

The Bondman

Continued
Story.

By HALL CAINE.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"Come, then," said Jason, "the guards have gone that way to Reykjavik. It's this way to Thingvellir—over the hill yonder, and through the Chasm of the Men, and down by the lake to Mount of Laws."

Then Jason wound his right arm about the waist of Sunlocks, and Sunlocks rested his left hand on the shoulder of Jason, and so they started out again over that gaunt wilderness that was once a sea of living fire. Bravely they struggled on, with words of courage and good cheer passing between them, and Sunlocks tried to be strong for Jason's sake, and Jason tried to be blind for sake of Sunlocks. If Sunlocks stumbled, Jason pretended not to know it, though his strong arm bore him up, and when Jason spoke of water and said they would soon come to a whole lake of it, Sunlocks pretended that he was no longer thirsty. Thus, like little children playing at make-believe, they tottered on, side by side, arm through arm, yoked together by a bond far tighter than ever bound them before, for the love that was their weakness was God's own strength.

But no power of spirit could take the place of power of body, and Sunlocks grew faint and very feeble.

"Is the sun still shining?" he asked at one time.

"Yes," said Jason.

Whereupon Sunlocks added, sadly, "And am I blind—blind—blind."

"Courage," whispered Jason, "the lake is yonder. I can see it plainly. We'll have water soon."

"It's not that," said Sunlocks, "but something else that troubles me."

"What else?" said Jason.

"That I am blind, and sick, and have a broken hand, a broken heart, and a broken brain, and am not worth saving."

"Lean heavier on my shoulder, and wind your arm about my neck," whispered Jason.

Sunlocks struggled on a little longer, and then the power of life fell low in him, and he could walk no farther.

"Let me go," he said, "I will lie down here awhile."

And when Jason had dropped him gently to the ground, thinking he meant to rest a little and then continue his journey, Sunlocks said, very gently:

"Now, save yourself. I am only a burden to you. Escape, or you will be captured and taken back."

"What?" cried Jason, "and leave you here to die?"

"That may be my fate in any case," said Sunlocks faintly, "so go, brother—go—farewell—and God bless you!"

"Courage," whispered Jason again. "I know a farm not far away, and the good man that keeps it. He will give you milk and bread; and we'll sleep under his roof tonight, and start afresh in the morning."

But the passionate voice fell on a deaf ear, for Sunlocks was unconscious before half the words were spoken. Then Jason lifted him to his shoulder once more, and set out for the third time over the rocky waste.

It would be a weary task to tell of the adventures that afterwards befell him. In the fading sunlight of that day he crossed trackless places, void of any sound or sight of life; silent, save for the horse croak of the raven; without sign of human foregoer, except some pyramidal heaps of stones, that once served as mournful sentinels to point the human scoundrel to the cliffs of refuge.

He came up to the lake and saw that it was poisonous, for the plovers that flew over it fell dead from its fumes; and when he reached the farm he found it a ruin, the good farmer gone, and his hearth cold. He tottered through mud and boggy places, and crossed narrow bridge paths along perpendicular sides of precipices. The night came on as he walked, the short night of that northern summer, where the sun never sets in blessed darkness that weary eyes may close in sleep, but a blood-red glow burns an hour in the northern sky at midnight, and then the bright rises again over the un-rested world. He was faint for bread, and athirst for water, but still he struggled on—on—on—over the dismal chaos.

Sometimes when the pang of thirst was strongest he remembered what he had heard of madness that comes of it—that the afflicted man walks round in a narrow circle, round and round over the self-same place (as if the devil's bride bound him like an unbroken horse) until nature fails and he faints and falls. Yet thinking of himself so, in that weary spot, with Sunlocks over him, he shuddered, but took heart of strength and struggled on.

And all this time Sunlocks lay inert and lifeless on his shoulder, in a deep unconsciousness that was broken by two moments of complete sensibility. In the first of these he said:

"I must have been dreaming, for I thought I had found my brother."

"Your brother?" said Jason.

"Yes, my brother; for I have got one, though I have never seen him," said Sunlocks. "We were not together in childhood, as other brothers are, but when we grew to be men I set out in search of him. I thought I had found him at last—but it was in hell."

"God-a-mercy!" cried Jason.

"And when I looked at him," said Sunlocks, "it seemed to me that he was you. Yes, you; for he had the face of my yoke-fellow at the Mines. I thought you were my brother indeed."

"Sit still, brother," whispered Jason; "he still is rest."

In the second moment of his consciousness Sunlocks said, "Do you think the judges will listen to us?"

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing."

"Who is this other man?" asked the Captain.

"What man?" said Greeba.

Then they told her that her husband was gone, having been carried off by a fellow-prisoner who had effected the escape of both of them.

"They must—they shall," said Jason. "But the governor himself may be one of them," said Sunlocks.

"What matter?" said Jason.

"He is a hard man—do you know who he is?"

"No," said Jason; but he added quickly, "Wait! Ah, now I remember. Will he be there?"

"Yes."

"So much the better."

"Why?" said Sunlocks.

"Because I hate and loathe him."

"Has he wronged you also?" said Sunlocks.

"Yes," said Jason, "and I have waited and watched five years to requite him."

"Have you never met with him?"

"Never! But I'll see him now. And if he denies me this justice, I'll—"

"What?"

At that he paused, and then said quickly, "No matter."

But Sunlocks understood and said, "God forbid it!"

Half an hour later, Red Jason, still carrying Michael Sunlocks, was passing through the Chasm of All Men, a grand, gloomy diabolical fissure opening into the valley of Thingvellir. It was morning of the day following his escape from the Sulphur Mines of Krusivik. The air was clear, the sun was bright, and a dull sound, such as the sea makes when far away, came up from the plain below. It was a deep multitudinous hum of many voices. Jason heard it, and his heavy face lightened with the vividness of a grim joy.

CHAPTER V. THE MOUNT OF LAWS.

I. And now, that we may stride on the faster, we must step back a pace or two. What happened to Greeba after she parted from her father at Krusivik, and took up her employment as nurse to the sick prisoners, we partly know already from the history of Red Jason and Michael Sunlocks. Accused of unchastity, she was turned away from the hospital; and suspected of collusion to effect the escape of some prisoner unrecognized, she was ordered to leave the neighborhood of the Sulphur Mines. But where her affections are at stake a woman's wit is more than a match for a man's cunning, and Greeba contrived to remain at Krusivik. For her material needs she still had the larger part of the money that her brothers, in their scheming selfishness, had brought her, and she had her child to cheer her solitude. It was a boy, unchristened as yet, save in the secret place of her heart, where it bore a name that she dare not speak. And if its life was her shame in the eyes of the good folk who gave her shelter, it was a dear and sweet dishonor, for well she knew and loved to remember that one word from her would turn it to glory and to joy.

"If only I dare tell," she would whisper into her babe's ear again and again. "If I only dare!"

But it's father's name she never uttered, and so with pride for her secret, and honor for her disgrace, she clung the closer to both, though they were sometimes hard to bear, and she thought a thousand times they were a loving and true revenge on him that had doubted her love and told her she had married him for the poor glory of his place.

Not daring to let herself be seen within range of the Sulphur Mines, she sought out the prisoner priest from time to time, where he lived in the partial liberty of the Free Command, and learned from him such good tidings of her husband as came his way. The good man knew nothing of the identity of Michael Sunlocks in that world of bondage where all identity was lost, save that A25 was the husband of the woman who waited without. But that was Greeba's sole secret, and the true soul kept it.

And soon the long winter passed, and the summer came, and Greeba was content to live by the side of Sunlocks, content to breathe the air he breathed, to have the same sky above her, to share the same sunshine and the same rain, only repining when she remembered that while she was looking for love into the eyes of their child, he was slaving like a beast of burden; but waiting, waiting, waiting, withal for the chance—she knew not what—that must release him yet, she knew not when.

Her great hour came at length, but an awful blow came with it. One day the prisoner-priest hurried up to the farm where she lived, and said, "I have sad news for you; forgive me; prisoner A25 has met with an accident."

She did not stay to hear more, but with her child in her arms she hurried away to the Mines, and there in the tempest of her trouble the secret of months went to the winds in an instant.

"Where is he?" she cried. "Let me see him. He is my husband."

"Your husband?" said the warders, and without more ado they laid hands upon her and carried her off to their Captain.

"This woman," they said, "turns out to be the wife of A25."

"As I suspected," the Captain answered.

"Where is my husband?" Greeba cried. "What accident has befallen him? Take me to him."

"First tell me why you came to this place," said the Captain.

"To be near my husband," said Greeba.

"Escaped!" cried Greeba, with a look of bewilderment, glancing from face to face of the men about her. "Then it is not true that he has met with an accident. Thank God, oh! thank God!" And she clutched her child closer to her breast, and kissed it.

"We know nothing of that either way," said the Captain. "But tell us who and what is this other man? His number here was B25. His name is Jason."

"Jason?" she cried.

"Yes, who is he?" the Captain asked. And Greeba answered, after a pause, "His own brother."

"We might have thought as much," said the Captain.

There was another pause, and then Greeba said, "Yes, his own brother, who has followed him all his life to kill him."

(To be continued.)

Botanical Experiments.
Some curious botanical experiments made at a zoological laboratory at Naples are reported by Hans Winkler. A flowerless aquatic plant, that grows normally with its roots in the sand and leaves in the water, was inverted, specimens being placed with the leaves buried in the sand and the roots floating in the water in strong light. The roots changed to stems and leaves, the buried parts became roots.

Pan American Congress.
The officials of the state department are encouraged in the hope that the Pan-American congress at Mexico will meet after all with a full attendance of the republics of the two continents. Exchanges now in progress are in such satisfactory shape that the department expects that Chile, on the one side, and Peru and Bolivia on the other, will compromise their difficulties.—Philadelphia Times.

Books that Out World.
I no sooner come into the library but I bolt the door to me, excluding Lust, Ambition, Avarice and all such vices, whose nurse is Idleness, the mother of Ignorance and Melancholy. In the very lap of eternity, among so many divine souls, I take my seat with a lofty spirit and sweet content that I pity all that know not this happiness.—Heinsius.

Medal for Great Bravery.
William Allen, a workman in a patent fuel factory in Sunderland, has been given a gold medal as the bravest man in England during the year 1900. On March 15 of that year a fellow workman was overpowered by fumes in an empty still. Two rescuers also succumbed. Nevertheless, Allen insisted on being lowered into the still and eventually saved all three.

Vegetarian Objects to Vaccination.
A London physician called on a lady the other day to offer to vaccinate her child. The lady refused. "May I ask," said the doctor, "what your objection is?" The lady said she feared the transmission of disease. "But, madam," said the doctor, "we use the purest calf-lymph." "Then, Doctor," replied the lady, "that settles it, for we are vegetarians, you know."

Men Who Have Many Patents.
Thirty-eight inventors have taken out a hundred or more each of United States patents since the beginning of the year 1872. Mr. Edison leads all, with 742 patents; Professor Elihu Thomson is credited with 444 and Mr. Westinghouse and Sir Hiram S. Maxim both occupy high places on this roll of honor.

Initial "J" in Late Hurly-Burly.
It is noted that the initial letter J played a conspicuous part in the names of those who were to be fore in Wall street's recent hurly-burly. J. Pierpont Morgan, J. R. Keene, J. J. Hill, J. Stillman, J. Schiff, J. H. Moore, J. W. Gates, J. Loeb and George J. Gould are some of the more notable instances.

Growth of the Beard.
It has been calculated that the hair of the beard grows at the rate of one and a half lines a week. This will give a length of six and a half inches in the course of a year. For a man 50 years of age no less than twenty-seven feet of beard must have fallen before the edge of the razor.

Lady Educator's Honorable Position.
Miss Beale has been elected to the senate of the University of London as a member of its matriculation board, having received the largest number of votes of the seventeen candidates for the position. Miss Beale is the founder and principal of the Ladies' College, Cheltenham.

Soap Factories in Barcelona.
In the province of Barcelona in Spain there are over 100 soap factories, including the extensive works of the firm of Rocamora Hermanos, which are among the largest soap factories of Europe. Their soap is manufactured almost exclusively for export, Cuba being the best market.

Former Minister to China.
Colonel Charles Lenby, former minister to China, is said to have a knowledge of the Chinese language and literature equalled by few persons in this country. He speaks the highest sort of Chinese dialects almost as a native and reads the language quite as well as he does English.

The Woman Practitioner Law.
Miss Mary Philbrok, New Jersey's first woman lawyer, appeared before the New Jersey court of errors and appeals recently to argue the case of a client. It was the first time in the history of this court that a woman appeared at its bar.

Woman Superintendent of Schools.
Miss Helen Bennett of Deadwood, S. D., has been elected a county superintendent of public schools. She is a graduate of Wellesley, and for several years has been manager of a theater at Deadwood.

Never put off till tomorrow the creditor you can put off for thirty days.

Weighty questions ask for deliberate answers.



PREVENTION OF TYPHOID FEVER.

Typoid fever, being a disease that always requires the personal attendance of a physician, may be properly referred to from the point of view of prevention.

It is well known that typhoid fever is a water-borne disease, and is commonly taken into the system in drinking water which has become contaminated from the excreta of persons suffering from the disease. Freezing does not in any way impair the vitality of the bacillus of typhoid, so that ice from a river or pond may convey the disease to consumers hundreds of miles, perhaps, from the source of infection.

Carried in Milk.
Milk has more than once been the means of conveying the disease. Fortunately most milk dealers are aware of the necessity of cleanliness in the preparation of milk for shipment. In most modern dairies the bottles, before being filled, are subjected to the sterilizing effects of steam. Epidemics of typhoid fever traced to dairies have in most cases been due to the bottles having been washed with water from an infected well or pond.

Oysters that have been bedded in bodies of water which receive the contents of sewerage pipes have likewise been the means of conveying typhoid fever. Only oysters eaten raw or on the half-shell can carry infection to the consumer, since cooking destroys the bacillus.

A pure water supply is rightly looked upon as one of the greatest essentials to the healthfulness of a community. Many foods—salads, for example—cannot be cooked or subjected to the effects of a high temperature; while, on the other hand, washing them in infected water may render them the means of conveying disease.

Care of the Stomach.
Among the chief ways of preventing typhoid fever must be mentioned the care of the stomach itself. It seems highly probable that the natural juices of the healthy stomach are able to destroy many germs of disease; but the number which any stomach may be able to digest, and thus render its owner safe from attack, must always be uncertain, and it is not desirable to test its capacity in this direction.

The fact that only certain persons out of a number who have partaken of food or drink infected with disease germs may suffer is explainable on the ground of their different general physical condition, or of the varying states of their digestive organs.

A CURIOUS CASE.
Electricity, according to the Scientific American, played a curious part in a recent law suit. A certain telegraph company was not allowed to have its wire run into a race course. Telegraphic operators were stationed in a cupola of a hotel opposite the grounds, and signals were transmitted to them from the race track by means of electric lights concealed in the hats of the party seated in a carriage, including the coachman on the carriage. The results of the races and the betting were thus communicated to the operators, who were enabled to send out the information to all poolrooms. The gentlemen who were electrically equipped were arrested, and after some years a verdict of \$5,000 was obtained against the detectives who made the arrest.

THE ANCIENT ALPHABET.
Prof. Flinders Petrie has recently announced a new revelation from his latest Egyptian excavations. This time he has thrown new light upon the alphabet, and makes the announcement that he has set back the earliest use of letters by nearly 2,000 years. The discovery is of far-reaching importance.

Letter	Symbol	Letter	Symbol	Letter	Symbol	Letter	Symbol
A	⊕	B	⊙	C	⊗	D	⊘
E	⊙	F	⊗	G	⊕	H	⊙
I	⊙	J	⊗	K	⊕	L	⊙
M	⊙	N	⊗	O	⊕	P	⊙
Q	⊙	R	⊗	S	⊕	T	⊙
U	⊙	V	⊗	W	⊕	X	⊙
Y	⊙	Z	⊗				

LIQUID AIR FOR EXACTING.
The problem of the exact field of usefulness of liquid air has been simplified by the elimination, for the present at least, of one class of work for which it was claimed that the new liquid would prove highly efficient, namely, for use as a blasting agent. A paper recently read before the British Institution of Mining and Engineers by Mr. A. Larsen, described some tests recently made in the Siplon tunnel with cartridges which consisted of a wrapper filled with a carbonaceous material, and placed bodily in liquid air until it was completely saturated. The cartridges were kept in the liquid, at the working face of the rock, until they were required for use, when they were lifted out, quickly placed in the shot-holes and detonated with a small gunnison primer and detonator. It was found that, owing to the rapid evaporation, the useful life of the charges was very short. The cartridges, which were three inches in diameter by eight inches in length, had to be fired within fifteen minutes after being taken out of the liquid air; otherwise there was danger of a misfire. It was chiefly on this account that the tests were discontinued. The disruptive effects, however, were said to be comparable to those of dynamite.

MAN'S SENSE OF SMELL.
A writer in Nature, discussing the rise of the new chemical industry of producing artificial perfumes, makes a significant remark concerning the sense of smell in human beings. He declares that it is, as yet, wholly un-cultured. "In walking through the country," he says, "we can rarely identify a particular odor caught until the sight of the plant from which it emanates makes us wonder at our hesitation." He suggests that the growth of the perfume industry, which results in the continual production of new odors, may lead to a cultivation of the neglected sense of smell, which may be capable of an artistic development as that which color perception has attained.

Music from the Electric Arc.
A London electrician, Mr. W. Duddell, recently gave an exhibition of a novel musical instrument, composed of a series of electric arc lights, which played a popular air. When the current is passing through solid carbons they give off a musical sound with a keyboard, Mr. Duddell was able to vary the sounds through the scale of two octaves. The keyboard served to vary the self-induction and capacity in the shunt circuit, and by employing four arcs in series, the intensity of the sounds was made sufficiently great.

THE FIRST ALPHABET.
portance to the literary world, adding at it does nearly twenty centuries more of culture to the ancient peoples than hitherto dreamed of. He arrives at this conclusion as follows: As early as 5000 B. C. some trade existed around the Mediterranean, as proved by the imports into Egypt. At that time the signary, or signs of the alphabet, was probably in the djm and uncertain beginning of its course. Some few signs have already been found at that age, and these are likely to have been carried, therefore, from land to land. The signary continued and develop-

ed, held together a good deal of intercourse, but with much variation in different lands. By 2600 B. C. it contained over a hundred signs in Egyptian form.

The accompanying illustration shows five periods of the Egyptian signary collected by Mr. Arthur Evans from recent excavations on the island of Crete, dating 2000 B. C. The Karis is that collected by Prof. Sayce. The Spanish is the well-known alphabet of inscription. By Prof. Petrie's arrangement the table is self-explanatory and points out to the reader at a glance the various identical letters as they appeared in the different periods of remote time, and their comparison with those recently excavated by him.

"KINDERGARTEN TYPEWRITER."
Many aids for the typewriter are already in common use in school for the smaller children, and now the typewriter is to be added, making it possible to spell the name of any object and aid the children in learning the alphabet. Below is shown a picture of the machine designed for this purpose by Newmar R. Marshman of New York City, a portion of the typewriter being cut away to show the key mechanism. The type faces are formed on separate blocks inserted in the face of a circular band, which is rotated by the left hand to bring the letter desired opposite the striking hammer, the latter being connected

with the key by the horizontal rod. The circular projections on either side of the hammer contain inking rollers, and as the type faces are revolved to bring the desired one in front of the striker it is inked by one of the rollers. The paper is inserted in a sliding carriage in conjunction with the hammer when it is desired to write a word or sentence, and by associating a picture with the letter the child soon learns to recognize the latter at sight. If it is desired to vary the pictures the printing disc can be removed and another inserted in its place. The machine is also capable of use for writing business letters, and has cheapness and simplicity to recommend it.

WRITING MACHINE FOR THE CHILDREN.
The circular projections on either side of the hammer contain inking rollers, and as the type faces are revolved to bring the desired one in front of the striker it is inked by one of the rollers. The paper is inserted in a sliding carriage in conjunction with the hammer when it is desired to write a word or sentence, and by associating a picture with the letter the child soon learns to recognize the latter at sight. If it is desired to vary the pictures the printing disc can be removed and another inserted in its place. The machine is also capable of use for writing business letters, and has cheapness and simplicity to recommend it.

was cut out for a critic.

Handy Man to Have About a Newspaper Office in an Emergency.

The musical critic was unable to attend the pianoforte recital, but the handy man on the paper allowed that he could do the thing easy enough, says the Boston Transcript. And this is how he did it: "Herr Diapason's recital last evening at Acoustic hall was the most recherche event of the musical season. Herr Diapason is a master in cantilever, and both in his automobilia and in his tour de force he wrought wonders of tonic stimulation. He was especially potent in his dolce far niente passages, and in his diminuendo crescendo appoggiatura he displayed a technological skill that was simply wonderful. There was also a marvelous musicianly abandon in the mute bars, the instrument in these parts of the score being forcefully impressive in silent fortissimo. But it was perhaps in andante capriccioso that he excelled himself. Here he discovered a coloratura, a bravura and an ensemble that fairly electrified his audience. Herr Diapason, it is true, occasionally erred in an overponderosity of utabaga and again in a too lambent juststist; but these lapses were hardly noticeable in his rendering of cantabilissimo intermezzo. The recital, upon the whole, was a marvelous exhibition of pocca hontas instrumentation and in-candendo cavatina." Slug four, who takes lessons, said there was something wrong about it, although he couldn't say exactly what, and the managing editor, upon looking the critique over, was free to admit that it was all Greek to him; still he said that it seemed to read all right, so far as he could discover to the contrary, and it was quite in the line of the regular critic's composition—more luminous, indeed, and he didn't see why it shouldn't be printed. It was lucky, he said, that they had so able an all-around writer on the staff.

This Princess Binds Books.
Princess Victoria of England, the unmarried daughter of Edward VII., has the most curious hobby of any in a family that has several unusual fads. She is deeply interested in book binding. A few months ago several book covers sent to an exhibition in the name of "Miss Matthews" were favorably noticed by the judges and received several prizes. Nobody knew who the exhibitor was until the prizes were awarded. Then it was discovered that it was the Princess Victoria. The princess takes her hobbies very seriously. Following the lead of her mother, Queen Alexandra, who is deeply interested in medicine and hospital work, Princess Victoria began to study nursing some years ago. She took an examination in theoretical work and when she passed announced her intention of becoming a hospital nurse. It was current gossip in London at the time that the Prince and Princess of Wales had great difficulty in convincing her that it wouldn't be wise for her to do so, and that Victoria submitted only after many tears.

The World's Longest Mile.
The Swedish mile is the longest mile in the world. A traveler in Sweden when told that he is only about a mile from a desired point would better hire a horse, for the distance he will have to walk if he chose in his ignorance to adopt that mode of travel is exactly 11,700 yards.

Thieves Steal the Watch Dog.
A farmer of Newark, N. J., kept what he believed to be a valuable watchdog chained in his greenhouse in Elizabeth avenue as a protection against thieves. One morning thieves not only carried off valuable plants, but also stole the watchdog, chain, collar and all.

EXPERIMENTS WITH FOXES.

Maine Man Feeds Animals in Order to Study Varieties.

After eight years of experimenting and study in rearing young foxes, Dr. Samuel Watson of Lincoln, Me., is of the opinion that the silver gray variety is the fox of the future, and that the common red breed is running out, to be replaced by the worthless cross foxes and the almost priceless gray ones. It has been his custom to catch female foxes in traps in March and to keep them in easy confinement until they give birth to pups. As a rule a mother fox will produce seven young at a litter, of which two or three will be silver grays. Until the eyes of the pups are opened and they are able to see about the pen the mother treats all of her offspring alike, giving them food and protecting them from danger with a strict impartiality. After that the motherly instinct centers on the red pups and the grays have a hard struggle to live. The mother will not only deny food them, but also take pains to bite them without any apparent provocation. In course of a few weeks the grays become emaciated and weak from lack of nourishment and care and lie down to die from starvation. In some cases the mother gets so disgusted with the young grays that she falls upon them and bites them to death by nipping them in the neck back of the ears. In the time he has been studying the habits of these animals Dr. Watson has kept more than 300 young foxes in custody, and though nearly 70 gray pups were born into the world in good health he has succeeded in raising only six to maturity. While the experiments of Dr. Watson have not been conducted over a period long enough to arrive at accurate conclusions, it is his belief that the proportion of gray pups in an average litter is slowly growing. In every instance under his supervision the gray pups are larger and more vigorous than the reds at the time of birth, and continue to hold the lead until their parents begin their peculiar method of weeding out undesirable progeny.—Chicago Journal.

was cut out for a critic.

Handy Man to Have About a Newspaper Office in an Emergency.

The musical critic was unable to attend the pianoforte recital, but the handy man on the paper allowed that he could do the thing easy enough, says the Boston Transcript. And this is how he did it: "Herr Diapason's recital last evening at Acoustic hall was the most recherche event of the musical season. Herr Diapason is a master in cantilever, and both in his automobilia and in his tour de force he wrought wonders of tonic stimulation. He was especially potent in his dolce far niente passages, and in his diminuendo crescendo appoggiatura he displayed a technological skill that was simply wonderful. There was also a marvelous musicianly abandon in the mute bars, the instrument in these parts of the score being forcefully impressive in silent fortissimo. But it was perhaps in andante capriccioso that he excelled himself. Here he discovered a coloratura, a bravura and an ensemble that fairly electrified his audience. Herr Diapason, it is true, occasionally erred in an overponderosity of utabaga and again in a too lambent juststist; but these lapses were hardly noticeable in his rendering of cantabilissimo intermezzo. The recital, upon the whole, was a marvelous exhibition of pocca hontas instrumentation and in-candendo cavatina." Slug four, who takes lessons, said there was something wrong about it, although he couldn't say exactly what, and the managing editor, upon looking the critique over, was free to admit that it was all Greek to him; still he said that it seemed to read all right, so far as he could discover to the contrary, and it was quite in the line of the regular critic's composition—more luminous, indeed, and he didn't see why it shouldn't be printed. It was lucky, he said, that they had so able an all-around writer on the staff.

This Princess Binds Books.
Princess Victoria of England, the unmarried daughter of Edward VII., has the most curious hobby of any in a family that has several unusual fads. She is deeply interested in book binding. A few months ago several book covers sent to an exhibition in the name of "Miss Matthews" were favorably noticed by the judges and received several prizes. Nobody knew who the exhibitor was until the prizes were awarded. Then it was discovered that it was the Princess Victoria. The princess takes her hobbies very seriously. Following the lead of her mother, Queen Alexandra, who is deeply interested in medicine and hospital work, Princess Victoria began to study nursing some years ago. She took an examination in theoretical work and when she passed announced her intention of becoming a hospital nurse. It was current gossip in London at the time that the Prince and Princess of Wales had great difficulty in convincing her that it wouldn't be wise for her to do so, and that Victoria submitted only after many tears.

The World's Longest Mile.
The Swedish mile is the longest mile in the world. A traveler in Sweden when told that he is only about a mile from a desired point would better hire a horse, for the distance he will have to walk if he chose in his ignorance to adopt that mode of travel is exactly 11,700 yards.

Thieves Steal the Watch Dog.
A farmer of Newark, N. J., kept what he believed to be a valuable watchdog chained in his greenhouse in Elizabeth avenue as a protection against thieves. One morning thieves not only carried off valuable plants, but also stole the watchdog, chain, collar and all.

Music from the Electric Arc.
A London electrician, Mr. W. Duddell, recently gave an exhibition of a novel musical instrument, composed of a series of electric arc lights, which played a popular air.