CHAPTER XXI—(Continued.)

A few days later something occurred of such serious importance that Mrs. Knox no longer thought of anything so trivial as whether her daughter wore orange-blossoms or roses on her wedding-day. All her faculties were employed in planning how to avert the danger that threatened.

It had been a great grief to Jane that her projected marriage had caused a difference in her relations with her father. Pleased and proud as he had been at her success, it appeared to him as though in gaining his Colonel as a son-in-law he had lost his daughter; and he avoided being with them whenever he could throw a reasonable light upon his absence. Jane remonstrated with him in vain—he smiled, kissed her, and promised compliance with her wishes, even putting a pressure upon his inclination for that day; but the next he slipped insensibly back into his newly acquired habit of nearly living at the mess. One day the Colonel noticed how seldom he was at home; and then Mrs. Knox, afraid lest he should take offense, determined to speak to her husband.

It happened that the Quartermaster had forgotten some papers that morning, and coming back for them, found his wife alone in the little room where he usually wrote, and to which she often, as she had done on this occasion, brought her work.

She opened the attack at once.

"Won't you come home to lunch to-day, John?" she asked, in her mildest voice. "The Colonel is staying, and I am sure he thinks it strange you should always avoid him so."

"I don't avoid him, wife; but I feel out of my element with him, and that's the truth. Men are as nature made them; women are different and make, or, at any rate, improve upon themselves. Neither the Colonel nor I can ever forget the difference between us. I am sure he prefers to meet me as seldom as possible."

"I don't believe it," returned his wife, bluntly.

"Women never do believe anything it does not suit them to believe," he rejoined, with a good-natured laugh.

"And it makes Jane miserable, I know," she persisted.

"Jane will be such a great lady soon she will forget to miss her poor old father. In any case I cannot stay at home to-day. I am up to my eyes in business."

He saw by her expression that she was still incredulous, and went on to explain.

"An order has just come for the detachment from Hattiabad to rejoin us at once. I shall have a lot of trouble to squeeze them all in."

Thinking by her silence that she was angry with him, and consequently resolute not to be convinced by anything he might say, he thought it better to let the subject drop, and having found his papers on the desk, he gathered them into a bundle and left the room, never noticing that his wife was lying back in her chair, white as a ghost, and with as little power of self-assertion.

Colonel Prinsep came into the room ten minutes later. He was searching for a book of Jane's, and asked Mrs. Knox if she had seen it. Then, as he looked for her reply, he noted her deathly pallor, and asked her instantly if she were ill. She answered by another question.

"Colonel Prinsep, is it true that the Hattiabad detachment is coming here at once?"

"Yes, quite true; it was rather an unexpected order, but Government generally makes up its mind in a hurry."

"And Jacob Lynn—will he come?" she gasped out.

"Of course the Sergeant will accompany his troop," was the impatient reply. He no longer feared the influence of her first lover over Jane, being so sure of her love, so certain that nothing could separate them now. He felt vexed that Mrs. Knox should place such undue importance upon this man's comings and goings, as though he could control or even hamper his movements. Yet the effect of her words filled him with an uncomfortable surprise. She fell back in her chair, wringing her hands and moaning out that "All was over; there could be no wedding now!"

The Colonel was very much annoyed, and did not try to conceal his displeasure.

"You seem to forget, Mrs. Knox, that I am not wooing your daughter in the dark. All the regiment is aware of my intentions, and I am not afraid of what any single member of it may do or say. Sergeant Lynn of his own free will released Jane from her engagement, and she is no longer bound to consider his caprices. I am really at a loss to conjecture how his return could interfere with our actions."

"He never gave her up," confessed Mrs. Knox, now in tears. "It was my own wicked scheming, and now it will all come out, and I shall have deceived you all to no purpose!"

"Good heavens, Mrs. Knox! Do you know what it is that you have said?" cried the Colonel, hoarsely.

She went on with what she was saying, without any notice of his interpolation. Now that she had begun to unburden her mind she felt it as a relief.

"You remember the day when Jane wrote at your instigation to ask the Sergeant to give her up. Well, any man with an atom of pride or even self-respect would have done so at once, for few would care to wed so avowedly an unwilling bride"—Mrs. Knox generally grew eloquent under excitement, and used the words she had thought appropriate to her position as village school-mistress—"but Jacob Lynn was always selfishness incarnate, and he refused. Her letter was returned with one short sentence written at the end of it, declaring that he could not give her up. And he had left the envelope unclosed. You may blame me if you will, Colonel Prinsep; but I take it few mothers could have resisted the temptation of cutting away the words which chance had placed so perilously close at the bottom of the page, when by so doing they could have secured a daughter's happiness as well as prosperity. But does it matter what others would have done in such a case? Suffice it to say that, having carefully guarded against the suspicion that anything had been taken away from it, I tore the letter in half, and inclosed it in its own envelope, leaving Jane to draw the natural inference. Another letter came from him the other day, and this I also suppressed."

"You never thought in what a false position you were placing me," he observed, gloomily, at length. "What am I to do? What will the regiment say when they hear that I have tricked my Sergeant out of his sweetheart? Did you ever think," he continued, sternly, "when you concocted such a senseless scheme, the added misery you were heaping up for your daughter? She had never cared for Sergeant Lynn, and now more than ever will she feel bound to marry him to condone her mother's fault. I will not speak of the cruelty to me, though I might well, for it will be ten thousand times harder to part with her now than before I ever called her mine, but Jenny—poor little Jenny!"

"When is the detachment coming in?" she asked, abruptly, in a strained, high key, another idea having come into her mind.

"Why should it not be your wedding-day that was to have been."

"Why should it not be your weddding-day still? You could well arrange that the marriage should be over before the men march in."

Stephen Prinsep paced the room impatiently.

"Jane would never consent!" he ejaculated.

"Why need she ever know? Since the matter has gone so far, why not carry it out to the end?"

"You must do as you think best," he said, in a shame-faced, undertone; "I shall remain silent."

CHAPTER XXII.

The fourteenth—Jane's wedding day—had come. Mrs. Knox had insisted upon the ceremony taking place at a very early hour, ostensibly to avoid the heat, but in reality to allow of the Colonel and his bride leaving the station before the detachment could arrive. But, early as it was to be, Jane was dressed an hour too soon, and stood before the mirror in the drawing-room surveying herself with pardonable pride in her appearance.

Jane gazed on wistfully in the glass. She was glad that she was so fair, that even if she had no other dowry she could at least bring her husband the gift of beauty. She prayed that in his eyes at least she might never seem less lovable and lovely, that he might never repent having chosen her above all others to be his wife. And as she gazed, some one came in through the open window, and beside her glowing, smiling face in the mirror was reflected the figure of Jacob Lynn.

At first a thrill of instinctive terror ran through her, as she met his fierce blue eyes, and she shrunk away from the passion expressed in his haggard face. But the next moment a truer feeling moved her, and she was only conscious of a great compassion for his sorrow.

"Why did you come, Jacob?" she asked, her voice full of tender, womanly commiseration, as she turned toward him.

"Why did I come?" he returned with a bitter laugh. "Because I wanted to see with my own eyes whether Jane Knox was as false, as untrue as they tell me!"

"False, untrue!" she echoed, paling.

"Even I, with my unhappily suspicious nature, never dreamed of this," he went on, ruthlessly. "I thought you might write and throw me over, perhaps; but how could I believe that you, whom I thought purer and more perfect than any other in the world, either man or woman, would steal a march upon me so, and to avoid a disagreeable explanation with me, would get married in my absence. You need not have been afraid of me, Jenny!" he added, in a softer tone.

"I afraid of you! Why should I be? You gave me up—you returned my letter torn in half without a word," she returned.

"I returned your letter, it is true?" he answered, more quietly. "But it was not torn, and at the bottom of the page I wrote my answer that I could not give you up. I wrote again——"

"And I never had the letter!"

"It was your mother who did it! She was always dead against me," Jacob Lynn replied.

Jane remained speechless, listening to the clatter of plates and glasses in the opposite room, where her mother—her mother who had deceived her so, and brought her to this degradation—was putting the finishing touches to the simple wedding breakfast.

"And so you were to have married our Colonel, Jenny. Do you remember how long ago I thought you two were courting? You denied it then, but after all it came to pass. It is difficult to deceive a lover, and you are so pretty, I could not expect to keep you all to myself without a rival."

Slowly her gaze wandered over him, from his rakishly good-looking face, with its bright blue eyes and amber mustache, to his tall figure towering above her. Acknowledging that he was handsomer and more soldier-like than any one she had ever known, Jane felt that she would rather die than become his wife.

"I rode as hard as I could gallop all the way," he explained. "It was only at the last camp we heard the news that the Colonel was to be married to-day; and then, when I heard who it was he meant to marry, I understood why the marriage had been kept so quiet. I got leave to come on at once, without telling anyone my reasons for wishing to be here—and here I am!"

At this juncture Mrs. Knox looked in at the door, which was half ajar.

The Sergeant, unconscious that they had an on-looker, went on:

"I am glad that I managed to arrive in time. Suppose I had come just as the marriage was over, what a dreadful blow it would have been!"

Still the girl did not answer. She wanted him to say straight out what he expected of her; then she could better realize the extent of her misfortune.

"Yet I am not fit to come in here, all hot and dusty; and you looking so dainty, like an angel, Jenny"—timidly touching a fold of her white gown—"will you wear such pretty things for me?"

"Give me time to think," she pleaded. "In any case there will be no wedding to-day, and you can come again."

And with this promise he was satisfied, and left her.

It seemed hours to her; but in reality only twenty minutes elapsed from the time that she saw her father ride away to the time he came back with Colonel Prinsep. Then she heard the latter tell her father not to follow, and a second later he strode in alone to where she was waiting for him. She went toward him with a little cry of relief, and laid her head upon his breast. For awhile she rested there, content to be folded in his arms and comforted by his very proximity, though the next moment she should be constrained to leave his side forever. At last she poured out all her story—how her mother had deceived them both in making them believe that Jacob Lynn had given her up—how he had come back an hour before and claimed her still.

When she ended her recital, Stephen Prinsep made no comment; and looking up anxiously to discover what he thought, Jane saw in his face an all-pervading sadness that was indicative of neither horror nor surprise. Could it be possible that this was no new story to him? A terrible suspicion crossed her mind that he must have been cognizant of the plot to deceive her from the first.

"You knew it before, Stephen—before to-day?" she cried, in a tone of conviction.

And he did not attempt a self-defense. His only mode of justification was by shielding himself behind her mother, and that was a meanness to which he could not descend. Rather than that she must believe the very worst.

"Jenny, is your love for me all gone?" he asked her earnestly, and the sudden flash that crimsoned the fair young face was a sufficient answer to the question. For better, for worse, she had given him her heart, and had no power to repossess herself of the willing gift. "Then won't you try to forgive me?" he went on, in the same low, impressive tones, advancing a little nearer to her side and bending his head so that he might hear her faintest whispered word.

She gave a frightened upward glance. He was very white, but his expression was impenetrable, his manner quite composed. She had not thought that he could look like that, and grew alarmed at the serious look which her words had brought into his eyes. She threw out her hands with an imploring gesture, which he either did not see, or would not heed. He had drawn out from his waistcoat-pocket a plain gold ring, and laid it on the table before her.

He did not wish to figure as a bridegroom without a bride, a subject for divided sneers and pity. His sole idea now was to get away as far as possible from the scene of his discomfiture.

But, in spite of wrath and disappointment, his expression involuntarily grew softer as he went toward her, and took her small, cold fingers in his own.

"Do not let us part in anger, Jenny. Say good-by."

Jane's wedding day ended in rain—and tears.

(To be continued.)

Forestalled.

A London jeweler says that Lord C. came into the shop one afternoon, accompanied by a footman who bore a small case of green baize. Lord C. announced that he wished to have a few words with the jeweler in private, and was conducted up stairs. He carried with him the green case.

"This case," said his lordship, when the two men were together, "contains the jewels worn by Lady C. on high days and holidays. At present her ladyship is in the country, where she is likely to remain for several months. Now what I want you to do is to make me an imitation set precisely similar to the originals, only, of course, with false stones. Lady C. is no judge of such things, and will never discover the difference. You can retain the originals, and dispose of them among your customers, allowing me the difference in value between the two sets. But I must ask you to let me have the larger part now, as I have a pressing necessity for money."

The peer took out a key, unlocked the box, and produced the jewels. The jeweler looked at them, and replied:

"My lord, it is the simplest thing in the world to match these jeweds in the way you suggest; but I must inform your lordship that the difference in value between the two sets would not be a penny. The present jewels are counterfeit. I purchased the originals from Lady C. more than two years ago and made her these imitations, which are such excellent ones that I am not at all surprised at their deceiving such an excellent judge of jewels as your lordship."

There was no more to be said, and his lordship withdrew.

Origin of the Blouse.

After the fall of the Roman Empire the sexes started about fair in the matter of clothes. Our Teutonic ancestors adopted a costume which was almost the same for men and women, and consisted of two main garments, the Roman tunica and toga. The tunica was virtually a shirt with long sleeves, and was buckled at the waist. The men wore it reaching to the knees and the women to the ankles. In colder northern latitudes the men, as a great innovation, added trousers, but these were looked upon in the light of a distinct extra, and were not considered obligatory in hot weather. There seems to be no doubt that the blouse of the modern peasant is a direct descendant of the tunica.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Men with bunions or with overlying toes from the wearing of tight shoes are not admitted to the army.

THE FARM AND HOME.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

There Is Money in Farming Compared with Other Occupations—How a Wisconsin Farmer Handles Corn-Fodder—Use Hay Sparingly.

The Profits from the Farm.

The farmer with a limited area, who has succeeded in keeping out of debt and supported his family during the year, including clothing and all necessary supplies, may find himself with a few dollars in money, but he will have accomplished more than thousands in the city, who have worked as hard, had few luxuries and are not a dollar richer than when the year began.

Handling Corn Fodder.

As soon as the ears are fit to crib I begin husking. When four or five loads of fodder are ready I haul them at once to the barn, continuing until the whole field has been gone over. I do this to prevent the wind damaging the fodder, for a shock of cornstalks cannot be kept standing in a strong breeze. Then, if it rains, the fodder is ruined, says the Wisconsin Farmer. The fodder is hauled to the barn lot and a rick made of it, three bundles wide, keeping the center high and solid. One stack will hold about four good loads. Let the bundles from the next stack extend over onto the next. Keep on this way until the rick is as long as desired. Having been thus built up in sections, it can be easily fed. Uncover the first section and feed out the four loads without disturbing the remainder of the rick. I find that it does not pay to have much fodder uncovered at any one time. I have stacked my feed in this way for several years and have lost but little.

Economizing with Hay.

The hay crop in many places is short this year and farmers will find it good economy to use it sparingly. This can better be done because the grain crop is large. Both corn and oats are likely to be cheap, and some of these with cut hay or straw will make a limited amount of hay go far in feeding. It will also pay if straw is to be used for the cut feed to purchase some linseed or cottonseed meal to mix with it. Both of these meals have a larger proportion of nitrogenous or flesh-forming elements than has Indian corn. The straw of grain is largely carbonaceous, and it needs something that has more albuminoids than corn has to make a profitable feed. Many New England farmers buy more or less Western corn to feed, and this year, when it is so cheap, they can certainly afford to do so. But a part of the money expended for feed should go to the purchase of wheat bran and linseed or cottonseed meal to be fed with the corn and make a better-balanced ration.

The Cheapest Food for Hogs.

Most writers for farm papers seem to be agreed that clover or grass is the cheapest food that hogs can have. Yet the yield of either clover or grass is not nearly so great as that from a field of corn, counting grain and fodder, says the American Cultivator. Even the grain of a good corn yield surpasses in weight most yields of pasture clover or grass. The corn has certainly more nutrition for fattening than has the grass. The hog's stomach is much smaller than that of other domestic animals. It needs its food in concentrated form. Yet, and here comes in the use of clover and grass, the hog which is fed corn needs also some bulky and not very nutritious food to prevent the too concentrated nutriment of corn from injuring its digestive organs. But even for this purpose clover and grass are not the cheapest foods. Beets and mangel wurtzel can be grown in so much greater bulk per acre than can any kind of grass that where land is at all valuable they will have the preference. Besides, the roots are easily kept for winter use, and are then much better than clover, either dried or put up as ensilage. Hogs will eat very little ensilage of any kind, and then only as a change from more hearty feed. They will eat much larger quantities of beets, and the roots are even better for their digestion.

The Cranberry Worm.

Complaints are numerous this season that cranberries turned red before they were ripe, are wormy, and shrivel up until none are left. This is the work of the berry worm or fruit worm (Acrobasis vaccinii). The egg for the worm is deposited in the calyx on the young berry just after forming. The worm eats into the berry, and wanders from that to other berries. When full grown it leaves the berry, drops to the ground and burrows into the soil, where it remains all winter, and hatches the following June or July, says the New York Tribune. On wet bogs it does not thrive. When full grown it is about half an inch long. The moth producing this worm expands wings about three-fourths of an inch when spread; it is of an ash-gray color, mottled with white, and when at rest on a cranberry vine, with wings folded, is not easily recognized. The egg hatches in about five or six days after being laid. Flowing to destroy this pest is not feasible, as the time the water should be held on the bog would destroy the crop. An application of paris green—a tablespoonful to a bucket of water—applied with a spraying outfit at the time the berries begin to set is effective.

Milk vs. Beef on Fertility.

In reporting the investigations at Rothamstead, Sir Henry Gilbert constructed a table that showed the amount of the elements of fertility carried off the farm when fodder is fed to cows and when it is fed to steers. He assumes that the cow gives milk containing 12½ per cent. of solids, containing 3.65 per cent. of protein, 3.50 per cent. of fat, 4.00 per cent. of sugar, and .75 per cent. of minerals. The estimates of the increase of the parts of steers is founded on investigations of fattening steers at Rothamstead. A cow giving four quarts of milk daily takes from the fodder for a week 2.64 pounds of protein, 2.52 pounds of fat, 3.33 pounds of sugar and .54 pounds of minerals. The table rises by multiples of two, but only one quotation will be made. For twelve quarts, 7.92 pounds of protein is taken, 7.59 pounds of fat, 9.99 pounds of sugar, 1.62 pounds of minerals. For other amounts calculations are easily made. A steer making ten pounds of increase weekly takes protein but .75 pounds, of fat 6.35 pounds, of sugar, starch, etc., nothing, and of minerals, .15 pounds.

Straining While Milking.

An important improvement to secure cleanliness in milking is made by dairy men in Holland. They milk in deep pails, over the top of which is drawn a coarse cloth, which filters the milk, at the same time retaining any impurities which without the strainer would have fallen into the pail. It is, of course, necessary to wash these strainers as often and as thoroughly as the milk pail is washed. In most cases what particles of dirt get into the milk pail while milking fall from the sides and hair of the cows, and a thorough brushing of the cow, especially in the morning before she is milked, will secure cleanliness of the milk and with less trouble than putting on and caring for a strainer over the milk pail.

There Is Money in Land.

Farmers claim that there is "no money in farming." Compared with other occupations, is is as certain as any of them. There is not a merchant in this country, or manufacturer, who does not meet difficulties in his business. The farmer makes more money in proportion to capital invested than is derived from many other enterprises. All classes of business men must rely on the cost of raw materials and the future demands of the markets, and, it may be added, that, like the farmer, their profits or losses depend largely on the weather also.

To Kill the Scale Insects.

Of hydrocyanic gas Dr. Bailey says, in the Philadelphia Ledger: "The gas is made of one fluid ounce of sulphuric acid added to three ounces of water. To this is added one ounce of 60 per cent. of cyanide of potassium. Effervescence immediately takes place, and the gas is freely given off. This quantity is sufficient for 150 cubic feet; the plants to be exposed one hour. This is especially adapted to dormant trees and for scale insects. On growing plants it has been found impossible to kill the scale without injuring the plants. The gas cannot, therefore, be recommended for the green-house.

Tillage-Destroying Weeds.

It is a mistake to suppose that land devoted to tillage is for that reason more weedy than land left in pasture. It is true there will be more weeds visible in the tilled land, for cultivation enables every seed near the surface to germinate. But in the pasture what weeds do start are apt to be left to mature their seeds. The stock turned in to crop the grass will generally avoid the weeds, and thus a few years of pasturing fills the soil with weed seeds which will make hard work for the cultivator to get rid of.

To Keep Potatoes Crisp.

How to keep potatoes and prevent them from sprouting is an important matter, as it will largely influence the supply next spring. A French experimenter keeps the potatoes for twenty-four hours in a mixture of two quarts of sulphuric acid in twelve gallons of water, then dries them. Another method is to dust each layer of potatoes with lime when they are put in the bin. The cheapest and best method is to expose the potatoes to the fumes of burning sulphur in a close chamber or box for half an hour. Such potatoes are not quite suitable for seed, however.

Bedd ng for Pigs.

Most people supply pigs with more bedding than is for their good. We have seen pigs in a yard where there was a straw stack burrow into it and entirely cover themselves with the straw. Such pigs in cold weather suffer severely from cold, for they must leave their comfortable quarters to take their feed. A warm pen with a moderate amount of cut straw is much better. When straw is cut the pigs cannot bunch it up and cover themselves with it.—Ex.

Plums.

Plums were abundant this year, and it has thus been shown that with organized effort in making war on the curculio success can be obtained. Some varieties introduced from Japan appear to escape the attacks of the curculio more than our native kinds, due perhaps to the greater difficulty in puncturing the skins of the imported varieties. No crop of fruit pays better than plums, but they require careful attention after blossoming.

Fertilizing the Orchard.

By stocking the orchard heavily with sheep and feeding large quantities of bran, one obtains large values—the feeding value and the manurial value, besides preventing the spread of insects which live in the fallen fruit; but they must be kept out of the young orchards, for they are destructive foragers upon the branches which they can reach.

How to Milk Young Cows.

The heifer ought to be milked ten or eleven months the first time she is in milk. It don't matter whether she gives no more than a pint a day the last month. The point is to fix the habit of staying in milk, says Wallace's Dairyman. Too many of our cows loaf six months in the year. The farmer has to work pretty near the year around. Why shouldn't his cows?

CONVICTS IN THE ARMY.

Frenchmen Condemned for Crime Have a Hard Time of It.

A very painful sensation has been created in Paris, and will no doubt extend throughout the country, by the report of a court-martial just held at Tunis. Before recounting the facts, it is requisite to explain that there exists in the French possessions in North Africa a special body of troops, technically described as "compagnies de discipline," and dubbed in military parlance by the quaint appellation of Biribi. This force is composed exclusively of bad and incorrigible characters. Conscripts who, when the time comes for their incorporation in the army, happen to be serving a time of penal servitude are not sent to the regular infantry, but to these disciplinary companies; and noted offenders in the line regiments at home or in Algeria are also drafted into the penal corps. The punishments are of a peculiarly severe and inhuman description. Having said this much, I proceed to lay before you a statement of the case from the pen of a noted supporter of the Government, Senator Ranc. He says:

"A soldier of the Third African battalion, Chedal by name, has met his death from ill treatment. The minister of war ordered an inquiry, which led to a lieutenant, a sergeant and a corporal being brought before a court-martial. They have just been tried and unanimously acquitted. Chedel, who was in a bad state of health, was locked up in a cell where the temperature stood at 50 degrees centigrade, or 122 degrees Fehrenheit. He was deprived of water. He was, moreover, subjected to la crapaudine—that is to say, his feet and hands were tied together behind his back. In addition a gag was placed in his mouth. First, a common tent peg was used for the purpose, and then a tent peg with a handkerchief wrapped around it. Finally a stone was forced into his mouth. These horrors were not denied. The judges examined the surgeon of the battalion and asked him what Chedel had died of. The question strikes one as a lugubrious joke. The accused urged in their defense that the gag was a usual punishment in the battalion by direction of the commanding officer. The offense of the man thus barbarously tortured to death was an attempt to desert.—London Standard.

He Forgot.

For years the property owners in a certain section of Chicago had been clamoring for a street paved with asphalt. They organized themselves into an "improvement club" and held several meetings. Petitions were circulated every spring and mass meetings were held every winter. The most enthusiastic and persistent agitator owned a corner lot, and he lived on the adjacent lot. When the workmen actually began to pave the street with asphalt he was so pleased that he bought cigars for them. The sheet of asphalt in front of his corner lot was finished on Wednesday. On Friday a gang of men proceeded to dig out a large slice of the asphalt and then to excavate a deep trench which led to the center of the corner lot. The president of the improvement society witnessed this piece of vandalism, and, rushing to the house of the enthusiast, loudly demanded the reason.

"I forgot to put in a service pipe from the gas main," was the explanation given.

"Why didn't you connect it with the main on the side street?" asked the president in indignant tones.

"Why, I didn't think of that," and he hurried to stop the work. But the damage was done.

The Old-Fashioned Way.

People in Chicago have become so accustomed to the steel framework of a modern office building that any exception to the general rule of construction attracts instant attention. An old building was recently torn down in Madison street and a new one was begun on the site. This new building is to be temporary, for the owner has plans for a modern office building, which he cannot carry out for several years for good and sufficient reasons. The new building had not risen a story when it became the object of attention. Passers-by stopped, gazed up at it for a minute and said: "Look at the wooden beams." The second story made the construction more conspicuous, and people declared that the building department in the city hall should look into it, for it was not built to conform to the building ordinance. In fact, several such complaints were made to the building commissioner. He inspected it thoroughly and said that the construction was not only within the ordinance, but was safe, strong and well done. "Only," he added, "it's old-fashioned."—Chicago Record.

Earthquake at Sea.

A severe earthquake at sea was experienced by the schooner Mary Buhne, which arrived at Port Townsend, Wash., from Oonolaska a week ago. The captain says that on Oct. 24 the sea was smooth as glass, when suddenly the vessel reeled and shook violently, the water was uplifted, and for almost two minutes the schooner was strangely shaken by the odd disturbance of water. Next day the vessel passed through a large area of apparently muddy water.

Fuseli's Opinion.

Probably no two artists ever criticised each other more severely than did Fuseli and Northcote; yet they remained fast friends. At one time Fuseli was looking at Northcote's painting of the angel meeting Balaam and his ass. "How do you like it?" asked Northcote, after a long silence. "Northcote," replied Fuseli, promptly, "you're an angel at an ass, but an ass at an angel!"