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Saw His Idea's Photograph.

Apropos of boarded doors and windows, there is a romance attached to one in Philadelphia. It seems that after reaching Bar Harbor, Madame remembered something which had been left behind in that darkened house. She wanted it, but her husband was traveling, so she could not ask him to go to the house for it. She had a nephew from the south visiting her. He offered to go to her house and get it for her.

His aunt lived in one of the rows in which every house is like its neighbor. He had always recognized her's by its double row of black tiling across the house, and took but little notice of the number.

Alas! when he reached Philadelphia he had forgotten the number, and there were two houses with painted bricks and next but one to each other. Which was the one for which he had the keys? He finally decided on one—his keys fitted, so he felt safe. He entered and went immediately to the second floor. He now discovered that he was not in the right house—it being furnished in a style entirely different from that which stamped his aunt's apartments.

As he looked around his eyes rested upon a portrait of a girl. He gazed fascinated; it was the face of his idea realized. He took it up, studied it, held it off at arm's length, drew it near and at last took his unknown from the dainty frame and swore he would find the original.

Luckily, he got out of the house and no one saw him. He returned to Bar Harbor, he could get no information there, his aunt's neighbors were traveling in Europe but they had no daughter. He sought for her at all the summer resorts, at last he found her, and—well, the engagement is announced.—Philadelphia Music and Drama.

A Valuable Possession.

We can have a more valuable possession than a good heredity—an inheritance of longevity, and it is generally because ancestors, more or less remote, have squandered it.

Such an inheritance gives constitutional vigor, keeps its possessor safe amid almost every form of microbic disease, secures the needed recuperative energy in case of attack, makes life worth living up to the normal end, renders old age green and sunny and keeps up intellectual activity to the last. Mr. Gladstone, in his ninth decade, is more than a match for most men of fifty at their best. No one would guess from the latest products of Doctor Holmes' pen, or from his genial spirit, that he had been for two years an octogenarian.

After all, care is necessary to the prolongation of life; not anxious care, but care to avoid harmful transgression. Mr. Gladstone still keeps up vigorous exercise and Dr. Holmes uses his great knowledge of the laws of health and life to keep himself not merely alive, but in good working condition.—Youth's Companion.

Men's Fabrics.

In the fine tailoring trade there is not nearly the demand for enormous lines of fabrics that there once was. Given a few good things in a moderate range of really fine colorings and five times the number of people seem to be satisfied with them as was the case a few years ago. A leading Hanover street tailor said to me the other day, "It used to seem as if every customer we served expected we would have a special piece of cloth woven for his suit alone and the pattern destroyed afterward." This mania for exclusiveness is now far more characteristic of cheap trade than it is of the best.

True swells go in for quality and fineness which the cheap trade cannot touch, and there is now nothing about the patterns in vogue which the cheap trade can easily imitate. It is the same in neckwear fabrics.—London Cor. Clothier and Furnisher.

A Cat Raises Squirrels.

Our fellow townsman, James H. Galloway, tells of a very peculiar way of raising squirrels. About three weeks ago Mr. Galloway's son, while out hunting, found a nest of young squirrels, which were only a day or two old. They were brought to town, but as they were too young to be raised by hand it was necessary to find them a mother. Mr. Galloway had an old house cat, which had young kittens, and as an experiment all the kittens were killed except one, and the squirrels were put in their places, and strange as it may seem the old mother cat did not seem to notice the difference, but seemed to be very fond of her adopted family, and is raising them with the most motherly care.—Osceola (Mo.) Sun.

Born and Married in Prison.

The body of Robert Western, who was drowned at St. Louis, was buried in Evergreen cemetery. In one respect Robert Western was remarkable. He was born in jail, was married in prison and spent eleven years in the penitentiary, yet he and his parents were eminently respectable people. Robert's father was keeper of the county jail here at his birth. For eleven years he drove the prison carriage, and was tendered a reception at his marriage, which took place at the penitentiary.—Chester (Ills.) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Great Comfort.

Friend—I see your little boys have their hair clipped close to their heads. Mr. Baldhead—Yes; I find the fashion a great comfort. "They are certainly cooler." "I was not referring to them, but to myself. When the boys are around the flies sort of divide themselves up and give me some peace."—Good News.

A Big Output of Flour.

The mills rolled up a big output for the week ending Sept. 12, making 29,693 barrels daily. The aggregate amount of flour made was 178,160 barrels, against 120,565 barrels the preceding week, 172,000 barrels for the corresponding time in 1896, and 141,990 barrels in 1889.—Miller.

THOUSANDS OF VOLTS.

STARTLING EFFECTS OF SOME HIGH TENSION CURRENTS.

Electricity at a Pressure That is Simply Wonderful—What May Be Done with a Current of 45,000 Volts Can Hardly Be Imagined—Remarkable Sight.

Several tests have been made with alternating currents of electricity at very high pressures. As only 1,600 volts were needed to kill the condemned murderers in Sing Sing prison, the effect of 45,000 and 48,000 volts on animate and inanimate objects can hardly be imagined. The difficulty of insulating the enormous force is very serious, as an arc will flash across four or five inches of space between the electrodes, and high tension currents have not been used much. The current for the lights and power at the electro-technical exhibition at Frankfurt-on-the-Main was transmitted from Lauffen, where it was generated by water power, at a pressure of 16,000 volts. After the close of the exhibition experiments were made with the wire and insulators at high pressures, and they were among the most interesting of the electrical experiments.

The distance between the cities is about 108 miles, and the wire, one-eighth of an inch in diameter, weighed 132,000 pounds. The insulators were able to preserve the intensity of the current. Each was composed of three sections. The porcelain top was flat, with a deep groove for the wire. Underneath was a saucer shaped receptacle, and beneath that were two more, one of larger breadth and depth than the other, and all were filled with oil. The binding wires ran through the oil, which is a good nonconductor. At Frankfurt a commutator changed the alternating current to a continuous current for light and power. In the experiments the pressure was increased to 20,000, 40,000 and 48,000 volts.

Beyond 27,000 volts the porcelain insulators were punctured frequently. In producing an arc between two carbons at 40,000 volts a plate of glass was pierced very quickly. At 48,000 volts the intensity was so great that the light was not so brilliant as it was at 20,000 volts. It is believed that 50,000 volts can be reached with conductors protected from the effects of weather.

CURRENTS OF 40,000 VOLTS.

Almost at the same time the Siemens Bros., of London, were experimenting with high tension currents, having had at the Naval exhibition an apparatus capable of delivering a current at a pressure of 45,000 volts. This description of a private exhibition of the apparatus with 40,000 volts is from Engineering:

"On a table was an electrode some three inches in length, connected to one terminal of a transformer. Over it was mounted a large sheet of glass three millimeters thick, and above the glass was a second electrode terminating in a sharp point, the distance between the electrodes being three centimeters. When the current was turned on to the primary coil of the transformer there first appeared a purple haze at the upper electrode streaming toward the glass. As the current increased this haze grew in fullness and definition, and began to throw out feelers, which darted outward and as quickly withdrew. As the electro-motive force augmented still further, these feelers gathered power until they beat themselves on the glass as if they would force themselves through it in their mad desire to reach the other electrode. The whole space below the pointed conductor became alive with them, and exhibited a mass of leaping, crackling threads of purple fire, which writhed and twisted in impotent attempts to burst through the barrier, and falling that, spread themselves along its surface, endeavoring to rush over its edges, and so reaching their goal by a circuitous route.

"But this was beyond their strength until the electro-motive force approached 45,000 volts, when suddenly the entire appearance was changed. The current overleaped the edges of the plate and flowed completely around it in all directions. At that moment the intense purple color of the spark disappeared, and was replaced by white light of the greatest brilliancy, which glistened and flashed until the spectators had to turn away their bedazzled gaze.

REMARKABLE EXPERIMENTS.

"A change in the arrangement was then made. The upper pointed electrode was replaced by a brass disk, three inches in diameter. This was laid over the surface of the glass plate with three very thin washers of vulcanite, intervening between the two. The current was then turned on in the same gradual manner as before. The space between the two disks immediately filled with purple light, which had sufficient motion in it to recall the flame of a Bunsen burner, spread out under the bottom of a beaker. Sparks then began to appear at the edges, and, as they gathered strength, to radiate a little beyond them. Gradually they became streamers, stretching out along the surface of the plate in curved, fanciful forms which twined and twisted and weaved themselves into a glistening flagree, compared by an imaginative spectator to an agonized Japanese chrysanthemum.

"This experiment had not the brilliant refulgence of the one that preceded it, but was characterized by a quivering irradiation which wreathed and tossed like a bird beating itself at the bars of its cage. In spite of its less formidable appearance, however, it proved destructive to the glass, which presently flew in pieces with a crash. Several sheets were tried in succession, but each was pierced and broken and allowed the current to attain its object of flowing directly from one electrode to the other."

In experimenting with an arc at 40,000 volts the arc established itself when the electrodes were five inches apart, but the flames, instead of bridging the space, spread out in two thin tongues at right angles to the electrodes and parallel to each other. When the electrodes were pushed nearer together the flames wandered back along the stems, repelling each other.—New York Times.

KING PATRICK THE FIRST.

A Wicked Savannah Sailor Who Has Become an Oriental Potentate.

Twenty years ago Patrick O'Keefe was a comparatively poor man, making his living as a sailor on small vessels coasting between Savannah and neighboring ports. Today he is a king. He is the owner and absolute ruler of the island of Nymph, in the Australian groups of the Pacific, almost in the heart of the tropics. He would probably be still a resident of Savannah and a poor man, but for two tragedies in which he figured as one of the principals.

In 1867, as the story is told by an old timer, he was mate of the schooner Annie Sims, which plied between this city and Darien. On the schooner was a young Irish sailor named Sullivan. He and O'Keefe were apparently good friends. While near Darien loading lumber the mate was building a cabin on the schooner and he asked Sullivan what he thought of it. The sailor made a joking reply which angered O'Keefe, and a fight resulted. Sullivan got the best of it and O'Keefe went to his quarters, and securing a pistol, returned and began firing at the sailor.

The latter dodged behind the new cabin several times, and finally got up and remarked to O'Keefe that he couldn't shoot anybody. But he was mistaken, for the next bullet struck him and he died in a short while. The mate was brought to Savannah, and, after a long confinement in jail, was tried and acquitted in the United States court. Afterward, while an officer of a small steamer, he had trouble with one of the deck hands and ran him into the river, where he was drowned.

These troubles seemed to worry O'Keefe, and he determined to leave the "States," as he termed it. In 1877 he sailed away from Savannah as second mate on an American vessel bound for Liverpool, and when he bade his friends goodbye on the wharf he told them that he would never return to Savannah unless he came in his own ship.

From Liverpool he shipped to the East Indies, and from there to Hong-Kong. He had saved a little money by this time, and began a small fruit and lumber business between the Pacific islands and Hong-Kong. He was successful, and after a few years secured the island of Nymph from the natives by a trade of some sort. The island abounds in teak-wood and fruit, and O'Keefe bought a schooner and brig and started business on a big scale. His vessels ran to Hong-Kong, and he soon built up an extensive trade, which has steadily increased, until now he is reckoned as a very wealthy man.

O'Keefe left behind him when he sailed away from Savannah a wife and a baby daughter, who is now a young woman. For years nothing was heard of his whereabouts. After he began to prosper in his faraway home, however, he wrote a letter and sent money to his wife. He tried to persuade her and his daughter to go to him, but they wouldn't do it. Regularly twice a year since he sends remittances for their support and keeps up a correspondence with them. Mrs. O'Keefe and her daughter live on Liberty street, near East Broad, and have an oil painting of the brig of the king of Nymph hanging in their parlor.

Besides being a trader or wealth and position, O'Keefe is the ruler of a large colony made up mostly of Malays, who swear by him.—Savannah News.

Albani Singing in Russia.

What Mme. Albani related to her interviewer as one of her most remarkable experiences was her treatment in Russia at the royal marriage, where the singers, she observed, are all considered as servants. "Well," she says, "it was most strange. We were all put in a sort of balcony which looked down upon the banquet scene below, and as each of our turns came to sing we went to a little opening and sang through it. What amused me was this, that all the time we were trying to sing our best and produce our notes more effectively, the clatter of knives and forks still went on, and to make all complete, the singer might be in a most impressive passage and right in the midst of it, when, quite regardless of the uncomplaining singers, there would be flourish of trumpets and somebody would get up and propose a toast. I was more fortunate than Mme. Patti, for she was interrupted in the middle of her solo."—London News.

A Large Blackfish.

Mrs. T. L. Watson takes the prize for big blackfish caught in Black Rock harbor this year and for many other years also. General T. L. Watson, T. W. Pearsall, Mrs. Watson and Captain O'Penfield were fishing Friday off the spindle near Penfield reef. Mrs. Watson was using a light rod, and suddenly her line was struck by something of unusual size. She pulled in till the rod bent nearly double, and then, declining assistance, passed the rod back, as the fish could not be lifted by it, and pulled in at the line "hand over hand."

The line was light but it held, and she brought to the surface and safely landed in the boat a blackfish, which being taken ashore and immediately weighed, pulled down the scale at seven pounds plump. Captain Penfield says it is the biggest blackfish caught in Black Rock harbor in ten years.—Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard.

Value of Houses in England.

It may be gathered from the annual report of her majesty's commissioners of inland revenue that more than one-third of the whole annual value of houses and messuages in England and Wales is to be found in London, and more than one-fourth that of the United Kingdom. The annual value for London in 1890 was £35,155,593, and for the United Kingdom £138,589,982.—London Tit-Bits.

All in His Favor.

"Do you ever expect to succeed in business, writing such an illegible hand as you do?" "Certainly. My contracts are always in my handwriting and they can never be read except as I want 'em to go."—New York Epoch.

A Wicked World's Fair

The holding of the World's Fair in a city scarcely fifty years old will be a remarkable event, but whether it will really benefit this nation as much as the discovery of the Restorative Nervine by Dr. Franklin Miles is doubtful. This is just what the American people need to cure their excessive nervousness, dyspepsia, headache, dizziness, sleeplessness, neuralgia, nervous debility, dullness, confusion of mind, etc. It acts like a charm. Trial bottle and fine book on "Nervous and Heart Diseases," with unequalled testimonials free at F. G. Fricke & Co. It is warranted to contain no opium, morphine or dangerous drugs.


Wonderful.

E. W. Sawyer, of Rochester, Wis., a prominent dealer in general merchandise, and who runs several peddling wagons, had one of his horses badly cut and burned with a lariat. The wound refused to heal. The horse became lame and stiff now withstanding careful attention and the application of remedies. A friend handed Sawyer some of Haller's Barb Wire Liment, the most wonderful thing ever saw to heal such wounds. He applied it only three times and the sore was completely healed. Equally good for all sores, cuts, bruises, and wounds. For sale by all druggists

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The December number for example contains: Degredation by Pension—The Protest of Loyal Volunteers; by Lieutenant Allen R. Eoote Founder of the Society of Loyal Volunteers; The Meaning of the Democratic Victory in Massachusetts, by Gov. Wm. E. Russell; French feeling toward Germany; Another Conflict about Isaac; Britain Inevitable, by Camille Pelletan, member of the French Chamber of Deputies; Should the Silver Law of 1890 be repealed? by Jacob H. Schiff one of the most successful and in New York; Is Modern Education a Failure? by Fredrick Harrison, the great English essayist; Unregulated Competition self-destructive, by Aldace F. Walker, Chairman of the Western Traffic Association; Women's Clubs, the Volume and the Value of their Work, by Alice H. Rhine; A Day With Lord Tennyson, by Sir William Arnold. And five other articles.

There are now in progress discussions of our pension system; Prison Management; The Training of Teachers; The Louisiana Lottery The next Step in the Tariff Agitation; Are Modern Educational Matters a failure?

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 every boy at birth were up to death
 every day he ate his food with
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