# BY WORD OF MOUTH.

### Story of a Telephonic Reconciliation Brought About by an Old Bachelor.

that, for the life of me, I could not

make up my mind to content myself

with any one of the dear creatures to

the exclusion of the rest; and as, un-

in which we live does not permit a

man to be married to more than one

woman at a time, I am obliged to re-

main a forlorn old bachelor-I love too

"I think you put that rather nicely,"

"My dear young lady," said I, laugh-

ing, "constancy is only another name

for narrow-mindedness. Suppose, for

instance, that I had marreid ten years

ago; what would have been my posi-

"I don't quite understand, Mr. Steev-

"Miss Creswell is evidently unaware

of her own attractions," said I; "there

is a marginal note, 'Destructive to pre-

vious attachments,' against your name

in the book of which I was speaking."

my little neighbor demurely; but, be-

tween ourselves, I fancy that she was

not particularly vexed at the innuendo.

point of view?" she continued present-

ly. "Are you men such paragons that

we poor women must be satisfied with

"There are not enough of you to go

"Suppose, now that we started the

"That's just the difficulty," said I

"Pardon me; there is a subtle dif-

"I fear," said I with a regretful

"And you yourself, Mr. Steevens?"

in these days most ladies consider me

"And how do you yourself feel on that

"Upon my word, when I talk to you

"Is it a pleasant illusion, Mr.

"Which are"-said Amy, raising her

"My nephew is one of them just now,"

said I, glancing at Gerald, and in truth

the boy's rueful countenance did rather

"He's horribly cross tonight," said

"Tell me," said I suddenly, looking

full at my little neighbor, "does it give

you pleasure to make him unhappy?"

Poor little Amy's lip quivered, but

"I have no doubt Captain Lachmere

is a very charming man," ;said I

if your nephew had any sense he would

"You mustn't take everything which

"It is perhaps wise to allow a liberal

At this moment Mrs. Willard gave

the signal for the ladies to retire, and

our conversation was brought to an un-

We men were left to enjoy our wine

and cigars, and as I puffed medita-

tively at an excellent Havana and

sipped Williard's unexceptionable port

I really felt at peace with all the world.

Poor Gerald drank his wine in moody

silence, and when we joined the latter

he declined to notice the vacant seat

next to Amy and went to where that

wicked little flirt May Walshe was sit-

ting and commenced quite a voluble

I fancy that the young lady in ques-

Amy, for Gerald was an eminently pre-

well had appeared upon the scene he

Walshe. And we all know that, how-

her in the heart of a man. And so the

"What a delightful girl that little

Miss Creswell is!" said I to my nephew

sentiments are really incomprehen-

as we were driving home.

unfavorable view of the sex.

Walshe," I observed casually.

"You have told her 30, I suppose?"

'Oh, just so," said I; "still, perhaps,

"I've finished with the girl," said

if you were a little more explicit"-

Gerald gloomily, "and I'm not going to

For the next few days Gerald acted

Here were two foolish young people

genuinely fond of one another, and yet

determined to quarrel about a per-

as well as though I had done so."

see her again if I can help it."

It was really too absurd.

sirable companion.

with her."

a woman says about one man to an-

she replied: "He sholdn't have been

so horrid about Captain Lachmere."

take the edge off my appreciation of

Amy, "and it serves him right!"

right and that I am not so very old.

"It has its drawbacks."

prettily arched eyebrows.

after all."

the situation.

but"-

know that."

other too literally."

timely end.

conversation.

discount," I agreed.

too old for anything but a stop-gap."

'We are so sadly unequal to the re-

than one or two of the many virtues

which a perfect man should possess?"

a share of one of you?"

round," I murmured.

'What about men from a woman's

"You mustn't talk nonesense," said

only a pretty excuse for a man's in-

much to love exclusively."

tion at the present moment?"

constancy?"

I don't profess to be able to see charming qualities, all so deliciously further into a brick wall than my attractive and so eminently desirable neighbors, but it really required no extraordinary degree of intelligence to perceive that my nephew Gerald was very much in love with little Amy Creswell. When two young people of opposite sexes living in different parts of a town the size of London accept invitations to the same houses on six successive evenings, you won't persuade said Amy, reflectively; "but isn't it me in a hurry that the fact is due entirely to mere chance.

The Creswells were staying at the Hotel Albemarle for a few days, and it was a significant fact that Gerald was constantly sending the club commissionaire with little notes to that ! hotel.

I wasin't, therefore, in the least suhprised the other evening, soon after we arrived at the Willards' to linner, to hear the Creswells announced, and I laughed in my sleeve when I called to to mind the sudden eagerness which my nephew had shown in calling on the Willards when he found out that they were friends of the Creswells.

I don't pretend to know how these things are managed, but some now or other it happened that Miss Amy and my nephew sat next to one another at dinner that evening.

I was a discreet but interested observer of what took place.

Although I am myself a confirmed old bachelor, and consequently little theory that no man possessed more versed in the art of detecting the symptoms which indicate the existence of the tender passion in others, yet on continued Amy, ignoring my interrupthis occasion I saw quite enough to tion. convince me as to how the land lay. When Gerald looked at his neighbor her eyes were always demurely cast quirements of the case. Either we are down, but when his gaze happened to too young or too old, too tall or too be directed elsewhere she would steal short, too amiable or too exacting, too a shy glance at him out of the corners ardent or too cold, too ugly or not of her eyes-and little Amy certainly | handsome enough." has very nice eyes.

It has always appeared to me that the Amy. course of true love would run smoothly enough but for the wanton way in which lovers create obstacles to the fulfillment of their own desires.

That Gerald was no exception to the ordinary run of lovers in this respect I soon had cause to realize, for he and Amy Creswell had a tiff at dinner that very evening, which, but for a happy | point?" inspiration on the part of the writer of this simple tale, might have ended in I almost begin to feel that you are their permanent estrangement. It was all on account of a certain Captain Lachmere, of whom Gerald didn't happen to approve, and who had been for Steevens?" some time paying marked attentions to Miss Amy Creswell.

That young lady didn't really care a button for the man in question, but she not unnaturally resented any attempt on Gerald's part to put a stop to her intimacy with him, Accept my word for it, if you want to throw a woman into another man's arms, just abuse that other man in her hearing. with. If my nephew had been a man of the world, he would not have made such a blunder; but you cannot put old heads on to young shoulders, and when a youthful head is under the influence of a youthful heart, which, in its turn, is subject to the disturbing influence of the tender passion, there is really no telling what complications may arise. And so it came to pass that before dinner was half over these two young people were engaged in as pretty a little quarrel as you could well wish

Of course, neither of them supposed for an instant that I or anybody else liked him so much?" had heard a word of their dispute, for their conversation was carried on in low tones, and to all appearance I had been listening with deep attention to the voluble utterances of a formidable lady on my right hand, who was laying down the law on the subject of the extension of the franchise to women, but in the course of an acquaintance with what is so appropriately termed "polite society" one acquires the vtluable knack of carrying on a conversation with one person while one's atention is really mainly occupied with something which is going on elsewhere.

"You are perfectly right, Miss Creswell," said Gerald stiffly. "I had no business to say what I did about a gentleman who appears to be such a particular friend of yours. Please consider my remarks as withdrawn." And with this he turned to his right-hand neighbor, May Walshe, and commenced to chatter with a really surprising te gree of animation.

Poor little Miss Creswell was for the moment placed at a disadvantage, for, however much she may have desired to retaliate, it was rather a forlorn hope for her to attempt to make derald jealous by commencing a flirtation | dialtiy the rival who has surplanted with me; but there happened to be nobody else available at the moment, and situation stood when it was time for us a woman is capable of any folly when to depart. she is angry with a man whom she really likes, and, to my intense amusement, little Amy actually began to make the experiment.

mere child, whom I remembered in short frocks, opened her feigned attack upon me; but I conscientiously did my best to help the situation along handsomely, and I really felt quite gratified when presently I observed that Gerald's animated conversaton with Miss Walshe was beginning to flag, and that he was casting glances of gravity, and asked my nephew what unmistakable surprise and annoyance had occurred to cause him to take such in my direction.

That sort of thing makes one feel young again, and I allowed my tone to become distinctly sentimental.

"Ah, my dear Miss Amy," I murmured, with a well-stimulated sigh, "we old bachelors miss a great deal in life. What would I not give to be once again my nephew's age! I should know how to use my opportunities."

"But you aren't really a bit old, and, besides, men never understand us a bit love her." until they have had twenty year's ex-

perience of the world." Undoubtedly this remark was intended as a side shot at my nephew,

but that youth gave no sign of having heard the remark .

"I fear that we never really understand you thoroughly," said I; "the study of your charming sex is like the study of a book each page of which re- upon this resolve, and certainly during quires pages and pages of explanatory that time he was not altogether a de-

"Have you ever read much of the book?" asked Amy with a little side glance out of the corner of her gray

"I never got further than the first chapter," I replied with a sigh. "And what did you find to prevent you from getting further?"

feetly trivial matter, simply because both were too proud to make the first overtures to bring about a reconciliaation. "I found that twenty different women Amy was moping because Gerald periment on my own account I was

nephew's manner was daily becoming rator at the exchange asking whether more and more morose. If Gerald's I had done with No. mamma had been in town, or if the girl have confided her trouble, the whole thing might have been put to rights in five minutes; but as things stood there was every chance of these two misguided young people ending their days in single blessedness.

After four or five days of this kind of thing I came to the conclusion that it to help matters along a little, as anything would be better than the continuation of the existing state of affortunately, the custom of the country

I thought the matter over carefully one night, as I smoked my usual afterdinner cigar, and by the time I had finished my weed I had decided upon my plan of campaign.

"What are your plans for tomorrow, Gerald?" said I.

"I haven't any," replied my nephew "Well, then, you might come with me and leave a card at the Williards'; we haven't been near the house since we dined there last Wednesday."

"I'm sick of the whole farce of social intercourse; but I'm ready to do anything you like, Uncle Jack," said Gerald indifferently.

Gerald's was clearly a bad case. I rose from my comfortable chair. put on my hat and overcoat, and strolled down to the club.

It really was a striking instance of self-sacrifice on the part of an old fogey; for I hadn't the slightest desire to go out that night.

When I arrived at the club I went straight to the telephone cupboard and rang up the Hotel Albemarle, Miss Creswell was "at home." "Could she speak to Mr. Steevens?"

I waited the reply to this question with considerable anxiety. Presently the little bell rang. "Miss Creswell will be at the tele-

phone in a minute.' I had made up my mind to attempt a manoevure which required some little finesse for the securing of its succes. Presently Miss Amy's voice came faintly along the wire: "Yes; who is

"Is that you, Amy?" I replied boldly. "Yes: who are you?" "Gerald Steevens," said I, with mental reservations.

I fancied that I heard a little exciamation of pleased surprise, but wheth-"That's the same thing," interrupetd er this was so or not I could not be positively certain; however, the next sentence which reached my ear through the instrument was spoken in tones of perfect unconcern. "What is it you have to say to me,

glance at my pretty companion, "that Mr. Steevens?" "Oh, Amy," I replied, in the most beseeching tones I could muster, "don't speak to me like that; I've been so miserable ever since we quarrelled the other night." "That only serves you right," came

> clearly through the ear trumpet; but I fancied that I caught two little words in a much lower tone, that sounded like "Poor boy!" "But, Amy," I continued, "don't be

so cruel as to say that you won't forgive me, for it was only because I am so fond of you that I was so rude the other evening." "Well, Gerald, you were rather horrid, I think; but, if you will promise

never to be unkind to me again, I will forgive you for this once." "I promise," said I; "but I wish we could kiss and make friends." "That would hardly be proper, I'm afraid; besides, you see, you could

only kiss my ear. which would not be very satisfactory, would it?" And how do I know that you are the only person at your end of the wire?" "I swear there's nobody except myself," said I equivocally; "besides, you

"I hate him," said Amy pouting, "and might put the trumpet to your lips." "I shall ring off if you say another "Of course, he ought to, especially as "Don't do that," I entreated; "the you said that the gentleman was one of

operator might intercept my message." your particular friends and that you "Well, then, you must not talk non-"I was never more serious in my life,"

I replied; and, really, it was rather a serious situation for an old bachelor getting on for fifty to be talking nonsense at one end of a wire with a charming girl of eighteen at the other. "I shall be calling on the Williard tomorrow afternoon," said I. "I hope you will find your visit amus-

"It shall if somebody else happens to

be there." "Somebody else will think it over perhaps, though it would serve another somebody else right if she didn't." "But we are friends again now

Amy," said I tenderly. "It would serve you right if I said No,' Gerald, after the way you flirted with May Walshe the other night." "But you were just as bad with my Uncle Jack," said I.

tion rather enjoyed her triumph over "I'm afraid he's a dreadful old flirt, but he really is rather nice. Do you sentable youth, and before Miss Cresthink that I could make him really like me?" said Amy, laughing softly. had flirted a good deal with this Miss "This is getting rather interesting." thought I, but I only replied: "For ever amiable a girl may be, she does shame! I won't have Uncle Jack's afnot, as a rule, regard with sincere corfections tampered with."

"Perhaps he likes it," suggesed Amy "It's not good for him," said I. "Very few nice things are good for

"But people ought not to be tempted to do things which are not good for "So you appeared to think," said them." I laughed in my sleeve when this Gerald dryly. "For my part, I hate all "Possibly he would not take quite and examined carefully, and particular that view of the situation," said Mis

Amy demurely. "At your age, my dear boy, such "Now I come to think of it," said I reflectively, "perhaps he does not; but "Wait until you have been treated by | it is rather cruel of you to experiment

a woman as I have," said Gerald with an old gentleman's susceptibili-I maintained what I still contend | ties." "I will never do it again, Gerald; but was a most exemplary expression of he's an old dear, and I think ne will forgive me. Don't you?"

"Possibly," said I, laughing. "Tell me, Gerald, have you really "She's a heartless little flirt," rebeen unhappy because of our little plied Gerald flecely, "and I've done

"Miserable! And you?" "It struck me that you were mak-"It's very vain of you to ask that ing the running fairly freely with Miss question, Gerald, but perhaps I have been a little bit sorry.' "Oh, that's quite a different thing," "Then, Amy, do you love me just replied my nephew, quite unabashed.

"May Walshe knows that I am not in wee scrap?" earnest, but Amy must know that I "That's a very improper question to ask a girl through a telephone. In fact I think the whole of this conversation is very incorrect, and if you breathe "Well, not exactly; but she knows it a syllable about it to anybody I'll never

speak to you again."

"The severity of the punishment would be proportioned to the heinousness of the crime," I replied. "I will never allude to this incident again as "If you will promise that faithfully,

long as I live-even to you." I'll forgive you for this once. Do you promise?" "With all my heart," said I.

"Good night, Gerald." "Good-night, dearest," I replied. I could have sworn that the soft little sound which followed Miss Amy's good-night was not caused by the hanging up of the ear trumpet; but before I had time to try a little exmight possess twenty different sets of made no attempt to see her, and my disgusted to hear the voice of the ope-

- has done with me, I'm had had a mother to whom she could afraid," said I, and before the puzzled operator had time to ask what I ment. I "rang off." There are some things which we cannot explain, even to a telephone operator.

I walked slowly home. "There's no fool like an old fool," I thought, as I felt about with my latchkey for the keyhole; "unless it's a was desirable for me to do something young fool," I mentally added a moment later, as I observed poor Gerald gazing disconsolately into the dying embers of the fire.

"Where have you been during the last hour?" said Gerald presently. "I have been making love to charming girl," said I cheerfully.

Gerald was rude enough to laugh. "And I flatter myself that she wasn't altogether displeased with the performance," I added, with a self-satisfied air. "As for you, you young dog! I proceeded severely, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. What business have you to be sulking here at home while a pretty girl has been wearing the willow for the last week on your account?"

"How do you know that?" said Gerald, with the nearest approach to cheerfulness which I had observed in

him for some days. "A particular friend of hers told me that it was so,' sad I "but if you ever dare to let her know that I told you I'll disinherit you, as sure as my name is Jack Steevens." "I should deserve it," said my nep-

Of course, Gerald and Amy Creswell met at the Williards' the following afternoon, and Amy's manner was so cordial to my nephew that the dear boy was firmly convinced that she was trying to show him how anxious she was to make up their little quarrel.

A week later their engagement was publicly announced. The best of it is that to this day each believes that the other took the first step toward a reconciliation. Reall the possibilities of Mr. Edison's

ingenious machine are but dimly realized in this conservative old country of ours.-Sketch.

### Speculation

(Congregationalist.) Speculation is a passion which wrecks fortunes, bodies, characters, communities, nations. Many men reach after mmense possible results rather than take assured small ones. They prefer the bucket shop to the savings bank The unknown patent medicine has more value in their eyes than that whose composition is understood, and whose operation has been tested by professional experts. The "divine healer' or the "Christian scientist" is trusted rather than the trained physician. Crowds of citizens shout themselves hoare in praise of the orator who has some panacea which never has been tried but which he warrants to remove all national ills. Here and there one gains money. Some real or imaginary bodily ills are cured. Spamodic impulses may be created toward national prosperity. But every sensible man knows that all these speculations offer immense risks and yield small returns. The many are duped, the few reap the rewards. Honest labor, diligent study, reliance on experience insure safety Gambling in business, in medicine, in government, in religion, is immoral. Its consequences are disastrous. To warn men against it and to offer the sure rewards of honesty is to preach a genuine gospel, fitted especially to the needs of this time.

### Another Globe Girdler

(From The American Cyclist.) Lieutenant Julius Brandstoettner, of the Austrian army, is making a tour of the world on his wheel. He is twenty-seven years old, more than six feet high, and a muscular athlete. A sycling suit, sweater, a pair of socks, a couple of spare tires and a repair kit are all the paggage he carries—exclusive of the clothes he wears. His weapon is a big revolver. He started from his birthplace, Vienna, on November 14, 1896. He made his way to Bordeaux by way of Prague, Dresden, Leipsic, Madgeburg, Berlin Stettin, Lubeck, Hamburg, Bremen, Dusseldorf, Brussels and Paris.

Only once was he molested. He wore on his sweater an Austrian eagle and was attacked by some half a dozen French peasants in the Department of La Tours He shot one of them, wounding him in the leg. Then the rest ran away. From Bordeaux he took the steamer to London, thence by wheel to Liverpool, by steamer to Halifax, and from that point to New York. He is now on his way across the American continent, with San Francisco as his objective point, thence by steamer to Sydney, Australia. After visiting the principal points in Australia he will cross to the Indian continent, and, after exploring his way through Afghanistan, will strike for the Rer Sea and Suez, and thence through Egypt to civilization.

#### Mysterious Defects in Engines Defects often develop in steam engines

and other machines that are very mysterious in their origin, and call for great ingenuity in detecting the cause. Unless man in charge of an engine develops habits of close observation, he is likely to be easily beaten when anything un usual takes place.

We read lately of a tendency to run away of a Corless engine, which was great mystery for a time. The engin would speed up for a few moments without any apparent cause, and drop back to its normal speed without anything being done. The engine was taken apart attention was devoted to the governor but nothing wrong could be found. One day, while the engineer was looking at the engine, it suddenly speeded up about fifty revolutions above the normal, and before the steam could be shut off it dropped back to the regular speed. The engine was stopped, the governor again taken apart, the valve mechanism examined. and a minute inspection made over the whole machine, and nothing could be found the matter.

Some of the people about were beginn ing to think this erratic engine was acting outside of natural laws and that a real mystery surrounded the tendency to run away. By accident the engineer grasped the governor belt, and was surprised to find that the pulley turned on the shaft. The pulley was of the common kind, made in two pieces and bolted together, being held to the shaft by the friction of the parts. The bolts had worked loose and permitted the pulley to turn on the shaft

at short intervals. When hearing about this mystery the surprise we experienced was that the en gineer did not thoroughly examine that pulley after he had looked at the governor.-Lomocotive Engineering

#### Commercial Use of Garnets "The average man, I presume, imagines

that garnets are used in our line of bus-iness exclusively," remarked a State-st. jeweller the other day, "whereas in fact the jewelry trade cuts a small figure in the garnet industry. "About 3,000 tons of garnets are used

every year in this country for making sandpaper. A very small proportion of the garnets have any value to the lapidary, and the best are only semi-precious stones. The costliest come from the Adirondack regions and from Delaware County, Penn. Up in Alaska, near the town of Wrangel, is a veritable garnet mountain, and a corporation has been re-cently organized to develop it. The Alaska garnetsone said to be unusually fine."— Chicago Times-Herald.

SCIENCE OF HERALDRY

The Crest is the True Badge of Chivaly

The real meaning of a crest seems quite obscure to many people. The crest is, in fact, simply the ornament on the top of the helmet worn by a commander, and is to distinguish him in the confusion of battle. The mantle is the covering of the helmet, and is as inappropriate as the crest for ladies' use, excepting only persons who use it as a robe of estate. Helmets are of five kinds, varying according to rank. The crest is always, unless espe-cially stated otherwise, placed upon a wreath upon the top of the helmet and is always painted thus. The crest was in use long before armorial bearings were, and is the true mark of chivalry and no-

Achievements, shield of arms, escutch-eon and coat of arms are one and the same, although achievements is usually applied to "those funeral escutcheons which being placed upon the fronts of houses or elsewhere set forth the rank and circumstance of the deceased." A man's coat of arms is always painted upon a shield, with supporters and crest, if entitled to a crest. A coat of arms was 'a habit worn by the ancient knights over their armor, both in battles and tournaments, upon wnich was applied the armories of the knights, embroidered in gold and silver and enameled with beat-en tin, colored black, green, red and blue, whence the rule ever to apply color on

color, or metal on metal. The achievements of married women are arranged precisely as are their husbands', without the helmet, crest, mantle or motto, the ground always painted black under the wife's and white under he husband's. Spinsters' and widows' arms must always be painted upon a lozenge. "The achievements of widows differ from

wives in two respects-the escutcheon is lozenge shaped and the ground is entirely black. The arms should be encircled by a silver cordon, This cordon is the badge of widowhood, and, of course, should never be used by unmarried women, though some outside make the mistake of painting it around

the arms of spinsters. "Shells, cherubian heads and knots or bows of ribbon are often placed about the arms of women whether spinsters, wives or widows."

If an unmarried woman is a peeress, her 'supporters' robe of estate and coronet' may be added to her arms. There are now nine different crowns or

coronets used in ngland, flower-de-luce, strawberry leaves and balls forming their varying ornamentation, according to the varying ranks. Our American Duchess of Marlborough is entitled to her coronet, but she may not use a crest.-Philadelphia Times.

How a Brave Shikari Killed a Man-Eate | way car for a given quantity of cotton You all know that a man-eater is generally a tiger too old, sick, or inactive to More than this, it has been found practicatch his natural prey in the jugles, so he cally impossible to set fire to a bale of hangs about a village like an area sneak, picks up goats and calves, one day falls on a helpless man, woman or child at the what loose and uncertain covering of jute. edge of the forest, and having tasted human flesh, longs for more. Confirmed man-eaters, it is said, care for no other, but this I doubt; they may prefer it to any other; it is probably easier to get in many cases. But whether a tiger becomes a man-eater by force of circumstances or neighborhood he frequents, and, as he adds to the tale of his victims, helpless villagers invest him with supernatural atributes, and call on their gods to avert is wrath.

A noted specimen of this class had killed great number of people about a certain illage somewhere in Kattyawar, and had taken to polishing off dak-runners as they passed through a narrow jungly defile, hree or four miles from the village. He grew so cunning that shikaris were baflled time after time in their attempts to sight him. When an armed escort accompanied the dak-runner nothing happened; so after some days it was thought he tiger had shifted his quarters. Then the escort was dropped one evening, and immediately another unfortunate runner disappeared. A special reward was offered by the government, but without results. For months and months the man-eater continued to kill with impunity. My cousin in the staff corps, a keen shikari and very determined fellow, swore he would shoot that tiger; got ten days' eave, and pitched his tent near the village in question. He tried all he knew, tied up buffalo calves, beat the jungles with 300 or 400 men, even accompanied a dak-runner at dusk through the fatal de-

file, but in vain. At last he resolved to personate the dakrunner himself, and go alone. Attired as a native and armed with riflle and pistol, he slung a mail bag over his shoulder and started on his perilous adventure one evening at sunset. Jingling a number of ittle bells attached to his person, after the manner of dak-runners, he trotted on till he reached the place of evil omen. Then all at once with a bound the maneater appeared in the middle of the road not twelve feet wide, facing him. The man pulled up short at a distance of some fifteen yards, raised his 12-bore, and, by the mercy of God, dropped the tiger stone dead with a ball in the brain.-Badminton Magazine.

### What Is News

Recently The Augusta Chronicle contained an interesting article on, "What is News?" and in reply thereto, it answered its own query as follows: "News is anything that the general

public ought to know.,, "News consists of events that ar either very usual or very unusual." "News is the daily record of the human race put into convenient form for

"News is the panamora of the world every twenty-four hours in embryo." "News is whatever the public will read and pay for."

the public."

"News is anything from Jones' arrival in town to the fall of an empire." "News is historical fact. It is what occurs, not what is imagined," "News is the truth concerning men,

nations, and things. That is truth concerning them which is helpful, or pleasant, or useful, or necessary, for a reader to know."

While on this subject our contemporary refers to the practice which people make of requesting that news concerning themselves be left out of the paper. They want all the news, but if it is about themselves or those connected with them, they ask that it be omitted, but if it is about other people they like to see it in print. In other words, "if the news is about us leave it out; if about the other fellow, print it, and be sure to give the full story." This is about the idea which many convey to the newspaper man, and there

newspapers. / It never occurs probably that the requests are embarrassing to the newspaper men, but all the same it is. As the Chronicle observes, "when it comes to eulogy and flattery, however undeserved and extravagant, these people are ready enough to see that in print; and it is astonishing how much it takes to satiswy them. As long as it is sunshine they will say publish it by all means, but when a shadow comes their way; when they violate law; when the aspect

in which they will appear before the

public is not complimentary, then at

is hardly a day that some request along

the above line is not made of the daily

once they say: "Keep it out of the pa-This is human nature. But should a newspaper publisher accede to the request? Is he dealing fairly with those who pay for the news? These are questions that persons who request the suppression of legitimate news items that life was to him very good.—Woman

should consider.-Norfolk Virginian.

The Straits of Nobility. The baron and the baroness had come to town, and the young New Yorker

who had met them when he was a student at Heidelberg was showing them the sights of the city, says The New York Telegram.

He took them, among other places, to a German beer hall in Third avenue, where all manner of antique mugs and porelains are perched on shelves against the dark, walnut panels of the walls.

Fritz, his favorite waiter, came, and with an air which was granduer on ice, the youth who had studied abroad summoned his most gutteral German to his aid, and ordered three steins of Wuerzburger and three sardellen sandwiches. The baroness detected the Bavarian accent in the waiter's voice when he

repeated the order, and addressed him in his own dialect. "From Bavaria also?" said the waiter when he returned with the foaming flagons. "My wife lives there now. Perhaps you know her already. Her

The baroness smiled indulgently over the foam-flecked rim and shook her

head. "Shall I make him drop dead?" asked

he who had been to Heidelburg. "Not at all," replied the baroness The next time the foreign educated

youth came to the place he hunted up the waiter, and by adroit conversation brought the subject around to those who had accompanied him to the restaurant.

"That woman," he said, "whom you asked if she knew your wife was a baroness." "So is my wife," replied Fitz, as he calmly slid a bill of fare across the table. "That was the baroness-...

#### The Round Cotton Bale

knew her well."

(Atlanta Journal.) While a number of cotton experts have given their cordial endorsement to the cylindrical cotton bale strong objection is made to it by many cotton brokers in New York on the ground that it is difficult to sample cotton packed in such a bale. The Boston Herald which is in touch with the cotton men of New England comes to the defense of the new bale as

follows: "The new method of baling cotton in compressed cylindrical bales, bound with cotton cloth instead of jute bagging, is said to have proved highly satisfactory. The space in a vessel's hold or in a railway than when packed in the old manner. cotton put up in this manner, and the outer fiber is much less liable to damage than when the cotton is put up in a some-From the grower to the manufacturer reports are highly satisfactory, while as cotton is intensely inflammable, and as many fires that have occurred at sea have been chargeable to cotton, the use of a method of packing which eliminates this serious hazard is one greatly to be commended. It is not easy to change a trade custom in a year or two, but the chances are that ten or tfelve years from this time all, or nearly all, of the cotton grown in our southern states which is sent to northern or to European markets will be packed in these closely compressed cyl-

indrical bales." What is still more favorable to the interests of the cylindrical bale, the New York Shipping List has become its stout champion. After commending it in the highest

terms that journal says: "Machines will be leased, but in no case sold, to planters, and will turn out the cotton so tightly pressed that a 500-pound bale will be only half the present size of a bale of the same weight. Another important advantage lies in the fact that the cylindrical bale can be shipped directly to the spinner and fed directly to his machinery without further handling. An immense saving in freight will be effected by the decreased amount of room occupied by the cotton in transit."

## How Fast Wild Geese Fly.

During the three days ending March 22nd numerous flocks of geese were seen migrating northward, or, rather, northeastward, since they were following the general trend of the coast line, which, in New England, is nearly northeastward north of Cape Cod. On the morning of March 22nd, while A. E. Sweetland and I were measuring clouds at the ends of a base line 1,178.4 meters in length, extending from the Blue Hill Meteorological observatory to the base of Blue hill, we succeeded in measuring, with our cloud theodolites, the height and the velocity of flight of one of these flocks of geese. So rapid is the velocity of flight that the flock was visible to the observers only about two minutes, but during that time two sets of measurements were taken with the theodolites on the leader of the flock.

The first measurements, at 8:49 a. m., were accurately taken at the observatory station, but were only approximate at the other station. The second measurements, at 8:50 o'clock a. m.. were accurate and simultaneous at both stations. Using the second set of observations at both stations for the height and the two sets of observations at the observatory station for the velocity, the calculations gave the height as 905 feet above the Neponset river valley, of 960 feet above sea level and the velocity of flight as 14.3 miles an hour. The direction of flight was

from southwest to northeast. On a previous occasion we found a flock of ducks flying from the northeast at a height of 958 feet with a velocity of 47.8 miles an hour.-H. Helm Clayon in Science.

Henry Drummond's Humor

A feature of Professor Drummond's character, which has been missed by most who have given an estimate of the man. was his humor. He had the "grand manner" and a stately gravity which kept outsiders from seeing the playful side of his nature. This also had its origin in the simplicity which was the keynote of all his character. He was fond of little practical jokes, and could hoax his friends to perfection. Almost the last time I saw him was at a dinner to which we had been invited to meet a London celebrity who was to address a meeting after dinner. Drummond came over to me and whispered, "Do you want to go to this meeting?" I shook my head a little sadly, feeling that there was no help for it, and he said, with a touch if mischief in his ye, "We'll run." We took an opportunity, when everybody was attending to the celebrity, to slip out, and went along to his house with the glee of two schoolboys playing truant. He enjoyed the escape hugely and looked upon it as a practical joke that we had got the celebrity's honey without his sting.

All his intimate friends could testify to his capacity for fun, and with children there was nobody else in the house worth considering when Henry Drummond was in it. He would lower the gases and tell ghost stories with a comical denoument that was irresistibly funny. He would gravely propound a problem and make you puzzle it out, only to find it was a hoax. At the very last, when he could hardly speak, he would try to keep up his friend's spirits by taking them in with some amusing conundrum. In the days of his power, after every visit to America and Australia, he came home with delightful stories that went the rounds as Drummond's latest. This characteristic of humor was part of the instinctive joy of living which beamed in his very face. He had so many interests, artistic, scientific, and social, and he lived in such a sweet atmosphere of faith,

at Home.