

ing view of his shars. No one noticed mini-leave the deck, and perhaps he might have fallen, as one can grow dizzy and pitch over a precipice. A young man saw him swim-ming. It may be grateful to those near and dear to him to know that there was sincere gradient the summary on the Fulda that a telegraphic facilities, gained a greater reputation for boisterous conduct

and yet one must not expect in the north temperate zone, just at this time, to sail on the abyss of the sea, and that there was painful sensibility excited by the casualty silken summer seas, under blue and gold that closed his life. and silver satin skies, as it is said some Carroll, of Carrollton, and a distant rela-tive of ex-Secretary Bayard. His wife is of a Philadelphia family of celebrity, and his good folks would like to go to heaven on flowery beds of ease. One must expect to have under his eyes the grand and sombre picture so strongly sketched in Bryant's sional gentleman in New York. It fine line, "Old ocean's grey and melancholy incident having a pathetic charm that Mrs. Jackson wrote her husband letters, and ar-ranged that one of them should be handed waste," and to hear in the iron rigging of the steamer the deep moan of the stormy winds There is a theory that there are softer airs

and smoother waters to be encountered during midwinter in approaching Europe through the southern rather than the northern gates, and hence the North German line's happy thought of bosts painted white and running every fortnight to the Mediterranean. The immediate success of the enterprise is the proof of the sagacity of the suggestion

New York Seen From the Sea.

At the Hoboken docks there was an authoritative German who flung open the doors of the carriages and asked, "Fulda ev Ems?" Starting together, the Fulda was for Genea and the Ems for Bremen. "Fulda" was the response in my case. I was this time for the Mediterranean rather than the North Sea. There was an immense and intense crowd; the tragic partings that are never commonplace. You can see for half a minute the blur of faces and hats and bonnets and handkerchiefs, and then they a panorama-the golden Muscovite the World, the familiar spire of Trinity, the towering arches of the Bridge, and the steel web that conneers them with a wonderful combination of race and strength; the Arbuckle flats on

The great cause of dissatisfaction was the weather. When we no longer saw the Ems scooting along the northern sky, leaving us secoling along the northern sky, leaving us to make the 600 miles of northing to get into the British Channel, while we held steadily east, we dismissed our friends on the distant and vanishing ship with the compassionate reflection, that while they were bound for the cold and bitter Northern may to cold and plungs in farms with seas, to roll and plunge in fierce wintry blasts, we were of the happier ship of which Thomas Buchanan Read sang in his song of drifting, that sailed not from lands of sum to lands of snow, but from climes of snow to

and yet for us the mighty winds came out of the north, and then began the wailing chant in the rigging that is accompanied with stinging sheets of spray, lashing the wet decks as with whips of ice; and as the hours bonnets and handkerchiefs, and then they are availowed up in a mist so faint you had not noticed it. Then New York is seen as iu a Turner picture; the new and lofty structures far down town pass as stormy scene enhanced the magnificence of the occan, turning the rolling ridges of iron to a broad and billowy splendor of molten and blazing silver. The ship groaned and sighed, but the engines moved with cense-less throbbing, and the sound of them reas-

bow show began in the morning and lasted all day. The signs answered all the require-ments of the old song—"A rainbow in the him each morning. There is a sacred packmorning is a sailor's warning; a rainbow at age of those letters that he did not see to be returned to the bereaved writer. night is a sailor's delight.

was an

Were Fooled on the Weather.

Mr. Jackson was a descendant of Charles

haughter the wife of a distinguished profes-

her sea chair, slipped, and there was a roll and a bump, and they sprawled altogether against the bulwarks, with sprains and hurts innumerable, a spectacle of discomfiture and confusion. Another man was carrying his wife a plate of grapes and oranges, when his legs departed awkwardly and quickly from under him, and he terribly sprained his left hand; and the fragments of the broken plate, and the grapes and all the rest, were flung in the gutter as if fired from a shotgun. A stout lady ventured to occupy a chair, and when there was a fearful

climes of sun, there to rise and dip with the blue crystal at her lip. •We were bound for the sunny seas, the soft Southern airs, the lands of languishing; and tumbled into an unintelligible mass against the iron shrouds. Her groan would enough.

striking his head on the deck with the sound of a sledge, and he was carried below in a chair. A young man whose mother believes in his bad health and the education of travel, and sends him abroad with plenty of money, smote the edge of a bench with his shinbone, and had a limp that would have sured the observant that we had in hand the giant forces of nature, giving dominion over the monstrous scope and whirl of the angry great city; the famous state of Liberty En-lightening the World, that no one believes as 525 feet high, for it is dwarfed by the im-neusity of its associations, and you do not kendid its majesty and beauty until the iensant hills of Staten Island are seen on the alarmed the good lady, whose happiness and That young man, wearing an expression of winds now came charged with rain, and the decks, though sheltered by canvas, became robust innocence, is, I must say to his credit, a man of affairs at the card table, playing a slippery most cold-blooded and consummate game o A Night Chock Full of Terrors poker with an air of juvenile simplicity. such a mild way of flowing in the weather Elderly gentlemen, anxious to display reports; and yonder is the dark line of the their activity before an appreciating audi-Another young gentleman, elegantly ap-pointed and an artist in posing before the oust of Long Island, and the stormy sea is ight shead. Ah! There is Pilot Boat 15, the expense of uncouth awkwardness and glances of admiring beauty, slipped and passed to windward and starboard, as the and crawling across the swelling waters like falls. There came a night of horrors. The a hig cricket is a heavy yawl. The pilot is sea became extravagantly high. The dark young ladies going to Italy to perfect their musical education said, spinning on his a hig cricket is a heavy yawl. The pilot is shout to leave us, and if we live we shall hills roared and fell around us with such classical ear, and his recently polished boots seemed, to sputter as they were dragged see Gibraltar, barring accidents that drive portentous surges that, though the winds were loud in their wailing we were sure of through the wash of the deck.

one way and delivered it to them on the The casualty list on the ship was large. One gentleman, leading his wife tenderly to road back, besides stopping at several farm-houses to get or deliver mail. And for all this toil-for all this wear and tear on my horse and vehicle-I receive \$200 a year In a year I make 156 round trips of 30 miles In a year I make loo round trips of ou miles each, in all sorts of weather, and am sup-posed to never let sickness, death, fire or water stop the United States mail. Figure it out for yourself. Would you care to drive 30 miles every other day and receive only \$1 44 for it ?" We were jogging along one of the "Star Routes" of Allegheny county, as the Postoffice Department styles postal routes on which overland modes of locomotion must lurch rose from her seat instead of sitting down it, and she became as a great football, be used. This route begins at Sharpsburg and extends to Culmerville, or "Brimstone Corner," as it is better known up that way. This northern terminus is close to the bor-der of Butler county. Culmerville is a post-office, though it only possesses two houses.

him at home and take this mare for this

trip, because the roads are so, bad that 30

miles a day would spoil any valuable

He's Certainly Not Overpaid.

presses very poorly for such hard and ex-

posed life," he added, climbing up into the

buggy. "Look at this road, and then look

"And the Government pays the pony ex-

horse.

have been a scream if she had had breath Blaine's Double Doubled Un.

ploded. Only two persons could be found who had slept through the night.

Revels for a Bainbow Chaser.

it came a day of consoling, quieting of the

sea, the waves softening away, though there

were sqally showers that, as the sun shone, decked the heavens in a superb array of rainbows. If a rainbow chaser had been on

board he would have had some hours of un-

paralleled temptation. One rainbow, a com-plete arch on the Western sky, was far the

most splendid that I have seen since a boy, when the vainbows were bigger than now.

This one was a marvel of glory, as the rain-

It was the night of our desolation. After

An elderly gentleman, who hore a strange resemblance to both Robert E. Lee and James G. Blaine, stood upon the sofa bed to look through the port-hole upon the ocean landscape, and was flung backward upon his berth, his head cut open so it had to be fas-tened with several stitches and bound in cloth until his fine and venerable face seemed to belong to a partially uprenared seemed to belong to a partially prepared mummy. A military gentleman thought himself sure-footed, though he was mis-taken, and on his fourth fall succeeded in striking his head on the deck with the sound

DISPATCH or some other good paper, but with a mail only every two days, how is it possible for them to keep abreast of the times? One farmer takes a load of produce

ahh han bu a

A Typical Country Postmistre to his neighboring village, and he must rely

apon the mouth of storekeepers there t give him the latest market quotation for his butter and eggs. With a daily paper, he would know all that before he left his barnvard." And this all in Allegheny county

And this all in Allegheny countyl thought I, preparing to leave the rig and strike out for a bracing walk, six miles across the fields and forests to the valley of the Allegheny river. Yes, and not only one such route, but six of them in the same county in which rises the symmetrical The other two postoffices along this route heights of Pittsburg's new postoffice. are Rural Ridge, where there are not more than three houses and a blacksmith shop;

Six Star Routes in the County.

and Dorseyville, with a group of perhap eight dwellings. The latter postoffice i One of these traverses many miles of fertile agricultural territory from Allegheny City along the Perrysville road and clear 8 miles from Sharpsburg, Dorseyville is 11 miles and Culmerville is 15. At these three on to Ogle, Batler county. Shooting off this at Perrysville is a smaller route to In-gomar. From Pittsburg to Greentree is a route south of the Monongahela, and from Mt. Lebanon another to Banksville. The postoffices mail is left for perhaps a thou-sand people. They only get it three times sand people. They only get it three times a week. On the mornings of Tuesdays, Thurs-days and Saturdays George Love, the hardy mail carrier, leaves Culmerville with his valuable horse, or his skittish mare, as the case may be (regulated, you understand, by the condition of the roads), and arrives at Sharpsburg about noon. He leaves there on his return trip at 1 o'clock P. M., arriv-ing at Culmerville about 6 or 7, owing, also, to the amount of conscience or lack of con-M. Lebanon another to Banksville. The P. & L. E. R. R. drops the mail for farmers along the Washington border at Imperial station, and from there a star route dis-tributes it as far as Murdocksville, Washingtributes it as far as Murdocksville, Washing-ton county. Undoubtedly a very large number of farmers right here at home would profit by Wanamaker's advanced ideas. to the amount of conscience or lack of con-

number of farmers right here at home would profit by Wanamaker's advanced ideas. "Ah, my friend, that's where the post-office ought to spend some money," said my friend, as I started away. "It should raise our salaries and then send us out every day on these long routes instead of every two

become an important instrument in the clinical laboratory.

The Cough Is Diagnostic.

"It will become important," he said, "as recorder, not only of history and facts, out as a preserver of those auditory phenomena belonging to certain cases and maladies, and which are characteristic. The perfection of its records and the realistic character of the reproductions make it character of the reproductions make it superior in many, if not most cases, to any former method. It affords opportunities for analyzing sounds, normal and abnormal, with deliberation and at our leisure. The teachings of authorities are that cough is not and cannot be diagnostic. However, the deliberative study of the elements they include betrays the fact that there are modifications incident to each malady, and changes which are characteristic of the vari-

"The phonograph enables a repeated study of these elements, which include quality, intensity, duration, pitch and rhythm, and which familiarize these modifications to audition so thoroughly that once acquired they can be instantaneously detected. The more carefully we study coughs the more certainly they appeal to us as characteristic and diagnostic. In the presence of some one or more elements they will differ, and with greater constancy than hitherto believed.

Distinguishing Stages of Bronchitis, "At the meeting of the Southside Medical Society recently I presented through the phonograph the dry cough of the earlier stages of bronchitis, and upon the same cylinder, in contrast, appeared that moist or mucus reproduction of the later stages of the same malady. Another cylinder pre-sented pertussis of the adult and also of a child 15 months old. The violent expiratory efforts by which the special auditory phenomena were produced, which we de-nominate 'cough,' were in marked contrast

with that inspiratory crowing or 'whooping' which gives to this malady the appellation, "whooping cough." "The record of cases of true croup, membraneous or diphtheritic, were reproduced in such a manner as to make it possible to separate these dangerous diseases from spas-modic or simple croup through the medium

of audition alone, though not in the presence of either. These ailments may be studied without the unpleasant necessity of unduly forcing the patient to cough, and



3Y MARK TWAIN,

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens with a scene between Lord Berkelev, Earl of Rossmore, and his some Viscount Berkeley, in Chaimondeley Castle, England. The young man has studied the claims to the estate made by Simon Leathers, of America, and become convinced that he is the rightful heir and his father and himself usurpers. He announces his intention to change places with Leathers, whereupon the old lord pronounces him stark mad. A letter arrives from Colonel Mulherry Sellers, of Washington, announcing that, by the death of Simon Leathers and his brother at a log-rolling in Cherokee Strip, he has become the Earl of Rossmore and rightful heir to Chalmondeley Castle and the vast estate. Colonel Sellers and his contented old wife live in an old frame house before which hangs a sign announc-ing that he is an attorney at law, claim agent, hypnotist, mind-cure specialist, etc., etc. Ilis old friend, Washington Hawkins, arrives. He has been elected delegate to Congress from Cherokee Strip.

amination of the witnesses resulted in a circumstantial history of the family's ups and downs and driftings to creating the same reason. But the fact is, we have to be same and a negro woman to do the housework and help take care of them." "Well, they ought to be tolerably happy. I should think."

far West during the previous 15 years. There was a message now from out back, and Cotonel Sellers went out there in an-swer to it. Hawkins took this opportunity to ask how the world had been using the Colonel during the past half generation.

"Oh, it's been using him just the same; it couldn't change it's way of using him if it wanted to, for he wouldn't let it." "I can easily believe that, Mrs. Sellers."

"Yes, you see he doesn't change, himself not the least little bit in the world-he's always Mulberry Sellers.

I can see that plain enough,"

"Just the same old scheming, generous, cood hearted, moonshiny, hopeful, no-ac-count failure he always was, and still everybody likes him just as well as if he was the hiningest success "They always die, and it was natural, be

can get used to anything, with Mulberry to help; and the fact is, I don't care much cause he was so obliging and accommodat-ing, and had something about him that made it kind of easy to ask help of him, or what happens, so long as he's spared to me." "Well, here's to him, and hoping he'll favors. You didn't feel shy, you know, or have that wish-you-didn't-have-to-try feelmake another strike soon. "And rake in the lame, the halt and blind and turn the house into a hospital

ing that you have with other people." "It's just so yet; and a body wonders at it, too, because he's been shamefully treated many times by people that had used him for a ladder to climb up by, and then kicked him down when they didn't need him any more. For a time you can see he's hurt, his pride's wounded, because he shrinks

away from that thing and don't want to talk about it-and so I used to think now he's learned something and he'll be more care-""Him lack for

ton, I want his strikes to be mighty moder-ate ones the rest of the way down the vale." "Well, then, big strike or little strike, or no strike at all, here's hoping he'll never lack for friends-and I don't reekon he ever will while there's people around who "Him lack for friends!" and she tilted

again ? It's what he would do. I've seen a plenty of that and more. No, Washing-

"It's no name for it. They quarrel to-gether pretty much all the time-most al-ways about religion, because Dan'I's a Dunker Baptist and Jinny's a shouting

Methodist; and Jinny believes in special providence and Dan'l don't, because he

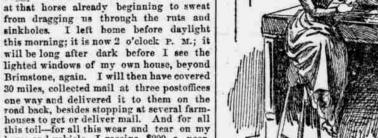
thinks he's a kind of a free-thinker-and they sing and play plantation hymns to-gether, and talk and chatter just eternally

and forever, and are sincerely fond of each other and think the world of Mulberry, and

he puts up patiently with all their spoiled ways and foolishnesses, and so-ah, well,

they're happy enough if it comes to that. And I don't mind-I've got used to it. I





piensunt hills of Staten Island are seen on the right, and the dim towers and gigantic hotels of Coney Island loom like a mirage on the left

Here is Sandy Hook, where the wind has coust of Long Island, and the stormy sea is us into exile on the Azores.

Vinal Farewells by the Mails

There have been busy pens and pencils in the cable, and the pilot has a bar of letters that he sends into the boat first; and that is the last of it on one side of the big pond. The impression I had as we moved down New York Bay-and it had been produced by the able weather reports-was that when we ventured from the sheltering influences of the Banks we would enter a tremendous set: but it is the unexpected weather that one generally gets, and the Atlantic did not lisplay a whitecap as we passed the line of shore jurisdiction. The ocean was unquiet, as forever, and there was merely the long, soleran swell, and the ship was almost as steady as a steamboat on the Hudson or

The night fell quickly, and we realized that the great objection to ocean voyages in the midwinter months is in the long nights. ore was not a star in the sky, and the darkness of the water was deep and impenetrable, and there was the sense that the ship was rushing through space upon some larksome errand. An hour later there was midden spark of fire northeast, and lo! the Fire Island lighthouse, Still later there tere two bright lights in the northwest, and hey moved along with us, one gaining, and the other going at just about our gait. They ere our partner, the Ems, and the grand old Cumarder, Etruria. In the morning the Etruria was gone, and the Ems was faintly visible far away to the north, her smoke like a pencil mark on the horizon, her funnels and masts racing along the horizon where sky and ocean were blending, and as her course was northward she was soon ou of sight, and we were left to pursue our

He who from zone to zone Guides through the boundless air Thy certain flight, In the limit,

onesome way.

will lond my stops aright.

Borrors of the First Sec.-Fright.

Sunday and Monday there was not a glimpse obtained of the sun or of a star. The ship was singularly easy, but the breeze grew strong and the rain fell constantly. The number of people who are unseaworthy is something wonderful, and they still more surprisingly lack experience. Scores of our passengers were helpless in their beds, holding the general opinion that a hurri-care was prevailing and that they were at any moment liable to he swallowed up. were parched with thirst, harasse with terrors, begging for lemons and cracked ice, and in a pitiable state of pallor and

Monday evening there was a sudden commotion on deck; several persons sprang from their sea chairs and hurried to the scone of excitement. It a moment it was ascertained that a man was overboard; someone said it was not so, but a hat was seen on a passing wave. Another said two the bridge; the ship was turned on her course, the screw throwing up a sparkling green letter S in getting around; a boat was made | launching, but there was no

their inefficiency to account of vast succes-sion of cataracts like Ningars among which we were plunging; and the conclusion was we were in the wake of a West India hurricane on the way to ravage Northern Eu-rope, and we thought with pity of the poor ople on the Ems and Etruris far away to north, though possibly they were having a better time than we. The darkness around our ship grew dread-

ful, broken only by bursts of whiteness, telling in the overwhelming gloom that some tremendous roller had burst into a fountain as of snow. The screw caught the old doleful habit of springing from the water and shaking the iron edifice ou which we rode as if resolved to break it in many pieces. The violence of the sca came in sharp shocks. The screw talked, and it was

sharp shocks. The screw taiked, and it was easy to interpret it to say, "I shall break before morning," repeating the phrase with endless iteration and diabolical assurance. And we were more than 500 miles from a speck of land, the nearest being the Azores, and the storm-tossed and weary passenger ould only say back to the screw, articulate in frantic struggles: "Please Mr. Propellor, do not break short off away off here, it would be to inconvenient. Please, Mr. Propeller, don't do it this time-some other time and place, drar Mr. Propeller-not here, not now, beloved Mr. Propellor. Go on and propel, please-at least for a few days."

A Battle of Inanimate Things

The noises of the night augmented inceswork screeched against the iron. The screw had no computction, and its jars were like jolts in a wagon on a corduroy road. As the ship tumbled upon a wave and plunged the

series gave the whole structure a horrible shake and made each passenger squirm in his squirming berth. I had thought the upper berth the better one, but the rolling was so great I feared I should be flung to the floor, and there were strange goings on

by the sound upon that floor ! I turned a button, and the electric light revealed the situation. My trunks and traveling bug, iron bootjack, boots, new hat and hair brash were at it like the witches in the Tam o' Shanter iig. I admired the agility of the hat and hair brushes; and as for the trunks, they swung corners according to the old quadrille call, and faced partners; then hands all round with the bag and the boots. It was an animating spectacle.

I attempted to restore order; and when one trunk was forced into its proper place, the other would rush forth with a hop, skip and jump, seeking whom to devour. It oc-curred to me that I would go on deck and see to the navigation for a few moments. A

lady in the door of her stateroom, holding on with both hands, her beautiful hair floating long and free, and to the best of my knowledge and belief forgotten, her face white and drawn, the flash of her night dress seen under her secluding ulster, asked Italians were fighting, and one had thrown the other into the sea. There was a rush to mediate danger?" "About what, malame?" was my brutal response. "Oh, this awful storm." "But, maiam, there is no storm. The night is squally, that is all. We are in the safest pince in the world. It is disspeek then to be seen on the slopes of the multitudes of wayes, and after lingering on the spot where the tragedy occurred until

Associations of the Azores

A good deal of interest was manifested in the approach to the Azores. The climate is delicious. On the principal island, St. Michel, there is a high mountain, the old crater of which is a lake at a great elevation, and the lake is full of goldfish. It was in the neighborhood of one of these islands that in 1811 an awful explosion oc-curred under the sea, and smoke and flames

burst forth in tremendous volumes. Count-less fish were thrown up in all stages of boiling and broiling, and huge stones fol-lowed, with incredible quantities of black sand. Soon there was an island formed which, before the eruption ceased, was 350 feet high. After some months it disap-peared, but there remained a dangerous

reef. This eruption has been one of the wonders of the world. Beyond this region, toward Gibraltar, in the dark blue waters, is the enchanted ocean wherein the fabled island, Atlantis, should be found if science ever dives so profoundly

as to prove the truth of one of the fancie as interesting as the facts that are perverted in what we call history. Through these replied the pony expressman. "Three and four miles out from Sharpsburg I stop to glittering waters Columbus sailed to immor-tality, and was sent home in chains, and deliver mail from the Sharpsburg office to here the navies of the great powers have spun the threads of history. We cross be-tween the Azores and the rock of Gibraltar, farmers who otherwise would have to go to Sharpsburg for it. This I also do in the vicinity of the other postoffices. My own house is a mile or two beyond the Culmerthe pathway of Columbus to the Indies he discovered, and the track of the British ship

that sailed with Napoleon to St. Helena, and that of Childe Harold in his pilgrimage that ended in Greece, and of Nelson going to the shores of Egypt and Spain, to make

the most brilliant chapter of her history for his country at Aboukir and Trafalgar. MURAT HALSTEAD.

ivery

roads generally?

Have Discussed Wanamaker's Plan.

This little seed had evidently fallen or

good ground, and content to let it lie, hop-ing that perchance it might take root among

THE AGE OF MAMMON.

Even the Youngsters Look on Small Fortunes With Contempt.

Youth's Companion.]

Freddy is the son of a millionaire, and has from his earliest childhood lived in an atmosphere of pomp and pretence. He hears a great deal about money and what it will buy, and he is under the impression that "poor folks" really have very little business in the world at all. One day, his long-suffering governess gave him a little sum in percentage, the result of which would show how much capital a man must have to gain a certain income. Freddy

worked away with determination, but evi-dentiy to no purpose. The answer would not come, and his face contracted an earnest scowl.

"Well, Freddy," said his teacher at the end of 15 minutes, how are you getting on?" "Not at all," was the reply. "I can't make it come out right. I don't know how particle of tobacco out of his eye. "I never thought of that before. Yes, it's true as anything that if we had better roads, farm-ers would be in better shape not only for I can do it any differently, and I keep getting the same answer every time." "What answer do you get?" "Fifty thousand dollars." easier mail but in every other way."

"Why, that's right! What made you think it wasn't? Freddy looked at the figures in some dis-

"Anybody would know it couldn't be

right," said he, haughtily. Nobody would think of having such a small capital as \$50,-

cience the Ro Supervisors have mixed this year with their repairs along the roads

HUSIL

Riding 30 Miles for \$1 14.

of West Deer, Indiana and O'Hara town

"It is purely a matter of accommodation,"

Carries Mail for a Thousand People.

The drumming of the quail did not startle me as I walked homeward through many ; bushy cover. Rabbits often crossed my hether-lined path, but they did not disturb some busy thoughts. I was trying to re-call something I had read in a late Consular report about inhumanity in the mail system of China. And out of my library that night I searched this paragraph:

Not Much Better Off Than China. A cruel custom prevails with reference to the official courier service in Thibet. The express courier from Gartok to Lbara, a distance of 800 miles, travels night and day. He is not relieved en route. His clothes are scaled onto him and can only be removed after the seal has been broken by the proper official. These mossengers are lifted at the post stations from one horse to another and arrive at their destination with cracked

arrive at their destination with cracked faces and eyes bloodshot and sunken. They sometime die on the way from exposure and fatigue. The clauorate system of posts for imperial messages in China seems never to have suggested the establishment of a Gov-ernment postal service for the public at arge. That's in heathen China. But here in

Allegheny county, amid a population of 550,000 enlightened people, there is a part ships. This section of vast agricultural ter-ritory lies midway between the West Penn of the elaborate Star Routesystem by which a man is compelled to brave all kinds of weather, riding 30 miles a day in roads as system, and the inhuman wages paid for it, seem never to have suggested the establishment of a Government postal service for the farmers at large," but they warrant drawing this parallel with heathen China.

GETTING USED TO THE COLD.

L. E. STOFIEL.

ville postoffice, and I deliver mail to farm-ers along there. Farmers for whom I do this pay me a little for my trouble." The Natives of Siberia Expose Themselves in a Way Truly Astonishing.

A Free Delivery for Farmers. How much usage will do in toughening "Why wouldn't it be possible for the Government to pay you more salary for de-livering mail to all the farmers along your the human body is well shown by some facts about the natives of Siberia, as recorded by the author of "Reindeer, Dogs and Snow-I asked. "That would save the few farmers now able to pay you from going down into their own pockets, and would Shoes." Cold, he says, seemed to have no effect upon them. Frequently, he says, when we could not give all the grangers the same free de-

expose our ears for two minutes without having them frozen, the natives would go for an hour at a time with their hoods thrown back from their heads; and when it "Al, there, my friend, you've hit it," replied the mail carrier, enthusiastically. "There would be no better move on the part of the Government than some sort of free delivery for the farmers. Possible? Well, I should say so." equired constant watchfulness to keep our noses from freezing, they did not appear to notice the temperature at all.

"Don't you think that to make the scheme One morning in January I stood in perof free delivery among farmers more prac-ticable, the farmers themselves ought to fect amazement at their disregard of the low temperature. They worked for at least help by bettering the condition of country half an hour with bare bands, packing up the tent and utensils, handling the packages and lashing them together with icy seal thongs, without experiencing the least apparent inconvenience, while I partly froze my fingers striking a light for my pipe with a flint and steel, the whole opera-For a minute the mail-carrier was silent. He spat a mouthful of tobacco juice which landed on the bay mare's tail, and as that animal resented the bath by a frisk of the "Say, stranger, that's not a bad thought of yours," exclaimed the driver, picking a marticle of toheren out of his are.

tion taking not more than three minutes. Who It Is.

Who is it stands for fourteen hours Within a drygoods store, And cometh home at night so tired She scarce can ope the door?

Who is it entertains her friends Each night in gorgeous style, And when the breakfast comes in late She greets you with a smile?

farmers of West Deer, Indiana and O'Hara townships, the writer resumed the conversation direct upon the idea of a postal innovation in the rural districts. And puts your wife to shame, And makes you feel so small at times You long to change your name?-"And reservant girl. "You know, perhaps, that Postmaster

A Man's Cough After Ho Is Dead.

"Severe maladies, which, from their rarity, cannot often be studied, may thus, by means of the phonograph, appeal to the hearing, and diseases may continue their clinical representation long after the sub-ject has passed away. The laryngeal rales are reproduced, though the patient is not in the land of the living. The distinctive death rattle,' which intimates to the er

perienced ear the approach of dissolution, still teaches us how to distinguish this sign of impending death. I expect shortly to obtain records by which it may be possible to separate the various forms of rales and also those chest noises which will suffice to familiarize us with heart abnormalities a well as respiratory changes, that may be

studied deliberately and leisurely." The doctor is convinced that the study of ful hereafter-but laws! in a couple of coughs from the cylinders of a phonograph will enable the student to acquaint himself with the special auditory signs of each particular disease with much increased facility. By the use of resonators specially con-structed, the sounds, both on reception and on.

delivery, are amplified to such an extent that these which are not now received by sometimes. "Oh, no, I'm used to it; and I'd rather have him so than the other way. When I the instrument may be recorded. Within this realm are included the heart sounds call him a failure. I mean to the world he' a failure; he isn't to me. I don't know as] and cardiac murmurs, also the normal and abnormal noises of the lungs. This adjunct want him different-much different, any way. I have to scold him some, snarl at to the clinic cannot be overestimated in its advantages to the student of medicine, as him you might even call it, but I reckon I'd do that just the ane if he was differentcases may be presented at any time and as often repeated as is essential to a perfected it's my make. But I'm a good deal less snarly and more contented when he's a knowledge. The doctor is constantly recording interesting cases, making compari-sons and noting the differences which he failure than I am when he isn't." Hawkins, brightening. "Him? Oh, bless, you, no. He makes s hopes may be of advantage to the profes FRANK J. KELLY.

WHERE IT DON'T END IN SMOKE.

How the Smoke Problem Was Solved at a Charcoal Kiln in Michigan.

There is a blast furnace up in Michigan. Of course it requires charcoal. They make their charcoal right there in the largest battery of kilns in the world, with a capacity of 4,000 cords. It made a huge smoke and bad smell; in fact, was a downright nui-

sance. So now they catch said nuisance, and, by condensation, they turn 75 per cent into liquid. The other 25 per cent being found incondensible, is forced under boilers the times that we got bank tipted before the war—they came wandering back after the peace, worn out and used up on the cot-ton plantations, helpless, and not another lick of work left in their old hides for the nex of work left in their old nides for the rest of this earthly pilgrimage—and we so pinched, oh, so pinched, for the very crumbs to keep life in us, and he just flung the door wide, and the way he received them you'd have thought they had come and burned over again in connection with sawdust and the tar which they get out of the liquid 75 per cent. Each day they get 90 tons of this liquid,

from which they reduce 15 tons of tar, 300 gallons of alcohol, and 6 tons of acetate of lime. The alcohol is used in the arts; the straight down from heaven in answer to prayer. I took him one side and said: 'Mulberry, we can't have them; we've acetate forms the base of all the acetates of commerce, such as corrosion of lead in mak-ing paint. You wouldn't think when looknothing for ourselves; we can't feed them. He looked at me kind- of hurt, and said "Turn them out?" And they've come to me just as confident and trusting as-as-as why, Polly, I must have bought that coning at the smoke from a charcoal furnace that the black nuisance was painting the at mosphere to the tane of so great a sum per day. The furnace is at Elk Rapids, on the fidence some time or other a long thicking and West Michigan Railway's new time ago, and given my note, so to speakyou don't get such things as a gift-and how extension.

How the Pass System Works,

am I going to go back on a debt like that?

And, you see, they're so poor, and old, and friendless, and... But I was ashamed by that time and shut him off, and somehow A farmer occupied a seat in a railroad car with a lawyer. The conductor came; the felt a new courage in me, and so I said softly farmer gave him his ticket, which he had 'We'll keep them-the Lord will provide.' He was glad, and started to blurt out one of purchased at his station. The lawyer took a card out of his pocket, and showed it to those over-confident speeches of his, but checked himself in time and said humbly, 'I the conductor, who glanced at it and went on. The lawyer saw the farmer eye his will, anyway.' It was years and years and years ago. Well, you see those old wreeks card askance. "Don't you find tickets pretty cheap on

years age. " are here yet." "But don't they do your housework?" "Laws! The idea. They would if they could, poor old things, and perhaps they think they do, do some of it." Log it's a "Don't you had the lawyer. "Tolerably cheap, I suppose," answered the farmer, "considering that I have to pay your fare as well as my own!"

her head up with a frank pride; "why, Washington, you can't name a man that's anybody that isn't fond of him. I'll tell you privately that I've had Satan's own weeks he's forgotten all about it, and any selfish tramp out of nobody knows where can come and put up a poor mouth and you privately that I ve had Satah a own time to keep them from appointing him to some office or other. They knew he'd no business with an office, just as well as I did, but he's the hardest man to refuse anywalk right into his heart with his boots "It must try your patience pretty sharply

thing to a body ever saw. Mulberry Sellers with an office! Laws goodness, you know what that would be like. Why, they'd come from the ends of the earth to see a circus like that. I'd just as lieves be mar-ried to Niagara Falls, and done with it." After a reflective cause she added, having

wandered back in the interval, to the re-mark that had been her text: "Friends? Oh, indeed, no man ever had more; and such friends-Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Johnson, Longstreet, Lee-many's the time they've sat in that chair you're sitting "Then he isn't always a failure," said

Hawkins was out of it instantly and constrike, as he calls it, from time to time templating it with a reverential surprise, and with the awed sense of having trodden Then's my time to fret and fuss. For the money just flies-first come first served. Straight off he loads up the house with cripples and idiots, and stray cats and all

shod upon holy ground. "They?" he said. "Oh, indeed, yes, a many and many a time." He continued to gaze at the chair, fasci-

the different kinds of poor wrecks that other people don't want and he does, and then when the poverty comes again I've got to clean the most of them out or we'd nated, magnetized; and for once in his life that continental stretch of dry prairie which stood for his imagination was afire, and across it was marching a slanting flame-front that joined its wide horizons together starve; and that distresses him, and me the same, of course. Here's old Dan'l and old front that joined its wide horizons together and smothered the skies with smoke. He Jinny, that the Sheriff sold South one of the times that we got bankrupted before was experiencing what one or another drowsing, geographically ignorant alien experiences every day in the year when he turns a dull and indifferent eye out of the car window, and it falls upon a certain station sign which reads "Stratford-on-Avon!" Mrs. Sellers went gossiping com-

Avon' Ars. Setters went gossiping com-fortably along: "Oh, they like to hear him talk, espe-cially if their load is getting rather heavy on one shoulder and they want to shift it. He's all air, you know-breeze, you may say-and he freshens them up; it's a trip to the country, they say. Many a time he's made General Grant laugh-and that's a tidy job, I can tell you, and as for Sheridan, his eye lights up as he listens to Mulberry Sellers the same as it he was artillery. You see, the charm about Mulberry is he is so eatholic and unprejudiced that he fits in any-where and everywhere. It makes him powerful good company, and as popular as scandal. You go to the White House when the President's holding a general reception -some time when Mulberry's there. Why, dear me, you can't tell which of themeit that's holding that reception." "Well, he certainly is a remarkable man,

and he always was. Is he religious?"

and he always was. Is he religious?" "Clear to h's marrow-does more think-ing and reading on that subject than any other, except Russia and Siberia; thrashes around over the whole field, too; nothing

bigoted about him." "What is his religion?" "He-" She stopped, and was lost

om Masson in Clothler and Furnisher,]

Who is it wears the newest gown