

A SISTER'S VENGEANCE

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN

CHAPTER I.

"Then you're a villain!"

"Nonsense, Mary, be reasonable."

"Reasonable, Captain Armstrong? I am reasonable, and I am telling you the truth. You are a villain!"

"Why, you foolish girl, what did you expect?"

"That you would be an officer and a gentleman. Once more, is it true that you are going to be married to that lady?"

"Well, you see—"

"Answer me, sir."

"Oh, well, then, I suppose I am."

"Then I repeat it, James Armstrong you are a villain!"

"What nonsense, you fierce-looking handsome ternaunt! We have had our little pleasant chats, and now we'll say good-by pleasantly. I can't help it, I have to marry; so you go and do the same, my dear, and I'll buy you a handsome wedding dress."

"You cowardly, cold-blooded villain!"

"Come, come, my good girl; no more strong words, please. Why, what did you expect?"

"That you were wooing me to be your wife."

"A captain in the king's navy married the daughter of an old wrecker, the sister of an utter a smuggler scoundrel as can be found about this port to Dartmouth!"

"When a girl gives her heart to the man who comes to her all soft words and smiles, do you think she remembers what he is? It is enough for her that she loves him, and she believes all he says. Oh, James, dear James! forgive me for all I've said."

"There, that's enough. You knew as well as I did that there was nothing serious meant, so now let's bring this meeting to an end."

"To an end?"

"Yes; you had no business to come here. But, as you have come, there are five guineas, Mary, to buy finery; and let's shake hands and say good-by."

Captain Armstrong, a handsome man with a rather cruel-looking, thin-lipped mouth, took five golden pieces from his great, flapped, sail-box pocketed waistcoat, gave the flowing curls of his wig a shake, and held out the money to the dark, black-eyed woman standing before him with her sun-browned cheeks slightly flushed, her full, red lips quivering, and a look of fierce passion distorting her handsome gypsy countenance.

As he spoke he dropped the golden coins one by one into the woman's hand, smiled, glanced quickly at a door behind him, and caught her in his arms.

"There, one more kiss from those ripe, red lips, and then—"

As sharp a back-handed blow across the face as ever man received from an angry woman, and then, as the recipient involuntarily started back, Mary Dell lunged the golden pieces at him, so that one struck him in the chest and the others flew tinkling across the room.

"Curse you!" cried the captain, in a low, savage voice, "this is too much. Leave this house, and if you ever dare to come here again—"

"Dare!" cried the woman, as fiercely. "I dare anything. I've not been a sailor's child for nothing. And so you think that a woman's love is to be bought and sold for a few paltry guineas. Look here, James Armstrong, I wouldn't marry you now if you prayed me to be your wife—wife to such a cruel, mean coward! I would sooner leap overboard some night and die in the deepest part of the harbor."

"Leave this house, you vixen."

"Not at your bidding, captain," cried the girl, scornfully. "Captain! Why, the commonest sailor in the king's ships would shame to behave to a woman as you have behaved to me. But I warn you," she continued, as in her excitement her luxuriant, glossy hair escaped from its comb and fell rippling down in masses—"I warn you, that if you go to church with that lady, I'll never forgive you, but have such a revenge as shall make you rue the day that you were born."

"Silence, woman; I've borne enough! Leave this house!"

"When I have told you all I think and feel, James Armstrong."

"Leave my house!" cried the captain for the third time, furiously, and, glancing through the window as he spoke, he changed color at the sight of a gray-haired gentleman approaching with a tall, graceful woman upon his arm.

"Ah!" cried Mary Dell, as she read his excitement right; "so that is the woman! Then I'll stop and meet her face to face, and tell her what a contemptible creature she is going to wed."

"Curse you, leave this house!" cried the captain, in a savage whisper; and, catching his visitor roughly by the shoulder, he tried to pull her toward the door; but the girl resisted, and in the struggle a chair was overturned with a crash, the door was swung open, and a bluff, manly voice exclaimed:

"Why, halloo! what's the matter now?"

"What's that to you?" cried the captain, angrily, as he desisted from his efforts, and the girl stood disheveled and panting, her eyes flashing vindictively, and a look of gratified malice crossing her face, as she saw the confusion and annoyance displayed by her ex-lover.

"What is it to me? Why, I thought there was trouble on, and I came to help."

"To intrude where you were not wanted, you mean. Now, go," snarled the captain.

"No, don't go," cried the girl, spitefully. "I want you to protect me, sir, from this man, this gentleman, who professed to love me, and who, now that he is going to be married, treats me as you see."

"It's a lie, woman!" cried the captain, who noted that the couple whose coming had made him lower his voice had now passed after looking up at the window, and who now turned again fiercely upon the woman.

"No, it isn't a lie, Jen," said the new-comer. "I've seen you on the beach with her many a time, and thought what a blackguard you were."

"Lest, Armstrong, I am your superior officer," cried the captain. "How dare you speak to me like that! Sir, you go home about your own affairs."

"I was not addressing my superior officer," said the new-comer, looking slightly

ly, "but my cousin Jen. Put me in arrest, will you? Very well, my fine fellow; you're captain, I'm lieutenant, and I must obey; but if you do, next time we're ashore I'll thrash you within an inch of your life as sure as my name's Humphrey. Hang it, I'll do it now."

He took a quick step forward; but the captain darted behind the table, and Mary caught the young man's arm.

"No, no, sir," she said in a deep voice; "don't get yourself into trouble for me. It's very true and gallant of you, sir, to take the part of a poor girl, but I can fight my own battle against such a coward as that. Look at him, with his pale face and white lips, and tell me how I could ever have loved such a creature."

"Woman—"

"Yes, woman now," cried the girl. "A month ago no word was too sweet and tender for me. There, I'm going, James Armstrong, and I wish you joy of your rich wife—the pale, thin creature I saw go by; don't think you are done with me, or that this is to be forgotten. As for you, sir," she continued, holding out her hand, which her defender took, and smiled down frankly in the handsome, dark face before him, "I shan't forget this."

"No," said Captain Armstrong, with a sneer. "Lose one lover, pick up another."

Mary Dell did not loose the hand she had seized, but darted a bitterly contemptuous look upon her late lover, which made him grind his teeth as she turned from him again to the lieutenant.

"Was I not right, sir, to say he is a coward? I am only a poor-class girl, but I am a woman, and I can feel. Thank you, sir; good-by, and if we ever meet again, think that I shall always be grateful for what you have said."

At that minute there were voices heard without, and the captain started and looked nervously at the door.

"I'm going, James Armstrong," said the girl, "and I might go like this; but for my own sake, not yours, I'll not."

She gave her head a sidewise jerk which brought her magnificent black hair over her left shoulder, and then with a few rapid turns of her hands she twisted it into a coil and secured it at the back of her head.

Then turning to go, Humphrey took a step after her, but she looked at him with a sharp, suspicious gaze.

"He told you to see me off the place?" she said, quickly.

"No," cried Humphrey; "it was my own idea."

"Let me go alone," said the girl. "I want to think there is some one belonging to him who is not base. Good-by, sir! Perhaps we may meet again."

"Meet again!" snarled the captain, as the girl passed through the doorway. "Yes, I'll warrant me you will, and console yourself with your new lover."

"Look here, Jen," cried the lieutenant, hotly; "officer or no officer, recollect that we're alone now, and that you are insulting me as well as that poor girl. Now, then, you say another word like that, and hang me if I don't nearly break your neck."

"You insolent—"

Captain Armstrong did not finish his sentence, for there was a something in the frank, handsome, manly face of his cousin that meant mischief, and he threw himself into a chair with an angry snarl, such as might be given by a dog who wanted to attack, but did not dare.

CHAPTER II.

"What's she a-doing now?"

"Blubbing."

"Why, that's what you said yesterday. She ain't been a-blubbing ever since?"

"Yes, she have, Bart; and the day afore, and the day afore that. She's done nothing else."

"I hates to see a woman cry," said the first speaker, as he seated himself on the edge of a three-legged table in the low-ceiled cottage of old Dell, the smuggler—a roughly built place at the head of one of the lonely coves on the South Devon coast. The place was rough, for it had been built at different times of wreck-wood which had come ashore; but the dwelling was picturesque outside, and quaint, nautical, and deliciously clean within, where Abel Dell, Mary's twin brother, a short, dark young fellow, singularly like his sister, sat upon an old sea chest fashioning a netting needle with a big clasp knife, and his brow was also covered with the lines of trouble.

He was a good-looking, sun-browned little fellow; and as he sat there in his big father boots, thrust down nearly to the ankle, and a scarlet worsted cap upon his black, crisp curls, his canvas petticoat and blue shirt made him a study of which a modern artist would have been glad; but in the early days of King George the First gentlemen of the palette and brush did not turn the inhabitants into models, so Abel Dell had not been transferred to canvas, and went on carrying his hard-wood needle without looking up at the man called Bart.

There was not much lost, for Bartholomew Wrigley, at the age of 30—wrecker, smuggler, fisherman, sea-dog, anything by turn—was about as ugly an athletic specimen of humanity as ever stepped. Nature and his ancestors had been very unkind to him in the way of features, and accidents by food and fight had marred what required no disfigurement, a fall of a spar having knocked his nose sidewise and broken the bridge, while a chop from a sword in a smuggling affray had given him a divided upper lip. In addition he always wore the appearance of being ashamed of his height, and went about with a slouch that was by no means an attraction to the fisher girls of the place.

"Ay! If the old man had been alive—" "Stead o' drowned off Plymouth Hoe," growled Bart.

"In the big storm," continued Abel.

"Polly would have had to swab them eyes of horns."

"Ay! And if the old man had been alive, that snapper-dandy captain, with his boots and sword, would have had to show off, Abel, lad."

"Stead o' coming jerry-meeting about her when he was at sea, eh, Bart?" "There's two words," growled the big, ugly fellow.

There was a pause, during which Abel cursed every dog, and Bart watch-

ed him intently, with his hands deep in his pockets.

"It's all off, ar'n't it, mate?" said Bart, at last.

"Ay, it's all off," said Abel; and there was another pause.

"Think there'd be any chance for a man now? S'pose not," with a sigh.

"You see, I'm such a ugly one, Abel, lad."

"You are, Bart. There's no denying it, mate; you are."

"Ay! A regular right-down ugly one. But I thought as p'rhaps as her heart were soft and sore, she might feel a little tort a man whose heart also was very soft and sore."

"Try her, then, mate. I'll go and tell her you're here."

"Nay, may, don't do that, man," whispered the big fisher, hoarsely. "I durst not ask her again. I'll have to come from her this time."

"Not it. Ask her, Bart. She likes you."

"Ay, she likes me, bless her, and she's allus got a kind word for a fellow as wishes 'most as he was her dog."

"What's the good o' that, lad? Better be her man."

"Ay, of course; but if you can't be her man, why not be her dog? She would pat your head and pull your ears; but I s'us feels as if she'd never pat my head or pull my ears, Abel, lad; you see, I'm such a ugly one. Blubbing, eh?"

"Does nothing else. She don't let me see it; but I know. She don't sleep of a night, and she looks wild and queer, as Sanders's lass did who drowned herself. I wish I had hold of him. I'd like to break his neck."

Bart put on his cap quickly, glanced toward the inner room, where there was a sound as of someone singing mournfully, and then in a quick, low whisper: "Why not, lad?" said he; "why not?" "Break his neck, Bart?" "The big fellow nodded."

"Will you join in and risk it?" "Won't I?"

"Then we will," said Abel. "Curse him, he's most broke her heart."

"'Cause she loves him," growled Bart, thoughtfully.

"Yes, a silly, soft thing. She might have known."

"Then we mustn't break his neck, Abel, lad," said Bart, shaking his head. Then, as if a bright thought had suddenly flashed across his brain: "Look here. We'll wait for him, and then—I ar'n't afraid of his sword—we'll make him marry her."

"You don't want him to marry her," said Abel, starting, and utilizing the time by strapping his knife on his boot.

"Nay, I don't; but she do, poor lass," said Bart, with a sigh. "And if I can do what she wants, I will as long as I live."

"Ah! you always was fond of her, Bart," said Abel, slowly.

"Ay, I always was, and always shall be, my lad. But look here," whispered Bart, leaning toward his companion, "if he says he won't marry her, and goes and marries that fine madame—will you do it?"

"I'll do anything you'll do, mate," said Abel, in a low voice.

"Then we'll make him, my lad."

"Hist!" whispered Abel, as the inner door opened, and Mary entered the room, looking haggard and wild, to gaze sharply from one to the other, as if she suspected that they had been making her the subject of their conversation.

"How do, Mary?" said Bart, in a consciously awkward fashion.

"Ah, Bart!" she said, coldly, as he gazed full in his eyes till he dropped his own and moved toward the door.

"I'm just going to take a look at my boat, Abel, lad," he said. "Coming down the shore?"

Abel nodded, and Bart shuffled out of the doorway, uttering a sigh of relief as soon as he was in the open air, and taking off his flat fur cap, he wiped the drops of perspiration from his brow.

"She's too much for me, somehow," he muttered, as he sauntered down toward the shore. "I allus thought as being in love with a gill would be very nice, but it ar'n't. She's too much for me."

"What were you and Bart Wrigley talking about?" said Mary Dell, as soon as she was alone with her brother.

"You said Abel, going on scraping his netting needle."

"What about me?"

"All sorts o' things."

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? Why, you know. About your being a fool—about the fine captain and his new sweetheart. Why, you might ha' known, Mary."

"Look here, Abel," cried Mary, catching him by the wrist, and dragging at it so that he started to his feet, and they stood face to face, the stunted brother and the well-grown girl wonderfully equal in size, and extremely alike in physique and air, "if you dare to talk to me again like that, we shall quarrel."

"Well, let's quarrel, then."

"What!" cried Mary, starting, for this was a new phase in her brother's character.

"I say, let's quarrel, then," cried Abel, folding his arms. "Do you think I've been blind? Why, it has nearly broken poor old Bart's heart."

"Abel!"

"I don't care, Polly, I will speak now. You don't like Bart."

"I do. He is a good, true fellow as ever stepped, but—"

"Yes, I know. It ar'n't nat'ral for you to like him as he likes you; but you should be a fool, Polly, to listen to that fine jack-a-dandy, and—curse him; I'll half kill him next time we meet!"

Mary tried to speak, but her emotion choked her.

"You—you don't know what you are saying," she panted at last.

"Perhaps not," he said, in a low, muttering way; "but I know what I'm going to do."

"Do!" she cried, recovering herself, and making an effort to regain her old ascendancy over her brother. "I forbid you to do anything. You shall not interfere."

"Very well," said the young man, with a smile; and as his sister gained strength he seemed to be subdued.

"Nothing, I say. Any quarrel I may have with Captain Armstrong is my affair, and I can fight my own battle, do you hear?"

"Yes, I hear," said Abel, going toward the door.

"You understand? I forbid it. You shall not even speak to him."

"Yes, I understand," said Abel, tucking the netting needle into his pocket, and thrusting his knife into its sheath; and then, before Mary could call up sufficient energy to speak again, the young man turned on his heel, and the young man and the old man of the cottage and harbor went to the little cottage and stood gazing after him thoughtfully for a few minutes. Then turning and taking the seat her brother had vacated, a desolate look of misery came over her handsome face, which dropped slowly into her hands, and she sat there weeping silently as she thought of the wedding that was to take place the next day.

(To be continued.)

DANGER IN FLOWERS.

Tulips and Poppies Among Those to Be Avoided.

Beware how you handle lovely flowers, or inhale their aroma. Queer Dame Nature has provided a hidden sting in some of the blossoms that bloom in the spring.

There is a particular variety of garden flower known as *obconca*. If the finger of the gardener is pricked by the plant there is sure to follow a slight itching of the hands that is a preliminary to the breaking out of an almost incurable skin disease. The irritation of the cuticle generally dies away in the fall and apparently has been got rid of by winter. But in the spring it invariably shows itself again, and, in some cases, it has resisted every effort to eliminate it from the system. Because of the risk in touching the plant, the gardener who knows his business invariably handles it with gloves on.

Tulips are another flower in which there is a hidden danger. If the odor of the tulip is inhaled for a time it produces lightheadedness, which is followed by a feeling of deep depression. The poppy, on account of the great quantity of opium it contains, has the effect of making any one who passes through a field of these flowers feel very drowsy. In Asia Minor, where they are grown in great quantities, it is risky for one unaccustomed to the odor to pass through the neighborhood. Two deaths among tourists were traced directly to visits paid to a poppy plantation.

All flowers grown from bulbs should be banished from the rooms of a sick or invalid person. It would be as much an act of kindness to present a sick person with a dose of morphia as to send a patient a bunch of lilies of the valley, tuberoses or hyacinths. The only place for these flowers is the death chamber.

Be careful, too, how you pluck to pieces such blossoms as begonias, rhododendrons or peonies. If there is a slight scratch on the fingers that handle these flowers carelessly, it is probable that festering will follow, with a possible loss of the finger nails.

How Savages Make Fire.

It is rather difficult for us to imagine people who know nothing about fire, and, as a matter of fact, there are no people now on the face of the earth, no matter how barbarous, who do not know how to make fire. We make it easily enough by striking a match, but years ago our ancestors were compelled to resort to flint, steel and tinder.

The forest-dwelling peoples of the further East have an odd instrument for making fire. Near the coast every man carries a bit of crockery in the box of bamboo slung at his waist, a chip of a plate and a handful of dry fungus. Holding the tinder under his thumb upon the fragment of earthenware, he strikes the side of the box sharply, and the tinder takes fire.

But this method can only be used by tribes which have such communication with the foreigner as supplies them with European goods. The inland people use a more singular process. They carry a short cylinder of lead, hollowed roughly to a cup-like form at one end which fits a joint of bamboo. Placing this cylinder in the palm of the left hand, they fill the cup with tinder and adjust the bamboo over it, strike sharply, remove the covering as quickly and the tinder is alight.

Thanks to the Pup.

Smart Young Man—Good morning, Mr. Bullion.

Mr. Bullion (grasping old gent—Um—ah!—good morn—remarkable dog you have with you).

"Ya-as; Siberian bloodhound. Terribly savage; takes this ox chain to hold him. If any one should look cross at me this dog would tear him to pieces. Yes, indeed! I'm going to have him killed. T. dangerous, you know."

"I should say so!"

"Ya-as; must do it in the interest of humanity, you know. By the way, Mr. Bullion, your daughter has accepted me, and I have called to ask your consent."

He got it—London Answers.

Bulgarian Peasants.

If he happens to be pure bred from the original Samoyede stock, the peasant is a heavily built fellow with a Kalmuk nose. His language has become Slavic, which means a language in which "beefsteak" is "mpiphtekik" and "omelet souffle" is "omlet cuphie." The Bulgarian is a peasant or a soldier; he knows no other trade. As a farmer the sheep are all in all to him, food and clothing and companionship. He lives in a hovel, does not understand why he should be taxed, and makes his women slave in the field. He is called close-fisted, churlish and suspicious, but has some of the virtues that often go with those qualities.

Irresponsible.

"Who is the responsible man in this firm?" asked the brusque visitor.

"I don't know who the responsible party is," answered the sad, cynical office boy "but I am the one who is always to blame."

It keeps many a poor wife busy keeping her husband indoors, and it keeps many a poor man busy keeping his wife in bonnets.

It is far easier to keep the ordinary wolf from the door than it is to keep the "gray wolf" out of office.



The electric automobile can be stopped and started without any annoying preliminaries, and is far simpler to operate than any other type of horseless vehicle.

The most effective arrangement for prolonging the life of electric arc lamps consists of a chamber, or cylindrical body, around the pencil ends, which prevents the access of air.

At the scientific ballooning conference in Berlin, Alexander insisted that an unmanned balloon could be sent fifty miles and returned to starting point, steered only by Hertzian waves.

United States Consul Hughes at Coburg reports that the German navy and some manufacturers are using a new fuel called "masut," an oily product from German brown coal. The coast-defense vessels are fitted for the use of this oil, and some battleships and cruisers are arranged so that they can use both coal and masut. Masut is said to have one-fourth greater heat-producing power than coal, and is easier to handle, as it is necessary only to open a valve in order to fill the furnace.

Pure blue light is the new consumption cure with which G. Kaiser is experimenting in Germany. The rays from an arc lamp concentrated through a lens containing methylene blue destroyed tubercle bacilli in about thirty minutes, and, as the printing of a photographic positive proved the passage of the rays through the human body, it was shown to be possible to reach the bacilli in the lungs, and to kill them all with blue light. In two advanced cases of the disease great improvement resulted in six days.

Sir Howard Grubb, the celebrated Irish telescope-maker, has invented a new form of telescopic sight for use with a rifle. Neither fore nor back sight is employed with this contrivance, but the shooter, in taking aim, looks through a small lens which, by an optical device, throws an image of a bright little cross in front of the gun and in line with the barrel. This image serves as a fore-sight, and by simply holding the center of the cross upon the object aimed at, the marksman takes his aim. The invention is shown at the Glasgow exhibition.

Alligators, according to the late Prof. Cope, belong to a much more modern genus than that of their cousins, the crocodiles. No undoubtedly extinct species of alligator has ever been discovered by geologists, but those animals are fast being exterminated at the present day on account of the value of their hides. Alligators are found in China, as well as in North America; the crocodile exists in Africa, southern Asia and northern Australia. The crocodile differs from the alligator in preferring salt water to fresh, and being more vicious in its disposition.

Nearly every shop in Japan for the sale of foreign goods is furnished with a sign in a foreign language. No matter whether the language is intelligible, if it is only in foreign characters that is enough. Many of these signs are of the right sort some of the beauty of each is absorbed into your very nature. Long days, lazy days, but happy days, are the days in camp. Haj and mishap will don the jester's cap and bells and parade through memory many a time during the after months.

PAGAN RITES IN SCOTIA.

Many Scottish Customs that Originated in Superstition.

Nearly all travelers in central Africa have referred to the curious customs prevalent among all pagan native tribes of driving quantities of nails into sacred trees and other objects that have been adjudged worthy of veneration and this not in malice, but as a religious rite, the nails in question being intended as votive offerings. Exactly the same thing may be witnessed to-day at the sacred well of St. Maebriha, in Loch Maree, Ross-shire, where is an ancient oak tree studded with countless nails of all sizes, the offerings of invalid pilgrims who came to worship and be cured, says a writer in *Stray Stories*.

Pennies and half-pennies also are to be seen in enormous quantities driven edgewise in the tough bark, and a friend of the writer's who visited the spot some little time back discovered in a cleft high up in the trunk what he took to be a shilling. On being extracted, however, it proved to be counterfeited. Probably the donor, finding that he could get no value for his coin in the natural world, concluded he might as well try, as a last resort, what effect it might have on the spiritual.

Of course, the poor cottars and others who flock to St. Maebriha with their nails and their pence do not for a moment admit that they are assisting at a pagan ceremony. But they most undoubtedly are. Well worship has always occupied an important place in paganism, and the sacred oak, before which each pilgrim must thrice kneel humbly presenting his offering—what is it but an obvious survival of the sacred groves of Druidical times?

THE FUN OF CAMPING OUT.

More and more popular is camp life becoming each year, says *Country Life* in America. With those who go into the deep woods in quest of big game and fish the camp life is, after all, the real attraction, and not the mere desire to kill. But where one can make these trips there are thousands who cannot. For these there are peaceful rivers, wood-girl lakes and ponds and beautiful spots on the shores of Old Neptune available for quite as charming a two-weeks' outing beneath canvas. In making up a camping party choose your congenial spirits; a shall be forewarned to philosophic optimism.

And let there be a wag among them who, catching the humor of every situation, puts to flight all thought of discomfort. A level site near a spring with plenty of shade, a pleasant sheet of water with good fishing, blue bough for a bed and driftwood for a fire and who would trade his life for a king's patrimony? How delicious the fish flavored with the pungent smoke of the fire! How rarely satisfying the simple bill of fare, and how few, after all, are the needs of this life! Yours is the joy and happy freedom of the gypsy and vagabond. You have become a species of civilized barbarian and it is good. Sunshine or shower what matters it? You take what comes and give thanks, and if you are of the right sort some of the beauty of each is absorbed into your very nature. Long days, lazy days, but happy days, are the days in camp. Haj and mishap will don the jester's cap and bells and parade through memory many a time during the after months.

BANKRUPTS IN LIVERY.

Curious Laws Once Enforced in England and Scotland.

At one time England and Scotland bankrupts were compelled to wear a distinctive dress. This was a result of enactments passed at various times in Scotland from the year 1606 to 1608. The Edinburgh Court of Sessions specified the dress to be of parti-color, one half yellow and the other brown, something after the style of the dress now worn in English prisons by the worst class of prisoners, those who have attempted to escape or been guilty of murderous assaults on officers. The enactment also provided that the bankrupt should be exhibited publicly in the market place of his town for a period of two hours and then sent away, condemned to wear the dress until such time as he had paid his debts or some one else had done it for him.

Although this was a period of law which can only be described as *fasci*, this law was such an outrage on public sentiment that in 1688 it was so far repealed that the wearing of the dress was only compulsory in cases in which fraud had been proved, or, curiously enough, if the bankrupt had been convicted of smuggling. The same practice was legal, but not generally in force in England down to the year 1836. The idea was, of course, to warn persons who might have given credit that the bankrupt was not able to pay, but popular sentiment soon recognized that it was wholly unfair to impose excessive penalties on a man who might have become bankrupt through no fault of his own, and, as usual, when the law became contrary to public feeling it ceased to be operative.

Higher than a King.

"I have played cards enough to be some fairly familiar with what slang," said one American financier, "but I don't quite see why you refer to us as a Pierpont Morgan."

"Because," replied the other, "it's bigger than a king."—London Answers.

According to statistics, out of each 1,000 people in love sixteen become hopelessly insane. The other 984 are only temporarily out of their heads.



THE BUTTERFLY EXPERIMENT.

Get a bottle with a wide opening and close it with a cork in which a glass funnel is inserted. Close all crevices with shellac. Fill the bottle half-way with water, in which you drop the two powders belonging to a salidita powder. The carbonic acid gas generated tries to escape through the funnel. But by placing two or three small balls made of cork in the funnel, the gas can escape only a little at a time, as one or the other of the little balls will keep the opening of the funnel closed, until the pressure of the gas becomes strong enough to force the ball up. In such a way a part of the gas escapes, the pressure is relieved, and another closes up the funnel opening. This will keep on until all the gas is exhausted.

This experiment can be made more effective by painting the balls in different colors. Or you make butterfly wings of tissue paper, which you can color and fasten to the balls, as shown in the illustration.

Free from Headache.

Headaches rarely assail the Bedouin Arabs. They are nearly all small eaters, and six or seven dates soaked in melted butter with a very small quantity of coarse flour or three or four tablespoonfuls of boiled rice serve a man a whole day.

When a man disappears it must cause him great astonishment to read in some far-off town that his family is preoccupied with grief.