

Dinna Forget OR LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

She had a pretty little brass stand, a tray, spirit lamp and kettle, and with this apparatus she always made the tea herself with much pride, and some help from Dick.

"There," she said, after about five minutes, and handing him a cup of tea. Now tell me all—everything."

"Well," said Dick, finding himself thus fairly up in a corner, and unable to put off the evil moment any longer, "I went."

"Yes?" eagerly. "And I saw her ladyship."

"Oh! My dear child, Lady Aylmer is as well as I am," he answered.

Dorothy looked at him in wonder. "Oh! Dick," she cried, "but what a wicked old man?"

"Ah! I fancy it runs in the blood," said Dick, easily. "One man couldn't have so much original sin of his own as the old savage has; it must be heredity."

"Then do you think you will tell horribly wicked stories when you are Lord Aylmer, Dick?" she asked, roguishly.

"Perhaps—who knows? All the same there is one story I shall never tell you," drawing her tenderly toward him. "I shall always be true as the Gospels when I tell you that I love you better than any other woman in all the world."

Something in his voice touched the tenderest chords of her heart, and set throbbing and beating with a sickening sensation of fear. "Dick," she said in a whisper, "is it very bad news that you are trying to break to me—does it mean India, after all?"

Dick looked straight into her clear eyes. "My dear little love," he said, "I am afraid it does mean India, after all; but if it does, it shall mean India for us both."

He told her everything then—how Lady Aylmer had received him, how she had openly declared that her husband had some scheme of his own to get rid of them both, how the old savage had received him, and what end their interview had come to. But, of course, he wound up, "although I took time to consider it, my mind was made up in a moment. I shall refuse the appointment."

"There was a moment's silence. "Dick, dearest," said Dorothy, in a quivering voice, "is it a very good thing to be a military secretary to a governor-general?"

"Oh, well—yes—it is, dear," he admitted.

"I mean, would you have refused it if you had not been married, if you had never seen me?"

"No, I don't suppose I should. I dare say I should never have bothered to get such an appointment, because, as you know, I hate the very idea of going to India, but, at the same time, to be quite honest, I don't suppose I should have refused. I don't suppose any man in his senses would."

Dorothy drew her breath sharply, and for a minute or two did not speak. "Dick, darling," she said at length, "it is true that you are married, but I don't see that that is any reason why you should not be in your senses, too."

"What do you mean, Dorothy?" he asked quickly.

"Well, just this. Supposing that Lord Aylmer had let you refuse this appointment, and had not made himself disagreeable about your allowance, we should have to go on just as we are doing now. And, of course, Dick dear, I should like to be Mrs. Aylmer instead of Mrs. Harris, and to live with the regiment rather than in Palace Mansions; but—but, at the same time, since there is so much to be gained by it, I would just as soon be Mrs. Harris in one place as in another, if I must be Mrs. Harris at all."

Dick caught her close to him. "Dorothy, you mean—" he began.

"I mean," she ended firmly, "that I would sooner go to India as Mrs. Harris than drag you down in your profession, and put you at loggerheads with your uncle; because he is your uncle, and the head of your family, even though he is such an old savage as he is."

"But, my dear, my dear, do you know that in that case I should have to go at once?" he cried.

"Yes, I know that, Dick," she answered.

"But I can't leave you alone, just now—I can't, Dorothy," he exclaimed.

"It is impossible; it would be inhuman. Why, I should be out of my mind with anxiety and distress."

"No, no—you would know that I was proud and happy to be able to do something to help you," she replied.

"I would rather that you were here; but, then, I would always rather that you were here. That is not a new feeling for me. And I shall not be alone. I shall have Barbara, you know. Barbara will take care of me, and let you know exactly how I get on."

"No, I cannot let you do it," he said, when she paused.

"Yes, yes, you can, dear. Besides, it is not only ourselves that we have to think of. There is the child; and although—if we go to India together, we might be able to get along pretty well by ourselves, we should not be able

to afford to send the child home, if the climate was bad for it. Why, Dick dear, we should not be able to afford to come home ourselves, if we could not stand the heat."

"That is true," he admitted. "And don't you think," she went on eagerly, "that I would rather live as I am doing now for a year or two longer than I would run the risk of seeing you die, perhaps, because we had not money to bring us home? Just think what I should feel like if we were in such a case as that?"

"But, darling, you don't know—you don't realize how very different life would be out there," he urged. "Here, very few people take the trouble to notice us, one way or another, and if they do, it does not much matter. But out there, as military secretary, I should have a lot to do. I should scarcely have a moment to myself. I should not be able to go anywhere with you, and probably very seldom be able to come and see you."

But you would be able to come sometimes," she answered, with a brave smile. "Every one knows that half a loaf is better than no bread, and if one cannot get even half a loaf, it is foolish to quarrel with the slice which keeps one from starving."

Dick's heart felt like to break. "Dorothy, Dorothy," he said, "my dear little brave, unselfish wife, every word you say makes me love you a thousand times more than I did before. My dearest, I give in to anything that you wish; you shall decide everything, and I—I will give all the rest of my life to trying to make you feel that you did not throw away your love and confidence when you gave them to me."

So they arranged that Dick should accept the appointment of military secretary to Lord Skewersleigh, and that two days later he should go and see his uncle again, and tell him the decision to which he had come. Dorothy had begged him to go and see him the following day, but Dick held out firmly there. No, he would have one more day of liberty before he went over to the enemy and gave himself up.

"We will have a real happy day, darling," he said, when Dorothy had given way about imparting the news to the savage. "By-and-by we shall have more money than opportunity of spending it together—let us make hay while we can. First, we will go and have a look at the shops together, and I will buy you something you can afford to buy."

It was partly on the subject of his wife's extreme healthiness that Lord Aylmer was thinking that morning as he smoked his cigarette and tried to assure himself that the twinge in his left foot were merely a sign of a coming shower and nothing in the world to do with gout at all. And just as a worse twinge than usual made him wince and shiver, the door opened gently and a man-servant made his appearance.

(To be Continued.)

AS WE SEE OURSELVES.

It Never Is as Other People See Us—Encrossed with Our Own Affairs.

"Don't you dread people who meander on in long-drawn-out detail about their own concerns?" exclaimed Mrs. Ego. "I sat next to Mr. Langwellig at the B's dinner last night and I never was so bored! A clever mineralogist is bad enough, but a stupid one is unendurable. His whole conversation consisted of elaborate explanations of the why and the wherefore of unimportant events and happenings in his own family. Her listener laughed to himself, for he had just come from his club, where he had happened to see Mr. Langwellig, says the New York Tribune. "I am just going to Mrs. Ego's," he had said to Miss —, "won't you come along?" "Merely?" was the answer. "I sat next to that lady at a dinner at B's last evening and I am sure she must be talked out as far as I am concerned; it was one steady stream about herself and her family, from soup to coffee. I assure you that I could not get in a word edgewise!" "Did you hear that Jack W. married again?" said one of his friends, a fraill-looking little man, who, from under the shadow of his stout wife's elephantine proportions, looked like a pigmy. "The lady fair is a widow, I am told," he continued, unconscious of the parallelism, "who is as tall as a grenadier and weighs considerably over 200, and contrasts with Jack, who is a small man, they say. Irresistibly funny." "How comical it must be!" said his companion, grinning. "Yes," tittered the little man, "and the amusing part of it is that Jack is serenely unconscious of the comparison that people cannot fail to make, and strut about as proud as a peacock."

Saving Closet Space in Flats. New York Evening Post: In flats and apartments where space is at a premium, an arrangement suggested by which additional hanging space is gained, is to fit wooden poles in the unused space of closets and wardrobes into sockets made for the purpose. Hooks may then be attached to these poles, and the hanging space be doubled or trebled. The same idea is useful in a small hall bedroom, where, perhaps, it is impossible to nail the necessary hook piece close to the wall

that they go to the other extreme, and make their villians such unmitigated villians that it is impossible to find one single ray of virtue wherewith to redeem their character from its inky pall of utter blackness. But let me tell you that if all the women novelists who write stories in the English language were to concentrate their efforts upon the task of trying to depict the villainy of Lord Aylmer's natural depravity, I am afraid that in the end they would have to call in the aid of their masculine cotenres to adequately complete the portrait. For the noble lord was all bad, thoroughly bad—what up in the north country they call "bad, core through." Yet he had a delightful manner when he chose, and in early middle age had made a genuine love-match with a beautiful young woman at least sixteen years younger than himself—a penniless as well as a beautiful young woman, upon whom he had lavished so much love and attention that within three months of his marriage his love had burned itself out, and was as dead as any dead volcano. A few weeks later Lord Aylmer practically separated himself from his wife, although they continued to share the same house, and he appeared before the world as much as possible as if no breach had ever been opened between them.

Not by Lord Aylmer's desire, this—oh! no, but because her ladyship had never been so genuinely in love with him as he had been with her, and was, moreover, perfectly alive to the solid worldly advantages of being Lord Aylmer's wife, the mistress of Aylmer's Field and of the handsome town house in Belgrave Square.

"Of course I know that there are others," she said in reply to a dear friend who thought it her duty to open this young wife's eyes, "and, of course, I know that Aylmer wants to get rid of me; but I don't mean to be got rid of, and I put up with the other because I think doing so the lesser of two evils. There is only one Lady Aylmer, and she is a strong and healthy young woman, who means to be Lady Aylmer for at least fifty years longer. Yes, I know, my dear, all that you feel about it. I quite appreciate your feelings toward me. Oh, yes, it was your duty to tell me, but I am not going to cut myself out of all that makes life worth living just to oblige a husband who has got tired of me in three months."

To this decision Lady Aylmer had from that time forward kept most rigidly. As far as her husband was concerned, nothing seemed to annoy her, and whenever she wished to do so and condescended to try to get her own way by means of a little flattery, she generally succeeded; and now that Lord Aylmer had got into the "sixties" she was simply a stately, even-tempered, iron-willed and exceedingly healthy woman, who looked as if she meant to live to be ninety.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lord Aylmer was sitting alone in his library, smoking a cigarette, and wondering what answer Dick would bring him when he thought proper to come again to give in his decision.

He was a handsome old man, not so very old in years, but aged in wickedness. A handsome man still, with aquiline features, a flushed face, and a goody crop of white curly hair. Your first thought on looking at him was, "What a charming old gentleman!" your second, "What a pair of steely eyes!" your third, "What a Mephistopheles!" Yes, without the shadow of a doubt, Lord Aylmer was a wicked man, with a bad heart filled to the brim, and running over with all manner of evil.

They say, you know, that women novelists always make their heroes all good, till they are as insipid as the dammlies in a tailor's window; or else

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VOTING MADE HONEST.

OHIO MAN HAS A STRAIGHT-FORWARD MACHINE.

That Renders Fraud Impossible Will Ask the Legislature to Substitute It for the Australian System of Ballot-ing.



It is too honest to be popular," was the rather caustic observation of a gentleman who was examining the good qualities of N. B. Ross' newly patented voting machine. The inventor of the machine is the present representative of Putnam county, Ohio, in the house of representatives. Mr. Ross is an old minister of the gospel, and has had ample opportunity to see the necessity of some automatic and incorruptible voting machine that would register the vote of the people. He started in about eight years ago to perfect a machine for that purpose, and has succeeded far beyond his original hopes or anticipations. If the Ross voting machines were used the result of an election would be made known within a few moments after the polls are closed, or as soon as the different sum totals of the precincts could be added together. The machine is a box about three feet wide by three feet high. It is shaped on the top much like the keyboard of the ordinary typewriter, with keys similar to the key of the typewriter, in rows at stated distances apart. The surface

is inclined. Over the top of the machine fits down close a sheet of platinum around the keys. Under this platinum is pasted between the rows of keys the various tickets to be voted. There is room for half a dozen different ones, and if there were more tickets placed in the field then more space might easily be provided. It is so arranged that the minute a man steps into a booth his weight upon the floor throws the triggers of the machine open and it is ready to be manipulated. Before this is done, however, the representative of every party who has a ticket in the field has to be present, and, by turning a certain combination, admits the voter to the booth. He cannot enter if one is absent. So soon as the combination of the machine is thrown open and ready for action the voter may use the ticket he desires to vote. The row of keys at the top are for a straight ticket. For example, if he desires to cast a straight Democratic ticket, he presses the key opposite the name on that ticket, and at the same time every other key on the board is locked. Say he wanted to vote for a certain man for governor one ticket. He presses the key opposite his name. At the same time the keys are all locked opposite the names of the other candidates for governor on other tickets, and also the key just used, so that a vote for two men on the same ticket or for one man twice cannot be cast. This is the case with all the rest. If he neglected to press the key opposite any name for a certain office no vote for any man would be marked.

On the same principle as fares are rung up and kept account of in street cars automatically, the number of votes for each man is kept track of and the sum total noted at the bottom of the column. As soon as the sheet is taken from the machine a glance tells how many votes each man has received. The machine, as arranged at present will count as many as 2,500 votes. Mr. Ross will take the machine before the present assembly of Ohio and endeavor to have it adopted instead of the Australian ballot system.

Dwellings—Not Homes. There are thousands of places in which people dwell, and which, for lack of a more suitable name, are called homes, to which the sweet, soul-soothing Saxon monosyllabic word home can not be truthfully applied. Is the brutal drunkard's den a home? Is the fireless, bedless, foodless room, tenanted by a wife and children, made gaunt with famishing, a home? Is the splendid mansion, where jealousy is and faith is not, or the pretty villa, where the victim of man's profligacy pines, heart broken, or any other dwelling, high or low, where moral degradation, like Poe's room, casts its harrowing shadow on the floor, a home? No; not one of these places deserves the sterling name, coined in the heart, by which the happy designate their homes.

TEMPERANCE ANOMALY.

The land of the Vine Gives Prohibition Points. The average tourist in Southern California is surprised at the strong public sentiment against the liquor traffic in the land of the vine and winepress, and, particularly, to find the very strict high license laws in force in dozens of the towns for the regulation of saloons and barrooms, says the Boston Transcript. The Temperance league of Great Britain has sent to southern California this season a committee of five solely to study the success of the measures devised in this region for temperance purposes. There is a wide ocean of difference in temperance sentiment in northern or central California—the land of Bret Harte's stories and the free and easy mining ways—and southern California. The difference has been caused by the immigration of thousands of New Englanders and Iowa people into the southern part of the state in the last two decades. The newcomers have brought with them staunch ideas concerning temperance reform and religion, and the old-time Californian of song and story, with his vineyard and winepress, has fast become the minority in this region. In Pomona valley, for instance, where New Englanders predominate, but one small winery remains. All the other wineries of ten years ago have gone out of business. In the San Gabriel valley, where the immigration of Iowa and Maine people has been heavy, less than one-fiftieth the area of vineyards of ten years ago remains. Hundreds of acres formerly devoted to it grew of wine grapes are now planted by the orange and lemon groves of the Yankees and Iowans.

RARE AND EXPENSIVE DRUGS.

Extract from 70,000 Flowers Contained in One Pound of Saffron. Saffron would strike an ordinary observer as decidedly expensive at 56 shillings a pound until told that it is composed of the central small portions only of the flowers of a crocus, 70,000 of which it takes to yield the material for one pound, says Chambers' Journal. Otto of roses sells at £28 odd per pound, and it takes 10,000 pounds—or nearly five tons—of roses to obtain one pound of the oil. Aconitine, extracted from the root of monkshood, is said to be the very strongest poison extant, the dose being 1-600th of a grain. It is sold at the rate of £27 per ounce. Turning from the vegetable to the animal world in search of rare drugs, the writer refers to the musk of the Asiatic deer, which at £6 to £7 an ounce must be a prize to the wily hunter. In some of the tropical seas a floating sweet-smelling mass of ambergris is met with, worth at present £5 10s per ounce, or £88 per pound, in the market. This ambergris is said to be the "diseased biliary product" of the whale. Another peculiar animal product in use as a drug is a solution of the pure venom of the rattlesnake, given occasionally in malignant scarlet fever; while less strong, it perhaps hardly less repulsive, is powdered cockroach, which in six-grain doses has been prescribed, with good effect, it is said, for dropsy.

SHE KEEPS YOUNG.

Here is a marvelous woman. Every one has heard of Mrs. Keeley, the veteran actress of England, who was so famous in her day and now enjoys the friendship of all the prominent people on the stage because of her wit and charm, which has not deserted her, though she has entered upon her 93d year. Her good humor and optimism have kept her bright and young and she does not look a day over 60. She takes a keen interest in dramatic af-

PITTSBURG WRITER HONORED. Medal from a London Society for Lectures on Victoria's Era. Miss Sarah H. Killikelly, well known in literary and educational circles of Pittsburg, Pa., has just received a silver medal from the Incorporated Society of Science, Letters and Arts, London, for her contributions to the literature of the Queen's jubilee period. The society is one of the great organizations for which foreign cities are more especially noted than our own, and is composed of men and women who have distinguished themselves in one or more of the three divisions of intellectual activity, and its list of members includes many celebrated names. The headquarters of the society are in Kensington, London, and when she was in England two years ago a reception was given to Miss Killikelly, attended by a large number of members. She has been a member of the organization for some time. A year ago Miss Killikelly gave a course of six lectures on the "Victorian Era" before the Pittsburg Twentieth Century club, and afterward repeated them in many schools and clubs in Pittsburg and vicinity. In accordance with a requirement of the society they were sent to London and there examined by a committee, whose opinion was expressed in most flattering terms. Another honor in the form of an honorary university degree also awaits Miss Killikelly's pleasure should she desire to accept it. The medal is a valuable memento of the queen's jubilee, only presented to men and women who had written articles on subjects connected with the sixty years' reign of Victoria, articles which besides historical significance and laudatory spirit possessed the higher value of literary merit.

The Blizzard Howled. The blizzard howled fitfully, varying its performances with shrieks, while the patient herd of cattle huddled together as closely as possible. From the very center of the bovine pack arose the voice of the youngest calf: "I," he said, with much satisfaction, "am the warmest baby in the bunch."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Watch Made of Paper. A paper watch has been exhibited by a Dresden watchmaker. The paper is prepared in such a manner that the watch is said to be as serviceable as those in ordinary use.

220 Centuries in 1897. John H. George, of Philadelphia, is the oldest bicycle mileage champion of 1897. He rode 32,479 miles, including 226 centuries.

Dog Causes Loss of \$5,000. A big dog upset a lamp in a Topeka, Kan., house, and the fire which ensued consumed the house and contents, inflicting a loss of \$5,000.

NEBRASKA MAN SAVES \$1 AND LOSES \$550

WORTH OF CATTLE THEREBY.

From the Sioux City Journal: W. Bartel, a well-to-do farmer and feeder near Hubbard, Neb., saved \$1 in bridge tolls yesterday afternoon and lost \$550 worth of cattle for being of an economical turn of mind. During the day he had been to the stock yards and purchased forty-five head of feeders from R. Becker & Degen, and early in the afternoon he started to drive them to his home. Before leaving he was cautioned not to drive them across the ice, as the ice was considered unsafe because of the thaw of the past few days, which made it rotten. Cattle drivers at the yards offered to help him to the bridge for a paltry sum, but he knew a thing or two himself and rejected all offers and assistance and good advice, and started out with his cattle. They were turned in toward the river near Jones street, and instead of stringing them out he let them go on the ice in a bunch, and before he had time to realize that a catastrophe was imminent the leader of the cattle felt the ice giving way and they slackened their pace and soon all were huddled together in a bunch. The ice gave way under the combined weight of the herd and all but two were precipitated into the murky and chill waters of the Missouri river. Mr. Bartel threw up his hands in horror when he saw so many good, hard-earned dollars, represented in cattle, go under-nath the water, and sat down on the river bank and began to cry. Fortunately a number of cowboys from the yards had followed along at a respectful distance, anticipating just such an accident, and they were soon on the ice rendering all the assistance possible to save the cattle. "Arizona Bill," a typical cowboy, and one of the characters about the stock yards, put spurs to his horse and was soon on the ice showing the boys how they do things in the wild and woolly west. With nothing but long ropes for lariats he cast the lariat with as much precision as though on the plains. As the rope settled around the head of a "critter" he would give it to the other boys, who would all pull together and get the "critter" on sound ice, and while they were engaged in this Arizona Bill would have another "critter" roped and ready to be dragged out. It took quick and hard work and they were successful in saving thirty-two out of the forty-five that went down. The saving of so many in such a short space of time was due to the expertness with a lasso of Arizona Bill, who never missed a throw out of the thirty-two. Thirteen cattle were drowned and their carcasses were strewn along the river clear to the stock yards. The cattle which were saved were soon rounded up and driven back to the stock yards and after a short rest they were again started for Nebraska, but this time Mr. Bartel concluded that it was much more economical to cross on the bridge.

OHIO MAN HAS A STRAIGHT-FORWARD MACHINE. That Renders Fraud Impossible Will Ask the Legislature to Substitute It for the Australian System of Ballot-ing.

It is too honest to be popular," was the rather caustic observation of a gentleman who was examining the good qualities of N. B. Ross' newly patented voting machine. The inventor of the machine is the present representative of Putnam county, Ohio, in the house of representatives. Mr. Ross is an old minister of the gospel, and has had ample opportunity to see the necessity of some automatic and incorruptible voting machine that would register the vote of the people. He started in about eight years ago to perfect a machine for that purpose, and has succeeded far beyond his original hopes or anticipations. If the Ross voting machines were used the result of an election would be made known within a few moments after the polls are closed, or as soon as the different sum totals of the precincts could be added together. The machine is a box about three feet wide by three feet high. It is shaped on the top much like the keyboard of the ordinary typewriter, with keys similar to the key of the typewriter, in rows at stated distances apart. The surface

is inclined. Over the top of the machine fits down close a sheet of platinum around the keys. Under this platinum is pasted between the rows of keys the various tickets to be voted. There is room for half a dozen different ones, and if there were more tickets placed in the field then more space might easily be provided. It is so arranged that the minute a man steps into a booth his weight upon the floor throws the triggers of the machine open and it is ready to be manipulated. Before this is done, however, the representative of every party who has a ticket in the field has to be present, and, by turning a certain combination, admits the voter to the booth. He cannot enter if one is absent. So soon as the combination of the machine is thrown open and ready for action the voter may use the ticket he desires to vote. The row of keys at the top are for a straight ticket. For example, if he desires to cast a straight Democratic ticket, he presses the key opposite the name on that ticket, and at the same time every other key on the board is locked. Say he wanted to vote for a certain man for governor one ticket. He presses the key opposite his name. At the same time the keys are all locked opposite the names of the other candidates for governor on other tickets, and also the key just used, so that a vote for two men on the same ticket or for one man twice cannot be cast. This is the case with all the rest. If he neglected to press the key opposite any name for a certain office no vote for any man would be marked.

On the same principle as fares are rung up and kept account of in street cars automatically, the number of votes for each man is kept track of and the sum total noted at the bottom of the column. As soon as the sheet is taken from the machine a glance tells how many votes each man has received. The machine, as arranged at present will count as many as 2,500 votes. Mr. Ross will take the machine before the present assembly of Ohio and endeavor to have it adopted instead of the Australian ballot system.

Dwellings—Not Homes. There are thousands of places in which people dwell, and which, for lack of a more suitable name, are called homes, to which the sweet, soul-soothing Saxon monosyllabic word home can not be truthfully applied. Is the brutal drunkard's den a home? Is the fireless, bedless, foodless room, tenanted by a wife and children, made gaunt with famishing, a home? Is the splendid mansion, where jealousy is and faith is not, or the pretty villa, where the victim of man's profligacy pines, heart broken, or any other dwelling, high or low, where moral degradation, like Poe's room, casts its harrowing shadow on the floor, a home? No; not one of these places deserves the sterling name, coined in the heart, by which the happy designate their homes.

TEMPERANCE ANOMALY.

The land of the Vine Gives Prohibition Points. The average tourist in Southern California is surprised at the strong public sentiment against the liquor traffic in the land of the vine and winepress, and, particularly, to find the very strict high license laws in force in dozens of the towns for the regulation of saloons and barrooms, says the Boston Transcript. The Temperance league of Great Britain has sent to southern California this season a committee of five solely to study the success of the measures devised in this region for temperance purposes. There is a wide ocean of difference in temperance sentiment in northern or central California—the land of Bret Harte's stories and the free and easy mining ways—and southern California. The difference has been caused by the immigration of thousands of New Englanders and Iowa people into the southern part of the state in the last two decades. The newcomers have brought with them staunch ideas concerning temperance reform and religion, and the old-time Californian of song and story, with his vineyard and winepress, has fast become the minority in this region. In Pomona valley, for instance, where New Englanders predominate, but one small winery remains. All the other wineries of ten years ago have gone out of business. In the San Gabriel valley, where the immigration of Iowa and Maine people has been heavy, less than one-fiftieth the area of vineyards of ten years ago remains. Hundreds of acres formerly devoted to it grew of wine grapes are now planted by the orange and lemon groves of the Yankees and Iowans.

RARE AND EXPENSIVE DRUGS.

Extract from 70,000 Flowers Contained in One Pound of Saffron. Saffron would strike an ordinary observer as decidedly expensive at 56 shillings a pound until told that it is composed of the central small portions only of the flowers of a crocus, 70,000 of which it takes to yield the material for one pound, says Chambers' Journal. Otto of roses sells at £28 odd per pound, and it takes 10,000 pounds—or nearly five tons—of roses to obtain one pound of the oil. Aconitine, extracted from the root of monkshood, is said to be the very strongest poison extant, the dose being 1-600th of a grain. It is sold at the rate of £27 per ounce. Turning from the vegetable to the animal world in search of rare drugs, the writer refers to the musk of the Asiatic deer, which at £6 to £7 an ounce must be a prize to the wily hunter. In some of the tropical seas a floating sweet-smelling mass of ambergris is met with, worth at present £5 10s per ounce, or £88 per pound, in the market. This ambergris is said to be the "diseased biliary product" of the whale. Another peculiar animal product in use as a drug is a solution of the pure venom of the rattlesnake, given occasionally in malignant scarlet fever; while less strong, it perhaps hardly less repulsive, is powdered cockroach, which in six-grain doses has been prescribed, with good effect, it is said, for dropsy.

SHE KEEPS YOUNG.

Here is a marvelous woman. Every one has heard of Mrs. Keeley, the veteran actress of England, who was so famous in her day and now enjoys the friendship