

A Remarkable Dispatch.

By EMERSON BENNETT.



It was a grilling day in the July of 1876, as I sauntered into the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, on Broadway, for the purpose of sending a dispatch to my friend, George Moyers, the artist, who implored of me to join him instantly at West Point, where he had pitched his tent for the purpose of doing a picture or two of the scenes enacted in that romantic locality during glorious War of Independence.

I am a lawyer, and in '76 was a "rising junior." I had been fagging cruelly, sparing myself no amount of labor, and when on that July day my longed-for vacation was at hand, I felt like a schoolboy about to get away for the real genuine holidays.

As I approached the grating and awaited by turn to pop in the message, I became interested in a young lady, richly but plainly attired, whose sweet figure was simply perfection, and whose golden hair was wound round the back of her graceful head in massive and luxurious plaits.

The clerk muttered something that I could not hear. "Oh, I hope it will go at once. How much am I to pay?" The phlegmatic employe proceeded to count the words, and announced that the message would cost two dollars.

The young lady put her hand in her pocket, started, colored violently, became deadly pale and palpitated: "I have left my purse at home, what am I to do?" The clerk bit his pencil and said nothing.

"I live out of town and the message would be too late," and in her perplexity she turned and faced me. She was perfectly charming. Lustrous violet-blue eyes, and long, sweeping lashes—eyes sad yet joyous, bright, tender. A delicately formed nose, slightly retreating, which imparted a piquancy to the face such as one only sees in Greuze's portraits.

My voice was scarcely audible as I said: "I beg your pardon. I inadvertently heard your conversation with the clerk. Will you permit me to relieve you of any embarrassment by allowing me to pay for the dispatch?" She started as I spoke, and, bestowing upon me a haughty glance that almost amounted to defiance, exclaimed:

zen's Hotel, and indeed of the village, in the light of a serious duty; and be the weather fair or foul, wet or dry, stormy or calm, the arrival of the boat found us on the dock, like a pair of detectives, awaiting the landing of some party telegraphed as "wanted."

Six weeks had glided away as though I had been in dreamland, and the hour was not far distant which was to summon me to work. The shadow of New York was upon me.

One exquisite afternoon found us, as usual, on the lookout for the boat en route to Albany. Tourists from all climes under the sun were passing backward and forward, and George's excuse for gazing at the pretty girls was on the plea of "studying character."

The boat was passing along the dock. She spoke rapidly to her companion, a tall, aristocratic-looking young man, toward whom, in that single instant, I conceived a deadly aversion. This man instantly quitted her side and rushing to the stern of the boat shouted:

"Your name and address; I want to get out of your debt"—his tone as though he were addressing a lackey. "You are not in my debt," I defiantly retorted.

The boat had almost passed from the dock. He sprang upon a seat, and rapidly wrapping a silver dollar in a green-back, I know not of what value, cried, as he flung it:

"Catch! Debt with interest and thanks." The boat had passed away from the dock. I was not the "boss" baseball player in the Manhattan Club without being able to make a fair catch. I caught his missile as it came flying through the air.

My fellow travelers were standing anxious, like Mr. Sterne's stalling, to get out. I muttered an apology for blocking the way, and, turning, cast a short, sharp glance at two ladies.

One of them was the young girl whom I had encountered at the telegraph office. My holidays had passed away, and work, grim, gaunt, earnest, was upon me. Letters to be replied to, papers to be hunted up, appointments to be made and kept, law books to be consulted, opinions to be given, and every pigeon-hole in my waking existence crammed to the uttermost limits of its endurance.

me into a corner beneath the bony knuckles of time; bitterly the mocking destiny that dashed the cup from my lips thrice when the brimming nectar was within reach of them. My work was heavy, and demanded a ceaseless vigilance. My work stood between me and her image, thrusting it aside with an iron and unswerving hand.

It was a murky, drizzling morning in December, upon the eve of the Christmas holidays. I had not the pleasing gratification of even seeing my bed upon the preceding night, as I was compelled to read up a case involving a series of the most important issues, and my night's rest went down before the interest of my clients.

There were two weak places in our armory. The first, that Miss Van Zandt had been estranged from her nephew up to within a few days of her death; the second, that Miss Van Zandt was generally considered somewhat eccentric.

It was late when I arrived at court, and, in addition to my brief, I was incumbered with a ghastly headache, which, at every throb, led me to imagine that my skull was in imminent danger of exploding as though through the agency of nitro-glycerine.

The quantity of sulphuric acid in mine water varies according to the district and condition of the mine. Some mine water has been found to contain only a few grains, while the water in other workings often contains over 100 grains a gallon.

The available coal yet stored in the earth in Germany is estimated by Professor Ferdinand Fischer, of Göttingen, at 160,000,000,000 tons; in England only 81,500,000,000 tons; in Belgium, Austria-Hungary and France about 17,000,000,000 tons each.

Up to this particular moment I had preserved a masterly inactivity; my head was splitting, and my ideas were deranged by the tortures of physical anguish. I would willingly have given a hundred, two hundred, yea, five hundred dollars for a respite, but the chance was too good to throw

away; I could not afford to lose the opportunity, so, by a vigorous effort, I drew myself together, and, glancing rapidly at the marginal notes scrawled on my brief, I turned toward the stand, and, blinded with pain, drawled:

"You are Miss Mabel Appleton?" "I am." "Niece of the late Miss Isabelle Van Zandt?" "Yes."

The court swung around me; Mabel Appleton held the original draft of the dispatch for which I had paid the two dollars.

That "bit o' writin'" is now framed and glazed, and suspended in a gold frame in my wife's boudoir, and many a time do we refer to that memorable 27th of July, when I paid two dollars for a dispatch that was destined to do so much for her, and so much for me.—Good Literature.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

It is said that the use of an oil or gas engine on the farm results in a saving of from twenty to fifty per cent. as compared with horses.

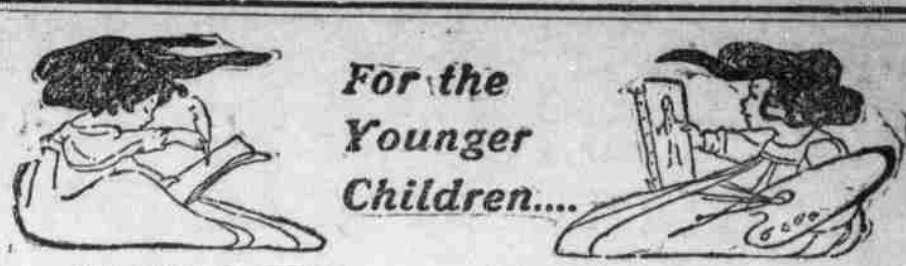
Tests of reinforced concrete barges and pontoons have been conducted by the Italian Government since 1897, and the results have been so gratifying that several more of the strange constructions have been ordered.

Consul-General William H. Michael, writing from Calcutta, says that a young engineer of Daising, Seral, India, has invented a machine which disposes of the wood in the stems of jute at the rate of 60,000 stems per day.

According to the Engineering Record, a concrete tank at the San Antonio gas works has been in service for three years, holding heavy Texas oil without showing any leakage whatever, although there is a general belief that oil destroys the cohesion of concrete.

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The building of the Chicago drainage canal has been the means of so improving the sanitary conditions in that city that the death rate from typhoid and similar diseases has been reduced 67.5 per cent.



THE MIDDLE CHILD. Whenever there is company, And mother sends for us, It's always 'bout the baby that They make the biggest fuss. They say, 'She's sweet as she can be!' 'Her hair, just see it curl!' They never say such things to me, 'Cause I'm the middle girl.

Then baby speaks her little piece, And sister's asked to sing; But no one ever seems to guess That I do anything. Although my name is Marguerite— And Marguerite means "pearl," Nobody thinks that I'm sweet, 'Cause I'm the middle girl.

WATER EXPERIMENTS. Of course you know that water boils when heated to a temperature of 212 degrees. No matter how much heat you may apply to it then, the temperature will not be raised, but the water will only be the more rapidly turned into steam, for that is what boiling does.

There is a way, however, in which you may raise the temperature of water above 212 degrees, though most persons would tell you that it is impossible. To make the test and prove it, you will need a small chemical thermometer, that is, one without a tin case.

When you have your thermometer, boil some water for fifteen minutes, and then let it stand undisturbed until it cools. Then keeping it perfectly still heat it again, and you will find that the temperature will go a few degrees higher than 212, without causing the water to boil.

Another experiment may be made by putting some salt or sugar into water, and then boiling it; you will find that it will take a higher temperature than pure water, for the reason that some heat is required to separate the salt or sugar from the water before the latter can be converted into steam.

Still another interesting experiment consists in boiling some water in a glass flask; then, while it is boiling, cork it tightly and remove it from the flame. When it stops boiling in the flask pour some cold water over the outside and it will begin to boil again.

A TIP FOR WILLIE. "My son," said the head of the family after he had read all the sporting news, "here is a good thing for you to remember. I give it to you out of the store of my experience."

MOTHER HUMMINGBIRD. Such a tiny, tiny nest was that in which Mother Hummingbird and her two babies lived, hidden away in a bush so carefully that only Betty knew where it was, and she kept the secret to herself.

a daring nature, the former of which is a good thing, son, and the latter very bad for little boys. "Never trust a man who laughs in U. He's a scamp. The gasman laughs in U. Yes, indeed, after you grow up you will notice these things."

THE HERO. He was eight years old and she was six. They were playing on the steps and their mamas on the veranda were listening.

"Out West there was a man living on a ranch and his nearest neighbor lived on another ranch, three miles away. One day the first ranchman sent his little daughter, who was five years old, over to the other ranch to get some milk."

When you drop some pieces of metal into the water, it will at once begin to boil. The explanation of this is that the air is expelled from the water when it boils, and water with air in it boils more quickly than water without air in it.

"And," he added impressively, placing his hand on his chest, "I was the cowboy." "The result," murmured one mamma, "of having been to a show."

RATS GOT WHAT THEY WANTED. While standing in a large woodshed, one end of which he had partitioned off with narrow slats as a fowl house, Mr. X heard a gnawing noise, and, looking about him, saw a large brown rat darting away from a dog-biscuit lying on the floor of the shed.

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Gambling

Play not for gain, but sport. Who plays for more Stakes his own heart; perhaps his wife's too. —Herbert.

They say this town is full of cozenage, As nimble jugglers that deceive the eye, Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks, And many such like libertine of sin. —Shakespeare.

Gambling with cards, or dice, or stocks, is all one thing: it is getting money without giving an equivalent for it. —Beecher.

Gaming is the child of avarice, but the parent of prodigality. —Cotton.

A gamester, the greater master he is in his art, the worse man he is. —Bacon.

A gamester, as such, is the cool, calculating, essential spirit of concentrated, essential selfishness. —Beecher.