

There is really no tangible objection violently plaid

bly finds it necessary to economize be-

by clouds, to be sure, but still throwing | enough light at the wide windows to swered: "It was my mother's ring. She

cided to kill him also. The chief shot him with the elegant pistol he carried as a souvenir, and three spears were run into his back as he lay upon the ground. Little Turtle then to:e off his scalp and struck him twice with a tomahawk. fracturing the skull at each blow. The savage departed, and in a few hours a party of soldiers arrived on their way to Fort Larned. Sorrowfully they gathered the corpses for burial, but perceiving signs of life in McGee they bound up his

A regular industry is being started in

tween payments of interests," is the comment of the New York Times.

The New York Telegram has discovered that J. G. Fitch, Inspector of Training Schools in England, who came to America in 1888 to study the public school system, has made a report which is not very complimentary to our schools. He says they give no better education than is now afforded by the elementary schools of England, the chief fault being that the minuteness the rules laid down for teachers and pupils "leaves little room for the spontaneity of the former or the individuality of the latter."

The British Government got about \$500,000 out of the English estate of the late J. S. Morgan, of the American firm of bankers, Drexel, Morgan & Co., which amounted to \$11,000,000. The first duty was the probate stamp, which cost \$350,-000. Another tax amounted to \$40,-000, and as Morgan had left a year's salary to every person in his employment, and there is a tax of 10 per cent. on each of these bequests as well as a tax of 1 per cent, on the bequests to his children, and 3 and 5 per cent. to other relatives, another \$110,000 was almost made up.

A good deal of indignation has been excited in England over the discovery that a number of soldiers who took part in the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava are now reduced to beggary and almost to starvation. Of the survivors of the "noble six hundred" it has been found that while a few are in comfortable circumstances, there are nearly two thousand in various almshouses, and over five thousand dependent on private charity. This, declares Munsey's Weekly, · is a sad commentary on England's lack of generosity and on the veterans' lack of veracity.

Alfred Carter, the Lancashire weaver who aspired to the hand of Queen Victoria, has escaped the lunatic asylum, announces the Chicago Times. The Judge before whom he was arrigned, recognizing the venerable common-law dictum that "a cat may look at a King," docided that a weaver may love a Queen and not be out of his wits. It is gratifying to know that in Europe, as in America, the lowest-born citizen may aspire to the highest office in the land. Even in Russia one may aspire to the throne, for the law there says: "Aspire, if you want to, and be hanged,"

make things dimly visible. On the instant awakening I felt that

some one was near me, and, with that that she meant Mrs. Denison, the only startled feeling one has on awakening mother she had ever known, and I almost suddenly from a sound sleep, I cried out: "Who's there?"

were the tapping of a tree branch against sing will and my strange vision? the window and the ticking of the clock over the fireplace.

Still I was conscious that somebodysomething-was near me, and I held my return to my office drudgery. I had breath, straining my ears to catch often declaimed against sudden attach-some sound that should reveal the intruder, but only the tap of the tree branch and the tick of the clock broke the silence.

I remembered that there were matches on the table, and turned my chair to search for them. An exclamation of astonishment rose to my lips as I did so, for on the surface of the table was a strange luminous spot-neither lamplight, firelight nor moonlight.

Up to this time my feeling had been of annoyance rather than fear, but there was something so indescribable, so supernatural, about this light that a sud- returned. den terror seized me, and I gazed as one fascinated, unable to move. A card and pencil I had taken from

pocket lay on the table, and over this the light grew brighter, and in the midst a hand appeared-a woman's hand, delicate and beautiful, but of deathly whiteness, and on the third finger gleamed a ruby, the stone held between two golden serpents' heads.

The fingers closed over the pencil, and after making several irregular marks upon the card, letters began to be formed, and as I leaned forward with breathless in-

moon, emerging from the clouds, threw a shaft of light into the room.

The spell that had bound me was broken, and in a moment I had found you the whole lot were missing!" match and taper, and light in hand, was bending over the table.

The card was blank-not a word upon it-and I asked myself if I had been in the old well." dreaming; but hard as I tried to convince invself that such was the case 1 could

not; it had all been too real. A strange experience it was surely, but after pondering over it awhile I de-cided to dismiss it from my mind and to feet. retire.

In the morning the affair seemed more inexplicable than ever, and I found myself constantly thinking of the words I had seen traced by the mysterious hand. They were meaningless to me. "Search for the box in the old well." I knew of no box that had been lost and certainly I knew of no old well. The affair had a flavor of "Lady Audiey's Secret" about it. and it was not hard to jucture a grassgrown well concealing in its depths some ghastly secret.

If I could have laughed the matter off the Grauge. The search might reveal Delaware and Chesapeake Bays. It will as a dream I should have regaled Tom | nothing.

placed it on my finger the day she died." By her mother I understood of course seemed to hear the words: "Search for the box in the old well." Could there "Search for No answer came, and the only sounds be any connection between the mis-

The days went on, every hour bringing me nearer that unhappy day when I must leave the Grange and Mabel and ments, had often argued that love should be a growth, and here were all my theories completely shattered. At a glance from Mabel's blue eyes a flame At a

had been kindled in my heart that grew brighter and brighter as we walked or drove together in the long, pleasant Still, I did not mean to ask her days. to be my wife, for what had I to offer? house perhaps. But one evening in the garden, as the moonlight fell upon her upraised face. I lost my head completely and avowed my love, to find it frankly And when I told Mabel how

little I had to lay at her feet, she drew such a picture of a little home in London that the two or three shabby rooms became the brightest spot on earth. Tom and Constance were delighted,

and indeed I shrewdly suspect that the whole affair was one of my cousin's wife's match making schemes.

would only turn up you might have a upon. fortune as well as a bride. Oh, yes," as

I know you are disinterested, but you would still love Mabel, would you not, if

"Why, the tin box the will was in, to-

gether with the papers. Didn't I tell For a moment I lost sight of Tom and Constance, and before me I saw a pallid band, with its gleaming ruby, and it

traced the words: "Search for the box I turned squarely upon Tom, who was

watching me somewhat curiously. "Why don't you search the old well?" asked abruptly.

"It was Tom's turn to jump to his "The old well! What put that into our head? But it shall be searched bere the sun goes down. And, by Jove, Constance, don't you remember when we leased the Grange that Harcourt spoke about the old well as dangerous, and uggested that we have it filled up?" There was a well, then, and I wanted

to ask where; but Tom had taken it for granted that I knew all about its existonce, and I did not want to tell them my strange experience on my first night at

wounds and took him to the fort. The surgeons exhausted their skill upor him: the struggle was long and terrible. but he lived-as remarkable a recovery as any related in history. The detail were hid before President Lincoln, who sent for the boy, and was deeply affected by his account. The Western generals were directed to favor him in employment. Many years after McGee's uncle acquired wealth in the West and tried Two or three rooms in a dingy London but unsuccessfully. McGee is now apto recover the scalp from Little 'Turtle parently in robust health, but of course terribly disfigured. - Chicago Times.

The Beach of Death.

It lies between the landing place at Quarantine and Fort Wadsworth, on Staten Island.

It is a pretty, pebbly beach, slightly curving into a bay. It is a place where children like to play, gathering pebbles or dabbling in the limpid water that beats upon it. A more peaceful looking "Ah, Lester," she said, "if that will little stretch of shore you never looked

Every now and then the waters of the protested that 1 wanted no fortune. Narrows bear to and deposit on it the swollen, bloated body of a drowned man or woman, or mayhap a child. They all "Search for the box in fheroid well." Then the strange light grew dim, the hand gradually faded away, and the moon, emerging from the cloude the come ashore here, all that come ashore at is no peculiarity of tide or current that to send boats or floating debris ashore here any more than at other points. Yet for the bodies of the human dead this little arch of land has some mysterious attraction that I for one cannot explain. - New York Herald.

Baldness Due to Indigestion.

Of all the causes of premature baldess, none is so common as indigestion. Dyspepsia and weak and falling hair ge hand in hand. As the one affection ha increased so has the other, and not al. the oil of Macassar, the bear's grease o Siberia, nor the cantharides of Spain will prevent a man's hair from shortening and thinning whose stomach is badly out of Indeed, anything which debiliorder. tates the nervous system has a weakening effect on the scalp tissues, which shown that loss of hair may proceed from general as well as local causes .- New York Telegram

An \$8,000,000 ship canal is to be built by a French company connecting be a valuable short-cut.

this country in the manufacture of gear ing for electric railways out of raw hide. It is preferred to metal, as it makes far less noise and wears better. The material is said to finish up in the working as well as metal. The use of this material indicates that very severe strains are brought to bear upon cogs not capable, if of metal, of standing the stress.

All freight cars hereafter built by the roads in the Vanderbilt railroad system are to be equipped with air-brakes, and all colored line and local box and stock cars of thirty four feet in length and upward now in service on the Vanderbilt roads are to have air-brakes attached as fast as they come into the shops for repairs, and all such cars so built or repaired are to be equipped with a selfcoupler.

Concerning the Cat.

Dr. Johnson once went to market and bought an oyster for his sick cat. Tasso wrote a sonnet to his puss. Petrarch had his embalmed at its death; and Cardinal Wolsey had his sit in a chair beside him when he was administering justice. The great Duke of Wellington himself imported into England the breed of the royal cats of Siam, which are kept only in the palace at Bangkok. Archbishop Whately dignified the cat with the remark that there was but one noun in the English language that had a vocative

case, which was cat, vocative puss. Mohammed is said to have cut off a portion of his sleeve on which a cat lay asleep rather than wake it when he was called away. Nor intimacy with the gentle animal confined to the great of the human race. Godolphin, the famous Arabian horse whose ancestry so many of our best thoroughbreds claim, had a friendship with a black cat, which, after his death, insisted on sitting on his body until its burial, when she crawled into a corner and died broken-hearted. In the time of the early Kings of Britain, wild-cats made a part of the royal menage, being kept for hunting, and having officers of equal rank and consideration with the master of hounds. To-day an item in the French budget is the price of meat furnished cats kept in the public printing offices to prevent damage to paper by mice; and there are also in this country a number of cats that may be said to be

He Composed "Kathleen Mayourneen

A conspicuous figure in the procession at the unvailing of the Lee Monument, at Richmond, Va., was the venerable Professor P. N. Crouch, the composer of He is per-"Kathleen Mavourneea.". haps nearer ninety than eighty years of age, yet hale and hearty. He was ar-rayed in full uniform of Confederate gray, having come from Baltimore to meet probably for the last time his sol-dier comrades of the old 1st Howitzers. His comrades say no braver soldier ever fought with the artillery of the army of Northern Virginia .- New York Tribung

ouses-the houses are relegated further away on the right, in the old Persian city-nothing but iron cylinders and pipes and chimneys, scattered in disororder from the hills down to the beach. This is doubtless the fearful model o what manufacturing towns will all be in the twentieth century. Meanwhile, for the moment, this one is unique in the world ; it is Bakou-the "town of fire."

as the natives call it; the petroleum town, where everything is devoted and subordinated to the worship of the local god. The bed of the Caspian Sea rests upon a second subterranean sea, which spreads

its floods of naphtha under the whole basin. On the eastern shore the building of the Samareand Railway led to the discovery of immense beds of mineral oil. On the western shore, from the most remote ages, the magi used to adore the fire springing from the earth at the very spot where its last worshipers prostrate themselves at the present day. But, after having long adored it, impious men

began to make profit by it cor inmercially In the thirteenth century the famou traveler, Marco Polo, mentions "on the northern side a great spring whence flows a liquid like oil. It is no good for cating, but is useful for burning and all other purposes; and so the neighboring nations come to get their provision of it and fill many vessels without the everflowing spring appearing to be diminished

in any manner. The real practical workings of these oil springs dates back only a dozen years. At the present day it yields 2,000,000 kilogrammes of kerosene per annum and disputes the markets of Europe against the products of Kentucky and Pennsylvania. The yield might be increased ten fold, for the existing wells give on an average 40,000 kilogrammes a day, and in order to find new ones it suffices to bore the ground, so saturated is the whole soil with petroleum. C. Marvin ("The Petroleum Industry in Southern Russia") compares the Aspheron peninsula to a ponge plunged in mineral oil. The soil continually vomiting forth the liquid lava that torments its entrails, either in the form of mud volcanoes or of natural springs. These springs overflow in streams so abundant that it is hopeless to

restore their contents for want of reservoirs; often they catch fire and burn for weeks; the air, impregnated with naptha vapors, is then aglow all round Bakou .---Harper's Monthly

A Novel Magnetic Clock.

A new French clock contains a novel application of the magnet. The clock is laped like a tambonrine, with a circl of flowers pointed on its head. Arouthe eircle two bees crawl, the larger us requiring twelve hours to complete its ircuit, while the smaller one makes it very hour. Different flowers represent the hours, and the bees, which are of iron, are moved by two magnates behind the head of the tambourine .- Chicage Herald.

they keep one constantly wondering whose move it is .- Washington Post.

Man wants but little here below, For years we've heard the noets sing: But from plain prose of life we know He wants a little of everything. —Pack.

"I've changed my mind since I saw you last," said Cadley. "I hope the new one is better than the last," put in Cynicus, and Cadley got mad .- New York Herald.

Mr. McAllister-"Would you believe it? I have had that idea in my head for six months." Mrs. Berry-"What a dull time it must have had there all by itwilf " __ Chatter

A popular clergyman in Philadelphia delivered a lecture on "Fools." The ticket to it read : "Lecture on Fools-admit one." There was a very large attendance .- New York Herald.

Drug Clerk-"This hair dressing is made of pure bear grease." Brown-Drug Clerk-"It is-er-made from the innamon bear."-New York Sun.

"Ice is too expensive, Mary. You nust get along without it." "But how am I to keep the beef fresh and the butter and milk cool?" "You have a fan, haven't you?"-New York Sun,

"Let me never hear of your disobeying me again," said his father as he laid the hair-brush aside. "I w-won't," sobbed Fommy, "if I can help it. I-I-didn't t-tell you t-this time."-Harper's Bazar. One of the funniest things about children is the way when they have hurt themselves, they start and run all over the house until they find somebody to hear them cry .- Burlington Free Press.

"My true love bath my heart, and I have his"--So sang Sir Philip in the old time verse; But in these days the pleasant version is: "My true love hath my heart: I have her purse."

Mainsonn

"Let me see! Was it not Emerson who said, 'Hitch your wagon to a star?"" "Yes, I believe so." "What a beautiful thought!" "Yes, and how much cheaper it would be than keeping a horse. Loreill Citizen.

Professor-"Mr. Chumpy, J am maious for your father's sake to break the long list of demerit marks you have won here. Do you think you will ever earn anything?" "No sir." 4.Maria Mr. Chumpy as having correctly answered all the questions put to him this lesson. ---Philadelphia Times.

"I will be a sister to you." she said. "No," he replied saily: "Fve got one sister who wears my neckdes, borrows car-fure, loses my hair brush, puts tidies all over the furniture in my room, and expects me to take her to the theatre twice a week. I think I'll go out into the world and forget you."- Washington Post.

During the next September an exposition of milling machinery will take place in Santiago, Chili.

employed in the postal service.