

WAYLAI!

It was always a puzzle to me how the partnership between Edward Chapman and Arthur Starling ever began, and a still greater wonder how it continued.

It was well for the credit of the firm that he was the predominant partner, for his impeccability, his parsimony (which had ever a spice of kindness), his strong sense of justice, and his industry, were all needed to counteract the recklessness of Mr. Starling. The latter had come into the firm as an adept at litigating business (a phase of the profession which Chapman detested), and when he was conscious of what he was doing—which was not always the case for certain reasons—he was up to all the tricks of common law practice. Each partner had his own staff of clerks, his own set of chambers, and his own lot of clients.

It was rarely that any business of importance came to be entrusted to "The Firm," and when the purchaser brought the contract for a £16,000 purchase in the summer of 1892, it naturally came to Chapman's side of the office.

The preliminary work all fell to my share, and all went smoothly. The completion was fixed by the contract for the 23rd of September, and, as all was clear, there was nothing to prevent the actual day being adhered to. Chapman was away with his family for the vacation, but intended to come up specially to pay over the £14,400 balance, after deducting the 10 percent paid on the signing of the contract.

On the morning of the 23rd all was in readiness. The figures had been agreed to by letter, and an appointment made with Isaac Blumenthal, the vendor's solicitor, for completion to take place at 2 the next day.

I had all the papers in readiness on the morning of the 23rd. It was our practice to close at 5 during the long vacation; but I had some letters for Starling to sign, and had to wait till his return to the office. About 5.45 I heard his unsteady footsteps clank up the stairs. He looked at me hazily, and threw a wire to me.

"What do you think of it? Are you ready?"

The wire was from Chapman: "Please attend Bathbridge completion. Son seriously ill; fear death.—Chapman."

"Yes," said I. "I'm all ready." "Then be ready to come with me," said Starling. "Give Krentzer figures in the morning. He can draw a check, and I'll sign it. Is the cash at the bank?"

"He had indorsed the purchaser's check that morning for payment in, but had forgotten all about it."

He turned up at the office about noon next day. The check was ready for his signature, and he signed it. But the man seemed dazed. I did not like the prospect of the completion at all. Still, I liked less having the responsibility myself.

"You ready?" he said, opening his eyes with an effort. "Then meet me at Blumenthal's at 2. Get everything fixed, and I'll attend with the cash."

"Very well," said I, and left the room. But I had no intention of doing what he said.

I put the papers in the office-bag and slipped out to the solicitors' entrance to the law courts. Presently I saw Starling come prancing along out of New Square gate on his way to our bank, the Chancery Lane branch of the Union of London. I watched him go into the bank, and presently emerge and turn to the left up Chancery Lane. There I followed quickly. I was within 20 yards of him when he crossed Holborn and went up Gray's Inn Lane.

I followed across and turned into the lane. As I rounded the corner I heard a scuffle and a yell. Running up quickly, I saw Starling on the ground, with two rough-looking men holding him down and pulling him about. I had a stout ash-stick with a root-knob in my hands, and rushed up just as they were leaving him. I caught one of them—a tall thin man, with a bushy red beard and large, misselapen spectacles—a sounding crack on the back of his head. He went down, doubled up in a lump, and I hastened after the other. But he was fleet, and I did not care to go far from Starling, who was lying on the pavement, with the ruffian I had felled beside him. At least he ought to have been beside him. But when I returned from my futile chase of number two I could see no sign of him. He had recovered before Starling, and made the best of his way off. But on the pavement lay a piece of false red beard! I found Starling sitting up, looking dazed and disreputable.

"Have you got the money all right?" I cried; "or did they get it?"

He felt in his inner coat pocket. His face fell, and he looked up blankly.

"Heavens!" he cried. "That red-whiskered man asked me where the £14,400 was! And that's all I remember!"

"What?" I cried. "Did he name the sum?"

"Yes," said Starling. "Why?"

I looked at my watch. It still wanted some minutes of 2.

"Have you got the number of the notes?" I asked.

"No," said Starling.

"Then will you go to the bank to get them?" I said. "I'll be round at the office in a quarter of an hour."

"Whoa are you talking to like that?" cried Starling. "I don't know what you mean. It's a bit too thick. Ab-so-lute-ly."

"I beg pardon," I said. "But I've got an idea. Do go. I'll explain all to you at the office."

"All right," he said. "But it beats me, ab-so-lute-ly."

I left Starling on his way to get the numbers of the notes, and turned my steps to Blumenthal's office. It was just 2 when I got there, the time of the appointment. An old dirty-looking clerk, whom I had seen before, was in the clerk's office.

"Mr. Blumenthal ready?" I asked. "I've called to complete. The appointment is for 2."

I thought the old man looked startled. "I'll see," he said. He passed through a green balze door, and came back almost instantly. "Mr. Blumenthal is out at lunch," he said. "I expect him back every moment. Will you go into his room and sit down?"

"No, thank you," I replied. "I'll wait here."

Again I thought the old clerk looked startled, but he said nothing.

"We might be checking the deeds with the schedule," I suggested.

"They're locked up in the safe," said the old fellow. "And Mr. Blumenthal's got the key."

About 2.15 I saw a tall, lean man pass the window and give a searching glance within. He came along the passage straight into the clerk's office. He stopped short when he saw me.

"Who's this Mosenthal?" he asked. I took the answer upon myself.

"Mr. Claybrooke, from Chapman and Starling, to complete," I said.

"What's that?" he cried. "I beg your pardon," he continued; "but I've just had an accident. Would you mind making the completion tomorrow?"

"We won't pay interest," I said.

"No, that's all right," he agreed.

"Very good," said I. "Two o'clock tomorrow. Will that suit you? Thank you, Good day!"

I found Starling in his room. He looked up as I entered.

"It's all your fault, ab-so-lute-ly!" he said. "If you'd met me at the bank as I told you, it wouldn't have happened. Now you've about broken up the show."

"Look here," I said. "Never mind that now. Do you want to get the money back? I fancy I know where it is."

"Rot!" said he.

"Have you got the numbers of the notes?" I asked.

"Yes," said he.

"Then come round to Bow street!" I cried. "I'm going to apply for a search warrant over Blumenthal's office and house."

"You're mad!" he cried.

"Come on," I urged. "I'll tell you all about it on the way round."

Of course, all the police officials threw difficulties in the way of an immediate application to the bench, but experience had taught me how to deal with them; and I was presently sworn and unfolding my tale in witness box, and making my application to courteous old Sir John Bridge.

"It's an extraordinary story," said Sir John. "I suppose you know you are running some risk if you are mistaken?"

"I'll take that," said I. "What I ask for is a search warrant for the notes specified in this list."

"Very well," again said Sir John.

"You may as well take Burnaby with you as well as the warrant officer. I find he knows something of this Mr. Blumenthal."

He signed the warrant and handed it over to Burnaby. We picked up the warrant officer, and all three got into the first hansom we came across. Starling went back to the office.

Old Mosenthal met us at the door. Burnaby pushed him aside with a word to Jones, the warrant officer, to keep an eye upon him, and went straight through into the inner office. Blumenthal was sitting in his office chair, making a pretense to busy himself about some papers on the desk.

"Hallo!" he cried. "What's this?"

Burnaby produced the warrant, and explained.

Blumenthal roared with laughter.

"That's good!" he said. "Your Mr. Starling gets robbed, and then tries to compromise me!"

Now we had not mentioned that Starling had been robbed. Burnaby looked at me and winked.

"Just open that safe," he said.

"Open it yourself," said Blumenthal.

There was not a sign of the notes in the safe. When we had gone through this we turned our attention to the rest of the room.

Suddenly Burnaby paused. He looked at the fireplace, where only a few embers smouldered.

"Allow me to make up your fire," he said.

"Certainly," replied Blumenthal, but I thought with rather an ill grace.

Burnaby went on his knees. As he did so Blumenthal rose from his chair instead of making up the fire the electric thrust his arm up the chimney—and then Blumenthal was on him.

Between us we soon mastered the lawyer.

Then Burnaby said "Perhaps you'd like to find the notes yourself. I don't think there's any doubt that they are there now. What a lucky shot! I doubt if I should have thought of it, but it was funny that there should be such a poor fire on such a day."

While he was speaking I had thrust my hand as far up the chimney as I could, and, by dint of stretching, I felt a little niche nearly a yard up the left-hand side. In this I felt a packet, and on drawing it down it proved to be a foolscap envelope with the notes inside.

As we checked them with the list, Blumenthal came to himself again. But the bracelets were on him, and he looked at us with an evil expression.

Answers.

When a man doesn't meet his bills it keeps him busy dodging.



Little Millionaires.
Twenty little millionaires,
Playing in the sun;
Millionaires in mother love,
Millionaires in fun,
Millionaires in leisure hours,
Millionaires in joys,
Millionaires in hopes and plans
Are these girls and boys.

Millionaires in health are they,
And in dancing blood;
Millionaires in shells and stones,
Sticks and moss and mud;
Millionaires in castles
In the air, and worth
Quite a million times as much
As castles on the earth.

Twenty little millionaires,
Playing in the sun;
Oh, how happy they must be,
Every single one!
Hardly any years have they,
Hardly any ears;
But in every lovely thing
Multimillionaires.

—Youth's Companion.

Bird That Cries Pa, Pa, Pa.

This bird is a native of South Africa. It is as large as a crow, with long legs and bill, wings are dark green in one light and golden in another. This species is called hadeda. They live in marshy places, and are easily tamed to live in houses, and soon go in and out as if they were a part of the family. You would think they were a part of it if you would hear them cry out "Pa, pa, pa," like an impatient child. Two of these birds were very fond of the father of the family and followed him about all day. On Sundays they would actually walk into the church with him, walk gracefully up the aisle and take their stand near the minister, who was their master. It was very funny to see those solemn looking birds standing there. It was lucky they did not cry out "Pa, pa, pa," for the congregation had already laughed quite enough. The birds would not go away until the minister was ready to go also; then they followed him home.

Jolly Dutch Children.

In the whole world there are no more jolly children than the small boys and girls of Holland. The little boys all wear the loosest, widest and most preposterous breeches ever seen. Each pair seems big enough to hold two boys and reaches high above his waist, where it buttons to his small shirt. The head gear is almost always a small round cap. Coats and jackets they rarely wear even in the winter when at play.

The little Dutch girls wear long skirts so full that one almost suspects that there are hoop skirts under them such as grandmother wore when she was a young lady. On their heads are the tightest of white caps, such as babies wear in America. Sometimes, under these caps, they have a hood or head piece made of brass, which is kept brightly polished and glitters splendidly through the lace overcap.

Boys and girls wear wooden shoes and make a tremendous clatter as they play their games on the sidewalks or the pavement. One of their counting-out rhymes spelled as it is pronounced, is:

Been, twee, een Kopje the,
Een, Klontje, er bij,
Af ben jij.

A Bargain Day.

For a long time Herbert had been praying for a baby sister; and at last, when he was 6 years old, she came. Though somewhat disappointed at her limp and unresponsive state, the little fellow was delighted at her arrival; and as time passed on and she became more appreciative of his attentions, his admiration knew no bounds.

But when she had attained the advanced age of 2 years and was "into everything," as the nurse expressed it, he was often glad to withdraw from her society, and to betake himself and his belongings to another part of the house. But, as baby's devotion to him (and his playthings) increased daily, the withdrawing process became more and more difficult; and Herbert, though still loyal, did sometimes complain of the unreasonable preference of his small sister for his playthings over her own.

One day mamma found both children on the floor, in a corner of the dining room, each pulling vigorously at a scrap-book of which Herbert was very fond.

"It's mine!" he cried emphatically.

"Mine!" screamed the baby, both hands grasping the book.

With a great deal of tact and soothing persuasion, mamma at length rescued the book, and peace was restored.

That evening, after the usual good night play between the two children, mamma said:

"She's a darling, precious little sister, isn't she, Herbert?"

"Yes," answered Herbert. Then, as he remembered the day's tribulations, he added thoughtfully:

"But sometimes I have a bargain day."

"A bargain day!" repeated mamma, perplexed.

"Yes, you know, mamma, like what they have at the stores—when I'd sell her for 25 cents."—The Christian Register.

Why Flounders Are Flat.

Although little Clarence Beach was rather tired of living at the bottom of the sea, where he had been sent for asking questions, there were so many strange and new things in and around Neptune's palace that he could not help asking about them, and so he did

not get over his unfortunate habit as quickly as his parents expected.

One day while Clarence was out for a walk, he thought he would sit on a nice flat stone and take a rest, but as soon as he was nicely seated the stone began to swim away and Clarence jumped up just in time to escape being carried off. He was so excited that he began to ask himself questions at once, for there was no one else around to ask.

"Well, I never!" he exclaimed. "I wonder now if all of the stones down here can swim, and who taught them to swim and why they don't swim up to the top of the water, and what would happen if some one should use that kind of a stone for a sinker on their fishingline?" Then the stone came swimming back, and Clarence saw that it was not a stone at all, but a very funny fish.

"Well! Well! Well!" cried Clarence. "It's only a fish after all; but it's just as flat as a pancake!"

"No such thing," said the fish angrily. "I am as flat as a flounder, and there is nothing strange about that, either, for I am a flounder. Since you have seen fit to ask so many questions you have got to listen while I tell you why flounders are flat. And the next time you hear any one say 'flat as a flounder' you will know all about it."

"A great, great many years ago, flounders were not flat at all, but shaped like any other fish. In fact, they were very graceful and well proportioned, and they were quite vain on account of it.

"One day a ship sailed over the part of the ocean where the flounders lived, and a young girl dropped a looking glass out of her cabin window. The looking glass came down and down through the water until it fell right into the flounders' back yard. Mr. Flounder found it a little while later and picked it up to look at it. He saw the reflection of his own face in the looking glass, and he thought it was some other flounder who had no business there.

"Get out of here at once," he cried. "What do you mean by coming right in here without an invitation and walking about among my clothes lines?" You know all fishes hang up their clothes to get nice and wet before putting them on. Of course, the reflection did not answer, but the looking glass reflected Mr. Flounder's mouth as he spoke, and he thought the other flounder was making faces at him. That made him so mad that he kicked out with both fins and his tail and he fell down on the back of his neck so hard that he jarred down four clothes poles. Mrs. Flounder saw the clothes dragging in the sand and she came rushing out of the house to give Mr. Flounder a piece of her mind.

"The very idea," she said. "You ought to be ashamed to be cutting such dicos at your age."

"It struck me," sobbed Mr. Flounder. "That round thing tipped me up and hurt the back of my head." Then he sat up very straight to see Mrs. Flounder with looking glass in her hand, smiling and bowing and putting her hat on straight. "Oh, this is just lovely," she cried in surprise. "You are a dear, good, old Flounder-Pounder, to bring your little wife such a nice present. I declare, I never knew I was so handsome. We must go more into society so people can see how beautiful I am. I will give a party this very day!"

"Mr. Flounder got up at once, and when he looked in the glass he said: 'Hum! Ah! Well, really, you know, I had no idea that I was so distinguished looking. Go ahead with your party by all means.'

"In a few days the Flounders had a very grand party, and they invited an immense number of fishes, nearly all of whom came.

"Before long they finished playing all the games that the fishes knew, and then young Mr. Sunfish, who had been brought up in a river where boys often came to fish, proposed that they play a game that he had often seen boys play on the banks of the river. The game was called 'squat tag,' and all the fishes thought it was the greatest fun they had ever known.

"They had been playing for a long time and enjoying themselves very much when Mr. Sturgeon, who is a very fast swimmer, was 'it.' The very first one Mr. Sturgeon chased was Mr. Whale, and just as he was about to be caught Mr. Whale squatted in a great hurry. He was so afraid of being squatted right on Mr. and Mrs. Flounder, who were holding each other's hands and taking turns peeping in the looking glass. Of course, as Mr. Whale was nineteen million times heavier than both the Flounders, he squashed them just as flat as could possibly be, and he broke the glass into little pieces.

"As soon as Mr. Whale found what he had done, he said he was very sorry, and offered to sit on the edges of the Flounders and squash them back again, but Mr. Flounder said he made it a rule never to be squashed twice in one day, and Mrs. Flounder and Mr. Whale ought to be made to go and associate with a gun foundry, for he was a regular blunderbuss. The party broke up at once and the Flounders have never forgiven Mr. Whale for breaking their looking glass.

Neither ever tried to regain the old shape. After awhile they decided it was the correct style to be flat, for it was so different from the common kind of fishes, and all flounders are flat to this day."—New York Mail and Express.

A Powerful Dredge.

A "clamshell" dredge recently built for use on the levees at the mouth of the Sacramento river has a boom 155 feet long, and raises 25 tons of earth at each "bite."

HELPS MEN WHO LOSE RICHES.

The Peculiar Province of a Quiet Philadelphia Charity.

More than a century and a half ago Alexander Pope wrote of "Humble Allen," who "with conscious shame, did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame." Modern birds could not easily find inspiration in such a theme. "Humble Allens" are not many nowadays. Charity has become an institution, and, like murder, it will out. Philanthropists are sorely distressed to avoid publicity for their benefactions, and one cannot endow a refuge for orphans or indigent cats without a noisy flourish from the house-tops.

It is curious and somewhat startling, then, to find that right here in Philadelphia has existed for nearly 50 years, without knowledge of more than a few persons, an association of men devoted to a unique and unostentatious well-doing. Public ignorance of their enterprise is all the more remarkable from the fact that among these men are some of the wealthiest, most influential and best known citizens in the community.

Included in the membership list are such names as Jay Cooke, N. Parker Shorthridge, Lincoln Godfrey, Joel J. Holly, Justus C. Strawbridge, Isaac H. Clothier, John H. Converse, Richard Wood and others of equal standing.

But it is the unusual character of their beneficence that attracts interest. All these men are wealthy—some beyond the dreams of avarice—but their purpose has nothing to do with the amelioration of the condition of the pauper. On the contrary, theirs is a society for the rescue of the decayed millionaire.

They call it the Merchants' Fund association, and the 49th annual meeting was held the other day in a little old room in South Fourth street, away from the clamors of the more pretentious virtues.

In a word, the plan of these kindly old gentlemen is to relieve once wealthy companions of their early days, who have since lost their fortunes or in other ways suffered the vicissitudes of time.

The act of incorporation, dated 1854, says that the object is "to furnish relief to indigent merchants of Philadelphia, and especially those who are aged and infirm, and there is a commentary on the ironic whims of circumstance in the fact that since that time \$300,000 has been paid out in benefits.

In that first year seven merchants were aided at an expenditure of \$1,300, while in the year just passed 43 beneficiaries were on the roll, and \$10,200 was disbursed. Comparison of these figures might afford matter for interesting speculation. Is the merchant of today more reckless than he of a half century ago, or is it that the number of merchants has increased, and therefore, of course, the number of unencompassed merchants?

More than \$400,000 is now in the invested fund of the organization, and it is almost constantly receiving accretions, so that there is plenty left wherewith to provide for unfortunate plutocrats of the future, if the supply of unfortunate plutocrats holds out.—Philadelphia North American.

Virtues of the Papaw.

The well-known papaw tree of the tropics seems to possess added virtues to those with which we are familiar. Percy Groom, writing to Nature, says that during his residence in China he made some interesting observations regarding the papaw tree. A line of these trees stretched between the house and the river, and he was singularly free from mosquitoes, while other houses on the same island were more or less infested by them. While frequently watching these trees he never saw a single insect alive on them, though flies and other insects settled in numbers upon the bananaos and banana plants not far away. The papaw tree seemed to act as a rampart to keep insects at a distance and mosquitoes from entering the house. His opinion was considerably strengthened by the increase in the number invading the premises after a typhoon had felled several of the trees, making a gap among them.

Mr. Groom adds that the practice of hanging meat in the shade of the papaw tree to render the meat tender seems to be a senseless custom, but its wide distribution causes one to ask: Is it not possible that the papaw tree should exhale a gaseous product which either repels meat-destroying insects or exerts an antiseptic action on putrefactive bacteria, or, finally, is a volatile ferment? The peculiar relation in regard to temperature displayed by the proteolytic ferment of the papaw juice renders the last possibility less improbable than at first impression.

Nuremberg's Falling Walls.

Nuremberg, whose walls are reported to be showing signs of rapid decay, was once about the richest and most famous town in Europe. The well-known saying of Pope Pius II that a Nuremberg citizen was better off than a Scottish king was justified by the accounts that have been preserved of the town and its burghers. In the 15th century there came from Nuremberg the first watches, known as "Nuremberg eggs," the first cannon, the first gun-lock, the first wire-drawing machine, the clarinet, certain descriptions of pottery, and the art of painting on glass. For 800 years its new decaying walls defended the valley of the Feignitz against pope and emperor. Four hundred towers once topped the walls, but only about one-third of them now remain. Some of these towers are of very early date, but most of them belong to the system of fortification planned by Albrecht Durer.—London Daily Chronicle.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

In the life of Millais it is told how he once painted a double rainbow with the colors in the wrong order, and had to correct it. In one of Rossetti's pictures, containing a sun dial, the figure is put due east instead of south of the stylus. A story is told of a modern artist who through his excessive devotion to detail and accuracy made a curious mistake. He painted a picture of some soap bubbles, and on each bubble was a black cross. He was asked about the cross, and replied that all bubbles had the cross. When the experiment was tried, however, no cross appeared. Much puzzled, the artist returned to his studio, and upon blowing bubbles here found that every one showed the curious cross. He was much surprised when it was explained to him that the "holy symbol" was simply the reflection of the crossbar in his skylight.

Franz, the German astronomer, published two years ago an exhaustive treatise on "The Mountains and Craters of the Moon." In this work the latitude and longitude of each mountain and crater were worked out, and since that time his book has been used in all the observatories of the world as the standard. Professor Pickering, of Harvard, has been at work recently on a new atlas of the moon and discovered that no account has been taken heretofore of the altitude of the craters. He has discovered that the latitude and longitude measurements of each are greatly affected by the height. All previous measurements used in the study of the moon by astronomers will have to be corrected by the new series of tables, upon which Professor Pickering is still at work.

Ever since Professor Tyndall first discovered the movement of glaciers, attempts have been made by scientists to ascertain the exact depths of these natural phenomena by boring. Their efforts, however, have not been attended with very conspicuous success, owing to mechanical difficulties that have been encountered. But Professors Blumcke and Hess, from Bavaria, who are well known for their studies of glaciers, have succeeded in boring through the Hinterels glacier in the Otztal Alps, and found the ice to be 153 meters deep. The machine used for boring was driven by hand, and somewhat resembled that usually employed for experimental boring in mines, but was fitted with special arrangements for washing out fragments of ice from the bore hole to prevent their freezing together again. The expenses of the investigation, which is of incalculable benefit to science, were defrayed by the German and Austrian Alpine clubs.

The Temple-Swift comet, which was among those expected in 1902, did not pass perihelion until the end of January, 1903, so that it belongs to this year's flock. The most remarkable of the 1903 comets is the one discovered by M. Faye in 1843. It was last observed by M. Javelle at Nice in September, 1895, nearly six months before passing its perihelion. D'Arrest's periodical comet is due this year. It was last observed in 1897, its perihelion date being May 21. A comet discovered by Dr. Spitaler at Vienna in 1890 is also due in 1903. Two comets, one discovered by Professor Perrine at Mount Hamilton in February, 1896, and the other by M. Giacobini at Nice in September of the same year, may be back this year, although their orbits are not very accurately known. Another comet which should appear this year is that discovered by Mr. Brooks at the Smith Observatory, Geneva, N. Y., in July, 1889. It was last observed in the summer of 1896. Wincke's comet, discovered by Pons in 1819, is due late in 1903 or early in the following year.

In one of his interesting notes in Nature, W. F. Denning gives an abstract of the history of the famous red spot of Jupiter. He tells us that acceleration of the movement apparent in this spot has been noticed for some time past. During last summer the movement was especially intensified. The rotation period for 23 years of the spot had shown an increasing retardation, the period lengthening from 9 hours, 55 minutes, 32 seconds to near 9 hours, 55 minutes, 42 seconds. Then, in 1891, it declined by one second, and in the present year its period is 9 hours, 55 minutes, 39 1/2 seconds. What is highly interesting to astronomers is the concurrent development of a big marking, irregular in shape and of a dusky hue in the same area of the planet. Mr. Denning suggests that this second marking may have exerted an influence on the rate of motion of the red spot, which, in the present year, appeared to be envied by the new spot. The recounting of these and other details shows us the difficulties which attend the observation of a planet like Jupiter. We are also taught thereby the need for the accumulation of accurate details, from the mass of which the astronomy of the future may be enabled to draw trustworthy conclusions concerning the history of the orb.

Automobile Comfort.

The automobilist with tendency to cold feet should welcome with joy the "auto heater" recently placed on the market by a Chicago firm. It is of metal, heavily reinforced from top to bottom, and cannot be crushed. It is covered with velvet carpet, and may be carried about by means of the handles on the ends. In a perforated box or drawer is placed a cake of carbon, prepared by a special process and formed into bricks under hydraulic pressure, after which all volatile gases are driven off by subjection to a high temperature. This carbon is consumed without smoke or odor and there is no flame, or dust. A single brick will give off heat continuously for about fifteen hours.