Happy on de way! Gwine ter see de sunrise At de breakin' er de day!

Don't you know dey ain't a country dat kin be dis country's match Wen de peach is on de peachtree er de meion in de patch?

Oh, 'tis den I gits ter glory, en de angel lif' de latch— W'en de peach is on de peachtree en de meion in de patch!

> Oh, believers, Happy on de way! Gwine ter see de sunrise At de breakin' er de day! —Atlanta Constitution.

WARRINGTON, V. C.

I.-ON THE FIELD.

A pitch-black night in a rocky valley heavy, black, moonless sky only in-Dess. A mile or two southward, where the rocky valley swelled into rocky heights, little flashes of light recurmish and retreat was fighting itself would die first. out around the camp.

Where one of the innumerable bre ken ridges that seamed the valley made one semi-recumbent, propped against beside him

"Clear out, Warrington-please sir," the voice came faintly from the recumbent figure. "You can get back to camp and send 'em for me.'

"Not likely, young 'un," observed the other. "What says the great R. K.: When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan plains,
And the women come out—to cut up
what remains— Just'

"Don't!" said the wounded man, and almost succeeded in stopping a groan between his clenched teeth.

"Poor old Vicary," said Warrington bending over him. "Let me undo with both hands."

"Fellows in books," | said the weak tummy. . . Always-head in a bandage-or-arm in sling. . Those Johnnies that write books-

ought to come out with us" There was silence for a time; the far-off flashes grew more rare. The tried to cheer. But the others did it wounded man shifted himself a little for him. and spoke again.

"You're a brick, Warrington!" he

"Slightly different from Piocadilly and the Strand this -ch, Vic?"

"I wish the mater could see us now, said Vicary; "she's going to bye-bye just about now. She'd stick you pretty high up in her prayers if she knew." The next time you start talking nonsense," said Warrington, "I shall

consider you delirious and past hope; and I shall turn tail and make tracks for camp." ---

through tonight." "Cheer up, lad," said Warrington, and pulled at his mustache and glared -and talk about it." at the darkness: "only a few hours till daybreak. . . Pity you're six proportion. I'm not equal to two miles day; but this weather seems to upse with you on my back, my dainty mid- one altogether."

"Can't see how you got me this far. Why don't you sheer off now and get back and-O, God! No! Warsington. . You're not going?"

"Another word like that, my son, and I leave you for Mr. and Mrs. Pathan and all the little Pathans to play with."

"All right-all right, I wont. . Let me hold your boot-I can hardly eh, Warry?" see you. Oh, Warry, what a funk I Warrington's hand went up to the am; all the bit of pluck I had's run livid band that ran across forehead, out of the leak in my tunic-and I nose and cheek, and almost bisected am beastly cold."

Warrington knelt beside him cursed beneath his breath, and felt his head and hands. The former was very cold and damp, the latter were very wet and warm.

"I must let them know they're want ed, Vic!" he muttered.

The latter did not hear him "It'll be in tomorrow's dispatches." Beverley Warrington and Second Lieu- changed.

tenant Vicary of the --- What's up, Warry?" His companion had touched his forehead lightly with his lips, risen to his feet, and, with his arm raised above

the silence of the night. "They'll know there's a British officer where that revolver is," he said,

cheerily. "But-but, you fool-you dear old silly fool-so will those brown deviis!" "I gave you the right sort of a dress-

"Can't help that!" said Warrington, ing down," he said. with a little laugh, "It's too chilly to stop out late tonight." Then in a ry; then, leaning forward, and still syne, Vic, my boy."

He reloaded his revolver. When the echoes had rattled away into deeper ellence they heard the distant shots suddenly recommence, and distant ton was senior officer and brother and shouts and howls came to them like Ajax and Wellington and Lord Robwhispers. From the invisible hills fac- erts all rolled into one, in the subalng them came din and confused scuf-

guttural conversation, reached Warrington's straining cars. He shifted his revolver to his left hand and gently drew his sword. Then from over there where he knew the camp lay six revolver shots came in quick succession.

"That's Welby!" he said to himself. Vicary's hand had been grasping the heel of his foot tightly. Now he felt the grip relax and in a moment more the wounded subaltern slipped a little with a slight tinkle of steel on rock and groaned.

In another moment a dozen howling hillmen were blazing away at random toward the spot whence the groan seemed to have come. They aimed low and erratically, and Warrington held his fire for a few interminable

Then they closed in, and one stumbled over Vicary's outstretched legs before they could realize that two British officers were within a yard of them. Warrington felt the man grab him as he fell, and fired with the barrel of his revolver touching bare skin. After that he fired and slashed very much at random, and the darkness around him shricked and howled and of Afghanistan; a few stars in the spat fire, and long, graceful knives suggested themselves to the imagintensifying the almost palpable dark- ation of the man who had seen them at work before. . . For then long minutes Warrington was busy-wondering all the time what Vicary was ring at intervals, followed by sharp lit- doing down there between his legs, and tle cracks, showed where the late skir- how he liked it, and which of them

Then suddenly in a lull he heard faintly a sound that sent the blood to his head with a rush—the scraping of a darker wall across the darkness, two of many boots over rock hundreds of figures were dimly discernible (when yards away, and the dim echo of a you knew where to look for them), the word of command. He shouted and fired his last cartridge above his head a bowlder, the other tall and straight that they might see the flash, and flung the empty weapon at a white eyeball that was too near to be pleasant, and cut and pointed and slashed away with renewed vigor. Down the valley and over the rocks came a hoarse, breathless cheer, and pith helmets gleamed faintly in the near distance. He answered the cheer with a croak, and went on carving and hacking as though his foes still confronted him. But they did not wait to meet his friends. They left. All but five, to whom even British troops were a matter of indifference new, as they stayed behind, huddled into the grim semi-circle around Lieutenant Wagrington and Second Lieupour belt. . . . Now grab yourself tenant icary. When his men came up to him they found him with Vicary in his arms leaning against the wall voice drowsily, "never get hit in the of rock, "looking," as Private Billimore said, "as though 'e'd 'ad a nasty

messy haccident with red paint." Vicary opened his even as he entered the camp feet foremost.

"Warrington, V. C.," he said, and II.-AT HOME.

An afternoon in early November, cosy room, bright fire, big armchairs, plane, pipes, photographs and decanters; a male figure extended to enor mous length in one armchair, with feet stretched out on the hearthrug; another male figure with back toward the room gazing out of window at the unceasing rain. Thick clouds of tobacco smoke and silence.

"Of all the brutal, filthy, miserable depressing days!" said the man at the window, suddenly.

"It's getting beastly cold," said Vi- man," said the man by the fire, settling cary, with a shiver; "I shall never pull down a little deeper into the depths of his armchair. "Third time in twenty minutes you've got up to look at it

"Sorry, Vic," said the other, and turning, he came slowly toward the foot four in your boots and solid in fire. "I must be lively company to-

> "Not me," said Vicary, blowing s cloud. "I'm pretty comfy, thanks. I prefer rain in St. James to straight in Chukundra."

The other did not answer, but stood nervously opening and shutting his hands over the cheerful blaze.

"By George!" said Vicary, meditatively. "It almost seems like a dream now-all but the souvenirs we carry-

his strong face.

"One comfort." Vicary went on "mine don't show. Not but what that has its drawbacks." he added, with a chuckle, "no one seems to believe they touched me-think I got my sick leave on the bounce. And I can't continually strip to prove it."

Still his senior was silent. Vicary edged round a little to look at his face. be muttered: "'Missing: Lieutenant Then his eyes opened and his voice

"Warrington," he said, "d'you re member that very first dust up we had the second day out at Kir Wallah?" Warrington nodded.

"That was my first taste of the walk his head, had emptied his revolver into up-and-down-as-a-target business,"said Vicary, solemnly; "and I was in a blue funk. Couldn't help it. Knees all flabby and face all twitchy when those bullets began whispering and pattering.' Warrington laughed nervously.

"It pulled me through," said Vicalower tone, "For the sake of auld hang more solemnly, "I say, what did I look like-all drawn up and ghastly?"

"A bit," admitted Warrington. "Look in the glass now," said Vicary, in an awestruck voice, for Warringtern's estimation.

ing and scraping sounds as of cats the grambling down rocks. A moving white blur appeared somewhere in the mement, and dropped into the other armschair. "I'm in an awful funk at

"Oh!" breathed Vicary, and allowed

"Fact," said Warrington, and drag-

"In heaven's name," said Ensign V eary, "what are you frightened of?" "Of one little girl I could pick up and carry under one arm," said Lieutenant got something to say to you-Warrington, V. C.

Vicary drew a long breath. 'You gave me quite a turn," he said.

nan, bending his long, gaunt body forward, his grey eyes all alight. haven't the pluck to face her "

"Name?" said Vicary, judicially. "Rivers," said Warrington, with rev rence, "Catherine Rivers."

"Petty Kitty Rivers?" cried Vicary 'Old man, I congratulate you.' "Don't be a fool!" said Warrington

ingrily, and walked to the window. "On your good taste, of course," said Vicary, with a grip, "Is it a bad case?

"I shall-ask her to be my wife." said Warrington, with a rush, "as soon as I dare call-which I haven't done since we've been back-more than a week." Vicary whistled, rose, and started

ver to the plano. "Well, I should advise you to go and have it out with her," he said, twisting himself round on the music stool. "Come back, when it's ever, and sparkle up a bit."

"Shut up!" growled his senior. Vicary shrugged his shoulders and struck a few aimless notes. This sort of timidity was strange to him. In matters relating to the opposite sex his senior was a child compared with that you. good-looking boy at the plane.

Suddenly Vicary grinned, struck a shord, and broke into a musichall song. accentuating the twang of the Cockney to exaggeration:

'O-ownly one guri-in the world fer me O-ownly one gurl-'s my sympathee; She m'yn't be vairy pritty-Shakespeare" between the shoul-

der blades cut his effort short. He twisted round, chuckling and rubbing himself "Steady on, old chap! What's up?"

"I came here today for your help, aid Warrington, and stopped short. "Warry!" said Vicary, nervously He had never seen him like this before 'Vic, I'm going to see her-to say it! I've been longing for months and

now-I simply daren't call." "Bulldog-heavy father-comic papers," murmured Vicary, quite uncomprehending.

"If you're going to be a driveling roung idiot," he said, icily.

"No-no! Drive ahead," said Vicary "It's just her I'm frightened of," said Warrington. "I'd rather go through a week of Chukundras than speak; but I'd go through a life time of them with her at the far end."

"But Warrington," said Vicary, pursled "she's not such a Tartar."

"She's the best girl in the world." sald Warrington, V. C .: "and the only thing in it I'm afraid to face."

"Why, what would she do?" said Vi-"Do?" said Warrington, with both hands at his moustache. "Do? Why she'll drop her eyelashes, or she'll curi the corners of her mouth, or she'll

glance at me over her shoulder, with her chin up, and then-and then-" "And then?" said Vicary, twinkling. Warrington, savagely; "and my knees

will go flabby and my face twitchy, as you elegantly put it. Good-by." "Eh ?"

"I'm going there now; I mean to go there now."

"Yes." said Vicary: "and directly you're outside you'll stand still for a to be growing feeble and infirm, resort. has been produced, and his apparatus is quarter of an hour and then cut off ed to this fruit for renewing their still in a crude condition. home and spend the evening practicing profanity in solitude.

Warrington stood in front of his funior and dared not contradict. 'Unless"-said Vicary, and stopped and grinned.

"Unless," said Warrington, with painful eagerness. "Unless," said Vicary, coolly, knocking

his pipe out in the grate, "unless I come with you." "Thanks," he said shortly, and

watched Vicary putting on hat and coat and pulled his mustache violently.

As they left the room he slipped his hand through Vicary's arm. "This is my Kir Wallah," he said, gravely.

Vicary laughed roundly at him. "There's a whacking big balance on

the Chukundra side," he said, "Needn't say goodby to the mater." went on, as they descended the stairs, "you'll come back to dine."

"To be cheered up," said Warrington with pathos. Vicary did not deign to reply to such an absurd remark. He halled a han-

"Hadn't we better-er-walk?" said Warrington, nervously.

"You jump in," said Vicary; "don't be frightened. I'm coming to hold

your hand." He gave the address and they bowled away through the grey wetness. Warrington was trying to see the whole of his person at once in a six-inch strip of looking-glass.

"Now, I ask of you, Vic," he said plaintively, "Is it likely she'd have an object like me?"

"Fishing!" said the subaltern."You're not an Adonia, but a V. C. covers a multitude of sine."

"Pooh! What does a girl care about that?" said Warrington; and Vicary laughed aloud at him. To himself he said: "The girl who gets you will get the bravest, cleanest, best man that wears the queen's uniform; and the girl that will refuse you doesn't ex-

"Why, we're there," said Warrington, the amazing fact to sink into his con- flushing and fidgeting; "how that

horse has been going!" "Three doors down the square." said ged at his moustache and gnawed the Vicary to the cabman through the trap.

"Tell him to drive once round first, said Warrington, pulling a glove of and then beginning to put it on. "I'v.

"It'll keep," said Vicary. "Out you

"No-I say-half a minute. Vicary "It's serious, boy," said the other Is my tle straight? I ought to have changed my collar. Hang it-all right, "I I'm coming. Wait for us, cabby-we shan't be five minutes. Vicary, don't ring. I-I don't think I'll call today, after all-it's a bit late don't you think? You have rung? Dash it! I-I-let me ask?" The door was opened. "Is Mr. Rivers in? No? Oh. thank

> you. It don't matter-I'll call again. Good--Vicary caught him as he turned and

held him fast. "Is Miss Rivers in?" he asked. "Yessir," said the man, who kney him well.

"Say Lieutenant Beverley Warring ton wishes to see her for a few moments on most important-come here, you old idiot-on most important busi-

Inside the house Warrington mopped his face and rehearsed speeches in a low monotone until the man reappear-

"Will you walk upstairs, sir, please?"

"Walk up," said Vicary, sternly, and marched him out of the room. "Right half face! Quick march! Go on, you conquering hero, and good luck attend

Warrington did not answer, but he breathed stertorously and fingered the belustrede.

"Up you go!" said Vicary. "There's no retreat. She's walting for you." "I-I wish you could come, too," said Warrington, in a loud, hoarse whis-

Vicary grinned, shaking with internal laughter. Warrington glared at him, groaned, and went slowly upstairs, where the man stood patiently waiting to announce him.

Vicary heard him say breathlessly. "Walt a minute!" but the man preferred not to hear him, and opened the door with a most portentious "Lieutenant Beverley Warrington."

Vicary waited in the library. He moked one cigarette and another, and another. He tried to read, but he gave it up. He tried to laugh at the scene in which he had just taken part, but he gave that up, too. After all, he was in no laughing mood where Warrington's happiness was concerned.

And at last, when the hands of the clock showed three-quarters of an hour gone. Warrington's voice from upstairs called hoarsely, "Vicary!"

He paused a moment, breathless. Then another voice, far clearer and sweeter, but with just a faint tremor in it. repeated, "Vicary!"

And then he flew upstairs as fast as his wound would allow him .- Harmsworth Magazine.

Apples as Medicine.

Chemically, the apple is composed of vegetable fiber, albumen, sugar, gum, chiorophyll, malic acid, gallic acid, lime and much water. Furthermore, "Then I shall sweat like a coolle, and of phosphorus than any other fruit stand gaping like a stuck pig," said or vegetable. This phosphorus is adsential nervous matter, lethicin, of the brain and spinal cord. It is perhaps powers of mind and body. Also the A reporter who visited the workshop are sluggish in action, these acids serv. grass in a flame and disappeared in ing to eliminate from the body nox- gases when held beneath a lens in the lous matters, which if retained would focus of the big reflector. The idea is make the brain heavy and dull, or an old one, but the value of the inbring about jaundice or skin eruptions vention lies in the cheapmens of the apand other allied troubles. Some such paratus. Wideen claims to be able to pork, rich goose, and like dishes. The of them he says it will be possible to malic acid of ripe apples, either raw or concentrate such a degree of heat on cooked, will neutralize any excess of any desired point as will revolutionize chalky matter engendered by eating all ideas of welding and the use of heat too much meat. It is also a fact that for generating energy. such fresh fruits as the apple, the pear | The process by which the hoge glass without sugar, diminish acidity in the said to be extremely simple, but the stomach, rather than to provoke it, secret is closely guarded. The glass is which tend to counteract acidity. A here that the apparatus for curving the ripe, raw apple is one of the easiest glass is contained. vegetables substances for the stomach five minutes. Gerard found that the cut somewhat thick, and the inside whereof is laid to hot, burning, or runspeedily, and contrary to expectationan excellent secret."

> "Why, darling," exclaimed the pretty bride of three weeks as she rushed to embrace her husband, "how good t was of you to skip baseball once and (come home early! You're just tor sweet." And he accepted it all without saying a word about there being m garge.-Petroit Free Press.

WORKS FOR HIS SLAVE.

Chicago, Ill.-(Special.)-To save the life of a former slave, with whom is boyhood he played on his father's plantation, William E. Belt of 1882 North Albany avenue has gone to Frederick. Md. John Alfred Brown, colored, who is the youngest son of Mr. Belt's old "black mammy," is there under sentence of death for a murder, of which he avows his entire innocence. The story of the fight being made for master by man is of particular interest, as an instance of the regard still maintained in many cases by former slaveholders for their one-time chattels.

William E. Belt's father owner large plantation and kept many slaves at Dickerson Station, in Montgomery county, Maryland. On this plantation William Belt and his brothers were born and brought up.

Following the custom that always prevailed in the slave states, the care of the growing youngsters was intrusted to a slave woman, with a family of her own. This "mammy" on the Belt tables every year, the "unused" repreplantation, was Aunt Eliza, whose son sents about \$100,000. is now in danger.

As each of the owner's children grew big enough to toddle around he was given a pickaninny as his especial property and playmate. It was the duty of this little slave to look out for his little master, fend for him and serve him as he grew up. To William Belt was given John Alfred, the youngest son of

Aunt Eliza Together the two youngsters ransacked the plantation. They fished in the little stream that runs through the grounds, ran away to circuses together and weathered storms in comradeship. The war and the freeing of the slaves interrupted this companionship, when

such was about 9 years old. After the war the Belt plantation was leased and the family scattered, but William Belt kept track of his fermer playmate, who had adopted the name of Brown. A short time ago, while on a visit east, he made a trip to Montcomery county to see him, and found him in fail, charged with murder. The crime was the killing of an old couple named Rosenstein, storekeepers, for their money. A negro named Taylor had confessed and said that Brown had killed one of them and he the other.

This Brown denied. Mr. Belt called on the judge, and he says was refused permission to see his old playmate, being told that there was ne doubt he was guilty. Brown had not then been tried. He was later convicted. After the trial Taylor, who had expected to be let off for turning state's evidence, made another statement, in which he said his confession was wrong o far as it implicated Brown, and that

the latter was innocent. This statement Mr. Belt will lay before the governor of Maryland, in the hope of gaining a respite during which Brown can procure evidence is prove an alibi. He has yet had no opportunity of making up his case. Brown is said to have borne a good reputation, and had saved his money and bought him a home. This he mortgaged to pay

the lawyers who defended him. Letters from the other members of the Belt family have been sent to the Maryland authorities, and strong hope is entertained of saving Brown's life.

Has a Solar Furnace. Chicago, III.—(Sp argest glass reflectors in the world is soused in a little wooden shack on the mirably adapted for renewing the es. prairie near Kedzie avenue and Fulton, street. Its area is 84 square feet and flameter 124 inches. The mirror or refor the same reason, rudely under- flector is the invention of Knute C. Wistood, that old Scandinavian traditions Seen, a young Swedish civil engineer. represent the apple as the food of the He claims to have generated a greater gods, who, when they felt themselves legree of heat already than ever before

acids of the apple are of great use for with Mr. Wideen saw strips of antimen of sedentary habits, whose livers mony and other metals shrivel like dry experience must have led to our cus- manufacture such reflectors for the tom of taking apple sauce with roast market at \$500 each, and with a group

and the plum, when taken ripe, and plate is curved to form a reflector is Their vegetable salts and juices are mounted on a huge casting, and behing converted into alkaline carbonates, it is a cavity several inches deep. It is

At present the morror is hung by te deal with, the whole process of the chains and blocks from a cross beam in digestion being completed in eighty- the roof of the shed, and by means of braces can be placed at any required "pulpe of roasted apples mixed in a angle. When in use the front and top wine quart of faire water, and labored of the shed are thrown open and the together until it comes to be as apples mirror is placed in position to catch and ale-which we call lambswool- the sun's rays. A broad path of brillnever falleth in certain diseases of the lant white light shoots from it to a raines, which myself hath often prov. focus in which the weeds and grass ed and guined thereby both crownes shrivel. In this focus a reducing lens and credit." "The paring of an apple, is placed and the point of the second focus is the solar furnace. The inventor is handicapped at present by lack of ning eyes at night, when the party a large reducing lens. He has been goes to bed, and is tired or bound to able to secure one only eight inches in the same, doth help the trouble very diameter and has sent to Germany for one of larger size. With this he expects to secure a heat of 10,000 degrees over an area a foot square. Mr. Wideen is confident he has more than doubled the advantages of the electric

> A man from Wisconsin, accused of attempting to polson a resident of Colorado Springs, has been acquitted on the plea of insanity, and the physicians ten-tified that his insanity was due to the high altitude of the town.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

About half an average crop of apples and plums is expected in Iowa this

The lifeboats around the British coast during the last year rescued 680 people. Projectiles for modern big and rapid fire guns require about half weight in powder to fire them.

Thirty years ago there were only two dosen explosive compounds known; now there are over 1.000. Of the world's annual yield of petro-

leum, amounting to 5,000,000,000 gallons. the United States produces half. In St. Paul recently a boy fell from a wall sixty feet to a relimed track below, and escaped without serious in-

ulation of any city in Christendom census is expected to show at least 125.000.

At the imperial court of Austria the

chef of Emperor Francis Joseph estimates that of \$250,000 expended on the India imported 2,835,298 gallons of beer in 1807-98, and the product of the

breweries in that country amounted to about 6,000,000 gallons. The coal production of Great Britain amounts to 190,000,000 tons a year; of

Germany to 100,000,000 tons, and France Telegraphic communication is to be entablished between the Scottish isiands Rum, Egg. Canna and Muck, and they are all to be connected with the

mainland through the Tale of Syke. The Oklahoma wheat harvest, which began last week, promises to yield 18,000,000 bushels. The territory will have its greatest crop of corn this year. In six of the largest cities of Switzerland foreigners make up 40 per cent of the population; but of these all but 16

per cent were born in Switserland. It is calculated that during the Lon don season the average amount money spent daily in flowers is \$25,000, most of which goes to foreign flower growers.

The secretary of the Massachusetts board of health has issued the statement that codfish is as nutritious as strioin steak or oleomargarine. It is plain that locality sometimes influences even the scientific judgment. An expert has arisen to explain that

dered stomach. He argues from this that persons meditating public appearance should be careful of their diet and adhere to regular habits. The British army on January 1 numbered 233,560, of whom 107,000 were stationed at home: 74,500 in India, 49,000 in

stage fright really comes from a disor-

the colonies, 1,800 in Crete. There are 18,000 cavalry. Last year the desertions in round numbers were 4,000 The law of less majesty has been apolled by the Berlin courts to the verses 'Me und Gott" recited by Captain Caghlan at New York recently, and the

edition that had been published for sale

in Germany has been confiscated. M. Secretan of Paris, the owner of the famous Secretan college, which was dispersed some years ago is dead. After baving made a large fortune in copper he lost his fortune, and his collection was sold. He was the owner of Millet's "Angelus," which sold for \$110,000. At Asti, in California, last year, a cisfor the storage of wine. The immens tank was lined with concrete two feet thick, and coated inside with a glaze

of the tank is 500,000 gallons. An association of London women ducts the congenial business of caring for window boxes and growing flowers for balconies and small gardens. It will take the contract for filling a bow window, a conservatory, little or big, or will look after the half dozen or more drawing room plants that one may

as impermeable as glass. The capacity

Thomas Carleton of Waterville, Me. has a decided novelty for this sectionin the shape of a shamrock which he raised himself. It is thought to be the only one ever cultivated in the state of Maine. He started to grow it last Qecember, and his efforts had such success that he now has a full-fiedged shamrock.

A dispatch to the London Graphic from Sebastopol says that a Cossack ex-officer, who has just returned from Teheran, Persia, declares that the Shah is mentally and physically incapacitated and that he suffers hallucinations. He finds his chief amusement with the telephone, which is elaborately installed throughout the palace.

There is no part of the world which has such a black record for wrecks as the narrow Black sea. The number in some years has average more than one a day, the greatest number of wrecks recorded in one year being 426, and the smallest 134. About 60 per cent of these vessels become total wrecks, all the crews being lost.

A Minnesota man captured a kingfisher when the bird was quite young, and made a pet of him and trained the bird to capture fish and lay them at his master's feet. In summer the bird is taken to the river, where fish are known to abound, and set at liberty. The bird poises high in the air, and suddenly dropping grasps his victim and promptly delivers the fish to the master.

A Russian inventor utilises coal dust by mixing it with a course molasses and a little routh, and working the mixture. Those artificial lumps burn well, and reing made in increasing a are be ried on to some extent in we