

ORIENTAL SERENADES.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

The flush has faded from the mountain's brow;
Hearken, Zuleika, to my true-love vow!
The evening's violet tinge folds the vale;
Hearken, Zuleika, to my true-love tale!
There burns the lover's passionate star above;
Hearken, Zuleika, hearken unto love!

Rose of the fair rose garden, O my Rose,
Answer, I pray thee, for my heart's repose!
Dies on the air the last muezzin call,
And hushward now the weary pilgrim goes.

The fountain murmurs; soft the south wind blows;
It is love's hour, as every lover knows;
I cry to thee; cry thou antiphonal,
Rose of the fair rose garden, O my Rose!

—The Criticism.

Told in the Dark

The Old Story, With a Thread of Crime.

THE clock in the hall had chimed 2 a. m., but Janet Kimbolton still lingered by the dying fire in the great, lonely drawing room, absorbed in the memory of a long-dead past.

"Jean!" She started violently. Had she heard it or only dreamed it? Dreamed that stifled, stricken whisper? Only one human being ever called her that, and it was twenty years—

At that moment the electric light was switched off, and a curt, incisive voice came to her out of the darkness.

"Don't scream. You needn't be afraid. I swear not to harm you."

Then Janet Kimbolton realized the situation. She had dreamed it, of course—dreamed that whisper. But she was no coward, though her bravery was of the kind that comes when life has lost its savor, the bravery that fears nothing because it hopes nothing.

"I am not afraid," she answered, composedly, and waited.

For a few moments only the faint tinkle of gems striking against a polished surface broke the stillness, for the man was struggling hard for self-control.

"You are a brave woman," he said at last, with genuine admiration.

"I am not going to take your jewels," he went on, "when I have gone you will find that they are all here."

"Are they—not worth the taking?" she questioned, with a touch of the humor that never deserted her.

"They're worth just about \$10,000," he answered quietly. "That's not much to me. You see, and his voice took on a certain note of pride, "I am the man they call Dandy Dick."

"Oh!" And a little ripple of laughter came to him out of the darkness.

"Then I have the honor of conversing with the most notorious burglar in Christendom—the man who spirits away the jewels of duchesses—the bonds of stockbrokers—the moneybags of banks and the treasures of princes?"

"You have heard of Carshalton, the American; the King of Millionaires, as they call him? Well, I am he."

A sudden horror seized her. Was she shut up alone with a madman, and not a mere burglar, as she had been supposing?

"Oh, I am not mad," he told her, reassuringly, his quick intuition divining her thoughts. "When I am supposed to be in the Rockies, in Russia, in Italy, I'm here, or in Paris, or Vienna, anywhere there happens to be anything worth taking."

"It's dangerous," she hazarded, at a loss what to say in a situation so bizarre.

He laughed jocosely.

"Dangerous? I live for danger. It's the sap of life. If it weren't for that, I should be a respectable citizen tomorrow."

She listened, amused, perplexed, sorry.

"Of course, I have realized before this that you are what the world calls a gentleman. Why, then, do you do this horrible thing?"

His face fell, and his voice took on a humbler tone.

"May I tell you why?"

"Yes," she said, "do. It is all very interesting, and it's a long while since I have been really interested."

"And you're not afraid?" he questioned.

"You have given me your word," she answered with quiet serenity.

"Thank you."

In the darkness she could see the flush that dyed the man's face.

Then she sat down on the cushioned window seat and a ray of moonlight stealing through a crack in the shutters fell upon the silver-gray of her hair.

The man came quite close, and stood looking down at her, then suddenly he bent and touched her arm.

A curious magnetic thrill seemed to pass through her and she leaped to her feet.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "In heaven's name, who are you?"

He stepped swiftly back, and controlling himself by a supreme effort, answered in a dull and measured monotone:

"Dandy Dick, burglar. Francis Carshalton, millionaire."

There was a short silence, then he began to speak.

"I was born too late. I ought to have come into this world 200 years ago, the world of Drake and Frobisher and Raleigh, the world when men lived and dared, not the world of to-day, when they stagnate and exist. The curse of some bygone ancestor was in my blood, the curse of restlessness, of lawlessness, of untamed ambition. From my very babyhood I was a rebel, and rebellion grew on me. I could never be as others were, could never bear the shackles and trammels and the emptiness of civilized life. For

long, long hours I would sit and ponder on a way out. There were things—the exploration of wild and savage lands, for instance, but they were for the rich, and I was poor. So the years dragged by and I tried many things, and my lawlessness grew and grew, and then—"

"Yes?" She leaned forward, forgetful of the hour, the circumstances, of everything but the quiet, monotonous voice, with its ring of absolute truth, the voice that seemed to be giving her kaleidoscopic glimpses of a strong soul, hopelessly hampered; a soul that had somehow lost its way in time and space, and strayed into a wrong century.

"And then—I met a woman and loved her, loved her as such a man would, but I left her. I was an elemental person; she the product of an overripe civilization."

He paused, but she sat silent, spell-bound.

"Finally I took to burglary, because for me it was the one way out. It responded to the two strongest chords in my nature, lawlessness and love of danger. Oh! I don't say it was the best, but it was the second best, and one mostly has to be content with that, I soon became a power, and for twenty years now I have planned and helped to carry out all the most daring robberies that have startled the social worlds of Europe. For the wealth it brings I care nothing—for the danger and excitement, everything. When I am Carshalton, I am bored to death. That gives me the stimulus for devising new schemes. And the end? Well, I have a plan for that, too."

"And the woman?" asked his listener, quietly.

There was a just perceptible pause. Then he said slowly, hesitatingly:

"I don't know. Yet to stay meant inevitably to break her heart. And she was young. I hope, I have always hoped, that she learned to forget. You are a woman—do you think she has forgotten?"

"I pray she may have," said Janet Kimbolton softly. "Yet—women do not forget—easily. I could tell you a tale of a woman who tried hard to forget—for twenty years. But she didn't succeed."

"Tell me," he whispered.

"He had the double curse—ambition and poverty. So he left her. And a week later she came into a fortune. But it was too late. He had gone, why or where she never knew."

"And the end?" queried the burglar huskily.

"There is no end. She is just going on loving him. That is all."

The man turned and moved unsteadily to the door.

"Good-by," he said, "your jewels are there."

As he stepped outside the street door he turned and taking her hand reverently in his, kissed it. At the same moment a ray of moonlight fell across his face.

"Dick?"

He dropped her hand and fled down the broad, shallow steps.

"Too late!" he groaned. "Good-by, little Jean, good-by!"

"Come back! Come back!" she sobbed, stretching out her arms to him.

He turned a white and haggard face to her.

"I can't."

The words floated back to her in a stifled cry as he fled through the square.

And she understood. He had gone back to his life. She must go back to hers.—New York News.

British Columbia.

A few months ago, the Provincial Government placed an export duty on logs sent from British Columbia to the United States; this applies only to logs cut from Government lands. Lands in the hands of private owners, or crown-granted lands, are not affected by this regulation. Nevertheless, the placing of this export duty on logs has increased the number of mills here very considerably, especially shingle mills. One mill cuts 1,250,000 shingles daily. These are red cedar shingles, and a large portion of the output is shipped to the United States. One of the lumber mills has orders booked that will take eighteen months to fill. There is a great lack of men; 5000 or 6000 men could find employment in the lumber and shingle mills and in the logging camps. The wages are probably lower and the cost of living higher than in the adjoining State of Washington; still, if men are accustomed to lumbering work are out of employment, there is little doubt they can find it here. Of course, there is a contract-labor law, as in the United States, and it will be impossible for men to make contracts in advance; but no doubt competent lumbermen, able to handle mill machinery or to do good work in the woods, can find employment. The destruction of timber in Washington and Oregon by recent fires causes the British Columbians to hope that they may find a larger market than heretofore for their timber in the States, notwithstanding the export duty.

His Glance Was Unfortunate.

A story is told of a certain English clergyman who had for his curate a tall, cadaverous looking individual. One Sunday, according to custom, the vicar made an appeal for the curate's stipend fund, but, unfortunately glanced over at his co-worker as he concluded with these words: "The collection will now be taken for that object."

How to Button Your Coat.

Most people start buttoning their coats from the top, which is quite the wrong way, and must more or less pull the coat out of shape. The majority of women, too, don't know that a new coat should always be worn buttoned the first few times of wearing, so that the collar may "set" properly.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

The main reason why railroads are abandoning the use of oil as a dust preventive on their roadbeds appears to be that the roads are now using better ballast that is comparatively dustless. Moreover, many passengers have complained of the bits of greasy mud that have fallen into the cars from oiled roadbeds.

A summary of the views of electricity derived from the latest experiments and discoveries has been published in the London Electrician. It agrees with the earliest experimenters' theory that electricity is a part of matter, and considers the electron, or electric unit, as a chip from an atom of elementary substance.

Professor E. J. McWeeney, of Dublin, recently demonstrated the distribution of bacteria. He selected microorganisms not normally present in the Dublin air, and scattered them with a spray over a refuse heap. He then placed culture dishes to windward 800 feet away, and some of them sixty feet in the air. After three hours he found that bacteria had been carried on floating particles of dust to every one of the dishes.

Electricity is now being used after the manner of the diving rod to discover metallic veins underground. According to some particulars given in an American technical paper, wires are run across the land which is to be surveyed, and the resistance between contacts placed at the ends of the wires is measured. A fall of resistance indicates proximity to a vein. On a certain occasion, it is stated, a resistance of 54,000 ohms fell to 56 ohms, and there was found beneath a rich vein of copper.

The streets, yards and parks of New York, on both sides of the East River, contain many alicantus trees, which were first brought from China in the last century. But although this tree is a familiar object to New Yorkers, it contains something which very few recognize, namely, Chinese silkworms. Their cocoons in the winter time resemble strings with stones tied to them hanging from the branches. "Many years ago," says Professor V. E. D. Scott, of Princeton, "an insect collector named Akhurst, received from a friend in China some cocoons of this species of silkworm. He kept them in his room, but when they hatched out several moths escaped, and they attached themselves to the alicantus trees, because they felt at home there, and now this silkworm is as common in New York and Brooklyn as in its native environment."

Montana's Lost Cabin.

A Frenchman came into Helena, Mont., many years ago, bringing with him thousands of dollars' worth of gold dust. He told his friends that he had found some placer ground richer than any ever worked. The dust he brought down had all been panned out. With sluice-boxes thousands of dollars could be washed out in a day. Of course this news created the greatest excitement. His friends prepared to accompany him back, but ere the day for their departure arrived the Frenchman was taken ill and died. Just before his death he managed to gasp:

"Blackfoot country, two small lakes, cabin between them I built."

Now this information was very indefinite. There are two Blackfoot countries. One is the great expanse of forest in which rise the Big Blackfoot River and its tributaries; the other was, in those days, the eastern slope of the Rockies, from the Missouri to the Saskatchewan. The miners wondered which one he meant. Party after party was organized to search for the Lost Cabin Mine. Both countries have been explored again and again. Year after year has gone by and parties are still searching for it, undaunted by the failure of their predecessors, hoping ever that the morrow will reveal to them two little lakes nestling in the depths of the forest, and, between, a rude little cabin, long since in ruins, perhaps, but still the evidence of untold wealth.

Switzerland's Tourist Trade.

One of the chief industries of Switzerland is the care of pleasure seekers. There are 1271 hotels devoted exclusively to strangers, with 92,333 beds. Twenty of these hotels have more than 200 beds, 380 have between fifty and 100, 540 from twenty to fifty. Lucerne has 4075 beds, Interlachen 4149, Geneva 3439, Davos 2816, Rigi 2034, Zermatt 1253, etc. Counting the smaller and more modest hotels, there are 1896 places for strangers in addition to the 1271 larger hotels, with 104,876 beds. The capital invested is over \$10,000,000. The hotels employ 27,000 persons. In 1899, the year of the latest report, there were 2,559,000 arrivals registered at these hotels, which corresponded to between 200,000 and 400,000 tourists. It is estimated that thirty-four per cent. were Germans, twenty per cent. Swiss, seventeen per cent. English, eleven per cent. French and eighteen per cent. of various other nations.—New York Commercial.

Unique Motors.

A novel type of storage-battery car, which in English tests has run 100 miles on a single charge, has motors that, when traveling down hill, are reversed and become generators for restoring the battery charge. An interesting feature of this change of motors into generators is a braking effect that is usually sufficient to check the car's speed without applying the mechanical brakes.

FLOWERS AND HONEY BEES.

New Discoveries in Regard to the Relation of Insects and Plant Life.

Careful study has revealed the fact that the relation between flowers and bees is more complicated than was ever believed. The eating or gathering of honey is not peculiar to the bee alone, but is indulged in by wasps, hornets, flies, ants, hummingbirds, and other animal species. Probably all of these carry pollen from one blossom to another and bring about the fertilization so needful to the perpetuation of plant life.

The short-billed hummingbirds are found to carry way pollen upon the feathers of the head, while bumblebees and several species of hornets often rival the honey bee in the completeness wherewith they rub off pollen from every flower.

Recent investigations seem to indicate that the production of honey is not natural to flowers, but is the result of a pathologic process based on the action of an animal ferment introduced into the base of the petal from the saliva or other secretion of a bee. The sap of the petal contains a very small amount of sugar, but larger quantities of soluble and insoluble starch. A slight scratch or perforation will cause an exudation of this sap, which is not particularly sweet and not at all like honey. But if to this sap be added a ferment, such as ptyalin or yeast, the starch and it may be a small amount of cellulose are converted into glucose and a saccharine fluid is the result.

The fact seems to be utilized by the honey bee. On entering a flower he apparently scratches or abrades the base of the petals near the sap vessels, moistens the raw surface with saliva or other secretion, gathers honey, and flies on to the next flower. In the ensuing twenty-four hours a globe of sap forms on each abrasion in which the starchy elements have undergone a fermentation into sugar.

The flavor of the honey depends partly on the flower and partly on the ferment.

It is the latter which causes all honey to taste more or less alike, and which prevents the Western manufacturers from making a good artificial honey out of glucose. They can imitate the color, consistence and even the floral flavor perfectly, but the so-called honey davor has never yet been obtained.

WISE WORDS.

A lost opportunity seldom finds its way back.

To impart happiness is to increase your supply of it.

It is better to be a good imitator than a poor originator.

Life is worth living a great deal better than most of us live it.

Anything you get for nothing usually is not worth that much.

By pinching off many buds a few very large flowers are obtained.

Ragged ground and tattered garments are both sowed in patches.

If you want to live long,—don't try to live more than one day at a time.

The laws of society prevent men at both extremes from showing what they really are.

Because a thing is extremely disagreeable does not prove that it is good for us, although many people would have it so.

Truth is always a constant factor. The grass may wither and the flower fall from its stem, but God's word remains the same.

It is well to remember in our judgment of others that many persons who have become the lowest perhaps started out with the best intentions.

When we underestimate the strength of an antagonist we are very apt to be defeated. When we overestimate his strength we defeat ourselves.

Be slow in choosing a friend, and slower to change him; courteous to all; intimate with few; slight no man for his poverty, nor esteem any one for his wealth.

All who truly desire and seek it may love God with all their heart and soul, mind and strength, and their neighbors as themselves—this is entire sanctification.

Never give in to growing old, and you have the secret of keeping young. Hold on to your activities and to your enthusiasm. Work keeps one young. Work with hand and heart and brain. Youth is filled with hope, with faith in self and in human kind, therefore he who would be young must keep the spirit fresh.

An act of kindness, a word of sympathy, may render the whole line of life different from what it would otherwise have been. There are crises in many a life when the course it shall take for weal or for woe depends upon a slight influence—almost a single word. How careful, then, should we be that our influence may at all times be in the right direction!

History Repeated.

In the latest Australian mining news, says the London Daily Chronicle, there is an account of the discovery of a valuable golden reef in a curious fashion. A dog out walking with his master, a farmer, chased and caught a kangaroo. In the struggle the ground got torn up, and when the farmer arrived on the scene his eye detected some exposed specimens of golden quartz. Further search revealed a rich reef, and the farmer's bank balance has been considerably increased by his dog's fight with the kangaroo. Thirty years ago a long productive Australian gold field was discovered through a short-tempered settler seizing the nearest stone and throwing it at his dog. Returning good for evil the dog brought the stone back to its master in its mouth. The man looked at it. It was a lump of quartz thickly studded with gold.

The Funny Side of Life.

Point of View.

When a fellow has spent his last red cent,
The world looks blue—you bet!
But—give him a dollar
And you'll hear him holler:
"There's life in the old land yet!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

Precious.

Mrs. Knicker—"Mrs. Smith seems very proud of her diamonds."
Mrs. Bocker—"Yes, she refers to them as her white coals."—New York Sun.

Worth While.

She—"I should like to know what good your college education did you?"
He—"Well, it taught me to owe a lot of money without being annoyed by it."—Life.

The Influence.

Jerry—"How do good clothes make a man a gentleman?"
Joe—"They make him feel as if he was expected to act like one."—Detroit Free Press.

A Promoter of Pedestrianism.

"So you are going to get an automobile!"
"Yes," answered the man who is always thinking of his health. "The doctor says I must walk more."

A Conclusive Objection.

"Poverty is no disgrace," said the young woman with ideas of her own.
"No," said Mrs. Cumrox; "it's no disgrace. But it certainly is extremely unfashionable."—Washington Star.

Softened Grief.

Wilson—"I lost that fine silk umbrella that I carried in town to-day."
Mrs. Wilson—"Oh, what a pity!"
Wilson—"There is one consolation. It wasn't mine."—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Another Advance.

She—"So you think the necessities of life are constantly advancing in price?"
For instance?"
He—"Well, the average fine for 'auto-speeding' has advanced from \$10 to \$30 within a year."—Puck.

Correcting Him.

Gableton (effusively)—"Why, hello, Grimshaw! Glad to see you're back."
Grimshaw (coldly)—"This is my face you are looking at, Gableton."—New York Journal.

No Cause For Him to Complain.

"See here," remarked the guest to the new waiter, "there doesn't seem to be any soup on this menu card."

"Oh, no, sir," replied the waiter, nervously. "I didn't spill it at this table—it was the one on the other side of the room."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Satiric.

"Don't you think that some people in society are very deficient in manners?" said the man who had been annoyed by a box party.

"Perhaps," answered Miss Cayenne; "but possibly they are not to blame. They have to meet so many customs house inspectors, you know."—Washington Star.

As She Reasoned It.

"It is but natural," said Mrs. Van Scadders, "that those who possess wealth should consider themselves the best people."

"I don't quite follow you?"
"It is an axiom that everything is for the best."

"Yes."
"And the people with money are the only ones who have a chance to get everything."—Washington Star.

A Cheerful Soul.

"Hanks always looks on the bright side of everything. Do you know what he said when he lost his job the other day?"

"I haven't heard."
"He seemed to be quite cheerful over it. 'You see,' he explained, 'I applied for a raise of salary nearly six months ago and didn't get it. Think of how much more I would have to lose if they'd given me the increase.'"

Chicago Record-Herald.

He Dropped the Subject.

He was talking to the pessimistic, sharp-tongued damsel.
"Have you noticed," he asked, "that, as a general thing, bachelors are wealthier than married men?"

"I have," she replied.
"How do you account for it?" he inquired.

"The poor man marries and the rich one doesn't," she answered. "A man is much more disposed to divide nothing with a woman than he is to divide something."—Chicago Post.

HOLLOW BUILDING BLOCKS.

A Saving of One-third the Material Hereafter Used.

A house of artificial stone blocks, two-thirds of which are material and the rest hollow, will soon be built in New Orleans, says the New York Evening Post. The mould in which the blocks are built is a simple contrivance. It consists of a foundation provided with three rectangular columns, that may be elevated, whose dimensions are those of the cavities in the blocks; to the foundation of the mould are hinged its ends and sides, which let it down. When the ends and sides of the mould are in position, it is merely a box; a plate is let down upon the bottom of the mould; then the columns at the bottom of the mould are elevated through openings in the plate. The mould is then in readiness to receive the mixture of sand and Portland cement, which is shoveled into the mould, filling the entire space surrounding the elevated columns. It is tamped with great force. After the tamping process, the sides and ends of the mould are let down, the columns are depressed, and the plate on which the materials were poured is lifted out, with the manufactured block resting upon it. The blocks are put out in the air, and in the course of a week they are ready to be used for building. They should not be subjected to too great heat from the sun, and it is necessary to moisten them each day. The great simplicity of the process lies in the fact that sand is absolutely incompressible, and tamping secures as complete results as are obtained from the pressing of clay in making the finer qualities of bricks, and with very much smaller expenditure of labor. The sand and cement are moistened while being mixed.

Cost of Congested Crossings.

Allowing for each of these congested crossings a loss of five seconds owing to the blocking of vehicles and the jam of pedestrians on the cross walks, there is a loss of 6,925,000 seconds, or a little more than 192 days of ten hours each, says the Chicago Tribune. This, in the working year of 300 days, would mean the aggregate loss for one person of more than 100 years, or, to the social body, the wearing out of nearly three lives a year in standing waiting for a clear crossing down town.

Reducing the time to money, the results are even more startling. In these throngs that wait for the opening of the crossings are men who are earning hundreds of thousands a year. Women and children who are not producers are among them in vast numbers, but so are the clerk, the bookkeeper, the general utility man, all of whom make salaries above the normal. Counting the average of time that goes to waste as worth \$1000 a year, down town Chicago every day spends \$850 waiting on closed crossings, to say nothing of the appointments and trains and business opportunities that are missed by reason of the delays.

Importance of the Comma.

Lately in a small town in Germany the school inspector arrived on his tour of inspection too soon after his last visit to please the Mayor, who was asked to accompany him.

"I should like to know why this ass has come again so soon?" muttered the Mayor to himself, as he put on his hat. The inspector overheard the remark, but pretended to ignore it, and was soon busy examining the pupils in punctuation. The Mayor told him: "We don't trouble about commas and such like here."

The inspector told one of the pupils to write on the blackboard, "The Mayor of Ritzelbuttel says the inspector is an ass."

"Now," he added, "put a comma after Ritzelbuttel and another after inspector."

The pupil did so, and it is believed that the Mayor has altered his opinion as to the value of commas.

Traps a Condor in Tyrol.

Last summer, according to the Taegliche Rundschau, a Tyrolean shepherd repeatedly saw two large birds of unknown species hovering over his flock. Then he missed a sheep, then another, and in