

The Secret Dispatch

By JAMES GRANT

CHAPTER XI.

Twenty-four miles eastward of the city the small town and fortress of Schlossburg stands at a point where the Neva issues from the Lake of Ladoga and on the left bank of the river.

On an island, where the river joins the lake and mounts its round, is built the fort, which is about four hundred yards square; its walls are of stone, massive, and fifty feet in height, terminating in battlements and turrets of antique form. The passage to this island is by a long drawbridge.

The guard which kept this formidable state prison, where many a hopeless sigh was wafted through the rusty bars of its prison grilles across the waters of Ladoga, was composed entirely of a body of dismounted Cossacks, selected for the purpose, as the task of keeping or secluding the deposed Emperor Ivan was one of no small responsibility and importance.

A guard of these men received Balgonie at the gate and drawbridge with a profound military salute, and a picturesque aspect they presented, as their arms flashed in the murky light of the great oil lanterns that swung in the dark, weird and deep-mouthed archway.

The great masses of the fortress, ghostly and shrouded, with faint red lights gleaming out here and there; the enormous strength of the gates, together with the difficulties he experienced in procuring admission, all served to impress unpleasantly on the mind of Charlie Balgonie a state of extreme watchfulness, of suspicion, and mistrust; and also a sense of vast responsibility of the charge confided by Catherine to Colonel Bernikoff.

That gallant officer and estimable personage had retired long since, and Lieutenant Tschekin informed Balgonie, would be quite invisible till breakfast time to-morrow, when the dispatch would be delivered to him; and a sigh of real annoyance escaped Charlie when he found that this odious paper was to be set some eight hours or more in his secret pocket.

He repaired to the officers' guardroom at the barrier gate, and there, wrapped in his cloak, lay down to sleep, and if possible to dream of Natalie; but he had undergone too much toil for such gentle phantasms, so he slept like a dormouse. Still the sun was high in heaven, unawakened even by the deep boom of the morning gun, as it pealed across the Lake of Ladoga; but ultimately he was roused by Tschekin and Captain Vlasief, a very handsome young man, but cruel and heartless, whom ultimately he detested. These, after shaking hands heartily, announced that Colonel Bernikoff awaited him at breakfast and was not in a mood to brook much delay.

His hasty toilet was soon complete, and he was speedily ushered into a plain, almost naked whitewashed apartment arched with stone. Here, at a table of plain Mensel timber, destitute of cloth, but on which massive silver vessels with rudely formed wooden bowls and platters were oddly intermingled, was seated the Governor.

"Hail to you—I wish you health," said Bernikoff, courteously enough, in the old Russian fashion, and presenting his hand to Charlie, who took it, shuddering, as he remembered the fate of Peter III.; "welcome to Schlossburg, Captain Ivanovitch Balgonie."

Bernikoff, who wore a dark green uniform faced with scarlet, was a man well up in years; he had fierce and shining black eyes that made soldier and serf alike quail beneath their gaze; yet they were small, cunning and twinkling eyes, the lashes of which were half closed—the eyes of one who could see the cruel tyrant on one hand and the tringing slave on the other.

"Seat yourself, captain, and proceed to breakfast, while I read your dispatch," said the governor. "It is from Catharine Christianowna herself! The Czarina is great, but heaven is higher!" he added, placing the paper on his forehead, as he bowed over it; and then took an enormous pinch of snuff he proceeded to peruse that document which had proved of such trouble to the bearer.

The eyes of Balgonie, Tschekin and Vlasief, who alone were present, were fixed inquiringly upon him, and they could see that the contents disturbed him greatly; he grew pale and flushed by turns; his brows contracted to a terrible frown; a red spark of light glittered in his eyes, and his lips were compressed.

"Ah, the Asiatics! the accursed Asiatics!" he muttered. "This is a most oppressive epithet in Russia, and excited some surprise in his hearers.

He carefully folded the dispatch, and turning sternly to Charlie, who was keeping his eyes on him, and drinking his coffee the while, he said: "Ivanovitch Balgonie, there is a feather in the seal—the usual sign of haste among us here in Russia; yet you have not troubled yourself with much speed, for this dispatch is dated Novgorod more than a month back!"

"Permit me to explain, excellency," said Balgonie, eagerly, and anxiously, too.

"I shall be glad if you can explain it," said Bernikoff, with increasing sternness. "I have known a general, a leader in ten battles, degraded, knouted, and sent to hunt the ermine with a cannon ball at his heels for a smaller dereliction of duty than this."

Balgonie's heart beat very fast while he related his story—of his being misled by a traitor twice; of the passage of the Louga at such terrible hazard; of his subsequent illness, and the episode at that log hut.

"That you were in the guidance of a traitor I knew before your arrival; and I am extremely glad that he fell into his own snare," replied Bernikoff, a little more calmly; "but this matter is extremely awkward for you, and becomes more complicated every hour."

After glancing again at the dispatch and bending his head, ratlike eyes on Balgonie, he asked:

"Were Basil Mierovitch or Uskoff, the friends of Masnapp, at the Castle of Louga any time during your sojourn here?"

"No, excellency, neither of them were." "Spies say differently—but can you swear it?"

"On my honor do I swear it! But why?"

"I have had bad news from the headquarters of your regiment, and from Lieutenant General Weymark, since you left Novgorod."

"And these tidings, excellency?"

"Are to the effect that your friends, the two subalterns, have both deserted, with several soldiers, all of whom are natives of the Ukraine, and are nowhere to be found, though pursued by a whole company of Cossacks."

"Deserted!" cried Balgonie with real concern.

"Yes—the cursed Asiatics!" replied Bernikoff.

For some moments intense anxiety and alarm bewildered Balgonie, and he felt himself grow pale at a time when six searching eyes were bent with a doubtful expression upon him. He remembered the hostility, the threatening and mysterious words of Natalie, and grew almost sick with apprehension of he knew not what, as he muttered inaudibly:

"Hasil deserted—and his cousin, too! The whole family will be incriminated and degraded. Oh, Natalie, my hapless love! Did General Weymark state this in his dispatch?" he asked aloud.

"He did, and at its end referred to you."

"Yes; here is the document, and it concludes thus: 'As I and the regiment of Smolensko will shortly march into St. Petersburg, Captain Carl Ivanovitch Balgonie need not return to Novgorod; but, until then, shall attach himself to your staff, and remain in Schlossburg, where, ere long, you may require all the good service he can render you—Weymark.'"

Great were the mortification and disgust of Balgonie on learning that he was to remain for an indefinite period in a place so revolting and uncomfortable, and with no other society than that of three military jailers—cruel, hard-hearted and avaricious Muscovites of the worst kind; and with these orders did his hopes of revisiting, as he intended, Louga, on his return, and of seeing Natalie again.

Under the ban, as all the household of Mierovitch would be now, should he ever see her more? Every way fate and the tide of events seemed to be against him and her, already in the very dawn of their love."

"And now, gentlemen," said the Governor, lowering his voice, "the Empress's dispatch contains only two lines, thus: 'A scheme is formed to free Prince Ivan. Let him not fall alive into the hands of those who come to seek for him.' Nor shall he!" exclaimed Bernikoff, with ferocious enthusiasm. "Long life to her imperial majesty Catharine Christianowna—hurrah!"

"Hurrah, hurrah!" added Vlasief and the lieutenant.

Balgonie, also, as in duty bound, essayed to "hurrah," but the sound died away on his lips.

CHAPTER XII.

Full of anxious thoughts, Balgonie passed more than half of the succeeding day on the ramparts of the castle prison alone, avoiding Colonel Bernikoff, Captain Vlasief and their subaltern, Tschekin, none of whom were consonant to his taste, for all were deep gamblers.

On three sides, far around this island prison, stretched the waters of Ladoga—the largest lake in Europe.

From the somewhat dreary view of this small inland sea, he turned to survey the fortress, with all its strength of gloomy walls, grated windows, and frowning cannon, till suddenly his eye was arrested by a very remarkable face, which was observing him from the somber depth of a strongly barred and arched window of the great tower.

It was a pale face, but singularly handsome—grave, and even sad in expression—a young man's face with the slightest indication of a mustache, but for which, in its paleness and extreme delicacy of feature, and tint, it might have passed for that of a twin brother of Natalie Mierowna.

Suddenly it was detected by a Cossack sentinal, who shouted shrilly and slapped the butt-end of his loaded musketoon; on this the face instantly disappeared.

This was he concerning whom Balgonie had brought that terrible dispatch—Ivan, the deposed Emperor—the prisoner of Schlossburg!

"Twenty-three years!" thought Balgonie with a shudder; "twenty-three years in that tower—since his very babyhood—oh, it is terrible!"

Other ears had heard the shout of the sentinal; for now a man, who in a boat had been fishing near the fortress, suddenly shipped a pair of sculls and pulled away toward the town with an air of alarm that seemed equalled only by his dexterity. This fisher had been hovering about the fortress all day. "Can he be the gypsy—the half-breed?" thought Charlie; "ah! the dispatch is out of my hands now."

Fortunately for Balgonie, there was a chaplain of the Russian Greek Church, attached to the fortress; and his society, at times, tended to alleviate what he endured from having to associate with such a human bear as Colonel Bernikoff—an annoyance from which he would only be relieved by the longest-for return of General Feymark and the Regiment of Smolensko to St. Petersburg.

Through the good offices of the chaplain, with the permission of the governor, which was yielded very unwillingly, Balgonie was presented one evening to the deposed Emperor Ivan, and the particulars and incidents of that interview made a deep and sad impression upon him.

Confinement had rendered Ivan's features unnaturally pale and delicate; and, by years of systematic constraint and oppression, his fine, clear and very beautiful dark eyes had a sort, subdued and chastened expression that was singularly touching and winning. The tone of his voice was also gentle and alluring.

"Hospodien," said he, presenting his hand to Balgonie, "I rejoice to meet

you, if one who leads a life so strange as mine can be said to rejoice; but you are one to whom I may talk a little without danger—oh, Father Christysson? And he has told me, Hospodien, that you are not a Russian, but a native of some island that is far away in the sea. What are you? A Tartar—a Tcherekse? Oh, no, you cannot be either. I know them; for they guard me," he added, with a little shudder.

"I am your friend, believe me, Ivan Antonovitch," replied Balgonie.

As they were retiring the prince said: "Hospodien, you have dropped something."

It was the locket with Natalie's hair. "What is in this?" asked Ivan, with childlike interest.

"A lock of hair, your highness. It is the gift, the souvenir of a lady I love, and who loves me; a countrywoman of your own."

"A woman?" said Ivan, ponderingly.

"Yes, excellency."

"I have never looked upon a woman's face, and know not what it is like; though the Empress visited me when a child, as I have been told. I have heard that they are not bearded like men. I shall never see one. It is forbidden; yet—yet—as I often tell Father Christysson, I have dreams by day—dreams of something else than wild swans and bearded Cossacks—of something to cling to, some one to love and be loved by. It must be this kind of love you speak of—oh, yes, it must!" said Ivan, as he gazed with stupid but reverent wonder at the lock of hair ere he returned it to Balgonie.

"Poor young prince!" exclaimed the latter, as the chaplain hurried him away and the portcullis banged behind him in its grooves of stone.

The priest now urged upon Balgonie, that if his visits were to be continued, the affairs of the outer world must in no way be referred to, or the result might be most disastrous for all concerned.

"The seclusion in which the prisoner is kept has, I fear, impaired his understanding," said Balgonie.

"Hah! do you think so?" granted Colonel Bernikoff, who overheard the remark, as they issued from the tower of Ivan.

"You must know, that your genuine Russian is like a tiger, as some writer has it—so long as he is chained; but who tears him under when loose. The Empress quite understands this!"

"How is it that you trust me so freely to visit your prisoner?" asked Charlie, who began to fear that Bernikoff might be laying some snare for him by according this hitherto unwonted permission.

"Because you are the safest man in Russia to have this liberty."

"How?"

"As a soldier of fortune—a stranger among us—you can have no sympathy with anything but the strict and steady execution of your duty; and the line of that," added Bernikoff, darting a keen glance at the Scot, "as with us all, lies in fidelity to the Empress."

"True," replied Balgonie, with something of sadness in his tone, and very little of enthusiasm.

"Thus, were I to order you to blow Ivan Antonovitch from the mouth of a cannon, I should expect you to obey?"

"I trust that no such test of my obedience will ever be necessary," replied Balgonie, with a hauteur which Bernikoff was somewhat unused to see among his subalterns.

"We shall have some other and more troublesome prisoners in Schlossburg ere long," said the Governor, with knitted brows.

"Whom do you mean?"

"Old Mierowitch and his family. Warrants have been issued by the chancellor to arrest them all."

"Ah," said Balgonie, in a faint voice. "Yes, women as well as men; an escort of the Regiment of Smolensko arrived at St. Petersburg yesterday with Mierowitch and the Hospozia Mariolizna. His daughter, who seems to be deeply involved in some plot, has for the time effected her escape. But they will soon be all before the Secret Chancery, and then the knot and the wheel will be at work with a vengeance!"

The reader may judge how these and similar remarks affected poor Charlie; while the governor, as if pleased that he could thus inflict pain, walked away with a malicious smile on his somber visage. (To be continued.)

CHEAP GERMAN LABOR

Hand Work Costs Farmers in Fatherland Less Than Use of Machines.

In a recent report to the department of state on the use of agricultural machines in Germany, Oliver J. D. Hughes, consul-general at Coburg, calls attention to the fact that many of the machines offer no advantages, as it is cheaper to utilize hand labor. In the course of this report, according to the New York Times, Mr. Hughes says: "It seems to me that while the small tradespeople (of Germany) must be supplanted or absorbed by larger rivals, this cannot be said of the agriculturists, as the smaller farmer possesses many advantages over the large landowner, which show that the small farmer has a good chance to compete with the large landowner in the present as well as in the future. Certain branches of agriculture, as, for instance, the so-called spade cultivations, are only possible and profitable on the lands of the small farmer, as the larger landowner has to have this work done by the use of machinery, which is more expensive or at least costs more in cash outlay.

"For instance, the expense caused by the use of a grain-sowing machine is 21 cents per hectare, while the cost for hand labor is only 10 1/2 cents; further still, the manure-scattering machine costs 25 cents, as against 13 cents for hand labor; the self-binding grain machine costs \$2.67, as against \$2.61 for hand labor. Finally, I may say that the potato and turnip gathering machines also cost more than hand labor, although I am unable at present to give the exact figures."

A Good Idea

Listen to what your friends say of others if you would know what they say of you.—Chicago Daily News.

What has become of the old-fashioned schoolgirl who wrote an essay on "The Horrors of War?"

Topics of the Times

New York has a German population of 869,000 and Chicago has 440,000.

The twenty-five largest London theaters seat 28,000 people and earn \$30,000 a night.

England gets about \$5,000,000 worth of new gold from Africa every month and \$7,500,000 worth out of Australia.

Miss Vida Goldstein, the woman candidate in Victoria for a seat in the Commonwealth Senate, was not elected, but she received 51,000 votes.

The annual loss from the burning of buildings in the United States is about \$125,000,000, not including cost of insurance and the appliances for fire protection.

A bore put down at Cessnock, near Maitland, in New South Wales, recently penetrated, at a depth of 290 feet, a seam of coal twenty-seven feet in thickness.

In a divinity essay written by an English schoolboy appeared the following passage: "So he came into Mosese. Come forth; but he came fifth and lost the job. Moral, Git up urly."

Mr. Chamberlain is said to be a remarkably proficient political stage manager, appreciating and knowing the value of a dramatic entrance quite as well as Sir Henry Irving or Mr. Beerbohn Tree.

It is stated that over 2,700,000 tons of dust ejected from the Soufriere volcano in St. Vincent have fallen on the island of Barbados. The dust, contrary to expectation, has been found to have no fertilizing value.

Public revenue of Great Britain from April 1, 1903, to the latest date at hand amounted to \$227,849,765, a decrease of \$38,004,795 from last year. Expenditures were \$592,738,225, a falling off of \$191,714,395 from last year.

The value of exports to the United States from Panama in the fiscal year 1903 amounted to \$193,342, of which \$50,797 was the value of hides, \$49,474 India rubber, \$27,805 coco-bolo nuts, \$19,598 ivory nuts, \$13,372 deer skins and \$6,968 coffee.

Phonographic records of Emperor William's voice, on metal matrices, will be the first deposits made in the phonetic archives that are to be kept at Harvard University, and in the Congressional Library and the National Museum at Washington.

The Russian government has elaborated statutes on general life insurance by the state. The business is to be entrusted to the governmental savings banks. All kinds of policies will be issued and the insured will participate in the profits of the business.

Cobra George Salem, an Egyptian, who entered the Missouri University last fall and is taking the four-year course in agriculture, is so well pleased with his work that he has succeeded in persuading several of his friends in Egypt and Turkey to come and take a similar course in some American college.

In commemoration of the Indian princess Pocahontas, who died at Gravesend, England, when about to sail to Virginia with her husband in 1616, St. George's Church, in Wapping, is to have a pulp made of wood brought from Virginia. Pocahontas is buried in the chancel of St. George's Church.

The Greco-Roman chariot in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, one of the new exhibits, has excited great interest among artists and archaeologists. Its preservation was due to the fact that it was buried by the ashes of Vesuvius. Many other treasures were found in the same neighborhood, some of which Baron Rothschild bought and presented to the Louvre. The chariot in question is two-wheeled and is perhaps the rarest in the world.

Feb. 13 was the centennial of the use of steam traction on railroads. It was only a five-ton moving engine running over the Merthyr Tydfil course. Its inventor was Richard Trevithick, a Cornishman. It could draw fifteen tons at a rate of five miles an hour. It had an eight-inch cylinder and toothed wheels, which caught in notched rails and helped it over hard places in the track. Only a few trips were made by it, for the experiment was not commercially profitable.

TALENT HAS DEVELOPED EARLY.

Precocious Youngsters Who Are Making Their Mark in the World.

At Grand Rapids, Mich., there is a precocious child who recites selections from Kipling, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley with apparently as much appreciation of the demands of the pieces in the matter of expression and dialect as many a professional elocutionist.

This child is Louise Remington Fay, 3 1/2 years old, daughter of Mrs. Helen Remington Fay. She comes naturally by her talent, as her mother is an elocutionist and has appeared more or less in public ever since she was a few years older than her daughter. Recently Louise gave readings from Kipling and Dunbar before the Elocution Club, and the event has been the talk of its members ever since. She has also appeared in public on several other occasions. The child's mind does not seem taxed in the least by her work.

A youthful inventor has just built a wireless telegraph apparatus which he has operated with success in the physical laboratory of the Indianapolis Manual Training High School. He is Arthur Berger, 19 years old, who will be graduated with the June class.

Berger conceived the idea four years ago of making a wireless telegraph system. He gathered all the knowledge he could of the Marconi system from scientific periodicals. When familiar with the apparatus and the fundamental principles he began his first machines. They were crude affairs, but demonstrated the soundness of the principle on which he had built them.

Last year, during his study of electricity in advanced physics, Berger began the construction of a second set of instruments, with many improvements upon his former system.

The construction of a wireless telegraph system is not the first apparatus made by Berger. He has invented an automatic letter-folding machine designed to facilitate the work of the mailing departments of large business firms. The machine folds the letters, puts in any advertising matter desired, such as a return postal card, seals the letters and puts the stamps on. It is a simple device, and a child could operate the machine. Berger is perfecting the letter-folding apparatus and expects to put it on the market soon.

"Tibbie" Page, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Page, of Payson, Utah, is the latest musical genius of Utah. Though only 6 years of age, the child plays the cello in dance music and executes difficult accompaniments to violin selections by her father.

The little girl was born June 27, 1897, and even before she could walk was humming tunes. After hearing her father play the violin she would hum the melody, and when her hands were powerful enough to lift a bow she picked up the knack of handling it, solely by observation. At the end of a week, having had a few lessons in the methods of placing the fingers, she could play bass parts by ear with her father.

The child practiced until she was able to play waltzes, all by ear, and now she accompanies her father in difficult numbers. She has been playing her part in the orchestra during a six months' tour of Utah, Idaho and Oregon. In addition to her other accomplishments the little girl is a clever dancer and sings well.

WHEN NATURE IS REMISS.

Sometimes the Senses Are Forgotten in the Making of a Human Being.

Nature nods undoubtedly at times, as in the case of the child born without a brain, whose case has been made public this week. Not long ago an infant was born and lived for three weeks with a hole through its heart. Thousands of us are color blind, others have no musical sense. And there are many Laura Bridgmans, many Helen Kellers. The queen of Roumania has or had at her court in personal attendance upon herself the daughter of a blind nobleman. She could neither hear nor speak and had to be taught to communicate by holding the throat of a speaker and imitating the vibration produced by the effort. But what a grudge against nature must such a one as Lyon Playfair discovered ever feel!

Here was a girl who was blind, deaf, dumb and could neither taste nor smell. One might be pardoned for asking if such a life was worth living. Yet there was a beautiful lesson in such an existence, as the great warm heart of Playfair discovered. He sent her a pretty finger ring, and the poor mite replied in this pitifully pretty letter: "Dear Sir Lyon Playfair: Sir Lyon Playfair sent Edith ring in box. Edith thank Sir Lyon Playfair for ring. Sir Lyon Playfair come to see Edith. Good-by. Edith." During his first visit the child had closely examined his hands, wrists, arms and face, her touch being marvelously accurate. A year later he went again to see her. At first she did not recognize him and no one betrayed his identity. At length she turned back the cuff of his shirt and touched his wrist. Her face lit up with intense joy. "It is the Englishman who gave me the ring," she rapidly spelled out on her fingers. And in a second she had flung her little arms around his neck and was weeping with delight at the recognition.—St. James' Gazette.

Johnny Got the Dose of Oil.

"Johnny, you must go to the drug store and get me a dose of oil," urged the boy's mother.

Johnny, who stammers frightfully, begged that she send his younger brother, who was not so afflicted, but this the mother refused to do. "You must obey me," she pressed. Finally, and after making threats of a whipping on the mother's part and a great deal of crying from Johnny, he said he would go if she would write the order upon a piece of paper.

"Give this boy a dose of oil," the mother wrote, and Johnny took the order to the druggist, who mixed the oil in a glass of soda water and invited Johnny to drink thereof.

"Well, where's the oil?" inquired Johnny's mother upon his return home.

"It's in me. The man said: 'Here, boy; drink this soda water, and I did,' explained Johnny. "When I kept hanging around, the man asked me what I was waiting for, and I—I—said I was waiting for the oil. Then he said, 'You've swallowed it,' and that I had better run along home to my mother."

Not Appreciated.

"Now, Tommy," said the fond mother, "when you see people your senior standing you must ask them to sit down, and they'll like you."

"I asked old man Sparks to sit down, and he tried to lick me," replied Tommy.

"How was that?"

"The pavement was wet and slippery."

CITY THAT PAYS NO TAXES.

Income from the Property at Freudenstadt Pays All the Expenses.

In the Black Forest of Germany is the little city of Freudenstadt, with about 7,000 inhabitants, a busy industrial place with iron and chemical works of some importance.

Small as it is, Freudenstadt is a full-fledged city, with a mayor, aldermen, half a dozen policemen and a fire engine. The public business is conducted on an economical basis, and the total expenses do not exceed \$25,000 a year.

Freudenstadt has the distinction of being the only city in Germany, and perhaps in the world, which does not tax the citizens a dollar for municipal expenses. The yearly net income from the public property covers all the outgo.

This property consists of about 6,000 acres of fine forest, which, being managed under the best forestry methods, is a permanent source of income. One or more trees are planted for every one that is cut down. No tree is cut till it can yield the maximum profit.

After deducting all the expenses of the industry the annual profit to the acre is about \$5. That is exceptional even for Germany, where the annual profit ranges from \$3 to \$4.50.

The question is often asked in this country whether it will pay to keep land under permanent forest. Unless at least a moderate profit is possible no one can be expected to grow trees on land that can be used for any other purpose.

The Rhode Island experiment station is now giving some attention to this question, and in a bulletin prepared by Prof. F. W. Card some interesting figures are presented. He cites the experience of Zachariah Allen, of Rhode Island, who planted a wood pasture with trees in 1820 and kept a careful financial record till 1877, fifty-seven years. After deducting all expenses he found that his profit was nearly 7 per cent per annum on the original investment.

There is also a record of the returns on a forty-acre tract of white pine in New Hampshire for eighty years, during which time the average annual profit was \$3.75 an acre. The facts given by Prof. Card, seem to show that only a moderate profit is to be expected from forests treated as a permanent crop. Perhaps we cannot make as much money in this industry as is made in Europe, where every part of a tree can be marketed at some price, even the small branches and twigs being gathered into bunches and sold for firewood.—New York Sun.

SEVERE ESQUIMAU SWEAT BATH.

Would Probably Kill a White Boy; Natives, However, Enjoy It.

Boys who make a fuss because their parents oblige them to take frequent baths should be glad they are not Eskimau children, living on the shores of Norton Sound. In that cold region of Alaska all the boys are obliged to take a sweat bath once a week, and this bath is no joke. A fire of driftwood is built in the center of the floor of the kashim—the one room house, where the men and boys of the village pass most of their time—and when the smoke has passed off and the wood is reduced to red, glowing coals, a cover is put over the smokehole in the roof, and the place becomes intensely hot. The boys then must take off their clothes and sit about the furnace-like apartment until their skin becomes as red as the shell of a boiled lobster and seems on the point of blistering.

Owing to the intense heat, the bathers are obliged to wear respirators to protect their lungs. These respirators are pads of shavings bound together, concave on the inside and convex on the outside, and large enough to cover the mouth, nose and part of the cheeks of the wearer. Across the inside runs a little wooden bar, which is held by the teeth to keep the respirator in place. The boys sit there until they are dripping with perspiration. Then they rush outside into the intense cold and roll in the snow.

E. W. Nelson, who spent between four and five years in investigating for the government the Esquimaux living about Behring Strait, says: "On several occasions I saw them go on the sweat bath to holes in the ice on a neighboring stream, and, squatting there, pour ice water over their backs and shoulders with a wooden dipper, apparently experiencing the greatest pleasure from the operation." Although the Eskimau boys seem to withstand such a bath as this all right and seem even to enjoy it, it would, in all probability, kill any white boy who tried it.—Detroit News-Tribune.

The Jap Surprised Her.

Travelers on their first trip abroad are likely to place too low an estimate on the intelligence and education of the foreigners they see. An American woman was walking with a man in The Hague, when she saw a Japanese standing in front of a shop. I's expressionless face perhaps appearing to her as an illustration of the stolid, illiterate people of the Orient as she had imagined them.

"Oh, see, there is a Jap," she exclaimed.

"The native of the far East removed his hat, bowed gracefully and said in perfect English:

"Yes, madam; I am a Jap."—Detroit Free Press.

The Regulation Focos.

Fritilla—Papa, what is a society manner?"

Papa—Well, meet your guests with stylish cordiality beaming out of one eye and critical inspection glaring out of the other.—Brooklyn Life.

Fortunate is the man who can borrow enough money to pay his debts.