THE MOUNTEBANK.

I give them tragedy—their eyes
With grief are wet;
And merry comedy, that wins
Their laughter, yet—

In smiles and tears, so poor as I
There is not one:
No hearth nor home awaits me; when
The play is done.

'Mongst men or women, have I none
That calls me friend;
No sweetheart, to come begging me
Her woes to mend;

Not any dear joy-hallowed spot
Where memories creep;
Nor even one lone grave, where I
May steal to weep.

—Charlotte Becker, in Harper's Weekly.

A String of Green Beads.

By CHARLOTTE FROST.

The curtain fell on the last act of "El Toreador." Tumultuous applause surged through the great galleried house as the last notes of the closing chorus died away.

Among those who still remained sitting as if spellbound by the music were a regally handsome lady and her escort, both foreigners. This lady it was who, among all that evening's patrons, had most attracted the admiration of Louis, the pale boy usher. Accustomed to the sight of beautiful and sumptuously-gowned women, this one with her majestic air, brilliant eyes and gracious smile seemed to him a queen. Regretfully she at length rose and offered her superb shoulders to receive her ermine cloak.

That night Louis' duties kept him late. At last, ready to go, passing down the aisle, he was attracted by a glittering object in the seat the lady had occupied. Closer inspection showed a string of beads curled upon the velvet cushion, where they had slipped from her neck. Louis raised them toward the light. How they gleamed and scintillated, each bead of pale green throwing off sparks from its facets as it swung from his hand.

"It's no use to think of restoring them to her to-night," thought he.

The lights were already being extinguished, so he slipped the necklace carefully into his pocket and started home.

The street where Louis lived with his invalid mother and little sister was an obscure one, far from the homes of the pleasure seekers who frequented the opera; for Louis was the family's sole support. But it was his ambition some way to give his sister, passionately fond of music and gifted with a voice of great promise, musical advantages. How, he did not yet know.

He found both mother and Constance waiting up for him.

"What makes you look so happy, Louis?" queried Constance, as he opened the door.

"Do I?" replied Louis, indifferently, still smiling. "It must be because the music was wonderfully fine to-night."

"How I'd love to hear it, too!" cried Constance. "Some time you're going to take me with you, aren't you? I dream of it all—the heavenly music, beautiful faces—and hear the singing in my sleep—really!"

"Yes, Sis, some time when I'm rich you and mother shall go every night and have the best box in the house."

Louis disposed of his tea and toast with great relish, then said, "What do you suppose I've got in my pocket, Sis? Want to see? Guess, mother."

"Deary me, I never could tell," said the little mother.

Then Louis held up the sparkling beads.

"Oh, Louis! did you find them? How beautiful. They seem to be alive, don't they mother?"

"But not half as beautiful as the lady who lost them," said Louis, twirling the string.

"If you know who lost them, Louis"—began Constance, who was the soul of honor.

Then Louis explained, assuring them the necklace would be advertised in the morning.

"Meanwhile they're yours, Sis. Put them on and play you are a great lady."

Constance clasped the necklace about her slender throat, turning about to get a better view of herself in the little mirror. Then breaking into a snatch of song——

"I really think I could sing like your prima donna wearing this, Louis," she laughed merrily.

"Some time, Sis," whispered he.

The next morning Louis scanned the papers and bulletin boards in vain. The days passed, Constance still guarding the treasure. She had grown fond of it, and often opening the drawer, where it lay on a scrap of velvet, patted it lovingly.

One evening, happening to be off duty, Louis took Constance to the Park. He had persuaded her, much against her will, to wear the necklace. Constance, happily chatting on the street car, heard someone behind her say:

"Yes, strangely brilliant—like that wonderful string Mme. Z—— wore as Elsa—they seemed to throw off sparks. But these were probably bought for a quarter," the speaker laughed.

A few days later Louis, taking the beads, consulted a jeweller. An idea had taken possession of him since he regarded himself as the rightful owner. He grew quite pale at the value named. The beginning of Constance's career seemed assured. Still he hesitated to sell the necklace. There was no hurry he told himself.

A year passed and, having saved little by little, Louis was able to give Constance the long promised visit to the opera. It was during the run of "Lohengrin," and Constance, as in a dream, was transported into a wonderland of beauty and light. When Elsa stepped upon the stage radiant as a vision, Louis, with a great start, saw the lady of the beads.

"It is she, Constance," he whispered.

"Are you sure, Louis? Then we must see her. My beautiful beads! But I shall not mind giving them up to her. She is divine. But listen! ——"

Amid the cries of "Bravo," "Bravissima!" which filled the vast house as the world-famed Mme. Z—— finished her last song, Louis and his sister made their way to the stage entrance. The incomparable voice of the great singer greeted them:

"My little green beads! Oh, yes, I now remember. What! Is it that you have kept them for me so long? And the little girl? Sister—oh, yes. It shall be hers, the necklace she has so faithfully treasured—a souvenir of 'Elsa.' Is it that you enjoyed to hear me sing, petite?"

"Oh, madame, you are so kind! If you would but hear my sister's voice ——"

"What! Can la petite sing?" And drawing Constance to the piano she herself touched the keys.

Mme. Z——, recognizing the promise of the girl's voice, took her as special protege. Then came days when the gracious prima donna became fairy godmother to them all.

Later, when Constance realized her cherished dream and appeared for the first time upon the stage in Mme. Z——'s famous company, the little mother, who, with Louis, occupied a box by favor of madame, noticed about her daughter's white throat the glittering green circlet, the bringer of all their joys.—Boston Post.

FRENCH WINE TROUBLES.

Louis Windmuller Explains Cause of the Recent Outbreak.

In The Independent there is an article on the recent troubles in the wine growing districts of Southern France, contributed by Louis Windmuller, an old New York merchant, who has spent much time in the Midi and is connected with several important benevolent institutions in this city.

After telling of the position of France among the wine growing countries, Mr. Windmuller explained the importance of the industry to the peasant farmers of the South of France. The early ravages of the phylloxera were touched upon, and the writer said that, as the production of the real wine had been reduced by two-thirds, adulteration became a common practice.

The rich native wines were blended with cheap foreign products and were "fortified" with potato spirits and sweetened with beet sugar. The imitation wines so produced were so skilfully made, says Mr. Windmuller, that many experts were deceived, and ordinarily it was not until after the liquor had been drunk that the deceit was discovered. The article continues:

"Meanwhile the hardy American grapevines, which could not be attacked by the phylloxera, were planted and improved the conditions of the French vineyards; their yield gradually increased and is almost as large now as it has ever been. But in the years of scarcity wine growers had lost customers; they are now confronted with an unsalableness of their product caused by the successful competition of substitutes for wine, and by the compounds of the adulterators who sell a spurious beverage called wine, with a finer flavor and superior color, at a price lower than genuine wine can be made for.

"When he could not for his honest liquor realize enough to pay for the barrels and was on the point of starvation, the vintner blamed his government for the poverty to which he had been reduced. He believes that the treasury winks at the falsifiers who pay a large portion of the millions which the French fisc annually gets for the duty on sugar."

Mr. Windmuller compares the recent "revolution" with the "whisky insurrection" in Pennsylvania in 1791, and describes the troubles. He continues:

"If the laws of France punish adulterators of wine, they have not been enforced with severity, such as prevails in Germany. A dealer near Mayence, who recently was caught in the act of selling spurious Johannisberger, had to pay a fine of a thousand mark and to spend a month in the workhouse. His vats were unceremoniously hauled from his cellar bins and emptied into the gutter.

"A resolution to inflict a similar punishment on French wine adulterators has recently been adopted by the Chamber, and it seems to have calmed the minds of the insurgents already. When conscientiously carried into effect it will satisfy the vintners that their government at least can no longer be blamed for their distress; and when their dishonest competitors are put out of business, they may find a better market for the honest juice of their generous grapes. Such result would not alone benefit all consumers of wine, but it would strengthen the French administration which has, by forbearance and wise measures, accomplished it."

Invades His First Home.

Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou spent the afternoon in the office of Colonel Edward S. Fowler, Appraiser of the Port of New York. Secretary Cortelyou started his career in this office as a private secretary when he was a young and inexperienced stenographer.—New York World.

...any Kinds of Fish Imitate the Birds

Build Nests and Mate Like Feathered Tribe—Stickleback's Odd Habits.....

"The nest building habit," said a well known naturalist in a recent lecture, "is generally associated with birds, but there are other members of the animal kingdom which indulge in it. Strange to relate, some of the most typical examples are to be found among the fishes.

"Probably the best known finny nest builder is the little stickleback, which is found commonly in brackish water. The male alone is able to build a nest. When the mating season arrives the little bachelor's thoughts are centered upon providing a nest. The site selected is generally among the stems of aquatic plants, where the water always flows, but not too swiftly. He first begins by carrying small bits of green material, which he nips off the stalks and tugs from out the bottom and sides of the banks. These he attaches by some glutinous material that he has the power of secreting to the different stems destined as pillars for his building. During this operation he swims against the work already done, splashes about and seems to test its durability and strength, rubs himself against the tiny platform and scrapes the mucus from his sides to use as mortar. Then he thrusts his nose into the sand at the bottom, and, bringing up a mouthful, scatters it over the foundation. This is repeated until enough has been thrown on to weight the slender fabric down and give its substance and stability; then more twists, turns and splashings to test the firmness of the foundation.

Collecting Materials.

"The foundation once complete, the next operation is to collect materials, chiefly pieces of straw, roots, leaves, etc., and build the walls of the nest. The nest, or nursery, when completed, is a hollow, somewhat rounded, barrel-shaped structure, worked together much in the same way as the platform fastened to the water plants, the whole firmly glued together.

"The inside of the nest is made as smooth as possible by a kind of plastering system; the little architect and builder continually goes in, then turning 'round and 'round works the mucus from his body on to the inner sides of the nest, where it hardnes like tough varnish. Two apertures are constructed in the nest, one for ingress and the other for egress. They are smooth and symmetrical as the hole leading into a wren's nest, and not unlike it.

Looking For a Mate.

"As soon as the nest is completed Mr. Stickleback begins to cast his eyes around for a suitable mate. Watch him as he swims toward a group of the fair sex enjoying themselves amid the water plants. Arrayed in his best and brightest livery, all smiles and amiability; steadily and in the most approved style of stickleback love making this young bachelor pleads his suit, generally with success. Then the pair return to the nest, in which the female deposits her eggs, emerging when the operation is completed by the opposite hole. On the female leaving he immediately enters, deposits the milt on the eggs, taking his departure through the back door. And now comes the saddest part of all. Immediately after leaving the nest he seeks another lady love, introduces her as he did the first and so on, wife after wife, until the nest is filled with eggs, layer upon layer. He then devotes all his time to guarding the eggs in his nest until the young are hatched out and have attained an age at which they can shift for themselves.

Shelter For Dry Shells.

"Nearly all the nest building fishes construct nests for the purpose of holding their eggs, but the African mudfish builds one for his own salvation. The rivers which this species inhabits are liable to protracted droughts each year. When such a drought is imminent the fish retires to the deeper water and excavates a pit, in which it lies, covering itself over with a thick layer of mud. Thus sheltered it can suffer the complete drying up of the river, as being gifted with lungs as well as gills it breathes air directly through an aperture left in the top of the nest. The rains of the west season dissolve the mud and liberate the fish. Sometimes these fish are dug out from their nests and eaten by the natives. Others have been shipped thousands of miles in those nests and when the mud was dissolved in warmish water the fish came forth as lively as ever.

"It is doubtful whether protective mimicry among fishes is better ememplified than in the case of the species commonly known as the marbled angler. As it is a poor swimmer it spends most of its time clinging to the floating masses of sargassum weed, to rest on which, from its peculiar armlike pectoral fins, it is specially fitted; and the color markings of the fish closely resemble the weed itself, so much so, in fact, that it is very difficult to distinguish it. Not only does the weed thus furnish a home for this species, but the fish actually constructs a nest from it and therein deposits its eggs. Each nest is made of one seaweed; the different 'twigs' being brought together and made fast to each other by means of silklike fibers, probably secreted by the parent, as in the sticklebacks. The eggs are attached by more fibers to the neat, from which they hang like large clusters of grapes. To the superficial observer the whole thing looks like a tangled mass of seaweed floating on the surface, a most common sight.

"In Brazil is found a fish shaped somewhat like an eel which burrows in the mud during the dry season. During the wet season the animal stores up in its system a reserve of fat, and then when the dry season arrives and the rivers dry up it constructs a deep tubular burrow in which it doubles up with head and tail together. The mouth of the burrow is closed with a most ingeniously constructed mud flap through which are several small perforations, which permit the animal to breathe air directly, as it is also one of the few species gifted with both lungs and gills. While inclosed in its nest the fish is frequently dug out by the natives, who highly prize its flesh. In the period of incubation it lives upon the reserve of fat accumulated during the rainy season. When the early rains soften the soil the fish emerges from its burrow and resumes its aquatic existence. This is a very rare species, but few specimens having ever come into the possession of scientists.

Male Guards Eggs.

"In Lakes Huron and Erie, and in some of the interior lakes of New York, is found the bowfin. At the beginning of the breeding season the fish makes its way from the deeper water, where it has remained sluggish during the winter, to the spawning ground, which is usually at the swampy end of a lake where there is an abundance of aquatic herbage intersected by channels of clear water. Here the fish circles 'round and 'round until the soft weeds and rootlets are bent and crushed aside so as to leave a crude form of nest, where the eggs are deposited, adhering to the nest in enormous numbers. The male remains on guard until the eggs are hatched out, when the young appear to leave the nest in a body, still under the watchful care of the father, who keeps the swarm together by circling 'round and 'round it.

One Ingenious Nest.

"The gourami, or paradise fish, builds a very ingenious nest. A muddy bottom is generally selected for this purpose. The fish prefers to use for the nest tufts of peculiar grass, which grows on the surface of the water and whose floating roots, rising and falling with the movement of the water, form natural galleries, under which the fish can conceal themselves. The nest is constructed by entangling the stems and leaves, intermingled with blades of grass, and is of a nearly spherical form much resembling in shape those of some birds, and when completed is attached among the plants in one corner of the pond. After the eggs have been deposited in the nest both parents carefully guard it for a month, when the young are hatched out, and then continue their loving care until the young are large enough to shift for themselves.

"The wrasses of the Atlantic ocean also build nests during the breeding season. These are generally built in crevices of rocks. The nest is usually in the shape of a crescent and is six or seven inches wide at its widest part, and twelve inches high, and is made generally of tufts of coralline, seaweed, zoophytes, broken shells, etc., fixed together at their bases by a semi-solid mucus. It is the work of both the male and the female. There is a small opening leading into the centre of the nest. A very remarkable thing about these nests is that they are generally built at half tide mark, which leaves them exposed to the air at least twelve hours each day—six hours at a tide. The fish have been seen jumping out of the water in order to reach the nests when the tide is rising, but had not yet reached the nest. It was in this family of fishes that sleep was first observed in fishes, that fish when in an aquarium seeking a sleeping place at night and lying down on one side.

"Gobies, which are found in almost all quarters of the globe, sometimes build nests. The nest is usually made of some mollusk shell or of the carapace of a crab, with the convex side turned upward and covered with sand. The sand underneath the shell is hollowed out and a round opening at the side, coated by a mucus secreted by the skin of the male fish, gives access to the interior. The eggs, when ready, are stuck to the inner surface of the shell forming the roof.

"Certain catfishes construct nests about eight inches by six inches. This nest which is always located in a spot where the water is quiet and there are plenty of aquatic plants, has a soft water envelope, and after the female has deposited her eggs in it the male hovers over it, forcing fresh water through the mass by rapid vibrations of his fins until after about a week they are hatched. The parents jealously guard the eggs from all enemies.

"Many of the nests are nothing but shallow holes scooped out of the sandy bottom by the fins and snouts of the fishes. Such are the nests of the black bass and salmon. The little fresh water 'Miller's Thumb' and the larger marine 'bullheads' deposit their eggs on stones, weeds or other submerged objects, or in a sort of rough nest, and here they are guarded by the male. The lumpsuckers, when the breeding season arrives, prepare a nest by digging a pit between two stones at the bottom of a shallow portion of the sea, in which the female deposits several hundred thousand eggs."

Paris derives a huge revenue from the sale of dolls' dresses.

THE SOMERSAULT CAR.

An Automobile That Turns a Somersault in Mid-Air.

Whatever may be thought of the American somersaulting motor car as a public performance, it is certainly a triumph of scientific mechanics. The car, moving down a steeply inclined track, attains a velocity of twenty-eight miles an hour. Leaving the track at the base of the incline it is shot into the air, and turns a complete somersault, before reaching a platform some feet off. The arrangements by which this remarkable feat is achieved are notable for their simplicity. The necessary gyrating impulse is given to the car as it reaches the base of the incline by the arrangement of the guiding rails in relation to the track itself. On the incline, which starts at a height of fifty feet from the ground, are a pair of broad tracks for the wheels of the car, and between these a pair of guide rails. The car is kept to these rails by four ball-bearing rollers, two in front, and two behind. The former press the sides of the rails, while the latter run in grooves on the tops of the same. This arrangement, combined with the sharp upward turn of the rails at the base of the incline, gives the car the necessary twisting impulse just as it leaps into the air. For the front wheels of the car remains on the track, while the hind ones are tilted up by the back rollers, which run on the top of the rails. As the centre of gravity of the car describes a parabola in the air, the car itself turns a slow somersault, moving through 40 deg. for every two feet horizontal advance. Having turned completely round, it will have thus advanced nine feet, and a collapsible platform is placed at this distance to receive it. The car lands on this in a horizontal position, the force of the impact being taken up by the springs, and runs off it for some thirty or forty feet. The success of the affair consists in the careful adjustment of the pitch of the rails in relation to that of the track. The car must land on the platform all four wheels at once. Otherwise, as has been shown by actual occurrence, the wheels first touching will be crushed, and the car damaged.—London Globe.

The Young Lawyer's Clock.

A young man in Washington, who many months ago hung up his shingle as "attorney-at-law," has not yet been overwhelmed with clients. A friend, entering the office the other day, observed on the desk a cheap alarm clock.

"Take it home, eh?" he observed. "Good thing at this time of year. Every one's liable to oversleep these spring mornings.'

The lawyer smiled. "I have not purchased that clock for the reason you mention. I keep it here to wake me when it's time to go home."—Bellman.

Pennsylvania's Tree Growing Bounty.

There is a law on the statute books of Pennsylvania which ought to have a wide circulation. It is "An Act for the Encouragement of Forestry."

This law takes the best means possible to encourage owners of land to preserve and propagate timber trees, for it allows a reduction of taxes to the owner of forest land which comes up to certain requirements of the act. The first man to take advantage of the new law is an Allegheny County farmer, Mr. Tenner, of Leet Township. Mr. Tenner has obtained from the County Commissioners a reduction of $22.50 on his taxes for complying with the provisions of the law.

It is rather remarkable that the second county in the State in point of population should be the first to pay a bounty for forest preservation under the new law, but such is the case. — Pittsburg Chronicle - Telegraph.

Catching Fish by Telephone.

The principle of the telephone has been applied by a German inventor to the location of schools of fish by fishermen. A sensitive transmitter in a waterproof case is lowered in the water with a suitable connection on a fishing vessel or at some station. The passage of a shoal of fish causes a constant tapping on the case of the microphone, and in this manner the presence of the fish in the water is revealed to the fishermen at the station, and efforts are made at once to capture the school. The fishermen are in readiness, and they start at once, with the result that a great portion of the fish are captured. The device has been given a practical test, and it is said that it is possible to determine the character of the fish with more or less accuracy. Herring and such small fish passing in great numbers make a whistling noise, their numbers being largely indicated by the pitch of the sound, while codfish make a noise entirely different in character.—Philadelphia Record.

Problem in Addition.

Little Solly (his brow puckered by intellectual strain as he scans on the blackboard a sketch of a milkmaid and cattle)—"One—two—three—three cows."

Teacher—"Yes, and what else?"

Little Solly (in triumphant haste)—"And one lady!"

Teacher—"How many altogether?"

Little Solly—"One—two—three" (stops and draws his right foot up and down his left leg) "One—two—th-th-three"—(pauses in a desperate effort to count a little further, then gasps): "Oo-oo-ooh, teacher, I don't know how to add up cows and ladies!"—Harper's Weekly.

LITTLE THINGS Worth Knowing

There is great uncertainty about St. Patrick's birthplace. He was probably born about the year 330 at Boulogne-sur-Mer, France.

One of the national sports of the mountain canton of Appenzell, in Switzerland, is the stone throwing contest, in which rocks of great size are thrown for a prize.

"Craps," or throwing dice, is said to have been originally a religious act. In the turn of the dice was supposed by the primitive peoples to be the answer of the gods to their prayers. There was no element of chance involved.

A mummy factory has been discovered in Montrouge, a suburb of Paris. The "mummies" are sent to Egypt and then returned via Marseilles. Many have been sold to museums in various countries.

An English railroad company has a regular form on which accidents to animals on its system are reported. One of its men had to report the killing of a cow. In answer to the question: "Disposition of carcass?" he wrote: "Kind and gentle."

One of the oddities of the leading cafes in Carlsbad, Germany, is that when you complete your meal you have three to tip—the zolkellner who collects the bill, the waiter who brought you the food and the boy who brought the drinkables.

After watching 152 women alight from street cars the observer reported that one out of each eighteen got off correctly, facing in the direction the cars were going, and then added that he thought they intended to make it unanimous but made mistakes.

Horseflesh is very generally advertised in the German newspapers, especially in those of the large industrial centres, and most German cities have at least one market which makes it a specialty, claiming for it a higher percentage of nourishment than that of either beef, veal, mutton or pork.

In Malta, a fish boy, who sells the fish his father catches, carries a big basket on his back, and in his hands two round flat basins, one of which he balances upon his head. Gradually his burden lightens, and finally he tosses his empty basins into his emptied basket, and stops to play on his way home.

TO THE RESCUE OF THE PIE.

The American Product in Danger Through Attacks by Authorities.

Secretary Wilson and Dr. Wiley have struck a blow at a national institution. It almost seems that they might as well have attacked the Fourth of July or the Monroe Doctrine as to impeach the purity and salutary qualities of the American pie. Numerous pie-eaters, high and low, are preparing to rally to the defense of that viand. But when it is understood that only the commercialized, adulterated and degraded pie of commerce is arraigned the necessity of defense may be less evident.

The pie of our mothers and grandmothers is not maligned. Those pure domestic confections, manufactured in family kitchens, whether from apples, rhubarb, cherries, blackberries, gooseberries, huckleberries or the alluring but deleterious mince, without the introduction of exotic chemicals, can defy the inquisition of government chemists, seeking for infraction of the pure food law.

But that portion of the pie product which has passed under the sway of pie foundries is asserted to be mixed with deleterious additions. What boracic acid is to meats and iodoform to milk, benzoate of soda is stated by Dr. Wiley to be to the pies of trade. And it is announced that pies of the vintage of 1906 treated by that preservative, for sale in the appropriate season of 1907, are to be put under the taboo of the pure food law.

He who is ruled by the true American sentiment for pie will not object. The enforcement of this rule will turn us back to true American practices, and incidentally support President Roosevelt's campaign against race suicide. That the American nation will go without pie is unthinkable. But that the national appetite may be properly and legally satisfied our wives and daughters must revive the art of producing such pies as mother used to make, unseasoned by any modern devices of chemicals or preservatives.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Where Some Gowns Come From.

"You'll be astonished when I tell you," said a man who knows, "but it's a fact that dressmakers sometimes send to a fashionable undertaker for a gown when they have a hurry order. There was a time when undertakers carried only shrouds in stock, but in this age of luxury the big concerns have a line of what are known in the trade as 'ladies' fine burial dresses.' Such materials as henrietta, pongee, faille and chiffon taffeta are used for these dresses and they are made in the prevailing style. The dressmakers know this, and if they can't find what they want in one of the regular shops they don't hesitate to call on the undertaker."—New York Sun.