OLD TIME FAVORITES

THE HAUNTED PALACE.

By EDGAR ALLAN POE.

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—rears its head.
In the monarch thought's dominion,
It stood there;
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago),
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wing-ed odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tun-ed law,
Round about a throne where, sitting,
Porphyrogene,
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore
A troop of echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travelers now within that valley
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

The Longest Way Home.

BY NORMAN DUNCAN.

"IT was a very narrow escape," said the doctor.

"Crossing the harbor?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said he, with a laugh, then gravely, "it was my narrowest escape."

"Tell me the story," said I, much interested.

It was a quiet evening—twilight—with the harbor water unruffled, and the colors of the afterglow fast fading from the sky. We were sitting by the surgery door, watching the fishing boats come in from the sea, and our talk had been of the common dangers of that life.

"Do you see the little cottage on the other side—back of the church and to the left?" said the doctor.

"Under the big rock?" said I. "With the little garden in front and the lad going up the path?"

"Aye," said the doctor. "Some years ago, when that sturdy little lad was a toddler in pinafores he was taken suddenly ill. It was a warm day in the spring of the year. The ice was still in the harbor, locked in by the rocks at the narrows, though the snow had all melted from the hills, and green things were shooting from the earth in the gardens. The weather had been fine for a week. Day by day the harbor ice had grown more unsafe, until, when Tommy, the lad you saw on the path, was taken ill, only the daring ventured to cross upon it.

"Tommy's father came rushing into the surgery in a pitiable state of grief and fright. I knew when I first caught sight of his face that the child was ill.

"'Doctor,' said he, 'my little lad's wonderful sick. Come quick!'

"'Can we cross by the ice?' I said.

"'I've come that way,' said he, ''Tis safe enough t' risk. Make haste, doctor, sir! Make haste!'

"'Lead the way!' said I.

"He led so cleverly that we crossed without once sounding the ice. It was a zigzag way—a long, winding course—and I knew the day after, though I was too intent upon the matter in hand to perceive it at the moment, that only his experience and acquaintance with the condition of the ice made the passage possible. After midnight, when my situation was one of extreme peril, I realized that the way had been neither safe for me, who followed, nor easy for the man who led.

"'My boy is dying, doctor!' said the mother, when we entered the house. 'Oh, save him!'

"My sympathy for the child and his parents—they loved that lad—no less than a certain professional interest which takes hold of a young physician in such cases, kept me at Tommy's bedside until long, long after dark. I need not have stayed so long—ought not to have stayed—for the lad was safe and out of pain, but in this faraway place a man must be both nurse and doctor, and there I found myself, at 11 o'clock of a dark night, worn out, and anxious only to reach my bed by the shortest way.

"'I thinks, sir,' said Tommy's father, when I made ready to go, 'that I wouldn't go back by the ice.'

"'O, nonsense,' said I. 'We came over without any trouble, and I'll find my way back, never fear.'

"'I wisht you'd stay here the night,' said the mother. 'If you'll bide, sir, we'll make you comfortable.'

"'No, no,' said I. 'I must get to my own bed.'

"'If you'll not go round by the shore, sir,' said the man, 'leave me pilot you across.'

"'Stay with your lad,' said I, somewhat testily. 'I'll cross by the ice.'

"''Twill be the longest way home the night,' said he.

"When a man is sleepy and worn out he can be strangely perverse. I would have my own way, and, to my cost, I was permitted to take it. Tommy's father led me to the landing stage, put a gaff in my hand and warned me to be careful—warned me particularly not to take a step without sounding the ice ahead with my gaff, and he brought the little lesson to an end with a wistful, 'I wisht you wouldn't risk it.'

"The tone of his voice, the earnestness and warm feeling with which he spoke, gave me pause. I hesitated, but the light in my surgery window, shining so near at hand, gave me a vision of clean and comfortable rest, and I put the momentary indecision away from me.

"'It is a quarter of a mile to my surgery by the ice,' I said, 'and it is four miles round the harbor by the road. I'm going the shortest way.'

"'You'll find it the longest, sir,' said he.

"I repeated my directions as to the treatment of Tommy, then gave the man good night, and stepped out on the ice, gaff in hand. The three hours following were charged with more terror and despair than, doubtless, any year of my life to come shall know. I am not morbidly afraid of death. It was not that—not the simple, natural fear of death that made me suffer. It was the manner of its coming—in the night, with the harbor folk, all ignorant of my extremity, peacefully sleeping around me—the slow, cruel approach of it, closing in upon every hand, lying all about me, and hidden from me by the night."

The doctor paused. He looked over the quiet water of the harbor.

"Yes," he said, repeating the short, nervous laugh, "it was a narrow escape. The sun of the afternoon—it had shone hot and bright—had weakened the ice, and a strong, gusty wind, such a wind as breaks up the ice every spring, was blowing down the harbor to the sea. It had overcast the sky with thick clouds. The night was dark. Nothing more of the opposite shore than the vaguest outline of the hills—a blacker shadow in a black sky—was to be seen.

"But I had the lamp in the surgery window to guide me, and I pushed out from the shore, resolute and hopeful. I made constant use of my gaff to sound the ice. Without it I should have been lost before I had gone twenty yards. From time to time, in rotten places, it broke through the ice with but slight pressure, then I had to turn to right or left, as seemed best, keeping to the general direction as well as I could all the while.

"As I proceeded, treading lightly and cautiously, I was dismayed to find that the condition of the ice was worse than the worst I had feared.

"'Ah,' thought I, with a wistful glance toward the light in the window, 'I'll be glad enough to get there.'

"There were lakes of open water in my path; there were flooded patches, sheets of thin, rubbery ice, stretches of rotten 'slob.' I was not even sure that a solid path to my surgery wound through these dangers, and if path there were it was a puzzling maze, strewn with pitfalls, with death waiting upon a mis-step.

"Had it been broad day my situation would have been serious enough. In the night, with the treacherous places all covered up and hidden it was desperate. I determined to return, but I was quite as unfamiliar with the lay of the ice behind as with the path ahead. A moment of thought persuaded me that the best plan was the boldest—to push on for the light in the window. I should have, at least, a star to guide me.

"'I have not far to go,' I thought. 'I must proceed with confidence and a common-sense sort of caution. Above all, I must not lose my nerve.'

"It was easy to make the resolve; it was hard to carry it out. When I was searching for solid ice and my gaff splashed water, when the ice offered no more resistance to my gaff than a similar mass of sea foam, when my foothold bent and cracked beneath me, when, upon either side, lay open water and a narrowing, uncertain path lay ahead, my nerve was sorely tried.

"At times, overcome by the peril I could not see, I stopped dead and trembled. I feared to strike my gaff, feared to set my foot down, feared to quit the square foot of solid ice upon which I stood. Had it not been for the high wind—high and fast rising to a gale—I should have sat down and waited for the morning. But there were ominous sounds abroad, and, although I knew little about the ways of ice, I felt that the break-up would come before the dawn. There was nothing for it but to go on.

"And on I went, but at last—the mischance was inevitable—my step was badly chosen. My foot broke through, and I found myself of a sudden sinking. I threw myself forward and fell with my arms spread out; thus I distributed my weight over a wider area of ice and was borne up.

"For a time I was incapable of moving a muscle; the surprise, the rush of terror, the shock of the fall, the sudden relief of finding myself safe for the moment had stunned me. So I lay still, hugging the ice, for how long I cannot tell, but I know that when I recovered my self-possession my first thought was that the light was still burning in the surgery window—an immeasurable distance away. I must reach that light, I knew, but it was a long time before I had the courage to move forward.

"Then I managed to get the gaff under my chest, so that I could throw some part of my weight upon it, and began to crawl. The progress was inch by inch—slow and toilsome, with no moment of security to lighten it. I was keenly aware of my danger; at any moment, as I knew, the ice might open and let me in.

"I had gained fifty yards or more, and had come to a broad lake, which I must round, when the light in the window went out.

"'Elizabeth has given me up for the night,' I thought in despair. 'She has blown out the light and gone to bed.'

"There was now no point of light to mark my goal. It was very dark, and in a few minutes I was lost. I had the wind to guide me, it is true, but I soon mistrusted the wind. It was veering, it had veered, I thought; it was not possible for me to trust it implicitly. In whatever direction I set my face I fancied that the open sea lay that way.

"Again and again I started, but upon each occasion I had no sooner begun to crawl than I fancied that I had mischosen the way. Of course I cried for help, but the wind swept my frantic screams away, and no man heard them. The moaning and swish of the gale, as it ran past the cottages, drowned my cries. The sleepers were not alarmed.

"Meanwhile that same wind was breaking up the ice. I could hear the cracking and grinding long before I felt the motion of the pan upon which I lay. But at last I did feel that mass of ice turn and gently heave, and then I gave myself up for lost.

"'Doctor! Doctor!'

"The voice came from far to windward. The wind caught my answering shout and carried it out to sea.

"'They will not hear me,' I thought. 'They will not come to help me.'

"The light shone out from the surgery window again. Then lights appeared in the neighboring houses and passed from room to room. There had been an alarm. But my pan was breaking up! Would they find me in time? Would they find me at all?

"Lanterns were now gleaming on the rocks back of my wharf. Half a dozen men were coming down on the run, bounding from rock to rock of the path. By the light of the lanterns I saw them lauch a boat on the ice and drag it out toward me. From the edge of the shore ice they let it slip into the water, pushed off and came slowly through the opening lanes of water, calling my name at intervals.

"The ice was fast breaking and moving out. When they caught my hail they were not long about pushing the boat to where I lay. Nor, you may be sure, was I long about getting aboard."

"Doctor," said I, "how did they know that you were in distress?"

"Oh," said the doctor, "it was Tommy's father. He was worried, and walked around by the shore. When he found that I was not home he roused the neighbors."

"As the proverb runs," said I, "the longest way round is sometimes the shortest way home."

"Yes," said the doctor, "I chose the longest way."—Youth's Companion.

To Arrest Fire in Ships' Holds.

F. W. Goding, United States Consul at Newcastle, England, describes an apparatus for arresting fire in ships' holds as follows: "The apparatus consists of a fairly watertight wooden box or trough, built on the floor of each hold at the lowest point, and as near the centre between the bulkheads as is convenient (in coal bunkers, at the bottom toward one side), and a small pipe leading from the deck to this trough. In coal ships the thermometer tube may serve for the purpose, and when the ship is carrying a general cargo the tube may remain a permanent fixture. The trough is filled with a few tons of a material about one-half as bulky as coal. This, with some gallons of an easily stored liquid, comprises the entire outfit. The entire cost of fitting a ship with apparatus sufficient for charging the hold six times is estimated at $100. As the material does not deteriorate with age or exposure to the action of salt water, it may be carried for years, yet is always ready for use in case of emergency."

The Next Oldest Man.

If the Russian claim is true Manuel del Valle must rank second in point of age, because he is only 157 years old. He lives in Melno Park, a suburb of San Francisco. According to his birth certificate, he was born of Spanish parents in Zacatecas, Mex., on November 24, 1745. He is very frail, weighing but ninety pounds, and standing less than five feet high, but he can still walk without support of a cane. For a hundred years he has never used tobacco in any form or drunk alcoholic liquors. He says he has never wet his feet or been out in a frost. From 1814 to 1845 he was a supernumary in the Franciscan Mission at San Quentin, Lower California. In the latter year he came to San Francisco, where he has since lived.

Working Under Difficulties.

While building part of the new Siberian railway the men had often to carry their food with them, and sometimes had to be lowered in baskets in order to prepare the track. In draining a bog sixty miles wide, both engineers and men had for some time to live in huts built on piles, which could be approached only in boats. Mosquitoes were so plentiful that the workmen had to wear masks, of which 4000 were bought for the purpose.

TATTOOING REMOVABLE.

Secret of Destroying Skin Blemishes Discovered by a Japanese.

A man named Seikichi Kayene, a native of Mito, who died a few years ago, is said to have invented a new method of removing stains or tattoo marks on or under the skin. The invention was the fruit of about thirty years' experimenting carried out amid indescribable hardship and privations. How the man came to conceive his queer idea we are not informed. It is certain that it absorbed his whole energies and cost him whatever property he had formerly possessed. And he did not live to enjoy the fruit of his alleged invention, for when he died, in 1898, he was not even enjoying the ordinary comforts of life.

The fact was he had no qualifications to undertake his self-assigned task. He had zeal and nothing more to assist him. The consequence was his experiments and researches were apparently devoid of system, much less of science. He appears to have gone upon the idea of simply trying one material after another at random. All his materials appear to have been such things as roots and barks of trees and shrubs. He even made use of animals—much more offensive in character than his tree preparations. It is now reported that he did somehow succeed in hitting upon an efficacious compound which could entirely remove any spots in the skin, either natural or artificial. The explanation is that the compost possesses an extraordinary power of absorbing pigments and at the same time of contracting the blood vessels of the part treated. Stains originating from the presence of colored matter can thus be removed, it is reported, without leaving any trace. A rose-colored spot produced by any swelling of blood vessels is harder to remove, but the contraction of the blood vessels considerably modifies the color.

The compound when plastered over the part affected produces a sort of crust over the skin, and this crust assumes a dark bluish color. The crust comes off by itself in about two weeks, and stains which had formerly existed under the skin are found to have disappeared, provided they have not been of an excessively obstinate character.

The cases of successful removal of skin blemishes which have been reported are all effected through the agency of one Ohishi, who had obtained from the inventor a vial of his compound on his deathbed. The secret of the constituents of the preparation was disclosed by the dying man, and Mr. Ohishi is now the sole possessor of the formula, and practices his strange surgery at his house in Futobocho, Honjo, Tokio.

This note is taken from the Osaka Mainichi, where a much longer account is given of the circumstances of this strange invention. Had it appeared in a less reliable journal we should hardly have taken the trouble of noticing it here.—Japan Times.

A Hero Destined to Be Unsung.

Thomas Kelly, who rode a mile on horseback to give an alarm of fire which saved the village of Luxembourg from destruction, is a hero who is apt to be cheated out of his just rewards on account of his name. He has already been likened to Paul Revere, and, like that gallant rider, he deserves to be made famous in verse, but in the first place there is no Longfellow to celebrate his deed in heroic metre, and then minor poets would find it most difficult to construct rhymes for "Kelly." If Revere had been named Kelly instead of his own euphonious patronymic, he would have been comparatively unknown. It would not sound a bit heroic to say, "Listen, my children, and I will tell 'ee, the midnight ride of Thomas Kelly." Or, if we attempted to describe the manner of his riding, we should have to say something profane or anatomical, which might be embarrassing. We are sorry for Mr. Kelly, but if he wants a poem written about his exploit he will have to petition the Legislature to change his name.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Called Down Kitchener.

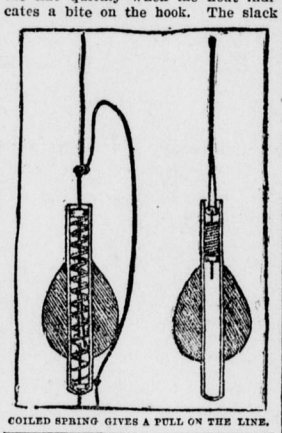
Lord Kitchener is celebrated for his stern and exacting manner, and his subordinates are apt to shake in their boots when "K. of K." comes along inspecting their work. But on one occasion even the redoubtable conquerer of the Soudan met his match and proved the fine quality of his nature by acknowledging the fact. It was in the days when the railway was being driven across the desert to Khartoum. A young Canadian engineer was in charge of the work, which was progressing satisfactorily, when one morning the Sirdar (as Kitchener then was) appeared on the scene and expressed his disapproval of certain features of the work with his usual scathing brevity. The young officer listened until his chief had finished and then quietly inquired: "Am I bossing this railway, sir, or are you?" Kitchener looked at him, recognized the breed as one after his own heart, nodded approval and then went away.—London Tatler.

Assouan's Barrage.

The face of the country around Assouan, in the neighborhood of the great barrage, has undergone a complete metamorphosis during the past few months. All depots, dwellings and other buildings in connection with the construction of the great barrage are submerged, and the Cairo correspondent of the Yorkshire Observer states that the river flows in its new bed a mile wide, with the hills for its banks and only the tops of the palm trees just visible. Outside the barrage area the depth of the river is about thirteen feet, and inside about seventy feet. The water rushing through the barrage channels is a splendid spectacle.

SELF-STRIKING FISHING-FLOAT.

There has always been one objection to fishing with the aid of the float or bob which keeps the bait suspended at a certain height in the water, and that is the inability of the fisherman to pull the line quickly when the float indicates a bite on the hook. The slack



COILED SPRING GIVES A PULL ON THE LINE.

line sinks into the water, and when a pull is given on the pole the line draws the float under the surface and gives the fish more play, instead of immediately giving the hook a jerk to secure the fish. This objection is now overcome by the self-striking fishing-float which we show herewith, the invention of Christopher Hymers. The mechanism consists of a spiral spring located inside the float, with means for attaching the line at the lower end and a trigger device which permits the spring to suddenly expand when a pull is given on the hook. To set the device it is only necessary to give a pull on the line below the float just before the hook is dropped into the water. The line and float can be handled exactly as if there was no spring device attached, as the pull from the top is directly through the centre of the float, and the strike is only operated by the action of the fish taking the hook.

UTILIZES THE BATH-TUB.

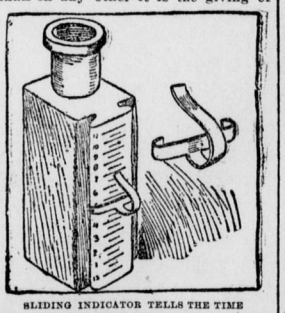
There is no denying the fact that vapor baths are a benefit, both to the pores of the skin and to the body itself, as medicinal vapors can by this means be absorbed and various ills cured without the aid of internally administered liquids or powders. The peculiar advantage of the vapor bath apparatus which we illustrate herewith lies in the fact that it is intended for use in connection with the bath tub, thus

TAKING A VAPOR BATH IN THE TUB.

occupying less space and being easier to manipulate than the special vapor bath cabinets. The device consists of a curtain arranged after the manner of a window shade, with a wire frame to attach it to the end of the tub. The loose end of the curtain has a central slit extending down far enough to permit the insertion of the head, and is fitted with clamps to secure it to the end of the tub opposite the spring roller. The bather sits in a woven basket suspended inside the tub, and the vapor is produced from the burning of medicated oils or by vaporizing water, if a plain steam bath is to be taken. Provision is made for holding the curtain unrolled while it is drying, the pawl and ratchet device for this purpose acting exactly the same as on a curtain, and the spring in the roller is made to hold the cover tightly against the edges of the tub while the bath is being taken, to prevent the escape of the vapor. H. G. Batchelder is the inventor.

BOTTLE FOR MEASURING LIQUIDS.

If there is any particular duty in life in which more care should be exercised than in any other it is the giving of

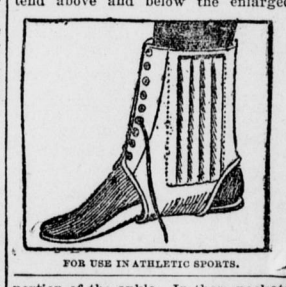


SLIDING INDICATOR TELLS THE TIME

medicine to the sick, and numerous instances are on record where lives have been forfeited as a penalty for negligence or thoughtlessness on the part of the person left in charge of the patient. The inventor who produces some device which shall aid in securing accuracy and careful attention to detail in ministering to the wants of the sick is to be commended, and the simpler the invention the greater demand there will be for it. It is but a small thing that we show in the accompanying illustration, but there can be no doubt as to its practicability for the purpose of indicating when the next dose of medicine is to be taken, and it might also serve as a measuring device when no other vessel or spoon is at hand for this work. As will be seen, a groove is formed on either edge of the face of the bottle, and lapped into this groove are the ends of a sliding bar of resilient metal, with a tongue projecting above it to engage horizontal graduations on the bottle. These lines are numbered to correspond with the full, half and quarter hours from 12 to 11.45 o'clock, and one has but to set the tongue in the proper line to show without any question at what time the next dose of the medicine should be taken, while to make use of it as a measure it is only necessary to read the height of the liquid in relation to the graduations and pour it out until the top line has been lowered the proper distance. C. W. McShane is the inventor.

ANKLE-PROTECTOR AND ARCH SUPPORT.

With the great attention paid to athletic sports by the people of this country the manufacture of appliances for protecting various parts of the body from injury and for strengthening weak muscles has come to be an important industry. The device pictured here has been designed by Benjamin Nathan for the protection of the ankle in athletic sports in which there is liability of strain, or where the instep needs special support. The device consists of a heavy leather arch support, shaped to fit the sole of the foot, with a flexible cloth ankle brace adapted to lace up in front and having vertical pockets arranged in either side to extend above and below the enlarged



FOR USE IN ATHLETIC SPORTS.

portion of the ankle. In these pockets are inserted strips of whalebone or other flexible material, which bind and protect the bones without causing friction or abrasion, and at the same time are adapted by their flexibility to permit full mobility of the ankle. The arch support also prevents the tendency of the foot to flatten as the weight is placed upon it, and it is claimed that the combination of the two members will strengthen and protect the weak parts of the foot without in any way hampering its free movement.

LATEST THING IN SPECTACLES.

Many people who might prefer to wear nose glasses, instead of the kind provided with bows to engage the sides of the head or fasten back of the ears, are compelled to make use of the latter kind through seeming inability to maintain the nose glasses in position. It is for this class of spectacle wearers, as well as for those who desire a light-weight frame which will not bind the

RIGID LENS SUPPORT OF LIGHT WEIGHT.

bridge of the nose, that the neat eyeglass here presented has been designed by James E. Briggs. The lenses are made for use without rims, but have a portion of their upper edges firmly inserted in a slot of the tubular bridge, which latter rests lightly on the nose and is not bent out of a straight line. Through this tube passes the spring wire which forms the short bow ends for maintaining the lenses in position, and for this purpose each bow ends in a rounded block which is pivotally mounted on the end of the wire, thus conforming readily to the shape of the temples of the wearer. The wire passes loosely through the tube, and the lenses are maintained in position by their own weight, thus affording a means of elevating them without twisting the blocks on the temples. The inventor states that he prefers to make one of these blocks of copper and the other of zinc, and to insulate the wire as it passes through the tube, thus inducing an electrical current to pass through the wire and across the forehead, presumably with the intent of subjecting the optical nerves to an electrical treatment while the glasses are being worn.

Medicine as a profession for women is constantly growing in popularity in London. Women now holding medical degrees in Great Britain number more than 500.