

TIM MURPHY'S FLYING BALLOON.

When Tim Murphy wuz out aw a job
He invited a flyin' balloon,
An' he sallied away—that's what they
say—
For a trip to the land av the moon.
He sallied and sallied away—
Iver so fur, to the stars,
An' he sint this word—that's what
they heard—
"I'm ditchin' canals in Mars!"

They wur plinty av work to do,
But ditchin' is hard, they say;
An' terrible soon in his flyin' balloon
He sallied and sallied away.
He had worked at the jeweler's trade,
An' could wind a watch with springs,
An' he sint this word—that's what
they heard—
"I'm in Saturn, rivitin' rings!"

They wur plenty av work to do,
But tulous it wur, they say;
An' terrible soon in his flyin' balloon
Tim sallied away—away.
He had worked at the firemen's trade,
An' a Limerick engine could run,
An' he sint this word—that's what
they heard—
"I've a fireman's job in the sun!"

They wur plinty av work to do,
But firin' is hot, they say;
An' terrible soon in his flyin' balloon
Tim sallied away—away.
He sallied away to the world,
An' kissin' his wife, sez he,
"In their heavenly line the stars is frae,
But—home an' the world for me!"
—Frank L. Stanton, in Judge.

Just Like a Woman.

"I Bamford had gone home to die,
Her half-sister, Ellice Stormont, sat
at her bedside holding one of her
white, emaciated hands.

"Guy Charter has broken your heart,
Vi," she said, "and I will make it the
one object of my life to be revenged
upon him for your sake!"

"Hush, Ellice, dear!" replied the dy-
ing girl, in a whisper. "Vengeance is
not ours. He will be surely and rapidly
repaid without human aid. Don't
make your life miserable by harboring
such thoughts. It was my own fault
for giving my heart to such a man."

But Ellice sat with a determined
face, and presently, when all was over,
she stood solemnly looking down upon
her dead sister.

"I swear to search for Guy Charter,"
she cried, holding her hand upward,
"and to wreak vengeance upon him!
I will break his heart as he has broken
hers!"

It was a rash vow, and, if not a sense-
less, a wicked one, but the best of
people do rash and senseless—aye,
and wicked things at times, and Ellice
Stormont was no exception.

She had never seen Guy Charter, and
knew little about him, except that he
was a nephew of the wealthy Sir
Kenelm Charter of diamond mine no-
toriety. The last that poor Vi had
heard of him was that he was in Paris,
and, in performance of her vow, Ellice,
who was her own mistress and had
a considerable fortune, started for the
French capital.

She soon found that Guy Charter had
left the gay city, and that he was sup-
posed to be at Monte Carlo. So she
journeyed on to the gambling principality;
but there she heard rumors of his
marriage with a pretty flower girl
who had taken his fancy. She could,
however, obtain no direct confirmation
of this; but it appeared certain that
he had returned to England.

Undismayed, she hastened home
again, and, putting secret agencies to
work, she was presently rewarded by
hearing that Guy Charter was staying
at the famed west coast watering place,
Shoreport, and that he was certainly
not married.

Immediately she went with a travel-
ing companion to Shoreport, and put
up at the Hotel Metropole, where,
among the names inscribed in the vis-
itors' book she saw that of "Guy
Charter."

Ellice was naturally inclined to be
of rather a severe temperament, and,
carrying her disposition into her dress,
she generally wore plain habits. Her
companion, therefore, was somewhat
startled when she appeared at table
d'hotel clad in a superb style that was
quite unusual to her. Could this beau-
tiful, queenly girl be the heretofore
rather plain-looking Miss Stormont,
with whom she had been traveling? It
hardly seemed possible. But the reason
was soon apparent.

Guy Charter proved to be a good-
looking, manly, open-faced fellow of
about 30—quite the last man, one would
have thought from his appearance, to
trifle with a woman's affections. Hav-
ing been much abroad, his conversa-
tion was much sought after by his
fellow guests.

An introduction took place between
him and Miss Stormont in due course,
and it soon became evident that she
had found favor in his eyes.

It was noticeable that whenever op-
portunity afforded he was next to her
at dinner, and he was, by some strange
coincidence, constantly running across
her path out of doors.

At first Ellice was frigidly polite.
Then, little by little, she allowed her
manner toward him to thaw until the
intimacy got to be quite cordial, and,
before many weeks, she had the satisfac-
tion of seeing him hover around her
like a moth round the flame of a
candle.

She was acting a part, and a most
consummate actress she proved. But
Cupid's darts are sharp, and there is
an old proverb that it is dangerous to
play with edged tools. Alas! she found
the truth of it but too well, for what
had at first been pretense became
reality. Not only had she entangled
the amiable, good-looking Guy Charter

in the meshes of the net she had
spread for him, but, in doing so, she
had herself got as fast fixed as her
prey. She had fallen hopelessly in
love with the man upon whom she had
sworn to wreak her vengeance!

Yet her purpose never faltered for an
instant. She had started the game for
revenge, and revenge she would have—
even at the cost of her own life's hap-
piness.

Then Guy declared his love.
"Wait till Monday next," she an-
swered in a sweet way, that was in-
tended to convey assent without ex-
pressing it. "I have to go on a short
visit, and I will then give you my
answer."

The next morning Miss Stormont and
companion left Shoreport; but Guy
felt assured of success, and for the few
days that intervened he walked on
velvet and saw through rose-colored
spectacles. But there came a rude
awakening.

When Monday arrived Ellice did not
return, but a letter came:
"I know you loved me. I meant that
you should love me; and, as you broke
the heart of my sister, Vi Bamford, I
hope I have broken yours. I shall
never marry."

"ELICE STORMONT."
The blow was indeed a severe one
for Guy Charter. Ellice's work had
proved only too successful. For a day
or two he was too broken down to do
anything, but then he sought her. He
wrote to her, but his letter was re-
turned through the post. He traveled
after her, and went to every place
where she would be likely to have been
seen or known of, but in vain. She
had disappeared, no one knew where.

Guy little knew the bitter tears she
shed, or the broken heart she her-
self carried. Had he done so he could
not have endeavored more eagerly to
trace her.

After a while, when all his efforts
had proved unavailing, he went abroad.
Some twelve months afterward,
among a band of ladies working in
the slums of the east end of London,
visiting the sick poor and doing what
they could to relieve the suffering
around them, one, "Sister Ellice," was
the most devoted and tollsome of them
all. The clergy and her fellow work-
ers warned her that her health would
give way under the unremitting exer-
tion, but she paid no heed to them.
In her secret heart she wished to die.

One day she was informed of a fresh
case of distress. A poor woman lay
sick of low fever, brought on by hard-
ship, want of food and the drunken-
ness and neglect of her husband.

Taking with her some nourishing
food, Sister Ellice wended her way up
the three or four flights of naked, dirty
stairs to the attic in which the wom-
an lived, and she was soon listening to
the dismal tale of the poor creature's
life.

Then the husband came in. He com-
menced to grumble before he had
reached the door, but when he saw the
visitor his tone altered.

The man bore traces of better things.
Beneath his rags and his dissipation
there was something that told of gentler
birth, but it was a mere shadow, as it
were, which was almost totally eclipsed
by the reality of his present vice and
wretchedness.

Throwing himself on a broken-
backed chair, he at once started telling
his woes in a maudlin way.

"Poor Bessie!" he cried hypocritically,
"for he cared naught for her. She's
very ill, and I've no money to get her
proper nourishment. If you can help
us a little, ma'am, I shall be very grate-
ful."

But Sister Ellice had grown to know
the ways of such as he. If she had
given money it would have immedi-
ately been turned into drink, and she took
not the slightest notice of him.

So he went on.
"Ah! I've seen better days. To think
that a nephew of Sir Kenelm Charter
should come to this. He's worth mil-
lions, and yet he won't help me. He's
cast me off in my misfortunes."

"Sir Kenelm Charter?" she said in-
quiringly.

"Yes," he replied. "Sir Kenelm
Charter. Do you know him, ma'am?"

"No; but I've heard of him," she
said.

"Well, I'm his nephew. My name's
Guy Charter."

Ellice looked searchingly at the man
to see if it could possibly be her Guy.
But there was no need. There was not
the trace of a resemblance. What
could it mean? Were there two Guy
Charters? Two nephews of Sir Kenelm
Charter, both of the same name? As
the idea occurred to her, the room and
everything in it seemed to whirl around
her, and she would have fainted but
that by a mighty effort she rose from
her seat and walked about the apart-
ment.

"Has Sir Kenelm Charter two neph-
ews named Guy, then?" she asked
quietly, as she resumed her seat.

"Yea," replied the man savorily.
"There's a prig of a fellow, a cousin of
mine, who calls himself Guy. I'm the son
of Sir Kenelm's elder brother, and he's
only the son of a younger one. But he's
the favored one now, and he'll get all
the money, while I am left to starve.
I've met with misfortune and the old
bucks has cast me off!"

He did not say how generous and
kind his old uncle had been to him,
and what a base return he had made.

Sister Ellice finished attending to
her patient; and as she left the room
she beckoned to the husband to fol-
low her.

"Tell me," she said sternly, when
they had got outside the door, "did
you know a Miss Bamford?"

The fellow, dirty and degraded as he
was, blushed and hung his head.

"Poor Vi!" he murmured. "Yes, I
knew her."

Ellice made for the stairs, but he

followed her. The chance of getting a
shilling to buy whisky with was too
good to be lost.

"Can you spare me a shilling?" he
asked.

And, to be rid of him, she gave him
one.

This, then was the offender. This
was the Guy Charter who had mortally
murdered her sister! Truly vengeance
had followed upon him quickly, and
without human aid, as Vi had said it
would. And Ellice, in pursuing her
rash vow, had wrecked an innocent
man's happiness, and her own, too.

She never knew how she managed to
reach the "Sisters' Home;" but when
she got there she was put to bed,
stricken with brain fever.

In three months' time the doctors
ordered Ellice to the seaside.

She chose Shoreport. She hardly
knew why; but she felt a desire to
return to the place where her happi-
ness had been shattered.

There she gradually gained strength,
and as warmer days came on she was
able to wander on the beach that
reminded her of her great mistake.

One morning she ventured a little
further than usual, and finding herself
out of sight of the parade and the
people, she sat down upon a bowlder
to think.

Presently she bowed her head and
wept.

"Oh, Guy, Guy!" she sobbed aloud.
"I might have known that it could
not have been you. You were too noble
for such a thing; but I was blind. Oh,
Guy, Guy, where are you?"

She had not been aware of a soft
step on the sands, but she felt a hand
laid gently upon her shoulder, and she
heard the voice of him she loved.

"I am here, Ellice, my darling. It
was a sad mistake; but I have found
you at last!"

Happiness had returned to her; but
she had paid dearly during those weary
months for her rash vow.—Spare Mo-
ments.

Two Things the Kaiser Does Not Like.

The Kaiser is a military man from
crown to foot. His numerous war-
dresses contain only five suits of mufti,
mostly made in Vienna. Like most
German officers, he never looks well
in them. He never wears an evening
dress suit. He has a particular ab-
horrence against the swallow tail,
which reminds him of the somber sur-
roundings of a funeral. This uncon-
querable objection is accountable for
an imperial regulation ordaining that
wherever possible courtiers and guests
shall wear the frock coat a l'Anglais,
otherwise the newly introduced court
dress is de rigueur. The black swallow
tail is thus fast being forced out of
German court circles. Umbrellas are
his pet aversion—he never possessed
one in his life—and as to sticks, they
are usually the cheapest he can buy.
His rifles are under the special care of
the leibjager, and kept in a special
cupboard. A remarkable feature of
this collection is the hunting sticks
which His Majesty has cut with his
own hand while out hunting, or re-
ceived as presents during his expedi-
tions from gentry and peasantry alike.

The Kaiser's wardrobes occupy a
suite of five rooms in the old castle at
Berlin. They are massive and of oak.
In the middle of one of the rooms is
a large table for spreading out the uni-
forms. There is a sixth room in which
small repairs are undertaken. Here a
tailor is permanently employed, for
Kaiser Wilhelm does not throw away
clothes until they are well worn. He
keeps about eighteen pairs of white
military gloves in use. These are
cleaned and repaired from time to
time. The gloves receive a small
yearly sum for his services. Each pair
is supposed to have a certain "life."
Should the leather show any defect, it
is returned to the unlucky glover with
a preemptory demand for an explana-
tion.

When a suit is ordered, woe be to
the tailor should it not fit like a glove,
though a "try on" is never permitted.
Directly a suit has been taken off, it
is returned to the wardrobe and there
subjected to the closest scrutiny. The
orders and decorations are kept in an
iron safe, and represent in value about
one and a half million marks.—Pall
Mall Gazette.

Some Sources of Things.

The widow's cap dates back to old
Egyptian days when people shaved
their hair close to the head in time of
mourning, and then put on caps to
avoid taking cold.

The oldest of popular cultivated
roses is La Reine, which came out in
1843. The General Jacqueminot was
offered to the public in 1859, and the
Marechal Niel was perfected in 1864.
La France came in 1868.

The belief that a branch of palm is
a protection against lightning is of
Spanish origin. In Madrid good Cath-
olics take the branches they receive in
church on Palm Sunday and fasten
them in front of their window bal-
conies, there to remain for the ensu-
ing year.

The phrase "Peace with honor,"
which is usually attributed to Lord
Beaconsfield, was original with Ed-
mund Burke. The sentence "First in
war, first in peace, first in the hearts
of his countrymen," applied to Wash-
ington, occurs in the resolution adopt-
ed by Congress on the death of the
Father of His Country. This resolution
was drafted by Gen. Henry Lee, who
used the phrase in a subsequent eulogy
of Washington.

The famous Bonanza Creek and the
more famous El Dorado Creek, where
gold was discovered in the Klondike,
are very like ordinary everyday creeks
in appearance. "Stick George" Cor-
mack and his squaw's relatives camped
on the creek for dinner one day, and
somehow got to digging and washed
out some gold. He went to Forty Mile
and made claim for discovery, and
soon the news spread like wildfire.

MONSTER MAGAZINES.

WHERE UNCLE SAM KEEPS HIS POWDER
DRY.

Thousands of Tons of Ammunition Stored
Away in Solitude in the New Jersey
Woods—The Largest in the Country and
the Government Has its Heaviest Re-
serve Supply There.

Scattered about here and there in a
long, narrow valley which is perched
high up in the mountain region near
Picatinny, N. J., seven great giants are
sleeping. If they were roused to fury
and all the pent-up villainy within
them let loose—and the tiniest spark
would do it—a goodly portion of Jersey
would be torn out by the roots, and
scattered in dust and chaotic frag-
ments to the four winds of heaven.
The very mountains that girdle the
valley all about would fairly reel in
their rockribbed foundations, and even
New York, 50 miles away, would quiver
under the terrific jar.

For the bowels of these seven sleep-
ers are filled with thousands upon
thousands of gunpowder and gun cot-
ton, which for years back the United
States Government has been quietly
and unobtrusively storing away there
in the event of their suddenly arising
some history-making crisis in the na-
tion's life. Just how many thousand
tons of concentrated havoc are at this
moment stored away in this Picatinny
Government powder depot there is no
means of knowing. The officers in
charge are never very communicative
on the subject, and just now they are
more than ever silent. All that can be
said is that this magazine is the
largest in the country, and that the
Government has always kept there its
heaviest reserves of ammunition. There
are, in all, seven great powder ware-
houses—five for the army and two for
the navy. Each storehouse is a build-
ing having a floor area of 200 feet in
length by 60 in breadth. The height
of the room thus formed is 40 feet.
Now, powder as it comes from the fac-
tory is delivered in boxes that are a
shade larger than the ordinary soap
box so familiar in the country store,
and each box contains 150 pounds of
the explosive. It will be understood
very readily that a room 200 feet long
by 60 feet wide and 40 feet high will
hold a great number of the ordinary
soap boxes of commerce, and when it
is said that each one of these maga-
zine rooms is piled high up with layer
after layer of these 150-pound soap
box size powder boxes, it will be seen
that the statement that there are hun-
dreds of thousands of tons of powder
in storage is well within conservative
bounds. And this, too, is exclusive of
the tons of gun cotton which are stored
away in this remote mountain recess.

There are 1,800 acres in the tract of
land the Government owns there, and
the bulk of this area is in a long, nar-
row valley, about three and a quarter
miles from end to end, and varying
from a quarter of a mile to a mile in
width. It is a beautiful spot, distinct-
ly suggestive of West Point, with its
placid stretch of level ground surround-
ed on all sides by great rugged moun-
tains which crowd up to its edges and
peer down over each other's shoulders
at it from all directions. There is no
Hudson, to be sure, but a noisy, fussy
little mountain stream winds through
it and is spanned at various places by
trim white iron bridges. A Govern-
ment road leads from the main high-
way, about a mile away, to the
handsome iron and stone
gateway at the entrance. But
for the fact that the gate posts
are made in the form of upright canon,
and that the iron of the gates them-
selves is wrought into martial designs,
the first impression would be that
some millionaire recluse had made
himself a private park away off in the
wilderness.

Watchful guards are everywhere
about as you enter the grounds. There
are no restrictions as to visitors en-
tering, even in these critical times;
but you are always conscious that
watchful eyes are upon you.

Scattered here and there at wide in-
tervals apart, and apparently in no
regular order, are the seven silent
sleepers for whose benefit all this wide
expanse and profound solitude have
been secured. Very quiet and harmless
they look—dull, lead-colored brick
buildings, with red tiled roofs and red
iron shutters and doors—doors and
shutters partially thrown open in fair,
dry weather, that the air may get
through the buildings where the in-
censed explosives are stored. Water,
as well as fire, has to be guarded
against in the storage of powder, and
dampness is water. One reason the
high mountain region was selected was
together away from the moist air of a
lower level.

The navy powder is stored away and
apart from that of the army, and the
buildings are all painted in dirty mud-
dy yellow, which, for some reason, is
traditional with the navy. They are
in a set off tract of 340 acres, and on
a mountain side above the valley proper.
A branch of the Morris County
Railway runs up to the reservation.
Cars are backed up to the magazines
at various points. Two hours after
ammunition is put aboard them it may
be in New York, if there is need of so
great a rush. They are filling shells
now in the navy magazine, and car-
load after carload of them have been
sent away since the war scare began.

It is Major Buffington, the inventor
of the disappearing gun carriage,
which has worked such a revolution in
coast defenses, who is now in
charge of the Picatinny powder maga-
zine. He has been at the post about
a year.

Comparatively few people know

there is such an establishment as this
removable ammunition depository in
existence. Lying right at the very
gates of New York, not one New York-
er in thousands knows of its existence.
As for the country people who live
in the vicinity, the fact of the powder
magazines' existence has so long been
an old story with them that they had
practically lost all interest in it until
the recent war excitement came on.
But now, the humblest mountaineer
to be found within a radius of ten
miles visibly swells with patriotic pride
at the mere mention of the great Gov-
ernment depot. They obviously feel
that the great temple of Janus is right
at their doors, and that they have a
sort of personal responsibility for the
safe keeping of the keys.—Washington
Star.

TEST FOR YELLOW FEVER.

A Discovery That May Be of Great Use
to Our Soldiers.

Local medical circles are excited over
the discovery of a successful manner
of ascertaining whether or not a pa-
tient has yellow fever. The discovery
was made in New Orleans by local
physicians, and a sufficient number of
successful experiments have been made
to invest the tests in the minds of
physicians with an importance second
only to the discovery of a yellow fever
preventative.

The whole matter came out at the
last meeting of the Orleans Parish
Medical Society, which was probably
the most important and largely attend-
ed of any in the history of that organi-
zation. Several valuable papers were
read and discussed, chief among which
was the paper of Dr. P. E. Archinard,
the eminent bacteriologist; R. S.
Woodson of the United States Army,
and John J. Archinard, demonstrator
of bacteriology of Tulane University.

These gentlemen have for the last
three or four months been engaged at
work in the laboratory of the Louisi-
ana Board of Health upon the pathol-
ogy of yellow fever. The most im-
portant part of their work has been
the application of the agglutinative
test of the germ of yellow fever.

This same test has been applied for
the diagnosis of typhoid fever in every
large municipal laboratory in this
country and Europe for the last two
years. It has proved itself of great
value to the diagnosis of doubtful cases
of fever, and is a test that has merited
the confidence of the medical profes-
sion.

The "agglutinative reaction," as the
phenomenon is called, was discovered
by a distinguished French scientist.
In plain words it consists of the ap-
plication of the blood of a suspected
case to the germ of the typhoid fever.
If the blood proves to be from a genu-
ine case it will kill all the germs and
cause them to crowd together in
clumps.

Dr. Dabney said that the test ex-
periment was by the method of Dr.
Y. Johnson of Montreal, and was con-
ducted in this way: A drop of blood
is taken from the lobe of the ear of the
patient, and dissolved in 20 times its
volume of sterilized water. The doc-
tor then takes his culture tube bouillon
of fever germs and puts the dissolved
blood in it. In the culture tube are
colonies of yellow fever germs which
have been active and increasing for
24 hours. In from 5 to 30 minutes af-
ter the drop of suspected blood dis-
solved in 20 times its volume is put
into the culture tube the germs in the
blood become agglutinated, motion-
less, and motility ceases entirely,
which shows that the blood is that of
a yellow fever patient. If, however,
when dissolved blood is placed in the
culture tube of yellow fever germs
they are not affected by the mixture
and agglutination does not take place,
then it is not yellow fever.

If both typhoid and yellow fever re-
actions occur, then a clinical history
of the case will be necessary to deter-
mine whether it is yellow or typhoid
fever, unless further experiments re-
veal it.

In the case of plasmodium
malaria there is no difficulty in deter-
mining, as the malaria microbe is
well known having been described and
photographed hundreds of times.—New
Orleans Times-Democrat.

Raising Hares for the Market.

What appears to be a very important
industry for Kansas City, Kan., ac-
cording to the Star, and one in which
many people will soon be engaged, is
the raising of the Belgian hare, a spe-
cies of the hare family, larger than
the Kansas Jack rabbit, whose meat is
even finer than that of the chicken or
turkey. George Lamphier, an em-
ployee of the Memphis Railway Com-
pany, and W. W. Simons, a pressman,
are the originators of the industry in
Kansas City. They have built a rab-
bit barn on a lot adjoining Mr. Lam-
phier's home at Kansas City, Kan.,
and from thirteen fine pedigreed hares,
which they purchased in the East from
imported breeding stock last fall, they
now have more than 100 hares to start
with. Several other Kansas City peo-
ple are now purchasing breeding stock
and it is predicted that in a year or
two more rabbits will be raised in and
about Kansas City than are running
wild in some of the big prairie coun-
ties in Kansas.

But there is a good demand for the
meat of the Belgian hare, which sells
as high as twenty-five cents a pound
in the Eastern cities, and some of the
packers at Kansas City say if the
industry is well developed they can
dispose of all the meat that can be pro-
duced at fancy prices.

The hares are killed when four
months old, when they will weigh
from four to five pounds, although
they frequently grow much larger,
some even weighing ten or twelve
pounds. The fur of the Belgian hare
is valuable and each pit will bring
twenty-five cents.

ROBERT FULTON'S TORPEDO.

The Inventor of the Steamboat Also Con-
structed Submarine Explosives.

Before he turned his attention to nav-
igation by steam, Robert Fulton inven-
ted a marine torpedo which he endeav-
ored to dispose of to the United States
Government. Succeeding in interesting
James Madison, then Secretary of
State, in the matter, he obtained a
small appropriation from the govern-
ment for the purpose of conducting
some public experiments. In the sum-
mer of 1806 he invited the high digni-
taries and a number of prominent citi-
zens of New York to Governor's
Island to see the torpedoes and the
machinery with which his
experiments were to be made.

While he was lecturing on his blank
torpedoes, which were large, empty
copper cylinders, his numerous audi-
tors crowded around him. After awhile
he turned to a copper case of the same
description which was placed under the
gateway of old Castle William, and to
which was attached a clockwork lock.

Drawing out a peg Fulton set the
clock in motion, and then he said in
solemn tones to his attentive audience:
"Gentlemen, this is a charged torpedo,
which, precisely in its present state, I
mean to blow up a vessel; it contains
one hundred and seventy pounds of
gunpowder, and if I were to suffer the
clockwork to run fifteen minutes I
have no doubt that it would blow this
fortification to atoms."

The circle of humanity which had
closed around the inventor began to
spread out and grow thinner, and be-
fore five of the fifteen minutes had
passed there were but two or three persons
remaining under the gateway. Some,
indeed, lost no time in getting at the
greatest possible distance from the
torpedo and they did not again ap-
pear on the ground until they were as-
sured that the engine of destruction
was safely lodged in the magazine
whence it had been taken. The local
historian of that period remarks:

"The conduct of Mr. Fulton's audi-
tors was not very extraordinary or un-
natural; but his own composure indi-
cated the confidence with which he
handled these terrible instruments of
destruction and the reliance he had on
the accuracy of the performance of his
machinery. The apprehensions of his
friends surprised and amused him, and
he took occasion to remark how true
it was that fear frequently arose from
ignorance."

An Unfortunate Nobelman.

The story of Count Alberta and the
noble and beautiful woman who gave
up her freedom to share his living
death in the quicksilver mines of Idris,
is one of romance and sacrifice. Hav-
ing fought a duel with an Austrian
general against the emperor's com-
mand, he was obliged to fly to the
forests of Idris where he was sheltered
by the banditti who infested that
quarter. He lived among them nine
months when they were discovered by
the government and many of them
killed. Count Alberta, supposed to
have participated in their crime, was
taken to Vienna, tried and condemned
to perpetual confinement and labor in
the mines of Idris, a punishment a
thousand times worse than death. It
was indeed the hardest of fates, to be
incarcerated in those frightful, sub-
terranean abodes, shut out from all
hope of ever seeing the sun's light
again and compelled to toil out a mis-
erable existence under the whip of im-
perious and irresponsible taskmasters.
It is not usual for one confined in these
"regions of sorrow" to live more than
two years. The count and his devo-
ted sweetheart, however, whom he mar-
ried in prison, were not destined to re-
main long in that terrible prison. The
general, having recovered from his
wounds received in the duel, procured
for the count a pardon, and they re-
turned to Vienna where his fortune
and rank were restored together with
the emperor's favor.

The New Bridge at Niagara.

The year 1808 will see a wonderful
change in the Niagara gorge, in that
it will witness the passing away of the
last of the great suspension bridges in
their original locations and the erec-
tion of a second great steel arch to
span the rapidly flowing waters. This
new arch will be the largest bridge of
its kind in the world, and for grace
and beauty is expected to far surpass
the steel arch recently completed for
the Grand Trunk Railway two miles
downstream. It will be erected on the
site of the upper suspension bridge,
which structure, when it is taken
down, is to be rebuilt on the site of
the old Lewiston suspension bridge,
seven miles down the stream.—The
Engineer.

Formation of Gold Nuggets.