

TRAVELERS' TALES

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

"I fancy I shall never marry," said Carriston, looking at me with his soft, dark eyes. "You see, a boy who has waited for years expecting to die, doesn't grow up with exactly the same feelings as other people. I don't think I shall ever meet a woman I can care for enough to make my wife. No, I expect my cousin will be Sir Ralph yet."

I tried to laugh him out of his morbid ideas. "Those who live will see," I said. "Only promise to ask me to your wedding, and better still, if you live in town, appoint me your family doctor. It may prove the nucleus of that West end practice which it is the dream of every doctor to establish."

I have already alluded to the strange beauty of Carriston's dark eyes. As soon as companionship commenced between us those eyes became to me, from scientific reasons, objects of curiosity, on account of the mysterious expression which I at times detected in them. Often and often they wore a look like the look which, I imagine, is found only in the eyes of a somnambulist—a look which one feels certain is intently fixed upon something, yet upon something beyond the range of one's own vision. During the first two or three days of our newborn intimacy I found this eccentricity of Carriston's positively startling. When now and then I turned to him, and found him staring with all his might at nothing, my eyes were compelled to follow the direction in which his own were bent. It was at first impossible to divest one's self of the belief that something should be there to justify so fixed a gaze. However, as the rapid growth of our friendly intercourse soon showed me that he was a boy of most ardent poetic temperament—perhaps even more a poet than an artist—I laid at the door of the muse these absent looks and recurring flights into vacancy.

We were at the Fairy Glen one morning, sketching, to the best of our ability, the swirling stream, the gray rocks, and the overhanging trees, the last just growing brilliant with autumnal tints. So beautiful was everything around that for a long time I worked, idled, or dreamed in contented silence. Carriston had set up his easel at some little distance from mine. At last I turned to see how his sketch was progressing. He had evidently fallen into one of his brown studies, and, apparently, a harder one than usual. His brush had fallen from his fingers, his features were immovable, and his strange dark eyes were absolutely riveted upon a large rock in front of him, at which he gazed as intently as if his hope of heaven depended upon seeing through it.

He seemed for the while oblivious to things mundane. A party of laughing, chattering tourist girls scrambled down the rugged steps, and one by one passed in front of him. Neither their presence nor the inquisitive glances they cast on his statuesque face roused him from his fit of abstraction. For a moment I wondered if the boy took opium or some other narcotic on the sly. Full of the thought I rose, crossed over to him, and laid my hand upon his shoulder. As he felt my touch he came to himself, and looked up at me in a dazed, inquiring way.

"Really, Carriston," I said, laughing, "you must reserve your dreaming fits until we are in places where tourists do not congregate, or you will be thought a madman, or a least a poet." He made no reply. He turned away from me impatiently, even rudely; then, picking up his brush, went on with his sketch. After a while he seemed to recover from his pettishness, and we spent the remainder of the day as pleasantly as usual.

As we trudged home in the twilight, he said to me in an apologetic, almost penitent way: "I hope I was not rude to you just now?" "When do you mean?" I asked, having almost forgotten the trivial incident. "When you woke me from what you called my dreaming?" "Oh, dear no. You were not at all rude. If you had been, it was but the penalty due to my presumption. The flights of genius should be respected, not checked by a material hand."

"That is nonsense; I am not a genius, and you must forgive me for my rudeness," said Carriston simply.

After walking some distance in silence, he spoke again. "I wish when you are with me you would try and stop me from getting into that state. It does me no good."

Seeing he was in earnest, I promised to do my best, and was curious enough to ask him whether his thoughts wandered during those abstracted moments.

"I can scarcely tell you," he said. Presently he asked, speaking with hesitation, "I suppose you never feel that under certain circumstances—circumstances which you cannot explain—you might be able to see things which are invisible to others?" "To see things. What things?" "Things, as I said, which no one else can see. You must know there are people who possess this power."

"I know that certain people have asserted they possess what they call second-sight; but the assertion is too absurd to waste time in refuting."

"Yes," said Carriston dreamily. "I know that if I did not strive to avoid it some such power would come to me." "You are too ridiculous, Carriston," I said. "Some people see what others

don't, because they have longer sight. You may, of course, imagine anything. But your eyes—handsome eyes they are, too—contain certain properties, known as humors and lenses, therefore in order to see—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Carriston; "I know exactly all you are going to say. You, a man of science, ridicule everything which breaks what you are pleased to call the law of nature. Yet take all the unaccountable tales told. Nine hundred and ninety-nine you expose to scorn or throw grave doubts upon, yet the thousandth rests on evidence which can not be upset or disputed. The possibility of that one proves the possibility of all."

"Not at all; but enough for your argument," I said, amused at the boy's wild talk. "You doctors," he continued with that delicious air of superiority so often assumed by laymen when they are in good health, "put too much to the credit of diseased imagination."

"No doubt; it's a convenient shelf on which to put a difficulty. But go on."

"The body is your province, yet you can't explain why a cataleptic patient should hear a watch tick when it is placed against his foot."

"Nor you; nor any one. But perhaps it may aid you to get rid of your rubbishy theories if I tell you that catalepsy, as you understand it, is a disease not known to us; in fact, it does not exist."

He seemed crestfallen at hearing this. "But what do you want to prove?" I asked. "What have you yourself seen?"

"Nothing, I tell you. And I pray I may never see anything."

After this he seemed inclined to shirk the subject, but I pinned him to it. I was really anxious to get at the true state of his mind. In answer to the leading questions with which I pilled him, Carriston revealed an amount of superstition which seemed utterly childish and out of place beside the intellectual faculties which he undoubtedly possessed.

Yet I was not altogether amused by his talk. His wild arguments and wilder beliefs made me fancy there must be a weak spot somewhere in his brain—even made me fear lest his end might be madness. The thought made me sad; for, with the exception of the eccentricities which I have mentioned, I reckoned Carriston the pleasantest friend I had ever made. His amiable nature, his good looks, and perfect breeding had endeared the young man to me; so much so that I resolved, during the remainder of the time we should spend together, to do all I could toward taking the nonsense out of him.

My efforts were unavailing. I kept a sharp lookout upon him, and let him fall into no more mysterious reveries; but the curious idea that he possessed, or could possess, some gift above human nature, was too firmly rooted to be displaced. On all other subjects he argued fairly and was open to reason. On this one point he was immovable. When I could get him to notice my attacks at all, his answer was:

"You doctors, clever as you are with the body, know as little of psychology as you did three thousand years ago." When the time came to fold up my easel and return to the drudgery of life, I parted from Carriston with much regret. One of those solemn, but often broken, promises to join together next year in another sketching tour passed between us. Then I went back to London, and during the subsequent months, although I saw nothing of him, I often thought of my friend of the autumn.

III. IN THE spring of 1865 I went down to Bournemouth to see, for the last time, an old friend who was dying of consumption. During a great part of the journey down I had for a traveling companion a well-dressed gentlemanly man of about forty years of age. We were alone in the compartment, and after interchanging some small civilities, such as the barter of newspapers, glided into conversation. My fellow traveler seemed to be an intellectual man, and well posted up in the doings of the day. He talked fluently and easily on various topics, and, judging from his talk, must have moved in good society. Although I fancied his features bore traces of hard living, and dissipation, he was not unprepossessing in appearance. The greatest fault in his face were the remarkable thinness of the lips, and his eyes being a shade closer together than one cares to see. With a casual acquaintance such peculiarities are of little moment, but for my part I should not choose for a friend one who possessed them, without due trial and searching proof.

At this time the English public were much interested in an important will case which was then being tried. The reversion to a vast sum of money depended upon the testator's sanity or insanity. Like most other people, we duly discussed the matter. I suppose, from some of my remarks, my companion understood that I was a doctor. He asked me a good many technical questions, and I described several curious cases of mania which had come

under my notice. He seemed greatly interested in the subject. "You must sometimes find it hard to say where sanity ends, and insanity begins," he said, thoughtfully. "Yes. The boundary line is, in some instances, hard to define. To give, in such a dubious case, an opinion which would satisfy myself, I would want to have known the patient at the time he was considered quite sane." "To mark the difference?" "Exactly. And to know the bent of the character. For instance, there is a friend of mine. He was perfectly sane when last I saw him, but for all I know, he may have made great progress the other way in the interval."

Then, without mentioning names, dates or places, I described Carriston's peculiar disposition to my intelligent listener. He heard me with rapt interest. "You predict he will go mad?" he said. "Certainly not. Unless something unforeseen arises he will probably live and die as sane as you or I."

"Why do you fear him, then?" "For this reason. I think that any sudden emotion—violent grief, for instance—any unexpected and crushing blow—might at once disturb the balance of his mind. Let his life run on in an even groove, and all will be well with him." My companion was silent for a few moments. "Did you mention your friend's name?" he asked. "I laughed. 'Doctors never give names when they quote cases.'"

At the next station my companion left the train. He bade me a polite adieu, and thanked me for the pleasure my conversation had given him. After wondering what station in life he occupied I dismissed him from my mind, as one who had crossed my path for a short time and would probably never cross it again.

Although I did not see Charles Carriston I received several letters from him during the course of the year. He had not forgotten our undertaking to pass my next holiday together. Early in the autumn, just as I was beginning to long with a passionate longing for open air and blue skies, a letter came from Carriston. He was now, he said, roughing it in the Western Highlands. He reminded me of last year's promise. Could I get away from work now? Would I join him? If I did not care to visit Scotland, would I suggest some other place where he could join me? Still, the scenery by which he was now surrounded was superb, and the accommodation he had secured, if not luxurious, fairly comfortable. He thought we could do no better. A postscript to his letter asked me to address him as Cecil Carr, not Charles Carriston. He had a reason for changing his name—a foolish reason I should not doubt call it. When we met he would let me know it.

This letter at once decided me to accept his invitation. In a week's time my arrangements for leave of absence were complete, and I was speeding northward in the highest spirits, and well equipped with everything necessary for my favorite holiday pursuit. I looked forward with the greatest pleasure to again meeting Carriston. I found him at Callendar waiting for me. The coach did not follow the route we were obliged to take in order to reach the somewhat unfrequented part of the country in which our tent was pitched, so my friend had secured the services of a primitive vehicle and a strong shaggy pony to bear us the remainder of the journey.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A College Student as Blacksmith.

At Cornell all the mechanical engineering students have to learn seven trades. One of these trades, that of blacksmith, is very distasteful to some of the students, but it has to be learned all the same. One young fellow, who was unusually averse to soiling his hands, begged hard to be exempted from wearing the leather apron, but the professor took special care that there was nothing lacking in thoroughness of his training at the forge. Last fall the student went to the professor and thanked him for being compelled to learn blacksmithing. "You see," he said, "I am now superintendent of a mine away back in Colorado. Last summer our main shaft broke and there was no one in the mine but myself who could weld it. I didn't like the job, but took off my coat and welded that shaft. It wasn't a pretty job, but she's running now. If I couldn't have done it I'd have had to pack that shaft on mule back and sent it 300 miles over the mountains to be fixed, and the mine would have had to shut down till it got back. My ability to mend that shaft raised me in the eyes of every man in the mine and the boss raised my salary."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Rural Humorous.

"My friend," said the traveler, "have you a knife about you?" "Naw; but you'll find a fork in the road yander."

"You're bright, ain't you?" "Naw, I'm Brown."—Atlanta Constitution.

Strength of a Web of Spider silk.

Size for size, a thread of spider silk is decidedly tougher than a bar of steel. An ordinary thread will bear a weight of three grains. This is just about fifty per cent stronger than a steel thread of the same thickness.

Patents.

To have an invention protected all over the world it is necessary to take out sixty-four patents in as many different countries, the estimated cost of which is about \$2,500.

Not Too Old to Ride.

Bishop Elliott of Bristol and Gloucester, who is 78 years of age, has taken up the bicycle.

LESSONING A MOUNTAIN LION

Dragged At the Heels of a Horse at Break Neck Speed.

Two young men living in Green Valley, in the mountains east of San Diego, had a lively experience with a mountain lion Friday, coming out ahead of the king of the desert by strategy, says the San Francisco Chronicle. The boys were on their way to the Griffith ranch on horseback and Mrs. Hobbs, mother of one of them, was with them. Young Hobbs was riding ahead with Griffith behind him, when a sudden turn in the creek bed through which they were passing, took Hobbs out of sight for a second. In that brief space there was an unearthly howling and screeching, followed instantly by the rearing and plunging of the horses. A mountain lion had jumped out upon young Hobbs, uttering ferocious cries as it leaped on the horse's shoulder and used its hind claws with great rapidity. Hobbs' leg, fortunately, was incased in long boots of heavy leather, which resisted the lion's onslaught. The horse in plunging dislodged the screaming brute, which darted back under the shadow of a heavy chemical thicket. Hobbs reached for his gun to prepare for another attack. Griffith had had his hands full in looking after Mrs. Hobbs, whose horse had become unmanageable. Placing her at a safe distance in the rear he returned and hastily put up a scheme with young Hobbs to take the big brute alive. Hobbs was to draw it from the thicket, while Griffith, with a lariat ready, was to rope it. Griffith retreated a few steps, making his lariat ready, while Hobbs, with a war whoop, dashed toward the clump. The lion, crouching in the shadow, screamed with rage and jumped out toward him, frothing at the mouth and spitting. The horse trembled with fear. At that moment Griffith spurred forward, threw the lariat with steady aim, and in another second had the lion struggling in the dust with a tight rope around his body. It clawed and screeched, making a frightful uproar, but Griffith, sinking the spur in deep, dashed down the road, dragging his feline captive over rocks and cactus. Hobbs ran back, got his mother and returned, bringing up the rear. Griffith kept up a lively dog trot, in order to keep the line taut, while the lion wasted its energy clawing at the rope, occasionally making a sally toward the horse in front of him. Hobbs, by attacking it from the rear, distracted its attention, so that before long the ranch house was reached. There another lariat was secured, and the lion was conquered and placed in a cage. It was a fearful spectacle, covered with dust and blood and uttering fierce growls as it turned its great yellow eyes upon its captors. It was very lean and hunger had evidently impelled its luckless onslaught.

A Rich Negro's Enterprise.

From the Atlanta Journal: W. C. Coleman, of Concord, N. C., one of the wealthiest negroes in the country, is now promoting an enterprise from which he expects profitable results for himself and his race. He proposes to build and equip a mill for "the double object of teaching and giving employment to negroes as cotton mill operatives." He has disposed of nearly all of the \$50,000 worth of stock with which the mill will start, and will begin work on the building in a few weeks. There is at present no cotton mill in the United States which has negro operatives. Negroes are employed in a knitting mill at Columbia, S. C., and there is a plan on foot to build a cotton mill in Alabama in which negro convicts will be worked, but the experiment at Concord will probably get under way first. Its projector is confident that negroes can be used as cotton mill operatives, satisfactorily to the mill owners and greatly to the pecuniary advantage of the negroes themselves. After having tried in vain to get some of the mills already established to change their class of operatives, so as to give the negroes a chance to demonstrate their ability in this respect, or to obtain the consent of white mill men to build a mill especially for that purpose, he set about the task of raising the necessary money to build a small one among the members of his own race, and he has succeeded beyond his expectations.

Old Heads in Council.

Young Father—I've just made a big deposit in a savings bank, in trust for my baby boy. When he is 21 I will hand him the bank book, tell him the amount of the original deposit and let him see how things count up at compound interest.

Old Gentleman—Won't pay. I tried that. My boy drew the money and got married with it and now I've got to support him and his wife and eight children.—Pearson's Weekly.

An Exception.

"You can't always tell a man by the company he keeps." "Why not?" "Why, there's Burger, for instance, just as nice a fellow as ever lived." "But what about him?" "Why, he was nominated for the Legislature."—Detroit News.

Not English.

The facetious highwayman held his knife under his victim's nose. "This is a pretty knife," said he, "you're liable to get stuck on it." "You needn't explain the joke," said the other, who was not an Englishman; "I can see the point."—Philadelphia Record.

Bridge Five Miles Long.

The Laogang bridge, built over an arm of the China sea, is five miles long, with 300 arches of stone, seventy feet high and seventy feet broad, each pillar supporting a marble lion twenty-one feet in length. The cost of the bridge is unknown.

Satisfied.

Friend: "I see that the papers are complaining of overcrowding on the cars of your line." Street Railway Director: "Yes, business has been fairly good of late."—Brooklyn Life.

TRAVELERS' TALES

A Lone Isle of the Sea.

A British ship recently touched at the far-away island of Tristan d'Acunha, the principal amongst a lonely group of volcanic rocks in the Southern Atlantic. Its population numbers barely 100 souls, and they are of British descent. They are all intelligent and well spoken, but clothed in the most primitive fashion, in garments made of albatross skins, goat skins, or canvas. The aged Governor acts as chaplain, doctor, etc., and for some forty years past has been the mainstay of the tiny colony, which lives in some twenty or thirty huts clustered round a well-built little church. This latter edifice is of stone plastered with mud, and contains a small organ, altar, and pulpit, presented some years ago to them by the Queen. The island is very healthy, and crime is utterly unknown. The principal food consists of goats' flesh, fish, and potatoes, and once a year a British man-of-war calls to supply flour, sugar, tea and other necessities and luxuries.

The Hindu "Festival of Lamps."

Amongst the Hindus throughout the whole of India there is a holiday celebrated in honor of Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth and good fortune, whereon gambling is universally regarded as a religious duty. It is known as the Festival of Lamps, and on this day all classes indulge in games of chance with shells, coins, cards, dice, etc., and the playing of the individual, whether good or bad, is looked upon as a forecast of his wealth or poverty during the ensuing year. The women take a most intense interest in the proceedings, and, if fortunate, expend their winnings in the purchase of sweet-meats and fruits, as gifts to all their friends and relations, toys for the small children, and fireworks for the boys. At Benares, their sacred city, as night approaches, small earthen lamps, fed with oil, are kindled making the outlines of every mansion, palace, temple, and minaret visible. All vessels in the river are also illuminated; so that the whole city is one blaze of light.

In the Frozen North.

A. W. Crawford Lindsay, late surgeon of the steam whaler Hope, in a recent article entitled, "Towards the Frozen North," says: "When the first few scattered pieces of ice are sighted, one's feelings are difficult to analyze; delight and astonishment, interest and expectancy, are so jumbled together in one's brain. The Arctic ice, of which we have read so much, is before our eyes at last; the lovely white pieces, cut and hollowed into wonderful shapes, surround us on all sides. Here is one portion shaped like a huge rock surmounted by a castle, the turrets gleaming with opalescent colors, and the crevices and interstices shading off into the most delicate blue the eye has ever seen. With a little imagination, one can make anything out of these pieces—birds, boats, palaces, huts, mitres, etc. The deep blue of the sea (the color becomes of an intense blue north of the Arctic Circle), the diamond-spark tints where the sun strikes the glittering masses, the pencilled azure shading, making up a spectacle of color which must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated."

New Coins in France.

An ingenious experiment in coinage is said to be in contemplation in France. The French government having felt the unquestioned scarcity of its copper coinage, has proposed to supplement it by the use of nickel, which is undoubtedly more attractive for such a purpose, even though its resemblance to silver renders it liable to be fraudulently passed for coins of very much greater value. Nickel coinage has for many years been used in some of our colonies. A good many years ago pennies were introduced into Jamaica, in order to do away with the coinage of the little three-half-penny piece, which was locally called "quattle," or "tup," such a term as three-half-pence being absolutely unknown to the native. It was quite common in the early days after their introduction for the coins to be passed on the unsuspecting negro for two-shilling and half-crown pieces. The French government has awakened to this possible means of fraud, and proposes to prevent it by having the pieces pierced with a hole in the middle, so that they may be strung on a string as if they were Chinese "cash."—London News.

Arrests in New York.

During the past year 112,160 persons were arrested in New York city, 559 less than during the previous year. Of this number 73,537 were held for trial. There has been a decrease of 7,700 arrests for misdemeanors. The number of arrests for being drunk and disorderly was 60,906, or an increase of 300 over last year.

His Hands Smelled Fishy.

Mother—Charlie, you said you'd been to Sunday school? "Charlie (with far-away look)—Yes'm, m."

Mother—How does it happen that your hands smell fishy? "Charlie—I carried home the Sunday-school paper an' th' outside in all about Jonah and the whale.—Th' Bits."

Twenty-seven-Year-Old Butte.

Mrs. Lucretia Ester, who had at least one eccentric idea, died at Head of the Bay, Rockland, Me., at the age of 101, and left to the nurse who had cared for her during her last illness a jar of butter which she had had in her trunk for twenty-seven years. The butter looked well, thank you.

AN IMPULSIVE PRESIDENT.

Krueger's Violent Temper and Mastery of Himself.

Bosshoff, president of the Orange Free State, has made prisoner some Transvaal burghers, who had been under his (Krueger's) orders, says Harpet's. In the language of Krueger's friend, who was present: "When hearing this, the president at once saddled his horse and rode to the Orange Free State as quickly as possible, informing Mr. Bosshoff that he ought to set those men free and hold him (Krueger) instead; that those men had merely carried out the orders given by himself as subcommandant of Pretorius. This was about 1857." It certainly is not common in modern war for an officer to offer himself as ransom for the men who have been taken prisoners while acting under orders. The president has a violent temper, and his old friends think that of late years he has had increasing difficulty in restraining it. But quickly as he is roused, so quickly does his passion cool again; and no man more frankly asks forgiveness for a wrong committed. One day in 1884 Krueger and his minister of state, Dr. Leyds, had a sharp altercation. Strong language was used, for the minister, too, was a man of emotion. At length matters came to such a pitch of passion that Krueger burst out with these words: "One of us must get out." Of course Leyds said: "Then, of course, I am the one to make way," with which he took his hat and went home, supposing that his career in the Transvaal was at an end. In the middle of the night came a rap at the door of Dr. Leyds, and in walked the president. He had saddled his horse and come over by himself, explaining that he had been unable to sleep, and had come to say that he had been in the wrong and to ask Dr. Leyds that what had passed might be completely buried. This story Dr. Leyds told me to illustrate the president's generous nature, and, above all, his mastery of himself.

A FORTUNE IN THE WASTE.

Saving the Copper in the Water Taken from Mines.

Talking about the saving of the copper held in solution in the water taken from copper mines, says the Denver Republican, John D. Henry, an old Montana miner, said recently: "For a long time the water from the copper mines at Butte was allowed to run off, the owners of the mines not seeming to understand the importance of treating the water for the copper in solution. A few years ago, when the water from the Anaconda mine was leased to an old Leadville miner, who took out \$120,000 in three years at a trifling expense, it was borne in on the company that the loss from that source had amounted to a very handsome sum, and since then every gallon of water that comes from the mine has been saved and the copper extracted. Some years ago I visited the copper districts of East Tennessee in the interests of some parties who were talking of engaging in the business, and while there saw a very important factor in the saving of ores. The time was very wet and the ore was extremely susceptible to the action of water. The operators discovered this fact very soon by having to replace their iron pipes at very short intervals. They then put in wooden pipes and treated the water with scrap iron in settling tanks. As soon as the water had been exhausted of its metallic value it was pumped to a point some distance away from the shaft and permitted to percolate slowly through the crevices of the vein, and by the time it reached the pump it was again so heavily charged with copper that it was treated over again. The owners told me that the copper received in this way represented the profits of their operations. In Butte mines the water is so heavily charged with copper that certain parts of the pumps have to be replaced every forty-eight hours."

Fishes Always in Racing Trim.

The shapes of fishes have often been studied with a view to determining the best shape for boats with regard to speed. There are many fishes whose fins, or a part of them, at least, shut down into gutters, so that when closed and not in use they make no projection beyond the body, but fold down into these depressions, flush with the surface, and offering no obstruction whatever to the rapid passage of the fish through the water when swimming at speed, driven by its tail-fin used as a propeller. The slime with which every fish is coated which is in various ways essential to its comfort and existence, helps the fish also to slide more easily and rapidly through the water. In fact, the fish, studied by men for ideas in modelling, is not only speedy, but it is, as one might say, always black-leaded and ready for racing.

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Friend: "I see that the papers are complaining of overcrowding on the cars of your line." Street Railway Director: "Yes, business has been fairly good of late."—Brooklyn Life.