

"FOR THE NIGHT COMETH."

Across the dial-plate, where sleeps  
A lizard, drunken with the light,  
An ever-shifting shadow, creeping  
The outstretched finger of the night.

But carved beneath, another line  
Cries its short message to mankind,  
His hand beneath the dark woodings  
To eyes that see and yet are blind.

—John Williams Brotherton, in Harper's Weekly.

The Mairoda Ruby.

Marshall Third stretched out a slim  
hand across the chessboard.  
"You will forgive me remaining  
seated, Lady Borrodalle. I am, as you  
see, an invalid."

snapped. "Your other jewels, yes!  
the Mairoda ruby, no. Ten days ago  
there was a small paragraph in the  
papers giving an account of a motor  
accident at the gates of your country  
house?"

"You got my note asking for an  
appointment?" she asked. "I know  
your time is valuable, but the fact is,  
my jewels, about thirty thousand  
pounds' worth, have been stolen, and  
Sir Francis Ramon, whom I think  
you know, advised me to come  
straight to you and waste no time."

"Yes, that is so. My husband was  
driving. We had just passed the  
lodging—here is a sharp, a danger-  
ously sharp turn, coming out of the  
drive on to the main road. Luckily  
we always make a rule of going slow  
there. Just as we got on to the road  
a cyclist coming in the opposite  
direction dashed into us before we  
could stop. We took him straight  
to the house, of course, and had him  
taken up to bed. We were afraid of  
injury, for, barring a scratch or two  
and a cut knee, there was little to see,  
and my husband drove off straight to  
Hertford for a doctor."

"Thirty thousand pounds! That's  
a very large sum. When did you first  
miss them? Perhaps you had better  
tell the story in your own way," he  
added, hastily.

"The poor fellow seemed in con-  
siderable pain, and the doctor could  
not discover the seat of the injury.  
He remained there in bed for a couple  
of days, and then, at his own request,  
he was moved into hospital. He  
left, as a matter of fact, four days  
ago."

"The papers spoke of the cyclist as  
at student at Markham's Hill Col-  
lege," said the vigilante, "which is,  
as you may know, a civil service col-  
lege where they train, among others,  
the sons of Indian, Siamese and other  
potentates. This particular young  
man was a Siamese, according to  
their account."  
"So he told my husband."  
"That letter that he wrote to his  
friend contained an exact description  
of the outside of your jewel case. I  
have no doubt that he succeeded in  
getting a tracing, which was also  
sent in the letter."  
"Now to go back to the Mairoda  
stone. As far back as its history can  
be traced, it has been the cause of  
countless murders. It first comes to  
light in the hands of a Chinese man-  
darin. He was strangled, and years  
after the stone appears in Russia in  
the dagger hilt of a certain Duke  
Vlodimir, who also died a violent  
death, and so on for a period of four  
hundred years—roughly, until your  
husband's grandfather won it at the  
gaming tables at Crookford's. Short-  
ly afterward an attempt was made to  
assassinate him; it was unsuccessful,  
and since that time its history has  
been uneventful."  
"Now I will read you one or two  
short extracts. Kioto!"  
Third pointed to the bookshelves,  
and gave an order in a low voice.  
The small Jap, soft-footed, laid  
some volumes on the table at his  
elbow. The vigilante picked up the  
first.

"This is an exhaustive work on  
fire-worship. Toward the end we find  
this:  
"Notice must also be made of the  
Gaekwas, an almost extinct tribe of  
Northern Siam, who in long past ages  
worshipped not fire, but a gigantic red  
jewel, probably a ruby of great size  
and value, which was supposed to  
have buried in its heart liquid fire  
from the sun, so tradition runs; and  
though it vanished, or was stolen,  
many centuries ago, there still exists  
a temple and a sect of priests of this  
peculiar worship at a little known  
place far up in the hills called Mey-  
rod, or by others Malro."

"In the country I wear little or no  
jewelry. The last occasion on which  
I used that in the case was at a ball  
in town over a month ago. I re-  
placed them myself the next day and  
locked the case. Since then I never  
touched it till yesterday morning,  
when I thought I would take out a  
diamond which needed resetting. I tried  
the key, which would not turn, and  
becoming alarmed I got my husband  
to force open the lid. Not only were  
the jewels not there, but the case,  
which was identical with mine out-  
side, was not my case at all; yet on  
the outside it had my monogram,  
and was exactly the same even down  
to a deep scratch in the left-hand  
corner."

"Do you know who wrote these  
words? Mr. Endover, your host at the  
ball that night on which you wore  
the stone, and one of the greatest  
living authorities on Siam and its  
folklore and religions. He has spent,  
first and last, nearly ten years of his  
life there. When you mentioned his  
name just now I recalled the fact, and  
with it another that in an account in  
the Morning Post it mentioned that  
there were several princelings from  
Northern Siam present."

"Have you it with you?"  
"Yes."  
Third just glanced at it, and put  
it down on the table.  
"Did you replace the jewels in  
town or when you got home?"  
"Not till I got home. I only used  
a portion of them—those I carried  
in separate cases in my dressing bag.  
I returned on the 23d, the day after  
the ball, and locked them up some  
time that evening."  
"That leaves a period of thirty-  
two days in which the robbery might  
have been effected." He placed the  
case before him, and examined it  
carefully with a glass. "This was  
made in Paris, I see, and for such an  
expensive article it is easy to see that  
it has been made in a hurry. The  
lining is very roughly finished, and  
some of the leather work is bad. It  
has been made quite recently, too.  
The signs of wear on the outside and  
on the edges are purely artificial, yet  
well enough done to deceive a casual  
observer. The monogram die was, of  
course, cut from a tracing of your  
own—all of which means that the  
robbery had been planned and settled  
on at least five days before it was  
carried out, probably longer. Where  
was the ball to which you went on  
the last occasion of wearing your  
jewels?"

"The case now becomes obvious;  
one of those bejeweled princelings  
from the north saw your ruby and  
recognized it."  
Lady Borrodalle started.  
"You're right, quite right. One of  
them—I shouldn't know his name or  
be able to pronounce it if I did—  
asked to be introduced to me, and  
through his interpreter asked me all  
sorts of questions about English  
country life, and how we spend our  
time."  
"Quite so. He found out what he  
wanted, and waited his chance as  
only an Oriental can wait. Finally,  
despairing of getting a glimpse of  
your jewel case, he or one of his de-  
pendents arranged with the cyclist,  
who was also a Siamese, for that  
little scene of the accident, which en-  
abled them to duplicate the case."  
"But why—why not have broken it  
open?"

"At Mrs. Endover's, in Carlton  
House terrace."  
Marshall Third's pupils contracted  
to a pinpoint, as they always did when  
he was thinking hard and quickly.  
"Among your jewels, if my mem-  
ory serves me aright, there was a  
ruby known as the Mairoda ruby—a  
stone with a strange history?"  
Lady Borrodalle nodded.  
"Yes, that is so, though how you  
knew it—the fact is, very few people  
know of its existence. It has a tragic  
story connected with it, and my hus-  
band has asked me not to speak of it  
at all. In fact—I hardly ever  
wear it."  
Marshall Third moved a chessman  
thoughtfully across the board in a  
long diagonal.  
"I remember seeing it mentioned  
in the papers at the time of your  
marriage, twelve years ago. You  
wore it at Mrs. Endover's that  
night?"  
The question was rapped out  
sharply.  
Lady Borrodalle looked a trifle  
confused.  
"Yes, as a matter of fact I did. It's  
—well, it went so well with my dress.  
I thought it a pity not to. I've only  
worn it a dozen times since it came  
into my possession."  
The vigilante's eyes gleamed.  
"You will not wear it again," he

if only that one stone had been  
taken they would inevitably narrow  
the field of inquiry; by taking all,  
not only did they make it seem a  
commonplace robbery, but having  
found that you rarely opened your  
jewel case, they gained days, and but  
for your wanting a jewel reset would  
have gained weeks in which to get  
their Mairoda stone safely away."  
"The cyclist, entering the hospital  
empty handed and helpless, would  
naturally be beyond suspicion. Mean-  
while, the duplicate having been  
made, the real thief, the prime  
mover, waited his chance and effected  
the substitution—it would take a mo-  
ment or two at most, when his plans  
were complete."

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from the sun, so tradition runs; and  
though it vanished, or was stolen,  
many centuries ago, there still exists  
a temple and a sect of priests of this  
peculiar worship at a little known  
place far up in the hills called Mey-  
rod, or by others Malro."

"But what shall I do? What can  
I do?" asked Lady Borrodalle.  
"The only thing you must do,  
if you value your life, and I speak  
in all seriousness, is to attempt to re-  
cover that stone. It is undoubtedly  
possible to do so, though difficult. It  
is probably by now well on the way  
to Siam. Should you send any one  
in pursuit they would inevitably lose  
their life before they so much as get  
a glimpse of the stone, and you, as  
the instigator of the pursuit, would  
probably share his fate. Take my  
advice, go away somewhere, take  
your dogs and your servants with  
you, and leave the house unguarded.  
If you do, you will get your other  
jewels back within the week. Mind  
you, these men have not stolen any-  
thing for its intrinsic value. They  
have merely, in their idea, rescued a  
precious and sacred relic from the  
hands of an infidel and an unbel-  
iever."

Ten days later the Vigilante re-  
ceived a note from Lady Borrodalle.  
"You were right. I returned to  
Duncroft yesterday. The case has  
been returned intact, with a dupli-  
cate key in gold. I found it in the  
lock. The ruby was gone, but in its  
place were three magnificent unset  
diamonds. I send you one as a token  
of my thanks and my admiration of  
your skill."—London Answers.

SMOKELESS FUEL FOR NAVY.

Admiral Evans Makes a Startling  
Proposition to Secure It.  
In a recent issue of a leading mag-  
azine, The North American Review,  
Admiral Robley D. Evans points out  
three of the great objections to the  
use of soft coal by naval vessels.  
The smoke which it emits gives un-  
mistakable indications of the ap-  
proach of a ship while yet the hull is  
out of sight. If the funnels are  
forced, to get up top speed, flame  
will belch forth from the stacks, and  
even at night might betray the move-  
ments of a single vessel or fleet. This  
second cause, he says, nearly spoiled  
Admiral Dewey's shrewd plan for the  
invasion of Manila Bay. Finally, or-  
ders are issued to the vessels com-  
posing a fleet by flag signals, and  
sometimes smoke from the stack of  
the flagship will conceal the sig-  
nals.

Though anthracite coal was used  
in the Federal navy during the Civil  
War, the Government now employs  
bituminous coal, as does every other  
naval power in the world. The  
United States is the only country,  
however, which at the present time  
is known to have hard coal. Admiral  
Evans speaks of that material, there-  
fore, as a "matchless weapon." He  
would like to see the Government  
obtain exclusive control of the deposits  
for military purposes, because of the  
immense advantage they would give  
us in war. In other words, he would  
have the national authorities buy  
the property and stop mining for  
purely industrial purposes. To carry  
out his idea something like \$18,000,000  
would be required, even if the  
owners of the anthracite deposits  
were willing to part with them, which  
is doubtful. The scheme does not  
seem practicable, therefore.

Perhaps a fresh discussion of the  
subject, nevertheless, may lead to the  
adoption of some other fuel which  
yields no smoke. Admiral Evans  
says that it is all right for a moderate  
pace at sea, but it will not facilitate  
forcing a steamer's engines, as is  
often desirable in war. Still, oil is  
not the only fuel which deserves con-  
sideration. Coke, which is bituminous  
coal deprived of its more volatile  
contents, is absolutely smokeless. It  
would cost more than soft coal, and  
probably would be more expensive  
than anthracite. Possibly it would  
be disappointing, too, in respect to  
the heat it would develop, and in  
any case it would be a resource that  
any nation could utilize. But if the  
matter were freshly investigated, the  
Government might decide that coke  
was the best thing to use.

A Rubber Sidewalk.

The story is told of an Iowa man  
who patented an India rubber side-  
walk. After much lobbying with his  
friends among the Town Council, he  
was allowed to put down several  
yards of it as an experiment. As a  
noise absorber it proved most effec-  
tive, and the early demonstrations  
seemed to be living down all skepti-  
cism in regard to it so rapidly that  
the inventor's fortune was all but made.  
Then the inventor made a fatal blun-  
der. To show how solid and strong  
it was he began jumping up and down  
on it with his whole weight. The  
walk could not forget that it was still  
rubber, and when the ambitious in-  
ventor planked his heels into it he  
was promptly pitched over the fence  
into a briar patch. The episode  
proved such a joke that the budding  
popularity of the new idea began to  
wane, and there are still no rubber  
sidewalks in Iowa.—Louisville Cour-  
ier-Journal.

Indian Methods.  
The great medicine man of the  
Creek Indians was asked by a United  
States commission (of eminent physi-  
cians) "Can you cure cancer?" He  
has a patient who has been dying  
for seventeen years, and we are un-  
able to do anything for him." The  
aged redman called for a hot iron,  
and with it burned a big hole in the  
leg of the man when the cancer was  
gnawing. The physicians were astun-  
ded. He explained briefly: "In-  
dians no cure cancer; Indian cure  
burn!" Therefore—burn, burn,  
burn, when a dog or snake bites you."  
—New York Press.

Pigeon Post For Tiny Colonies.  
Pigeons are to be pressed into ser-  
vice to serve one of the tiny colonies  
not linked to us by cable or wireless.  
An attempt is being made at Montser-  
rat, one of the Leeward Islands, to  
establish a pigeon post with Antigua.  
Some homers have been imported  
from England, and, as soon as they  
have increased sufficiently, attempts  
to establish a regular post between  
the two islands will be made.—Lon-  
don Tit-Bits.

Study of Suicide Causes

POVERTY NOT THE LEADING REASON FOR SELF-DESTRUCTION.

Conclusions Drawn by a Charity Organization After In-  
vestigating Forty-Three Cases of Attempted  
Suicide—Mental Derangement  
is the Chief Cause.

That poverty plays a small part in  
leading persons to attempt suicide,  
and that mental derangement, either  
temporary or permanent, is the chief  
reason, is the opinion advanced by  
Orlando F. Lewis, of the Joint Ap-  
plication Bureau of the Charity Or-  
ganization Society, which recently made  
a special study of forty-three such  
cases as reported at Bellevue Hos-  
pital. Mr. Lewis suggests that there  
may be a wide field for charitable  
work in visiting persons who report  
themselves in need of counsel and  
advice.

The result of the investigation is  
given by Mr. Lewis in the current  
issue of Charities. The arrangement  
made with the Bellevue authorities  
was that the bureau should be no-  
tified when a person who had at-  
tempted suicide was brought to the  
prison ward. The observations were  
conducted between April 21 and Sep-  
tember 17 last. As to how it was  
done Mr. Lewis says:

"The physician in charge of the  
ward was first consulted by the vis-  
itor, the method of self-destruction  
learned, with such other data as the  
hospital authorities had secured. If  
the physical condition of the patient  
permitted an interview was held, the  
patient being approached from the  
standpoint of a friendly visitor.  
While assistance from the bureau  
was always offered, no probing into  
the patient's life was done and few  
details were asked, on account of the  
patient's general physical and mental  
condition. Emphasis was laid upon  
the fact that the visitor was there as  
a friend in a time of need. As a rule  
the patients expressed gratitude for  
this interest and often said they  
would be glad to call at the bureau  
after their discharge. In practically  
all cases the name and address of the  
bureau were left with the patient or  
the keeper of the ward. The visitor  
became well known to the authorities  
in charge of the prison wards; the  
nurses and keepers showed a personal  
interest in the cases, assuring the vis-  
itor that upon the patient's dismissal  
they would advise him or her to call  
at the bureau."

In spite of this invitation, Mr.  
Lewis says, not one of the forty-three  
persons applied at the bureau after  
discharge.  
"A reasonable explanation," says  
Mr. Lewis, "seems to be that the ma-  
jority of the patients were from the  
self-supporting class. Almost never,  
so far as the visitor could ascertain,  
were the patients from the class  
known as 'down and out.'"  
It was impossible to learn whether  
all the forty-three persons had  
friends or relatives who could help  
them, but in fourteen or fifteen in-  
stances where friends or relatives  
were visited, it is stated, these per-  
sons said they could care for the  
patient. As to the causes discovered,  
Mr. Lewis says:

"Destitution seemed to play a very  
small part in leading persons to at-  
tempt suicide. In only two cases was  
the attempt directly traced to pov-  
erty; in four cases the patient had  
been out of work or unemployed, but  
this was not of itself a direct cause  
of the attempt. Melancholia, tem-  
porary aberration, hysteria, more or  
less violent insanity and alcoholism  
seemed to cause the attempts in thirty-  
three cases; excessive jealousy in  
three cases. In five cases the patients  
claimed that the attempt was acci-  
dental; in one case somnambulism  
was given as cause; one woman was  
driven to attempt self-destruction by  
her husband's loose life; illness  
caused two attempts; four women  
confessed that their immoral life had  
become too shameful and difficult to  
bear.

"Poison seemed to be the favorite  
method, perhaps because easily ob-  
tained and supposedly quick in its  
action. Thirteen persons sought to  
end their lives in this manner. Ten  
persons were reported to have tried  
poisoning, but in several in-  
stances it was claimed that the cause  
had been accidental, the gas being  
blown out by the opening of a door  
or window while the person was  
asleep. Six persons attempted sui-  
cide by submersion, four by shooting,  
four by cutting throat, head or wrists,  
three jumped from windows, one  
threw himself in front of a street car,  
and in two cases the method of at-  
tempt was unknown."

"Out of the forty-three cases eleven  
stayed but one day in Bellevue, six  
but two days and the remainder from  
three days to several weeks. Seven-  
teen were sent to court and the bu-  
reau lost track of them; five went  
back to work, six were sent home,  
two were put in the psychopathic  
ward and the rest were still at Bel-  
levue when the investigation was  
closed. Not one of the forty-three  
made the statement that he had at-  
tempted suicide because he had  
sought work for a long time and  
failed. In regard to the results shown  
Mr. Lewis says:

"This effort to render aid to would-  
be suicides suggests that a much  
more extended study of would-be sui-  
cides in the various private and pub-  
lic hospitals of the city could well be  
undertaken. While certain conclu-  
sions are suggested by the present  
investigation, the results are not of a  
nature to justify a final opinion.  
Tentatively we may feel that poverty  
plays little direct part in causing at-  
tempts at suicide. Would-be suicides  
give a distinct impression of not  
wanting advice or aid from a char-  
itable society after leaving the hos-  
pital."

"The attempts at suicide reported  
from Bellevue seem largely due to  
mental derangement, temporary or  
permanent, in which alcohol plays a  
prominent part. When there are re-  
latives or friends in the city they seem  
ready to aid the patient on leaving  
the hospital. The causes leading up  
to attempted suicide do not seem such  
that a charitable society can generally  
become cognizant of them."  
Mr. Lewis suggests that there may

be another way of trying to reach  
people who want to do away with  
themselves: in addition to the plan  
now being tried by the Salvation  
Army's anti-suicide bureau. His sug-  
gestion is that there may be, in ad-  
dition to treatment by a special bureau  
before the attempt, still another  
kind of treatment by societies; name-  
ly, that of visiting all persons who  
notify such societies that they need  
counsel, sympathy, and advice.  
"Charity," says the article, "may,  
in a speedy response to such requests,  
aid in preventing not only poverty  
but self-destruction."

Superintendent Armstrong, of Bel-  
levue, in commenting on the facts  
disclosed, says that while the conclu-  
sion that poverty plays but little part  
seemed to be justified, he was not  
prepared to say that attempts at self-  
destruction were largely due to men-  
tal derangement.  
"I think that you are correct," he  
says, "that the causes that lead to at-  
tempts at suicide are not such gener-  
ally that a charitable society is likely  
to be cognizant of them. Still, I can  
see, in the cases given, that certain  
suicides should be reached before  
they come to that frame of mind  
that makes them believe that there  
is nothing further in life."—New  
York Sun.

SHIPPING EGGS BY MILLIONS.

From All Over the Country They  
Go to New York.

The four million residents of this  
city would be helpless if the produce  
and provision dealers did not ransack  
the continent and the railroads did  
not bring fresh, fish and fowl and  
the products of the grain field and  
the orchard.

At breakfast at an uptown hotel  
a wholesale grocer of Pittsburg, who  
understood something of the prob-  
lems of food supply, said to his com-  
panion that he wondered where all  
the eggs that are eaten in New York  
come from. Here is the answer:  
When the December chill leaves  
the hens of Kentucky and Tennessee,  
Arkansas and Texas get busy, their  
industry continuing throughout Janu-  
ary and February. The spring, travel-  
ing north in March and April, they  
the hens in Southern Illinois, Iowa  
and Nebraska, and in July and Aug-  
ust Wisconsin, Minnesota and the  
Dakotas send us eggs. Every day or  
perhaps two or three days a week  
the farm and the henery send bus-  
kets of eggs to the country store-  
keeper, who pays for them in money  
or merchandise, packs them in cases  
and sells them to the shipper in one  
or another of the large receiving mar-  
kets.

Here the cases are loaded compac-  
tly in refrigerator cars, in which by  
carload and often by trainload they  
move to the great industrial and com-  
mercial centers. They do not all  
come to New York. Even Chicago  
has to have eggs, to say nothing of  
other places, but from this interior  
and Western region, from Texas on  
the south to the Dakotas on the  
north, there came to New York in  
1906 4,086,151 cases, containing  
about 126,670,681 dozens, or 1,529,-  
043,172 eggs. Eggs come to New  
York from Jersey, from up-State  
farms and from Long Island, but in  
quantities that are negligible when  
compared with those from the in-  
terior.

Every housekeeper knows what she  
pays the grocer for eggs, but she  
does not know that the price she  
pays a dozen during the season of  
shipment seldom exceeds by more  
than five cents the price received by  
the Western farmer who takes them  
to the country store. During times  
of scarcity the price may run up to  
ten or twenty cents a dozen higher  
than the farmer receives. The rate  
of transportation does not change.  
The railroads receive thirty cents a  
case for bringing eggs in refrigerator  
cars from Indiana and Illinois and  
sixty cents a case from Texas and  
Minnesota. That is, the railroads  
bring eggs a thousand miles to New  
York for a cent and a half and a half  
a dozen and 2000 miles or so for  
about two cents and a half a dozen.  
The transportation charge that is  
paid the railroads has no bearing  
whatever on the retail price in New  
York. If the railroads performed  
their service gratis the consumer in  
all probability would pay just as  
much for his eggs. The average  
price at wholesale in 1906 was nine-  
teen cents a dozen, and the total val-  
uation of the eggs received in Greater  
New York, both for domestic con-  
sumption and for export, was \$24,-  
067,439.

From May to July, the season dur-  
ing which the greatest number of  
hens are industrious, vastly more  
eggs come to New York than the popu-  
lation consumes. The surplus is  
placed in cold storage for use in the  
late autumn and the early winter.—  
New York Sun.

Hard to Write Advertisements.

Arthur Brisbane admits that the  
advertisement writer has a harder job  
than the editorial writer.  
"I may write about anything," he  
said. "You have to write about sus-  
penders. I don't see how you do it.  
Yet you deal with one of the greatest  
problems of the times—distribution.  
Rockefeller and Ryan have shown us  
how to concentrate. You know how  
to produce distribution, the greatest  
work of the nation."  
"After all," he said in conclusion,  
"some of the greatest literary men  
have been advertisement writers, and  
when this nation decided to go into  
business for itself it commissioned  
Jefferson to draw up the Declaration  
of Independence, as an advertisement  
to convince other people that we were  
right and that they should patronize  
us."

Wise Robins.  
C. D. Robins, of Rose, and Miss  
Nora Wyse, of Owl Creek, have been  
united in the holy bonds of wedlock.  
A girl named Wyse, who lived in  
Owl Creek, ought to know what she  
is doing, and this ornithological  
union should prove more than ordi-  
narily interesting. Here is hoping  
that their nest will soon be full of  
little harbingers of spring.—Kansas  
City Journal.



Cassiterite tin ore has been discov-  
ered in a solid vein in Nova Scotia.  
Samples of the ore, on being assayed,  
contained seventy-eight per cent of  
tin and twenty-two per cent of oxy-  
gen.

Andrew Carnegie has presented to  
Germany and France replicas of the  
giant diplococus, the original of  
which is in the Carnegie Museum.  
He has already donated a similar re-  
plica to England.

Pipes made of reinforced concrete  
for transmitting water under pres-  
sure have been constructed. These  
pipes are really one continuous tube,  
each several hundred feet long. In  
diameter they are from two feet to  
three feet, the longest single section  
being 600 feet. The inside is made  
quite smooth, planed lumber being  
used in the forms.

Aluminum is the youngest of the  
metals largely employed in the arts,  
but the manufacture and the use of  
it for a great variety of purposes are  
increasing rapidly. It is estimated  
that the production of aluminum is  
now between fifteen and twenty thou-  
sand tons a year, and all the com-  
panies—American, German, English  
and French—are planning large in-  
crease of their plants.

Covering flowers and other delicate  
or fragile objects with a thin but  
dense coat of bronze so that they re-  
semble pieces of cast bronze, but are  
only one-eighth as expensive, is the  
accomplishment of a foreign firm.  
The electrolytic process is used, and  
the article stays in the bath from  
twenty-four to seventy-two hours, ac-  
cording to its character and compli-  
cation of detail. It is said the prod-  
uct is most beautiful and differs from  
any manufacture now on the market.  
Chemically pure copper is used.

TRUTH IN TRADITION.

Tenterden Steeple Was the Cause of  
Goodwin Sands.

Not many months ago, during a  
somewhat heated discussion in the  
smoke room of a West End Club, the  
following old saw was given as a per-  
fect example of false logic: "Tenter-  
den steeple was the cause of Goodwin  
Sands." But I contended that on the  
contrary this was an example both  
of good logic and of the persistency and  
value of oral tradition. My interven-  
tion in the discussion was laughed at  
by a room full of university men,  
many of whom were well known au-  
thors; and I stood there for some  
ten minutes quite alone contending  
against this brilliant company of Brit-  
ons.

"But he laughs best who laughs  
last," and I stuck to my thesis, inti-  
mating, as politely as I could, that it  
was pure ignorance which caused their  
merriment. I then gave the follow-  
ing account of this classic example  
of false logic: When the encroach-  
ment of the shoals called the Good-  
win Sands began to be dangerous to  
navigation there was some sort of a  
commission appointed to investigate  
the matter and if possible to ascertain  
the cause. Many expert witnesses  
had been heard when a common sailor  
took the stand and said he had al-  
ways understood that Tenterden  
steeple was the cause of the Goodwin  
Sands. Of course he was laughed at  
for his pains by the wise and learned  
commission, and his testimony has  
served to amuse the knowing ones for  
many generations. But a little  
knowledge of the local tradition of  
Tenterden confirms the testimony of  
the poor ignorant sailor and turns  
the laugh at last upon the commis-  
sion. A sum of money had been left  
by an enterprising citizen of the  
parish of Tenterden to keep the Goodwin  
Sands from encroaching upon the  
channel. This money was honestly  
applied for some time, how long is  
not known, and the shoals were kept  
clear. But the time came when these  
funds were diverted from their right-  
ful purpose and were misapplied for  
the erection of a steeple on the par-  
ish church. The sands were thus left  
to accumulate, and hence the very  
truth as well as logical saying of  
the people that Tenterden steeple was  
the cause of the Goodwin Sands.  
Here we have a perfect bit of logic,  
containing a very interesting and val-  
uable historical incident wrapped up  
in a traditional nutshell, which has  
been handed on from generation to  
generation by word of mouth.—Nin-  
teenth Century.

How Pintes Catch Quail.

These natives have a unique way of  
getting quail. For them there is no  
closed season, or, indeed, any game  
law whatever. Seasons when the  
quail come down from the mountains  
to the spring the Indians make great  
preparation for their capture.  
They build a bough house with a  
long, slender opening in the front,  
formed of tall, straight sticks set  
closely together. Within the house  
an Indian sits concealed, holding a  
long limber rod, which he operates  
dexterously through the narrow open-  
ing. In the early morning when the  
birds flock down for water he picks  
them off, one at a time, killing them  
instantly.

There is no report in this manner  
of hunting to frighten the others  
away, and the Indian often gets  
enough game in a single morning for  
the whole settlement.—Los Angeles  
Times.

Chicago Police Blackmail.

It is safe to say that no police force  
in the country ever was sunk so deep  
in the quagmire of political corrup-  
tion as are the bluecoats who theo-  
retically guard the lives and property  
of Chicago citizens. The one most  
striking instance of how far Collins's  
men will venture in their political  
blackmail is that of the Strauss  
brothers, whose hotel is in a state of  
siege because the proprietors refused  
to pay \$100 tribute to the Dunne  
campaign fund. Russia itself could  
offer no example of greater and more  
brazen official corruption.—Chicago  
Evening Post.

CONTRARIENESS OF LIFE.

Ambition fired his youthful soul  
To imitate the great;  
Like Daniel Webster, Henry Clay  
And others to emulate.

But though his efforts to that end  
Were diligent and true,  
Despite his study in the class  
He landed at the foot.

In other channels then he sought  
A way to win renown,  
And tried to turn a somersault,  
Just like a circus clown.

But though he practiced long and hard,  
His aim was balked instead,  
And every time he tried the trick  
He landed on his head.  
—Melancthon Wilson, in The Sun.