HE WALKS ON THE WATER

Rough or Smooth, in Tin Shoes. Otto perhaps needless to relate that Tabby Grossmann Performs Great Feat.

water from Halle, the old university the coffin unscrewed, in order, in this town in Prussian Saxony, to Berlin, case, to pour water on the corpse. The used a pair of tin shoes constructed on benighted peasants of this viilage were the principle of snowshoes. His newly of opinion that this was the best way invented water shoe, like the snowshoe to induce much-needed rain. racket, prevents the foot from sinking, thereby making locomotion possible, and that is the whole secret,

The substructure of the water shoe is an air and water tight tube made of tin zinc, fourteen feet long and a triffe over six inches broad. At its lower end the tube is furnished with five valves. If the walker thrusts out his foot these valves act upon the water like a fish's fins-that is, they push the water away. The shoes are fastened to the feet by a sandal-like arrangement with leather straps.

The water-walker glides forward like a skater, being careful, however, to hold one foot in repose until he has finished his stroke with the other. The better to balance himself and to aid that vast numbers of the buffaloes the work of the propelling valves, Grossmann carries a short oar,

While he is in motion the water comes up to his ankles. If he stands still he pushes one leg in up to the knee, thereby securing a perfect bal-Grossmann has been seen to ance. stand in the water fully ten minutes trying to balance himself or keep from sinking.

He says he can sleep standing on the water, but he has not exhibited himself in the act, probably because the people flocking to his exhibitions do not give him a chance. While going from Halle to the German capital, walking 100 miles on the Saale, the Unstrut, Pleisse, Havel and Spree, he took all his meals standing in the middle of the river that served him as highway. His admirers on shore followed him for miles look- two or three hours but its effects were ing at the wonder. On other occasions | felt for days by men and animals expassengers of the river steamers, which | posed to the fury of the blast. A curi-

Otto Grossmann, who walked on | not far off a grave was opened and

ACCIDENT TO BUFFALOES.

Driven Over a Precipice by a Blizzard in a Destructive Sandstorm.

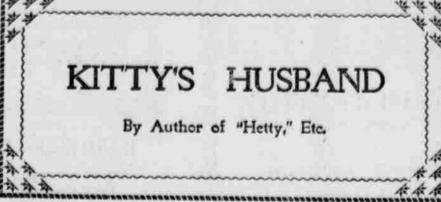
Near Cheyenne Wells is a long stretch of level prairie, which suddenly terminates in a precipice, making a perpendicular descent of perhaps fifty feet to another plain below, says the Denver Field and Farm. In the winter of 1858 a great blizzard raged for several days. The snow was driven at a terrific rate before a hurricane of wind and the buffaloes were obliged, in selfpreservation, to turn their backs and run with the wind. The result was were carried over the precipice and their dead bodies were covered with twenty or thirty feet of snow. For many years people visited the spot to look at the bones, which lay in piles ten and fifteen feet high as far as the eye could reach along the precipice, and it was commonly estimated that 100,-000 buffaloes found a grave on that fatal spot. Sandstorms in those days were so destructive that it was not unusual for freighters to lose their entire outfits. During the prevalence of a storm no attempt was made to move forward and drivers cleared the sand out of the nostrils of the horses and oxen, as otherwise the animals were threatened with death from suffocation. A sandstorm usually lasted only

ter will be referred to the postmaster general for final adjudication. It is and her progeny are doing well, and are well contented in their new home. They will remain in the Newport office until further developments, but if they go back to Covington they will not go in a registered mail pouch .--Cincinnati Enquirer.

ARTIFICIAL SILVER MINE, How the Treasury Department Chrcks

the Waste at the Mint.

In one corner of the melting room at the New Orleans mint is a large iron tank in which the newly cast silver bars are dropped hissing to cool off, says the Times-Democrat of that city. At the end of a hard day's work the surface of the water shows a faint rainbow-hued scum, like the metallic luster of stagnant pools, seen near a dyehouse. It comes in part from microscopic flakes of silver that have scaled off in the cooling. The water, when changed, runs down a pipe that terminates in the bottom of a cistern, which contains a layer of mud a couple of feet deep. As the water seeps up and through, the mud acts as a filter and catches the particles of precious metal, so in time it becomes an artificial sliver mine. Once every quarter the stuff is scooped out and passed through a reduction process. The result is a silver brick, worth maybe \$50. When it comes to money making, Uncle Sam can beat the world for stinginess. The artificial silver mine in the yard of the old mint premises is only one of his numerous schemes for checking waste. When the casters raise their glowing ladles from the melting pots a shower of sparks fly from the molten surface. They are mostly incandescent particles of carbon, but among them are pin points of silver, almost gaseous. Some fall among the ashes and clinkers beneath the furnaces and when the fire boxes are raked out at night the contents are scrupulously preserved. Down below, in the basement, is a great revolving crusher, that grinds the debris into fine powder, and when enough ac-



A minute later an interruption came.

'What's the matter, Kitty-what's

"Nothing is the matter, sir," John

the matter?" he said, as I rose precipi-

Mortimer replied, quietly. "Kitty has

been promising to be my wife. We

But I fled without hearing Uncle

Richard's answer. I fied away to the

top of the house to a little dusty gar-

ret where not even the girls would

think of searching for me; and there,

with my new muslin, costly to the ex-

tent of two golden guineas, gathered

around me, I sat beneath the skylight

on an old dusty leather portmanteau

of Aunt Jane's, and tried to think

calmly of the ordeal that lay before

me when I should venture forth from

my hiding place. I could not face Aunt

Jane, Uncle Richard, the keen, merry

eyes of Meg and Dora, until I had

thought about things a little, grown

more sedately happy, until my cheeks

had cooled, my heart had begun to beat

more quietly, and my mind had grown

CHAPTER VII.

Perhaps a minute, perhaps an hour,

had passed-I do not know how time

went by-but long before my cheeks

had cooled an interruption came. I

had thought myself secure; but the

garret door opened, and Meg's pretty,

graceful, alert figure stood in the door-

"Kitty, my dear, John is discon-

way in the twilight.

solate," she said.

less bewildered with happiness.

hope you will not disapprove."

tately to retreat.

CHAPTER VI.-(Continued.)

swered. "There is nothing else in the world, Kitty, of which I am so sure." Uncle Richard, paper in hand, strolled into the drawing-room.

"I dld not mean to say this to you just yet," he went on gently, in his quiet, steady, earnest tone. "It seemed scarcely fair to you to say it yet. You are so young-life is all before youyou have seen so few people, seen so little of the world, that I feel I may be taking an unfair advantage of youan unfair advantage of your youth. I meant to be patient, Kitty; I meant to be patient and wait. But a week or two ago I confided to Mrs. Corfield what I meant one day to ask you; and it has struck me since then that she must have told you something of what I said to her. That is why I am speaking to you, dear, so soon.'

There was a moment's pause. Though I never raised my eyes, I was conscious of his gaze, fixed earnestly, intently on my face all the while he spoke.

"Kitty, I think you know what I want to tell you," he continued. "I love you, Kitty. I want to ask you, dear, if you will be my wife."

He had spoken very quietly, in a very grave and steady way, not as though he were conferring a boon apon me, yet not with excessive humility. My hands, which he held in als, were trembling, my heart was beating fast. I looked across at him, and his eyes seemed to hold mine; I could not look away again. He was to strong, so tender, so good, so true! And I loved him-oh, I loved him! He read my love in my eyes; I let him read it, I could not help it.

"Kitty, tell me," he pleaded, gently. 'Don't let us blunder-either of us. I love you, dear, dearly-most dearly. beat faster than ever as Meg's merry



pulsed; she put her pretty little hand beneath my chin, looked at me with mock reproach, then, laughing again, bent forward and kissed me.

"One might fancy, Kitty, if one did not know the circumstances of the case, one might fancy--- Do you know what one might farcy?" "No."

"That you were in love with John." "And I am," I declared, my eager tone sounding unconvincing somehow as I caught the amused, incredulous little twinkles in Meg's clear blue eyes. "I am. Meg. You don't believe mebut it's true."

"Poor Kitty," said Meg in a tragle tone, still unconvinced. "When did it happen, dear?"

I turned away. Meg tripped after me down the dusty garret stairs; and, as we reached the floor below, twined her arm caressingly about my waist again.

"What does it feel like to fall in love, dear? Is the fall a shock? And what does it feel like when you'ry there?"

"Where?"

"In the land of love, the land of lime-light. In the lime-light I suppose even John would look romantic? But a romantic figure with a short beard! Oh, bear with me, Kitty! Imagination fails me, I can't picture it! Now, a long beard-a long, big, yellow, Teutonic beard, or a long, thin, tapering, pathetic beard-I could put up with under protest. But a short beard. speckled brown and gray, with a serviceable suit of clothes---- Kitty, I'm so sorry; I'm afraid I can't fall in love with John."

"I don't think he will mind," I said, with a touch of malice in my tone. Meg sighed profoundly, her eyes still

dancing with merry laughter. "Is his heart all yours? Poor me,

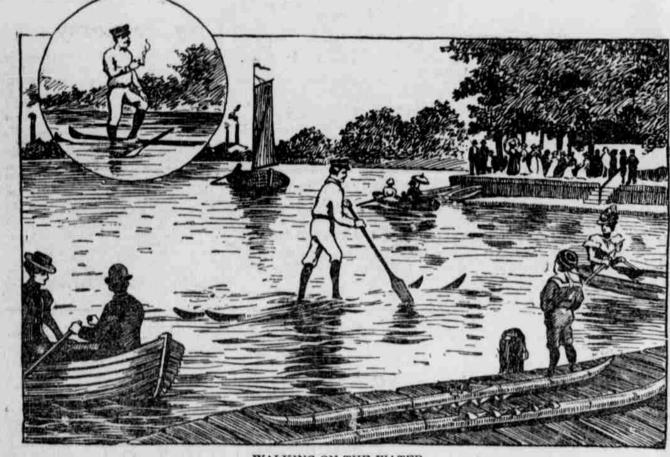
poor world, poor rest of us." "Oh, Meg, don't be such a goose!"

"I'm trying to be serious, like you. An engagement, Kitty, is a most serious thing. And the first serious consideration is the ring-diamonds, of course-refuse, dear, to have anything to say to anything but diamonds. Now, Kitty, let me offer you a plece of advice. Be exacting; a lover is nothing unless he brings daily gifts of flowers and fruit and chocolate creams. Keep that well before his mind. Hellotrope and maiden-hair fern and chocolate creams daily! My spirits are rising. Now and then you can suggest that chocolate almonds will be welcome to me for a change."

If my cheeks had been cooling, they "But he isn't engaged to you," I said, grew brilliantly red again. My heart laughing.

"No. Preserve me! But let's be fair-let's divide things equallyyou're welcome to John, but let me have the flowers and sweets. And Dora-well, Dora shall wear the flowers when I have done with them. Flowers that I wear always live for a second day. Do you know that that's unlucky? If you're to be lucky in life, and in love, the flowers you wear should wither quickly. Did you ever hear of that superstition?" "Never."

"Be more sympathetic, Kitty, Don't say 'never' in that flat tone. Please to realize my tragedy. No one is coming to woo me-no one is coming to



"Of what you said. You said you "Kitty," he said, "I want you to wanted me." listen to me for a little while, will His gray eyes looked at me with you?" gleam of merry yet tender laughter. I cast one quick, scared, deprecating "I am quite sure of that," he an-

little glance at him, and let my eyes fall. My heart was beating in such a wild and foolish way that I could not speak, could not prevent him from speaking, could not think.

WALKING ON THE WATER.

his what he wanted to eat. Grossmann, places on the plains was the immense while working and walking, likes his solid food in the shape of steaks, chops and sandwiches, and his liquid food must be bottled. The best speed he made was a mile and a half an hour.

Grossmann is a poor fisherman, and has made no effort to utilize his invention beyond giving exhibitions himself. Hehasnot even patented his shoe. That it is of practical value the military authorities have acknowledged. The commander of the Berlin balloon division asked Grossmann to walk up to a big steamer coming down the Havel. He did so without flinching, and the big waves could not unbalance him. Negotiations for securing the shoes for army use consequently are under way.

Superstition in a Russian Village. A Berlin correspondent of the Daily Telegraph reports an extraordinary case of "Gruesome Superstition" in a Russian village, not far from the German frontier. Here is the story: The rumor got about that the corpse of a woman who had recently been buried had turned in the coffin. Everybody in the village not only believed the rumor, but ascribed the prevailing drougth as the cause of the unusual circumstances. A village counsel was held, and it was decided that the husband of the deceased should have the coffin opened and the body replaced in its original position. The husband refused, and nothing could persuade him to yield to the unanimous wish of his fellow-villagers, whereupon the latter took the matter in their own hands and proceeded to the churchward to dig up and open the coffin. To their great surprise the body lay in its original position. Their asonishment was not lessened when the legal authorities appeared on the scene and opened an inquiry with a view of imposing punishment for the desecration of the grave. The whole neighborhood seems to have been possessed with the idea that newly buried persons were to blame for the prevalence of dry weather, for in another village

excavating power of the wind in a sandstorm. There were areas of three or four acres where the wind scooped out the sand forty or fifty feet deep and whirled it away in the air. It seemed as if the work began at a central spot no larger than could be covered by a man's hat. In an incredibly short time a round hold would be excavated. The wind then took hold in real earnest and the probabilities were that an entire sand hill would be leveled in the next thirty minutes.

TRAVELED IN A MAIL BAG.

Cat and Five Kittens Arrive at the Newport Postoffice.

The clerks of the Newport postoffice were treated to a genuine surprise recently when a mail pouch from Covington was opened, disclosing to view a cat and five small kittens. The story of how the cat and her family made the journey in one of Uncle Sam's mail pouches is an interesting one. At the Covington office a pouch is fixed at night to receive the mail which is deposited after the regular office hours. Into this pouch Tabby crawled, and following her came a great mass of registered mail matter, which made a fine bed for her, and among which during the night her family were born. In the early morning hours the pouch was locked up and sealed, thrown on a Newport and Covington Belt Line car and ultimately reached its destination at the Newport postoffice, after much rough handling, for be it known mail pouches are not handled like glass. When the pouch was opened the surprive of the clerks can better be imaglied than described. Live cats and one day old kittens are not mailable according to the United States postal regulations, so Postmaster Meyer was notified. He in turn notified Postmaster Reynolds in Covington. Mr. Reynolds told Mr. Meyer that he wanted the cat back, but did not want the kittens. Mr. Meyer said if the cat goes back so do the kittens, and the mat-

he was not afraid to approach, gave to | ous phenomenon noticed in different | cumulates it is sold by sample to a northern smelter and treated like ordinary ore. Nor is this all. Every evening the floor of the smelting room is swept far more carefully than ever a lady's parlor, and the sweepings are preserved along with the ashes. Once in three months or so the soot is scraped out of all the flues and chimneys and finds its way to the same receptacle. From the ashes, clinkers, sweepings and soot of the New Orleans mint Uncle Sam derives a larger income than the average bank president. The crucibles used in melting are good for about three charges; then they are wheeled down to the basement, crushed, and share the fate of the clinkers. The pores of their earthen sides are full of virgin silver, and the gritty brown powder into which they are ground yields an average of \$200 a ton. A worn-out crucible is really worth more than a new one.

Revolver Did It.

Here is a new way of holding your seat on a train when you have occasion to leave it. The other morning a traveling man of this city got on the train and was walking through looking for a seat, when he discovered one which to all appearances was unoccupled. He went to it and imagine his surprise when he saw a six-shooter calmly resting on the cushion. He passed on and found a seat in another part of the car. He says that people came in and started for that seat, but as soon as they saw what it contained marched on. Try it some time .- Arkansas Traveler.

City of Maples.

Augelica, N. Y., is famous for the size and number of its maple trees. Its principal street, which runs in a straight line for over a mile, is bordered on either side with a row of village is a flowing well, which spouts water and fire at the same time. The water is clear and cold, and the gas, which rises to the surface through the | it again, that you're sure, quite sure." same pipes, burns flercely when ignited.

MEG'S PRETTY FIGURE S TOOD IN THE DOORWAY.

Kitty. If you tell me I have no hope, shall bear it as one bears most hings. What I could not bear, dear, s that you should sacrifice yourselferhaps regret it. If you feel that you mave no love to give me, not enough ove, tell me, Kitty; tell me now." "I can't tell you," I cried-"I can't tell you; it is not true." My voice was unlike my own, tense, suppressed. The words came quickly, yet in a lapored way; and each word seemed to hurt me sharply. "I love you," I said. 'I can't help it; it's true."

Holding my hands firmly in his, he irew me to the sofa beside him; he out his arm round me and drew me hearer to him and kissed me. For a minute all doubts had disappeared; I was supremely, blissfully content. Then the good minute passed. I drew myself away, looked at him doubtfully, and felt my heart sink.

"It's not-not for kindness' sake?" questioned eagerly.

"For kindness' sake, dear?" he repeated, in a puzzled tone.

"You don't think I'm unhappy, do rou? I'm not. I'm happy enough. I ion't mind Aunt Jane, and things are not so horrid as they seem-the girls are nice, and Uncle Richard's kind. Don't be sorry for me; I couldn't bear it, I should hate it! It's not that you're sorry, is it?"

He was looking at me with the same perplexed expression.

"I'm afraid, dear. I don't understand," he said.

I found it hard to explain. I could immense maples. In the center of the mimness that was necessary to make my meaning plain.

"Are you sure?" I asked him, cagerly. "Tell me again, I want you to say "Sure of what, dear?"

But don't be afraid of hurting me, | voice pronounced my lover's namethe name by which I had never called him, by which it seemed to me I should never dare to call him. She stood in the doorway looking in, her blue eyes sparkling with laughter, her pretty lips pretending to be grave, but not carrying the pretense so far that it should deceive me. I was discovered; I rose from my dusty portmanteau, let down my dress about me, and followed Meg out upon the landing. "Come here, under the window, and

let me look at you," she said, taking possession of me. "Kitty!"

"Yes." "Do you know what a-a peony is like, dear?"

"Oh, Meg, don't tease me, don't laugh at me; let me go!"

"Kitty, mamma left off blushing when she left off bibs and pinafores. With the disappearance of your pinafores, the habit seems to have grown upon you. Now, come, Kitty, I'm your earliest confidante; come, confide in me."

"I don't want to confide in you-I don't want to confide in you at all."

"Did he go down upon one knee, Kitty-and-and did the windows rattle very much? Oh, Kitty, my dearest Kitty, I'm dying to know what he said."

"I shall never tell you."

"Oh, yes, you will!" said Meg with sweet assurance, putting her arm coaxingly around my shoulders, and bending forward to look into my face and laugh at me. "You accepted him; and after your solemn profession to Dora aot speak with that self-contained only this evening that nothing on earth would ever make you. His arguments must have been weighty, Kitty; but they were sure to be weighty-

John is nothing if not profound." I shook off the arm that was embracing me. But Meg would not be re-

wed. No John will ever say he loves me. By the by, Kitty, did John say he loved you?"

I flashed one quick glance at her, and caught the thought in her mind.

"Yes," I said in a voice that would not be steady in spite of all my efforts; "and I wanted to tell you-you were all wrong, you and Dora and Aunt Jane. He does care for me. He cares for me for my own sake-for his own sake-not for duty in the least."

Meg looked at me doubtfully for a moment, a little graver than her wont.

"That's very nice," she said, gently; but there was a note of unreality in her tone; and I knew I had not convinced her.

(To be continued.)

Encouraging the Witness.

The bullying lawyer is unhappily still to be met with, and his confusion is always the signal for rejoicing among the spectators. A distinguished colonial judge recalls how he once tried a case in the supreme court of one of the British possessions. The learned barrister who appeared for the defendant had an unfortunate habit of bullying his own witnesses. If they did not answer him precisely as he wished he would attack them with, 'My dear man, do attend to me." or with, "If you can't speak up like a man, I must abandon your case." In this instance the defendant, whose name was Jonas, was rather obscure in his answers. Counsel questioned him more severely, but poor Jonas only grew more confused. At length the barrister became exasperated and shouted: "My good man Jonas, do come out of that whale's belly of yours and answer my questions properly." This was too much for the judge, who could not restrain his amusement. while the witness was so confused that he refused to answer, and the case was lost.

The Parrot Gave Him Away.

Victor Chevalier, a clever criminal in Paris, was run down in a shrewd way. He was known to be exceedingly fond of a pet parrot, and the police were instructed to look for a loquacious bird of this kind. After a few weeks' search the talkative parrot was discovered in the Montmartre district. The police kept a close watch on the house, and in time the criminal appeared to have an affectionate chat with the bird.

True to the Family's Traditions.

Jane-I understand she comes of a very old family. Lily-Yes; you can see the family trait in her very clearly. Jane-What trait? Lily-Age.-Stray Stories.