

The Secret Dispatch

By JAMES GRANT

CHAPTER XIII.

With evident suspicion and mistrust, Bernikoff viewed the growing intimacy between his prisoner Ivan and the Scottish captain; and though he neither recommended that it should cease or interdicted it, he made many mental notes thereof.

Though Balgonie sympathized with Ivan to the fullest extent, he knew too well the danger of doing more; and he felt that he had his own share of secret sorrow and anxiety, and might yet have greater to endure. The girl he loved was already a political fugitive; her father and cousin were prisoners, and perhaps in chains; her brother and his kinsman, Usakoff, already viewed as criminals; and with the terrors of despotism hanging over them all.

Natalie, a fugitive—and where? In the wild forests, perhaps, where wolves and outlaws lurked, what perils and privations might she not be suffering! Natalie, so delicate, so pure, so gently nurtured, and so highly bred.

Balgonie was aware, also, that intimacy with the family of Mierowitz, and the deep interest he had in their fate, was fraught with personal peril to himself in such a land of tyranny as Russia. Full of such thoughts as these one forenoon, he was leaning on a cannon in one of those deep embrasures of the fortress which faced the drawbridge communicating with the land. The guard was in the act of lowering the bridge to permit a man to pass out. This person was just parting from Bernikoff, with whom he had been for some time in close and earnest conversation, and from whom he was evidently receiving money—an unusual circumstance, as that distinguished field officer generally lavished more kicks and cuffs than thanks or coins.

On beholding this man, as he bowed humbly, cap in hand, cross the bridge and disappear among the houses of the town beyond, Balgonie experienced a species of nervous shock. He could not doubt that this fellow, so gigantic in stature and powerful in muscular development, in the course of and leather girdle, with the long lock of grizzled hair dangling behind his right ear, was Nicholas Paulovitch, the murderer of Podatchkin, the gypsy woodman, and the swindling merchant of the barrier at the Neva.

"This man here in Schlüsselburg," thought Balgonie, with indignation and alarm; "here in earnest conversation with Bernikoff. The spirit of mischief seems to pervade the air again!"

A few minutes afterward a Cossack named Jagouski, who had been severely knouted by Bernikoff for pilfering a pipeful of tobacco, came forward with tottering steps, and looking painfully thin and feeble from recent suffering, and with the crouching bearing of the Muscovite toward a superior, said that his Excellency the Governor wished to speak with him in his quarters, whither Balgonie at once repaired.

"Carl Ivanovitch," said Bernikoff, who certainly had rather a perturbed air, "some suspicious characters are in our vicinity, and have actually been hovering in boats about the fortress. What think you of that?"

"Suspicious characters, excellency—bow?"

"In the town one dropped this coin—a silver rouble of the prisoner Ivan—Ivan the Unknown Person. To possess one, unless as I do this, for proof of treason, is to court death or Siberia."

"And from whom had you this?"

"A spy," replied the colonel curtly.

"The man who has just left you?"

"The same."

"Nicholas Paulovitch," continued Balgonie, with increasing astonishment at the other's coolness; "the assassin of the corporal—the wretch of whom I told you when I first arrived here!"

"All that may or may not be," replied Bernikoff, with a stern air, almost amounting to rudeness; "when I require this fellow no more, you may impale him, if you please; but molest him not at present."

"I do not see, excellency, that all this in any way concerns me," said Balgonie, haughtily.

"It does concern you thus far. I shall anticipate any attempt that may be made by those lunkers, whoever they may be. You must remember," he added, lowering his voice, "the tenor of the dispatch you brought me."

"Perfectly," replied Charlie, in a somewhat faint voice, as he knew not how terrible or repugnant might be the duty assigned him by this military despot.

"Well, you shall pass forth into the town to-night, with a patrol of twenty men, armed with sabers and carbines. Surround and search the main street, and compel all therein who seem suspicious, to produce their papers; and, if they are without such, bring them to me, and I shall question them in a fashion of my own."

"And I am to take twenty men with me?" said Balgonie, after an unpleasant pause.

"Yes! the bridge will be lowered for you after sunset. Whoever these lunkers are, they have been seen and overheard; and this coin is proof sufficient to warrant the transportation of a whole province. Be they who they may, by every dime in sacred Mother Moscow, they shall find me ready for them!"

Balgonie had no resource but to obey in silence; and an angry spark escaped him as he stuck his loaded pistols in his girdle when the sun sank behind the green painted roofs of the wooden town and the evening gull boomed from the ramparts.

Dodding in the twilight through the streets of Schlüsselburg, he marched straight to where he knew that the principal tea house was situated; and while his heart sank within him in fear of whom he might arrest—perhaps Natalie himself—he at once surrounded the building to prevent all egress, and to the outside alarm and perturbation of all who were within.

When the coveted s-been of the dispatch was seen, Balgonie ordered the man, and when Balgonie ordered with his sword drawn, pointing along the

narrow way between the numerous tables, at which the groups were seated, Bernikoff viewed the growing intimacy between his prisoner Ivan and the Scottish captain; and though he neither recommended that it should cease or interdicted it, he made many mental notes thereof.

For his intrusion Balgonie apologized; this, though a very unusual proceeding in a country so despotically ruled, failed to reassure the tea drinkers, who were all hushed in silence and expectation; and a girl who had been singing for their amusement crouched down in a corner for concealment.

Balgonie counted the number of persons, and noted the exact hour by his watch; he then proceeded, with a heart full of anxiety and dread, to examine each person in succession, in reality looking for those he had no wish to find.

All who possessed the requisite papers showed them; others proved, all in succession, to be soldiers and drivers, sailors and serfs; thus, after a time, a load seemed to be lifted from the mind of the young officer. As he turned to leave the apartment without a prisoner, the Cossack Jagouski rather roughly dragged the singing girl from the nook where she had sought concealment, and then Balgonie recognized the fine dark face, the black eyes and the large glittering earrings of Olga Paulowna, the gypsy girl whom he had befriended at Louga—she who saved him from a terrible fate in the forest.

"Let the girl go free, Jagouski," said Balgonie; "I shall answer for her if required."

Olga drew a paper from her bosom and showed that it was her passport from the commandant of Krejko, permitting her to travel to and from Schlüsselburg.

Jagouski saluted and withdrew a few paces; and now, as if the cloud of doubt and dread Balgonie's arrival had cast over all was dispersed, again the noisy hum of voices pervaded the long room of the tea house, and laughter even broke forth at intervals.

"Olga," said Balgonie, "you here—so far from home?"

"Yes, Hospodeen, for my home is anywhere, or wherever night finds me; but I have news for you."

"News—and for me?"

"Yes," said she, sinking her voice to a whisper; "I have news of Natalie Mierowna. She is here. In the neighborhood of Schlüsselburg."

Charlie felt his heart die within him at this intelligence, for such a vicinity was full of peril.

"Be to-morrow at noon on the road that leads to Tosna, and you shall learn more. Till then, adieu; and God be with you."

CHAPTER XIV.

The noon of the following day saw Charlie Balgonie—after an anxious and almost sleepless night—proceeding on foot along the road that leads toward Tosna, a little town which stands on a stream of the same name, a tributary of the Neva, but some ten miles distant from Schlüsselburg.

Before him rose the tall fir trees of the forest where he was to meet Olga—the "wood of the honey tree," as it was named. There, as Balgonie approached, all was still save the voice of the woodcock, and the hum of insects; he lingered for a few minutes on the outskirts, just where the highway to Tosna dipped down into the deep and gloomy dingle of intertwined branches, which formed a species of leafy tunnel overhead.

To the northward he could see the place he had left, the gloomy Castle of Schlüsselburg, mounted round by the Neva and Lake Ladoga, jutting into the latter on its rock, its towers wearing a somber brown tint even in the moonlight sunshine, as if no light could brighten them; and the white flag of Russia was fluttering on the summit of the keep, where Ivan was pining away the years of youth in silence and seclusion.

Balgonie heard a voice waking the echoes of the dingle; three notes were struck on a tambourine, as a signal to him, and Olga approached singing.

"I have kept my appointment, Olga."

"And I mine," she replied gayly, while tripping toward him in a playful manner; "now follow me, Hospodeen, and I shall take you to those who will be right glad to see you."

"First let us be sure that we are unwatched."

"Right," said she; and stooping in her earnestness, her keen, dark and glittering eyes swept the whole landscape that lay between the wood and Schlüsselburg, and glanced keenly beyond the stems of the trees into the dingles and vistas; but, save the birds on the branches and the gnats revolving in the sunshine, no living thing was visible.

"Follow me, Hospodeen," said the gypsy; "we have not far to go."

They descended into the dark dingle, or hollow, and then quitted the highway; Olga gathering up her skirts that she might tread with greater facility among the thick grass and long rank grass. She explained to Balgonie that, as there was no path to guide them, her chief clew was a set of notches, cut to all appearances carelessly, as if with a woodman's ax, on the bark of the great pine trees.

"These marks seem fresh, and recently cut—who made them?" asked Balgonie.

"The Hospodeen, Basil Mierowitz," she whispered.

"Poor Basil!" responded Charlie, in a low tone.

creepers and green lichens, forming a background which, at a little distance blended with the greenery of the woods.

"We have arrived," said she, turning, with a flush on her dark face which made it radiantly beautiful. She struck three strokes on her tambourine and shook its bells.

Charlie thought of her kinsman, Nicholas Paulovitch, and instinctively grasped one of the pistols at his girdle, on seeing the dark and bearded face of a man appear among the ivy leaves some twenty feet above him. A rope ladder was lowered, and whatever doubts or misgivings were in his mind, he felt himself constrained now to go through the adventure to its end.

He clambered up, and on the great screen of ivy being lifted aside, found himself face to face with his old friend Basil Mierowitz, the subaltern of his company, who, grasping both his hands with kindly warmth of manner, led him into a cavern or grotto, one of a series of many, into which the granite rocks had there been hollowed by some long past convulsion of nature. Another hand was instantly laid on his, a smaller and softer one—and two beautiful dark eyes were bending tenderly on his face.

"Natalie!" he exclaimed, in a tremulous voice, and would have pressed her to his breast, but for the presence of Basil and several other men.

Amid the twilight of the cavern, he could perceive its rough natural walls and arch, with hazy but sunny rays that streamed faintly in the background, athwart the obscurity, as if the vault communicated with other galleries in the rock, through which the upper light of day stole in by the crannies and chasms. He was also enabled to see that, with Natalie, her brother Basil, and her cousin Usakoff, who had been a lieutenant in the Valkoluz Grenadiers, there were about twenty men in the place, all clad in sheepskin coats, the invariable dress of the Russian peasant, and nearly all had red serge breeches, rough boots and girdles of rope or untanned leather.

Though attired like woodmen or laboring serfs, all these men had unmistakably the bearing of well-trained soldiers; all were strong, active, and resolute in aspect; and Balgonie had no doubt that they were those natives of the Ukraine, the deserters from the Livonian frontier, of whom Bernikoff had spoken; for against the walls of the cavern were ranged a number of muskets and bayonets, with sets of accoutrements, sabers and pistols. There, too, stood a regimental drum, decorated with the imperial arms, and the forbidden name of the Emperor Ivan! Every moment seemed to increase the perils that surrounded the luckless Balgonie, for now he was in the very den of the conspirators.

"Oh! Basil—Usakoff—my friends, if indeed I may yet dare to call you so, and live," said Balgonie, in a voice that was broken by emotion, "for what rash and dreadful purpose do I find you and these unfortunate fellows here?"

"You and all Russia, too, shall learn ere long," replied Mierowitz calmly and sternly; "yet with a grave and noble air, with which his coarse canvas coat assorted oddly."

"And poor Natalie!" exclaimed Balgonie, in a tone of grief and reproach; "have you no love for her?"

"Until Natalie informed me, I knew not, my friend, Carl Ivanovitch, that you were the bearer of that secret dispatch, which might have cost you limb or life, when it was too late to arrest those I had set upon your track."

"Well, certainly, I was not much indebted to the good offices of your rogue, Podatchkin."

"The corporal's orders were simply to abstract the document and bring it to me; not to slay its bearer, unless such a catastrophe became unavoidable."

"He fell into his own snare—a dark and deadly one."

"Happily you escaped it, and I have saved two hundred silver roubles for the service of the emperor."

"Who do you mean?" asked Balgonie, in a whisper.

"Ivan—the prisoner of Schlüsselburg!" exclaimed Usakoff, with enthusiasm.

"Alas!" added Balgonie, "you court but your own destruction."

"Think not so; but join us, and share our perils and our glory," replied the other.

"I am bound by allegiance to the emperor."

"You are but a tool in her hands, Carl Balgonie."

"Perhaps so; but one with a sharp edge, I hope," replied Balgonie, who felt only genuine sorrow, and a silence of nearly a minute ensued.

(To be continued.)

AROUND NEW YORK BY SMELL.

Blindfolded One Could Tell Localities by Their Odors.

If you were to set me down in New York blindfolded I could give a pretty close guess as to my whereabouts by the smell of that particular locality," said a salesman. "If my nose seemed stuffed with hides and tallow I should know that I was in the immediate vicinity of Gold, Cliff or Frankfort street. A pronounced odor of spices would indicate Fulton street, in the neighborhood of the East river; but if tea and coffee predominated the chances would be strongly in favor of Front, Pearl or Water street."

A saccharine quality in the air would suggest the sugar and molasses neighborhood of William, Wall or Front streets. Perfumes would place me at once on Leonard or Chambers, or possibly Grand street, while a strong odor of soap would let me know that Pearl or Murray street, or perhaps Greenwich or Hudson was not far off. If the atmosphere were fairly reeking with the scent of drugs I would figure out that I had wound up somewhere near Fulton, William or Cliff street," the salesman continued, according to the New York Times.

"Tobacco would give me a wide range, but I would probably be near Pearl, Pine or Broad street. The smell of hops would be a sure indication of Whitehall street, West and South streets have their distinctive odors of shipping and seamen's supplies."

Born in China.

Mrs. James, the prima donna, spent the first five years of her life at Shanghai, where her father was in practice as a lawyer.

LITERARY LITTLE-BITS

Mortimer Menpes' new book on Whistler, which will be called "Whistler as I Knew Him," will make a volume of about 600 pages, including 100 full-page plates in color and tint.

"Highways and Byways in Sussex," by E. V. Lucas, is the latest addition to the Macmillan Company's "Highways and Byways" series. The volume contains numerous illustrations by Frederick L. Griggs.

Guy Wetmore's new humorous story, "Far from the Maddening Girls," will appear in the Ladies' Home Journal, with illustrations by Peter Newell. It tells of the experiences of a young bachelor whose aim is to keep "one mile from a woman," and miles away from the girls.

O. Henry, who is Sydney Porter in real life, has gone to "The Walrus and the Carpenter" for the title of his novel of Central America, which he calls "Cabbages and Kings." This is Mr. Porter's first long story, although his stories have won for him one of the meteoric successes of the past year.

Americans who contributed several hundred thousand dollars to the sufferers from the India famine of 1896-1900 can learn how this money was distributed in the relief work by reading "In Famine Land," a work written by an American missionary, Rev. J. E. Scott.

William Dana Orcutt, whose book for children, "The Princess Kallisto," was published last year, has written a novel which A. C. McClurg & Co. will bring out. It is entitled "Robert Cavalier." It is the romance of the explorer Robert Cavalier De La Salle's life.

Charles M. Skinner, author of "Myths and Legends of Our Own Land," has made arrangements with Dr. Appleton & Co. to bring out a new volume, dealing with "Yards and Gardens." The author will show through text, photographs and diagrams how the small city plot or the back yard may be beautified.

Dr. William Bauer, the German ethnologist, who has been studying the southern tribes in the interior of Mexico for the Royal Museum of Ethnology of Berlin, has compiled an interesting and remarkably complete vocabulary of the languages spoken by the different tribes. The Zapotecan vocabulary is 3,000 words, the fullest yet obtained.

A love story, written almost wholly in dialogue, entitled "A Woman's Will," is among Little, Brown & Co.'s announcements. The author is Anne Warner, a frequent contributor to the periodical press during the past few years. It is a story of an unhappy American widow's summer on the continent. The scenes of the story include Munich, Zurich and Lucerne.

The readers of "The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," and those readers were many, will welcome the announcement that George H. Lorimer has another book ready for publication. It is to be called "Old Gorgon Graham," and is, like its predecessor, in the form of letters; but the new letters tell the self-made merchant's own story and do not concern themselves with the son.

"Children of the Tenements" is one of the few books of short stories published last year that reached real popularity. Its genuine human interest and its strong human appeal were no doubt the cause of the demand for four editions; but it is also true that these stories by Mr. Bliss derive from their simple truthfulness a strange power to touch the emotions to smiles and tears. Wholesome and genuine they are above all things; and so is their author, whose autobiography, "The Making of an American," has given more real pleasure to its readers than almost any other biography of recent years.

Princes in Asia.

During a recent tour in Asia of nearly sixteen months (from February, 1901, to January, 1902), in which I visited Japan, Korea, China, the Philippines, Cochin China, Siam and Laos, the Straits Settlements, Burma, India, Syria and Palestine, I found everywhere a deep interest in the changing economic conditions. The common people in Asia care little for politics, but the price of food and the common touches every man, woman and child at a sensitive point.

Almost everywhere the old days of cheap living are passing away. Steamers, railways, telegraphs, newspapers, labor saving machinery, and the introduction of Western ideas are slowly but surely revolutionizing the Orient. Shantung wheat, which formerly had no market beyond a radius of a few dozen miles from the wheat field, can now be shipped by railway and steamship to any part of the world, and in consequence every Chinese buyer has to pay more for it. In like manner new facilities for export have doubled, trebled, and in some places quadrupled the price of rice in China, Siam and Japan.—Century.

Some Good in It.

"Did that last job of yours do you any good?" asked the first burglar.

"Well, it'll improve my education, I guess. The man of the house was a book agent and before I got away he made me buy a cyclopeda."—Philadelphia Press.

A widow says that a husband on earth is worth two in the other place.

WHERE LIFE IS ENJOYABLE.

Delightful Habits and Customs of Certain Places and People.

Denmark claims that there is not a single person in her domain who cannot read and write. On the northeast coast of New Guinea, the island of Kutaba, surrounded by a wall of coral 300 feet high on one side and from fifty to 100 feet on the other, maintains thirteen villages of natives, to whom war, crime and poverty have been unknown since the beginning of their traditions. The most peaceful and comfortable community in Europe is the commune of the Canton Vaud, in Switzerland. Nearly everyone is well off and there are no paupers.

Finland is a realm whose inhabitants are remarkable for their inviolate integrity. There are no banks and no safe deposits, for no such security is essential. You may leave your luggage anywhere for any length of time and be quite sure of finding it untouched on your return, and your purse full of money would be just as secure under similar circumstances. The Finns place their money and valuables in holes in the ground and cover them with a big leaf. Such treasure is sacredly respected by all who pass it, but, in the rare event of a man wishing to borrow of his neighbor during his absence, he will take only the smallest sum he requires and place a message in the hole telling of his urgent need, promising to repay the amount on a specified date. And he will invariably keep his word, for the Finn is inviolable in his independence.

Agnetta Park, near Delft, in Holland, is another Utopian example. A tract of ten acres has upon it 150 houses, each with its little garden and with certain common buildings and common grounds. The houses are occupied by the employes of a great company, who form a corporation which owns the park. Each member owns shares in the corporation and pays rent for his house. The surplus, after all expenses have been paid, comes back to him as dividend. If he wishes to go away or if he dies his shares are bought up by the corporation and sold to the man who takes his place.

THOUGHT HAM HAUNTED.

Why a Southern Negro Would Not Move the Meat.

"It is often curious to observe the play of superstition in the nature of the black man," said a writer in the New Orleans Times-Democrat; "and it is really astounding at times to note the total ignorance of the law of cause and effect which is to be found among members of the black race. Recently I had occasion to observe a rather striking instance of the point I have in mind. It was during hog-killing time out in my country home. Part of a hog had been left out on a platform and the thing I have in mind happened along late in the evening, just as the day was merging into darkness."

"Now, it is a well-known fact that the negro, in common with other peoples who believe in ghosts, associate these uncanny members with darkness. One of the negroes of the place was engaged in taking the meat from the platform into the smokehouse, where it was being salted down. Now note what happened. It is dusk. The shadowy part of the day had set in. It was bordering on ghost time. When the negro was on his way to the platform to get the last piece of meat which had been left he noticed that it was moving restlessly on the platform. Did he get it? Not much. He did not get close enough to touch it. He not only remained religiously away from the piece of haunted meat, but he refused positively to leave his white friends, and when they pressed him for an explanation of his conduct he told them just what the matter was. 'Boss,' he said, seriously, 'dat ham autently is haunted!'

Of course, the trouble was soon straightened out. There was a cat under the platform, and the feline member was pulling away at the meat with vigor. The white men explained to the negro that there was no ghost, that it was nothing but a cat that had been hanging around all day. But note the dorky's skepticism: 'Mebbe so, boss,' he said, 'but I hasn't seed de cat!'

Keep a Scrap-Book.

You may make for yourself an interesting book by constructing a scrap-book devoted to one subject. One young girl with a strong interest in the life of Mary Queen of Scots has collected from magazines and other sources articles, illustrated or not, as it happens, verses, pictures of buildings and localities, and portraits relating to this heroine, and has put them into a single scrap-book, making a volume in which she takes much pride. When she cannot obtain a printed copy of an extract she wishes to add, she does not hesitate to copy it out neatly upon the pages of her book—which is merely a large "composition book."

The educational value of such work is by no means slight, since to know one thing well done must needs learn much of many others. Indeed, it has been said more than once that to know one thing completely we should have to know all things.

There is a good suggestion here. You will be surprised, if you begin to gather material upon some topic, to see how much is printed about your favorite subject. One word of caution. Do not choose too wide a subject. Make your limits narrow enough to be within your scope. Your scrap-book need not be upon history or literature, but it should be concerned with something worth the time you mean to spend upon it.—St. Nicholas.

It is cheaper to buy furniture now than it is to carry on a prolonged courtship.

REMNANT OF COXEY'S ARMY.

Score or More Still Employed as Male Whackers.

Provided one had the time and facilities, it would have been an interesting bit of sociological study to find out what became of the army of tramps, hoboes and ne'er-do-wells who followed the redoubtable Coxeys into Washington in 1894, says the Washington Star. It was known that for a time a considerable body of them "squatted" over in Jackson City, but this did not last long, and no doubt the great body of them returned to their old haunts in the West and North.

It is, therefore, a matter of no small interest to know that something in the neighborhood of twenty of Coxeys' soldiers settled along the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, working as canal boatmen and fishermen up even to the present day. Speaking of this little known fact, an old canal boat man, a veteran of thirty-five years' service, said:

"When Coxeys' army came through Maryland en route for the capital in 1894 they engaged boats at Cumberland, making a part of the trip by canal. While the great body of this army was made up of tramps who were not seeking work under any circumstances, still there were a few men who were fairly honest in this matter, and who had joined the army in the hope of finding something to do. Many of his soldiers were from the West, and had never seen a canal before in their lives, and for some reason or other the canal life appealed strongly to the bohemian propensities of not a few of them."

"Consequently by the time the army arrived in Washington there were some twenty of them who had hired out as laborers on the canal boats. They remained with us for several years, and as late as 1902 there were still three or four on the canal, though these, I think, have since left it."

"One member of Coxeys' bodyguard, a Western tramp, got tired of marching and dropped out at Cumberland. There he took up quarters in an abandoned shack on the banks of the canal, where he has since lived, earning a living by old jobs and catching fish, which he sells in the town. Everybody in Cumberland knows him as 'Coxey,' such being the nickname given him by the residents of that town."

"Another venerable hobo belonging to this motley horde dropped out in Montgomery County, Maryland, at no great distance from this city. He is known to every one as 'Fog Leg,' he being a cripple. Leaving the army, he built a hut by the towpath out of old crosses, roofing it over with such boards and other material as he could pick up about the neighborhood. This hut is one of the sights along the canal, being a remarkable piece of ingenuity."

"I am not certain, but I think there are some more of these tramps now leading honest lives along the canal, but at any rate these few have remained, preferring life on or by the canal to their former nomad existence."

Rarest of Known Fruits.

The island of Jolo covers fully 320 square miles. It is of coral formation and offers a most excellent harbor to the west. In topography it is gently undulating and covered throughout its entire length by the rankest tropical vegetation, valuable teakwood being found extensively throughout the entire district. Nowhere in the world are more luscious fruits produced.

Among those peculiar to this belt is the durian, which is about the size of a muskmelon. Its exterior presents somewhat the appearance of a chestnut burr, being prickly and tough; within the fruit is white and cheese-like, and owing to this peculiarity the American soldiers dubbed it the "vegetable limburger."

The mangosteen is another of the rare fruits. It is the size of an average orange, chocolate colored and has a very brittle skin. Inside four white sections contain a colorless liquid. This is the rarest fruit known, and the only one, so it is claimed, that Queen Victoria had never tasted, there being no way of preserving the fruit for a sufficient period after plucking to permit of shipping to any distance.—Scientific American.

Quite Right.

Little Marlon's music-teacher, while endeavoring to make plain to her the different note-values, used an apple as an illustration. Cutting it in two, Marlon announced, "Those pieces are halves." On bisecting the halves, she replied, "Quarters," but when it came to dividing one quarter, to bring out the idea of eighths, hers was the wise response, "That's a bite."—Woman's Home Companion.

Qualified.

"We want a man for our information bureau," said the manager, "but he must be one who can answer all sorts of questions and not lose his head."

"That's me," replied the applicant. "I'm the father of eight children."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Might Be Improved.

Harold—What mixture is that you're smoking?

Gerold—Oh, it contains several kinds. I get it down at—

Harold—Put a little breakfast food in it; it would help it some.—Cleveland Leader.

Cafe Inside of an Aquarium.

A novel restaurant at the World's Fair will be one with the walls of the building made of glass tanks in which fishes will swim.

We are in favor of a Real Reform; engaging paid pal bearers. Friends do not like to serve, and if they consent, it is unwillingly.