THE WORST OF ENEMIES.

I do not fear an enemy
Who all his days hath hated me.

I do not bother o'er a foe
Whose name and face I do not know.

mind me not the small attack
Of him who bites behind my back:

But Heaven help me to the end
'Gainst that one who was once my friend.
—[John K. Bangs in Harper's Weekly

A FEEBLE ATONEMENT.

"'E's tipsey!" "'E's 'aving a rest!" "What is it?" "Only a sandwich man!" One of the miserable gutter file had slipped and fallen on the Strand pavement. With the imperial air of the neophyte medicine man, Talbot Villiers parted the crowd. A Samaritan stood by with a little brandy in a glass. Talbot put it to the human advertisement's lips. The man opened his eyes with a look of gratitude. The look touched the young medical student. He held up his finger for a cab, then he assisted the fallen man into it and took a seat opposite.

"'Where to?' asked Talbot. 'Where do you live? I am going home with you.'

"'Talbot street, Westminster, No. 5,' murmured the other feebly. 'My name is Stern, John Stern.'"

Talbot gave the direction to the cabman; then he examined his companion more closely. He was an elderly man of refined features. His clothes, though shabby, were remarkably clean, his linen was clean, and he was clean shaven, in fact, such a surplus of cleanliness in one of his late occupation was rather suspicious. Stern bore the young man's scrutiny with visible uneasiness. He leaned suddenly over to Villiers.

"Sir," he said, "if you are going home with me, will you keep my carrying of the boards a secret? I don't want it to come to the ears of my daughter. I am pretty nearly useless for work, but I wish to help her all I can, and that is why I come into the city to carry these boards. She thinks I work in an office."

"I quite understand," said Talbot pityingly. "Your secret is safe with me." The words of the man had aroused every generous instinct of his nature. "What made you faint?"

"Hunger," replied Stern laconically.

Talbot made a hurried motion to stop the cab. Stern laid his hand on his arm and restrained him. "No, sir," he said, "I am indebted to you already. You cannot help me further; I cannot take anything from you, even food. But I thank you, all the same."

Stern's tone was decisive, and Talbot regarded him in amazement. The first answer showed him what little way he had made in medical diagnosis; the second, how little he knew of human nature. The pride that prevented a hungry man accepting food was to Talbot preposterous. This feeling gave way, however, to one of involuntary respect. At last the cab stopped. Cabs seemed a novelty in Talbot street, for a face appeared at nearly every window. A girl of about twenty was looking from No. 5. As the cab drew up she turned very pale and rushed to the door.

"My daughter, Kate," said Stern. "Remember your promise, sir."

"All right," replied Talbot; then as the girl came to the cab door, he raised his hat. "Don't be alarmed; your father has happend with a slight accident. He slipped on the curb. He's all right; but I thought I had better drive home with him from the —office."

At the sight of her father walking from the cab, the color rushed back to her cheeks in such vivid and delicate tints, and showed so clearly the beauty of her complexion, that Talbot stood gazing at her in silent admiration. His eyes lingered on her in a most embarrassing silence. They took in the lines of the slight graceful figure, the nut-brown hair and the honest steadfast eyes.

"I'll call to-morrow," he said, with a start, "and hear how he is—that is, if you don't mind."

It was evident that Kate regarded him as a junior member of some unknown and eminently Christian firm. "You are very kind," she said—"very kind indeed."

"Don't mention it," stammered Talbot. "Good morning—I mean good afternoon—Miss Stern."

He re-entered the cab, and telling the cabman to drive anywhere, escaped from Talbot street in some confusion. But he was true to his promise. He called the next day and the day after, and many more times. The state of Stern's health seemed to become a very serious matter. At last this pleasant fiction exploded. He came one afternoon when her eyes were weary with typewriting, and the sight maddened him. He clasped her in his arms. "Kate, my own dear Kate," he cried. "I love you and I want you to be my wife. Will you, Kate?"

Kate looked into his eyes. He needed no other answer; and they passed the afternoon building up a quiet little Bloomsbury practice. Stern was to be made a dispenser. Over the teacups Kate told her father of Talbot's proposals. He kissed her and sighed. It was not in him to spoil a love-dream; but he scented danger. Talbot Villiers was a gentleman in every sense of the word; but Talbot Villiers had undoubtedly a father. Who was he? Villiers, senior, would without doubt have his say, unless he was a very mild father indeed.

Early the next day when Stern had "copying" to do in the city, a letter arrived from Talbot enclosing two tickets for the theatre. The letter ran: "I want you and your father both to see this piece. It was produced last night with the greatest success. After you have both seen it I'll tell you why I am so anxious you should go. I have enclosed some press cuttings which will give you an idea of the plot and the way it is staged. I'm sorry I can't come; but I have a little business to transact with dad."

It was the first time he had mentioned that ominous person. Dad suddenly loomed up very large in Kate's thoughts. Villiers, senior, unaccountably depressed her. She tried to throw this depression off by telling her father about the theatre. The play was called "A Woman's Love." Stern had carried the boards that advertised its "first night." To Kate's great astonishment, her father refused to go. She pressed him why.

"I can't go," said Stern, gravely. "Don't look so grieved, Kate. Let me tell you why; then perhaps you will understand me. A long time ago I wrote a play——"

"You wrote a play!" interrupted Kate, breathlessly. "I knew, you dear, old father, you were clever. Talbot said you were clever. He said you had a clever face."

Stern smiled sadly at this innocent tribute. "Writing a play, Kate, and getting it acted are two very different things. I wrote this play in want, in misery, and with an ailing wife by my side. I wrote it in the odd moments snatched from my work. I built high hopes upon it, my dear; I put my whole heart into it, and I fondly dreamt it would lift from me a burden of debt and give me a home. I signed it with a nom de plume, and sent it to a dramatist called Fielding Clark. I called upon him afterward and asked his opinion of the play. He told me he had lost it. Then, Kate, I lost heart. Poverty drove me from pillar to post, and of the many things I grew to hate, the theatre was one."

Kate threw her arms round him and kissed him. "And to think but for that accident," she cried, "you might have been a great man! Never mind!"

"No," said Stern, wearily passing his hand over his forehead, "never mind. But what have you got in your hand?"

"They are the press notices of the new play. They came with the tickets."

"Well, my dear, I'm just going to have a pipe at the back of the house; I'll look over them. Perhaps I'll go, after all. You are entering soon on a new life, and it's about time I should throw aside such prejudices."

He fondly kissed her, and took down his pipe. When her father was gone Kate drew in thought to the window. To think how narrowly she escaped being a dramatist's daughter! While her mind was thus exalted, she observed a gentleman of middle age attentively scanning the houses. He was not a prepossessing gentleman. He was dark, slimly built, and of a sarcastic aspect. At last he fixed his eye on No. 5 and opened the gate. With a vague misgiving, Kate ran to the door.

"Pardon me," said the visitor, blandly, "but is this Mr. Stern's."

"Yes," answered Kate, feeling cold, "this is Mr. Stern's."

"And if I judge aright," said the stranger still more blandly, "you are Miss Kate Stern. May I have the honor of a few minutes' conversation with you? My name is Barry Villiers."

Talbot's father! The ominous dad in the background! With a very pale face Kate ushered him into the house. He politely waited for her to seat herself, then sat down.

"I fear," he began, "I have called on a rather unpleasant errand. My visit concerns a flirtation between you and my son."

Kate caught her breath. "There has been no flirtation, Mr. Villiers. Your son has told me that he loved me, and I am not ashamed of returning his love."

Villiers bowed. "A boy-and-girl attachment," he said, airily. "I heard of it from my son's lips today. Of course, it cannot proceed. It is folly; but then, when were lovers wise? I can assure you, Miss Stern, though fully appreciating your affection for my son, that you must give up all thoughts of this marriage." He smiled.

"Give up all thoughts of it!" cried Kate, with pale lips. "Is that your son's message?"

"No—of course. I am here to reason with you. You are a mere child; I am a man of the world. We look at different standpoints. But a marriage is impossible. Your position——"

"You mean," interrupted Kate, "that you are rich and I am poor."

"Exactly. In all other respects you are, no doubt, my son's equal; but this unfortunate circumstance is sufficient to restrain me from giving my consent. I cannot see my son's prospects blighted. I am willing to pay any price——"

Kate's eyes blazed. The suave, insinuating manner of Talbot's "dad" roused her. His way of putting a price on the affections brought back her color. "My price," she said scornfully, "for what? The love I bear him?"

Villiers coolly changed his tactics. "Pardon me; I was wrong. I ought not to have made such a suggestion. But you say you love my son. Well, his career is in your hands. Will you blight it? It rests with you."

"You are putting the whole responsibility of his future on my shoulders," she answered bitterly. "Is that the act of a gentleman? Is it the act of a father who loves his son?"

Villiers regarded her more attentively. His suavity diminished. "You are more clever," he said, coldly, "than I thought. I will say no more. If you take my friendly visit in this spirit, I can do nothing. But you may take it as my last word that if my son marries you he does so a beggar; I cast him off; I utterly disown him."

"And yet," cried Kate, "you say you love him!"

Villiers took up his hat; he fixed her with a keen, cold glance. "I do. And here is my check book to prove it. I will pay any sum to release him from a degrading marriage."

"Degrading!" The girl staggered. "I will prove to you," she said, in a quavering tone, "which love is the strongest. I will give him up; I will tell him so from my own lips. And if ever you tell your son of this interview, you may say that I refused to marry him because I loved him. That is my answer." She sank into the chair from which she had risen, and covered her face with her hands.

Barry Villiers' face lengthened.

"My dear young lady, I have wronged you. Pray, make some allowance for a father's affection. Let me reward you for this act of self-sacrifice." He pulled out his check book and stood beside her, apparently considering the sum, when the door that led to the back opened and Stern walked in. He looked first at his daughter, then at Villiers. As their eyes met, something like an electric shock seemed to pass from one to the other.

"Fielding Clark!" cried Stern.

Kate gave a start. Barry Villiers was Fielding Clark, the dramatist. Talbot's father was the author of the play for which they had received the tickets. She turned an amazed look upon her father. His face frightened her. It was exultant and denunciatory. For a moment Stern's face seemed to have the same effect upon Barry Villiers. He seemed disconcerted, ill at ease. In Stern's hands were the press notices crumpled into a ball. Villiers was the first to regain his composure.

"Sinclair!" he cried, "John Sinclair, this is a surprise."

Stern turned to his daughter. "Leave us for a moment, Kate," he said. "I have a few words to say to this—this gentleman."

Kate rose, and with a wondering look at her father quitted the room. When she was gone he fixed a searching look on Barry Villiers. That gentleman promptly held out his hand. Stern contemptuously disregarded it.

"I don't know why you are in my house," he said slowly. "But no doubt you can explain it. I should say you are a man who could explain anything. Perhaps you can explain this?" He held up the crumpled ball of paper. "These are press notices of a play produced last night. That play was mine. You stole it. You are a liar and a villain!"

Villiers put down his hat. "Sinclair," he said, and his tones were almost plaintive, "you will regret those words. Yet, they were spoken in the heat of the moment, and I forgive you."

His retort was so staggering that Stern gazed at him dazed. He nearly apologized.

"No doubt," pursued Villiers, "you think the worst of me. It is not unnatural. But there are extenuating circumstances. I own the play was yours. I own I used it. But at the time you came to me it was really lost. I had mislaid it. I had no knowledge of your real name—I take it that the agreeable young lady who has just left us is your daughter—I had no means of reaching you. I sought for you; I advertised for you under the name of Sinclair; in the tide of London life you were swept away. Then, Sinclair—I mean Stern—I was tempted. There came to me the great temptation of my life. I was worked out; a manager stood at my elbow and I took your play. It was culpable, very culpuble; but the questiou is: 'What are you going to do?'" He paused and looked, not altogether without anxiety, at the man he had wronged.

Stern stood before him dejected. To a third party he might easily have been mistaken for the one who was most to blame. What was he going to do? The hot fire of vengeance had died from him. He stood now with only the cold ashes of lost hopes.

"Of course," said Villiers, "you could harm me, prosecute me; but it would be unchristian;" Stern thought of the sandwich boards and glared at him. "Give me the opportunity," he went on, hastily, "of making atonement. We are both middle-aged men. Why live in the past! Why should we cloud the happiness of others?"

"The happiness of others? What do you mean?"

"I'll explain," said Villiers. "You know me as Clark. Villiers is my name, and Talbot Villiers is my son. You may not have noticed the likeness. He takes after his mother."

"Thank God!" cried Stern, fervently; but the relationship troubled him.

"He loves your daughter. The match seemed to me an undesirable one, and I came here to-day to break it off. Now it is the dearest wish of my heart? Why should we blight their lives?"

Stern gazed at him amazed. Here was a fresh sophistry. Villiers had robbed him, and now held out a net for him. Stern's brain grew hot.

"I say 'we,' but, of course I mean you. I have no power to do anything. You have the power. If you are so unchristian as to expose me, you do so at the price of their happiness, at the price of youth and innocence. You shall have all the money I took for the play. I may be a villain," said Villiers, with a virtuous burst, "but I have a conscience. This is a feeble atonement, Stern; call it, if you like, the beginning of one; but do you accept it."

Stern could make no reply. The desire for vengeance had fled; but in its place was a dull longing for justice. Then he thought of Talbot, of the afternoon in the Strand. "Go, now. I'll send you my answer." He walked as if he were carrying the sandwich boards into the shadow of the room and sat down on a chair.

Barry Villiers stood in the sunlight. He gazed anxiously at Stern, and was about to open his mouth when his eyes fell upon the door of the inner room. It had opened, and Kate Stern stood on the threshold. With a smile of relief the man of the world bowed and went out of the front door.

Kate approached her father and laid her hand on his shoulder. Stern looked up and saw the traces of recent tears. He kissed her, and thus love conquered both the desire to reinstate himself and be quits with the man who had robbed him.

"My dear," he said, "you shall marry Talbot."—[Chambers's Journal.

THE COCOPAH DESERT.

A Veritable Valley of Death in Southern California.

For a trip across the Cocopah Desert in southern California, you fill your zinc canteens at the spring in the Canada de las Palmas; then by a gradual descent down the canyon, the heat noticeably increasing as you descend, you pass out from the cooling shades of the towering Sierra Madres in that veritable "Valley of Death." If you are inexperienced, a "tenderfoot," never attempt the trip without a guide, and not then between the months of April and October. An Indian will pilot you across for a few dollars, or you may fall in with some old prospector. If so, his first question will be with reference to your facilities for carrying water. There are no landmaks by which to shape your course, so a guide is an absolute necessity. Here and there about the plain are sand dunes, varying in height from little hillocks to sixty feet or more. Lay your course by even the tallest of these and you are lost, for in a few hours it may have entirely disappeared, only to be rebuilded by the wind at right angles to your course several miles away. If you are alone, and inexperienced, your only infallible guides will be the sun and stars; if these are obscured, camp and wait until they reappear, if your water supply will permit; if not, then push on through that scorching sand—and may the Lord take pity on you. If you are experienced, the rocks and the cactus bushes will tell you which is north and which is south.

Opinions differ as to the length of time a man can go without water in that desert and retain his reason, but the maximum limit for one unused to desert travel is eight hours. I know of two leather-lunged old prospectors who were thirty-six hours without water, and yet had sufficient sense and strength to follow their old bell burro, whose animal instinct led them to a water hole hitherto unknown. personally, I have gone twenty-two hours without water there, and then slaked my burning thirst in hot, muddy alkali water that had collected on a bear's track, and, although I had fought with a big, black mountain tiger for the coveted draught, it was the sweetest I ever quaffed.

There is gold in the mountains, silver, quartz and placers, but there is not sufficient water in the entire town to supply the domestic necessities of an average camp, to say nothing of a stamp mill. There is absolutely no timber, scarcely enough hard wood for camp-fires, and shipping the ore is out of the question. fabulously rich must be the ore that can pay for sacking and packing on burros 100 miles to the nearest railroad station.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Eleven Millions in Jewels.

The Russian crown and other state jewels are valued at the enormous sum of $11,000,000, taking United States money as a basis of calculation; the crown itself is worth at least $6,000,000. It is adorned with hundreds of diamonds, individual specimens of which are valued at all the way from a few dollars up to enormous sparklers worth thousands upon thousands of dollars.

Besides the diamonds, which make this costly headdress look as if it had been buried in a shower of falling stars, there are fifty-four pearls, each without a flaw, set around the rim, a ruby of extraordinary size and brilliancy being used as a centrepiece. The crown was made by Panzie, the old-time Genoese court jeweler, and was first used by Catherine the Great.—[New York Journal.

A Fighting Swordfish.

Saturday C. McVey, a fisherman, returned from a swordfishing trip and reported a thrilling experience. He had just thrust the iron into the great fish, when it turned and rushed for his dory, striking it with such force as to send its sword through the boat and to overturn it. All McVey could do was to hold on to the bottom of his capsized boat. He said that he remained four hours in that uncomfortable position before help came. Then he saved his dory and secured the fish, which had died. This strange experience took place off the South Shoals.—[Portland (Me.) Press.

The new weaves of alpaca make capital gowns. They are so easily brushed and made "fit" after a long day's journey, and have sufficient warmth to equal the light-weight serge or flannel.

CHINA AT WAR.

FIGHTINC STRENGTH OF HER LAND AND SEA FORCES.

Primitive Arms Giving Place to Improved Weapons--The Navy is Better Than the Army.

China has made great efforts in the last few years to bring her army and navy nearer the standards of those of Western nations. The total strength of the army is, says the New York Tribune, about 600,000 men of whom more than 200,000 are permanently stationed for the garrison of the city of Peking, the others being scattered throughout the various provinces of the Empire. Besides these there is an ill-formed organization, which might be called a militia, which gets small pay and never serves with the colors. The discipline of the army is good, and so far as military punishments are concerned, there is hardly a more stringent organization in the world. As a fighting force, however, in the opinion of most foreign military men, the Chinese army has never counted for much. But the last few years may have made a great difference in this regard, as the American, German and English officers employed by the Government have done all in their power to effect proper changes.

In addition to the troops mentioned there are the various provincial forces which are enlisted, paid and controlled by the viceroys of the provinces and mandarins of the cities in which they may be quartered. These are known as the Army of the Green Standard, in contradistinction to the Manchu divisions—the real Chinese soldiers, divided into red, white, blue and yellow divisions, so-called from the color of their battle flags.

The arms of most of these troops were until recently of the most primitive type, and consisted principally of long spears or knives secured to long poles, bows and arrows and clubs. Within the last few years, however, many of these battalions have been provided with the most improved modern arms. Two years ago several Chinese officials were sent to Europe to negotiate for the purchase of sufficient modern rifles to arm the entire forces garrisoning the frontiers of Siberia, Tonquin and along the seacoast. The army of Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Prime Minister and Viceroy of the Province of Chihli, numbers about 100,000 men, and is the flower of the Empire. These troops are armed with modern rifles, and have for years been under the leadership of German and American officers, who have brought them up to a state of discipline and efficiency hardly second to any similar body of foreign troops. It is the possession of this army, in love with its chief, which has made him so independent. Chihli is regarded as the gate to Peking, hence the care and attention bestowed upon the troops forming its garrison.

The Chinese soldier has little regard for law and order, and despite the strict discipline and rigid punishments inflicted, cannot be always held in bounds. This is due in part to the comparatively little respect in which native troops hold native commanders. In a country ruled as is China there is little hope of redress from higher authorities, and about the only chance the soldier has is to rise and kill his oppressors.

The Chinese confine themselves chiefly to infantry. The total cavalry force of the active army is only about 30,000, and of artillery, 20,000. There is, however, an "irregular" class of cavalry which may number nearly 100,000. This force is armed in the most primitive fashion.

The navy is a different stamp from the army, and the sailors have been longer under the influence of foreign officers. They are also more trustworthy. Separated as they are from the influences which surround the men on shore, the sailors are free from the temptations and conspiracies which have undermined the troops. The class of men employed on the vessels is also better. The naval officers have been educated in the various naval academies by foreign instructors, and are taught and disciplined according to the systems in vogue in the service of the United States, England and France.

The Imperial Government supports three naval colleges for the education of cadets or officers—one at Tien-Tsin, another at Wei-Hai-Woi and the third at Foo-Chow. The instructors are graduates of naval academies of foreign countries, those of Annapolis predominating. The system of instruction is as thorough as the Chinese boy can grasp, but is chiefly practical rather than theoretical, so that by the time the course is finished the cadet is ready to assume his duties on a man-of-war. The cadets are usually chosen from the families of prominent officials living in the seacoast provinces, but members are admitted from any other official and mandarin class.

The Chinese Navy proper comprises about seventy men-of-war, not including many small transports and revenue cutters which in time of need, such as the present, can be armed and placed in active service. The vessels are manned and officered by Chinese subjects, the only foreigners allowed on them being the instructors in special departments, such as gunnery, seamanship, electricity or torpedoes. As soon as a Chinese instructor qualifies, the foreigner returns to the academy. Most vessels of the Chinese fleet have been built abroad.

The Chinese navy is divided into two fleets; the Northern, or Peyang squadron, with headquarters at Wei-Hai-Woi, has under its jurisdiction the protection and defence of all the coast lying to the northward of Foo-Chow, and the Tanyang, or Southern squadron, with headquarters at Canton, which is to defend all the coast south of Foo-Chow. Each squadron has its own admiral, but is governed directly by the Viceroys of Chihli and Canton, respectively, who are held personally responsible by the Emperor for the efficiency and war-like condition of the two fleets.

An authority writing of the army and navy two years ago says: "The Chinese army, owing to its primitive weapons, has never shown itself capable of successfully opposing a foreign force, but with the changes recently wrought in the personnel and arms, the army will probably in the next war redeem many of its lost laurels. The Chinese navy has on all occasions shown a record of bravery and devotion which in other nations would have gained more merit than in China. At the battle of Foo-Chow in August, 1884, a few obsolete Chinese ships resisted until the last vessel was blown up by the attack of an overpowering French squadron, armed with the most approved types of gun and armor, and supplied with torpedoes. For the next war we must foresee that things have greatly changed."

Crabs That Reap and Mow.

One kind of crab has been found in great numbers on tablelands 4,000 feet above the sea level, and many miles away from any considerable body of water. This strange crab is a native of Hindoostan, where, in one province at least, and perhaps in others, the young grass fairly swarms with them. They can run with considerable swiftness, even when carrying in the long claws, which serve for both arms and hands, a bundle of grass or young rice stalks as big, and sometimes even bigger than themselves.

Nature is very generous with all her children, giving to each one just the powers and faculties which it needs to enable it to provide for all its wants. So this humble inhabitant of the tablelands of India is provided with a capital mowing machine in the shape of a pair of remarkably sharp and strong pincers. To harvest his abundant crops, the comical-looking creature assumes a sort of sitting posture, so that he can use his pincers to advantage. He works very rapidly, using one pair of claws to cut and another to bind his sheaves at the same time. As soon as he has gathered all he can carry, he scuttles off with it in a funny side-wise fashion, and with an air of solemn importance that is a very amusing contrast to his clumsy motion and queer shape.

But the human inhabitants of the district preferred by this queer little mower and reaper do not find him at all amusing. They say that one of these crabs will destroy an amount of young grass aud rice in one year, which, if allowed to reach perfection, would keep a laboring man in health and strength during that time.—[Denver Republican.

How Shrimps Are Caught.

The shrimp sold in the city are caught during the night before by "casters," who go, two in a boat, to some favored locality and there "cast" all night long for the delicious little crustacean that is served up at nearly every breakfast table in the city in the morning. "Casting" is the throwing wide-spread on the water of a circular net, the edge of which is weighted with leaden balls and provided with drawing strings, which, passing through the centre of the net, are attached to the edges.

The net when cast in the water, of course, sinks more rapidly at the edges than in the middle, and confines within its meshes the shrimps over which it may have fallen. The rope to which is attached the drawing string being pulled, the net closes at the bottom and is lifted into the boat with its contents.

When Aurora begins his work of tinting the eastern sky, those hardy casters are on their way to the city. Here they hand over their booty to men who cry them about the streets, measuring the shrimps out to them from their boats by the "plates" or pan, the seller agreeing to sell the shrimps and hand over the proceeds, less a liberal commission.—[Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier.

Better Than a Steam Foghorn.

"While traveling through southern California a few years ago," said Matthew L. Gregory of Minneapolis, I came across an interesting curiosity known as the 'whistling well.' It was on a farm and had been dug a number of years previous and abandoned, as no water had appeared. A short time after it had been dug it was noticed that a strong current of air kept rushing in and out of the well, and a flat stone with a hole in the center was placed over it. Into this hole a whistle was fastened, which changed its tune as the air was drawn in or blown out, and it was soon found to be a reliable weather barometer. In pleasant weather the whistle was silent, but if a storm was brewing its approach was heralded by the warning shrieks of the whistle, as the air rushed in and out of the well. When the storm passed the current of air changed and the faithful whistle told the story by its changed tune."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The valley of the Ganges is the stronghold of Hindooism.

There are 13,000,000 men of military age in the United States.