

### A FAR CRY.

I walk the streets I do not know,  
 A stranger, ill at ease;  
 And alien faces come and go  
 That do not please;  
 The very airs that round me blow  
 Blow from strange seas.

I know a hill in mine own land  
 Where I would be;  
 I know a hearth-fire burning bright  
 That burns for me.

Around that home, this winter-tide,  
 The snow lies deep;  
 The midnight moon shines clear and high,  
 The vagrant winds are all asleep.

An exile in this sultry land,  
 In dreams I seek those snow-fields free,  
 The hill, the hearth-fire burning bright,  
 And thee.

—Harriet Boyer, in the Century.

### A Titled Rogue.

The queerest things that happen never find their way into the newspapers. It is difficult to say why; perhaps it is because they are too queer. For instance, I doubt if you have ever heard of a strange incident that happened only a season or two ago, in that select section of the fashionable world known as "society."

A lady of title, Lady Barmouth, requested me to call on her one morning about the beginning of June, the London season being then at its height.

"I want your help, Mr. Lowe," she began, and then stopped awkwardly. "Perhaps you are not aware that at several balls and dinner parties this season there have been jewels and ornaments stolen. It has, of course, caused a great deal of unpleasantness without their knowing how it was done or who did it."

I had heard several wild tales of articles having been missed at fashionable gatherings, and there was much speculation as to who was the culprit. The articles were not, as a rule, of immense value, and they always disappeared singly, consequently no public notice had been directed to the matter. In one or two cases the police had been consulted, but it was impossible for them to help. There could be no doubt that the thief was a person who mixed in society as an equal, probably a woman who had allowed her love of jewelry to tempt her to dishonesty.

"I presume, then that the thief is a guest—a person in society?" I said, inquiringly.

"I am afraid so. Two or three things were missed at a dance which I gave last week. Now, I am, of course, most anxious it should not occur again, at any rate in my house. I thought I would engage your services for the evening, to see if you detect anything suspicious. Of course, you would be treated as a guest."

We made arrangements about terms, and it was agreed that I should be introduced as an American, by name Captain Burke.

"I suppose, Lady Barmouth," I said, carelessly, "you don't suspect anybody in particular?"

"Oh, no," she said, but I noticed what I thought was a look of anxiety on her face, and made a mental note of it.

As I was leaving, Lady Barmouth said: "Of course, Mr. Lowe, you quite understand, there must be no expose. If you make any discoveries, they must be treated as secrets. I can't have a scene of any kind. It must be hushed up."

I returned to the office impressed with two ideas. First, that my task was one of those delicate cases that require all your tact and yield very little credit; secondly, that Lady Barmouth knew more, or, at any rate, guessed more, than she cared to tell.

Thursday evening arrived, and I went to Merion house. Practically, my duty was to mingle with the guests, enjoy myself and keep my eyes wide open. Nothing seemed to be more improbable than that there should be a thief among the brilliant throng that crowded the rooms. Everything was conducted in the most sumptuous and luxurious style; a Hungarian band discoursed the sweetest of dance music, and the guests were among the highest in the land.

For a long while nothing occurred of the smallest significance. But at about 2 o'clock in the morning, when I was sitting in a snug corner of the conservatory, where cigarette smoking was permitted, I noticed a couple take up a position in the opposite corner. They were both young, and evidently very much in love with one another. The girl was handsomely dressed and wore some valuable jewels. In particular I noticed a pair of diamond ear-drops which had just come into fashion again. Without being a connoisseur of precious stones, I understand them well enough to know that these were very valuable indeed, and likely to be worth several hundred pounds.

These two young people were sitting out during a dance, and they flitted all through a set of lancers without any impatience at their length.

At last they got up and went into the ball-room again. On the chair where the girl had been sitting lay something shining. I stroked across and examined it. It was a vinaigrette, which she had probably left there by

accident. I replaced it, thinking it might serve as a trap for our fashionable thief if he were in the neighborhood, and withdrew to my corner, where I was almost invisible.

Presently an old gentleman strolled out to smoke a cigarette. He was a tall, handsome, intellectual-looking man, with the air of a true aristocrat. His name I didn't know, but I had noticed him chatting with the guests. He was evidently known to every one, and was a man of social importance.

Presently his eye caught the little jeweled vinaigrette. He looked carelessly round the conservatory to see if he were observed, and picked it up. He now had his back to me. I was on the point of stepping up to him, when he turned round and replaced the vinaigrette and walked quietly away.

It was lucky I had not moved, I should have looked rather foolish. Some curious instinct bade me cross the conservatory, and look at the vinaigrette again. Without thinking about it, I put it to my nose.

The next thing I remember is that I found myself sitting in a chair. Gradually things became clearer. The vinaigrette lay by my side. I was drugged. For a few minutes I had lost consciousness. I still felt dizzy and sick, but knowing that everything depended on my being prompt and acute, I managed with an effort to pull myself together.

Then arose the question? What should I do next? Should I go straight to the man who had tampered with the vinaigrette? A moment's thought showed me that that would be worse than useless. I had no proof of anything. The situation must be allowed to develop itself before I interfered.

After some little reflection, I decided to go back to the drawing-room, where I could see what was going on. Under any circumstances I must not lose sight of the girl to whom the vinaigrette belonged.

For nearly half an hour I waited in vain. She danced with two or three different men, but did not seem to have missed it.

At last, after one of the dances, she appeared to be looking for something. With what was, I presume, an apology to her partner, she skipped across the room to a group of girls. Evidently she was asking if any of them had seen her vinaigrette. For some time she got no information, but presently a girl who was passing, leaning on a man's arm, turned round and made some remark, pointing with her fan to the conservatory door. The owner of the vinaigrette gave a little nod of thanks and hurried across the room.

All this time I observed that the man who had drugged the scent bottle, and who was chatting with some of the people standing about, watched the girl closely.

As soon as she had left the drawing-room he broke off his conversation and strolled quietly toward the conservatory. As he passed through the curtains I noticed that he glanced round to see if he were being followed.

That settled it; I had found my man, and must act promptly. Lady Barmouth was standing near the piano. Remembering her injunctions that there was not, under any circumstances, to be an expose or scene, it was necessary to proceed with caution. I caught her eye without much difficulty. She understood at once that I had something to say, and disengaged herself from her friends.

"Will you come with me to the conservatory?" I asked, quietly. "I believe I have solved the mystery."

She turned pale. "Very well," she said. "Give me your arm. Be careful what you do. Mr. Lowe," she added, in a troubled voice. "It must be hushed up."

When we reached the conservatory we found, just as I had expected, the young lady lying back in a chair unconscious. Her ear-drops were missing.

"Miss Dainton has fainted," said Lady Barmouth.

"One moment," I said; "there is no cause for alarm. Do you see what has happened? Her diamond ear-drops have disappeared."

"Do you know who it is?" she whispered.

"Yes. Her vinaigrette has been drugged—not sufficiently to do her any harm. I saw it done."

"What shall I do? Fetch Lord Barmouth, will you? He must advise me."

"Which is Lord Barmouth?"

She came to the curtains and pointed him out to me.

"Very well," said I. "Chafe Miss Dainton's hands, and try to bring her around, but don't send for any help at present."

I don't think I ever felt so reluctant to proceed with a case as I did at that minute. The man whom Lady Barmouth had pointed out as her husband was the man who had drugged the vinaigrette—who had followed Miss Dainton into the conservatory. In a word, Lord Barmouth was a kleptomaniac.

"Will you come with me into the conservatory, Lord Barmouth?" I said. As I spoke I looked at him sternly in the face. He turned deathly white, and his eyes shifted nervously about the room.

"What's the matter?" he asked, huskily. "Is anything wrong?"

"Miss Dainton has fainted."

"Oh," he murmured, with relief.

"And her ear-drops have disappeared," I added. "For a moment I thought he was going to drop down. I put my arm through his and led him toward the conservatory. He was trembling like a leaf. When he got well into the

shadow of the curtains, I stopped. "Lord Barmouth," I said, quietly, "take my advice and give them up to me at once."

"What do you mean?" he asked, hoarsely.

"The ear-drops. It will prevent a scene."

He put a trembling hand into the breast pocket of his dress coat and gave me the ear-drops. He did it like a man in a dream, and I really believe that for the time being he was unconscious. Then he turned away and left the drawing-room hurriedly.

"Will he not come?" asked Lady Barmouth, with an awful look of terror in her eyes.

"Lord Barmouth is not well," I replied. "Here are the ear-drops."

The poor woman went scarlet. She knew what I meant, and I was deeply grieved for her. From the first she must have had a faint suspicion of the truth, and was anxious to save him from the public disgrace and scandal. She was thoroughly unnerved, Miss Dainton showed signs of returning consciousness.

"Now," I said, "put the ear-drops back into her ears. She doesn't know what has happened."

Lady Barmouth replaced them with trembling fingers.

"Send some one to look after the girl; I'll stop with her till help comes. But you must go and find your husband. Make haste," I added, significantly, "or you will be too late."

My work was not quite over. When Lady Barmouth found her husband in his dressing room he was, as I feared, on the point of committing suicide. She saved him. A number of trinkets, some of great value, were found in the safe. There is, of course, only one explanation. On that point Lord Barmouth was mad. There was no object in his stealing ladies' ornaments, as he is a very wealthy man, and had not put them to any use.

There was not much difficulty in finding their respective owners. I returned them myself, asking each one as a matter of courtesy to make no inquiries as to how they fell into my possession.—Saturday Night.

### Webster's "Setting Out."

A turning point in Webster's career is thus described in the first of Prof. McMaster's papers on Daniel Webster in the Century:

Once there he set off, without friends or even letters of introduction, to find an office in which to study. The youth who had given his school to Ezekiel went along, and in the course of their search they presented themselves one day to Mr. Christopher Gore, told him that Webster was from the country, had studied law, had come to Boston to work, not to play, was most desirous to be his pupil, and asked that a place be kept for him till letters could be had from New Hampshire. Impressed by the presence and seriousness of the unknown youth, Mr. Gore talked with Webster awhile, and when he was about to go said: "You look as though you might be trusted. You say you come to study, not to waste time. I will take you at your word. You may hang up your hat at once and write at your convenience to New Hampshire for your letters." Describing the scene in a letter, Webster declares that when he was introduced by his friend, who was as such a stranger as he to Mr. Gore, his name was pronounced indistinctly, and that he was a week in the office before Mr. Gore knew what to call him. "This," he said, "I call setting out in the world. But I most devoutly hope that I shall never have to set out again."

### The Stimulus of Football.

Football in our representative colleges never deserved more popularity than it does to-day. The moldy joke of the athlete's diploma is about as earworm as the more ancient and cobwebbed old-girl joke which clings to the atmosphere of every scholastic campus.

As a matter of fact, the football eleven as it faces a rival one in the struggle for the season championship is as representative a body as could be imagined. It is a handful of young men who have added to what is at least the average scholarship an amount of beef, of brain, of pluck and of physical endurance which makes them the residuum after long and careful testing and sieving. As such members of the varsity team are a type, and an unvarying one, of the college man. Each one becomes an example to his fellow students and the object of a profound and wholesome admiration in all forms of preparatory schools.—New York Press.

### Democracy at West Point.

A recent examination of the records of nearly 400 cadets for the past ten years shows that outside the sons of army officers, of which there were 65, 149 were sons of farmers, 115 sons of merchants, 100 sons of lawyers, 37 sons of manufacturers, 32 sons of mechanics, 20 sons of insurance agents, 19 sons of real estate agents, 14 sons of clergymen, 13 sons of editors, bankers and bookkeepers, 10 of druggists, 9 of drummers, 8 of school teachers, and 6 of dentists. Among the others almost every calling is represented by the fathers of one or more.—Cram's Magazine.

The Syracuse man who announces that he has a method of making old bones assemble themselves and come to life probably imagines that he has a rattling good thing.

### ATMOSPHERIC RESISTANCE.

#### How Much It Retards Railroad Trains a Matter of Dispute.

There is quite a dispute in progress among the experts at present," said an experienced mechanical engineer of this city, "in regard to the atmospheric resistance exerted on a moving train. Some claim that every projection which can catch the wind—every flag, bolt, bar or strip of molding—contributes just so much to increase friction and retard speed, and at first blush the proposition seems absolutely sound. On the other hand, however, there are a number of engineers who insist that a train going at high speed is enveloped in a coating of air, which moves with it, and presents a smooth surface to the surrounding atmosphere, regardless of projections and irregularities on the sides of the cars themselves. The first theory was recently tested by the much-talked-about 'wind-splitting' train on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. The entire locomotive was fitted with a shield fitting over the front of the smoke-stack like the prow of a cruiser, and the cars were encased in a sheathing that made the exterior one smooth and unbroken surface, from end to end. Although this train developed remarkable speed, it did not meet expectations, and is now being rebuilt to correct certain mechanical defects. When it is given its final tests accurate measurements of resistance, friction and so on will be made, and then, at last, we will have something definite upon which to base our calculations. Strange to say, we have no existing data on the subject of atmospheric pressures. The 'wind-splitter' advocates claim that their style of construction will decrease the air friction of a train fully 40 per cent, and effect a saving of about 20 per cent. in fuel. If that proves to be the case, the railroads of the country will not be long in adopting it, especially as the system can be applied to old cars without any great expense.

The theory that a moving train carries along an envelope of air is very interesting," continued the engineer, "and I believe there is a good deal of truth in it. I first had my attention attracted to the subject by a curious incident that happened several years ago at a crossing near Birmingham, Ala., where trains pass twice a day at a speed of about forty miles an hour. The tracks are seven feet apart, and there would seem to be ample room to stand between them in perfect safety. One afternoon a small fox terrier dog belonging to a section boss was asleep in the middle space, and woke up just as the trains closed in from each side. There was a barrel on the ground near by, and the dog, in his fright, jumped on top of it. That possibly brought him into one of the rushing envelopes of air; at any rate, he was whirled off his feet and thrown clear to the roof of the opposite car, where he was subsequently found, jammed against a ventilator chimney, with no injury except a broken leg. How in the world he ever made such a journey and escaped alive is a mystery, unless his fall was deadened by a cushion of air."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### A Convenience for the Golfists.

"I've just invented a golf bag," said the clerk in the leather store, "which is going to be a great success, although it will not hold a club or a ball. But for all that it's wonderfully useful. When officers in the militia are compelled to wear swords with full dress they really have a dummy scabbard which can be separated at the middle and packed in a travelling case. It is possible to draw out a dummy blade for a few inches, but the thing is in reality no sword at all. That is the system on which my golf bag is invented. It looks as if it were filled with clubs and these handles may be drawn out an inch or two. But they're only dummies and from a few inches below the top of the bag it is entirely hollow. It will hold as much as a dress suit case or a large hand-bag and it has the advantage of making the person who carries it seem to be doing just the proper thing. It has none of the awkwardness of a dress suit case and I expect to make a success."—New York Sun.

### British Exiles Pinc for London.

Exiles from home, pioneers, travelers far away from England, and more specially Londoners, tell you that now and then there comes into their life a tremendous longing for home. This seems to be more specially the case with the Londoner, to whom at intervals in his loneliness abroad whether he is successful in his enterprises or not, Mother London seems to stretch out her arms and whisper "Come back." He sees the great busy streets, hears the hum of them, recalls the particular corner where he smoked at his club, sees the lantern light of the palace of parliament, hears the shouts of cricket audiences at Lord's, ponders his morning paper over breakfast and his latest evening edition over supper, and generally contemplates in imagination all the pleasant things that to his fancy only London can supply.—Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle.

It is now said that the Queen of Holland, in selecting a husband, was opposed strongly by her Cabinet. The fact that she had the strength of mind to go her own gait ought to make her the most popular of sovereigns.

Spread of Leprosy in Germany. Germany is getting nervous over the spread of leprosy in the empire. The Imperial Board of Health has just reported that there were twenty-two known cases of leprosy in Prussia last year. There were also six cases which are suspected, and are still under observation, and probably some which have not been reported. In the city of Hamburg ten cases were found. In Mecklenburg-Schwerin another case was reported. In the Memel district of Prussia the disease is indigenous.

### INSIDE YOUR WATCH.

Hundreds of Years of Study on the Balance Wheel.

If you own a watch open it and look at the little wheels, springs and screws, such an indispensable part of the whole wonderful machine. The busy little balance wheel alone is the result of hundreds of years of study and experiment. The watch I have before me is composed of 98 pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than 2,000 distinct and separate operations. Some of the smallest screws are so minute that the unaided eye cannot distinguish them from the steel filings or specks of dirt. Under a powerful magnifying glass a perfect screw is revealed. The slit in the head is two one-thousandths of an inch wide. It takes 308,000 of these screws to weigh a pound, and a pound is worth \$1,585. The hairspring is a strip of the finest steel about  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches long, a hundredth part of an inch wide and twenty-seven ten-thousandths of an inch thick. It is coiled up in spiral form and finely tempered. The process of tempering was long held a secret by a few fortunate ones possessing it, and even now is not generally known. Their manufacture requires great skill and care. The strip is gauged to twenty-one-thousandths of an inch, but no measuring instrument has yet been devised capable of fine enough gauging to determine beforehand by the size of the strip what the strength of the finished spring will be. A twenty-thousandth part of an inch difference in the thickness of the strip makes a difference in the running of a watch of about six minutes per hour. The value of these springs when finished and placed in watches is enormous in proportion to the material from which they are made. A comparison will give a good idea. A ton of gold is worth \$627,915. A ton of steel made up into hairsprings when in watches is worth \$7,882,290—more than twelve and one-half times the value of pure gold. Hairspring wire weighs one-twentieth of a grain to the inch. One mile of wire weighs less than half a pound. The balance gives five vibrations every second, 300 every minute, 18,000 every hour, 432,000 every day and 157,680,000 every year. At each vibration it rotates about one and a quarter times, which makes 197,100,000 revolutions every year.

A Curious Old Church. Boston church, in Lincolnshire, England, the tower of which is better known as Boston Stump, has some very peculiar features. There are 355 steps in the tower corresponding to the number of days in the year. The church itself possesses twelve pillars, fifty-two windows, and seven doors, the analogy of which is obvious. Further symbols of time are to be found in the western porch, where, leading to the library, there are twenty-four steps, representing the hours constituting a day.

### ANCIENT SUN-DIALS.

The Earliest Was Probably a Nomad Chief's Spear.

It is probable that the earliest sundial was simply the spear of some nomad chief stuck upright in the ground before his tent. Amongst those desert wanderers, keen to observe their surroundings, it would not be a difficult thing to notice that the shadow shortened as the sun rose higher in the sky, and that the shortest shadow always pointed in the same direction—north. The recognition would have followed very soon that his noonday shadow changed its length from day to day. A six-foot spear would give a shadow at noonday in latitude 40 of twelve feet at one time of the year, or less than two feet at another. This instrument, so simple, so easily carried, so easily set up, may well have begun the scientific study of astronomy, for it lent itself to measurement, and science is measurement; and probably we see it expressed in permanent form in the obelisks of Egyptian solar temples, though these, no doubt, were retained merely as solar emblems ages after their use as actual instruments of observation had ceased. An upright stick, carefully plumbed, standing on some level surface, may, therefore, well make the first advance upon the natural horizon. A knob on the top of the stick will be found to render the shadow more easily observed.

### Our Postal System.

For the first time since 1883 our postal revenues exceeded the expenditures. In that year there was a surplus nearly \$3,000,000, the second since 1865 (the first being about \$1,800,000 in 1882), and congress got so excited about it that the rate of letter postage was reduced from three cents a half ounce to two everywhere in the United States. This caused a change in 1884 of \$3,000,000 from the credit to the debit side of the account, making a difference in revenues of more than \$6,000,000 in one year. To offset this congress, in 1885, passed an act making the letter rate two cents an ounce, or fraction thereof, and in that year the expenditures exceeded the revenues by over \$7,000,000. The deficit in 1897 was nearly \$12,000,000.

## FADED IN HER YOUTH

Pretty faces and graceful forms of young women! Why is it they are so soon replaced by plainness and lankness? It is because the young girl just entering into womanhood does not know how to take care of herself and has no one competent to instruct her. It is not necessary that there should be anything weakening or wearying about the functions of a female organism. Parents of young girls should inform themselves and prevent their dear ones from making costly errors.



That young woman has a just cause of complaint, who is permitted to believe that great periodic suffering is to be expected, that severe mysterious pains and aches are part of her natural experience as a woman. These things are making constant war on her health, her disposition and her beauty. It is a wanton sacrifice, absolutely unnecessary and cruel. It is more—it is criminal.

### Dr. Greene's NERVURA

for the Blood and Nerves

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, is the right medicine for every young girl who is just entering the first stage of womanhood. It prepares the system in every way to act normally. It enriches the blood supply, and keeps the nerves calm and steady. Fortified with this great medicine, all the womanly duties may be undertaken and experienced without the slightest jeopardy to health. It preserves the gifts of nature and assists their development into glowing, healthful beauty.

MRS. MARY FRANCES LITTLE, of 2 Hunter Alley, Rochester, N. Y., says:

"I was very pale and delicate—had no color. I took Dr. Greene's Nervura, blood and nerve remedy, and now I am well and strong, my face is plump, and cheeks red, and my complexion pure."

MRS. WILLIAM BARTHEL, 239 East 57th St., New York City, says:

"Dr. Greene's Nervura made a wonderful improvement in my health, and that dark, sallow look left my face. My friends hardly know me. I have gained flesh and am like a different person."

The nervousness in women which invariably comes with pain is of itself certain to stop the development of beauty in face and figure. Excited nerves make sharp lines and hasty speech. The beautiful curves which make women so attractive are not possible when the female organism is out of order, as it surely is when discomfort and pain are always or even periodically present. It is only necessary to look in the faces of young women everywhere to see that this must be so. Else why are they so pale and thin?

### GET FREE ADVICE FROM DR. GREENE

Real beauty is rare. It belongs to perfect health. It is possible to every woman who takes the matter in hand intelligently. Get advice from Dr. Greene, the great specialist in these matters. He will tell you why all this is so, and show you how to avoid the stumbling blocks that bar woman's way to happiness. You may consult Dr. Greene without cost by calling or writing to him at his office, 35 West 14th Street, New York City. Don't throw away your beauty. Write to Dr. Greene to-day.