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A MATTER of MILLIONS.

By Anna Katharine Green, Author of "The Forsaken Inn," Etc.

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CHAPTER IV.

Continued.

"Do not speak of him, or of my masters. I shudder at the thought of their anger and cruel disappointment. I have never been able to face them, nor never can till I become able to reimburse them for all their useless expense. As for making another attempt, that is impossible. I had rather die! At the mere thought of confronting again that cruel sea of faces, the blood stops flowing in my veins and the world turns black before me. I was not made for a prima donna, or rather, something is lacking in me necessary for success upon the stage. Yet that success is all I have lived for, and without it, what am I?"

"What are you?" The voice of the artist trembled, his eyes spoke the admiration he could not suppress. "A young, beautiful and pure girl. Is that not enough? Most persons would think it wealth."

"It will not get me bread," she murmured. "It will not pay my debts, these horrible debts, that weigh upon me like lead. It was this thought that made me return to these walls so bitter. It was this thought which, day by day, forced me into a deeper despair, till at last I only longed for death, as a release from my perplexity and pain. It was a wicked longing, but it was the only one I knew, so last night I sent Annetta for a deadly poison (she had often told me she could get me one) and believing that the powder which she brought me was what she said it was, I took it, and lay down on my own little bed to die. The result is what you know. She deceived me, and gave me a preparation which merely simulates death. Was it wise in her? Time alone can tell."

"Signorina!" It seemed the natural word for him to use, though every feature of her face and every grace of her person proclaimed her to be an American girl, pure and simple. "I cannot doubt but that the Portuguese did well. I cannot doubt that the future holds for you all that even your ardent spirit can desire. But——" He paused, affected by her look. From a sad and despairing creature she had flashed, as it were, into one all cheerfulness and hope. The change was marvelous. He hardly knew the beaming face, the glowing eye. Had his heart betrayed itself in his words? Did she see and respond to the passion which every moment of this sweet but dangerous intercourse was deepening within him? He dared not search her eyes to see. He was content to feel her joy and to warm himself at the fire of her growing hope.

"You do not go on," she breathed. "You think we have talked long enough for to-night. Well, you are right. You have heard enough of misery and I have gained enough of strength to make parting between us easy, just now. So, good-bye, sir, till——"

She looked up and smiled. Ah, how sweet that smile was, how innocent and confiding. He drew back from before it slowly, but firmly; he had fears of his own judgment, of his own strength; he would say good-night and come again when reason should be more under his own control, and he could weigh the treasure he coveted before he took it for his own.

But two paces from the door, a fresh thought struck him. The mystery of her awakening had been revealed, but not that which surrounded the picture he had been paid to draw. Till he understood the purpose for which a copy of her face and form had been requested from his pencil, he could not go. The story she had told of her lonely struggle and disastrous failure only made his desire greater. Since there was nothing in her history to account for this mysterious circumstance, how could it be accounted for? Were there facts in her life which she had omitted to relate? He must learn or pass a sleepless night. Coming back, he confronted her again.

CHAPTER V.

AN IMPORTUNATE SUITOR.

"Pardon me," he entreated; "but you have not told me what your pleasure is in regard to this sketch I have made. Shall I destroy it or deliver it to the person who ordered it?"

"Person who ordered it? You confound me," was her hurried response. "I had forgotten the picture and all connected with it. How was it ordered and when?"

He took a crumpled note from his pocket and showed it to her. By the nearly consumed candles she read it, puzzled and wondering, to the end.

"Andrea Monielli!" she cried. "I know no such a name. It is all a mystery to me."

At once and without his volition and encouragement, Hamilton Degraw felt himself seized by a sudden doubt which darkened everything before him. All a mystery to her! How could that be. He looked at her and hesitated. Never had she seemed so childlike, so innocent or so pure. Her large eyes, turned up to him, were full of question; her very attitude was one of waiting. It seemed as if she expected him to explain what evidently amazed her. He mastered his doubts and ventured upon a new hope.

"When I came into the room," said he, "I found bending over you, as you lay upon the couch, a beautiful lady with fair hair and aristocratic features. She had come in a carriage which stood before the door, and when I first saw her, was strewing flowers over the bed and you. See! they lie withering now in heaps upon the floor. Her you must surely know, for both her beauty and her wealth make her conspicuous."

"I am sorry," began the signorina, "but I cannot tell you who she is. I might guess."

"That may be sufficient."

"But I cannot be sure. There is a lady, both beautiful and rich, who once took an interest in me. She was a pupil of one of my masters, and though I was never introduced to her, I was given to understand that she was watching my career and hoping much for its success. It may have been she; but why she should have sought me out in my despair, when she held herself aloof from me in the time of my prosperity, and why she should have brought flowers and strewed them over my poor body, I cannot explain. But perhaps Annetta can. She was here and may have seen something or gathered something from the lady's manner which will help us to comprehend the meaning of her actions," and beckoning the Portuguese toward her, the signorina asked one or two questions, which being duly answered she turned back to Mr. Degraw and exclaimed:

"It must have been the lady I spoke of. She came without flowers at first, and asking for me, seemed to be greatly shocked when I was pointed out to her, lying, as she supposed, dead. She attempted to question Annetta, but of course got no answer from her, as my good friend does not speak a word of English; and when the lady went away she made a gesture that must have meant that she would return, for in half an hour or so she did come back, bringing these beautiful flowers, which she at once began to strew over me. That is all Annetta can tell. Would you like to question her further?"

"I would like to hear what she has to say about these candles and your dress and the drapery of your couch. It may explain who Monielli is, and this you as well as myself ought to know."

"True, true," came in a murmur from the young girl's lips. "Annetta must be able to tell how I came to be dressed thus, though the robe itself is no mystery, being one of the costumes prepared for my debut. But the lights, the drapery! all that I cannot understand."

And she drew the old cloak nearer, and holding her by the arm, put question after question, while the young man stood still, gazing from one to the other, devoured by a curiosity that the signorina's rapidly changing appearance certainly tended to aggravate. For as the explanations which the old woman tendered without hesitation, the young girl's head sank lower and lower in manifest confusion, while on her cheek and brow a flush slowly gathered, which, if it added to her beauty, could not but add also to the watchful artist's impatience and distrust.

"What is it? Tell me," burst from his lips as the Portuguese finally drew back, leaving the signorina standing by that forsaken couch.

"Ah, how can I?" was her cry, though her eyes looked up fearlessly, and the smile on her sensitive mouth was simply a deprecatory one. "It is such a story of—of an unreasoning passion—of—of a love of which I was ignorant, and would never have countenanced if I had known of it, that——"

He appreciated her confusion; he loved her for its evident depth but he would not help her even by a word to speak. This story, whatever it was, he must know. She saw his determination and summoned up her courage.

"Annetta tells me," she began, "that for the last three months I have been pursued by an Italian who has been determined to marry me. She says he found no favor in her eyes, and that she was sure he would find none in mine; and so, to save me anxiety and pain at a time when I needed my full strength and liberty, she had purposely placed herself between us, and by artifices and stratagems of various kinds succeeded in keeping him out of my presence. She says that, owing to my preoccupation and determination to see nothing but my art, she was strangely successful in this, though there were times when he almost brushed my garments in the streets, and others when it nearly took the arm of the police to keep him away from these doors. He had seen me at the theatre one day, and hidden behind the boxes or among the wings of the scenery, had heard me sing, and nothing could rob him of the idea that he was destined to marry me and make me the leading prima donna of the world, not even my failure, for he was present at that, nor my consequent persistent shrinking from sight into the obscurity that became me. Neither affected him or changed his mind; and while he showed some sense in not attempting force after this, Annetta knew that sooner or later he would find some means of crossing this threshold and offending me with offers she was confident would meet with a rebuff that would only add to the annoyance and danger of the situation. For he is an ugly man and coarse beyond expression, though seemingly honest and very determined in his wishes. So, when she saw me sunk in despair and anxious for death, she did not attempt to reason with me, but rather humored me in my determination, promising me an effective poison, while secretly resolved upon furnishing me with a drug that merely simulated death. For if she could show him to this Monielli in a state that forbade all further hope on his part, she thought his persecutions might cease and that we might obtain the opportunity for escape which seemed our only security. But when the drug having worked, she let the miserable creature in and showed him the result of his importunity and my distress, he was so overcome by what he pleased to call the beauty of my face that his passion took a new turn, and he only thought of having my picture painted, and, by means of its exhibition, reap that fortune from my features which he had failed to obtain from my voice.

"It makes me blush to tell you this, but Annetta felt powerless to refuse him. So merely eliciting from him the promise that he would leave me hereafter undisturbed, she accepted from him the money which was necessary to robe the couch as he desired, and prepared to receive you, whom he designated as the artist he meant to employ. That I should wake, she knew; but she trusted that we should find you a gentleman, and we have, so much so that I do not believe you will betray us, even if this fanatic insists upon having a painting completed from this sketch."

"A painting! He shall never have the sketch even!" exclaimed young Degraw. "See your features in the grasp of a coarse man anxious to make money by exposing them to public view! Never! Not if I have to destroy——"

"Don't!" she cried, grasping his hand in hers, for he had made a movement as if to rear the drawing he had made. "He is a dangerous man. Annetta says he is not to be trusted. If he detects the deception to which this old friend of mine has subjected him, what may we not expect in the way of persecution? Indeed, I dare not trust myself to this unknown man's mercies. I would rather he thought me dead till——"

"Till what?"

"Till I can fly his reach or so merge myself in some other identity that he will never dare approach me again either as a lover or a friend."

"Pretty coward! And so you will not trust me to manage this man. I do not fear him."

"You are not a woman."

"True. Well, I will humor this whim. I will take the picture and to-morrow Annetta may send him to my studio. Meantime, may I hope that you will sleep sweetly, and without fear?"

"Oh," she murmured, as she caught his look, so unmistakably full of suppressed love; "how can I thank you for your sympathy? How can I reward you for your goodness?"

"By such sleep," he answered. And taking her hand in his, he carried it to his lips when, suddenly, from the doorway communicating with the other room, a voice penetrated harshly through the apartment, crying, with a marked foreign accent:

"And who may you be, sir, and what is your business here?"

CHAPTER VI.

A SURPRISE.

To the sound of a scream from the signorina's lips, young Degraw turned, to find, in the doorway I have mentioned, he saw standing the slight, dark and unprepossessing figure of a man so evidently Italian in his appearance and bearing, that it did not need the hurried bound and startled exclamation of the Portuguese for him to recognize in this menacing intruder the Signor Monielli.

"So, so we are to wind up with a scene," thought he, and instinctively stepped between this stranger and the shrinking figure of the signorina.

But the precaution seemed needless. At the first words uttered by the Portuguese, the Italian broke into a harsh laugh, and drawing the old cloak after him, left the room and shut the door behind him. Mr. Degraw, surprised by this sudden departure, stood staring, while the signorina trembled so that she seemed in danger of falling.

"It is very strange," much the former. "He did not seem to notice that the couch was empty, and that you stood living and breathing before him. The Portuguese cannot be as true to you as you thought. She must have told him that you would wake——"

"Oh! oh! hush!" broke from the young girl's lips, as the door opened again and the old woman stepped in. "I am so bewildered, I do not know what to make of all this." And leaving him, she advanced toward the crone, who met her with a look that added to his surprise and her perplexity.

A short interchange of words followed, and then the old woman drew back and the signorina turned. But with what a different air and with what a different look. Young Degraw would hardly have known her face if he had not already seen it under the influence of various emotions, and when she opened her lips, she seemed to find it so hard to speak, that in mercy he was going to begin the conversation for her, when her tongue found a tongue and she exclaimed:

"I cannot endure any more to-night; you must go and let me find some rest. Perhaps, to-morrow——"

"But this wretch," he interposed. "Am I to leave you to his mercy?"

To be continued.

Strange as it may seem, when a man is a bore he seldom comes to the point.

SCOTTISH MOORS FOR AMERICANS

High Rentals Paid For a Few Weeks' "Sport" Shooting Birds Carefully Reared For the Slaughter—Some Curious Figures—Mr. Bradley Martin Pays $23,000 for a Brief Season.

EDINBURGH.—Fewer Americans have traveled to Scotland this year than in former seasons. The yacht races are a stronger counter-attraction. Mr. Bradley Martin and party, five guns, opened the season on Abrecrhan moor, Inverness-shire.

Although the birds were wild, still the "bag" for the 12th was fairly good—113 brace of grouse, five snipe and a solitary hare.

Mr. Thomas Newbold, of New York, was not so fortunate in his moor of Ballyoukan, in Perthshire. His party sent to Balednand Lodge twenty-seven brace of grouse, one capercailzie, one rabbit and one hare.

Another American, Mr. F. W. Whitridge, who again this year rents Balnakeilly, in Perthshire, had an unsatisfactory bag; but the birds were not so plentiful on the moors in this county as on former occasions. The Earl of Rchester, for a day's tramping over Kindrochet, had only twelve brace in his gillies' bags. Lord Willoughby de Eresby had a capital bag of 118 brace, all tine birds, to five guns.

The Prince of Wales opened his season in Lanarkshire, starting from Leadhills, the highest village in Scotland, and the property of Lord Lindlithgow, who owns the lead mines. By six guns a bag of 121 brace of grouse was compiled.

Rents for moors in Scotland are getting higher. There was a larger invasion of Scotland this 12th of August than in times past. The first Scottish moor ever let to a Southerner was that known as Colgnafearn. It is 60,000 acres, and was actually let to a Mr. Windsor for 700, or $150, for the shooting season, with $25 to be given back as luck-penny. It now brings $20,000.

Another grouse moor, by name Invereshie, extending to quite 60,000 acres, was let to the first shooting tenant at a rental of only $250. The Duke of Bedford was the next tenant, and he only paid $1000, afterward increased to $1500. In 1882 the rental had increased to $5000, and it would require a long purse to take this shooting today.

There are in Scotland about 500 moors of fair size, the rents of which average over $2500 for the short shooting season. The better known ones run into large figures.

When the moor carries along with it the right to live in the magnificent seat of some Highland laird, such as Beaufort Castle, the ancestral mansion of Lord Lovat, who lets it with the shooting to Mr. Phipps, of Pittsburg and New York, the rental is very high.

Most of the Highland noblemen give the use of their castles along with the shootings, with the exception of such magnates as the Duke of Athol or the Marquis of Breadalbane. Where there are no old mansions, the lairds have erected modern shooting lodges, some of handsome and costly design, others mere boxes.

For Balmacaan, Mr. Bradley Martin pays $23,000 each short season, and Dunecht brings $10,000. The total sporting rental of Inverness-shire is given at half a million dollars, and Perthshire not far short of this. The grouse season brings annually over two and a half million dollars into the pockets of the owners of moors which were at one time regarded as practically worthless—barren bog and heather.

Deer forests are much more costly than grouse moors. Army men and Edinburgh lawyers can combine and rent a moor, but only millionaires can aspire to a forest. Invercauld Forest can be had for the season at $25,000, and Glen Tana at $20,000. But the expense of keeping up a deer forest is much more than moors. There has to be maintained an army of gillies and keepers and foresters. Housekeeping, too, is expensive in the Highlands in the shooting season.

It is sport that lairds look to for the welcome addition to their incomes, and that hundreds of Highland families regard as their means of subsistence. Very many comfortable homes in the glens of Scotland depend upon the deer, the grouse and the salmon.—New York World.

Our Way to Make Deserts.

The climatic history of the old world will repeat itself in America, says Dr. Felix Oswald in the National Magazine. If forest destruction, at its present rate of recklessness, should continue much longer, our continent will have to dry up. So will an orator who should venture to urge that fact upon a boodle legislature in this era of lumber trusts. But the fact remains, and its significance may be inferred from the experience of the Mediterranean coast lands, where thousands of good gardens have been turned into Gehennas of wretchedness and desolation. By tree destruction alone a territory of 4,500,000 square miles has been withdrawn from the habitable area of our planet. The physical history of a desert that originated somewhere near the cradle of the Caucasian race in Bactria, perhaps, and spreading westward and southward has blighted the Edens of three continents like a devouring fire, and is now scorching the west coast of Africa and sending its warning sand clouds far out to sea ward.

Twenty-eight days are required to hatch the eggs of a turkey.

LATEST ABOUT BRAINS.

Observations on the Relations of Skulls to the Mental Powers.

Man's curiosity is naturally boundless concerning his brain, which is believed to be the seat and the token of that mental power which makes him the undisputed king of the earth. If the brain were really such a box of drawers as some phrenologists have assumed, with everything in its place and all possible faculties accounted for, human heads could be classified as readily as plants, and nobody could fail to distinguish between them any more than one can fail to select roses from lilies.

One might predict absolutely from a glance at his head that a given young man must become a great financier or a poet or a philosopher, with no more danger of a mistake than in asserting that one tree will produce acorns and another apples. But the shrewder sort of phrenologists see that this will not do, and so they endeavor to modify the basis of their science to suit the infinitely varied facts of human nature and development.

The real progress in brain study is made by those who undertake the work, as far as possible, without any preconceived and preperfected theory to lead or mislead them. Dr. H. Mantlegka has recently published in the "Proceedings of the Royal Scientific Society of Bohemia," some remarkable observation on the relations of the weight of the brain and the size and shape of the skull to the mental powers of man.

These investigations, says the London Express, show the importance of good feeding to brain development. The brain cannot do its work without an abundance of pure, well nourished blood. Other things being equal, a heavier brain implies greater mental power, and Dr. Mantlegka finds that persons employed in industries where the nourishment of the body is apt to be insufficient, and the muscular exercise slight, show as a rule, lighter brains than do more favorably circumstanced persons.

Blacksmiths and metal workers in general have heavier brains than coachmen, but the latter exceed carpenters in brain weight, and carpenters exceed persons employed in clothing industries, while at the bottom of the scale stand those who are engaged in the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks, who are and to do more or less drinking themselves.

It would also appear that the weight of the brain may be increased by the direct exercise of its own functions, men of mental training showing, as a rule, greater brain weight than others. It should be remembered that the size of the head cannot be taken as a trustworthy index of the weight of the brain. The organic quality is the main thing.

Stevenson.

He was tall, thin, spare—indeed, he struck me as almost fantastically spare. I remember thinking that the station draught caught him like a torn leaf flowing at the end of a branch. His clothes hung about him as the clothes of a scarecrow—not that he lost bulk and weight after long fever. He had on a jacket of brown velveteen—I cannot swear to the color, but that detail always comes back in the rectified picture—a flannel shirt with a loose necktie negligently handled into a sailor's knot, somewhat fantastical trousers, though no doubt this effect was due in part to their long amplitude about what seemed rather the thin green poles familiar in dahlia pots than the legs of a human creature. He wore a straw hat that in its rear has suggested forgetfulness on the part of its wearer, who had apparently, in sheer of heedlessness, treated it as a cloth cap. These, however, were details in themselves trivial, and were not consciously noted till later. The long, narrow face, then almost sallow, with somewhat long, loose, dark hair that dragged from beneath the straw hat well over the ears, along the dusky hollows of temple and cheek, was what immediately attracted attention. But the extraordinariness of the impression was of a man who had just been rescued from the sea or a river. Except for the fact that his clothes did not drip, that the long black locks hung limp but not moist, and that the short velveteen jacket was disreputable but not damp, this impression of a man just come of taken from the water was overwhelming.—William Sharp in Pall Mall Magazine.

Grammar and Pie.

A little boy who lives in the southern part of the city has ideas of his own which he sometimes expresses to the astonishment and amusement of his parents and the members of his family.

He is very fond of sweets, especially of pie which his mother makes. The other day they had cherry pie for dinner.

He had eaten one piece when he said, "Mamma, can I eat another piece?"

"Yes," corrected his mother, "you can, but may you is the question."

"Oh, pshaw!" said the boy, "you know I always did like me better than grammar."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Giants' Graves.

The cairns or giant graves at Rosapenna near Ennis are being excavated under the direction of Professor Knorr of the Kiel Museum of Antiquities. One grave has already been opened up in which two urns—and a solid bronze twelve centimetres in length—were found. A stone grave three metres long and one hundred and seventy centimetres wide, containing a skeleton supposed to be over three thousand years old, was also laid bare. The work is to be continued, as it is supposed that an ancient cemetery or place of sacrifice existed there formerly.—St James Gazette.

LITTLE THINGS Worth Knowing

In the streets of Berlin doctors' carriages have the right of way. Even the Emperor's carriage must pause when a doctor's vehicle is about to cut across its path.

Fireflies are used as jewels by the women of Mexico. They fix them in little gauze bags and pin them in their hair or on their clothing. They also keep them in little wire cages and feed them on scraps of sugar cane.

A fat policeman is rarely seen in London. When one becomes so stout as to make it a labor to run, he is expected to train down to a graceful shape. No candidate is accepted on the force after he is twenty-seven, and he must resign after twenty years' service.

In some districts of India the eastern parts of cemeteries are considered the most desirable. The choice is based on the belief that the dead in the eastern sections will be first to bounce from their graves, brush the clay from their bones and proclaim their readiness to ascend.

Ingenious Chinamen induce hens to hatch fish. They first stick the sole ends of an egg through a tiny hole and refill the egg with the spawn of the fish they want to hatch. The hole is then sealed up, and the egg placed under a sitting hen. In a few days the fish eggs are so far advanced that one has only to break the shell into moderately warm water, and the little fish spring to life at once.

A report from Glasgow states that a silver has discovered in Inverclyde, lending cannon, four and a half feet long, dated 1588, a second 16 inch and a pistol, supposed to be relics of the Spanish Armada. Captain Burns of Glasgow, with the permission of the Duke of Argyll, has been searching Tobermory Bay, where the Admiral of Florence, one of the Armada, was blown up. The relics will be exhibited at the Glasgow Royal Exchange.

Living by the Watch.

In an article in Harper's Weekly entitled "Where Minutes Count," Frank Ira Matthews writes of the modern man of affairs and the continual efforts to crowd as much activity as possible into the least time. Mr. Matthews tells of a physician for whom the rush of modern life proved fatal. "He had had every minute of the day schedule beforehand for his work. He was especially strong in consultations. Every patient who called to see him had the time fixed in advance, with just so many minutes set apart for looking him over. The physician calculated to the second how long it took to get people into his office, and how long it took to get them out. He had his secretary calculate how long it would take his carriage to reach a certain place, how long he would stay there, and the exact minute he would reach the next place, and so on. He had his reading—for he was always making addresses and writing papers—being a high official of the university, there—in his carriage. He dictated his replies to his secretary as he drove from place to place, and he even went so far as to have his meals served sometimes in his carriage. He died comparatively young; he dropped out, because he never took any time for play, for he seemed to have also became and never did have any. That's where he made his mistake. He took advantage of every labor-saving device in the office, but he did it only to do all the more work."

Repairing Washington's Tomb.

The exceptionally wet summer has told seriously on the walls of the old mansion at Mount Vernon, and the managers of the estate have been fearful that the substitute walls in the foundation might crumble away.

The cornerstone laid two centuries ago, on which the Masonic emblem was deeply cut, has so disintegrated that it was found necessary recently to remove the stone and clean off the crumbled parts. The emblem will be recut and the stone returned to its resting place.

The old tomb in which, until thirty-five years ago, the bodies of George Washington and his wife rested, is in danger of falling to pieces. A company has been let to wind the walls with a preparation to preserve them. The walls of the mansion are also being treated for the same purpose. The walls are dried with gasoline torches and then covered with a composition called mastic which is driven into the soft stone by application of heat.—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Foot in It Again.

"I don't suppose," conceded the poetess, "anybody has the slightest idea how hard it is now and then for one who is in the literary mood to express with the precise shade of meaning the idea one has in one's mind. I have worked sometimes whole hours or more upon a single line."

"Dear me!" commented Mr. Maxim, brakes anxious to be complimentary, "some poems don't read as though you bestowed the smallest thought upon them. I mean, of course, they are. That is, they seem you know, as good of—or, rather, you understand—as easy to do that you see that—well you must admit you cut off sometimes anybody can see that and don't you think there's always too much room over this earth for Miss Kilmelda?"—Chicago Tribune.

THE TEASEL.

A Specialty of Skaneateles Which Once Was an Industry of Much Importance.

"Whatever may be said of Skaneateles," remarked Mr. H. Thurlow, of that New York town of strange name, "it raises teasels, which for many years could not be successfully produced in any other portion of this broad land of all sorts of products."

Somebody wanted to know what a teasel was.

"It is a plant," continued Mr. Thurlow, "whose burr is used to produce a pile on cloth and for certain kinds of fabrics nothing has yet been found to take its place. Forty years or more ago the teasel was in great demand, and as they could not be raised anywhere except in a small area about Skaneateles, the industry was very considerable within a radius of ten miles of my town. Teasel raising began as long ago as eighty years and at one time it represented a business of half a million dollars a year and over 500 people were engaged in it. To-day not more than a hundred are in it, and the amount has similarly decreased. This is owing rather to the production of smoother cloth than the adoption of a substitute for the teasel, because, as I said, they cannot get a substitute for it. Steel has been tried, but the finest points they can make are rough and jagged compared with the fine-hooked points which nature puts on the teasel burr, and which are necessary in producing the proper nap on the cloth.

"The teasel is sown in the spring as soon as the ground is ready, and the plant is left to grow till the frost kills it down. The root remains, and the following season the plant grows from this and bears the burrs, which are cut in August, basketed and wagoned to sheds where they are housed and trimmed ready for market. An acre of ground will produce from 150,000 to 200,000 teasels, running ten pounds to the thousand and worth now seventy-five cents to $1 a thousand, although I have seen them worth as much as $5 a thousand. I remember having 500,000 teasels at fifty cents a thousand from a man who had held them for twenty-one years, and had at one time refused $250 a thousand for them. They require three or four years to dry, then they are trimmed, the stems cut to about six inches, and then are packed in boxes, 40,000 to the box. The burrs vary in length from an inch to six inches, and they are designated by sizes as 'Buttons,' 'Mediums' and 'Kings,' those of from an inch to an inch and a half being choice. A great many are shipped abroad, and several years ago I sent a box to Moscow.

"Some people say the 'bull thistle' and the teasel are the same; but if they will examine the two they will find that the prongs of the wild teasel are straight, while those of the real thing are hooked, which is all the difference in the world for the work they have to do. A fine woolen mill a teasel will last about twenty-four hours, and some of the big mills of New England have used as high as 1,200,000 a day, but they don't use them that way now. Very comfortable fortunes were once made in teasel raising, too, but that time is past also. Most of the product is now used in the making of blankets and coarse cloths. Skaneateles is out in it to a large extent, as Oregon has come into the field with even a better teasel than we can produce, and we are turning our plowshares to other uses. Any visiting to our town may see teasel farms and the teasel clippers at their benches, snipping away with their scissors, but the business is no longer what it once was, and it isn't important."—New York Sun.

Faulty Theory.

"I have found out how that fire started," said the detective. "A man on the sixteenth floor dropped a match down the elevator shaft. It went off near somebody's bottom and set fire to a waste paper."

"How do you know?" asked the chief.

"I suspected a man on suspicion, searched him and found he had no matches about him. That was all the clue I needed. He had dropped his last match down that shaft."

"That's right," said the chief, carelessly throwing away the stump of his cigar. "Don't you know, you ignoramus, that a man's last match always goes out?"

"Aside from the exposure of the palpable stupidity of his hypothesis, the crestfallen detective hurried away in search of a new trail.—Chicago Tribune.

An Interesting Board.

Some workmen recently engaged in placing an enormous slab of stone in an old house in Auberne (Finistere), France, came upon over 2000 ancient coins, weighing about 120 pounds. A lot of the coins are of the time of Louis XIII. The most ancient piece bears the date 1610, and the most recent 1709. In the latter year, in consequence of the terrible famine which was raging, a royal order was issued that the coin were to surrender their silver and forward it to the mint to be melted down. The king himself set the example, but certain provincial noblemen hid their fortunes, and the coins which have just been found nearly 200 years later are believed to have formed part of the hidden treasure.

Civic Duty to Horses.

It is not sufficient that a man or woman should be shocked if a horse is not properly shod, or is not within his sight. As citizens all persons should take care that such a thing never occurs, or, if it does occur, that it should lead to punishment. From a commercial point of view humane standpoint a municipality suffers when wrecked, broken down horses are employed in its thoroughfares.—Kansas City Times.