

## GOD IN BATTLE.

Bring timely reflections on the  
removal war by A. St. John Adams.

I.  
Lord of the conquered land we gain,  
Lord of the foe our hands have slain:  
Lo! Thou art still the dead  
And shattered thus, O Lord benign!  
This people that was also Thine.

Lord of our high, triumphant state,  
Lord of the hearts made desolate:  
Shall they not praise Thee, they that  
see  
Beside those hearts the dead we slew?  
Yes, at Thine altar let them bow,  
God of the dead and them art Thou!

Lord of our silence and our speech,  
Waste to Thy throne our hymns approach,  
Surely each blackening wound that  
gapes,  
Here in these broken human shapes,  
Breaths but its praise of all Thy power—  
These wert their God no less than ours.

II.  
Yet, is it well that we or they  
Should our fathers' god of clay  
Yet, is it well that from his sleep  
The savage in our blood should leap  
To slatter from this reeking sod  
Some memory of his primal God?

They, we were best to mute, and cease  
No blasphemy of boastful praise,  
Seeker no incense on the air,  
Nor lift our reddened hands in prayer,  
But dig the earth our steps defame,  
And hide these trophies of our shame.

Silence the bragging lips that call  
The brute that slumbers in us all  
Back to the ravens' triumph foul  
Of rending claws and bloody jowl—  
Let us forget the heights sublime  
And lapse into our ancient slime.

## THE SCHNEIDER-CUIGNET DUEL.

Colonel Schneider was found dying  
after a duel so savage in intent that it  
was kept shrouded in secrecy to the  
last.

Henry Rochefort, eager to fight 12  
consecutive duels in one day, and confident  
that he will kill or defeat all his  
adversaries.

Such are the latest developments of  
the Dreyfus case. Such, too, are the  
indications from which keen observers  
draw the conclusion that duelling is  
becoming more prevalent all over Europe.

It is only a few days since word  
arrived of the death of Colonel Schneider,  
formerly Austrian military attaché  
in Paris, after a mysterious fight with  
Captain Cuignet, who had denounced  
him from the witness stand during the  
recent trial as a man whose word  
could not be received with distrust.

And now Henri Rochefort, the famous  
Parisian swordsman and editor, has  
issued two pamphlets of Dreyfus to  
meet him in one day during a tour-  
nament which he hopes will last twelve  
hours.

The fight between Schneider and  
Cuignet was lacking in the theatrical  
element which has characterized most  
modern French duels. There was no  
sincerity about it, more character-  
istic of the fights of the sixteenth  
century, that prevented the parties  
from allowing their arrangements to  
become known. They feared the in-  
tervention of well-meaning friends.

After the details were arranged, Col-  
onel Schneider returned secretly from  
Switzerland to meet his enemy. Not a  
hint of their intentions was allowed to  
leak out. The men met early on the  
morning of October 13, and the first  
blows of the fight or its termination  
was when a newspaper correspondent  
recognized Colonel Schneider as he was  
being carried, wounded to death, to-  
ward the railroad.

Captain Cuignet was a blind support-  
er of Mercier and the French general  
in the war against Dreyfus. Col-  
onel was one of three military at-  
tachés whose coats helped to clear  
Dreyfus.

History is full of the story of fa-  
mous duels.  
Imagine a whole army in warlike ar-  
ray outside of Madrid. Thirteen men  
are to fall one by one before the sword  
of a single man, while 10,000 of their  
comrades look on.

The drums roll. Two men face each  
other.  
One is Giacomo Ferrari, the great  
Italian swordsman, the other Jean  
Louis, champion of France.

"En garde!"  
Ferrari lunges at his opponent with  
lightning rapidity. Again his sword  
cuts forward.

In vain! A parry meets his every  
movement.  
"A-h-h!"  
The Italian has jumped aside, with a  
piercing yell, lunging sidewise at his  
adversary. It is a Florentine trick.  
Jean Louis is not to be caught by such  
a ruse. He has parried, and the Italian  
is bleeding.

"A scratch!" cries Giacomo. "A mere  
scratch!" But he never speaks again.  
The Frenchman's blade is through his  
body and he falls to the turf—dead.

At last, when twelve corpses lay in  
a ghastly row, Jean Louis's own colonel  
intervened, and the French champion  
substantially left the field.

This tournament had been arranged  
in order to put an end to the duels be-  
tween the French and Italian soldiers  
who camped before Madrid in 1813. It  
did.

One of the most noted political du-  
els of modern times was that between  
M. Floquet, prime minister of France,  
and General Boulanger.

In the first rally Boulanger received  
a slight wound on the hand, the wound  
ending with first blood for Floquet,  
whose hand was also a little scratched.

In the third round the General rushed  
at his antagonist with the impetuosity  
of a wild bull. The spectators were  
thrilled with excitement. Floquet, not  
expecting such an assault, retired pre-  
cipitately, holding his sword before him  
with no regard for the rules of fencing.  
Boulanger followed furiously.

But, suddenly slipping, he fell for-  
ward and literally spitted himself on  
the prime minister's sword.

Next day Floquet delivered the oration  
at the unveiling of Gambetta's statue  
amid the plaudits of thousands,  
while Boulanger lay forgotten in his  
bed, recovering from an ugly wound.

"You have been a very beautiful wo-  
man in your time," said Lady Mary  
Ephinstone to Lady Almeria Braddock  
in the year 1772.

"In fact, you have a good autumnal  
hue over now."  
Lady Braddock, cousin of General  
Braddock, looked red under this  
complimentary remark.

"I am sure," she replied, "I am no  
older than your ladyship, and I have  
not seen thirty yet."  
"Doesn't your ladyship mean sixty?"  
said Lady Mary, innocently. "Then,  
my dear, I'm sorry to say, although  
I had not forty years ago a young  
woman's hardy gaze on you with  
any one to see. A challenge to  
a combat was given and accept-

## WEAR JEWELLED CROWNS.

Lady Londonderry's diadem is of dia-  
monds and pearls. At a recent magni-  
ficent function given in Dublin, her  
ladyship wore \$300,000 worth of jewels.

This included the diadem.  
Mary Elizabeth, surrounded by  
diamonds from the diadem which glit-  
ters on the fair head of her grace, the  
countess of Aberdeen.

A double diadem formed of diamonds  
is one of the several crowns in Con-  
suelo, the duchess of Marlborough's, re-  
pertoire—why not, perhaps, of Jew-  
els. She also owns a crown of rubies  
and diamonds, which is reserved for  
extra occasions—say when royalty is  
greatly in evidence.

The marchioness of Tweeddale affects  
a high diadem of diamonds in a Greek  
pattern. This entirely encircles her  
head, and is absolutely stunning in ap-  
pearance as well as becoming in its  
glittering splendor.

The duchess of Roxburgh wears a  
towering crown of diamonds, which adds  
nearly six inches to her height.

The coronet of the Countess of  
Miss Cornelia Bradley-Martin, wears a  
coronet designed by her mother. Wo-  
men who are rich enough to afford  
such regal luxuries as coronets often  
have distinctive ideas as to their con-  
struction, and have them made to or-  
der. The coronet of the Countess of  
diamonds, each a flawless gem, is  
made in such a way that each stone  
shows to advantage, being mounted on  
a fine spiral of golden wire, the whole  
surmounted on a crown of filigree gold.

It is said, by the way, to be worth a  
quarter of a million dollars. As my  
lady moves about the spirals quiver to  
and fro, forming a wavering halo of  
light about her.

Since things a la Russe have become  
so much in vogue, the grand dames of  
England particularly, and other coun-  
tries also, have ordered crowns for  
their heads fashioned entirely in the  
Russian fashion. This is a shape with  
which photos of the Czarina have made  
us familiar. It is quite high in front,  
sloping to the sides, and flares back.

This style of diadem is owned by the  
Viscountess Hood, and that English  
beauty, the Lady Warwick.

Sophie, crown princess of Greece,  
has a beautiful coronet of turquoises  
and diamonds—one of her wedding  
presents from her brother, the emperor  
of Germany. It is set with diamonds,  
each a million dollars. As my  
lady moves about the spirals quiver to  
and fro, forming a wavering halo of  
light about her.

A greater coronet was made for the  
countess of Castellane by a New York  
jeweler at the time of her marriage. It  
is magnificent, being one fiery and  
sparkling mass of brilliants, each gem  
having been especially selected.

## A SHATTERED LIFE.

A checked life, marked by notable  
vicissitudes, ended on July 21 in the  
death at Edgewood, near Washington,  
of Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague. She was  
a woman of great beauty, force, and  
intelligence, who, from being an out-  
sider to her country, became a leading  
figure of fortune, became its sport and  
victim. She was born in 1840, in Ohio,  
and was the only child of Salmon P.  
Chase. Her mother died when she was  
very young—the first and perhaps the  
greatest of her misfortunes.

Her father, the great lawyer and  
statesman, was the idol and near com-  
panion of her father. In 1861, when Mr.  
Chase became secretary of the treasury  
in Lincoln's cabinet, she became the  
head of his household in Washington.

In those days he bought Edgewood, and  
placed her in charge of the household.  
The young woman, with her brilliant  
allurements, and the young men  
of the day, and learned to take a poli-  
tician's interest in politics. There she  
met William Sprague, the young gov-  
ernor of Rhode Island, at that time a  
man of great wealth, invested in cot-  
ton mills chiefly. They were married  
in November, 1862. Mrs. Sprague, am-  
bitious, able, and doubtless undiscipl-  
ined, lived for a time to its limit the  
life which her husband's wealth and  
her father's political distinction made  
possible for her. In those years she  
began to build Canonchet, the great  
house on Narragansett Pier, and with  
money, and all the power, social and  
political, which she could muster, she  
sought to make her father president of  
the United States. Mr. Chase came  
very near being the democratic nomi-  
nee in 1868, but failed, chiefly, it is  
said, because of the attitude of the  
press. Mrs. Sprague, however, did not  
stand on the platform the democratic  
leaders demanded. He suffered a  
stroke of paralysis in 1870, and died  
three years later. Other trouble had  
already come upon his brilliant daugh-  
ter. An estrangement had begun be-  
tween her and her husband. His state,  
already impaired, could not sustain  
her extravagant expenditures. The  
differences grew more and more hope-  
less, and finally culminated in August,  
1879, in the episode in Canonchet, in  
which Mr. Sprague expelled Senator  
Conkling, Mrs. Sprague's next friend  
and legal adviser, to leave his house. Three  
years later Mrs. Sprague got a di-  
vorce from her husband, who married  
again. She lived after that at Edge-  
wood. When her means, which were  
very limited, were exhausted, she was  
placed in a sanatorium for the insane,  
a fund was raised among her friends  
and her father's which saved it to her.  
Finally a place was found for her in  
one of the departments at Washington.

It is a melancholy story, and many  
readers had read it with sorrow for  
Mrs. Sprague, whatever her faults of  
raising and her grave errors of con-  
duct, was a woman of great spirit, in-  
domitable, and, in her father's case,  
devoted. She had energy, courage, and  
intellectual force enough to have  
achieved great success for some one,  
if they helped her either her father, her  
husband, nor herself. Indeed, her very  
consciousness of power was her undo-  
ing. Poor lady, her best friend has  
come to her at last—Harper's Zephyr.

## CHARMED BY MUSIC.

Chicago News: Sweet strains from a  
violin were instrumental in preventing  
a highway robbery early today caused  
by the subsequent arrest of one of the  
alleged highwaymen, who, under the  
name of William LaMonte was fined \$10  
and costs by Justice Sabath. Joseph  
Kiepsch, 1543 West Sixty-seventh street,  
was the complainant. He is a mechanic  
and a violinist.

Kiepsch had been attending a party  
at Fisk and West Eighteenth streets,  
and was returning to his home when he  
encountered three young men at  
West Twenty-second and Halsted  
streets.

"Throw up your hands," shouted one  
of the trio, and they proceeded to  
search him. When they reached his  
violin case he told them to wait a  
minute and he would play a tune for  
them.

The proposition appealed to the high-  
waymen and they accepted. Kiepsch  
played as he had never played be-  
fore, and the robbers seemed hypnot-  
ized. They did not move until they  
saw two policemen from the Canalport  
avenue police station, who were at-  
tracted by the proposed robbery. In  
the meantime the three robbers darted  
down a side street and escaped. LaMonte  
was traced as soon as the officers learned

## SOMETHING BENEATH IT.

The Evolution of the Fish Hook Is  
Indicative of the Progress of  
Civilization.

Men have doubtless been fishers  
from very remote times; hunger  
would teach them to catch fish as well  
as to hunt mammals, but while the  
evidences of the latter are so abund-  
ant in the shape of stone weapons, the  
weapons or implements used for catch-  
ing fish, being made of less durable  
material, have disappeared. The excep-  
tions to this general statement are  
the few instances where fishhooks  
made entirely of stone, or of a com-  
bination of stone and wood, or bone,  
have been preserved with the other  
implements of similar material.

Fishhooks of silicious material have  
not been found in America, but hooks  
composed of flint or chaledony and  
bone have been found in Greenland.

The invention of rude implements to  
facilitate the catching of fish would  
not require the exercise of any great  
ingenuity or mechanical skill. From  
watching the fish snap at or swallow  
objects thrown in the water the idea  
of tying some tempting bait on the  
end of a string and throwing it into  
the water to be seized and swallowed  
by the fish, which could then be pulled  
up by means of the string, would be  
very simple, and from this to the ear-  
liest known attachment for making the  
capture of the fish more certain, that  
of attaching a siver of wood to the  
end of the string or line in such a  
way that any attempt at escape on the  
part of the fish would make its capture  
more certain, was very easy.

Afterward pieces of bone or wood,  
sharpened at each end, and sometimes  
grooved in the middle to keep the  
string from slipping, were evolved.

Implements of this character are  
still used by the Eskimos for catching  
sea gulls and other water fowls. A  
cord made of braided grass, fifteen  
or eighteen inches long, is looped  
around the groove in the bone, and  
fastened to a trawl line, kept extend-  
ed by anchored buoys. The bone being  
baited with small fish, into which the  
implement is inserted lengthwise, the  
trawl lines are placed near the breed-  
ing places of the birds, and would be  
easily effective in the capture of cer-  
tain kinds of fish.

As man gained experience and ad-  
vanced in knowledge other forms of  
implements would be evolved better  
suited for the purpose, but, with the  
exception of better material being  
used in the manufacture, the fishhooks  
of the civilized nations of today are  
but little in advance of those used by  
savage races and prehistoric peoples.

Prehistoric fishhooks of bronze and  
others made from the tusks of the wild  
boar are found in the Swiss lakes. An-  
other form of bronze fishhook, found  
in Lake of Morat, is almost identical  
in form with those used today.

Clipped flint fishhooks are found in  
Sweden. Among the aborigines of  
Wisconsin native copper was used in  
the manufacture of various weapons  
and implements, and fishhooks of  
beaten copper have been found in some  
of the mounds in that region.—The  
Popular Science Monthly.

## The Mysteries of Roquefort cheese.

Roquefort cheese, the delight of  
modern epicures, is made of a mixture  
of goat and sheep milk. The reputa-  
tion of this cheese extends back into  
dim antiquity, and Pliny mentioned it  
in his writings.

It is made chiefly from the milk of  
Larzac goats and sheep, and in the  
records in France it is stated that in  
the year 1866, 250,000 sheep and goats,  
out of a flock of 400,000, gave enough  
milk for the making of 7,150,000  
pounds of cheese.

In the manufacture of Roquefort  
cheese, the sheep and goats are milked  
in the evening, after their return from  
the pastures, and after they have been  
allowed to rest for an hour or so.

The evening's milk is heated almost  
to boiling point, and then is set aside.  
In the morning it is skimmed, heated to  
98 degrees, and mixed with the  
morning's milk for coagulation. The  
curd is well kneaded with the hands,  
and pressed in layers into moulds with  
perforated bottoms. A thin layer of  
mouldy bread is put between each  
layer of curd.

The object of this is to hasten the  
"ripening" of the cheese by supplying  
the germs of the green mould peculiar  
to cheese. The bread used for this  
purpose is made, before the preceding  
Christmas, of about equal parts of  
summer and winter barley, with plenty  
of sour dough, and some vinegar.

When mouldy enough, it is ground  
and sifted, moistened with water, and  
kept from the air until used in mak-  
ing the cheese.

The curd remains in the moulds for  
three or four days. Then they are  
taken to the market in Roquefort,  
where they are sold to the different  
makers of Roquefort cheese.

These manufacturers continue the  
ripening of the cheese by placing them  
in the very damp caves which abound  
in the precipitous walls of the lime-  
stone hills, which almost completely  
surround the village.

The cheeses are left in the cave  
sometimes more than a month, during  
which time salt and brine are rubbed  
into them, and they are pricked fre-  
quently with long needles, to let the  
salt penetrate into them, and also to  
accelerate the process of mouldering.

Paradoxical Proverbs.  
The person who sets out to regulate  
his life according to proverbs will be  
in a quandary when he realizes how  
many of them have their opposites.

Here are a few examples:  
"Marry in haste and repent at lea-  
sure," and "Haste is the wing that's  
not long of doing."  
"Out of sight, out of mind," and  
"Absence makes the heart grow  
fonder."  
"A stitch in time saves nine," and  
"It's never too late to mend."  
"There's no honor among thieves,"  
and "Set a thief to catch a thief."  
"Discretion is the better part of  
valor," and "Nothing venture, nothing  
gain."

"The man who is his own lawyer  
has a fool for a client," and "If you  
want anything done well, do it your-  
self."—Exchange.

## HARVEST OF SURGERY.

Most Parts of the Human Body Can  
Now Be Replaced.

The modern surgeon can replace any  
part of the human body which may be  
injured and rig up an entirely new set  
of limbs. A housemaid in a hotel was  
struck in the face by a descending lift  
and her nose severely injured. At-  
tempts to patch up the damaged organ  
failed, and it was determined to make  
a new nose. A young bird was killed  
and before its body was cold its  
breastbone was fixed to the woman's  
face, and what remained of the old  
skin was drawn over it. The strange  
substitute knitted itself to the face,  
the operation being a complete suc-  
cess.

The operation of rhinoplasty is a  
very common one at Heidelberg, as  
the students there have an ugly habit  
of slashing each other's noses in their  
famous duels. A flap of skin is al-  
most detached from the forehead and  
brought down over the nose which has  
been almost destroyed. This skin is  
then stitched down on either side of  
the nose, and soon becomes grafted  
thereto. Skin-grafting, indeed, is  
quite common in cases of severe burns.

Small strips of skin are taken from  
the untouched parts and cut into small  
pieces and distributed over the raw  
surface. In time they take root and  
grow and spread until they completely  
cover the place. The skin of frogs, re-  
cently killed for the purpose, is fre-  
quently used where human cuticle  
cannot be conveniently obtained.

A month or two ago a doctor was  
called in to attend a boy whose ear  
had been completely bitten off by a  
vicious horse. The surgeon deter-  
mined to try and replace the ear, as a fail-  
ure to do so could not result in a  
worse deformity. The missing ear  
was duly found and handed to the  
doctor, who was then engaged in bathing  
the severed part in warm water. He  
had neither instruments nor dressings  
with him, and as the half-hour's delay  
to obtain them would have been fatal  
to success, he stitched the ear in its  
place with a common needle and  
thread. This was followed by antiseptic  
treatment, and in six weeks the ear  
completely healed, leaving no scars.

Even had this been a failure an aural  
appendage, made of a waxy composi-  
tion and an exact fac simile of the  
other ear, could have been made and  
fixed. In some cases it has been nec-  
essary to remove the tongue, but by  
raising the floor of the mouth, and  
thus in some way filling the space of  
the missing organ the patient has been  
enabled to speak almost perfectly.

The fitting of glass eyes is well  
known, and the complete destruction  
of the jawbone has no terror for the  
modern surgeon. The crushed bone is  
removed and a piece of silver or alumi-  
num, the exact shape of the lost jaw,  
fitted in its place. After this has be-  
come firmly fixed teeth can be fitted to  
it. If a man's throat is defective the  
operation of tracheotomy—the inser-  
tion of a silver tube in a windpipe  
with an orifice opening to the throat  
—provides him with a new breathing  
apparatus. Artificial legs and arms  
are now so perfect that with them a  
man can walk, skate and even cycle.

There is a story also of a man who,  
injured his spine in a railway acci-  
dent, was fitted with a steel casing for  
his backbone, and so enabled to walk  
and ride.

## HINT JULIUS ROBERTS.

Flaccid Kentucky Where This Famous  
Drink Was Made Almost Lost  
by Fire.

Fire threatened the old Hamilton  
homestead, on what is known as Win-  
ston's hill, back of Covington. The  
property is the farm of the Longwood  
Herd dairy, owned by Clifford and  
John Hamilton, sons of Colonel John  
Hamilton, United States consul to  
Quebec. The fire originated in one  
of the barns, and despite the brisk  
breeze, which threatened to spread  
the blaze to other buildings, was con-  
fined to it. The barn was practically  
a total loss.

The old homestead is well known  
to all Kentuckians and will live in  
history as the "birthplace of the mint  
julep." In the palmy days of the  
elder John Hamilton he frequently en-  
tertained the leading Democrats of Ken-  
tucky. One hot day in mid-summer,  
when Hon. John G. Carlisle and Sen-  
ator Joseph C. S. Blackburn were his  
guests he conceived the idea of  
bruising the fragrant mint, of which  
there are large beds on the farm,  
in a glass filled with cracked ice. The  
other ingredients of the now famous  
julep were poured in, the edges of the  
glasses were garnished with mint, a  
slice of orange was added to each  
and the straws were clipped so that  
the distinguished guests would not  
need to bury their noses in the mint  
while sipping the beverage. The  
colonel's new hot weather drink was  
an instantaneous success, and its  
fame was not slow in spreading, until  
now a julep can be called for and ob-  
tained in every civilized community  
in the world. Of many who have  
sipped the cooling Kentucky draught  
there are few who know that its  
birthplace was in the Kentucky hills  
back of Covington. Now, knowing  
these will rejoice that the threatened  
destruction of the julep's birthplace  
by fire was happily averted.—Ex-  
change.

## Put to the Test.

"Count," she said, "you must give  
me some proof that you do not want  
me for my money alone."  
He looked at her silently for a mo-  
ment, and a subtle sort of sadness  
seemed to spread across his features.  
Then he spoke slowly, softly, as if  
he had been hurt:

"It will do these things you ask," he  
said; "I will prove that I want to  
marry you for yourself only—I will  
do these things on one condition."  
Tears of happiness rose to her eyes.  
She threw her arms around him and  
kissed him, and then she sobbed:

"Ah, darling, I knew you would do  
so. I have felt from the first that my  
noble Bruno was no mere fortune  
hunter. What is the condition, dearest?"  
"That you will prove you do not  
marry me only for my title," he re-  
plied.

"Oh, well," she said, "let's drop the  
subject. Can you be ready by a  
week from Wednesday?"—Chicago  
Times-Herald.

## A New Test of Diamonds.

It is reported that Prof. William  
Lispander Robb, of Trinity College,  
Hartford, Conn., has made X-ray pic-  
tures of real and imitation diamonds.  
The genuine stone was transparent to  
the rays, while the artificial stone cast  
a solid, opaque shadow. This may  
prove a valuable test for jewellers' pur-  
poses.

A common fluorescence would en-  
able a jeweller to detect a bogus dia-  
mond.

## AMERICAN'S WONDERFUL FEED.

He Painted a Picture For the First  
Salon in Four Days.

It is reported in the cable dispatches  
that Messrs. Lionel Walden and Fred  
Dumond, Americans, have been award-  
ed third-class medals for oil paintings  
at the Paris salon. It is supposed  
that these are the only two Ameri-  
cans who have been so honored this  
year. Clinton Peters, a portrait paint-  
er, who has lived in Baltimore for two  
or three years, was in Paris in 1898  
when Walden arrived there from Car-  
di Wales. Walden is originally from  
Cincinnati, O., being the son of Bishop  
John M. Walden, of the Methodist  
Episcopal church. Bishop Walden  
wanted his son to enter the ministry,  
but the youth preferred art instead  
and went abroad. Mr. Peters was  
among the first whom Mr. Walden  
met when he reached the French me-  
tropolis, and both being Americans,  
they became friends. Four days be-  
fore paintings seeking a place in the  
salon had to be submitted to the  
judges Walden remarked: "Peters,  
this is the only salon yet that I  
haven't had a picture in, and if I  
only had a frame, I would get one up  
in short order."

Mr. Peters remonstrated, saying  
that his friend couldn't paint a salon  
picture in four days, but he added that  
he had a frame 6x4 feet that he would  
put at Mr. Walden's disposal if the  
latter wanted it.

Mr. Walden took the frame, bought  
a canvas and went to work. He had  
a rough sketch which he had made  
on the back of an envelope from a  
car window on his way to Paris. There  
were railway tracks in the foreground  
and a vista in the background, and  
this was to be his theme.

Strange to say, Walden painted the  
picture in four days and it was ad-  
mitted to the salon. By two votes it  
missed receiving a medal. The French  
government wanted it, however, for  
the Luxembourg museum, and asked  
Walden his price. He said \$100 would  
do, but the secretary made a mistake  
and sent in the figure at \$600. Then  
one fine day Walden got a letter  
from the authorities asking him  
whether he would take \$400 for that  
four-days' picture.

"Walden broke all records on a  
bicycle," said Mr. Peters, "going to  
accept the offer before the mistake  
was discovered. He got his money  
and since then he has done much  
good work. He has had several  
paintings in the salon, and I am very  
glad to hear that he has been awarded  
a medal this year. That four-days'  
work of his though, was one of the  
best four days' work ever done in  
Paris."

## Lightning Holes.

"Did you ever see the diameter of a  
lightning flash measured?" asked a  
geologist. "Well, here is the case  
which once inclosed a flash of light-  
ning, fitting it exactly, so that you can  
see just how big it was. This is called  
a 'fulgurite' or 'lightning hole,' and  
the material it is made of is glass. I  
will try to tell you how it was man-  
ufactured, though it only took a frac-  
tion of a second to turn it out.

"When a bolt of lightning strikes a  
bed of sand it plunges downward into  
the sand for a distance less or greater,  
transforming simultaneously into  
glass the silica in the material through  
which it passes. Thus by its great  
heat it forms a glass tube of precisely  
its own size. Now and then such a  
tube known as a 'fulgurite' is found and  
dug up. Fulgurites have been followed  
into the sand by excavation for nearly  
thirty feet. They vary in interior di-  
ameter from the size of a quill to three  
inches or more, according to the 'bore'  
of the flash.

"But fulgurites are not alone produc-  
ed in sand; they are found also in  
solid rock, though very naturally of  
slight depth, and frequently existing  
merely as a thin, glassy coating on the  
surface. Such fulgurites occur in as-  
tonishing abundance on the summit  
of Little Ararat in Armenia. The rock  
is soft and so porous that blocks a  
foot long can be obtained and per-  
forated in all directions by little tubes  
filled with bottle green glass formed  
from the fused rock. There is a small  
specimen in the national museum  
which has the appearance of having  
been bored by the teredo, and the  
holes made by the worm subsequently  
filled with glass.

"Some wonderful fulgurites were  
found by Humboldt on the high Ne-  
vada de Toluca, in Mexico. Masses of  
the rock were covered with a thin  
layer of green glass. Its peculiar  
shimmer in the sun led Humboldt to  
ascend the precipitous peak at the risk  
of his life."—Exchange.

## Put to the Test.

"Count," she said, "you must give  
me some proof that you do not want  
me for my money alone."  
He looked at her silently for a mo-  
ment, and a subtle sort of sadness  
seemed to spread across his features.  
Then he spoke slowly, softly, as if  
he had been hurt:

"It will do these things you ask," he  
said; "I will prove that I want to  
marry you for yourself only—I will  
do these things on one condition."  
Tears of happiness rose to her eyes.  
She threw her arms around him and  
kissed him, and then she sobbed:

"Ah, darling, I knew you would do  
so. I have felt from the first that my  
noble Bruno was no mere fortune  
hunter. What is the condition, dearest?"  
"That you will prove you do not  
marry me only for my title," he re-  
plied.

"Oh, well," she said, "let's drop the  
subject. Can you be ready by a  
week from Wednesday?"—Chicago  
Times-Herald.

## A New Test of Diamonds.

It is reported that Prof. William  
Lispander Robb, of Trinity College,  
Hartford, Conn., has made X-ray pic-  
tures of real and imitation diamonds.  
The genuine stone was transparent to  
the rays, while the artificial stone cast  
a solid, opaque shadow. This may  
prove