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PRODUCE A RACE OF GIANTS.

Two Million Dollars to Be Spent in Scheme to Regenerate the French.

An attempt to breed a race of hu-
man giants, one of the most remark-
able scientific experiments undertaken in
modern times, is to be begun at
Rouen, the ancient capital of Normandy.
It seems that Count de Saint
Ouen—a descendant of William the
Conqueror—who endowed the under-
taking to the extent of \$2,000,000 con-
fidently expected at the time of his
death that the fortune which he be-
queathed would ultimately be the
means of regenerating the French peo-
ple, but though scientists admit that it
may be possible to breed a race of
giants they regard the scheme as the
whole as anything but a wise one. The
Count's scheme is practically one of
selective propagation. His money is
left to encourage giants and giantesses
to marry. One per cent will be given
every year. One couple selected
every twelvemonth will receive the
comfortable sum of \$20,000 as a nest-
egg with which to begin housekeeping
and to support the little giants and
giantesses whom the stock may hap-
pen to drop down the chimney. The
Count de Saint Ouen was not the first
to conceive such a scheme. Frederick
William, the first King of Prussia, and
father of Frederick the Great, attempt-
ed it nearly 200 years ago. He col-
lected 2,400 giants, whom he enlisted
in a regiment known as the "Potsdam
Guard." Many giants were kidnapped
from Frederick's famous giant reg-
iment. It is, of course, recognized
that great stature can be inherited.
The best evidence that such a charac-
teristic can be developed by propaga-
tion may be found in the wrestlers of
Japan. They are much taller and
very much heavier than the Japanese
as a race, having for centuries been
bred by selection.

Influence of Rainfall.

Mr. Clayton of the Blue Hill ob-
servatory, has a suggestive paper in the
Popular Science Monthly on the in-
fluence of rainfall on commercial and
political affairs. Every severe finan-
cial panic in the United States has
been closely associated with a protracted
season of deficient rainfall. The
outbreak of the boxer war in China
was at least partially due to the im-
poverishment of the people by drought.
A severe winter precipitated the
French revolution. The Russians say-
ing that January and February are
two invincible generals was exemplified
by the disastrous Moscow cam-
paign of 1812. In the year 54 B. C.
Caesar's legions in Gaul were defeat-
ed on account of their scattered sta-
tions, and the stations were placed
wide apart because a scanty harvest
had made this disposition a necessity.
These are only a few of many exam-
ples that might be cited.

Old-Time Coaching.

On December 21, 1843, the "Prince
of Wales," the last of the coaches
running between London and Bristol,
was taken off the road. The decay
of coaching had set in about four
years earlier, and one by one the
coaches had given place to the rail-
way, after enjoying palmy days last-
ing about 20 years. It was on the
Bristol road that the first mail coach
was driven, the institution being due
to the enterprise of Mr. Palmer, M.
P., for Bath. The coach started from
London on August 8, 1784, at 8 a. m.,
and reached Bristol at 11 o'clock in
the night, the coaches previously
driven taking from Monday to Wed-
nesday to reach Bath. Other routes
were opened in the following year,
and the regulation pace of six miles
an hour gradually increased to ten
when the railway entered into com-
petition, carried the first mail in
1838, and killed coaching.

Blame Monte Carlo Officials.

It is now more than indicated that
all the recent stories of heavy gam-
bling at Monte Carlo by Schwab, the
steel magnate, were set afloat for ad-
vertising purposes by officials of the
famous resort. They have been known
to play such tricks in the past, and
as Monte Carlo is going out of favor
owing to the rapacity of hotelkeepers
it is easy to imagine that Mr. Schwab's
visit was used for the purpose indi-
cated.

USES.
Ah, from the niggard tree of time
How quickly fall the hours!
It needs no touch of wind or rime
To loose such facile flowers.
Drift of the dead year's harvesting,
They clog to-morrow's way,
Net serve to shelter growths of spring
Beneath their warm decay.
Or, blent by pious hands with rare
Sweet savors of content,
Surprise the soul's December air
With June's forgotten scent.
—Edith Wharton, in Scribner's Magazine.



"About the meanest thing I ever did,"
said Bass McPheeters, who had served
as a volunteer through the Cuban cam-
paign, "was to steal brandy off the
dead dogs. Every man Jack of them
had a flask. I guess it was the worst
brandy ever distilled, but it tasted
mighty good to me, and, as I say, I
stole it and drank it and felt like a
ghoul all the time."

"Ah, you're thin-skinned," growled
Heathcote, a Harvard man who had
come to be a Texas ranger because he
was plucked at West Point; "if you
want to feel real downright thirty
cents you ought to try peacemaking
between a woman and a wife-beating
husband. I did. You remember it,
don't you, Harris? The time I came
back from Langtry in an ambulance?
I made peace between them all right,
but what they did to me 'between
them' was a plenty. Robbing dead
dogs is a Sabbath pastime compared
to peacemaking and twice as remuner-
ative."

"Neither one of you knows what he's
talking about," drawled Lieutenant
Collins, who was doing his second year
on the frontier with his regiment, and
held the record as the only officer in
it who was not pulling wires for de-
tached service. "One of you is a thief
and the other a fool, but I can tell you
an experience that made me look like a
thief and feel like a fool for a long
time."

"You remember, Heathcote, while I
was at the academy I was forever run-
ning back to Cincinnati to spend a day,
a week or a month, or whatever time I
could get on sick leave, bogus tele-
grams or other subterfuges. Well, they
were all bogus, but I had a reason, or
thought I had, for going there so often.
Woman? Yes, of course it was a woman.
That is, she was the making of a
fine and beautiful woman. She was a
mere girl then, just come eighteen, and
as gentle and generous a soul as ever
lived. I might as well admit that I
had my heart set and my hopes built
on her and—lost. I didn't find out that
part, the loss part, though, till my last
visit to Cincinnati, and as that's what
I started out to tell about, I'll just be-
gin there."

"Well, I don't think Edith—that was
her name—I don't think she ever knew
how I felt toward her; you see I was
never forehanded with women, or she
wouldn't have invited me to her thea-
tre party. I don't know exactly how
her mother sprung it, but anyhow we
hadn't been in Edith's house five min-
utes before everybody knew that she
was engaged to Herbert Humphreys, a
spruce little dandy with light-colored
eyes and clothes that would have made
Freddie Gebhard look like a costermon-
ger. I didn't like him first, last nor any
time, but of course I was a prejudiced
party."

"Well, I was assigned, that's what
you call it, I guess; I was assigned to
Fannie Ziegler—you know the Zieglers,
Heathcote? Brewers, you know, and
we went off to the theatre in a lot of
carriages, the girls all talking about
the coming wedding and what lovely
things would be pulled off, and what
a lovely ring that was Edith had, and
me—you can just guess how I enjoyed
that theatre party. I don't remember
what the play was or who was in my
carriage besides Fannie or anything
about it except that one of the party
was a girl cousin of Edith's who had
come from New Orleans to be leading
lady, or bridesmaid, or whatever it is
at the wedding."

"Well, sir, she was a stunner! I
think if I hadn't been so faded on



Edith I'd have gone after that cousin.
Her name was Corinne Forgeron, a
blonde creole with purple eyes and a
form! Oh, say! I've seen her only once

since then, but it was too late. I'm
always too late on the wooing business,
but wait. That comes in the story,
too. We were at the theatre, weren't
we? Well, I noticed this spruce Hum-
phreys, Edith's fiance, seemed to make
better headway with the creole god-
dess than any of us. I was dying to
'whelm my woe'—that's in a poem—I
was dead anxious to get next to her,
but so help me, that infernal puppy
had a way with him that distanced us
all, and I began to wonder what Edith
thought of the sudden flirtation that
made all us men so weary. Maybe the
girls didn't notice it, or maybe they
didn't let on, for they all saw that
Corinne was a winner from Winnerville.

"The last thing I remember at the
theatre was Humphreys showing Cor-
inne the beautiful ring that he had
given to Edith as a gerudon of their
troth. It was a peach, and no mistake.
I think they called it a marquise, at
any rate its setting was an oblong oval,
rimmed with diamonds, but the pecu-
liarity of it, and I think its chief
beauty, was the green glory of the two
emeralds set at the far ends of the ob-
long. Corinne looked at it and then at
Humphreys in that awful way these
women with velvet eyes have, and
said: 'I'd say myself to a ring like
that.' Then she laughed in that limpid,
coddling way a certain class of women
have, and Humphreys—he was a for-
ward imp—slipped the ring on her
plump, white finger to see how it
looked. Edith's mother was with us,
chaperoning the party, but nobody ex-
cept me seemed to have any evil
thoughts, and I even suspected myself.

"We got back to the house without
anything more thrilling than small
talk, and after a nice little supper at
which, I thought, Humphreys and the
creole kept up a pretty steady ex-
change of rather tropical compliments,
we all went into the music room for a
song. I think there were eight besides
Edith's mother in the party, all nice
young people of the very best families
in Cincinnati, and all old friends ex-
cept Humphreys and the New Orleans
cousin. She fitted in all right, at least
with the men, but Humphreys—I just
couldn't help figuring him out as an in-
terloper, a misfit, a what you might call
'cheap skate.'"

"Now for the ugly part of it. Some-
body asked Edith to sing a ballad and
of course we all insisted. She sat down
to the piano, fingered the keys a mo-
ment, took off the beautiful marquise
ring, laid it on the top of the instru-
ment, and began to play and sing. I
think she played four or five things be-
fore we would let her stop. She was
an exquisite pianiste and one of those



EDITH.

amiable girls who loved to give pleas-
ure without being coaxed. She didn't
require any notes, and as she played
we wandered about the big room or
sat still to enjoy the effect. I noticed
that some of the girls couldn't resist
picking up the ring. They were all en-
vious of it, and if I'm not mistaken
Humphreys stood for quite a while
near the piano. At any rate it was
during the music that I got my only
chance to whisper to Corinne Forgeron.
That's what makes me think Hum-
phreys must have been by the piano.

"When Edith got through playing
and looked for her ring it was gone!
She laughed at first and called on us
to 'quit joking,' but when we had
lighted all the lights and crawled all
over the floor and lifted everything
movable, poor Edith began to pout,
and, well, you can imagine how we felt.
No servant had entered the room. The
top of the piano was closed, it was an
upright one, and we moved the instru-
ment four times in the vain search.
The men looked sheepishly at one an-
other. The girls looked mystified and
scared. Only Humphreys kept up his
front. Nobody wanted to go first, and
everybody knew it was time to go. I,
for one, was convinced that there was
a thief in the company, and naturally
I suspected it was Edith's fiance, whom
I hated cordially. Finally, in a burst
of long suppressed anger, I suggested
that the men should retire to the parlor
and search one another. That made
the girls angry, and Edith began to
cry. At last we all retired, feeling like
a lot of whipped curs, all but Hum-
phreys. He had the impudence to keep
reassuring us, said that no doubt the
ring would 'turn up,' and so forth, till
I felt like choking him. Then he said
something to poor Edith about her
'carelessness,' and, upon my word, if
Fannie Ziegler wasn't hanging to my
arm I'd have smashed him one then
and there.

"But we all went home then, and,
to tell the truth, I thought perhaps Hum-
phreys was sufficiently punished when
I heard about a week later that he and
Edith had quarreled and that the
match was broken off. Oh, yes, I

tried tentatively to see her, but she
never saw any one after that. Corinne
Forgeron went home to New Orleans
and I went back to West Point. Poor
Edith's wedding never came off, but
I'm sure she's happier than if she had
married Humphreys. Any way she
was wasted away and I—but that's another
story.

YANKEE FRENCH FURNITURE.

Household Goods Bought in Paris Turn
Out to Be Made by a Michigan Factory.

"There is one woman in Michigan
in Paris," said a traveling man who
had been a guest in the house of which
the woman is mistress, says the Bangor
News. "She and her good husband
are entitled to the best earth can pro-
duce. They have labored together and
had a variety of experiences in their
forty years of married life.

"Less than a year ago they thought
they had reached the long desired but
usually receding time when men and
women hope to reach when they can sit
down and take their ease. So they
went journeying beyond the sea.

"When they got to Paris the good
wife began lamenting. The splendor
of the shops along the boulevards burst
upon her vision like an unexpected
dream of beauty. Why had they not
visited Paris long ago?

"Now her crochets was furniture, and
you know that French furniture sim-
ply makes a woman stand stiff. This
good woman talked about the furniture
she saw until her fine old husband told
her to go and order what she wanted
and they would have it to enjoy in
the evening of their lives.

"When they got home they told their
neighbors, and the town paper printed
pieces about the Parisian purchase and
the whole village was standing tiptoe
awaiting the coming importation. Only
ten years before they had refurbished
their home out of the factories at
Grand Rapids. All this had to be sac-
rificed. Some of it was sold and some
of it was parcelled out as gifts. Final-
ly the French outfit reached its destina-
tion.

"I was in town while it was being
set up. As an old friend I was in-
vited to see the imported goods and eat
dinner.

"One of the articles was a handsome
dresser. My friends were not content
with having me look at the article,
but I must inspect it. So far as my
friends are concerned, I shall always
regret that I consented, but the in-
spection also caused me to think better
of my mechanical friends in this coun-
try, for I made the discovery by a
trade mark on the bottom of one of
the drawers that the furniture had
been turned out in Grand Rapids,
shipped to France and there sold as
Parisian handiwork.

"As an American I laughed from
my cuff buttons up to my shoulder.
But as Michigan is a pretty big State,
and lots of people go abroad and buy
on the other side, I have no hesitation
in telling the story. I quite agree with
my host, who said: 'Between the cute-
ness of those chaps in Grand Rapids,
and the glibness of a Paris dealer,
the middleman is sure to go up against
it.'"

Porcelain Violins.

A well known manufacturer of mus-
ical instruments in Germany—Max
Freyer—has introduced a process for
making violins from clay. These fid-
dles are of the ordinary pattern, but
are cast in molds, so that each instru-
ment is an exact counterpart of its
fellow. It is said, but it is somewhat
hard to believe, that the porcelain body
acts as a better resonator than one of
wood, and that the tone of the instru-
ment is therefore singularly pure and
full. The same inventor is also making
mandolins of china clay, and it seems
that they are much appreciated in
southern countries where this instru-
ment is regarded more seriously than
it is in Britain. The obvious disadvan-
tage of a musical instrument being
made of china clay is the brittleness
of that material, as well as its weight,
but both these drawbacks seem to
have been forgotten. For some time
we have heard rumors of most excel-
lent violins being made of aluminium,
and this metal, from its extreme light-
ness and other qualities, would seem
to be admirably adapted to such a pur-
pose.—Chambers's Journal.

"They Do Drop Them About."

A curious old faddist is to be met
with in the streets of Birmingham,
who goes about murmuring, "They do
drop them about." "They"—ladies,
and "them"—hairpins, of which the old
gentleman has a fine collection. Between
Five Ways and Broad Street Corner,
a distance of about a mile, as he in-
formed a friend, he had picked up no
fewer than a dozen. As the friend left
him he stooped down and plucked up
another, repeating the while, "They do
drop them about." He has a collec-
tion of about 355 of all sorts and
sizes.—Liverpool Post.

Of the 157 towns in New England
101 manage their schools under the
district system, eighty-one of them
being in Connecticut.

TITLE TO MILLIONS HIS

DUKE OF PORTLAND GETS RICHEST ESTATE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

End of Long Legal Contest—Claims of an
Alleged Illegitimate Son, a Sailor Boy
in Australia, Repudiated by the Court
—Old Duke Had Many Eccentricities.

If William John Arthur Charles
James Cavendish-Bentick sleeps more
soundly than formerly there is good
reason. His right to the title and prop-
erty of the Duke of Portland has been
confirmed by a British tribunal.

The claim of Mrs. Anna Maria Druce
that her son, Sidney George Druce, a
sailor boy in Australia, is the rightful
duke, has been repudiated. William
John and so forth retains famous Wel-
beck Abbey and the title of Marquis of
Titchfield, Earl of Portland, Viscount
Woodstock, Baron Crencester, Knight
of the Garter, etc., not to mention a
trifling income of \$2,000,000 a year
from the dukedom.

The dukedom is one of the proudest
in Great Britain; its estate among the
richest. The present duke succeeded to
the title on the death of the fifth
duke in 1879, and his right was not
questioned until Mrs. Druce appeared
on the scene. Mrs. Druce is the widow
of a legitimate son of Thomas Charles
Druce, a merchant on Baker street,
London. The elder Druce is supposed
to have died in 1864, leaving a will
bequeathing his property to Herbert
Druce, an illegitimate son. Mrs. Druce
brought a suit to have Thomas C.
Druce's estate awarded to her son as
the legitimate heir, but she has just
been defeated in the Probate Court.

In support of her suit Mrs. Druce
set up the remarkable claim that
Thomas C. Druce was really the fifth
duke of Portland, who did not die
until 1879. She asserted that the al-
leged burial of Druce in 1864 was a
fraudulent affair, and that the coffin
was loaded with lead pipe instead of
a corpse. Her explanation of this
double life was as follows:

"The marriage on October 30, 1851,
at New Windsor, Berkshire, between
my late husband's father and mother,
in which the names were recorded as
Thomas Charles Druce and Annie May,
was in reality between the Marquis of
Titchfield, afterward the fifth Duke of
Portland, and the illegitimate daughter
of the fifth Earl of Berkeley.

"The marquis and his brother, Lord
George Bentinck, were both in love
with the same woman, but while the
younger's suit received the approbation
of her father the latter not only dis-
couraged the desire of the eldest son,
but treated him with insult and
referred in very gross terms to a skin
disease from which he suffered. The
climax to the quarrel between the two
brothers was reached September 21,
1848, when Lord George was found
dead near Welbeck Abbey—it was
stated from a spasm of the heart.

Whether this was the true cause of
his death will never be known, but it
is certain that from that time my
husband's father suffered the keenest
remorse and abject fear.

"He took various courses for his pro-
tection, and, adopting the name of
Thomas Charles Druce, transferred
to himself as Duke of Portland.

"You know the manner in which
he undermined Welbeck Abbey with
subterranean apartments. He did pre-
cisely the same thing with the Baker
street bazaar, his desire in each case
being that he might always have ready
a place of refuge.

"Realizing the risk of exposure to
which he was subjecting himself by his
double existence, he determined to
end his life as Druce and caused a
coffin to be buried with his supposed
remains. Even after this his fears
were not quieted. At last he deter-
mined to assume madness, that should
he ever be accused of crime, he might
have the plea of insanity to fall back
upon. Taking the name of Harmer
and conducting himself in the most
extravagant manner, he caused himself
to be placed under the care of Dr.
Forbes Winslow and succeeded entirely
in convincing that gentleman of his
insanity. But after about a year of
incarceration he was permitted to
leave."

There were many peculiar circum-
stances to lend plausibility to this
remarkable tale. It is well known that
the fifth Duke of Portland was an ex-
ceedingly eccentric character, and that
he did honeycomb the grounds about
Welbeck Abbey with great chambers
and long passages. The building in
London occupied by the bazaar of the
elder Druce was also undermined with
a labyrinth of tunnels, whose purpose
was not apparent on casual observa-
tion.

He had a mansion in London, sur-
rounded by a high wall, which shut out
prying eyes, and it was supposed he
went to his town house, but Mrs. Druce
offered another theory. She declared
that when the Duke disappeared from
the splendid abbey he made his way
into the Baker street bazaar through
one of its hidden tunnels and became
transformed for the time being into
the tradesman, Thomas Charles Druce.
After attending to business for a time
the merchant would disappear by way
of his labyrinth, be gone for several
weeks, and then return to resume the
conduct of his affairs, as though he
had been absent only a few hours.

Mrs. Druce made desperate efforts
to have the coffin of the elder Druce
unearthed for examination, staking her
case on the belief that it would be
found to contain a quantity of lead
pipe instead of the remains of a human
body. One would suppose the man
who had inherited the Druce fortune
would have acceded to such a proposi-
tion for the purpose of disposing of the
controversy then and there, but he
sought it at every step, and succeeded

in preventing the exhumation, even
after permission had once been grant-
ed. This seemed to lend color to Mrs.
Druce's charge of a bogus corpse.

Mrs. Druce's lawyers asserted that
Druce had been seen and recognized
after the date of his supposed death.
Another suspicious circumstance was
the fact that the death certificate of
Druce did not bear the signature of a
physician. Nor was there produced
a certificate of the birth of Druce,
which, under the strict registration
laws of England, must exist some-
where if the merchant was a distinct
personality instead of the duke mas-
querading as a shopkeeper.

The fifth Duke of Portland, who
died in 1879, was an exceedingly eccen-
tric character. He succeeded to the
title and vast estates in 1854, and for
a quarter of a century he lived the
life of a recluse, so far as the outside
world knew. He was never seen at
court and did not mingle in society.
Even his lawyers were not allowed per-
sonal interviews with him. He was
supposed to have been a bachelor all
his life, and to have died childless. It
was public rumor that he was a leper,
which may be the foundation of Mrs.
Druce's charge concerning the offensive
skin disease of Lord George. But the
ownership of a large part of London,
and a city rent roll bringing in \$1-
500,000 a year in time led the world
to accept the Duke's eccentricities as a
matter of course.

The Duke had a passion for archi-
tecture, and much of his vast income
was spent on the estate and its build-
ings. It is estimated that he spent
from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 on his
subterranean works alone.

There is a subterranean picture gal-
lery that is larger than any other pri-
vate gallery in England. Among the
other underground halls were a large
riding room, a dining room, a ball
room, a chapel and baths like those
of the Romans.

There is a maze of private tunnels,
through which three persons can walk
abreast. They are comfortably heated
and are lighted like the main tunnel.
All this is a remarkable monument
to human eccentricity, but none of the
late Duke's friends apparently sus-
pected that remorse was gnawing at
his vitals or that he had constructed
the wonderful and splendid labyrinth
as a refuge.

It was the famous Bess of Hardwick
who bought the site and remains of
the old Premonstratensian Abbey of
Welbeck for her son, Sir Charles Cav-
endish. Welbeck Abbey, which had no
abbot for centuries, is in Robin Hood's
land. It stands near the centre of
what was Sherwood Forest, where
Robin and his merry men were wont
to despoil the rich to help the poor.
Welbeck Park, which contains a part
of Sherwood Forest, is one of the finest
woodlands in the Kingdom. The
chief of the oaks is the Greendale. The
legend runs that a huge opening was
made through its trunk, already gap-
ing, in order that the first Duke of
Portland might win his bet that a car-
riage and four might drive through it.
That was in 1724.

The fifth Duke of Portland was Will-
iam John Cavendish Scott Bentinck.
He was born in 1800, succeeded to the
title in 1851 and died in 1879. He was
buried at Kensal Green. His suc-
cessor, the present Duke, was his third
cousin. He was born in 1857, and in
1889 married Winifred, daughter of
Thomas Dalles-Yorke of Louth, one
of the handsomest women in England.
The Bentinck family took to horse
racing 100 years ago, and the present
Duke has revived the stables, which
were neglected by his eccentric prede-
cessor. There are twenty-five farms
in the Duke's domain, and sixty houses
are needed to shelter his people.—Phil-
adelphia Record.

Keeping Time by His Belt.

"I've heard of many strange time-
pieces," said a buyer for a New York
ice company, "but I ran across some-
thing entirely new in that line last
week. I went to a lake back of New-
burg to estimate the ice crop. Among
the men working there was a heavy set
fellow, who was dressed in blanket
clothes. He kept his trousers in place
with a narrow belt, and several times
in the course of the morning I noticed
him tighten it a hole at a time.

"What time is it?" I asked him, for
my watch was not running.

"He glanced at his belt and answered
promptly, '11.30.'"

"Seeing that he had no watch I asked
him how he knew, and he explained
his system of telling time by his belt.
After breakfast, which was eaten at 6
o'clock, the belt was set at the last
hole. Every hour during the morning
he was forced to take it in a hole. He
knew it was thirty minutes after 11 be-
cause he had taken in five holes and
the belt was just beginning to slacken.
After dinner he would let it out again
to the last hole, and it would mark off
the hours during the afternoon. He
said it was as trustworthy as the best
watch he had ever owned, and several
tests proved that he was right."—New
York Tribune.

For Signaling in Fog.

An experiment in marine fog signal-
ing is shortly to be carried out off Egg
Rock, Lynn, England. A large bell is
to be fixed below a buoy, so as to be
rung fifty feet under water. It will be
worked by electricity from the Egg
Rock Light Station, so that the opera-
tor on the island can sound it when re-
quired. The theory of mariners is that
a bell ringing under water is heard at
a much greater distance by sailors out
at sea than when it is rung while sus-
pended in air. At the same time, the
loud ringing will no longer disturb peo-
ple living in the neighborhood.

A Difference.
The woman who would like to be a
great lady usually is insolent; the woman
who is one, isn't.—New York Press.