

The Spanish Treasure.

A NOVEL.

By Mrs. Elizabeth C. Winter.
(ISABELLA CASTELAR.)

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CHAPTER VIII.

Yes, indeed, what a charming man your papa is, Mr. Stanley! Dear old gentleman! Tell me the Earl of Windermere, I really felt a little timid about meeting him. In my innocent ignorance I couldn't quite recognize that they were the other people; but your papa quite cured me of that feeling, Mr. Stanley. And then your brother, Lord Appleby! He is a most delightful person.

"Ah! We are a delightful family altogether, Miss Gaye," said the Hon. Clarence Stanley, good humoredly.

"Yes, Mr. Stanley, you are a delightful family, and Lady Appleby and the dear little boy, the new heir to Windermere, and even dear old Tollykins!"

"Ah, indeed! There you have the advantage of me, Miss Gaye. You see it is many years since I left England, and my brother was not yet married. I hope the dear little boy is quite well. I know nothing that would distress me more than any accident to him. But, dear old Tollykins! Now, who is Tollykins? That is a member of the Stanley family with whom I am not at all acquainted."

"Why, of course, because I bestowed that name upon her myself. Tollykins is the old maid sister of Lady Appleby."

"Really, I had quite forgotten her! And by that name, too! But, since you have bestowed it on her, I am quite charmed to make her acquaintance."

"But she hasn't forgotten you, Mr. Stanley. Ah, no! You are quite a hero to her, and she has a picture of you about which she is quite silly. She has it set up in her room like a saint in a shrine."

"A picture of me?" exclaimed Clarence Stanley, and his hand closed convulsively upon the miniature he had been holding. He was conscious of the violence of his own grasp, and he felt the old and worn hinges of the frame snap. How provoking! Doctors would be distressed at the accident, and he was very anxious to do nothing that might annoy her.

Mary Hamilton, vaguely conscious that something like a duel of words was taking place between Clarence and this new acquaintance, but quite unable to guess at the meaning of it, had taken Bertha Nelson to the other side of the room to meet Dolores, and the three girls stood there, exchanging commonplace and inoffensive remarks. Bertha was wishing that she had not brought Olive, and wondering at her curious manner toward Mr. Stanley. Polly was thinking that Olive Gaye was "queer," and Dolores was waiting an opportunity to get back her mother's miniature without being obliged to ask for it, and feeling that she could not endure to have it looked at and spoken about by these strangers, even though they were Maruja's friends. Olive Gaye alone was perfectly serene.

"A picture of you!" she was saying, repeating Stanley's last words.

"Why, yes, that is not very surprising, I am sure. Why shouldn't dear old Tollykins have a picture of you if she wants one, and a most excellent picture it is, Mr. Stanley. Now, I don't think you at all like your papa, or like Lord Appleby; but I recognized you at once by that picture when I saw you last night. Oh! How did you like the opera? Wasn't it lovely? I just dote on music! Do you?"

Clarence declared that he, too, doted on music; and then he said how dattered he felt that Miss Gaye had recognized him from his resemblance to his picture. Mary Hamilton now came forward to introduce Dolores to Miss Gaye, and Stanley felt that he was at that moment almost in love with Polly—pretty, innocent, good, honest, little Polly.

He took immediate advantage of this slight diversion to return to a little distance in order to examine her miniature which had been done to the miniature. He found that the case was not broken; the slight snap he had heard was caused by pressure on what was evidently a secret spring in the back of the case; and, as this had yielded, a piece of parchment, yellow with age, had dropped out of it and now lay in the palm of his hand.

Clarence cast one quick, startled glance toward Dolores, and saw that she was standing with her back towards him, talking with Olive Gaye. His heart gave a great bound of triumph.

What was it? He could scarcely repress his excitement, so great was his longing to get away where he could examine this slip of parchment at his leisure. And yet, perhaps, it might prove of no value at all. At any rate, it would be well to return the miniature to Dolores, so that she should know nothing of the secret contained in it. He watched his opportunity, and presently succeeded in placing the miniature in her hand in such a manner as to attract no attention to it. She gave him a swift, grateful look—a look that flashed the light from her deep, dark eyes, and which sent a strange electrical quiver through the heart of Clarence Stanley. But he was scarcely conscious of it

CHAPTER IX.

"Knowledge is power."

As the full significance of the first words sank into the mind of Clarence Stanley, he became dizzy with the possibilities of future wealth that rushed into his excited thoughts, for he knew that he possessed in that slip of parchment the key to almost fabulous treasure. True, the secret was concealed in a cipher that was of the most intricate character, but he was not the man to be baffled by anything of that sort. He knew that all ciphers were made on certain rules; and, besides, having a natural talent for puzzles of every description, he had often amused himself by the working out of various ciphers and cryptographs; and by then rearranging and transposing them into more difficult forms than before, this was mere play. In all arithmetical or algebraic problems there are certain family resemblances easily recognizable to a mathematical mind; it is the same in cryptography, or any other species of mental gymnastics; and Stanley felt himself easily master of the situation. But the excitement of having the secret in his possession affected him so powerfully that he was obliged to exercise the greatest control over himself in order not to betray his feelings. He was, however, a person of resources, and starting situations were not new experiences to him. He folded the parchment, took an old-fashioned wallet from his pocket—a wallet bearing his name and the coat of arms of the Stanley family, and having opened it, he placed the precious document in the innermost pocket. Then with great deliberation he returned the wallet to its former place, and closing the book he carelessly returned it whence he had taken it.

No one had observed him—that he perceived at a glance. Mary Hamilton, who had always been, as her companions had said, "a very girly girl," for the moment, entirely occupied by her two callers and by Dolores. But when Bertha suddenly declared that she and Olive had made a very long call and must now bring it to an end, Clarence Stanley found himself included in the hubbub of good-bye and farewell remarks that presently ensued. He took advantage of this to bring his own visit to an end; and notwithstanding an imploring look from Polly, he took his departure, promising to see her on the next day.

He went directly to his hotel, and as soon as he had reached his room he locked his door, sat down at a writing-table and placed the parchment with its cryptograph before him. As he sat there, poring over its secret characters, he suddenly looked like the same man on whom Polly Hamilton had fixed all her hopes of future happiness. The whole expression of his face was changed. The bright and debonair look that characterized him in society was gone, and all his latent capabilities for evil came to the surface. But the predominant expression was eager, greedy, hungry love for gold; and as he studied the mysterious characters on the parchment, there was but one thought in his mind—that he would master the secret and become the sole possessor of the wealth of the Mendozas.

That he would find the cipher a difficult one to interpret he had, of course, expected, but he soon learned that it was more than difficult; it might even prove impossible. Never had he seen such characters. How should he begin to interpret them? Was each character a letter, and, if so, to what mysterious language did they belong? Or was each character a symbol, and, if so, what did the symbol indicate? Hour after hour he spent over the parchment, turning it hither and thither in every direction and looking at it from every point of view. There were twelve characters; that was the first discovery. Why, twelve? There were twelve signs of the zodiac, twelve months in the year, twelve tribes in Israel, twelve apostles. What was the mystic significance of twelve? Had it any? He began copying the characters, tracing them one by one, with laborious minuteness. They were, certainly, not letters; they were—yes, surely, they were fragments of a picture! He took several pieces of paper and traced each one of the characters separately on a piece of paper, and then laid them side by side, to catch the effect. Yes, this told him nothing.

"If I had a pair of scissors!" he thought, gazing helplessly about the room. "Ah! How welcome would be the sight of a woman's work-

CHAPTER X.

As he glanced out after the servant, Stanley observed that the hall lights were already burning, and he realized that he must have been engaged for hours in the effort to read the mysterious cipher, without even suspecting the approaching dark. He picked his fire violently, so that it sent out a myriad of bright sparks; and then having lighted several gas-burners, he glanced at the clock he still held in his hand and exclaimed:

"Why—who—the donee!"

The name on the card was:

PROF. HENRI VAN TASSEL.

And before Stanley had recovered from his amazement, the owner of the name stood, bowing in the doorway.

"Oh, come in!" exclaimed Stanley, firstly, "if I had your name, I don't think I should have had you come in, but since you are here, perhaps you can be useful. Shut the door, and lock it, for I don't want to be disturbed."

The person to whom these curt words had been addressed obeyed the concluding direction with the air of a slave who acknowledges a master; and, coming forward, he dropped into a chair to which Stanley pointed with insolent indifference.

Professor Van Tassel was a small, dark, slender man of an uncertain age, that, according to circumstances and the hour of the day, might have been thirty to fifty years. Just now he looked about forty; pale, with sunken cheeks, longish, straight hair, gait and hungry, wild eyes, and an indescribable appearance of loss. No one that eye looked at him and was capable of putting into thought the effect produced by his appearance could have failed to be conscious of this curious sense of loss which became palpable with him as an atmosphere; to some it was painful, to others ridiculous, and to others still, and by far the greater number, it was perfectly imperceptible. To Stanley, who understood it perhaps even better than the victim himself, it brought a sudden feeling of triumph, as he thought of many ways in which he could make this wretched being useful.

"Well, old fellow, how did you find me?" he asked, in a peculiar tone.

"By what you call 'basilisk,' Carlos!"—what Carl's leading? I was led to lounge about the hotel door."

"I thought I knew not for what—oh! I saw you come along the street and enter this house. By asking a question here and there and spending my last few dollars among the waiters, I learned that you had been staying here for some time, that you had returned a day or two since from Chicago, and that you were still paying court to the pretty San Francisco girl whose father will make his son a law as well as his daughter a millionaire."

TO BE CONTINUED.

"Service" Instead of Hello.

In one of the new apartment houses in town they have adopted a plan which does away with the "hello," which comes in with the telephone, and which conservative persons have never been able to use with any degree of success. For its use an apology to themselves for the lack of elegance. Every room in the house is connected with the office by telephone. You ring the bell, put the receiver to your ear, and a respectful voice says, with a rising inflection, "Hello," but "Service"—Washington Post.

The Dog as a Cure for Sleeplessness.

A Russian remedy for insomnia is to have a dog sleep in the room, and preferably in the same bed. It may be through a sense of companionship, or one of security, or it may act simply as a stimulant, at any rate, it is said to have proved of value when other means fail.—Public Health Journal.



When Mildred goes to sleep she takes her sweetest smile along. And she counts her change she makes me happy with her songs. But, soiled and battered all to smash, she lumps back home to bed. Before she brought a lot of trash. The foolish one get.

—Chicago Record Herald.

Forgave His Enemies.

"And he died in peace with all the world."

Yes, he even forgave the doctor who attended him.—Baltimore World.

Absorbing.

Clara—"It's a thrilling story, isn't it?"

Maud—"One of the most thrilling I ever read. I couldn't skip more than half of it."—Detroit Free Press.

Looking Out For Comfort.

Henry—"How can a man tell when he begins to get old?"

John—"Well, a man has begun to get old when he finds out that he would rather sit by the fire than go sleigh-riding."—Detroit Free Press.

Encouraging.

Phrenologist—"And the lump of acquiescence?"

Cholly—"Ah! I have a lump of acquiescence?"

His Friend—"Bah! Jove! Cholly, may be you're going to marry Miss Gorrook?"—Puck.

Protecting Him After a Fashion.

Burglar—"Take off that coat and vest."

Victim—"But I shall get chilled if I do."

Burglar—"No, you won't. I'll keep you covered with this gun."—Chicago (Mass.) Gazette.

Word From the Wanderer.

Dear Tom—Here it is three weeks after Christmas, and as I write this I sit with my window open. Think of doing that back in old New England!"—Under.

Gentlemen.

"You don't know how to make love!" sneered the gentleman of the Old School.

"No," laughed the gentleman of the New School. "I have all that to the woman, I have; need only to make money!"—Life.

An Old Story.

Castleton—"Willie, for a younger brother, you don't seem to have much curiosity about your sister and myself."

Willie—"No, I did when I've seen all there is to be seen."—Detroit Free Press.

The Healing Touch of Time.

Mrs. Dash—"The idea of Mrs. Rash having society aspirations; why, her father was a huckster!"

Mr. Dash—"Yes, she's entirely too forward. She ought to hang back until people have forgotten it. Now, in our case, my dear, it was your grandfather who was a huckster."—Detroit Free Press.

Cool.

"You don't get such poetry as was written in days gone by," said the realist.

"Of course you don't," answered the song-mongering. "There is no further demand for it. There is no further demand for poetry already on the market that there is no further demand for it."—Washington Star.

A Cold Rejoinder.

"Here and there sympathy in his world, my dear, a 'huck' said Mendering Mike. 'I took that policeman into my confidence. I told him that I had had all the troubles extant, that I was a collection of sorrows.'"

"You told him that?"

"He looked me over and he said it was about time for him to take up a collection."—Washington Star.

The Conventional Dollar.

The boy finally entreated me that he was coming to New York, and with \$1.50 in his pocket.

"You are pocketing Fate!" I exclaimed, and tried him by all means to throw the half-dollar into the bay, as we crossed over on the ferry.

But he was brave, and declared he would succeed, in spite of conventionalities.—Puck.

When in He Failed.

"Here," said the president of the street railway company, "you'll have to look for another job. We must make a change."

"What's the trouble? I've succeeded in leading the men satiated on low wages, and I've been cutting down the other operating expenses right along, haven't I?"

"Yes, but I've just been inspecting the cars, and I find that the straps in front of them are nearly as good as gone. You must go. The directors'll never stand that."—Chicago Record Herald.

WHEN TO WIND YOUR WATCH.

Regular Treatment Essential to Accuracy of Fine Timepieces.

"My watch has developed a most annoying irregularity," remarked a very businesslike woman. "It lost and gained time by turns until I conceived the disagreeable impression of having paid a first-class price for a third-class article. Full of resentment, I posted off to the dealer in chronometers from whom the watch had been purchased and accused him of having treated me unfairly."

"He opened my timepiece," she continued, "and having examined its internal economy very closely, remarked: 'It's simply a case of unseasonable cruelty to a faithful but sensitive friend.' These little workers that tirelessly tick away, even when their owners are asleep, are worthy of far better treatment than they receive. Fully ninety-nine per cent. of the people who carry watches never give them a thought."

"Take, for instance, the simple process of winding a watch. There is a right and a wrong way of doing it. Whether it be by key or by stem, it should be wound in the morning. Turn slowly and avoid all jerky movements. The watch will then work best during the day, as the spring will exert its strongest traction power, whereby the external justness is buffered on the watch by your daily works and walks are fairly counterbalanced. When a watch is wound at night it has only the weakened spring to offer as resistance to the jerks and jolts of the daytime. The morning winding also lessens the danger of breaking the mainspring, which, being no longer at full tension at night, can stand the toll better."

"All watches keep better time as the result of regular habits. Don't lay it down one night and bring it up the next. Keep it in the same position as nearly as circumstances will permit. In second-class watches the rate difference between the horizontal and vertical position is often quite startling. Never should you put your watch on a wall where it will swing to and fro like a pendulum. It will either gain or lose a great deal while in that position."

"The difference in temperature between your breast or a room's watch-pocket and a wall, that may be nearly at the freezing point, is about seventy-seven to eighty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, and a watch should therefore never be suspended or laid against a cold surface. Sudden changes in the temperature of the atmosphere are the causes of most mainspring breakings. The watch wearer should clean his or her pockets frequently, carefully brushing out all dust and dirt, for there never was a joining made tight enough to keep out all dust. This goes into the oil which has thickened with time, and necessarily produces irregularities of rate. Even with the most exact care a watch should be cleaned once in eighteen months, and every year would be better. By this time the oil dries and mixes with moisture. When I tell you that a watch ticks 28,800 times in one day, you can compute the amount of work it performs in a year. Treat your watch religiously, and it will appreciate such care and will serve you faithfully as a friend in need."—Washington Star.

Slippery Sidewalks.

Slippery sidewalks have been the rule for the past few mornings, have tended to bring out emphatically one of the prouder sides of human nature. No matter how much the fall injures a man physically, it seems as nothing to the damage to his self-respect if he is obliged to make his way out to be withered by some one else. The first thing the unfortunate does after picking himself up is to look all about him with an ill-digested look on his face just as if he took the whole thing as a joke, but anxious to use it if there happens to be some one near by who has witnessed the fall of the smile vanishes and there is a display of temper that is ludicrous. It is he that suffers. It is provided by the law that he should be held responsible for the humiliation, or as if he could get square with the law by a "rough-house" sort of proceeding. If, however, no one is in sight, and no face is seen at a window, the unfortunate goes his way after a few preliminary lumps, as if the thing was a matter of course incident that has been taken good naturedly in common with the other trifling affairs of a lifetime. The result is almost the same when a soft, slushy snowfall, marked by a mischievous wind, finds its mark on the broad back of an otherwise dignified person.—Washington Star.

Animals Sometimes Kill Them-selves.

You often—more's the pity!—hear about men killing themselves, but did you ever hear that animals take their own lives? There is a Florida beetle that dies in one's hand the instant it is caught, from excitement, maybe, and a sea cucumber, akin to the star fish, that gets so mad when you stir it that it throws out all its digestive organs. The crab often throws away a limb if in any way it is made useless. It is easily done. In the crab's upper arm there is a ball of gravel, and when he grows excited and wants to jerk off his arm, he jerks it back and off it comes at the little grooved ring. There is a kind of lizard that drops his tail in the grass when the cat or dog draws near. The tail squirms on to attract attention, while Mr. Lizard slides out of sight. The fox will gnaw off a paw to release himself from a trap, and the "man-hunt" at most times off its toes when captured. A dog will sometimes throw himself to death at his master's grave. Many wild animals refuse to eat when caught.—Chicago Record Herald.



Receiving Attention Now.

THE paramount importance of this class of internal improvements begins to receive the attention which the benefits that will flow therefrom demand. In Illinois and four Southern States, through which the Illinois Central Railway passes, that company and the National Good Roads Association have recently constructed twenty miles of earth, stone and gravel roads in the provinces of thousands who desired to learn the art of road building. Conventions on road building have been held in Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee and Kentucky. The South has realized that lands, however fertile, forests, however vast, and minerals, however rich and varied, have but little market value when inaccessible, and such they really are without good roads leading to and from them.

The late Buffalo Exposition brought together large numbers of men who had made good roads the subject of discussion at meetings held there, and great interest was taken and much enthusiasm aroused. It was made known that the Federal Government had established an office, known as an office of Public Road Inquiry, in the Department of Agriculture, and that experts therein have constructed roads in a dozen Western and Southern States as object lessons, which work was done under the observation of thousands of interested settlers.

The employment of the idle on roads during periods of business depression, the utilization of prison labor, and the appropriation by special tax of a special sum annually are objects worthy of the serious consideration of every farmer, wagon maker, bicycle man, factory and merchant in the country. Not only these classes, but every citizen of a country is directly or indirectly affected by the lack of good roads. Bad roads increase the cost of fuel, provisions and all commodities that need to be transported and deprive people of health and comfort. Pleasant drives over good roads produce. In view of the fact that all are affected by the question, none should neglect to assist in devising ways and means to bring about such essential improvements. There should be a good roads club at every county seat, with members from every town in the county, who would confer with their neighbors on market days, and once a month there should be a general meeting for comparison of views and distribution of literature on the subject. Circulars and reports should be prepared from the National Good Roads Association and from the office herein before referred to connected with the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C. The members of the Legislature and the supervisors should be asked, from time to time, what they have done, or are doing for good roads, and if found to be negligent, a committee should be appointed to spur them on in the good work.

Self reliance, industry and vigilance on this and in all things are essential to success. By organization, education and agitation the necessary legislation can be secured, but not otherwise.

Benefit of Highways.

Much credit is given by Mr. Martin Dodge, Director of the United States Office of Public Road Inquiry, to what he calls "the reflex influence of the bicycle and the automobile" for generating the public sentiment which is forcing the issue for the betterment of highways in all parts of this country.

Writing in the Municipal Journal and Engineer, Mr. Dodge says that many States which formerly refused to spend any money on road improvements are now, in response to the general demand, making generous appropriations, and the prospects everywhere are encouraging to those who fearly realize the need of such improvements. He also tells in detail of the admirable missionary work done in the South by means of the "Good Roads Train," which, carrying eight carloads of the best and most important road-making machinery and a party of expert superintendents and engineers, has been slowly moving from town to town, giving in each a practical illustration of the speed and cheapness with which those who know how and have the proper utensils can create highways up to modern requirements. The train was made up in Chicago through the cooperation of the National Association of Good Roads, the Illinois Central Railroad and several manufacturers of road-making machinery. It started in April, and by the middle of July exhibitions had been given and information imparted to large numbers of deeply interested citizens in New Orleans, La.; Natchez, Greenville, Grinnard, McClain City, and Jackson, Miss.; Jackson, Tenn.; Louisville, Hopkinsville and Owensboro, Ky., and Birmingham, Ill. At most of these places two miles of specimen road were made, usually in less than two days, and the almost variable result of the demonstration was the formation of a local society to push forward the good work.

Workmen's Dwellings in London.

London owns at the present time completed dwellings containing over 100,000 cubic feet of space, erected solely for the benefit of the working class. One housing scheme, the largest ever attempted in London or elsewhere, involved the expenditure of \$1,410,000.

BRIGANDAGE IN MACEDONIA.

Universal Admiration For the Men Who Risk and Plunder.

The bandit is the Macedonian hero. The admiration of him is mixed, Greek independence was won by bandits, not by townsmen. The Greek National costume to-day—the resplendent uniform worn by the King's crack regiment of "Euzones"—is that of the Albanian brigand. Macedonia spasmodically hopes to be redeemed from Islam as was Greece. In a country where poverty is the side-safeguard against plunder, the brigand is the only hero, and he is the only dandy. He comes into the semi-weekly market, where the women chatter over their wares, or strolls through a railway car, known by everybody, with his snow-white fustianella standing up about him like a ballet dancer's skirt, his heavily tasseled cap, his embroidered tunic stiff with gleaming metal, twirling his fierce mustache. The romantic young easy living, their elders at least recognize in him a familiar hero. He is popular.

The World Hates Nothing of the Brigands.

With natives their methods are drastic. The famous Nisko once took from Larissa two children of different families, whom he held for ransom at 200 and 400 dras, respectively. The wealthier parents redeemed their child. The other pair were very poor. They sent fifty dras, with humble apologies. Nisko returned the money. By heroic efforts the distracted people scraped together 100 dras; again Nisko returned them, giving in a peremptory message three days to furnish the entire sum. When the three days had passed he sent back the child cut into four pieces. Kissel! It was fatal! Nothing was done.

Seventy or eighty dollars for a native.

\$100,000 for a foreigner—that is about the scale and the measure of the bandit's poverty. This same Nisko took from the heart of a village, no one including him, Mr. and Mrs. Syngue, British subjects. He sent Mrs. Syngue to Consul General Blunt, in Salonica, to say that the ransom was fixed at \$100,000. Women may seldom taken by brigands; it is the theory, natural enough in the East, that a woman cannot walk or ride well enough to stand busy marches. Besides, in Macedonia circles, there is still no doubt as to which is the important person, the head of the family. When bandits steal women it argues an education in Western ways. Mr. Syngue was well treated and fed heartily; he occasionally Nisko would smile wickedly and draw his finger across his throat in pantomime, it was but the custom of the country. He was polite enough in negotiating by messenger with Mr. Blunt, assuming all the airs of a gentleman party. In the end Blunt got Syngue off for \$50,000 and forty gold (?) watches bought for \$5 each in the Salonica market. Blunt's kavass took the money into the mountains and met Nisko, who bit and tasted every coin of the gold, throwing out a few light pieces. That ended the transaction—except that the kavass nearly came to blows with Nisko because the latter wouldn't fee him for his trouble in carrying the money.—The Era.

The Seat of the Soul.

Professor Lombard, of Ann Arbor, instructor of physiology in the University of Michigan, believes that he has located the dwelling place of the soul in the spinal column. He has arrived at this conclusion after many months of experiments with frogs.

Results of experiments seem to indicate that death through the medium of the brain does not terminate the control of the muscles.

The professor produced before his class a live frog, from which he removed the brain. It was then suspended by its under jaw. An hour later a drop of acetic acid was touched to its foot.

Instantly the frog began to jerk and twitch to get away from the stings of the acid. Twenty-four hours later a tiny bit of ether paper saturated with acid was placed against the body. The frog kicked with both legs and dislodged the paper. Placed upon its back, the paper was shaken off. Every time it was placed on any part of the body the legs sent it flying.

Professor Lombard calls this activity "post-mortem movement," and will soon show his experiments for the purpose of ascertaining how far the reasoning instinct may go.—New York Times.

Roof Dwellers in New York.

Perched high up in mid-air, atop the lofty office buildings, are little homes as quiet and secluded as though they stood beside some country lane. Instead of directly above throbbing, hurrying, manhandling Broadway, several years ago some inventive architect devised the plan of locating caretakers and their families on the roofs of the buildings of which they have charge. The plan was so satisfactory in every respect that it has been very generally followed. Within an area of a few blocks in the downtown district dozens of families are living thus, above the eaves of the tallest buildings in the world. They form a quaint and interesting colony.—Lodge Monthly.

Finishing a Grave With an Egg.

The Mianzise, a tribe in Asia, will not bury a man until they have first tested the ground with an egg.

This operation is curious. While the body is being prepared for burial, a number of Mianzise, including the male relatives of the deceased, go out to the appointed spot, bearing a large basket of eggs.

Stepping down, one of the natives lets an egg drop softly on the ground. Its breaking is considered an ill omen, and another egg is selected. In this way the party often wanders about for hours, dropping eggs until one strikes a place where the shell does not crack.