

pany, on Broadway, for the purpose George Moyers, the artist, who implored of me to join him instanter 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 dabor, 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 acter." awaited by turn to pop in the message, I became interested in a young lady, richly but plainly attired, whose svelte figure was simply perfection, round the back of her graceful head in massive and luxurious pleats. Of course any man of a certain age obeys the impulse which bids him gaze on a fair face or a faultless form-it is but nature's tribute to the beautiful flushed. -and in mere obedience to this mysterious law, I strained eagerly for- dock. ward to obtain a glimpse of her features, but without success.

"When will this message be forwarded?" she asked, in a low and musical tone.

The clerk muttered something that I could not hear.

"Ob, I hope it will go at once. How much am I to pay?"

The phlegmatic employe proceeded to count the words, and announced a 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 mesperplexity she turned and faced me.

She was perfectly charming. Lustrous violet-blue eyes, and long, caught his missile as it came flying sweeping lashes-eyes sad yet joyous, through the air. With all my bright, tender. A delicately formed nose, slightly retrousse, which im- him. It struck him, and a savage parted a piquancy to the face such as thrill of pleasure ran through me as one only sees in Grauze's portraits. I saw him apply a handkerchief to Her golden hair came low upon her his face. forehead, and she wore a hat surmounted by a rich dark-blue feather ders.

My voice was scarcely audible as I said:

tlerk.

It was a grilling day in the July of | zen's Hotel, and indeed of the village, in December, upon the eve of the 1876, as I sauntered into the office of in the light of a serious duty; and be Christmas holidays. I had not the the Western Union Telegraph Com- the weather fair or foul, wet or dry, pleasing gratification of even seeing my bed upon the preceding night, as stormy or calm, the arrival of the of sending a dispatch to my friend, boat found us on the dock, like a pair I was compelled to read up a case involving a series of the most imof detectives, awaiting the landing of portant issues, and my night's rest some party telegraphed as "wanted." went down before the interest of my Six weeks had glided away as clients. though'I had been in dreamland, and It was a disputed will case, and I the hour was not far distant which had been retained for the defendants. was to summon me to work. The

ing hand.

Miss Isabelle Van Zandt died on

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 brother, who now disputed the will excuse for gazing at the pretty girls on the grounds of undue influence and was on the plea of "studying char-

"I never saw such a colorless lot." growled my companion, as the boat time of her demise, and that the becommenced to glide from the dock. quests were the result of natural "As ugly as-ah, that's comething and whose golden hair was wound over there in deep mourning-the girl affection, and that she was further influenced by the fact that the plainwith the hay-colored hair." tiff was extremely wealthy and un-

My heart leaned.

married. It was the young iady whom I had encountered at the telegraph office. My eyes caught hers and she

The boat was passing along the

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

ative. though he were addressing a lackey. "You are not in my debt," I defiantly retoried.

The boat had almost passed from the dock.

He sprang upon a seat, and rapidly wrapping a silver dollar in a greenback, I know not of what value, cried,

as he flung it: "Catch! Debt with interest and thanks."

from the magnitude of the property The boat had passed away from the at stake, excited very considerable sage would be too late," and in her dock. I was not the "boss" baseball interest.

The plaintiff's case was ably, eloplayer in the Manhattan Club without being able to make a fair catch. I by his counsel, and about twenty persons who had been on terms of alleged intimacy with the deceased strength I sent it spinning back to were examined as to her eccentricities, and also with regard to her visibly decaying mental powers, antecedent to her demise. My associate cross-examined such

The steamboat had passed away, and my heart's longings were with that almost swung across her shoul- that fair girl who was being borne from me, whither I could not tell.

relevant to the question at issue, suc-What was this haughty beauty to me? What link between us? None, "I ber your pardon. I inadvertent- save an act for which a newlyly heard your conversation with the breeched schoolboy would flout me. Will you permit me to relieve Her husband, too. Strange to say, infary embarrassment by al- I never admitted the possibility of her lowing me to pay for the dispatch?" | being united to that man-whenever

me into a corner beneath the bony away; I could not afford to lose the knuckles of time; bitterly the mock- opportunity, so, by a vigorous effort, ing destiny that dashed the cup from I drew myself together, and, glancing my lips thrice when the brimming rapidly at the marginal notes nectar was within reach of them. My scrawled on my brief, I turned toward work was heavy, and demanded a the stand, and, blinded with pain, ceaseless vigilance. My work stood drawled: between me and her image, thrusting it aside with an iron and unswerv-

and irrevocable bewilderment. When he had duly impressed the fury with the conviction that the

"You are Miss Mabel Appleton?"

"I am." "Niece of the late Miss Isabelle Van

It was a murky, drizzling morning Zandt?" "Yes." "You recollect Tuesday, the 27th of

July last?" "Perfectly."

"You are acquainted with Miss Van Zandt's handwriting?" "Intimately."

"You recollect sending a dispatch to your brother at Montreal?"

"I do." "At the request of your aunt?"

"Yes; she wrote the substance of the preceding August, bequeathing the dispatch.'

the bulk of her vast property to her "Will you have the goodness to innephew and niece, the children of a form me if you have seen this docudeceased sister, and a comparatively ment before?" handing a half-sheet small residue to a sole surviving of note-paper all written over.

She raised her veil.

The court swung around me; Mabel the mental incapacity of the testatrix. Appleton held the original draft of the dispatch for which I had paid the On our side it was alleged that the testatrix was of sound mind at 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 There were two weak places in our for a dispatch that was destined to do armory. The first, that Miss Van so much for her, and so much for me .- Good Literature.



It is said that the use of an oil or was, at the eleventh hour, restored gas engine on the farm results in a to the good graces of his offended relsaving of from twenty to fifty per cent. as compared with horses. It was late when I arrived at court

Tests of reinforced concrete barges and, in addition to my brief, I was and pontoons have been conducted by incumbered with a ghastly headache, the Italian Government since 1897. which, at every throb, led me to imand the results have been so gratifyagine that my skull was in imminent danger of exploding as though ing that several more of the strange constructions have been ordered. through the agency of nitro-glycerine.

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

> 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.

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



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 widdle widdle 'Cause I'm the middle girl.

And then they say to sister, "Why, Is this the oldest child? She'll be a woman by and by!" And after they have smiled And held her hand, they look at me. Mamma says, "She's begun To lose her teeth," and then they laff-'Cause I'm the middle one!

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.

When I grow up, and when I have A family of my own, I'll send up for the middle girl To come down stairs alone; And I shall let her speak and sing And have a lot of fun, I'll not deny her anything

'Cause she's the middle one! -Ethel M. Kelly, in The Delineator.

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 chemi-

cal thermometer, that is, one without a tin case. These are sold at a moderate price in the stores, or, if you prefer, you can convert an ordinary thermometer into a chemical one by carefully scratching the divisions of the scale on the glass tube with a file, and then removing it from the tin case. If you will fit it in a wooden case, so that it will float in the water without touching the bottom or the side of the vessel, it will be complete, like those that are used for taking

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 boll.

If you now 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, so that, at the second boiling, a higher temperature is reached before boiling begins. When you drop the scraps of metal into the water they carry air with

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.'

"Yes, Willie," said the lady of the house from the other side of the table, "remember what your father says, because to-morrow night he will want you to repeat it to company and say he told you. But for your own instruction I will tell you an easier way to pick out nice people than that somewhat complicated method mentioned by your dad.

"Notice the thing that makes men or women laugh. Never mind how they laugh or in what vowel sound they do it. Find out the thing that creates the laughter.

"If it is really a funny thing they are all right. If it is some predicament that some one else is in or some idea that is not kindly or gentle then they are not all right. And, Willie, it is about time you went to bed now."

"No woman ever did have a sense of humor," remarked the head of the family as he went out and silently closed the door after him .-- New York Sun.

THE HERO.

He was eight years old and she was six. They were playing on the steps and their mammas on the veranda were listening. "Come here and I will tell you a story." Six-yearold obeyed, after the manner of women, and heard the following:

"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. After she got a long distance from home she saw some Indians coming toward her on horseback. She counted and there were nine of them. She was very much frightened, for the Indians were riding fast, and were yelling, and she knew they meant to kill her. There was no place for her to hide or to run to. When she looked around for help she saw a cowboy coming from the other direction. He was riding fast, too, for he saw the Indians and he knew they meant to kill the little girl. The cowboy had the best horse and he rode up between the little girl and the Indians and began to fight them. They dashed at him and yelled fearfully, but the cowboy killed six of the nine and the other three were so frightened at him and at the way he could shoot that they ran away and the little girl was

"And," he added impressively, placing his hand on his chest, "I was the cowboy."

saved.

Zandt was generally considered somewhat eccentric. Her nephew, Mr. Edward Appleton, had married "a penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree" contrary to the expressed wishes of his aunt; and it was solely owing to the influence of his sister Mabel that he

Zandt had been estranged from her nephew up to within a few days of her death; the second, that Miss Van

claimed:

"We are strangers, sir, and I cannot accept your offer, however courteously meant," and she turned from me.

I felt nettled and strangely irritated. A keen sense of injury smote me. I resolved to act. Plunging my hand into my pocket, I seized upon two silver dollars, and, finging them to the clerk, gruffiy cried, "Send that lady's message," and, striding from the building, sprang into a passing stage.

"What a fool!" I muttered, as we rumbled along. "What a blooming idiot to indulge in two dollars' worth of chivalry!" And then her defiant loveliness came back to me, and I felt elated, triumphant.

She might be Lady Clara Vere de Vere for aught I knew to the contrary; but be she gentle or simple, she owed me two mighty dollars.

George Moyers met me at the dock at West Point.

"You never beheld such a charming ranch as I have dropped on!" he exclaimed, as we strolled up the hill. "It's all honeysuckle and sunshine, birds whistling, and a rustic porch over every window, and a summer house instead of a stoop, and a landah!" And he joyously kissed the tips direction of our temporary homestead.

Our ranch was all that George had painted it, commanding a view of the lordly Hudson, with its glorious and varied scenery. As we sat on the stoop lazily smoking our cigars, I related my adventure with the "Fair One With the Golden Locks."

"Why, I used to think you a hardheaded, shrewd, solid business man,' laughed George, "but now I shall never see a two-dallar bill that I will not think of my friend Tom Kendrick loafing around telegraph offices for the purpose of paying for the disnatches of damsels who have forgotten their purses."

Our life at West Point was an enchanting monotony-a plunge in the river at seven, breakfast at nine, no letters to read or write-thank Heaven-a prolonged smoke. George sketched, I read a trashy novel, with the full knowledge that it was rubbish of the most uncompromising kind, but exulted in its flimsy fiction, nevertheless; and then to the dock to meet the steamer-this act, together with that of attending the evening parade at the Polat, we worarded in Stoke at Cozcommon with all

She started as I spoke, and, be- the thought came to the surface, I did stowing upon me a haughty glance not give it breathing time, but sent that almost amounted to defiance, ex- it down to the unfathomable depths of undefined idea.

.

take the night train to Boston. I ordered my berth to be made up without entering the sleeping compartment, and smoking a cigar before turning in.

It was bright daylight and we were slowing into the depot when the porter shook me up. I rolled out of my berth and stood gathering my impedimenta together preparatory to

going in for a wash, when a conductor exclaimed: "Please to let these ladies pass,

sir." My fellow travelers were standing

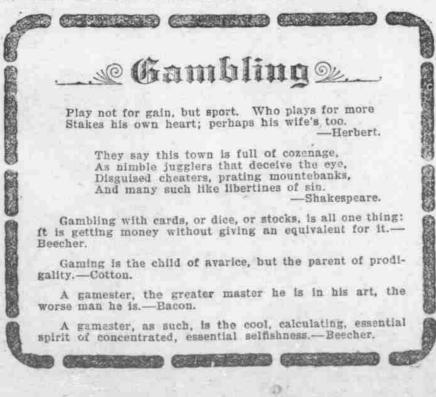
anxious, like Mr. Sterne's starling, to get out. I muttered an apology for blocking the way, and, turning, cast a short, sharp glance at two ladies.

One of them was the young girl whom I had encountered at the telegraph office.

.

me. Letters to be replied to, papers reserve. to be hunted up, appointments to be scape in every corner, and such food made and kept, law books to be con-

crammed to the uttermost limits of anguish. I would willingly have its endurance. Bitterly I reviled the given a hundred, two hundred, yea, ill-fortune that closed my lids in the five hundred dollars for a respite, but



dividuals who had appeared before them were each and all possessed of a natural taste for parjury, he proceed- ding it of the rabbit plague. A news- point. ed to state the case for the defense, paper is placed at the mouth of the and in a brief but incisive statement burrow, and the hole is then stopped Upon my arrival in New York I painted the conduct of the plaintiff in with earth. The rabbits are said to found a letter which compelled me to such hideous colors as to justify the be so frightened by the rustling of refusal of the tears of a solitary angel the paper that they will not approach to wipe the record out.

The plaintiff had a cloud of wit-

of those witnesses as he deemed

shaky, and, by dint of a series of art-

ful and elaborate queries, totally ir-

ceeded in driving a number of these

witnesses into a state of mental irri-

remainder into a condition of hapless

nesses in attendance, and the case,

If our case was indented with weak the burrow. points, it likewise bristled with strong

ones, and one upon which we placed an unlimited confidence was the fact earth in Germany is estimated by of the deceased lady's having telegraped to her nephew, a few days tingen, at 160,000,000,000 tons; in prior to her death, to come and re- England only \$1,500,000,000 tons; ceive her unqualified forgiveness. The in Belgium, Austria-Hungary and in a glass flask; then, while it is boil- at Mr. X as if to say, "Now you let me substance of the dispatch was written France about 17,000,000,000 tons ing cork it tightly and remove it alone and I'll let you alone," his ratby herself, copied by her niece and each. The store of Russia is but imtransmitted by the latter to Mr. Ed- perfectly known. North America can ing in the flask pour some cold water toward the slat partition behind ward Appleton, who acted upon it im- produce 684,000,000,000 tons, and mediately.

The existence of this dispatch was questioned. By a piece of extraor- Japan, Borneo and New South Wales dinary good luck the original, in the have considerable coal; Africa, an unhandwriting of Miss Van Zandt, had known quantity. Germany's coal The explanation is that in a corked been procured, and, with a cool, self- should last another thousand years, satisfied demeanor, my associate rose but England's supply will begin to steam above the surface of the water, and said:

ton on the stand now;" and, turning has increased from about 6,200,000 at once removes some of the pressure My holidays had passed away, and to me, half-whispered: "You take tons in 1891 to nearly 45,000,000 in work, grim, gaunt, earnest, was upon her up, Kendrick; I'll hold myself in 1901.

Up to this particular moment I had preserved a masterly inactivity; my suited, opinions to be given, and every head was splitting, and my ideas were of his fingers as he waved them in the pigeon-hole in my waking existence deranged by the tortures of physical

cars; bitterly the ill-luck that forced the chance was too good to throw

with in Australia with a view to rid-Another experiment may be made

the spot again, preferring to die in The available coal yst stored in the Professor Ferdinand Fischer, of Got-China has a supply nearly as great. show exhaustion within fifty years.

An Excuse,

Little Dick, the village "bad boy," was wading through a shallow swamp catching frogs with a small landingnet. He had just caught a fine specimen and transferred it to his bucket, when a young lady who was out for a walk happened along.

"Little boy," she said, "don't you know it's very cruel to catch those poor little froggies?"

Dick straightened up and looked at her. She wore a gorgeous "creation" on her head, and something in its trimmings attracted his attention. "I want 'em to wear on my hat," he said .--- Youth's Companion.

Wooden Clothes Are Next.

Wooden hats, ccats, carpets, towels, as well as "wooden shoes," are promised by Professor Emil Claviez, of Dresden, who is said to expect to teach all human beings to wear wooden clothes. After being ground into pulp, as for paper, the wood is impregnated with chemicals and woven into yarns.

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

A novel plan is being experimented them, besides, they reduce the temperature of the water to the boiling

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 heat for boiling various substances. Still another interesting experi-Baron von Richthofen has stated that boil again. Or plunge the flask into scratching. He reached the laths and cold water, and the same thing will happen. You may be able to do this flask of boiling water there is some and the application of cold water "We propose to place Miss Apple- In the United States the production, causes the steam to condense, which from the surface, causing it to boll, as the bubbles of steam can then es-

> 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 expanrience. Had I understood it at your years it would have saved me a good many mistakes:

cape .- Good Literature.

friends laugh. By their laugh you knew where it was, and she kept the may know their character.

"The laughter of human beings is little fond of noise and excitement, drown one of them?

perhaps, and perhaps of a somewhat fickle disposition; but at any rate told her. "Wait until it rains, little honest. You can trust him, son.

nounced ay-are melancholy. Those Sure enough. The next day it rained, who laugh in 1 - pronounced ee- and what do you think the mother are gleeful. Children most often use bird did? the undecided folks.

of these things.

are generous and inclined to be of again .-- Primary Education.

"The result." murmured one mamma, "of having been to a show." -New York Press.

RATS GOT WHAT THEY WANTED. While standing in a large woodshed, one end of which he had partitioned off with narrow slats as a reason that some heat is required to fowl house, Mr. X heard a gnawing separate the salt or sugar from the noise, and, looking about him, saw water before the latter can be con- a large brown rat darting away from verted into steam. You may in this a dog-biscuit lying on the floor of the way prove for yourself the degree of shed. He decided to remain quiet and watch to see whether this thief of his dog-biscuit would return. ment consists in boiling some water Presently he did, and, slyly glancing from the flame. When it stops boil- ship began dragging the biscuit over over the outside and it will begin to which were the fowls clucking and tried to drag the biscuit through after him. It would not pass, being flat several times with the same flask. and broad. After some vain struggles with it, the rat vanished, to return with another of his acquaintance. The newcomer he stationed inside the fowl-house. He himself came out and seized the biscuit by one corner. He then began tilting it up on one side, and the adroit friend poked his head through the slats and steadled it with him. In a few seconds the biscuit was held between them "up and down," and between one rat's pushing and the other rat's pulling from within the barrier, the prize was forced triumphantly through The

MOTHER HUMMINGBIRD.

Such a tiny, tiny nest was that in which Mother Hummingbird and her two babies lived, hidden away in a "Always notice the way your bush so carefully that only Betty secret to herself.

But one day Betty began to think. based on the vowels. If a man laughs Suppose it should rain, what could in A-the open tone of A which is such wee birdles do, for a drop of an-then he is frank and honest, a rain would be almost enough to

slats.

Mamma only smiled when Betty daughter," she said. "Little Mother "Those who laugh in E-pro- Hummingbird will know what to do."

that tone, as do the simple, the oblig- A good-sized leaf grew at one side ing, the affectionate, the timid and of the little nest. Mother Hummingbird took hold of the tip of the leaf "When your mother asks me if I and bent it over the nest. Then she am going to the club again and I fastened it to the other side to a langh, using the ce sound, it is not little twig which happened to be on because I am timld, but because I am the nest. There the birdles stayed, improving the sanitary conditions in undecided. It is well to make a note quite dry under the leaf roof, until the storm passed. Then the Mother

"Those who laugh roundly in O Hummingbird unfastened the leaf