thus: "Tom Dick and Harry in the extremity of peril. Tom is profoundly reading a well-read letter from his mother; Dick, careful soul, wearily raises his cover more for a the fifth or sixth kept in a bucket 3 degrees more acute than himself; Harry is endeavoring the impossible, to cook a series of bacon on a shoe over a fire in a cartridge paper. These men are all engaged in the impossible, to be ordinary in battle, and when, I believe no other man could do the like."—London Star.

Russia to Build Machine Tools.

At the Congress of the South Russian engineers, recently held at Charkoff, it was pointed out that the imports of machine tools into Russia last year had amounted in value to more than forty-seven million rubles, and that these imports could be successfully diverted by the Russian works paying more attention to the construction of modern machine tools, so as to enable them to be largely used in the Russian engineering works. Engineer Jeanot is called the attention of the Pole, "is the fact that the imports of machine tools into European Russia have increased from 6,000 tons in 1886 to 18,211 tons in 1901 and he advised the fellow countrymen to begin the manufacture of the machines on a large scale in all the great industrial centres of the Empire. Another speaker said that these suggestions were first class, but at the same time he raised the question where the Russian industries should take the skilled workmen from required in the construction of modern and up-to-date machine tools.

Although ordinary wood alcohol is a poison, Ohio is the only State which prohibits its sale on that account.