

Written for THE AMERICAN.

FATHER FITZGERALD'S SCHEME.

By PRUDENCE WILSON.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.
DEATH OF ANNETTE.

"Perhaps she may have brought this on from over-study. It happens so sometimes, but this case is very acute, more like a sudden shock. I have done all I can just now and if you will excuse me for a little while I'll bring Dr. Cartwright, a friend of mine, who is here from Minneapolis."

"Yes, yes, bring another physician and don't spare expense. I promise to pay you well."

As the doctor closes the door Miss Brown turns to the governess saying, "Miss DeMont, there is an awful mystery here. Two weeks before Annette went back to the convent she became of age and asked for a separate bank account. I thought nothing of it only that she was of age and wished to exercise her rights, so we went to our lawyer and our accounts were settled, leaving us each \$20,000 besides the real estate. She took her bank book and I mine. Last Thursday the lawyer called and asked me what Annette had been investing her money in. I was surprised at his question and answered that I did not understand. He then explained that Annette's money had all been drawn except a few hundred dollars, advising me to look after the matter, and I took the next train north. This is why I am here tonight. And when I arrived I found Annette in tears and with eyes staring like a mad woman."

"I can't understand. And the money? She has paid no bills since I met her in Chicago. Yes, it is very strange. Now when I went to her there in response to the letter she was very much dissatisfied. She had selected a companion from the convent and at first positively refused to go with me. I told her you would never consent to her taking such a trip with a strange woman, and if she would not go with me I would write for you to come at once. She then said she would think it over and the next day consented to our arrangements. This was so unlike our gentle Annette that it surprised me not a little, but I accounted for it in this way: She had studied too hard and would be herself after resting."

"Well we must give all our energy to her recovery and then think of the rest. I don't care for the money if she will only get well. See how white she is, Annette, Annette, my dear child! Oh, Miss DeMont, I shall go wild if the doctors are not here soon. Something must be done. You are always so wise, guide me now as you have done in the past, that I may do the very best for my poor Annette."

"There, Julia, calm yourself; the doctors are here."

The two men go to the sick girl, conversing hurriedly for a few minutes in an undertone, then Dr. Gale turns to the ladies as he says, "Is Miss Brown's room in readiness? She must be undressed immediately and placed in a large bed."

"Yes, sir, answers Mamie, the maid of all work."

"Then" the doctor continues, "we will place your sister on the bed, Miss Brown, and while you arrange her clothes we will retire to another room."

The poor child, still so death-like, is laid upon her bed and loving hands soon have her in a dainty night gown. As the doctor's again begin their work of restoring Annette to consciousness, Dr. Cartwright says, "Ladies, you had better leave the room. We will see you as soon as we can give the particulars of our patient's condition."

Solemnly they pass into an adjoining room, remaining standing until Dr. Gale joins them. He thus addresses Miss Brown: "Can I speak with you alone?"

"Certainly."

The governess, with Mamie, goes out into the night air to collect herself and plan for her pupil's welfare.

When the doctor and Miss Brown are alone she inquires, "Dr. Gale, is my sister very sick?"

"Yes, she is very sick indeed. I must go for Mrs. Ford, who is an experienced nurse. Now, Miss Brown, I wish to know if it is possible that your sister has been married in secret?"

"O no, sir, that could not be for she has never had a lover, and for the past four years she has been under the care of the sisters. But why do you ask?"

"Because if she is not married, then her case is even worse."

"O, can this be true?"

The stricken sister fairly staggers with the intensity of her sorrow, but only for a moment does she give up. She looks the matter squarely in the face and prepares to meet it as only a noble woman would.

"Well, doctor, we must hasten to relieve and help her. If you think another physician will do one whit of good, I will telegraph and have him here as quickly as possible. However, I have great confidence in you and will take your advice."

"Thanks, Miss Brown. Dr. Cartwright is one of the best physicians in Minnesota so I think it would be useless to send for another. At present there is very little hope for her recovery, but

we will do all we can. I will now go for Mrs. Ford. As you know your sister's condition you can be with her if you wish. The other ladies had better remain away from the room to avoid excitement."

At 4 o'clock Annette shows signs of consciousness and taking her sister's hand tries to speak. She makes several efforts, finally saying in a low whisper, "I was married in Chicago, but he is suspected of murder, of murder, my Dennis suspected of murder, and must flee for his life. Yes the officers are here."

"Don't try to talk now, Annette, wait until tomorrow."

"My tomorrow will be in heaven, dear sister; don't weep, it is better so. But I must explain, I must."

Dr. Cartwright raises the dying woman a little, and as he holds her, she continues: "When Dennis asked me to marry him I consented, never dreaming that you would object; but when you sent those cruel words, never to mention his name in your presence, I took Father Fitzgerald's advice and married him secretly. You'll forgive me now, sister, and we'll all be happy in heaven."

"My darling, what do you mean? Who said I sent any word about your marriage?"

"Why Father Fitzgerald. He was the man who went to see you about it. But I do not blame you, dear. You could not understand, my love. We intended to go to you together very soon, but some evil persons are trying to convict my husband of murder that they may inherit a fortune that is his by right. I gave him all my money and he gave me a box of jewels. Now I must leave you all. When the guilty one is found and Dennis returns, tell him I died with you and shall wait patiently for you all in the better world. We could not agree in religious matters for, although Father Fitzgerald was so good and kind, I could not believe in his church. O, don't cry, Julia, I—I— and the poor misguided girl could say no more. She lingered on until 6 o'clock but was too weak to speak even in a whisper."

Once her sister queried, "Did Fitzgerald perform the marriage ceremony?" and Annette bowed her head in assent. "Were there any witnesses?" and she answered by motion in the negative.

At 6 o'clock Julia closes her sister's eyes in death and, like Dennis Foley, Annette has gone to meet her God.

CHAPTER XX.

FATHER O'CONNOR'S CLAIMS.

The next day after Dennis Foley died Father O'Connor arrived in Maiden Rock upon the midnight train. He put up at the Seely House, and in the early morning went to the magistrate to set forth his claims. The papers he possessed gave to the priest exclusive right to all property left by Dennis Foley. The will reads "To my next of kin," and O'Connor has come to take charge of the body, and asserts his rights. On his person is found \$10,000 which, of course the priest demands.

The magistrate sends for Detective Case and a lively time follows.

"Sir," says the detective addressing the priest, "I have claims to the amount of \$30,000 that must be paid out of Dennis Foley's property before you can receive one cent, and even then I believe you have no rights in this case."

"I am the legal heir and will not submit to this interference," answers the furious priest.

"Bear in mind, Mr. O'Connor, that you are in America, where rank or title count for naught in deciding questions of law. You, sir, have no right to any of this property and here are my proofs. The night before Fitzgerald died he told Dennis Foley that he had had a secret to divulge before taking his leave, and it is this: Dennis Foley is Fitzgerald's own child—not the child of the Foleys—hence no relative of yours come in as their kin. There were no papers of adoption and the Foleys simply acted as his parents and there are no legal ties."

The priest, with pale face and rigid countenance, demands: "If you have any proofs of this senseless trade, show them to the magistrate. All these empty assertions go for naught without proofs."

"Just so. There are two living witnesses to settle the affair."

"And whom, may I ask, are your assistants in this intended robbery?"

"They are Dennis Foley's wife and a very noted nurse in Boston, known as Sacket. This nurse was once a sister of charity, and waited upon Dennis Foley's mother during her last sickness, which was caused by his birth. In this ordeal she became convinced of the heinous crimes often committed by men who, by their power as priests, command the innocent to suffer in silence. She very wittingly arranged a trip to Europe, hoping thereby to find a chance to escape. The ship was disabled in a storm on the voyage over and our living witness to Fitzgerald's crime changed clothes with a dead woman during the excitement. In this way her identity was lost, the woman being buried as the nun and a report sent in to the church to that effect. Sacket has at last overcome her great fear and awe of such as you and is ready to stand boldly and tell this story to the world. You, sir, may not know

this, but here are the proofs—letters from both parties—and their evidence awaits a trial if you choose to press your claims."

Father O'Connor stands absolutely motionless during this discourse, not even a muscle changes in his beardless face. As the detective looks at him for an answer, the priest remarks: "My time is very valuable. Indeed it would be unjustly for me to waste it upon a paltry sum and I withdraw my claims. I will take charge of the body. When this is done I shall leave and have no further business with you."

"A very wise plan to be at," answers the detective as he and Sam tip their hats to the magistrate and leave the office.

Miss Brown has asked for an interview with Detective so it is planned that the sad party travel together to Chicago, leaving the body of our beautiful Annette in the quiet little cemetery at Maiden Rock until the cold season.

CHAPTER XXI.

JUDGE ROGERS'S SECOND LOVE.

The Chicago papers are full of the Rogers' case. It is fully aired from beginning to end. Other papers take it up and in less than a week from the time of Dennis Foley's death this strange and story is published all over our land causing the expression of "Truth is stranger than fiction" to be used many times. Sam reaches Bath Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. The family have read of the tragedy at Maiden Rock and are nearly wild with excitement. Madge has fretted herself into a fever and the whole family are nervously awaiting the Chicago train. When the carriage comes rolling up the drive Mrs. Morse, with Sarah and Jane, rush to the granite steps. Sam alights, greets them cordially, then looks around anxiously as he asks, "Where is Madge?"

"She isn't very well, so I persuaded her to retire about 4 o'clock. Go to her at once, Sam, she is worrying herself into a fever on account of your delay," says the housekeeper as she opens the hall door.

"How is the judge?" inquires the young husband as he ascends the stairs, and Judge Rogers comes to the railing in his dressing gown saying, "Here to speak for himself. Better, Sam, much better," and turning to Mrs. Morse, "What a relief to see the boy again. Is supper ready?"

"Yes, Judge; we will serve it in a few minutes, and if Madge could recline in your chair and be with us Sam would enjoy the meal so much better. I'll see if she can, presently, if you think best."

"Yes, indeed; it will do her good." Just before the family take their seats at the table Sam carries his wife down stairs and places her in the invalid chair. She is pale and thin but the roses will soon bloom on her cheeks again for Sam has returned and the suspense is over.

(To be Continued.)

The Debtor's Proposition.

A Napoleon of finance who formerly speculated in Chicago picked out a promising town in Iowa and decided to "build it up." He moved to the town, organized a number of stock companies, started a bank, deposited all the money of the companies in his own bank and then went to bankruptcy. Some of the principal sufferers went to his house to learn whether anything could be saved from the wreck. They found him in a magnificent apartment, and he was very sorry for them.

"I regret very much, gentlemen," said he, "but I have practically nothing left. My wife owns this house and some business property, but I have nothing. Believe me, if I could do such a thing I would give you my body and let it be divided among you, for there is nothing else I can give."

"What's that proposition?" asked a rather deaf old gentleman who was standing at the back of the mournful company. "He says," explained one of the sufferers, "that we can take his body and divide it up among us."

"Well, in that case," said the deaf old gentleman, "I speak for his gall."—Chicago Herald.

No Shot in His Game.

"Say, Smith," said Brown as he met his friend, "did you hear how Jones was caught by his wife the other day?"

"No. How was that?"

"Why, he went away with a couple of friends, telling his wife he was going on a gunning expedition and would be back in about three days. At the end of that time he came back, bringing a fine lot of ducks and telling many stories of the magnificent sport he had had. Mrs. Jones thought some roast duck would taste very good for supper, and as the servant was out for a few days, she prepared the game herself."

"She then noticed that there was no shot in them, but that they had all had their necks wrung, and she asked Jones to account for it. He had bought them and was at a loss for an explanation, but he concocted an impossible story about having caught them in a trap. Mrs. Jones said she believed him, but he has been afraid to meet her glance ever since!"—Philadelphia Call.

Deepest Water in the World.

In many respects the north Pacific ocean resembles the north Atlantic. A great warm current, much like the gulf stream and of equal magnitude, called the Black stream, or Japan current, runs northward along the eastern shore of Asia. Close to the east coast of Japan it flows through a marine valley which holds the deepest water in the world. It was sounded at a depth of 2 1/2 miles by the United States steamer Thetis in 1875 while surveying for a projected cable route between the United States and Japan. The heavy sounding weight took more than an hour to sink to the bottom. But trial was made of a chain yet more profound, where the lead did not fetch it up at all. It is the only depth of ocean that yet remains unfathomed.—San Francisco Examiner.

HOT SPRINGS LEGEND.

THE BIG CHIEF'S GRATITUDE SHOWN IN A STRANGE INSCRIPTION.

"Thunder of the Blue Mountains" Lived You High and Contracted the Gout—A Squaw of One Hundred Summers Gave Him a Friendly Tip, and He Followed It.

I cannot undertake to say how many ages ago it all happened, writes a correspondent of the Boston Herald from Hot Springs, N. C., but it fell out once upon a time that the great Cherokee chief, Say-on-Katche-hi, which may be translated "Thunder of the Blue Mountains," having lain out of nights with friendly moonshiners beyond the point of prudency, was seized by a painful and irritating attack of rheumatic gout. The medicine men gave him corn whisky on the theory that the hair of the dog cures the bite, and when this treatment proved of no avail they dosed the staunch warrior with pure rattlesnake's tails, bears' claws, stick bait, eyes of eel and tons of frog, all gathered at midnight in the fall of the moon while the catamount screeched among the dusky shadows of the balsam woods.

Yet the chief grew worse, and when hope was abandoned a withered squaw who had seen more than 100 summers brought hope to his worshippful ears with the tale that when she was in her teens she had heard an ancient crone say that there existed, many miles south by sea, springs of water which bubbled hot from the bowels of the steaming earth, and that to bathe therein was health and strength and youth renewed. Say-on-Katche-hi tried to jump at the chance, but the effort stung his painful feet. However, having ordered the local doctors slain, he made preparations for the journey to the hot springs, and ere nightfall he was on his way southward, borne in a litter on the shoulders of his young men. Over mountain and through valley they kept their course, and at last they came to a broad river flowing southward. They promptly stole a boat which was fastened to a bush on the river bank, and thence, after the fashion of gentlemen described in Xenophon's "Anabasis," of which I have some faint recollection, they journeyed various stathmons until they reached a place where, even at midday, clouds of steam were rising from the earth and low pools of strangest aspect patched the drear plateau.

The chief was lifted from the boat, his trousers, tunic and other garments soon stripped from his royal person, and he was quickly immersed in a warm spring. "Mighty man," said the chief, "this feels good!" And his sigh of content stirred the needles of the pine trees on Round Top and the leaves of the oaks on Lovers' Leap.

The chief passed the greater part of seven days in the pool, drank deeply of the waters and did not recover so rapidly as he would have done if he had lived hygienically, but at any rate he regained the use of his crippled limbs, the gout left him, and he was soon able to walk around and notice things.

After one or two moons he said to his retainers, "I prefer to live here than to die elsewhere, and I return to the land of my fathers to gather up my goods and chattels and remove hither in due course." So he started home, and when he reached the forks of the road, about seven miles from the springs, he spied the beetling cliff now known as Paint rock, which must resemble the chimneys in Mr. Jules Verne's story of "The Mysterious Island." There he halted, and on the face of the cliff wrote the strange inscription which is still visible.

Scientists and archeologists have studied it in vain, and it is only recently that my learned friend, Dr. Tusann, has deciphered it. He scaped away the lichens which had made the carving dim upon the page of stone and read as follows: "Witch water, 7 mile—keep good—big chief." This is not only a valuable guideboard, but it is of great historic interest. Say-on-Katche-hi and his tribe returned, and for many, many years they held the fort where the steaming springs abide, and there was never a case of sickness in the Indian village.

So much by way of introduction to Hot Springs, N. C., which must not be confused with Hot Springs, Ark. This place whereof I write used to appear as Warm Springs on the map, and it is a pity that the name was changed.

There are 16 springs in the hotel park of 200 acres, and the temperature of these thermal waters varies from 90 degrees to 104 degrees. The original baths were rude and plain, but the rheumatic, gentry, nervous or dyspeptic victim who now comes here for rest and health is not content to lie in the mud as did Say-on-Katche-hi of ancient memory, but steps into a delicious pool, floored and lined with Georgia marble, and when he has had his bath is safely laid away upon a cot in his own retiring room, where he sinks usually into a deep and dreamless slumber and awakes refreshed and rested. A peculiarity of the waters is that the baths are not enervating, and in spite of the low temperature for drinking purposes are not in the least nauseating. It is said that the hotel is kept in blossom by the use of crutches left behind by happy visitors, but in this truthful narrative I do not care to vouch for it.

She Employed Strategy.

The young husband was somewhat surprised when his wife came into the office. She opened the conversation at once.

"I want enough money to go out of town for a few days," she said, "and you will have to take your meals down town for a few days."

"Why, what does this mean?"

"It means just this: I got a messenger boy to come to the home for my Ann to tell her that she was wanted at my Aunt's, and as soon as she got around the corner I shut up the house and locked it and ran away. When she comes back she won't find any one there. We don't owe her anything, so it's all right, and I wanted to discharge her, but you know I never would dare to tell her to go, and I knew you wouldn't dare, and don't you think your little wife knows pretty well how to manage? Say yes, now, or I'll break down and cry right here in the office."—Indianapolis Journal.

Couldn't Scare Him.

Reporter (some years hence, rushing frantically into the sanctum)—Say, the angel Gabriel has appeared in the heavens. He's blowing his horn, and all the people are flying up into the sky. The end of the world has come, sure!

City Editor.—That's good! Now, you get out of here, quick. Interview Gab, get as many stories as you can from people who are being summoned and see if you can find out which place they're booked for. Write a picturesque story of heaven and have it in here at 2 o'clock. This is the chance of a lifetime. We'll scoop the town.—Boston Traveller.

THE MOTHER OF MERMAIDS.

To the Scientific World She Is Known Only as the Dugong.

To the scientific world the mermaid is known as the dugong, and, while she is more or less interesting to the naturalist as being the ineffective cause of the mermaid myth, she is still more interesting to him because she is a dugong, for the dugong has been battling for existence in the north sea world for centuries and is about to lose her identity among her aquatic neighbors of the southern deep. The dugong is becoming rapidly extinct. A specimen is seldom captured, and the one in possession of the San Francisco Academy of Sciences is regarded as an extraordinary prize.

Every nation under the sun has contributed to the mythical evolution of the dugong from a member of the manatee family of manumata to a beautiful sea siren with languorous eyes and flowing hair, who woea foolish mariners to destruction, and the folklore of every nation has a different idea of the appearance of the mermaid. The crafty Chinese and Japanese have even manufactured a hideous semblance to a woman fish, and great painters have designed to commit to canvas their conception of the siren. The unattractive, motherly dugong was the cause of it all.

The dugong forms the connecting link between the real whale and the seals and walrus. Like the whale, the animal has no hind feet, but a powerful horizontal tail. Its anterior extremities are more flexibly jointed than those of the whale, and this is a distinguishing characteristic between the two animals. The dugong is said to have attained a length of 20 feet. The specimen at the academy is nearly 7 feet long and has been very well preserved.

In appearance the animal resembles the manatee, or sea cow. Its upper lip is large, thick and fleshy, and its snout is like the trunk of an elephant cut short across. When the dugong is nursing its young, its breasts are enlarged so as to be almost human in their aspect. The nursing process is carried on by the mother above water. The baby dugong is pressed against the exposed breast with one of manumata dugong's flippers, and in this position the animal swims horizontally through the water, using her remaining flipper to propel herself along. It is this singular characteristic of the animal that has given rise to the fable of the mermaid.

Sir James Emerson Tennent, the eminent naturalist, says: "The rude approach to the human outline observable in the shape of the head of this creature and the attitude of the mother while suckling her young, holding it to her breast with one flipper, and while swimming with the other holding the heads of both above water, and when disturbed suddenly diving and displaying her fishlike tail—these, together with her habitual demonstrations of strong maternal affection, probably gave rise to the fable of the mermaid." Tennent traces the origin of the myth to the gilt edged tales of early Arabian sailors who had watched the strange antics of the dugong in the waters of the Mannar.

Still another characteristic of the animal that contributes to its immortalization in mythology and heraldry is the peculiarly humanlike, plaintive cry which it gives when its young is imperiled or becomes detached from its motherly but muscular hold. According to Ruppell, it was with the skin of this mammal that the Jews were directed to sell the temple.

The best proof that the dugong has been but imperfectly described by naturalists is the contradictory accounts of it given by scientists. Tennent says it gives no oil whatsoever, and the author of "Wonders of the Deep" declares that 4,000 bottles of oil have been obtained from one dugong. It is a sort of marine cosmopolite, for it has been found in the northern sea, along the tropical coasts and streams of Africa and America, in the Red sea and Indian ocean.

Many years ago missionaries in South America ate the flesh of the dugong during the Lenten season, imagining that it was fish. It is classified as a mammal, however, so that the simple missionaries transgressed the conditions of their fast without knowing it.

But the dugong is doomed to extinction. In a few years, according to the reckoning of scientists, it will have disappeared entirely.—San Francisco Examiner.

How a Travelling Salesman Saves Time.

One of these peripatetic gentlemen, while stopping in town one day, called for a small job of printing done. When finished, the postal card had this appearance:

ST. LOUIS, 1894.
1 2 3 4 5
X 1 2 3 A.

The above is rather unintelligible at first, but with a brief explanation it becomes voluminous with meaning and radiant with love. It is a very simple cipher. The upper row of figures each represents a member of the drummer's family, No. 1 standing for Mrs. — and No. 5 the baby boy, each of the others a child. In the corner are seen the letter X and figures 1, 2 and 3 and have this significance: X means "all well," and if a card is received with only a check mark over that letter the husband's heart throbs with joy and happiness. No. 1 means "slightly indisposed" and written under either figure in the upper row indicates the sufferer. No. 2 under a figure in the upper row indicates that the corresponding member is "seriously ill," while a check over figure 3 in the corner row admits of no delay and means come home.

As this particular drummer receives two messages a day from home, this arrangement greatly simplifies and economizes time.—Tipton Times.

How Ingersoll Is Interviewed.

It is always a pleasure to interview Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. The shrewd colonel is ever ready to talk for publication, and on general topics he speaks freely, trusting to his interlocutor's intelligence to report them correctly. In political matters he is more cautious. He receives the interviewer cordially and comes at once to the purpose.

"What do you want me to talk about?" he will ask.

If it be on a political topic, the colonel will say:

"Take out your paper."

When the note paper or the notebook, as the case may be, is produced, Colonel Ingersoll tells the reporter to write down his first question. When this is done, he takes the paper himself and writes down his own answer.

"In this way," he explains, "I am certain that I will say in print just what I want to say." And then he hands the paper back, and the whole interview is hammered together in this matter of fact fashion. Colonel Ingersoll never fails to give a "good" interview, whatever the topic may be.—Chicago Post.

RILEY AS A SIGN PAINTER.

The Famous Four Relates an Experience of His Youthful Days.

"Well, now, I want to know about that patent medicine peddling," I said to James Whitcomb Riley.

"Something in my tone made him reply quickly: "That has been distorted. It was really a very simple matter and followed the sign painting naturally. After the 'trade' episode I had tried to read law with my father, but I didn't seem to get anywhere. Forget as diligently as I read. So far as school equipment was concerned, I was an advertised idiot, so what was the use? I had a trade, but it was hardly what I wanted to do always, and my health was bad—very bad—bad as I was!"

"A doctor here in Greenfield advised me to travel. But how the suffering Moses was I to travel without money? It was just at this time that the patent medicine man came along. He needed a man, and I argued in this way, 'This man is a doctor, and if I must travel, better travel with a doctor.' He had a fine team and a nice looking lot of fellows with him, so I plucked up courage to ask if I couldn't go along and paint his advertisements for him."

Riley smiled with retrospective amusement. "I rode out of town behind those horses without saying goodby to any one. And though my patron wasn't a diploma doctor, as I found out, he was a mighty fine man and kind to his horses, which was a recommendation. He was a man of good habits, and the whole company was made up of good, straight boys."

"How long were you with him?"

"About a year. Went home with him and was made as one of his own family. He lived at Lima, O. My experience with him put an idea into my head—a business idea, for a wonder—and the next year I went down to Anderson and went into partnership with a young fellow to travel, organizing a scheme of advertising with paint, which we called 'The Graphic Company.' We had five or six young fellows, all musicians as well as handy painters, and we used to capture the towns with our music. One fellow could whistle like a nightingale, another sang like an angel, and another played the banjo. I scuffled with the violin and guitar."

"Our only dissipation was clothes. We dressed loud. You could hear our clothes an incalculable distance. We had an idea it helped business. Our plan was to take one firm of each business in a town, painting its advertisements on every road leading into the town, 'Go to Mooney's,' and things like that, you understand. We made a good thing at it."

"How long did you do business?"

"Three or four years, and we had more fun than anybody." He turned another cynical look on me over his pinch nose eyeglasses. "You've heard this story about my traveling all over the states as a blind sign painter. Well, that started this way: One day we were in a small town somewhere, and a great crowd watching us in breathless wonder and curiosity, and one of our party said, 'Riley, let me introduce you as a blind sign painter.' So just for devilment I put on a crazy look in the eyes and pretended to be blind. They led me carefully to the ladder and handed me my brush and paints. It was great fun. I'd hear them saying as I worked, 'That feller ain't blind.' 'Yes, he is. See his eyes.' 'No, he ain't, I tell you—he's playin' off.' 'I tell you he is blind. Didn't you see him fall over a box there and spill all his paints?'"

Riley rose here and laughingly re-enacted the scene, and I don't wonder that the villagers were deceived, so perfect was his assumption of the patient, weary look of a blind person.—Hamlin Garland in McClure's Magazine.

Four Outlines.

A mouse saw his shadow on the wall. Said he: "I am larger than an elephant. I will go forth and conquer the world." At that moment he espied a cat. In the next he had slipped through a hole in the wall.

Every day from the time he was a boy a man walked alone in a quiet place and thought, and he doubted not it was the same man who had walked there for so many years, but at length he came to know that the same man had not walked there twice.

Death came to a door and knocked. Seeing it was Death, they barred the door, but Death broke down the bars and entered, taking away whom he would.

Death came to another door and knocked. Seeing it was Death, they opened wide the door and welcomed him. At this Death turned his back and went, saying, "Who disturbs me, I desire not."

Two plowed in a field. One plowed straight, keeping his eyes on the ground. No weeds grew, and he gathered great stores of corn. When he died, his son inherited much land. He lived in comfort and plowed in his father's fields.

The other furrows were not straight. At times he stopped to listen to the lark or to admire a flower that grew upon a weed. He knew the names of the plants and their times of flowering. He knew the names of the stars also. He died owning no goods or lands. His son inherited his father's poverty.

The son inherited also his father's love of nature. He and he became a great artist, whose name and fame spread over two continents.—Century.

Woolen Materials.

Woolen materials are always more porous than linen fabrics, and it is mainly owing to this fact that the one is warmer than the other. Air in common with gaseous bodies generally is an extremely bad conductor of heat, but this property cannot be easily demonstrated, owing to the extreme mobility of particles of air. If such motion be hindered or retarded, the conductivity of air becomes very small. We make use of this property of air in various ways. If we wish to keep a liquid warm, it is placed in a vessel and surrounded by shavings, straw and the like, which entangle large volumes of air in their meshes.

A more obvious illustration is afforded by double windows, which are often used in cold climates to keep rooms warm. The effect is really due to the nonconducting layer of air interposed between them. It is for the same reason that two shirts are warmer than one of the same material, but of double the thickness. The Chinese and Japanese adopt the plan of wearing many layers of clothing, each layer being formed almost exactly like its fellow. By diminishing or increasing the number of layers the wearers protect themselves against the vicissitudes of climate.—Fortnightly Review.

Do You Own a Dog?

The supreme court of Iowa has decided that the owner of a dog is responsible in damages for injuries caused by the barking and viciousness of a dog ridden on the public highway. The rider of the horse was in consequence thrown and injured, and suing for damages recovered from the owner of the dog. This judgment the supreme court of Iowa has affirmed.—Exchange.