

FORE SHE WENT.

Things ain't like they used to be
Fore she went away;
Just don't lose the same to me—
Don't—by night or day!

"Do you know the Crown Prince of Austria?" she began.
"No—I left Vienna when only four and—"

On the Arm of a Stiff-Backed Dignitary.

THAT INTERVIEW.

A Newspaper Story.

We were in a parlor car on the Canadian Pacific, forty miles out of Moosejaw, and westward bound.

"Deuced fine looking girl," said Parkin, under his breath.

"Clean built and well groomed," muttered Clarke, critically.

I had been regarding the young woman carefully. She was very pretty, but that was not alone caused me to transgress the rules of good breeding by staring hard at our charming vis-à-vis.

It was like a flash, this gesture of the girl across the way, and possibly I could have been mistaken.

"Let's go and smoke," said Parkin, rising and making for the smoking compartment.

"I'll join you in a moment," I said, and my companions fled out.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I—er—that is—will you grant me a moment's conversation?"

"I shall be profoundly honored," I answered, approaching the plush throne of my fascinating neighbor.

"Fray sit down, er—that is—if I am not disturbing you," she went on, with the sweetest smile in the world.

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tion and discovered your profession. You are a newspaper man."

"True," I said, "but if the Prince will not receive you, he certainly would not listen to my request."

"Here is a plan," went on my journalistic friend. "I must see the Prince; it's absolutely necessary to my future. I am determined to talk to him. There is no one else in this part of the car but ourselves. Suppose you forced an unwelcome attention on me—what would I be most likely to do?"

"You'd run away, wouldn't you?" I hazarded.

"Run where?" she gasped, eagerly. "Here should I run to?"

"Into the next car, by Jove," I answered, catching the daring idea.

"That's it!" and the girl from Frisco literally danced on her seat with delight. "Don't you understand—the Prince is young, he is chivalrous—even hot-headed, they say. If you will pursue me into the next car I will be your friend for life. Will you do it?"

She sat there with both hands extended toward me in an attitude of supplication. I saw Parkin coming down the aisle from the smoker in the rear end, and witnessed the astonishment on his face. He ducked out again as silently as a ghost.

It was risky business, this chasing women into prince's caravans, but still, it was business. Lord, if I could only get that royal Austrian to punch my head, that, and the story leading up to it, would sell like a Yankee toy in the Strand. It was a good enough thing to take a chance on.

"All right," I said; "go on."

Like lightning she was off down the aisle, past the smoking compartment, where my Winnipeg friends were awaiting my arrival, and into the rear coach. Three piercing shrieks, uttered as she disappeared, brought a crowd of foreign notables to her rescue, and I was unceremoniously hustled off the platform by one of the biggest of the lot. The next instant I was struggling desperately in the arms of those three engineers from Winnipeg, who swore I had suddenly gone insane, and wanted to telegraph my friends. It took me half an hour to explain matters to them and to the conductor, whose indignation passed all understanding. Then Miss Stanford emerged leaning on the arm of a stiff-backed dignitary of the Austrian

court, who bowed her into our car with profound ceremony.

"Shake hands!" she cried, her face flashing with excitement and satisfaction—shake both hands—kiss me, if you want to. I've got it—the best story that ever was printed."

motors to drive the machinery on the main floor of their factory, with the further announcement that the managers purposed to introduce electric power in all the departments as soon as the economy of the change should be demonstrated.

Now the Maryland Steel company has followed suit by deciding to make use of electric motors in place of steam engines in its extensive works at Sparrows Point.

The acting superintendent of the electrical department states that it is the intention to utilize electrical power a great deal more in the future than in the past in running the motors in the shops and for other purposes.

All of the small engines will be taken out and the electrical power substituted. This, the superintendent claims, will be a saving to the company.

In running by steam, he says, the loss by condensation is the great number of pipes is very heavy. The substitution of electricity will do away with about twenty-five engines, varying from twenty-five to fifty horse-power.

The change will be made at once. In the case of a large factory, where a single engine was employed to drive many machines, it was found, by recent experiment, that not more than 10 per cent of the initial force was made effective, the remainder being used up in dragging the echevy belts around pulleys and turning shafts that labored in their efforts to resist the strain of the belts.

That single engine has now been replaced by several small and high-speed ones, aggregating 250 horse-power, and the energy is taken from them in the shape of electricity directly to the machines, each machine being run by a separate motor.

All of the overhead network of shafts, wheels and belts has been done away with, with the consequence, aside from the saving of the coal pile, that instead of a dark come a clean, well ventilated and well and dirty room, the main shop has been lighted room.—New York Post.

LIKE THUNDERCLAPS.

How a Fly's Trotting Sounds in a Microphone.

The improvements which W. H. Souby has lately added to the microphone, or "sound magnifier," makes it one of the most marvelous mechanical contrivances of the age.

The special construction of this instrument is of no particular interest to anyone except experts, but what is told of its wonderful powers as a magnifier of sounds well as the scientific and unscientific readers of "Notes for the Curious."

After the instrument had been completed with the exception of a few finishing touches, Souby found it absolutely necessary to keep the door of his workshop tightly closed so as to admit no sounds from the outside, otherwise the intricate rumblings given off by the "ejector" would have become unbearable.

Even with closed doors the cap had to be kept constantly in place on the receiver to keep the instrument from sending forth a roar, which previous investigation had proved to be a combination of sounds produced by watch-beats, breathing, the hum of flies, etc.

A fly walking across the receiver of the instrument made a sound equal to a horse walking across a bridge, and when Mr. Souby held his arm across the box, the blood rushing in his veins gave forth a sound which much resembled that made by the pump of a large steam engine.

The playing of a piano in a house across the street was, when ejected from Souby's machine, like the roar of an avalanche, and the washing of dishes in the kitchen of a house across the alley made a sound which the inventor of the machine said was "a burden to his soul."

When anyone entered the room, walked about, coughed, touched a table or the door handles, the shriek which issued from the ejector was most painful to hear.

Hundreds of uses have been suggested for the microphone, the most practical being those of blood circulation and lung tests.—St. Louis Republic.

A Curious Oath. The following curious oath was until recently administered in the courts of the Isle of Man: "By this book, and by the holy contents thereof, and by the wonderful works that God has miraculously wrought in heaven above and in the earth beneath in six days and seven nights, I do swear that I will, without respect of favor or friendship, love or gain, constancy or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this Isle, and between party and party as indifferently as the herring's backbone doth lie in the middle of the fish."

WHAT YOUR GRANDSON MAY SAY

O, grandma, is it really true That man did once delight To look on girls as goddesses Who dwelt upon a height? O, did they really slave for them And think it was but right?

O, had they then no grievances They organized to air? Did they ne'er vow her tyranny Was more than they could bear, When woman wore a petticoat, And never cut her hair?

O, were men happy subjects once, Of an unconscious queen, Ere yet the sun of Progress came 'Twixt them to intervene— That heavy sea in which, to-day, We watch her throne career?

Was she a thing of beauty once, Ere yet she did afright A wondrous world by blazing out In blundering bedight; Ere Freedom in her books was made Synonymous with 'light?

O, grandma, I was born too late! A lump comes in my throat To think that a divinity, On whom all men might dote, Died an unnatural death the day That woman got a vote.

It was "steamer day" at Sitka and amid all the joyous stir and excitement that the monthly boat brought was one forlorn, unhappy man.

Tom Douglas watched his friends as they eagerly opened their letters and listened with assumed interest to the bits of news they were anxious to share, for at Sitka the population throngs to the wharf when the steamer's whistle is heard and waits the coming of the ship and distribution of the mails.

But Tom's home letter was not a comfort to him. "Well, she is really coming," he thought, "a month from to-day, if the steamer is on time. I will be a married man, worse luck. How can I ever tell Natalia, dear little girl! I wouldn't willingly hurt her tender feelings for \$1,000,000, as hard up as I am." And Tom whistled ruefully.

Tom Douglas was a naval officer, and before being stationed at Sitka he had been on duty a winter in Washington, where he plunged into society with the gay abandon that only a sailor knows, for after three years at sea a young fellow is quite ready for the rush and whirl of the gay capital.

All houses were open to the handsome lieutenant, but there was one where he was especially welcome. The hostess was a pretty widow of some twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age. Her husband, who had died soon after their marriage, seemed not to have had a very strong hold on her affections, for after mourning him decently for a year she had blossomed into the gayest of the gay, and her house became a center for the young officers who had been the friends of her husband.

It was there that Tom spent the most of his time. He dropped in during the morning and discussed the newest gossip or the latest magazines, and came in for a cup of tea in the afternoon and remained till her cozy parlor was empty save for himself and her.

"Are you going to the assembly to-night?" he would ask. "Will you be there, Tom?" Mrs. Deering had such a good fellowship way of using her friends' first names. "Yes, I presume so."

"Well, then, I am going," the little widow would reply. "And that was the way the winter passed, Tom running in at all hours, privileged to smoke or read, to talk or listen, the most indulged of all her callers. When his orders came for his immediate removal to Alaska he put the document in his pocket and went as usual to the cozy home of Mrs. Deering. He told her the news and was really surprised and flattered by her reception of it. She took both his hands in hers and the tears gathered in her bright eyes.

"Oh, Tom," she said, "I hate to have you go."

Now, it never occurred to Lieut. Douglas before, but at this moment the idea did come to him that he was in love with the widow. He drew her to him and kissed away her tears and before he knew it he was engaged to Alice Deering.

He left soon after arranging to have Alice join him later in the summer, but owing to the loss of a distant relative, the heir of whose modest estate she was, her coming had been greatly delayed. It was now more than a year since Tom and she had parted in Washington. In the meantime Tom whittled away his leisure hours in the somewhat narrow circle of Sitka society, but in that narrow circle he had found a fair Russian flower that he knew bloomed for him. Though Tom had not made love to Natalia—she was too honorable for that—they had been together constantly, and each knew instinctively what was in the other's heart.

"I believe I'll go and tell Natalia all," Tom continued to muse, "right now, for of course, as a gentleman and officer I am bound to keep my word, and my word is given to marry Alice—er—! I wish I had never been born. She, too, poor girl, may discover that my love has somewhat cooled. If it ever was love, it never was the same feeling that I have for dear little Natalia, bless her loving heart!"

"So Tom went to Natalia and told her that he was engaged, and that another month would see him married. Her delicate face whitened, but, controlling herself, she said: "I congratulate you, Mr. Douglas. Then, bursting into tears, she turned away. The sight of her tears was too much for Tom. Embracing her tenderly, he said: "I love you, Natalia, darling. Oh, that I had met you first! My fondness for Alice was but a fleeting thing, and my love for you will last forever!"

Pressing warm kisses on her lips, he held her close.

"Leave me, Tom. It is right for you to keep your word, but you should have told me of your engagement before. We had best part now. Good-bye."

"But can't I come to see you, Natalia, as usual?" "Why, certainly not, Mr. Douglas. It would only be painful, for we can never, from this time forward, be anything but the most formal of friends."

Tom was touched by the simple dignity of the young Russian girl, whose quiet life had been spent by the seashore under the shadow of the mountains, far from the noise of city or town, so he bowed to her will. Their parting was a heartbreaking one to both.

"Natalia, I can't bear to leave you. I must have you, dearest." "There, go now. This is only foolishness."

"Well, then, let me kiss you for the last time, darling," pleaded Tom. Natalia put up her little tear-stained face and Tom silently kissed her and went away.

That month passed only too quickly for poor Tom, who looked with dread toward the coming of the steamer. He studiously avoided Natalia, denying himself the regular afternoon walk to the Indian river, which is the event of the day to all the white people at Sitka. He kept close to his rooms when not on board ship, cursing the mistake of his life which was so soon to make an unwilling bridegroom of him.

Natalia, whose soft, brown eyes were red with weeping, life seemed a dreary blank now that the daily visits of Tom had ceased. There appeared in her mental horizon nothing for which to live. She wondered how she had existed before he came to Sitka. But then she had been busy with her lessons, and now, in the idea of her old-fashioned father, her simple education was complete, and it was time for her to marry one of the Russian lads who sought her hand.

The next "steamer day" Tom Douglas was seen rushing madly to Natalia's home. The neighbors who, of course had noted his long absence, were greatly surprised.

"Natalia, Natalia!" he cried, as soon as she came into the quaint drawing room to receive him. "I've come to ask you to be my wife. Dearest, say yes, at once!"

"Why, Tom, are you crazy? What has become of Alice?" "Well, by George, Natalia, she is married. Just think of it—married! And I am the happiest man on earth. A pardoned convict's feelings of relief are not to be compared to mine. You see, soon after she left Washington she met an old sweetheart whom she had cast off to marry Mr. Deering, whose position and prospects seemed better. In the meantime this old fellow had made a fortune, and as he was on his way to Alaska for a pleasure trip they decided also to make it also a wedding trip and break the news to me in person. Rather awkward, you might think, but I congratulated them with all my heart and thanked my stars for my freedom. Come, little girl, put on your hat, and I'll take you down to the steamer to see the bride, and I'll introduce to her my fiancee, because you say 'yes' don't you, dear?"

"I suppose so, Tom; but it's all so sudden. Shall I wear my legionnaire hat?" St. Louis Republic.

A Snake Hangs Itself. The following snake story is vouched for by several persons whose veracity is beyond question, one of them being a leading lawyer here for his health, and another a preacher:

Yesterday Arthur Ellen and James Woodell, while in the mountains near Addison, Wis., caught a large black snake. The reptile was a big one, but not remarkably large. A string was tied around its neck and it was brought to Woodell's house, where it was killed to a stake. Woodell's children were much interested in it, and provided it with sticks till the snake became wild with rage. It being a harmless variety, it was decided later to let it go and see what it would do.

The snake crawled off slowly until it came to a small apple tree, which it climbed till the first limb was reached. Out on this it crawled until it found a branch about twice as large as its own body. It stretched itself along the limb and, doubling itself about the middle, began to wind the rear half of its body around the front half till it was about the shape of two 'wires' which a lineman has spliced. The winding process was kept up, the coils moving forward and tightening till the middle and strongest part of its body covered its head. Then the snake deliberately put on the pressure and squeezed its head till it burst open and death relieved it.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Nordau and the Degenerates. Not a few of my adversaries have found refuge in the contemptuous assertion that I showed no comprehension of the men whom I subjected to my analysis. I had no conception of poetry or art. I wonder if these phrases have made any impression upon my readers. I have no need of answering them. I have devoted much space in my book to the pretension of the degenerates that they have a finer intelligence and more delicate perceptions than those who deny the beauty of green-tinted human faces, senselessly raving verses, and idiotic marionette dramas. This pretension is scarcely worth a shoulder-charge. To disprove it would be absurd. The black cannibals from whose feats Livingstone turned away with horror grinned at him and said: "You have no taste. You do not know what is good." These cannibals were firmly convinced that Livingstone lacked all higher intelligence.—A Reply to My Critics, by Max Nordau in The Century.

"The World is Mine." "What's the matter?" asked the policeman. "Haven't you any place to go?" "Any place to go?" replied Meandering Mike, with contempt. "I've got the whole United States before me. I've got so many places to go to that it's worryin' me dizzy makin' up my mind which way ter start."—Washington Star.

A NEW AMERICAN EDEN.

Queer Legends of Turnips and Pumpkins—Where Immigrants are Wanted. New York Tribune.

There is a man here from Georgia burdened with schemes for making his region prosperous. He owns land by the thousand acres and thinks that if he can persuade immigrant farmers to buy of him it will be to their everlasting prosperity, and help him along in the world, besides doing a little for his state. He doubts not that his motives are patriotic. "The people of Georgia," he says, "don't bother their heads about immigration. Foreigners may come there if they want to, but they've got to come without begging. We don't mind their coming if they'll settle among us and learn our ways, but we don't want 'em in colonies, bringing their socialism and communism and their other isms with them to destroy the peace of our state. Give us immigration, but not colonization." That's the way they talk and that's why we've had no agent to turn foreigners down our own way.

"What inducements have you to offer to farmers?" "Nothing extra'ordinary, I reckon. My region's the Eden of America. That's all. Ain't no place that can beat it for crops."

"Corn?" "One hundred and thirty bushels to the acre. Plant in April and gather in November. One plowing, no hoeing. Fodder till you can't rest. Have to pull it from horseback. Why? Stalks so high can't reach to the top. There's only one trouble with growing corn in Georgia; you don't have enough nubbins to feed your steers."

"Nubbins for steers?" "That's what's the matter. The ears are so big that a steer can't get 'em in his mouth. See? You've got to chop 'em up, and that takes time."

"Do you grow potatoes?" "Sweet? No. They grow themselves. We just give 'em half a chance. Run a furrow in the sand, drop in your seed, cover it with your foot as you go along and leave the crop to itself. It grows summer and winter and you needn't ever dig it for a year or two. Of course, by-and-by the taters get too big to be good. At 18 months old half a one makes a meal for ten persons."

"And turnips?" "A few. It don't take many to do us. We didn't sow the seed as your Northern farmers do. We check off the turnip patch like a chess-board, making the corners eight feet apart, so that the turnips won't crowd. It don't do to have the turnips too thick. How large do they grow? Well, I had 14 merino sheep, fine fellows they were, and I used to fold 'em every night for fear of dogs. One day three of the biggest were missing and the whole farm turned out to find 'em. We hunted for 'em for two days, killed 17 dogs on suspicion, and gave up the search. The next day I found the three inside of one of my turnips. You see they had jumped into the turnip patch and eaten their way right into one of the vegetables."

"How could you feed such things to your stock?" "Oh, we have to chop 'em up. I use a 15-foot cross-cut saw on mine."

"How about pumpkins?" "Pumpkins? They fairly sweat, they grow so fast. There ain't no prettier music than the sound of growing pumpkins. Best scare-crow in the world, self-acting. Crows and blackbirds worried us lots until I made the discovery. Plant one in your raspberry patch and the birds won't come around. Why? The growing pains and the groans of the pumpkin frighten 'em away. Ever hear of Punkin Vine creek? Got its name from a punkin vine. Years ago, when the Cherokee Indians lived in North Georgia, they wanted some sort of a bridge across the creek. There wasn't a tree around, and they didn't know what to do. An old settler said he'd fix it. He planted a punkin seed near the bank, and when the vine began to grow, he trained it in the direction of the water. In a few days it grew across to the other bank, and bore a big punkin on that side, which held it so that the Indians could cross. Any old farmer down there'll tell you that story. From what I've seen of pumpkins I readily believe it."

"Is your's a good fruit country? any apples?" "More'n we know what to do with. I turned my hogs and my neighbors into my orchard the other day to see if they couldn't rid me of a few bushels of the fruit. They didn't do much good. I drove through the next day with a horse and buggy. The apples were so thick on the ground that there was a regular slide of cider following me wherever I went. Mashed out, you know, by the wheels and the horse's hoofs. That'll give you some idea of our fruit crops. Anything else you'd like to know?"

"Is it all like what you've been telling me?" "Every man for himself, you know. I'm talking for my own region. I haven't traveled much."

"Do you mean to say—?" "Y'ing man, I haven't got time to go into details. Do you want to go to Georgia? Come down and start a newspaper."

A wooden ship of 2,628 tons is a curiosity indeed, and it is no wonder that the people of the whole surrounding country poured into Rockport, Maine, to see the launch of the big four-master Fredrick Billings.

Benson's watch, the size of a sixpence, creates quite a sensation at the London "Inventions." There is another the size of a shilling, which shows the time, the year, the month, the day of the month and week, and the phase of the moon. It arranges itself to suit the exigencies of leap year, and performs all these various functions by being wound as an ordinary watch, but less complicated chronometer. It reports, when required, the hours, the quarters, and minutes on a deep-toned gong. It is priced at £500.



"I Shall Be Profoundly Honored."

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Miss Stanford smiled graciously. "That was nice of you," she said quietly, and there without more ado, went at the heart of her dilemma.

THE ELECTRIC MOTOR.

It is Displacing Steam as a Power-Generating Machine. New examples of the tendency to replace steam engines by electric motors are daily coming to public notice. Only recently it was announced that the Baldwin Locomotive works in Philadelphia had substituted electric