

A ROMANCE.

She was strolling by the river
A maid all from her care;
With a heart as light
And an eye as bright
As the sunshine on her hair.

PERCY AND THE PROPHET.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER VI.

Love and Politics.

It was the fourth day after the ball.
Though it was no later in the year
than the month of February,
the sun was shining brightly,
and the air was as soft as the air of a day in spring.

"Mr. Linwood," said Charlotte,
"you were to have paid us your first
visit the day after the ball.
Why have you kept us waiting?
Have you been too busy to remember your
new friends?"

"I have counted the hours since
we parted, Miss Charlotte.
If I had not been detained by business—"

"I understand. For three days
business has controlled you.
On the fourth day you have controlled business—
and here you are?"

"That's it exactly, Miss Charlotte."
"I don't believe one word of it, Mr. Percy!"

There was no answering such a
declaration as this. Guiltily
conscious that Charlotte was right in
refusing to accept his well-worn excuse,
Percy made an awkward attempt
to change the topic of conversation.
They happened, at the moment,
to be standing near a small conservatory
at the end of the garden.

The glass door was closed,
and the few plants and shrubs inside
had a lonely, neglected look.
"Does nobody ever visit this secluded
place?" Percy asked, jocosely;
"or does it hide discoveries in the
rearing of plants which are forbidden
mysteries to a stranger?"

"Satisfy your curiosity, Mr. Linwood
by all means," Charlotte answered,
in the same tone. "Open the door,
and I will follow you. There is a bench
still left, I think, inside,
and a few minutes' rest will be
welcome to me."

Percy obeyed. In passing through
the door-way he encountered the
bare, hanging branches of some
creeping plant long since dead,
and detached from its fastenings on
the wood-work of the roof. He pushed
aside the branches so that Charlotte
could easily follow him in, without
being aware that his own forced
passage through them had a little
deranged the folds of spotless white
cambric which a well-dressed gentleman
wore round his neck in those
days. Charlotte seated herself on
the bench, and directed Percy's
attention to the desolate conservatory
with a saucy smile.

"The mystery which your lively
imagination has associated with this
place," she said, "means, being
interpreted, that we are too poor to
keep a gardener. Make the best of
your disappointment, Mr. Linwood,
and sit here by me. We are out of
hearing and out of sight of mamma's
other visitors. You have no excuse
now for not satisfying my curiosity,
and telling me what has really kept
you away from us."

She fixed her eyes on him as she
said those words. Before Percy
could think of another excuse, her
quick observation detected the
disordered condition of his cravat,
and discovered the upper edge of a
black plaster attached to one
side of his neck. "You have
been hurt in the neck!" she
exclaimed. "That is why you have
kept away from us the last three
days."

"A mere trifle," said Percy, in
great confusion; "please don't notice
it."

She neither heeded nor heard him.
Her eyes, still resting on his face,
assumed an expression of suspicious
inquiry, which Percy was at a loss to
understand. Suddenly she started to
her feet, as if a new idea had occurred
to her. "Wait here," she said,
flushing with excitement, "till I come
back; I insist on it!"

Before Percy could ask for an
explanation she had left the conservatory.
In a minute or two, she returned,
with a newspaper in her hand.
"Read that," she said, pointing to a
paragraph distinguished by a line
drawn round it in ink.

The passage that she indicated
contained an account of a duel which
had recently taken place in the
neighborhood of London. The names
of the duellists were not mentioned.
One was described as an officer and
the other as a civilian. They had
quarrelled at cards, and had fought
with pistols. The civilian had had a
narrow escape of his life. His antagonist's
bullet had passed near
enough to the side of his neck to
tear the flesh, and had missed the
vital parts, literally by a hair's-
breadth.

Charlotte's eyes riveted on Percy,
detected a sudden change of color in
his face the moment he looked at the
newspaper. That was enough for
her. "You are the man!" she
exclaimed. "Oh, for shame! for

shame! To risk your life for a
paltry dispute about cards."

"I would risk it again," said
Percy, "to hear you speak as if you
set some value on it."

She looked away from him quickly
without a word of reply. Her mind
seemed to be busy again with its own
thoughts. Did she meditate returning
to the subject of the duel? Was she
not satisfied with the discovery which
she had just made? No such
doubts as these troubled the mind of
Percy Linwood. Intoxicated by the
charm of her presence, emboldened
by her innocent betrayal of the in-
terest that she felt in him, he opened
his whole heart to her as unreservedly
as if they had known each other
from the days of their childhood.
There was but one excuse for him.
Charlotte was his first love.

"You don't know how completely
you have become a part of my life
since we met at the ball," he went
on. "That one delightful dance
seemed, by some magic, which I
can't explain, to draw us together in
a few minutes as if we had known
each other for years. Oh, dear! I
could make such a confession of
what I felt only I am afraid of offend-
ing you by speaking too soon!
Women are so dreadfully difficult to
understand. How is a man to know
at what time it is considerate toward
them to conceal his true feelings,
and at what time it is equally considerate
to express his true feelings? One
doesn't know whether it is a matter
of days or weeks or months—there
ought to be a law to settle it. Dear
Miss Charlotte, when a poor fellow
loves you at first sight as he has
never loved any other woman, and
when he is tormented by the fear
that some other man may be pre-
ferred to him, can't you forgive him
if he lets out the truth a little too soon?"

He ventured, as he put that very
downright question to take her
hand. "It really isn't my fault," he
said simply. "My heart is so full of
you I can talk of nothing else."

To Percy's surprise, the first ex-
perimental pressure of his hand, far
from being resented, was suddenly
returned. Charlotte looked at him
again, with a new resolution in her
face.

"I'll forgive you for talking non-
sense, Mr. Linwood," she said, "and
I will even permit you to come and
see me again, on one condition—that
you tell the whole truth about the
duel. If you conceal the smallest
circumstance, our acquaintance is at
an end."

"Haven't I owned everything al-
ready?" Percy inquired, in great
perplexity. "Did I say No when you
told me I was the man?"

"Could you say No with that
plaster on your neck?" was the ready
rejoinder. "I am determined to
know more than the newspaper tells
me. Will you declare, on your word
of honor, that Captain Bervie had
nothing to do with the duel? Can
you look me in the face and say that
the real cause of the quarrel was a
disagreement at cards? What did
you say when you were talking with
me just before I left the ball, and
when a gentleman asked you to make
one at the whist table? You said, 'I
don't play at cards.' Ah! You
thought I had forgotten that! Don't
kiss my hand. Trust me with the
whole truth, or say good-bye forever."

"Only tell me what you wish to
know, Miss Charlotte," said Percy,
humbly. "If you will put the ques-
tions, I will give the answers—as
well as I can."

On this understanding, Percy's
evidence was extracted from him as
follows:

"Was it Captain Bervie who quar-
relled with you?" "Yes."—"Was it
about me?" "Yes."—"What did he
say?" "He said I had committed an
impropriety in waltzing with you."

"Why?" "Because your parents
disapproved of your waltzing in a
public ballroom."—"That's not true.
What did he say next?" "He said I
had added tenfold to my offense by
waltzing with you in such a manner
as to make you the subject of re-
mark to the whole room."—"Oh! did
you let him say that?" "No; I con-
tradicted him instantly. And I said,
besides, 'It's an insult to Miss Bow-
more to suppose that she would per-
mit any impropriety.'"—"Quite
right. And what did he say?"

"Well, he lost his temper; I would
rather not repeat what he said, when
he was mad with jealousy. There
was nothing to be done with him
but give him his way."—"Give him
his way! Does that mean fight a
duel with him?" "Yes."—"And you
kept my name out of it by pretending
to quarrel at the card-table?"

"Yes. We managed it when the
card-room was empty at supper
time, and nobody was present but
Major Much and another friend of
mine."—"And when did you fight
the duel?" "The next morning."

"You never thought of me, I
suppose?" "Indeed I did; I was very
glad that you had no suspicion of
what we were at."—"Was that all?"
"No; I had your flower with me, the
flower you gave me out of your nose-
gay at the ball."—"Well?" "Oh,
never mind; it doesn't matter."—"It
does matter. What did you do with
my flower?" "I gave it a sly kiss
while they were measuring the
ground, and (don't tell anybody!) I
put it next my heart to bring me
luck."—"Was that just before he
shot at you?" "Yes."—"How did he
shoot?" "He walked (as the seconds
had arranged it) ten paces forward,
and then he stopped and lifted his
pistol."—"Don't tell me any more!
Oh, to think of my being the miser-
able cause of such horrors! I'll
never dance again as long as I live.
Did you think he had killed you
when the bullet wounded your poor
neck?" "No; I hardly felt it at
first."—"Hardly felt it? How ne-

talks! And when the wretch had
done his best to kill you, and when
it came your turn, what did you do?"
"Nothing."—"What! You didn't
walk your ten paces forward?"
"No."—"And you never shot at him
in return?" "No; I had no quarrel
with him, poor fellow; I just stood
where I was, and fired in the air."

The next words died away on his
lips. Before he could stop her, Char-
lotte seized his hand, and kissed it
with a hysterical fever of admira-
tion which completely deprived him
of his presence of mind.

"Why shouldn't I kiss the hand of
a hero?" she cried, with tears of
enthusiasm sparkling in her eyes.
"Nobody but a hero would have
given him his life; nobody but a hero
would have pardoned him while the
blood was streaming from the wound
that he had inflicted. I respect you;
I admire you. Oh, don't think me
bold!" she exclaimed, suddenly hid-
ing her face in her hands. "I can't
control myself when I hear of any-
thing noble and good. You will
make allowance for my being a
strange girl? You will understand
me better when we get to be old
friends."

She spoke in low, sweet tones of
entreaty. Percy's arm stole softly
round her waist.

"Are we never to be nearer and
dearer to each other than old
friends?" he asked in a whisper. "I
am not a hero—your goodness over-
rates me, dear Miss Charlotte. My
own ambition is to be the happy man
who is worthy enough to win you.
At your own time! I wouldn't dis-
tress you; I wouldn't confuse you;
I wouldn't for the whole world take
advantage of the compliment which
your sympathy has paid to me. If
it offends you, I won't even ask if I
may hope."

She sighed as he said the last
words, trembled a little, and then
silently looked at him. Percy read
his answer in her eyes. Without
meaning it on either side, their heads
drew nearer together; their cheeks,
then their lips, touched. She started
back from him, and rose to leave the
conservatory. At the same moment
the sound of slowly approaching
footsteps became audible on the
gravel walk of the garden. Char-
lotte hurried to the door. "It is my
father," she said, turning to Percy.
"Come and be introduced to him."

Percy followed her into the garden.
Charlotte had inherited all that
was most striking in her personal
appearance from her mother. So far
as the question of stature was con-
cerned, her father was no taller than
Major Much. Judging by appear-
ances, Mr. Bowmore looked like a
man prematurely wasted and worn
by the cares of a troubled life. His
eyes presented the one feature in
which his daughter resembled him.
In shape and color they were exactly
reproduced in Charlotte; the differ-
ence was in the expression. The
father's look was habitually restless,
eager and suspicious; not a trace
was to be seen in it of the truthfulness
and gentleness which made the charm
of the daughter's expression. A man
whose bitter experience of the world
had soured his temper and shaken
his faith in his fellow-creatures—
such was Mr. Bowmore as he pre-
sented himself on the surface.

Whatever compensating virtues he
might possess lay hidden deep in his
nature, and were only discoverable
by those who knew him in the closest
relations of daily life.

He received Percy politely, but
with a preoccupied air. Every now
and then his restless eyes wandered
from his visitor to an open letter
which he had in his hand. Char-
lotte, observing him, pointed to the
letter. "Have you any bad news
there, papa?" she asked.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Theories of Education.
In the seventeenth and eighteenth
centuries there were four theories of
education. The pietistic, which made
religion and morality the chief end;
the humanistic, which emphasized
the importance of the ancient languages
and literature; the philanthropic,
which made philanthropy the basis
of all education; and the eclectic,
which sought to take what was best
from each system, and especially
devoted itself to the training of
neglected and unfortunate classes.

His Expectation.
"Yes," said the important young
man to the young lady, whom he had
just met, "I have been from pole to
pole."

"Why, Mr. Bricksens," said the
hostess, "I didn't know you were
over out of the United States."

"Oh—oh—ahem, you see I came
here on the electric cars. I referred
to the trolley poles."—Washington
Star.

Collecting Taxes in Saxony.
The government of Saxony has
adopted a novel method to secure
the payment of taxes. The names of
persons who did not pay their taxes
last year are printed and hung up in
all the restaurants and saloons. The
proprietors dare not serve those
mentioned on the lists with food or
drink, under penalty of losing their
license.

A Great Success.
Briggs—Do you always call on
Miss Twilling in the same suit?
Griggs—Yes; I want to show her
father I am economical.

Briggs—I guess you have suc-
ceeded. He told me the other day
you were the meanest man he ever
saw.

Division of Labor.
Mother—Children, have you said
your prayers? Tilly—Yes, mamma.
"You were very quick about it."
I prayed one-half and Daisy the other."—Texas Siftings

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A BRAVNY RELIGION, SUN-
DAY'S SUBJECT.

The Tendency to Put the Poor Folk
Out of the Church Condemned—A
Blow at Fashionable Religion—Revolu-
tion is Near at Hand.

Washington, D. C., May 1, 1898.—
This discourse of Dr. Talmage is revolu-
tionary for good in families and
churches and nations, and especially
appropriate for these times. Text,
Acts 17, 6: "These that have turned
the world upside down are come hither
also."

There is a wild, bellowing mob
around the house of Jason, in Thessa-
lonica. What has the man done so
greatly to offend the people? He has
been entertaining Paul and his com-
rades. The mob surround the house
and cry, "Bring out those turbulent
preachers! They are interfering with
our business; they are ruining our reli-
gion! They are actually turning the
world upside down!"

The charge was true; for there is
nothing that so interferes with sin,
there is nothing so ruinous to every
form of established iniquity, there is
nothing that has such tendency to turn
the world upside down, as our glorious
Christianity. The fact is, that the
world now is wrong side up, and it
needs to be turned upside down in or-
der that it may be right side up. The
time was when men wrote books en-
titled them "Apologies for Christian-
ity." I hope that day has passed. We
want no more apologies for Christian-
ity. Let the apologies be on the part
of those who do not believe in our
religion. We do not mean to make
any compromise in the matter. We
do not wish to hide the fact that Chris-
tianity is revolutionary, and that its
tendency is to turn the world upside
down.

Our religion has often been misrep-
resented as a principle of tears, and
mildness, and fastidiousness; afraid
of crossing people's prejudices; afraid
of making somebody mad; with silken
gloves, lifting the people up from the
church pew into glory, as though they
were Bohemian glass, so very delicate
that with one touch it may be de-
molished forever. Men speak of religion
as though it were a refined imbecility;
as though it were spiritual chloroform,
that the people were to take until the
sharp cutting of life were over. The
Bible, so far from this, represents the
religion of Christ as robust and bravny
—ransacking and upsetting ten thou-
sand things that now seem to be settled
on firm foundations. I hear some man
in the house say, "I thought religion
was peace." That is the final result.
A man's arm is out of place. Two men
come, and with great effort put it
back to the socket. It goes back with
great pain. Then it gets well. Our world
is horribly disordered and out of joint.
It must come under an omnipotent
surgery, beneath which there will be
pain and anguish before there can come
perfect health and quiet. I proclaim,
therefore, in the name of my Lord
Jesus Christ—Revolution!

The religion of the Bible will make
a revolution in the family. Those
things that are wrong in the family
circle will be overthrown by it, while
justice and harmony will take the
place. The husband will be the head
of the household only when he is fit
to be. I know a man who spends all
the money he makes in drink, as well
as all the money that his wife makes;
and sometimes sells the children's
clothes for rum. Do you tell me that
he is to be the head of that household?
If the wife have more nobility, more
courage, more consistency, more of all
that is right, she shall have the su-
premacny. You say that the Bible says
that the wife is to be subject to the
husband. I know it. But there is a
husband, not a masculine caricature.
There is no human or divine law that
makes a woman subordinate to a man
unworthy of her. When Christianity
comes into a domestic circle, it will
give the dominancy to that once who
is the most worthy of it.

Again, Christianity will produce a
revolution in commercial circles. Find
me fifty merchants, and you find that
they have fifty standards of what is
right and wrong. You say to some one
about a merchant, "Is he honest?" "Oh,
yes," the man says, "he is honest; but
he grinds the faces of his clerks. He
is honest; but he exaggerates the value
of his goods. He is honest; but he
loans money on bond and mortgage,
with the understanding that the mort-
gage can be quiet for ten years, but
as soon as he gets the mortgage he re-
cords it and begins a foreclosure suit,
and the sheriff's writ comes down, and
the day of sale arrives, and away goes
the homestead, and the creditor buys
it in at half price." Honest? when he
loaned the money he knew that he
would get the homestead at half price.
Honest? but he goes to the insurance
office to get a policy on his life, and
tells the doctor that he is well, when
he knows that for ten years he has had
one lung. Honest? though he sells
property by the map, forgetting to tell
the purchaser that the ground is all
under water; but it is generous in him
to do that, for he throws the water in-
to the bargain.

Ah! my friends, there is but one
standard of the everlasting right and
of the everlasting wrong, and that is
the Bible; and when the principle shall
get its pry under our commercial
houses, I believe that one-half of them
will go over. The ruin will begin at
one end of the street, and it will crash!
crash! all the way down to the docks.
"What is the matter? Has
there been a fall in gold?" "Oh, no."
"Has there been a new tariff?" "No."
"Has there been a failure in crops?"
"No." "Has there been an unaccount-
able panic?" "No." This is the se-
cret: The Lord God has set up his
throne of judgment in the exchange

He has summoned the righteous and
the wicked to come before him. What
was 1857? A day of judgment! What
was 1857? A day of judgment! What
was the extreme depression of two
years ago? A day of judgment! Do
you think that God is going to wait
until he has burned the world up be-
fore he rights these wrongs? I tell
you, Nay! Every day is a day of judg-
ment.

The fraudulent man piles up his
gains, bond above bond, United States
security above United States security,
emolument above emolument, until his
property has become a great pyramid;
and, as he stands looking at it, he
thinks it can never be destroyed; but
the Lord God comes and with his little
finger pushes it all over.

You build a house, and you put into
it a rotten beam. A mechanic stand-
ing by says, "It will never do to put
that beam in; it will ruin your whole
building." But you put it in. The
house is completed. Soon it begins to
rock. You call in the mechanic and
ask, "What is the matter with this
door? What is the matter with this
wall? Everything seems to be giving
out." Says the mechanic, "You put a
rotten beam into that structure, and
the whole thing has to come down."
Here is an estate that seems to be all
right now. It has been building a
great many years. But fifteen years
ago there was a dishonest transaction
in that commercial house. That one
dishonest transaction will keep on
working ruin in the whole structure
until down the estate will come in
wreck and ruin about the possessor's
ears—no dishonest dollar in the estate
demolishing all his possessions. I have
seen it again and again; and so have
you.

Here is your money-safe. —a man-
ufacturer and yourself only know how
it can be opened. You have the key.
You touch the lock and the ponderous
door swings back. But let me tell
you that, however firmly barred and
bolted your money-safe may be, you
can not keep God out. He will come,
some day, into your counting-room,
and he will demand, "Where did that
note of hand come from? How did you
account for this security? Where did
you get that mortgage from? What
does this mean?" If it is all right,
God will say, "Well done, good and
faithful servant. Be prosperous in this
world. Be happy in the world to come."
If it is all wrong, he will say, "Depart,
ye cursed. Be miserable for your in-
iquities in this life; and then go down
and spend your eternity with thieves,
and horse-jockeys and pick-pockets."

You have an old photograph of the
signs on your street. Why have those
signs nearly all changed within the
last twenty years? Does the passing
away of a generation account for it?
Oh, no. Does the fact that there are
hundreds of honest men who go down
every year account for it? Oh, no.
This is the secret: The Lord God has
been walking through the commercial
streets of our great cities; and he
has been adjusting things according to
the principles of eternal rectitude.

The time will come when, through
the revolutionary power of this gos-
pel, a falsehood, instead of being called
exaggeration, equivocation, or evasion,
will be branded a lie! And stealings,
that now sometimes go under the head
of percentages and commissions, and
bonuses, will be put into the catalogue
of state prison offenses. Society will
be turned inside out and upside down,
and ransacked of God's truth, until
business dishonesties shall come to an
end, and all double-dealing; and God
will overturn, and overturn, and over-
turn; and commercial men in all cities
will throw up their hands, crying out,
"Those that have turned the world
upside down are come hither."

In that future day of the recon-
structed Church of Christ, the church build-
ing will be the most cheerful of all
buildings. Instead of the light of the
sun strained through painted glass, un-
til an intelligent auditory looks green,
and blue, and yellow, and copper-col-
ored, we will have no such things. The
pure atmosphere of heaven will sweep
out the fetid atmosphere that has been
kept in many of our churches boxed
up from Sunday to Sunday. The day
of which I speak will be a day of great
revivals. There will be such a time
as there was in the parish of Shotts,
where five hundred souls were born to
God in one day; such times as were
seen in this country when Edwards
gave the alarm, when Tennent preached,
and Whitefield thundered, and Ed-
ward Payson prayed; such times as
some of you remember in 1857, when
the voice of prayer and praise was
heard in theater, and warehouse, and
blacksmith shop, and factory and en-
gine house; and the auctioneer's cry
of "a half, and a half, and a half," was
drowned out by the adjoining prayer-
meeting, in which the people cried out,
"Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

In those days of which I am speak-
ing, the services of the Church of
God will be more spirited. The min-
isters of Christ, instead of being anx-
ious about whether they are going to
lose their place in their notes, will get
on fire with the theme and pour the
living truth of God upon an aroused
auditory—crying out to the righteous,
"It shall be well with you;" and to the
wicked, "Woe! It shall be ill with
you!" In those days the singing will
be very different from what it is now.
The music will weep, and wail, and
chant, and triumph. People then will
not be afraid to open their mouths
when they sing. The man with a
cracked voice will risk it on "Wind-
ham," and "Ortonville," and "Old Hun-
dred." Grandfather will find the place
for his grandchild in the hymn-book;
or the little child will be spectacles for
the grandfather. Hosanna will meet
hosanna, and together go climbing to
the throne; and the angels will hear;
and God will listen; and the gates of
heaven will hoist; and it will be as
when two seas meet—the wave of

earthly song mingling with the surg-
ing anthems of the free.

Oh, my God, let me live to see that
day! Let there be no power in dis-
ease, or accident, or wave of the sea, to
disappoint my expectations. Let all
other sight fall my eyes, rather than
that I should miss that vision. Let all
other sounds fall my ears, rather than
that I should fail to hear that sound.
I want to stand on the mountain-top,
to catch the first ray of the dawn, and
with flying feet bring the news. And,
oh, when we hear the clattering hoofs
that bring on the king's chariot, may
we all be ready, with arches sprung,
and with hand on the rope of the bell
that is to sound the victory, and with
wreaths all twisted for the way; and
when Jesus dismounts, let it be amidst
the huzza! huzza! of a world redeemed.

Where and when will that revolution
begin? Here, and now. In your heart
and mine. Sin must go down; our
pride must go down; our worldli-
ness must go down, that Christ
may come up. Revolution! Except
a man be born again, he cannot see the
kingdom of God." Why not now let
the revolution begin? Not next Sab-
bath, but now! Not tomorrow, when
you go out into commercial circles, but
now!

Archias, the magistrate of Thebes,
was sitting with many mighty men,
drinking wine. A messenger came in,
bringing a letter informing him of a
conspiracy to end his life and warning
him to flee. Archias took the letter,
but, instead of opening it, put it into
his pocket, and said to the messenger
who brought it: "Business tomor-
row!" The next day he died. Before
he opened the letter, the government
was captured. When he read the let-
ter it was too late. Today I put into
the hand of every man and woman,
who hears or reads these words, a mes-
sage of life. It says: "Today, if ye
will hear his voice, harden not your
heart." Do not put away the message
and say: "This business tomorrow."
This night thy soul may be required
of thee!

The Leaf Insect.

The "leaf-insect" is a native of the
East Indies, and the islands of the
eastern archipelago. Dr. Duns, in de-
scribing it, says: "Suppose the top
of a sprout of this year's growth to be
broken from a bay, the leaves stripped
off, two of them taken and laid back
to back along the sprout to within
about a quarter of an inch from the
top, you have then the body and head
of the insect. At the end of the bare
sprout two forked incipient leaves
stand out. These will do for the horns.
The leaves lying thus along the sprout
give as they taper towards their points
the aspect of the body; while the un-
covered projecting part, with its half-
formed buds, represents the head and
the eyes. The wings bear the most
striking resemblance to an oak-leaf
cut up the center. The regularity of
the larger veins, and the distinctness
of the smaller ones, are very marked.
Then you have the four legs like frag-
ments of leaflets, joined to the upper
parts of the body; while two arms,
serving the same purpose as the ten-
tacular of the butterfly, branch off from
the shoulder. These are also like frag-
ments of a leaf; but when they are
brought together they form an entire
leaf, with its base at the head and its
point projecting." When the insect
rests among the leaves its resemblance
to them is so perfect that only a most
acute observer is likely to detect it;
even when it flies it looks far more
like a stray leaf torn from a branch
than a true insect. The leaf-insect
moves about very slowly, and if it were
not for its extraordinary resemblance to
the foliage among which it passes
its life, would be powerless to escape
the attacks of its numerous enemies.

Four Apples Cost Him \$600.

Cashier A. H. Baker of the Jenkin-
town National bank is the owner of
four apples which cost him exactly
\$150 apiece. He was riding in an
English street trolley car on Saturday,
and had with him a satchel containing
\$600 in bank notes of small denomina-
tion, for use in the day's business at
the bank. When he picked up the
satchel on leaving the car he noticed
that the lock looked strange, and a
close examination revealed the fact
that it was a substitute grip. When
it was broken open it revealed four
apples and a newspaper. Mr. Baker
remembered being very much interest-
ed in reading a war bulletin at Eighth
and Chestnut streets, and thinks the
change must have been effected during
that time.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Air Insulation.

At a recent meeting of the Societe
Internationale des Electriciens, M. Bar-
barat described the new underground
cables with air insulation employed by
the telephone administration of Paris.
These cables are insulated with paper,
and the insulation is insured by inject-
ing from time to time dry air under
the pressure. For this purpose the
compressed air is supplied by the com-
pressed air company; it passes over
chloride of calcium, and is sent into
each cable by means of taps. This
dried air removes every trace of damp-
ness and insures the insulation. Some-
times the operation can be facilitated
by sending a workman to heat it on
the spot. These cables have been tried
over long telephonic systems and have
given good results.

Silent Partner Was Holsteroos.

Commercial Traveler—Who's that
talking so loud and kicking up such
a fuss back there in the private office?
Clerk (nonchalantly)—Oh, that's the
silent partner.—Somerville Journal.

After a record free of marks for ab-
sence or tardiness for nearly five years
a school girl of Piedmont, W. Va., fell
a victim to mumps and had to stay
home.