

HOW LITTLE IT COSTS.

"How little it costs, if we give it a thought. To make happy some heart each day—Just one kind word, or a tender smile. As we go on our daily way. Perchance a look will suffice to clear The cloud from a neighbor's face, And the press of a hand in sympathy A sorrowful tear efface.

One walks in sunlight, another goes All wearily in the shade; One treads a path that is fair and smooth, Another must pray for aid. It costs so little, I wonder why We give it so little thought— A smile, kind words, a glance, a touch— What magic with them is wrought!

THE END OF THE STORY.

By Elizabeth A. Moore.

The editor pro tem. of the County Journal sat gloomily in his office, frowning heavily and biting viciously at his mustache.

Things stood in this way. The editor in chief had been called hastily away, leaving Hugh Elliot in charge; and, as that young man was ambitious, this had been much to his delight.

Before leaving the editor had placed before Hugh the matter to be used in the next issue, including the conclusion of a story begun the previous week. This story it was which had proved the snare to Hugh.

On looking over it he discovered to his dismay, that the final pages were missing. He had looked for them anxiously, but in vain—hence the confusion about the desk. The story could not be left unfinished, neither could he take it upon himself to substitute another. Suddenly his brow cleared, and a good natured smile lit upon his face.

"Ha, the country's saved!" he exclaimed. "I'll write an end to the hanged thing myself."

Brushing aside the cluttering papers, he placed what was of the "hanged thing" before him.

He laughed to himself as his ever too ready sense of the ridiculous caught the humor of the situation.

Evidently the personages in the story were approaching a crisis. The characters who seemed to be the most prominent were a tall, dark man and a short light one; a beautiful young lady and a peculiar personage named Nosmo King, who seemed to be treated by all with exceedingly familiarity.

Hugh pondered over the situation and vainly endeavored to find the natural ending of it all. He had not read the first part, and consoled himself by hoping that very few others had. It occurred to him to read it now, but as luck would have it, a copy of the last issue was not at hand, and he did not take the trouble to look one up, thinking, gloomily, that quite likely it wouldn't be any help if he had it; and then, too, he thought longingly of the club grounds.

Things went swimmingly now. Each character made several high-sounding remarks and went off the stage. The beautiful young lady had a pathetic interview with the light man, in which they resolved to part. The tall, dark man, who was no doubt the villain, as villains were always dark in stories (so Hugh reasoned), and, of course, no story was complete without one, made some malicious remarks about retribution and vengeance, and bowed himself off with all the smiles and grace that accomplished villains are supposed to possess. Then Nosmo King sang a touching song and ended the whole thing with a general remark on the vanity of life, and the story closed, leaving the heroine in a swoon.

The manuscript, thus artificially completed, was handed in with the other materials for the next issue of the Journal, and then Hugh put the desk in order, and, much elated by his success as an author, started for the club grounds.

The paper came out on time with every department up to its usual standard of excellence. Hugh read his part production with great delight and was congratulating himself on having so successfully "gotten out of a hole," as he expressed it, when the unexpected happened in that peculiar way it has of doing.

The unexpected in this case came in the shape of a young lady, who walked into the office the day after the paper came out and demanded of Mr. Elliot to see the editor.

Hugh was not unaccustomed to the sight of young ladies; neither was he accustomed to such a peculiar mingling of chills and apprehension and thrills of admiration as he experienced when this particular young lady appeared on the scene.

She was a sweet-looking girl, in a dainty toilet of pink that suited her brown eyes and hair to perfection. But, in these same brown eyes was an ominous look that called into existence the chills of apprehension which he was also forced to acknowledge.

"I regret to say the editor is out of town," replied Hugh, courteously, and most truthfully.

"Indeed, and may I ask who is taking his place?"

Here the chills of apprehension rose high in the ascendant, as the "coming event cast its shadows before." "I have the honor," he answered, wishing heartily all the honor there was in it belonged to anybody else.

"Then it is you I have to thank for so altering the story published yesterday that even its author can scarcely recognize it. May I ask if you consider your alteration an improvement?"

This was, then, as he had guessed, the author of that unended story.

"I must explain," he said. "You see, the last pages of the manuscript were missing. Unfortunately, I had not read the first part of the story, being so rushed" (with tennis, though it was not necessary to explain that), "and so had to guess at the ending. I am exceedingly sorry about it, but it could not be left unfinished, and as the end could not be found there was nothing else to do. Any amends that can be made will be done most gladly, I assure you."

"You are very kind. What amends do you propose?"

"Well," said Hugh, with a desperate attempt to defend his course; "you know how frequently the most popular writers nowadays end their stories tragically. As I have had no experience in that line, I thought I would probably come nearer right to follow their lead, having no idea of the correct ending. But, to speak of the story itself, was not the light man the hero, and the dark one the villain—that is, the offending party?"

"Certainly not. The light man was only the brother of the heroine, and there was no villain, as you call it, in the story. The dark man was her betrothed. And as to it being the fashion for stories to end sad, I believe in love stories ending the right way."

"Oh, so do I," Hugh hastened to say. "And I sincerely regret my mistake. But surely I did not do wrong to let the character Nosmo King—wasn't it?—make the concluding remarks? From the part he played throughout I judged he would be likely to do something to the point at the end."

"Oh, did you? Well, he was the dog."

"Great Caesar!" exclaimed Hugh, and then that irrepressible sense of humor asserted itself, and he burst into a ringing laugh.

"Oh, I do beg your pardon. I am sure I'm heartily sorry for my part in this thing," he said with such an honestly penitent sound in his voice that she could but believe him. "And if there is any reparation I can make, believe me, it shall be done. Shall I explain in the next issue, or will you not send the last sheets if you have the copy? Indeed, I would be only too happy to serve you in any way."

"No," she answered stiffly, moving toward the door. "I'm sure you have done quite enough. I will not give you any further trouble about it. Good morning."

"But, indeed," he said, anxiously. "It would be a pleasure to do anything you wish, if you will only command me."

She did not answer, and Hugh opened the door for her, wretchedly conscious of a feeling of utter incapacity to cope with the situation.

He sat down in the editorial chair after she was gone and meditated on his sins.

"I was a regular brute," he said, fiercely, jumping up so violently that the dignified editorial chair went spinning around like a top.

But some way he must gain her forgiveness. He did not know her name, nor, in fact, anything about her except—well, nothing but that he hoped he would see her again, and then he would find a way.

The day of the tennis tournament came, and came gloriously. Hugh Elliot passed hither and thither at various calls, in all the glory of a white duck suit; now wielding a racquet instead of the editorial pen.

Just as the game was being called, and the places allotted, he caught sight of a dainty figure, in white this time, which he recognized at once. It was his divinity of the brown eyes.

She was chatting with some of his friends, the Engles, and Tow Engle, the rascal, was hovering around her with all the assurance and gaiety of which he possessed such a generous share.

"Tom always was a lucky dog," said Hugh, angrily; while his wrath rose high against himself as he recalled the scene in the office.

Anyhow, here was a chance to show that there was at least one thing he could do well, and he vowed that he would make a brave fight on this occasion. Tom Engle also took his place on the field, and the fight was soon in earnest.

For two hours, with slight intermission, the battle raged. Hugh knew in his heart that he was playing superbly, and he felt, too, that the maiden in white was not totally oblivious to his fine strokes.

When the closing game was called Hugh found himself with Tom Engle as one of his opponents. The four players were well matched, and Hugh knew that this last game would be no trifling matter. To make it still more trying he observed that the little party with which Tom had been, including the brown-eyed girl, had approached their court to watch the game and the result.

When the prizes were awarded Hugh Elliot received the first gentleman's prize, a gold scarf pin in the shape of a ball and racquet, tied with the club colors.

Tom Engle was the first to congratulate Hugh on his victory, which he did without the slightest appearance of discontent.

"And now come meet my cousin," he said. "Nice girl. Going to be here the rest of the summer. Have been looking for you for two or three days to have you come around."

And Tom was leading him away, with the flush of victory still animating his face, when suddenly without any premonition again those horrible chills of apprehension overtook him, but this time unaccompanied by any thrills of admiration.

For, entering the club grounds and heading straight for them, was Mr. Page, the editor-in-chief of the Journal, who, having just returned, was anxious to consult with Hugh as to his success, and rightly guessed this was

the place to find him. Thus, just as the young man approached the ladies, he came up, and, knowing Tom well, was presented also.

"Mr. Page, ladies, and Mr. Elliot, the champion of the day, and my ruthless conqueror. My cousin, Miss Ruth Somers, and my sisters you already know."

Hugh bowed with mingled feelings of pleasure, embarrassment and pride; but there was no hint of their late unpleasant meeting in the few words with which Ruth greeted him.

"I congratulate you on your victory Mr. Elliot," she said; "you played magnificently."

"Thank you; I am glad there is one thing I can do in a civilized manner," he answered, with a significance which she only understood.

Others soon joined the group, and Mr. Page took the first opportunity to ask Hugh about the paper.

"I hope you had no trouble during my absence," he said.

"Not especially," replied Hugh, hesitatingly, and knowing full well that every word could not but be overheard by Miss Somers. "There were some few matters not quite as I had expected. You have seen the paper, of course?"

"Yes, and I am glad you got it out on time. Everything seemed to be up to the usual mark. There was, however, just one thing that somewhat surprised me. That was the story concluded from last week. It struck me as being—well, rather involved toward the end."

"I regret that it was," replied Hugh, "and I am to blame for that. Unfortunately there had to be a slight alteration toward the end on account of an accident; that is, some of the concluding pages were missing."

"Missing?" exclaimed Mr. Page. "You don't say so. Well, how did you manage it?"

"Oh, I played author myself," answered Hugh, with a grim smile. "I regret the result was no better."

"What, my dear boy—you wrote the end? Why, you're a treasure, a jewel. I thought you capable, of course, but scarcely thought you equal to that, not being in your line. I'm thinking of looking up a successor for some time in the future, and am glad to know where I may let my mantle fall."

"It was abominable," here Hugh could not help but put in, his endeavors to say the right thing from two points of view proving a serious task. "I'd rather fix up everything else on the paper than do another love story. I know, besides, that the writer will never forgive me, which makes it worse."

"Oh, was there any unpleasantness?" asked Mr. Page, hastily. "Of course we don't want anything of that kind. Authors are very touchy and can make a good deal of trouble sometimes."

Hugh's face had fallen decidedly during these last remarks, and he saw that he stood a poor chance of advancement if his chief knew how very unsatisfactory to the author his conclusion to the story had been. But Miss Somers also had caught the hint and now turned a charming face to Mr. Page.

"Indeed, Mr. Page," she said, sweetly, "you said you would leave it to me to judge, and I assure you Mr. Elliot's part of the story was charming, and so like the up-to-date story. I must say I was exceedingly interested in reading it myself, and feel sure the author will make no complaints. More than likely the writer forgot to send the manuscript complete, anyhow. Authors are so careless. I think Mr. Elliot should be stooed a poor chance of advancement for his ability."

"So be it, then," agreed Mr. Page, cheerfully, and walked away, leaving the two young people stranded together at some distance from their party, which had moved on during the conversation.

By a mutual impulse, as soon as Mr. Page was gone, they glanced furtively at each other, and what each saw in the other's face must have been reassuring, for, without more ado, both immediately dropped their dignity and broke into such a hearty, good-natured laugh at the turn the whole thing had taken that it would have been impossible after that to regain their distance, and made them feel like old acquaintances at once.

"Do you remember what you said to me the first time I ever saw you?" he asked, without further preliminaries.

"I said a lot of things, didn't I? Some hateful ones."

"Never mind them. But you said, too, that you believed in love stories ending the right way. I'm thinking of a case where your ending could be used beautifully."

"But I thought you liked two endings, like one of Rudyard Kipling's stories, and I believe you couldn't think of any more. My ending might do for one, supposing there was such a case, and—"

"Let us suppose such a case. Go on."

"Well, yours might do for the other, and you might have Nosmo to sing. See; here he is."

"Oh, bother Nosmo!"

"And the heroine swooning, and the villain—that was what you called my hero, I believe—"

"In this story I'm thinking of, the villain and the lover are one, so one ending would be enough."

"It seems to be rather involved, too."

"Then let me untangle it, Ruth, and, since my miserable ending was published, let us live out your happy one together. That is the use I want to make of it, and that will be far better than having it published."

Here the villain looked so much in earnest that only one ending seemed at all possible, and Ruth answered, trying to speak very innocently and failing dismally.

"Of course it's a pity not to make some use of it. If you think my ending better than yours—"

"Never mind finishing your sentence, either, Ruth," said Hugh, gladly. "I do think yours better than mine. But if I had never written mine, perhaps we could never have lived yours as now we shall. So you see there is something to be said for two endings."

"But I don't know," began Ruth, with one feeble effort to resist the irresistible.

"Oh, never mind, I do. I'm a full-fledged editor now, and am supposed to know all about love stories."

"Whether you do or not," added Ruth, saucily.

But here the villain takes matters in his own hands and the story becomes hopelessly involved.—Chicago Record.

HER OPINION OF HIM.

A Lawyer Who Was Caught Up With For Once.

If there is anything exasperating in this life it is the lawyer who delights to bullyrag and otherwise despitely use a witness, more particularly when that witness is a woman. It is on this account that there is a general rejoicing when that kind of an attorney is smote hip and thigh by one of his supposedly helpless victims. Of such is the following tale:

The woman was on the stand and she was a very nice-mannered respectable woman, who kept a cheap boarding house, and it was the desire of one of her guests to be dishonest that had brought her to the court to make him pay his board bill.

"How old did you say you were, madam?" inquired the lawyer, with no reason on earth, for an elderly lady is no more anxious to lose a board bill than a young one.

"I did not say, sir," she responded, flushing to the roots of her hair.

"Will you be kind enough to say, madam?"

"It's none of your business."

"Objection sustained," smiled the court.

"Um," said the lawyer, rubbing his chin, "how much did you say the amount was the defendant owed you?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"And for how long was that?"

"Five weeks."

"That's five dollars a week, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Five weeks at five dollars per week is twenty-five dollars, I believe you said?"

"Yes, sir."

The witness was patient but her temper was not improved under the strain.

"Isn't that an extravagant price to pay for board in that locality, madam?" inquired the attorney, severely.

"He didn't pay it, sir," answered the woman, beginning to turn.

The lawyer gave a little start of surprise, then became indignant at the very thought of a witness talking like that.

"Don't be facetious on the witness stand, madam," he said, assuming a tone of warning. "This is a serious matter, madam. I have asked if your prices were not exorbitant and you have seen fit to answer lightly, madam. Now, madam, I ask you in all earnestness if you mean to tell this court that your prices are moderate and that if I should come to your house to board you would charge me five dollars a week? Answer directly, madam," and the attorney sat back in his chair and assumed an imperial manner.

The witness was not at all abashed.

"No, sir," she said, simply, "I would—"

"I thought not, I thought not," interrupted the attorney, bending over and rubbing his hands.

"No, sir," continued the witness, "I would not charge you at all. I would make you pay in advance."

Then the court forgot its dignity and everybody laughed except the attorney.

—Washington Star.

How the Boy Escaped.

A young man was tried for murder, having killed a member of a rival faction in a faction fight (writes Aubrey de Vere in his "Recollections"). The judge, reluctant to sentence him to death, on account of his youth, turned to him and said: "Is there any one in court who could speak as to your character?" The youth looked round the court, and then said, sadly: "There is no man here, my lord, that I know." At that, my grandfather chanced to walk into the grand jury gallery. He saw at once how matters stood. He called out: "You are a queer boy that don't know a friend when you see him!" The boy was quick-witted; he answered: "Oh, then, it is myself that is proud to see your honor here this day!" "Well," said the judge, "Sir Vere, since you know that boy, will you tell us what you know of him?" "I will, my lord," said my grandfather, "and what I can tell you is this—that from the very first day that ever I saw him to this minute, I never knew anything that was not good." The old tenant ended his tale by striking his hands together and exclaiming: "And he never to have clapped his eye on the boy till that minute!" The boy escaped being hanged.

Toads in a Solid Wood Cavity.

A Providence (R. I.) man who was visiting Norwood the other day, brought to the Journal office three toads that were found in a cavity of the trunk of a tree entirely surrounded by solid wood. He said that the tree was being split by a couple of wood-choppers, and as they cut it open the toads fell out. All three were in an apparently lifeless condition, but one that was smaller than the other two showed some signs of life later in the day.

Pneumatic pressure is used to ring a new door bell, the push button pumping air into a tube, which has a piston at the other end to slide out and push the bell clapper.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Russia is exporting large quantities of rubber shoes to Germany, mainly to Lubeck and Stettin.

For a short distance a lion or tiger can outrun a man, and can equal the speed of a fast horse; but the animals lose their wind at the end of about half a mile. They have little endurance, and are remarkably weak in lung power.

The tunnels of the world are estimated to number 1,142, with a total length of 514 miles. There are about 1,000 railroad tunnels, 12 subaqueous tunnels, 90 canal tunnels, and 40 conduit tunnels, with aggregate lengths of about 250 miles.

Reckoning the average wages of an American at \$400 a year this vast sum represents the total work and earning of no less than 86,550 men for a whole year! And the cost of the battleship Maine alone—\$3,000,000 if we include alterations necessary to fit her for sea—represented the work of 7,500 men for a year.

In spite of all the great stories about gold in Alaska, the Wells-Fargo Express Company, which is very good authority, estimates the gold product of that country in 1897 at \$3,751,000. This helps to bear out the statement that more money has been expended in going into Alaska than has been found there.

Brooklyn, N. Y., can boast of female barbers, female railroad agents, a woman embalmer, three female dry goods merchants, a dozen skirted restaurant-keepers, a bevy of pretty football players, a feminine gold curist, and several feminine real estate agents. To these have just been added a dozen blacksmiths in petticoats in the high school of manual training. They work in bloomers and a leather apron, and are turning out some dainty forgeries.

There has just died at Milltown Malbay, in Ireland, a venerable woman who certainly has not lived in vain, for she furnished perhaps the best refutation ever given to the folks who declare that work is bad and idleness conducive to longevity. Mrs. Annie Armstrong was probably the oldest woman in the world; at any rate her age, 117, was more than most people desire to attain. For many years, and up to the time of her death, she lived alone, did her own house-work unaided and cooked her own food.

Seventy exceedingly rash young men of Conyer's, Ga., have entered into a contract not to marry during the year 1898. They may join forces with the New York society, the women members of which are pledged to single blessedness for five years. This is how the Georgia youths have worded their awful vow: "To whom it may concern—We, the undersigned, have agreed not to enter into any matrimonial contract with any feminine gender during the year 1898.—D. S. Hudson, M. Hudson, J. S. Gleason, J. L. Norman, C. B. Irwin, P. E. Smith, J. H. Turner."

"Let me sell locomotives to a nation and I care not who makes its laws," is one of Uncle Sam's sayings. The United States is becoming more and more the world's headquarters for the building of railway engines. The latest lot made is for the Finland government and consists of twenty-two locomotives, to convey which to their destination the British steamship Majestic has been chartered. The company which manufactured these engines is also engaged in building locomotives for Norway, Japan, and other countries, which formerly looked elsewhere for their supply.

The destruction of the warship Maine brings mourning upon all the land, says the New York Tribune. Hundreds of people are personally bereaved, in the death of relatives and friends. The whole Nation is bereaved, in the loss of more than two hundred and fifty of its faithful servants, in that very department of its public service in which it was beginning justly to take most pride. The destruction of a fine new warship, which had cost more than \$3,000,000, entails a heavy financial loss, but that can be repaid. The destruction of so many loyal and efficient lives is a loss that is irreparable.

In the south of France there are several women who derive enormous incomes from the culture and sale of flowers. The district surrounding the Riviera is most notable for its marketable blossoms. Charming Cannes and the delightful districts of Grasse and Nice are almost exclusively devoted to flower culture. Grasse is celebrated for its orange blossoms and jasmine. Nice produces a plenitude of lovely lilies and violets while Cannes is renowned for its roses. Incredible though it may appear, more than 2,000,000 pounds of flowers are exported from these districts during each season. It is stated that the violet crop last year from the flower fields of the Riviera realized the collective amount of \$50,000.

Bermuda grass, which has been regarded as an unmixd nuisance in Georgia and adjoining states ever since it was accidentally imported there thirty years ago and at once spread over great areas, has now been discovered to be useful as stock feed. It is alleged to produce wonderfully fine pastures, even on worn-out lands. This is an interesting exception to the rule that plants and animals imported into countries where they are alien become nuisances. The scientific gentlemen who took it on themselves to import the English sparrow into this country will be awful examples of misplaced meddling while the sparrow endures, and Australia would like to lynch the people who imported the rabbit, which has proved the greatest pest to that land any animal ever was anywhere.

Interference with the orders of nature are liable to prove disastrous.

At a recent meeting of the McGill Science graduates at Montreal some interesting facts about Hudson's Bay were brought out. This inland ocean, which is called the Mediterranean of North America, drains a territory three million square miles in area, with vast rivers flowing into it from the south, east and west, fine natural harbors line its shores adjacent to good farming lands and rich mineral deposits. White whales, walrus as big as elephants, and fur-bearing seals disport themselves undisturbed. For the finest fish no nets are spread. Both afloat and ashore there is wealth, with no one to take it away. In the district south of James Bay, a region as large as all England, the total population is one Scotchman and thirty or forty families of Indians. Dr. Bell, the director of the Geological Survey, said: "Moose Bay is in a latitude further south than London, and the northern portion of Hudson's Bay is about the same latitude as that of the north of Scotland. The bay does not freeze across in winter, and navigation is possible during four or five months of the year. The all-winter route will bring the great northwest as near to Europe as the city of Quebec, and, while offering perhaps the best passage to the Yukon region it is certainly the natural route to the great oil fields." Alluvial gold is found in the valleys, and fine specimens of gold-bearing quartz have been brought in by the survey party. It is stated that the soil observed is rich and productive, and that scores of millions of acres offer profitable stock-raising and farming.

Gypsy Homes and Bills of Fare. One of the favorite abodes of these strange people is near the frontier of Croatia. It is here that the typical Croats are seen at their best. Their "camps" are always set up at some distance from the nearest town or village, often in close proximity to some forest. The Tziganes huts—for they are nothing more—consist of a single room, unless the owner is extremely well-to-do, and generally devoid of furniture. The Tziganes eat and sleep on the bare boards. At all times of the day there is a smouldering fire in the hut, over which hangs a sandstone pot, for the Tziganes have no fixed hour for his meals, but eats whenever he feels hungry. The ordinary bill of fare consists of potatoes, stews, milk and lard. On festive occasions such tit-bits are indulged in as hedgehogs, foxes and squirrels. Cats are considered by the Tziganes a princely diet. Dogs are trained to hunt hedgehogs and foxes. They have a peculiar manner of cooking foxes. They are placed in running water for a couple of days and then cooked under hot coals in a hole in the ground. The Tziganes have a partiality for the flesh of dead animals, and whenever a farm or a stable takes fire, they rush to the scene in the hope of finding the carcass of some dead animal. Like certain Oriental races, they use their fingers in conveying food to their mouths.—New York Times.

Fishing With Shovels. The greatest sport we have heard of in this section recently is the catch of fish that Hubert Bares, Anton Ferzen and some others recently made. They went to the Jim River, near Victor Ulrich's place, and in a slough which was formed last spring from the overflow of the Jim River they cut a hole in the ice and with scoop shovels they took out over 250 pounds of fine fish. They said they had found fish frozen fast to the ice, which, when held in their hands, revived and assumed their natural condition. It is said there are thousands of fish in the ponds and sloughs that were formed last spring by the overflowed river. Most of them will perish in a short time after the ice commences to freeze, for want of water and air. There are no doubt many fine pickers in some of the creek ponds.—Parsons (S. D.) Advance.

Ev-Justice Field Not the Oldest. It was thought that when Justice Field retired from the Bench he was the oldest person connected with the Supreme Court, but this is erroneous, for "Archie," the old attendant in the robing room, antedates Justice Field by several years, while the old long-whiskered and grey-haired doorkeeper at the main entrance has held that position for over forty-five years, has seen twenty-five Associate Justices come and go, and has served through the term of four Chief Justices. In fact, the old man often grumbles about the ways and methods of the Court at the present time, and in disapproving them shakes his head and says: "They did not do this in Chief Justice Taney or Chief Justice Chase's time."

X-Rays for Consumption. Dr. Muheim of Berlin has just made a report on the beneficial action of the Roentgen rays on animals which have been inoculated with tubercula. When the rays were not applied the animals died within a few days of the time they were inoculated. When the rays were applied they lived a couple of months. It is not considered advisable, however, to deduce from these experiments hopes for human beings suffering with consumption.

Balloons to Study Ocean Beds. One of the uses for which balloons may be employed is the investigation of the sea bottom. It has been found by a certain that frequently the bottom is clearly visible from a balloon through the water. This fact has recently been made use of to recover a torpedo boat which had been lost off Toulon. Not only was this found, but also two others, which had vanished at an earlier date.