

# The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

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Continued  
Story.  
I

## CHAPTER VII. THE GOSPEL OF RENUNCIATION.

What had happened in the great world during the two years in which Michael Sunlocks had been out of it is a very simple and easily told. Old Adam Fairbrother had failed at London as he had failed at Copenhagen, and all the good that had come of his efforts had ended in evil. It was then that accident helped him in his despair.

The relations of England and Denmark had long been doubtful, for France seemed to be stepping between them. Napoleon was getting together a combination of powers against England, and in order to coerce Denmark into using her navy—a small but efficient one—on the side of the alliance, he threatened to send a force overland. He counted without the resources of Nelson, who, with no more ado than settling sail got across to Copenhagen, took possession of every ship of war that lay in Danish waters, and brought them home to England in a troop.

When Adam heard of this he saw his opportunity in a moment, and hurrying away to Nelson at Spithead he asked if among the Danish ships that had been captured there was a sloop of war that had lain near two years off the island of Grimsey. Nelson answered, No, but that if there was such a vessel still at liberty he was not of a mind to leave it to harass him. So Adam told why the sloop was there, and Nelson, waiting for no further instructions, despatched an English man-of-war, with Adam aboard of her, to do for the last of the Danish fleet what had been done for the body of it, and at the same time to recover the English prisoner whom she had been sent to watch.

Before anything was known of this final step of Nelson, his former proceeding had made a great noise throughout Europe, where it was loudly condemned as against the law of nations, by the rascals who found themselves outwitted. When the report reached Reykjavik, Jorgen Jorgensen saw nothing that could come of it but instant war between Denmark and England, and nothing that could come of war with England but disaster to Denmark, for he knew the English navy of old. So to make doubly sure of his own position in a tumult where in little things would of a certainty be seized up with the great ones, he conceived the idea of putting Michael Sunlocks out of the way, and thus settling one harassing complication. Then losing no time he made ready a despatch to the officer in command of the sloop of war off Grimsey, ordering him to send a company of men ashore immediately to execute the prisoner lying in charge of the priest of the island.

Now this despatch, whereof the contents became known throughout Reykjavik in less time than Jorgen took to write and seal it, had to be carried to Grimsey by two of his bodyguard. But the men were Danes, and as they did not know the way across the Buringssand desert, an Icelandic guide had to be found for them. To this end the two taverns of the town were beaten up for a man, who at that season—it was winter, and the snow lay thick over the lava streams and the sand—would adventure so far from home.

And now it was just at this time, after two-and-a-half years in which no man had seen him or heard him, that Jason returned to Reykjavik. Scarce anyone knew him. He was the wreck of himself, a worn, thin, pitiful, broken ruin of a man. People lifted both hands at sight of him, but he showed no self-pity. Day after day, night after night, he frequented the taverns. He drank as he had never before been known to drink; he laughed as he had never been heard to laugh; he sang as he had never been heard to sing, and to all outward appearance he was nothing now but a shameless, graceless, disorderly, abandoned profligate.

Jorgen Jorgensen heard that Jason had returned, and order his people to fetch him to Government House. They did so, and Jorgen and Jason stood face to face. Jorgen looked at Jason as one would say, "Dare you forget the two men whose lives you have taken?" And Jason looked back at Jorgen as one would answer, "Dare you remember that I spared your own life?" Then without a word to Jason, old Jorgen turned to his people and said, "Take him away." So Jason went back to dissipation and thereafter no man said yea or nay to him.

But when he heard of the despatch, he was sobered by it in a moment, and when the guards came on their search for a guide to the tavern where he was, he leapt to his feet and said, "I'll go." "You won't pass, my lad," said one of the Danes, "for you would be dead drunk before you crossed the Buringssand Slope Hill."

"Would I?" said Jason, mockingly, "who knows?" And with that he shambled out. But in his heart he cried, "The hour has come at last! Thank God! Thank God!" Before he was missed he had gone from Reykjavik, and made his way to the desert with his face towards Grimsey.

The next day the guards found their guide and set out on their journey. The day after that a Danish captain arrived at Reykjavik from Copenhagen, and reported to Jorgen Jorgensen that off the Westmann Islands he had sighted a British man-of-war, making for the northern shores of Iceland. This news put Jorgen into extreme agitation, for he guessed at its meaning in an instant. As surely as the war ship was afloat she was bound for Grimsey, to capture the sloop that lay there, and as surely as England knew of the sloop, she also knew of the prisoner whom it was sent to watch. British sea-captains, from Drake downwards, had been a race of pirates and cut-throats, and if the captain of this ship, on landing at Grimsey, found Michael Sunlocks dead, he would follow on to Reykjavik, and never take rest until he had strung up the Governor and his people to the nearest yardarm.

So thinking in the wild turmoil of his hot old head, wherein everything he had thought before was turned topsy-turvy, Jorgen Jorgensen decided to countermand his order for the execution of Sunlocks. But his despatch was then a day gone on its way. Iceland guides were a tribe of lazy vagabonds, not a man or boy about his person was to be trusted, and so Jorgen concluded that nothing would serve but that he should set out after the guards himself. Perhaps he would find them at Thingvellir, perhaps he would cross them on the desert, but at least he would overtake them before they took boat at Husavik. Twelve hours a day he would ride, old as he was, if only these skulking Icelandic giants could be made to ride after him.

Thus were four several companies at the same time on their way to Grimsey: the English man-of-war from Spithead to take possession of the Danish sloop; the guards of the Governor to order the execution of Michael Sunlocks; Jorgen Jorgensen to countermand the order; and Red Jason on his own errand known to no man.

The first to reach was Jason. When Jason set little Michael from his knee to the floor, and rose to his feet as Greeba entered, he was dirty, bedraggled, and unkempt; his face was pale and old-looking, his skin shoes were splashed with snow, and torn, and his feet were bleeding; his neck was bare, and his sheepskin coat was hanging to his back only by the woolen scarf that was tied about his waist. Partly from shock at this change, and partly from a confused memory of other scenes—the marriage festival at Government House, the night trial in the little chamber of the senate, the jail, the mines, and the Mount of Laws—Greeba staggered at sight of Jason and would have cried aloud and fallen. But he caught her in his arms in a moment, and whispered her in a low voice at her ear to be silent, for that he had something to say that must be heard by no one beside herself.

She recovered herself instantly, drew back as if his touch had stung her, and asked with a look of dread if he had known she was there.

"Yes," he answered.

"Where have you come from?"

"Reykjavik."

She glanced down at his bleeding feet, and said, "on foot?"

"On foot," he answered.

"When did you leave?"

"Five days ago."

"Then you have walked night and day across the desert?"

"Night and day."

"Alone?"

"Yes, alone."

She had become more eager at every question, and now she cried, "What has happened? What is going to happen? Do not keep it from me. I can fear it, for I have borne many things. Tell me why have you come?"

"To save your husband," said Jason.

"Hush! Listen!"

And then he told her, with many gentle protests against her ghastly looks of fear, of the guards that were coming with the order for the execution of Michael Sunlocks. Hearing that, she waited for no more, but fell to a great outburst of weeping. And until her bout was spent he stood silent and helpless beside her, with a strong man's faint at sight of a woman's tears.

"How she loves!" he thought, and again and again the word rang in the empty place of his heart.

But when she had recovered herself he smiled as he was able for the great drops that still rolled down his own haggard face, and protested once more that there was nothing to fear, for he himself had come to forestall the danger, and things were not yet so far past help but there was still a way to compass it.

"What way?" she asked.

"The way of escape," he answered.

"Impossible," she said. "There is a war ship outside, and every path to the shore is watched."

He laughed at that, and said if every foot track were guarded, yet he would make his way to the sea. And as for the warship outside, there was a boat within the harbor, the same that he had come by, a Shetland smack that had made pretence to put in for haddock, and would sail at any moment that he gave it warning.

She listened eagerly, and, though she saw but little likelihood of escape, she clutched at the chance of it.

"When will you make the attempt?" she asked.

"Two hours before dawn to-morrow," he answered.

"Why so late?"

"Because the nights are moonlight."

"I'll be ready," she whispered.

"Make the child ready, also," he said.

"Indeed, yes," she whispered.

"Say nothing to anyone, and if anyone questions you, answer as you may. Whatever you hear, whatever you see, whatever I may do or pretend to do, speak not a word, give not a sign, change not a feature. Do you promise?"

"Yes," she whispered, "yes, yes."

And then suddenly a new thought smote her.

"But Jason," she said, with her eyes aside, and her fingers running through the hair of little Michael, "but, Jason," she faltered, "you will not betray me?"

"Betray you?" he said, and laughed a little.

"Because," she added, quietly, "though I am here, my husband does not know me for his wife. He is blind, and cannot see me, and for my own reasons I have never spoken to him since I came."

"You have never spoken to him?" said Jason.

"Never."

"And how long have you lived in this house?"

"Two years."

Then Jason remembered what Sunlocks had told him at the mines, and in another moment he had read Greeba's secret by the light of his own.

"I understand," he said, sadly; "I think I understand."

She caught the look of sorrow in his eyes and said, "But, Jason, what of yourself?"

At that he laughed again, and tried to carry himself off with a brave gaiety.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

"At Akureli, Husavik, Reykjavik, the desert—everywhere, nowhere," he answered.

"What have you been doing?"

"Drinking, gaming, going to the devil—everything, nothing."

And at that he laughed once more, loudly and noisily, forgetting his own warning.

(To Be Continued.)

Pardonable Evasions.

Some evasions of the inheritance tax law can hardly be regarded as wholly unpardonable. General Di Ceanola, of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, says that Mr. Charles R. Curtis informed him some time ago that he had made provision in his will for a bequest of \$10,000 to the museum. Lately Mr. Curtis called again and said: "General, I don't think I will leave you that \$10,000. I will give it to you in cash. The inheritance tax will take up \$1,500 or \$2,000 of it, and you will not get the benefit of the whole amount if I leave it to you in my will." And he handed over the cash.

Tweed Responsible for the Tiger.

The origin of the tiger as an emblem of Tammany is said by W. C. Montayne, a coffee and spice dealer in New York, to date from the time when William M. Tweed, then for man of "Big Six" fire company, took a fancy to a picture of a royal Bengal tiger in his father's store in the '50s. Tweed adopted the emblem for the American club, and it soon was accepted by all Tammany. Tweed had the tiger's head woven in the center of the parlor carpet of the American club in its sports club house at Greenwich, Conn., and it was painted on the old hand engine of Big Six.

Tremendous Bridge Traffic.

Twenty years ago it was estimated that 200,000 persons crossed London bridge daily, 130,000 on foot and the rest in vehicles. With the growth of population these numbers have almost doubled, in spite of the relief afforded by the building of the tower bridge, half a mile downstream. It has therefore become an urgent matter to increase the capacity of the older bridge, and it has now been decided to accomplish this by means of granite corbels which will carry the footway as projections over the water on each side of the bridge.

The Czar Isn't a Reader.

The czar of Russia does not read newspapers regularly, and seldom looks at a book. While attending to his official business in the morning he sips one cup of tea after another, occasionally eats a caviare sandwich. The hours from 1 to 4 p. m. he gives to his family and family affairs. From 4 he works again till dinner time, at 7. His typhoid fever has left him stronger than he was before. His face is full and round, and he has had none of the headaches and epileptic fits that used to attack him before his recent illness.

Salt Baths at Home.

Persons desiring to take salt-water baths at home should first learn the quantity of salt to use in the tubs. Victor Smith suggests. An ordinary bath contains from ninety to 100 gallons of water, into which a thoughtless person will dissolve a pint or two of sea salt, so-called, and imagine himself sporting in the ocean. If he followed nature he would use twenty-five or thirty pounds of salt to the 100 gallons, and this, if purified, would cost him 70 cents. He would have about four baths to each 700 pounds of salt.

To Raise Tea in South Carolina.

A new tea company, influenced by Dr. Shepard's success, has just bought 6,000 acres of land in Colleton county, S. C., intending to raise tea for the market. The company paid \$20,000 for the land, and will plant but 100 acres this season, as it is now rather late to begin the preparation of the grounds. Next year over 5,000 acres will be planted, and the output is expected to exceed 300,000 pounds.

Constructively in Night.

A queer will case has just been decided by the courts of Minnesota. The witnesses stepping through a doorway into the adjoining room and affixed their signatures at a table about ten feet from the testator, just out of his sight, but while he was seated on the side of his bed and could have seen them by stepping forward two or three feet. The attestation and subscription of the will under these circumstances are sustained.

Sanscrit, Pracrit and Magadhi.

India has hundreds of dialects which may all be classed under three great heads—the Sanscrit, Pracrit and Magadhi. The Sanscrit is the fundamental language and that of the Vedas; the Pracrit the vernacular language in many dialects, and the Magadhi or Misra is that of Ceylon and the islands.

For an "Ell" Window at Wrexham.

A number of Yale graduates have completed the subscription list for the placing of a memorial window for Elihu Yale in the church at Wrexham, Wales, near which Yale lies buried, and work on the window will be begun at once.

A Governor's Pet.

Governor Odell, of New York, has a pet water spaniel of which he is very fond. The dog is well trained, and among other tricks will pounce upon a lighted match and extinguish the flame by blowing on it as a man does.

Road in the High Alps.

A road is being built in the high Alps, which passes the Great St. Bernard and also the hospice of that name. This great engineering feat will be finished and opened to traffic in July of next year.

## NOTES ON SCIENCE

### CURRENT NOTES OF DISCOVERY AND INVENTION.

Some Words of Advice to Thin People—Something New in Umbrellas—An Automatic Pistol—Of Interest to Carpet Weavers—Scientific Jottings.

#### A WORD TO THE THIN.

A great deal has been written by physicians for the benefit of fat persons who desire to reduce their weight, but the discontented at the other end of the scale, who long for more covering on their bones, are very generally left to discover for themselves, if they can, a means to gain their end.

Thinness, like obesity, may be due to some constitutional defect in nutrition, often running in the family, or it may be a symptom of chronic disease. A gradual loss of flesh, occurring without any apparent cause, in one who has been in previous good condition, is a suspicious sign, and should lead one to seek a careful medical examination, so that the cause, whatever it may be, may be discovered and corrected while there is time.

Other persons have always been too thin, while seeming in other respects to be in fair health. To such a few simple directions may be of service.

Thin persons are very apt to be nervously strung, fretting over trifles, and borrowing trouble on every possible occasion. They sleep poorly, dream much, and are always in a state of unrest in their waking hours. They are not uncommonly rather large eaters, but their food is for the most part meat, and is bolted with very little mastication.

It will be of little use to modify the diet in such cases unless the nervousness is treated at the same time. The person must avoid all things which stimulate the nervous system—exciting novels and theatrical pieces, the use of tobacco, coffee, tea, and so forth. The diet should consist largely of articles of a fattening nature, such as starchy vegetables, sweets, butter and fat meats. Meals should be small but frequent. A certain amount of nourishment taken in six portions will make more flesh than the same amount divided into three meals.

Chocolate may be substituted for the morning tea or coffee. Water should be drunk in large quantities at other than meal-times, but fluids should be taken sparingly with the meals. Codliver oil, if it does not nauseate, should be taken regularly; if it cannot be tolerated, cream may be substituted.

The night hours of sleep should be long, and a nap may be taken with advantage in the middle of the day.

#### POWER LOOM.

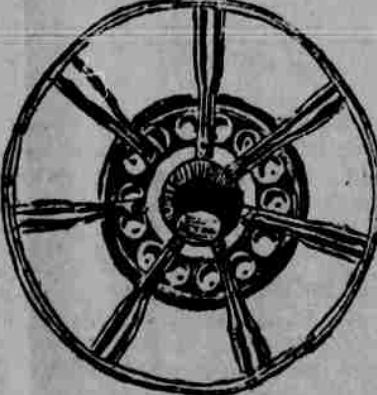
It is reported that an English syndicate has purchased from the inventor a new method of manufacturing Oriental carpets. The apparatus is called the Hellenleben power loom, and the claim is made that it has a capacity of thirty-five square yards per day, while by hand it takes half a day to make a square yard. It is also stated that the material is equal to the finest Oriental productions. A peculiarity of its construction is that a shuttle is dispensed with, thus permitting the utilization of low-grade material hitherto considered useless. Another novel feature connected with it is the process of coloring yarns, which, in view of its simple character, it is thought may be adopted in other branches of textile manufacture.

#### MOTOR TRACTION ENGINE.

An oil engine, which has recently attracted considerable attention abroad, and which was invented in Germany, is said to be the counterpart of an engine brought out in this country some time since by Richard Dudgeon, with the exception that Dudgeon used steam as a motive power, while the new engine uses oil vapor. It consists of a friction roller, working on the inside of a larger wheel. Its tractive power is reported as being very great.

#### SOMETHING NEW IN UMBRELLAS.

Every one knows that the weak point in an umbrella is the wire that holds the ribs together at the notch where they unite with the stick. This wire soon rusts and breaks, permitting the ribs to rust themselves through the cover. A ball-bearing umbrella is now being manufactured which dispenses of this weak point by doing away with the wire altogether. In place of the ordinary notch a steel cone, much like that used in the ball-bearings of a bicycle and like it filled with steel balls, is used. The ordinary ribs, with the exception that they holes countersunk in them, are inserted into the cone through notches. The balls fit into the countersunk holes in the ribs and a washer held down by a screw cap holds the whole thing together, while it admits of the



BALL-BEARING UMBRELLA FRAME.

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ribs moving up and down with perfect ease. It is claimed that this umbrella is stronger and can be rolled closer than the one at present in use. Also that if a rib breaks the owner can put a new one in himself without hunting up an umbrella expert.

#### THE AUTOMATIC PISTOL.

The latest in small arms is the pistol which has just been adopted by the Swiss government and has lately been tested by the United States war department. In speaking of it in the American Machinist, G. H. Powell calls attention to the fact that the limited range of the revolver is largely due to the escape of the powder gas about the cylinder, and then says:

"What is known as the automatic pistol of today seems almost a perfect realization of the ends sought. Though called automatic, this weapon is in reality only semi-automatic, as successive pressures on the trigger are necessary to its operation."

"This weapon is a repeating arm in which the force of the expansion of the gas—the recoil, or 'kick'—is utilized after each shot to open the breech-block, extract the empty case, cock the firing-pin, and, by means of a recuperative spring, charge the pistol with a new cartridge, the operator merely having to press the trigger for each successive shot." In editorial comment the journal just referred to remarks: "The performance of this Luger pistol is remarkable, as shown by tests of army boards. Twenty-four



SECTIONAL VIEW.

shots were fired from it at the rate of 116 a minute. This included the time of removing two empty magazines and inserting two loaded ones, so that the rate of firing one magazine charge, or eight shots, must of course be considerably faster. In the accuracy test the mean deviation of the shots was shown to be slightly more than 0.5 inch at a range of 75 feet. It was taken apart in 3 1/2 seconds and reassembled in 12 1/2 seconds.

"It also stood the remarkably severe dust and rust tests very well and gave every evidence of being the very best military pistol presented before the trial board. After being immersed in a solution of sal ammoniac and allowed to remain until thoroughly rusted, it was without cleaning fired as a single breech-loader, and after being simply oiled, without disassembling, worked automatically as before. It is thought probable that the United States army authorities will adopt it for army use, in which case it will be manufactured here."

#### THE TIGER'S EYES.

Mr. Beddard of the London Zoological Society calls attention to a peculiarity of the ears of tigers, which he thinks may be classed under the head of "protective markings." On the back of each ear is a very bright white spot, and when the ears are directed forward these spots are conspicuous from the front. Mr. Beddard suggests that when the tiger is sleeping in the dim light of a cave or thicket the spots on its ears may appear to an enemy, looking in, as the gleam of its watchful eyes, and thus save the sleeper from an unexpected attack.

#### SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

The total undeveloped energy of Niagara Falls is estimated by electrical experts to be 8,000,000 horse power. Of fifty-six glaciers observed in 1897 thirty-nine were found to be decreasing, while five were stationary and twelve were increasing.

The steam yacht Arrow, being built by Lyander Wright, of Newark, for Charles R. Flint, is expected to develop a speed of forty knots an hour.

A seven-story building in Chicago has just been raised with jacks twenty-one and one-half feet without cracking a pane of glass or injuring a wall. A new line of steamers to ply between Tacoma and Liverpool via the Suez canal, touching at Manila and other Philippine ports, comprising nine ships, is announced.

The British parliament is busy at present in investigating the various electric railway schemes that have been projected in all directions in London since the opening of the Central London Electric Railway.

The experiments tried during the Ashantee campaign by the British of floor with the megaphone for giving orders were unsuccessful, owing to the thick jungle and winding paths preventing the sound from traveling.

An attachment is provided in Sweden by which the secrecy of the telephone line is assured. The apparatus, which is rented at a moderate rate, indicates whether the telephone operator is listening to the conversation or not.

A German society of engineers has in contemplation the preparation of an international technical dictionary, to be published in English, French and German. The object is to secure completeness and identity of meaning in the use of technical words.

Hydraulic pressure is being used at St. Etienne in making steel in molds tapering toward the top by pressure from the bottom instead of from the top of the casting. It is said to produce a more homogeneous steel and give better results generally.

## COW DEFENDED HER CALF.

Fat a Hungry Bear to Flight After a Battle Royal.

The calf, having nursed sufficiently and feeling his baby legs tired of the weight they had not yet learned to carry, laid himself down. On this the cow shifted her position. She turned half around and lifted her head high. As she did so a scene of peril was borne in upon her fine nostrils. She recognized it instantly. With a snort of anger she sniffed again, then stamped a challenge with her fore hoofs and leveled the lance points of her horns toward the menace. The next moment her eyes, made keen by the fear of love, detected the black outline of the bear's head through the coarse screen of the juniper. Without a second's hesitation she flung up her tail, gave a short bellow and charged. The moment she saw herself detected the bear rose upon her hind-quarters; nevertheless, she was in a measure surprised by the sudden blind fury of the attack. Nimble she swerved to avoid it, aiming at the same time a stroke with her mighty forearm, which if it had found its mark would have smashed her adversary's neck. But as she struck out, in the act of shifting her position, a depression of ground threw her off her balance. The next instant one sharp horn caught her slantingly in the flank, tipping its way upward, while the mad impact threw her upon her back. Grappling, she had her assailant's head and shoulders in a trap and her gigantic claws cut through the flesh and sinew like knives; but at the desperate disadvantage of her position she could inflict no disabling blow. The cow, on the other hand, though mutilated and streaming with blood, kept pounding with her whole massive weight and with short, tremendous shocks crushed the breath from her foe's ribs. Presently, wrenching herself free, the cow drew off for another battering charge, and as she did so the bear hurled herself violently down the slope and gained her feet behind a dense thicket of bay shrub. The cow, with one eye blinded, glared around for her in vain; then, in a panic of mother terror, plunged back to her calf.—Leslie's Monthly.

## GOOD LUCK IN BAD ERRORS.

Great Profits Have Sometimes Resulted From Seemingly Mistakes.

Mistakes are not always unprofitable. Sometimes they turn out to be the most fortunate things that could have happened. When Orme won the Eclipse stakes at Sandown eight years ago the prince of Wales sent his friend Mr. Courthope to lay a bet on a horse called Orvietto. But Mr. Courthope misunderstood the name and placed the prince's money on Orme. When Orme came in a good winner the prince thought, of course, that he had lost, instead of which he had won \$50,000. A lucky mistake was that which resulted in the opening of the famous Niersfontein gold mine in South Africa and the making of \$30,000,000. It was an error that saved a score of people from ruin and made wealthy many of them, for the original intention of twenty poor men who were seeking fortune was to buy a mine called the Rensnek farm. The prospectors who examined this farm found that it gave great promise of a rich mine, and they commissioned an agent to buy it for \$6,000. The agent, however, got mixed and made a hopeless blunder through not knowing the district well. He bought another place called Niersfontein for the prospectors, and the money was paid over before the dismayed gold seekers found they were let in for a place they did not want. They refused to accept the deal, but the money had been paid and retraction was impossible. Worst of all, some outside people profited by the error and snapped up the coveted Rensnek. Before going to law to repudiate the transaction the little company had a look at the despised Niersfontein place, and on giving a trial to it they found it worth while to hang on. The other place—the Rensnek—gave out within a fortnight and ruined the company which had bought it, while the Niersfontein became a magnificent mine and has yielded over \$30,000,000.

## Great Growth of "Wire Houses."

There are 500 telephones on the floor of the exchange, each in charge of a boy, who receives orders from his office and transmits them to the floor broker for execution. In every broker's office there are from one to ten telephones, and many brokers rarely see their clients, who telephone orders from uptown offices, homes or out of town. In recent years there has been an enormous growth of what are known as "wire houses." There are New York, Chicago or Boston firms which lease private wires connecting with many of the leading cities east of Denver. No firm yet controls a private wire to the Pacific coast, but doubtless one will be heard of before long.—World's Work.

## Telephone's Progress Abroad.

Although the use of the telephone has increased rapidly here there are countries in Europe in which telephones are in far more general use than here. In Stockholm, Sweden, one person in every fourteen has a telephone, there being more than 20,000 telephones in a population of 271,000. Every tobacconist's store is a public call office and the rates are very low. England is far behind in the matter of telephones, there being only 1 to every 636 of the population. In little Switzerland there is 1 to every 173 persons, but far more business is done over the telephone in England than in Switzerland.

Only a fool forgets his folly.