CHAPTER XIII.

A few weeks passed on, and Lady Hilda began to recover from the shock of her sorrow. The words were never out of her mind, "I am sorry to say it is the money and not the girl I want." Never for one moment was the sound of them away from her ears, or the pain from her heart. And then when she came to be quite at home with them, she learned that a shadow had fallen between the sisters.

One year ago Leofric Donchilde came to live at Hilde Manor. He had succeeded quite suddenly and unexpectedly to the title and estate through the death of his cousin and his cousin's two sons. Hilde Manor was the next estate to Branksome, and as it was only natural, the families residing at each place had always been on the most friendly and intimate terms.

Love is always a mystery. Miss Anice wealthy, and graceful, had many admirers; why she cared for none of those, and fixed her mind on Sir Leofric, no one could tell; she loved him with the sudden, fierce, passionate love that to women of her caliber is doom. He admired her very much; he thought her beautiful and distinguished; he liked dancing with her, riding with her, talking with her; but he was not the least in love; he did not flirt with her, he never made any pretense of being in love with her, but treated her as a friend.

During this time while the elder sister's doom came to her, Cecile was visiting an aunt of Lady Pitcairn's, from whom they had expectations. Anice had said but little in her letters about their new neighbor, Sir Leofric; Lady Pitcairn had not said much more. Cecile had no idea that her sister loved the young baronet. She came home, and on the very first morning after her return Sir Leofric came.

The next few minutes were to the beautiful, passionate woman a thrill of burning pain, for Sir Leofric stood by Cecile's side and already—oh, heaven! that she should see it and not die—already there was a look of admiration in his eyes as they rested on Cecile that had never been there for herself.

A few mornings afterward, Leofric came over with some very choice flowers that Lady Pitcairn wanted. The sisters were both in the grounds, and as usual, he joined them. Anice was reading, Cecile had some lace work; they were sitting under the shade of a large cedar. He joined them quickly, but it was by Cecile he sat; it was Cecile he addressed continually; it was in Cecile's face he looked; and Anice's heart grew hot with jealousy.

Then they walked through the gardens, and stood for some minutes in admiration before a late rose tree full of flowers, a rare and beautiful rose that Lady Pitcairn prized highly, red with a certain glow over them. As Sir Leofric stood and looked at the flowers he thought how Cecile resembled them, the sweet face with its dainty coloring, the golden head rising so gracefully from the white neck, and as the thought occurred to him he gathered a lovely half-opened rose and gave it to her.

"Your portrait," he said, with a low bow; and the dark eyes of Anice Pitcairn flashed fire. She had lavished her whole life on him and he had never given her a flower.

"My portrait?" laughed Cecile; "you are a poet, Sir Leofric."

"That is very trite poetry," said Anice.

"I have never seen anything so much like you, Miss Cecile, as that rose," said Sir Leofric.

He was startled by a little cry from Cecile.

"Anice," she said, "what is the matter? Why are you looking at me so?"

But Anice controlled herself with a marvelous effort. She closed her fan and laughed, though the fire of jealousy was scorching her very heart.

Cecile had walked on a few steps in advance; Anice went up to Sir Leofric and laid her hand on his arm."

"I am jealous," she said, with a charming smile; "can you guess why?"

"I cannot, indeed, for I could never think you had cause for jealousy."

"How long have I known you, Sir Leofric?" she asked.

"How long? Six months I should say, Miss Pitcairn," he replied.

Six months, and only six months; and to her it seemed that she had not lived before she knew him.

"Six months," she repeated, "and during all that time you never gave me a flower. You have only known my sister three days, and you gave her a flower with a compliment that is like a poem; so—I am jealous."

What was he to say? The beautiful face raised to his, the love-lit eyes bent on him. The words that rose to his lips were, "I like your sister best," but politeness forbade him to utter them.

"Your jealousy dresses itself in smiles," he said.

"The better to hide its tears, perhaps," she replied.

He stretched out his hand to gather another rose.

"You will let me make amends," he said.

"By giving me the companion flower to Cecile's? No, that would make no amends."

"Then how am I to make it?" he asked, anxiously.

"Does your own heart declare no way?" she asked, and he answered, simply:

"No."

"Then I will pass it by," she said; "but you will own it was enough to make me jealous, will you not?"

"I never thought of it," he said.

Then Cecile joined them, and some time afterward Anice heard him singing:

"My love hath eyes as blue and clear
As clefts between the clouds of June."

"That is Cecile," she said to herself, as she walked on with the bitterness of death in her heart.

CHAPTER XIV.

It came at last—the blow that had to fall on Anice—the triumph that crowned Cecile's life. Sir Leofric asked her to be his wife and both parents gave their consent. Mother and sister hesitated alike before telling Anice.

"Mother," said Cecile to Lady Pitcairn, "I should be the happiest girl in the world if I could feel sure that Anice would be pleased over my marriage."

"Why should she not be pleased?" asked Lady Pitcairn, her heart heavy with the knowledge of why.

"You tell her, mamma; she will take it better from you than from me."

Lady Pitcairn shrank from it. It is no easy task to tell an angry, unloved woman that the man she loves wants to marry some one else. Lady Pitcairn's kindly face grew pale, her lips trembled, her voice seemed to have lost its usual cheerful ring. Suddenly she bethought herself that the best thing would be to ask Lady Hilda to accompany her; knowing her daughter's pride, she felt sure that nothing could or would make her control all emotion so much as the presence of a witness. She sent for Lady Hilda to her dressing room, on some pretext, and kept here there; then she rang for her daughter, and Anice came into the room with a look of unusual wonder on her face.

"I have some pleasant news," she began. "It is more than that—it is important. Sir Leofric has asked Sir Peter's consent; he wants to marry Cecile."

There were a few minutes of dead silence; neither of them dared to look at her; that silence was more eloquent than any words—a painful silence—they could hear the ticking of the ormolu clock, the singing of the birds; but no sound came from those white locked lips. Lady Pitcairn affected to be quite engrossed in her work, but went on talking; it was only by a certain hesitation in her voice that Lady Hilda knew how agitated she was.

Then she stopped abruptly; for the terrible silence frightened her. For the first time since she had begun to speak she turned round and looked at her daughter's face. That look frightened her. The beautiful proud face had not grown white; no white could have been so awful as the changing tints, the terrible livid hue, the deadly pain, the torture that were shown there. If a sharp slender dagger had been plunged into the girl's heart it would not have transfixed her with sharper pain.

"My dear Anice, you do not answer me!" said Lady Pitcairn.

It was no human woe that looked out of those dark eyes; it was no human woe that trembled in the low voice as she answered:

"Do I understand you, mamma? Has Sir Leofric asked Cecile to be his wife?" she said, slowly.

"Yes, and we are all very much pleased about it; you will be the same, I am sure, Anice."

"Does he say that he loves Cecile, mamma?" she continued, incredulously, "loves her?"

"Certainly, or why should he ask her to be his wife? Assuredly he loves her," replied Lady Pitcairn.

"And they are to be married—married, and live near us?" she continued.

"Yes, I am sure you will agree with me, Anice, that it will be very pleasant to have Cecile so near us."

The pride of Anice saved her in that moment. If Lady Hilda had not been present bitter words would have fallen from the trembling lips. The presence of a stranger kept them from so falling.

"It will be very pleasant," she said, turning away.

To Lady Hilda the pain was like a renewal of her own. It seemed to her that she could well understand this passion of love and jealousy; she who had been desolate all her life, and who lived.

CHAPTER XV.

To be jealous is to be angry with God and man; to spread a funeral pall over the blue sky and the fair earth; to feed a fire that burns the heart away; to live, but live in death. Jealousy is more bitter than death, it is strong as hell, and incites man to quicker and more dreadful deeds than any other passion. Anice Pitcairn gave herself up to it; she never tried in the least degree to restrain it; she asked no help from heaven, no counsel from those on earth, she let her soul drift down the tide of passion, and stretched out no hand for help. If she had been wise she would have absented herself during his visits; she would not have allowed her thoughts to rest on him, her mind to brood over him.

Instead of that, although every word he spoke to her sister was torture to her, she could not refrain from listening. Although every loving gesture, every tender whisper was death to her, she watched them; she fed her own hate; she gave up her whole soul to the tormentor.

"Anice," said Lady Pitcairn one morning, "my dear, you must have change of air. You are looking very ill. You are losing your beauty."

"I am losing my life," said the girl to herself, but she made no answer.

She looked at her own face when she went to her mirror. It was changed—the bright, proud beauty was gone; there was the trace of all-consuming passion, the eyes told of many watches, the mouth of long, bitter pain; yet she had neither the self-restraint nor control to trample her passion under her feet.

There were times when Lady Hilda, who saw more of her than any one else, felt quite frightened, when she wondered how it would end—when she wondered still more that the other members of the household did not see the dangers she saw. She wondered why that altered face, and changed manner did not attract more attention. Evil or death must come of it, she felt assured.

Christmas was drawing near, and Lady Hilda saw what no one else saw—that the mind of the beautiful, passionate woman who loved so well and so unhappily, was fast losing its strength, and still no one perceived the coming shadow.

It was a bitter winter; the snow began early, the frosts were continual; such a glorious time for skating had not been for years. Sir Leofric enjoyed skating, and taught the sisters until they were as perfect in the art as himself. In the park at Branksome there was a large, beautiful sheet of water, the delight of every one who saw it, clear, deep, with water lilies growing on its surface, with graceful reeds round its banks, with willow trees whose branches dipped in the clear stream; in the summer pretty pleasure boats skimmed the water. Both sisters could row, and enjoyed during the warm summer days the cool shade under the trees that shadowed the water. It had a strange name, this broad, clear, deep pool—it was called "Ladydeep Pool." Why it had that name no one seemed to know. Ladydeep Pool during the winter was one hard, beautiful piece of thick, white ice; bright, shining, hard as asphalt, it was beautiful to look on.

One morning, it was nearly the end of January then—Sir Leofric went over to Branksome Park earlier than usual. Lady Pitcairn was tired; had not come down to breakfast. Sir Peter, after partaking amply of every recherche dish on the table, had retired to his study, ostensibly to read the papers, in reality to sleep; Anice and Lady Hilda were busy over some point lace—Cecile had laughingly declined to join them.

"It will be quite useless for me even to pretend to work," she said; "Sir Leofric will soon be here; he does not like me to work while he is talking to me."

Sir Leofric came soon afterward. Lady Hilda saw how Anice trembled while the lovers greeted each other; she was saying over and over again to herself, the words that to her had become a formula:

"If she were lying dead he would be free."

"I have ridden over earlier than usual, and more quickly," said Sir Leofric; "I have to go to London to-night."

"To London," repeated Cecile; "why? for what?"

"On business, my darling; the deeds are drawn out, and the solicitors are wanting to see me; all kinds of settlements and business for my sweet Cecile."

The fair young face flushed slightly as Cecile hid it on her lover's breast.

"That is the last of the business, sweet Cecile," he said. "When the deeds are signed every preparation for our marriage is complete."

"How long shall you stay away?" asked the girl, clinging to her lover; she hardly knew why.

"I shall return to-morrow evening," he said. "I could not stay away longer if I tried; forty-eight hours without seeing you would be unendurable. Cecile, come with me to Sir Peter's study; I want to see him."

They went away together; and it was some time before Sir Leofric returned; then he was alone; he had left Cecile with her father.

"Anice," he said, "I leave my darling in your care. I shall be here again to-morrow evening. You will be very kind to her, Anice. Take her out; do not let her stop indoors," he continued, as they walked away together to the door. "Oh, Anice, there is one thing I must not forget; if you go to Ladydeep Pool to skate, pray remember that the part we call Pretty Bay is not safe; the ice is thin there and cracking; one of the keepers met me this morning and told me. You will warn Cecile?"

"Yes, I will warn her," was the quiet reply; "I will tell her that she must not go near Pretty Bay."

He touched her hand in farewell, and the next minute he was gone. Lady Hilda had heard every word.

It seemed to Anice Pitcairn all that day and night, that wherever she looked she saw written in letters of fire:

"If she lay under the ice dead, he would be free to marry you."

Mocking faces floated before her, and each mouth opened with those words; mocking voices sounded in her ears; when, tired and exhausted, she lay down to sleep, the faces came nearer to her and laughed in fiendish glee. It was so cold, so silent under the ice, and never once did the beautiful, miserable girl rise and fling herself on her knees, praying heaven to help her, and drive all the black temptations away.

Never once, but when the morning sun shone in her room, she rose with fell intent, fell purpose in her heart that was to be accomplished before that same sun set.

CHAPTER XVI.

The following morning was bright, cold, and clear. Cecile's first thought on waking was that Leofric would be home that day, and her heart grew warm with a sense of delight. He had only been absent a few hours, yet she missed him so keenly. He was to be home to-day. She went downstairs with a bright smile on her face. Anice was alone in the breakfast room—alone, with a strange look on her face, and fire in her eyes. She kissed Cecile.

"I am glad you are down early," she said; "I wanted to see you, Cecile; we were very dull yesterday; let us have some little amusement to-day."

"Leofric is coming home," said Cecile, as though nothing in the world could matter if he were only coming back.

The white fingers tightened their clasp on Cecile's arm, the lurid fire in the dark eyes deepened. Anice bent her head and whispered: "Shall we go to Ladydeep Pool?" The flame of her breath burned the fair, happy face as it touched it.

"Yes, we will go there—but why do you whisper, Anice?"

"I do not want any one to hear me. I thought we would have this one morning together."

"So we will, Anice; but there is no one to hear us."

"Walls have ears, they say. I want to be alone with you this morning, and not to take that tiresome Miss Dunn with us."

"I do not wish to take Miss Dunn, Anice; I would far rather be with you—we shall not have many more mornings alone. Oh, Anice, how tightly you hold my arm. And your eyes; they frighten me—it is as though they were on fire."

"Cecile, you try my patience. What matters my eyes or anything else? I am talking to you—listen."

Cecile stood still, yet something of fear came over her; Anice was so strange—so unlike herself.

"We will amuse ourselves," whispered the hoarse voice; "we will skate, Cecile, this morning, on Ladydeep Pool—are you willing?"

"There is nothing I should like better, only it will seem strange without Leofric."

"Do not tell Miss Dunn—if she knows, she is sure to go with us, and we want to talk."

"We want to skate," laughed helpless Cecile. "I will not tell her."

Cecile sat down to her breakfast. It was Lady Pitcairn who noticed that Anice had nothing on her plate, and had not even touched her coffee. She was full of anxious inquiries—Anice must be ill or overtired—why did she not eat or drink? Her eyes were too bright, her hands hot—it was time she took care of herself. Anice sat and listened the whole time her mother spoke; curiously enough between her sentences were the words:

"Under the ice—cold, silent and dead—then he would be free to marry me."

"I am not satisfied over Anice," said Lady Pitcairn to Sir Peter; "if she does not seem better to-morrow, I shall call in a physician. She looks as though she were going to have brain fever."

Sir Peter softly murmured as he composed himself to sleep, that it was all nonsense—she was never happy unless she had a sensation on hand—that Anice was right enough.

While Anice went to her room and dressed, she hid the two pairs of skates in her shawl, then called to see if Cecile were ready. Cecile looked anxiously at her.

"Are you quite sure that you ought to go out, Anice?" she asked. "Indeed, you do not look fit for it; I can see that you tremble, and you look so terribly ill."

"I am right enough," said Anice. "The fresh air will do me good—it always does; do not let us waste the morning in talking about it."

Cecile said no more; she could hardly explain, even to herself, the fear and presentiment that came over her, the dread she had of going out with Anice, the longing to stay at home. Still her sister seemed bent on it, and she would not disappoint her; she would go on, and then Anice would have no cause of complaint. They need not stay out very long and Leofric was coming back to-night. They went out together; neither Lady Pitcairn nor Sir Peter saw them; they crossed the park. A little further, and there lay the pool, a mass of glittering ice, so dazzling one could hardly look at it.

"How beautiful," cried Cecile. "Look how the sunbeams lie on it."

Walking slowly past them was the gardener who had charge of the pool and the boat house. He touched his cap as the ladies passed on.

"Cecile," cried Anice suddenly, "send Thwaites to the house, and tell him to ask for your fur mantle, you look cold."

"But I do not want my fur mantle, Anice," said the young girl.

"Never mind," was the imperious answer, "do as I wish. I promised Leofric to take care of you; do not make me miserable by refusing all I wish. Thwaites, will you go up to the house for me? I want my sister's fur mantle; ask for my maid, Lauretté, she will give it to you."

The man touched his hat and went away.

"I wonder, Anice, if the ice is quite safe?" asked Cecile. "It seems to me many degrees warmer this morning."

The dark eyes wandered over the leafless trees, then over the white lake; then, with all their weird fire deepened, they fastened on her sister's face.

"It is quite safe, I am sure," she said; "we will go to Pretty Bay first; the ice looks most solid there; let me fasten your skates, Cecile."

She knelt down and fastened them.

"You go first," she said; "I will follow."

Yet some impulse, in the midst of her passion and madness, came to her and made her stoop, Judas-like, to kiss the fair young face.

"Go on," she said; "I will follow."

And the slender, graceful figure of the girl glided away with the swift, free motion of a bird; away to the fatal spot where the ice was broken and weak.

(To be continued.)

Odd Billiard Facts.

A billiard table can be built in twenty-four hours if carte blanche is given to the manufacturer, but he prefers to have time to get the right effects from one month to six. The wood needs to be seasoned for a period of nearly seven years. Rich, deep Spanish mahogany is used, pollard oak, ebony and satin wood.

Tables are not always covered in green. Blue is sometimes used and a pure olive green. The late Prince Leopold was the first to make use of the latter color, and olive green is known to-day in the billiard world as Prince Leopold's color.

The balls must be well seasoned before they are used for play. Manufacturers have incubators in which to store them, that they may undergo the drying process. Some incubators will hold fully 3,000 balls. When they are first made, they are "green." Solid ivory is the only satisfactory material of which to make them; "artificial balls" (those made of composition) are much heavier and do not wear well. English makers, to give the red balls a perfect color, steep them in a decoction that is sometimes described as the "guardsman's bath." This is extracted from the old coats of Tommy Atkins, and for billiard balls it is the finest scarlet dye known.

German Manufacture of Needles.

Last year the Germans exported 2,800,000 pounds of these small but indispensable articles, as compared with 1,830,000 pounds in 1885. As showing the rate at which the export side of the German business has grown, it is stated that in the eight years, 1880-1887, the shipments were 11,615,000 pounds, in the following eight years, ending with 1895, 15,425,000 pounds. The factories at Aix-la-Chapelle alone produce 50,000,000 needles a week, and they are said to be for the most part of superior quality. The best outlet for these goods is China, which in 1896 took 60 per cent. of the whole export, as compared with no more than 20 per cent. in 1894. Other markets of importance are British India, France, Great Britain, the United States, Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Turkey.—Manufacture.

Solomon's Possibilities.

Mrs. Dryden—It is said that Solomon became the wisest man because he learned all that each of his many wives knew.

Mr. Dryden—Yes; but what show would he have stood if the women of those times had known as little as they do now?

The neighbors finally succeeded in quelling the disturbance without police intervention.—Cleveland Leader.

A Small Eternity.

Amanda (alighting from her wheel at the roadside, where Mortimer awaits her)—Have I kept you waiting long, dear?

Mortimer—Long? Many cycles have passed since the hour appointed for our meeting.—Judge.

The Depth of Sun-Spots.

Within a few years the question has been raised whether sun-spots are really depressions, or holes, in the sun's surface, as they have generally been considered to be by astronomers. Prof. Ricco of Catania concludes, as the result of a long series of observations, not only that the spots are cavities in the sun, but that their depth can be approximately measured. He states that the average depth of twenty-three sun-spots measured by him was about 640 miles!

America's Many Languages.

Dr. D. G. Brinton, the archaeologist, said in a recent lecture that in North and South America no less than 120 or 130 absolutely distinct languages exist. As the growth of language is very slow, he thinks the fact of the existence of so great a variety of speech on the western continents proves that the native red men have inhabited them for many thousands of years. Another proof of the antiquity of the American Indians, according to Doctor Brinton, is the fact that they represent a distinct human type, and the formation of such a type requires thousands of years.

The Diamond Beetle.

One of the most beautiful of insects is the "diamond beetle" of Brazil. According to the recent investigations of Doctor Garbasso, the sparkling colors of this beetle, which blazes with extraordinary brilliancy in the sunshine, originate in an entirely different way from the hues of butterflies. The scales of the diamond beetle appear to consist of two layers, separated by an exceedingly thin interspace, and the light falling upon them experiences the effect of interference, so that the resulting colors correspond with those of thin plates, or of the soap bubble.

Murderous Baboons.

A species of baboon inhabiting the colony of the Cape of Good Hope has become a pest to the farmers by destroying their lambs. The baboons haunt the clumps of cactus scattered through the fields, and exhibit much cunning in keeping out of the reach of their human enemies. It is asserted that they have taken note of the fact that women do not carry firearms, and therefore need not be feared. But when a man appears the baboons instantly take to their heels. On this account the farmers have lately devised the plan of dressing in women's apparel when they set out to shoot baboons.

An Appeal for the Elephant.

Monsieur Fon, a French explorer of Africa, has recently made a strong appeal for the protection of the elephants remaining on that continent. He declares that the great beasts should be preserved not merely as curiosities but as animals which might become very useful under domestication. Formerly, as he points out, elephants were domesticated in Africa, and he believes the same thing could be done again to-day, and that it would well pay to do it. But unless protected against slaughter the elephant will have disappeared from Africa before civilization has reached the heart of the dark continent.

Goldfish-Farming.

The raising of goldfish is a special industry, and one of the largest "goldfish farms" is at Spring Lake, Indiana. When young the goldfish is said to resemble in color and general appearance an ordinary minnow. After a while they turn dark, becoming occasionally almost black. Then a reddish hue begine to appear, the true golden color being developed at the average age of one year or less. A few individuals, however, never change their original silver color, and sometimes the red and gold hues make their appearance only in patches. Not infrequently goldfish develop two or more tails.

Pine-Bark Boats.

Everybody is familiar with the birch-bark boats, or canoes, of the American Indians, but the fact is not so well known that some of the aboriginal inhabitants of the western shore of this continent were accustomed to make boats of pine bark. A model of one of these in the Smithsonian museum served recently as a text for a talk by Prof. Otis T. Mason on the evolution of boats. The boat in question was, he said, an exact representation of those in use along certain parts of the Columbia river. It is made of the whole skin of a pine tree which is turned inside out, the ends being cut obliquely and drawn together in such a manner that the vessel has a pointed ram under water at each end. Directly across the Pacific ocean from the Columbia is the River Amur in Asia. Prof. Mason thinks the fact that similar boats are found on the Amur may have a bearing on the problem of former emigration from Asia to North America.

A Substitute for Amputation.

"A new and simple mode of treatment has been introduced in France," says the Medical Times, "by which it is claimed a large proportion of injured limbs now usually amputated can be saved. The method, which is due to Dr. Reclus, was recently described before the French Congress of Surgery, and is thus explained:

"'Whatever the extent or gravity of the lesions, he never under any circumstances amputates the injured limb, but merely wraps it in antiseptic substances by a veritable embalming process, leaving nature to separate the dead from the living tissues. This method of treatment possesses the double advantage of being much less fatal than surgical exaresis, and of preserving for the use of the patient, if not the entire limb, at any rate a much larger part than would be left by amputation.

"'He advocates this very conservative treatment on account of the excellent effects of hot water, which he uses freely. After the skin has been shaved and cleansed from all fatty substances by ether, etc., in the usual way a jet of hot water 60 to 62 degrees C. (140 to 144 degrees), but not higher, is made to irritate all the injured surfaces and to penetrate into all the hollows and under the detached parts of the wound without exception. This is the only way of removing all clots and to wash away all foreign bodies, together with the micro-organisms they may contain. The advantages of hot water at this high temperature are three-fold: First, hot water at this temperature is antiseptic, heat greatly increases the potency of antiseptic substances; second, it is hemostatic (blood-stanching); third, it helps to compensate for the loss of heat resulting from the bleeding, and especially from the traumatic shock. After the "embalming" process, and the dead tissue has been separated from the living, the surgeon has nothing to do except to divide the bone at a suitable spot. According to Reclus the results attained are remarkable.'"

FOLLOW IN EACH OTHER'S WAKE.

Plan to Save the Motive Power of Steamers.

It is a wise steamer master who knows how to handle his boat so that she will get the benefit of the power of a steamer in front of her. In old-time races this was a favorite trick, and that it has not been forgotten even in this late day was shown recently. The boat ahead was the larger and faster in deep water. She was going at the usual rate of speed. Another steamer of light draft, smaller and perhaps a trifle faster in shallow water, bound the same way, came up on the port quarter of the other just enough out of the way to avoid the current from the wheel of the other, but still close enough to get the benefit of the suction caused by her displacement as she moved through the water. Finally, the run being all the time made in river water, the stern steamer gave a spurt and slowly passed the other and beat her a short distance to the dock.

The danger of this close proximity of the two is that should the boat ahead part her wheel chains, take a sheer to port and drift across the bow of the other, the great speed of the stern steamer would have sent her crashing through the other with great loss of life and property. Still another objection to speeding in competition is the liability of the engineer, in his excitement, to forget all thoughts of care of his boilers, and to shove in coal until the smokestack is red hot from base to top. By intensely heating, the boilers and other parts of the plant are weakened and to that degree made unsafe for further use.—Detroit Free Press.

The Way He Proved It.

A small boy cyclist had some fun with a park official one evening recently. He was riding without a light and was stopped by an officer, who asked him in gruff tones where his light was, says the New York Commercial Advertiser.

"Why, it's here," exclaimed the rider, in surprise.

"Yes, but it's out," solemnly asserted the patrolman.

"Well, it was lighted at that last turn."

"Sonny, it's cold; couldn't have been lighted this evening," triumphantly announced the officer.

"Huh! That thin metal cools in a minute. I'll light that lamp and wait until it gets red hot, put it out, then ride to the next corner and back, and when I return it'll be cold."

"All right, try it," assented the acute policeman.

The boy lighted the lantern, waited until it grew red hot, turned it out and started, and that kid is going yet, for he rode right on, and the wise officer retired to think it over and incidentally to kick himself.

An Eagle with a History.

In no section of New York State are eagles so numerous as among the highlands along the Hudson River. Dozens of them can be seen daily circling far up in the air or swooping down after their prey. Probably the pioneer of them all, certainly the most interesting, is one which was wounded over 100 years ago. His home is on Turk's Head, above Garrison's. His habit of flying sideways and the peculiar droop of his right wing makes him an easily recognized object. This droop was caused by the shot of a British soldier, who, while passing up the Hudson on a man-of-war, was ordered by his captain to shoot the eagle as it soared quite a distance aloft. The soldier's marksmanship was good, but it cost him his life. A band of patriots, hidden in the rocks, saw the deed, and, as the ship lay well toward the shore, their volley killed the sharpshooter. The wounded eagle was cared for by the patriots and the bird still flies over Turk's Head.

A Dickens Memento.

Charles Dickens' "Guild of Literature and Art," started enthusiastically in 1851 to assist and provide for authors and artists in difficulties, has just been put an end to by a private act of Parliament. Whatever property is left is transferred to the Royal Literary Fund.

No man's trouble is as great as his sighs.