THE COUNTRY ROAD.

From the busy fields of farmer-folk
 It starts on its winding way,
Goes over the hill, and across the brook,
 Where the minnows love to play;
Then, past the mill with its water wheel,
 And the pond that shows the sky;
And up to the bridge by the village store,
 And the church with its spire so high.

You would never think that the country road,
 From the hill to the store, could be
So long to a boy with an errand to do
 And another boy to see.
You can never dream how short it is
 From the farm to the frozen pond.
Nor how very much further it always is
 To the school house just beyond.

Oh, the country road! at the farther end
 It runs up hill and down,
Away from the woods and the rippling brook
 To the toiling, rushing town.
But, best of all, when you're tired and sick
 Of the noisy haunts of men,
If you follow it back, it will lead you home
 To the woods and fields again.

—St. Nicholas.

South Branch Farm

THE Taneys had lived on the South Branch Farm since colony times, and no Taney had ever cheated a man of a cent. They lent no money, and they borrowed none; they never sat at any man's table, or asked a guest to theirs.

The Taney pew—a front one—was filled every Sunday, come rain or shine. Mrs. Taney, a middle-aged woman, with her gray hair in a tight little knot behind, and wearing the same rusty black gown and bonnet for a dozen years, was always, like the others present. But sometimes she was asleep. For this was the one hour in the week when she could sit down on a cushion, and fold her hands. The air was warm; the music soft and sweet; no wonder she slept. Sometimes the words that were read stirred her soul; it seemed as if her childhood woke, as if the tears must come to her long dry eyes. But they never did. By the time she had walked home with her son William, the strange story of Bethlehem, or heavenly glory to come, had faded into a doubtful dream, and all that was real was the South Branch farm, the price of pork, or the fall in potatoes. After church, dinner must be ready, (piping hot, too, on account of the boarder), in half an hour; then she had the sheep to look after, and the poultry to feed, then supper; then milking. The Taneys had never kept any "help." Mrs. Taney had brought up six children, been sole cook, seamstress, tailor and dairy maid; yet her husband, old Ben, always had said:

"Sarah's not a capable woman. No Taney blood in her."

Ben had been dead five years; but his wife went on, carrying a growing load, on the back which lacked bone. William was a harder task-master than his father had been; the very oxen felt the lash oftener, and their profits fell off one-half. He sat in the kitchen now, with a book before him, while his mother and youngest sister, Letty, were cooking supper.

"Take that butter off of the table," he said suddenly. "Molasses will do. What are you cooking meat for? It's not necessary. Put it back in the cellar."

"Yes, William," replied the mother, submissively. "Only I thought the boarder——"

"We can't afford to feed him like a lord. You'll have to exercise economy, mother, I can't always be here to look after things. How can I ever pay for the meadow lots, if everything is thrown about in this way?"

"In what way, William?" Mrs. Taney's scared eyes wandered over the bare kitchen, the smoldering coals in the corner of a grate, the half-starved face of her little girl. "I try to save, I'm sure. What way do you mean?"

"Oh, every way!" closing his book with a bang. "There's a leak at every corner. Why I toil and slave the year round. But with such a lot of mouths to feed——"

He glared at Letty, who shrank into the pantry. She did not come out during supper, and her mother dared not call her. The girl was crying as usual, and her tears exasperated William. Poor Letty felt the horrible guilt of her hearty appetite sore upon her. She was always hungry; hungry to faint now.

Mrs. Taney forgot to eat her bread or drink her milk. The meadow lots! It was to buy these lots that her husband had made their lives bare, and hard, and wretched, from their wedding-day. The good, wholesome produce of the farm, which should have fed the children, had gone to market, while they ate the refuse; the money, which should have educated them, had been put in the bank to buy these lots. When her baby was ill, no doctor was brought, and the child died; the money saved went to the lots; the mother had prayed for a head-stone for the grave. There was Letty, growing to be a woman, half-clothed, without a sparkle of fun or pleasure to lighten her young life; while poorer girls dressed and went out, and had company, and enjoyed, as the young should, days filled with comfort and happiness. Every penny thus saved, William laid by for "the lots." Yes! those twelve acres were the gods to whom these people sacrificed, the real, absolute God for these people. Not a happy life, nor God, nor heaven.

After supper his mother followed him out.

"William," she said, desperately, "how many years will it be before you can buy the lots?"

"Years? The lots!" in unfeigned amazement. "I—how on earth can you understand business?"

It was the first time she had ever spoken in this way.

"I don't know. But I am afraid I will not live to see it. It is so long——"

She went back to the kitchen. The dishes stood untouched upon the table, and little Letty was seated upon the steps, a basket of red peaches beside her, which the boarder brought down from his room.

He was a young man, a teacher in a Virginia country school, who had come up to these hills geologizing in his summer vacation.

"I brought them from the McBride farm, Mrs. Taney," he said. "They are a very common kind in the Shenandoah valley," handing them to her.

Mrs. Taney's thin features grew warm.

"I remember a tree at home just like these," she said, "by the old mill. My old nurse used to hold me up to pull them for myself."

"Your little girl tells me you came from Fauquier County. It is a fine county."

"It is the most beautiful in the world," said Mrs. Taney.

She stopped and went in hastily. She felt the tears choking her. She had heard Mr. Burke tell the child that his school was in Fauquier, and that he often passed her grandfather's house. It was for sale now with a dozen acres about it; would sell very cheaply, no doubt. Land had depreciated since the war. "A quiet, comfortable little homestead, too," he said, "as any in the State."

Mrs. Taney paused in her work.

"If, if I could only show it to Letty," she said to herself. "The dear old farm. The sunny porches, the Bourbon roses, and the great oaks in the fields." She never had spoken of her old home to her other children, but to Letty she had talked of it often when they were alone. Letty was like herself, the others were all Taneys."

She came to the door.

"Do you know, Mr. Burke, if there is an old negro on the place—a gardener?"

"Uncle Tod? Oh, everybody knows the old man, and his stories about the Clevelands, de family, as he calls them."

"We were the Clevelands. And old Tod is really living yet?" she laughed for the first time in a year.

When Letty had gone in, Mr. Burke paced up and down the porch. He was a manly, large-natured young man, and his heart ached with pity for the poor, pinched lives of this child and her mother. He had tried to show them kindness was to lend books to Letty, which she devoured eagerly, for she was fond of reading, in fact she had obstinately persisted in staying at the free school until she had educated herself.

William Taney waited until the young man had gone, and then he went into the pantry, where his mother was straining the last crock of milk. Something in his manner made her set it down, trembling.

"You have bad news to tell," she said.

"No," with an uneasy, stricken laugh. "Most folks call it good. Fact is, mother, I've made up my mind to marry——"

"Oh, William," her old cheeks coloring.

"I made up my mind three months ago. And the girl's courted, and the wedding's to be to-morrow. Therefore no. No need for you to look in that way. Bill Taney's not going to be a fool. I'm generally pretty close-mouthed about my own business; you might know that. And I didn't choose to have the matter cackled over at home. The girl's Miss Sophy Crawford."

His mother came toward him. He was her son after all, and this was the turning-point of his life. She put her arms about his neck.

"God bless you, my boy," she said.

He stood immovable as a log.

"Don't let us have any fuss," he said. "You'd better sit down. You're shaking all over. Well, that's all. There'll be no wedding hubbub here. I don't hold to spending money in feeding a lot of guzzling fools. The Crawfords have a regular blowout in the morning. But you can stay at home, too, I reckon?" uneasily.

"I should like to see you married," timidly.

"Oh, nonsense. There's no sickly sentiment about me. I'll have Sophy home by supper time. You'll have to go."

He lighted his candle and turned to go.

"By the way she was here a month ago."

"Yes." Mrs. Taney remembered distinctly the gross-featured, black-eyed young woman, who had swaggered through the farm-house in her cheap silk and gilt jewelry.

"She came to look at her new home—well she rather took a fancy to the south chamber. You'd better fix it up for her."

"My room, William?"

"Yes. It's all the same to you. Of course you can go up to Letty's."

Letty, who had been at work in the dairy, came out, and threw her arms, sobbing, about her mother. She knew that it had been her mother's room for thirty years. All Mrs. Taney's children had been born in it—the baby died there.

William stopped and came back, saying:

"Now, look here. It's just as well to speak plainly at once. I'll have no opposition from you, Letty, nor from—from any other woman. I'm the head of this house. My wife shall be mistress of it. She brings me a snug bit of money and I'll not have her nor her family insulted in it."

"My son."

But he stalked off to bed.

There was no time the next day, for Mrs. Taney or Letty to even think of the coming trouble. They were up as usual, two or three hours before day, kindling fires, milking and cooking breakfast for the six harvest hands. Then came washing, a dinner at noon, all the work of a farm, in short, what falls on a woman in addition to what was the cleaning and preparation of the room, which the bride had chosen for her own. Mrs. Taney moves sluggishly through the latter part of her work.

"What is the matter, mother?" asked Letty. Mrs. Taney laughed feebly.

"I don't know. I feel like a clock that is nearly run down."

Letty made no reply. The child had lately been absent-minded, indifferent, while her mother talked, apparently wrapped in her own thoughts. Could it be, the mother thought, Letty was forsaking her? Mrs. Taney had only one other daughter—the baby who died. The other children were sons, all of whom, except William, had gone West and married there. She had often wished they would ask her to visit them, that she might see their children. But they never did.

While they were hanging out clothes that afternoon, Mrs. Taney heard a tap, three times repeated, on the orchard fence. Letty's face colored. She dropped the clothes and ran behind the apple-tree. As she came back her mother saw her thrust a note into her pocket. Mrs. Taney grew suddenly sick at heart. Letty with a secret. Letty carrying on a clandestine love affair?

While Mrs. Taney stood doubting whether to ask the child for her confidence, Letty had disappeared. A few moments later, the girl went down the road in her clean dress and sunbonnet. It was but a trifle, yet it stunned the jaded woman as a sharp blow would have done.

The other farmers' daughters kept up a perpetual, vulgar flirting and secret courtship. But Letty was her own ewe-lamb, delicate and pure.

Mr. Burke, coming over the fields that afternoon, with his hatchet and bag of specimens, was amazed to see Letty standing on the road in earnest conversation with a man. "A coarse, red-jawed, beery fellow," was his angry verdict. The fellow talked long and earnestly. Then he took Letty's hand and pressed it fervently. Burke turned his back on them, and struck across the hills. The girl's mother should hear of this at once, he said to himself, decidedly. Then he slackened his pace. What was it to him? Why should he vex himself about this girl? Or meddle in her love affairs? He went slowly back to the hills. But the blood rushed with a strange heat into his face.

In an hour Letty was back at work with redoubled vigor, to make up for lost time. Her mother scanned her innocent, meek face with a breathless terror.

Surely there was no guilt there. She would not doubt her; she would not ask a question.

"I have dressed the table with flowers," the mother said, "and made a cake—a real bride's cake. I hope William won't be angry. But this is so different from weddings in Virginia. Oh, Letty, if you and I could only go to the old house and sleep for one night in the room which was mine when I was a child. I think just that thing would give me years of life."

"There they come," cried Letty, as the big Crawford carriage was seen dashing up the road. She grew very pale and shrank back. The girl had always been afraid of her brother William; and his wife, she suspected, would be as hard a ruler and a more vulgar one.

But Mrs. Taney led her to the porch. "You must welcome them, Letty," she said.

The bride watched them from the carriage window with keen, jealous eyes. Her father had given her a hint as to her future course.

"You've made a good match, Sophy," he said. "Bill Taney's got as long a purse as any man in the country, and the farm's comfortable. But the old woman and her da'ater will be a drawback. They'll try to rule over you roughshod, likely. Just take your stand at once. Let 'em see you will be mistress in your own home."

"Trust me for that, pappy," said Miss Sophy.

The whole Crawford family had accompanied her to see how she would be received.

When poor Mrs. Taney stepped forward, therefore, her thin face reddening, and her hands held out, the bride received her welcome with a careless nod.

"I hope you will be happy in your new home, my dear," said the gentle lady.

"Oh, no doubt, ma'am! I generally hold my own pretty well. Come in, pappy. Come, Sue, I want you to see my house before it is dark. Here's the living room. Bill just fitted it up into a parlor—double quick, too. D'ye hear," loudly. "You needn't trouble yourself to show me. We'll do our work, ma'am, to show the way. Come along, all of you."

William stood aside, and looked with sudden pity at his mother, and then followed his wife, who went, talking loudly, up the stairs.

Mrs. Taney and Letty placed the supper on the table. The bride came in, the noisiest of the noisy party. She went directly to the head of the table saying:

"This is my place, I believe."

William gravely motioned his mother to a seat among the strangers. His wife bore herself as though she had been mistress for years, and found fault freely when the humor seized her. The bread was dry at chaff, the ham was bitter with salt, she said.

"That's your idea of cooking, mother Taney, eh? I'll give you a hint or two, to-morrow. We young people have progressed, you know."

"Not that I mean to take the work out of their hands," she said to her sister, aside. "No, no! If we feed 'em they've got to earn their bread."

Letty overheard the whisper, and her scared face grew a shade paler.

"Very nice old silver, William," said the bride, directly, weighing the spoons on her finger, and then reading the mark.

"Cleveland, eh? You must have that altered, please, to our initials. I can't use spoons with strange names on 'em."

William glanced uneasily at his mother. But the latter did not speak.

"Very well, my dear, it shall be as you please," he said.

As the days lengthened into weeks, the bride found her sway becoming more absolute. It occurred to William, sometimes, that she might share in the work. But like most farmers of his class he used to see his mother drudge, from morning until night, and vaguely supposed it was her natural condition of life. Sophy carried the keys and dealt out the provisions. Her ruddy, animal beauty pleased him; it was a pity, he thought, to mar it with hard work.

Meanwhile, Mr. Burke had taken lodgings with a neighboring farmer. He kept close scrutiny on Letty, solely for her mother's sake, he told himself. She met the "beery fellow" twice, and took long walks with him; she received letters from him by mail. The geologist found that this matter interested him more than his fossils, even.

One morning Letty came into the room, when William stood joking with his wife before going to the field. They looked at her with astonishment, for the girl was always silent and shy.

"Brother, I want to speak to you," she said, catching her breath.

"Well, go on," said Sophy, impatiently. "What are you afraid of?"

Letty spoke directly to William, ignoring her. "The potatoes and apples must be picked over, and the cellars are damp. Could one of the hands do it?"

"Good gracious! Do you want harvesting to stop?" cried Sophy. "You and mother Taney can do it at your leisure. Do you suppose your brother pays men such ruinous wages to wait on a lot of women?"

"You have always done it," said William.

"Mother is not well, William."

"Well, manage it as you like. I can't be bothered with the kitchen work," he burst out.

Letty left the room hastily.

"That's right, William. The truth is, you're too open-handed. You can't afford a parcel of able-bodied women in idleness, if you ever mean to buy the meadow lots."

"That's a fact!"

The mention of the meadow lots keyed his courage.

When he came back that afternoon he found Sophy, resplendent in a pink-flowered muslin entertaining half a dozen girls in the parlor. He stopped to joke and romp with them. The next moment the door opened, and Letty stood, like a ghost, on the threshold.

"Come to mother!" she said.

"What is the matter?"

"You have killed her, I think," she said quietly.

The poor old woman had sunk down on the floor of the cellar and lay as if dead.

William trembled as he lifted her. The doctor of the village happened to pass at the moment.

"No, she is not dead," he said, after examining her. "Great exhaustion. It will be a long illness. She must have rest and careful nursing."

Letty stepped forward.

"She will have both. Mr. Burke, will you carry her to Mrs. Wright's across the road? She has promised to give me a room."

The crowd about her were so stunned at the child's action that they did nothing to oppose it.

Mr. Burke promptly lifted the thin figure in his arms, and laid her in the bed in Mrs. Wright's shaded spare room, before William had recovered his senses.

"Don't you see how disgraceful this looks?" Sophy cried, shaking him. "Your mother turned out. What will folks say?"

He hurried after Letty, scolding and ordering them back. But Letty did not answer him.

"Mrs. Wright will charge boarding. D'ye hear?"

"I shall pay her," said Letty quietly.

Mrs. Taney's illness lasted for weeks. William's wife smoothed the matter over to the community as best she could. "The Wright house was more quiet than hers. She was willing—most willing, she was sure—to do her best for dear mother Taney," et cetera. Secretly she rejoiced to escape the trouble of the sick woman.

When Mrs. Taney was able to come down to the porch of the cool farmhouse for the first time, she sent for William and his wife. He and Sophy came. The doctor was there, and Mr. Burke and Judge Wright, and little Letty and a man whom Mr. Burke at once recognized as "the fellow," and so he turned his back on him contemptuously.

"You've got quite a color, Mother Taney," said Sophy. "You'll soon be able to come over. Help with the canning, eh?"

"Mrs. Taney," said the doctor, "needs a long season of rest before she can work again. She must have a change of air—a journey——"

William exchanged alarmed glances with his wife.

"Why, you must take us for millionaires, doc," she cried. "Change of air! Journey? That sort of prescription suits city, fine ladies. But farmers' wives, who have to earn their living, can't afford to take such folderols."

The doctor would have answered, but Letty put her hand on his arm. There was a faint pink on her cheeks, and her blue eyes sparkled like steel.

"Fortunately, my mother," she said gently, "is not to be a burden on any one. I have arranged for her to take the journey. We are going to-morrow to Virginia. I have bought her old home, and we shall live there. She will have a long change of air."

William turned ghastly pale.

"Bought? What money had you?"

"Her own share of the estate," said Judge Wright calmly. "Letty is of age. She seems to have always been under the impression that she and her mother were dependent upon you. She came to ask me about it two months ago; and I, as her guardian and executor, had been obliged to hand her over her share, which was, you know, in bonds. She has chosen to invest it in Virginia land. Mr. Hipps made the purchase for her," nodding to the beery lawyer, who nodded gravely back again.

Mr. Burke moved suddenly over to his side, with a beaming recognition.

"How do you propose to live on this farm?" said William.

"My mother will withdraw her portion of the estate," said Letty. "She is entitled to a third, you know."

"Withdraw? Thirds? Why, I've got to buy the meadow lots! If she does that, I have done with the meadow lots!"

His voice was like that of an enraged dog.

"You seem, William," said Judge Wright, "strangely to have forgotten the position of your mother and sister. You have drawn the interest of your mother's money. It must all, of course, be refunded. Little Letty has a clear head. She will manage very well. By the way, she has suggested to me that your wife should send over the Cleveland silver, and all other household property belonging to your mother before morning."

When William and his wife went out of the gate, he seemed to have shrunk into a smaller and older man. The last words heard from him were "lots." "Fit everything all," in a fierce bitterness.

When they had all gone, Letty put her arms about her mother.

"Now, mother," she said, "for the roses and the old oaks, and rest, and home! We shall find poor black Tod there, waiting; and all your friends——"

There was an uneasy cough behind them. It was Mr. Burke, waiting to say good-by.

"I shall be a neighbor, too, Miss Letty."

"Yes, I remember," blushing very much.

He held her hand a moment.

"You—you are not sorry that I shall be there too?"

But Letty only blushed more absurdly, and could not answer.—Peterson's Magazine.

WHY BOYS LEAVE THE FARM.

Farmers Encourage Sons to Enter Professional Life—Agriculture Waning.

The trend of modern education and the motives that inspire study in many of the different departments and which mark the languishment, if not a sure decay of a scientific course in agriculture, were never more clearly marked than in an informal talk made by President J. K. Patterson of Kentucky State College, delivered before the legislative investigating committee in Lexington.

For the purpose of ascertaining how much money was needed in the different departments for their proper material equipment the Agricultural Department came up for discussion, and in response to a direct question from Chairman J. W. Newman of the committee President Patterson said:

"During the past few years the course of study in agriculture at the college has been merely nominal, although the past year has brought signs of a revival. I have found that neither the farmers of the State nor their sons show the least preferment for agricultural pursuits of studies, and, therefore, for want of proper, or I might say sufficient patronage, the department has been allowed to droop. As a general rule when the son of a farmer comes to the college he enters the classics or some of the liberal professions, believing that when his course is completed he will be in a better position to make money than if he remained a farmer. To a great extent this feeling is encouraged by the farmers themselves, why fail to realize that the professions are considerably overcrowded and their earning capacity reduced almost to a minimum.

"The slight revival in the study of scientific agriculture was begun by Secretary Wilson of the United States Department of Agriculture, who has done more for the solid interests of the farmers of the country than any other one man. Through the opportunities offered by the government wherein remunerative positions are open to men of marked scientific ability along agricultural lines, seems to have been a stimulus to some, but they are very few. The capacity to make money seems to be the primary consideration with the great bulk of students while the mental development, which comes as a natural result of their studies, is made a secondary matter."

Horseshoe Nails for Gun Barrels.

Gunmakers say there is no iron so well fitted for their purpose as that derived from horseshoe nails and similar worn fragments. The nails made of the highest quality of the best stuff obtainable receive from the constant pounding of the horse's feet on hard surfaces a peculiar annealing and toughening which makes a most perfect substance for the manufacture of the finest gun barrels.

His Opinion Changed.

"You say you think Shakspeare is a foolish and trivial writer?"

"I do," answered Mr. Meekton rather tremulously.

"But you used to be almost an idolater in your admiration of his works."

"Yes. But that was before Henrietta and I went to see the 'Taming of the Shrew.'"—Washington Star.

Purely Mental.

"I don't think he has any mental balance."

"Why, that's his strong point. That's the only sort of balance he has. He imagines he has money in the bank."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Many Churches in Australia.

Australia has more churches per capita than any other country. There are 210 churches to every 100,000 people.

Science and Invention

Te saltness of the Dead Sea is attributed by W. Akroyd in considerable degree to air-borne salt from the Mediterranean.

Exposing pure oil of turpentine mixed with one per cent of oil of lavender is the finest of all simple methods for purifying the air of a stuffy room.

Leather railway ties are made by grinding scrap leather very fine, subjecting to a refining process, and compressing to different grades of hardness in a moulding machine.

A British naturalist suggests that the destruction of animal life by heavy rains has received too little attention. The mortality among insects and all small animals is certainly very great.

In a late experiment in Switzerland a Scotch boiler was found to be 159 degrees C. hotter at the upper part than at the lower part, and the temperatures changed but slightly after two hours. As this peculiarity is a chief objection to this form of generator, a test of other boilers is desired.

The Fuel Builders.—These are the ferns, which in the carboniferous period attained a rank growth. The spores of the ferns, found on the under sides of the leaves, which answer the purpose of seeds, form a brown dust, and this dust, heated and compressed, composes great masses of coal. Jet is also another work of these little builders.

A new luminous fungus has been forwarded to Europe from Tahiti. It is said to emit at night a light resembling that of the glow worm, which it retains for a period of twenty-four hours after having been gathered, and it is much used by the native women in bouquets of flowers for personal adornment in the hair and dress. It is believed to grow on the trunks of trees.

According to a recent pamphlet by an Italian doctor, a sure way of restoring life in cases of syncope is to hold the patient's tongue firmly. After two other doctors had worked for an hour without result over a young man who was apparently drowned, he thrust a spoon into the patient's mouth, seized the tongue, and worked it violently until the patient gave signs of life.

Considering the possible influence of alcohol upon human evolution, Dr. Harry Campbell assumes that such civilizations as those of Babylon and Egypt may date back thirty thousand years and that agriculture by migratory tribes may extend back thirty thousand years more, but considers that the use of alcohol as a beverage has not been known more than ten thousand years. He finds no reason to believe that, as was suggested some years ago, the discovery of fermented liquor gave the first civilizing quickening to the brain of ape-man.

Observations as to the height of the diurnal sea breeze are few in number, albeit of considerable importance. By means of a captive balloon, sent up from Coney Island a number of years ago, it was found that the average height at which the cool inflow from the ocean was replaced by the upper warm outflow from the land was from five to six hundred feet. At Toulon, in 1883, the height of the sea breeze was found to be about thirteen hundred feet, and a distinct off-shore current was found between sixteen and twenty hundred feet. More recently, 1902—on the west coast of Scotland, Dines, using kites, had noted that the kites would not rise above fifteen hundred feet on sunny afternoons, when the on-shore breeze was blowing.

ONCE SAVED ELKINS' LIFE.

West Virginian Rescued from Peril by Bandit Cole Younger.

Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, talked for the first time the other day of his late meeting with Cole Younger, the Missouri bandit, recently released from the Minnesota penitentiary. It developed that Younger came to Washington to enlist the influence of Senator Elkins and other prominent public men who showed interest in his affairs, in an effort to get the terms of his parole from the Minnesota pardon board modified from those now existing. Younger claimed that the conditions imposed upon him as a "ticket of leave man" form such a handicap that he is practically debarred from making a living in any legitimate way.

Many versions have been given of the manner in which Younger saved the life of Senator Elkins in Missouri nearly a half a century ago, but Senator Elkins says that none of them have been accurate. The incident occurred just after the fight at Independence, Mo. Elkins says it was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon and he was returning "from seeing a girl." He was mounted on a good horse, had a new pair of cowhide boots and a new broad-brimmed hat. In rounding a turn of the road he almost rode into Quantrells' gang. The particular portion of the organization which took him prisoner was known as "Parker's men." Elkins says he has "always believed" that one of the reasons why he was immediately accused of being a spy was the desire of some of the rough fellows to have his boots and his horse and his broad-brimmed hat, as their belief such possession was "too good for a Yank." There was but one man in the command that Elkins knew—that was Cole Younger. Younger and Elkins had been in the same neighborhood in Missouri as boys together and Cole declared that Elkins had a brother and brother in the Confederate army and it was preposterous to say that he could be a spy.

Elkins said: "I told Younger to stay mighty close to me, as I did not like the looks of the fellows who surrounded me and the way they talked to me when they told me to sit down to dinner. That was to be my end. Cole said he never had a better friend since quite so respectful to him. He rode with me all the time. It was a good thing, too, because there is no question that if it had not been for Younger's determined attitude and his announcement that he would take a shot at the fellow who harmed me while the leaders were disposing of my case I doubt if the State of West Virginia would ever have been able to avail itself of my services. Cole said it was not true that they wanted my boots and horse, but they were greatly enraged because the day before they captured me Parker, their leader, and old man Christopher had been killed. They were out on revenge."

EXPERIMENTS ON THE BRAIN.

Electricity Is Not Dangerous When a Mild Current Is Used.

Experiments on the brain of a living subject with electric currents have been comparatively rare, as there has prevailed among physicians and physiologists the idea that such a course of experimentation was extremely dangerous. There have recently been published, however, records of some experiments carried on by M. S. Leduc, with the object of using the electric current to produce sleep and of studying its effect on the brain generally. In early experiments it was shown that the brain is the best conductor of electricity in the human body, being about 3,000 times more conductive than muscle. It was also observed that when a continuous current was passed through the head from one ear to the other, that the sensation of giddiness was produced and that objects appeared to revolve in the same direction as the current flowed. However, when the electrodes are placed on the forehead and nape of the neck and the current sent from back to front the effects are innocuous so long as a mild current is used, and in some cases may be beneficial. According to M. Leduc, the most satisfactory current is four milliamperes at thirty volts, which is broken or interrupted 100 times a second and for nine-tenths of the period of interruption. The first effect noted was the disappearance of the faculty of speech, after which followed the loss of the motor faculties. Under ordinary conditions there is no affection of the respiration or pulse unless the current is increased, and then it may cease. The patient is said to awaken instantaneously from the electric sleep and to experience a feeling of refreshment.

POINTER FOR FLAT BUILDERS.

Why Not Adopt Some Space-Saving Devices of Ships?

"It is a wonder some of your New York builders don't borrow ideas in economizing space from shipwrights," said an English architect who came over in the Cedric, to a New York Press man. "We are beginning to put up small apartments in London and some of the big midland cities now. So far British builders have not been so badly cramped for room as the builders of some apartments I have seen in New York, but they will be.

"The strict economy of space in even the best cabins of the modern Atlantic liners is a revelation to an architect who has never made a study of it. Fixed sofas in odd corners that can be made into a comfortable berth in a jiffy, washstands that fold up and disappear without any fuss or mess, racks for stowing away small things that always seem to disappear when you're going, are just as essential in a small apartment as aboard ship.

"The average outside cabin on a liner is smaller than the average bedroom in a bachelor apartment. There are more conveniences in it when the cabin steward has opened everything out. After staying for one week in the guest chamber of a fashionable bachelor apartment near Broadway and Greeley square I felt a sense of expansion when I went down to the steamer to choose a cabin for my return voyage."

Frankly Owned His Fault.

Although there has been complaint of late about a growing lack of discipline in the ranks of the French army, the demoralization has not, it is believed, progressed seriously, as the following incidents, coming from a French naval port, will illustrate:

A general holding a high command made his appearance a few days ago in the barracks of an infantry regiment, which, in obedience to his orders, was promptly drawn up in the yard. Then he explained the reason in a brief address. He said that as he was walking in the town attired in mufti on the previous day a man belonging to the corps, who was the worse for liquor, accosted him rudely and asked him to stand him a drink. "Let him step out of the ranks," he concluded.

Immediately a bugler emerged, and, saluting, said: "It is I, mon general."

The incident is characteristic and apropos of it one is reminded of such an adventure which befell a certain French marshal. A grenadier, who was exasperated at some injustice that had been done him, pointed his pistol at him and pulled the trigger, but it did not go off. Without moving a muscle, the veteran cried: "Four days in the cells for keeping your arms in a bad state." The bugler's honesty can scarcely have failed to be an extenuation of his offense in the eyes of the general.

Summoned by Name.

An exciting lover's quarrel was once brought about by the young woman's accidental reading of a telegram whereby her sweetheart had spoken of his new yacht in terms of endearment. It is necessary to mention the fact that Geraldine was not a boy. A similar blunder is reported by a Philadelphia paper.

There were five passengers in the street car, and as it approached a crossing the conductor called "William!" One man got up and went out. "Ann!" announced the conductor, and a woman left the car.

Tucked away in the corner was a little man with a foreign-looking face. When the conductor called "George!" and another passenger alighted, the little man awoke to the situation. He rose, tiptoed down the aisle and whispered to the conductor,

"Before you call de name of de lady in dere, I'll please to let me get off soon. My name is Paul."

It's the fresh man who is apt to get in a pickle.