"CASTLE DANGEROUS."

[Comfort Marshall in Chicago Ledger.]

It was a beautiful pair of curly, tawny-colored cubs that Col. Simon Whitney brought home with him from the i.and of the Sun, where he had been a resident as nited States consul for several years.

pies, Col. Whitney was accompanied in ourney home by an additional weight on his mind in the shape of his bright, laughing ward, Eva Loudon, an orphan left in his care by the dying wishes of her parents, who, far away from their sunny i nglish home, had be-queathed their darling to the gentle, kindly old man who attended them in their last sickness among strangers.

Eva was of half Spanish origin, and possessed the lovely dark eyes of the fascinating women of that country, with a singular combination of vivacity, spirit, and gentleness If, in time, old Col. Whitney's pity for the orphan be-came changed into something deeper than a mere fatherly affection, it was a secret that remained buried in his own heart-a heart that, like an apple dried and withered, was yet sound and sweet to the core.

If there was one thing more than another that endeared pretty Eva to his heart, it was her fondness for his pets, the little cubs Czar and Khedive. She taught them many of the little tricks that are usually taught to dogs, and the sensible creatures early displayed an aptness for learning that delighted their young mistress, and sent their master into ecstacies of fond admiration. The only pet that Eva herself possessed was given her by a sailor on board ship, who died before the voyage ended. This pet was a much-loved parrot who had been taught to speak, and to Eva's horror-as she afterward discovered-to curse most volubly in excellent i nglish.

With his ward and his pets Col. Whitney set up an establishment of modest excellence, and Eva was given every advantage of completing her much neglected education. A particular room was furnished with a view to the comfort of the young lions, which, when discovered by the neighbors, raised a thrill of horror through their bones at this reckless tempting of Providence. They all declared that he ought to be indicted, but when, at the colonel's invitation, they came to inspect the terrible, ravenous beasts, and found, instead, two playful, cub-looking puppies; they changed their tune and then closed their lips when they discovered from their surroundings that the colonel was a wealthy man.

It is generally considered best not to meddle in any way with a rich man, for by many is considered as a symbol of the lever with which Archimedes would fain have lifted the world. The poor man is generally shoved to the wall, but the rich man has all his own way, and so in this instance Col. Whitney found the reputation of his wealth to shut the mouth and close the eyes of all persons predisposed against his beloved animals. Ilis heart was so wrapped up in the playful little fellows that he indeed told Eva that rather than be forced to give them up he would return to the land from whence he had come, and there keep them in safety. It was whispered among some of his socalled friends that one reason of his strange infatuation was that the years agone his lady-love in in that far-away country had been killed and eaten by a lioness who in turn was killed and her cubs taken and reared, and so on down to the present generation. That the present cubs were symbols, or all left to represent the departed lady, and this was the reason for the colonel's fondness for them. This, however, we are safe in saying is a rather wild story, and highly improbable and not worthy the being argued for or against. Among the visitors at Col. Whitney's establishment was his nephew, a young man just entered manhood, but still very boyish in his ways. Tom Whitney was his name, and a great favorite with his uncle, who had a great liking for the young fellow. Tom Whitney soon became as fond of the cubs as their old master, and as frequent and ardent a worshipper as even he could have desired. How much his frequency of visits may have been owing to the presence of Eva Loudon we can not tell, but certainly a friendliness rapid in its growth-of which the key is possessed by the young-sprang up between the young people. Together they taught the young cubs tricks, together they played with them and quarreled with each other, the whole of which was watched by Col. Whitney with a smile and a sigh. Time passed swiftly by, and the cubs assumed larger proportions, growing more mighty and clumsy as Tom found in his weekly visits to the apartment consigned to their use. He still, however, continued his frolics with them, and he and Car would have frequent little contests with each other, and Col. Whitney warned Tom repeatedly that he was ruining the animal's temper, and he would finally be forced to shut them up entirely. Eva's parrot, who stayed in the same room with the cubs, seemed to take the greatest delight in these little battles and would flop his wings with the greatest gravity and yell out: "Go it, boys!" Ha! ha! ha!" So thoroughly imbued was the bird with the spirit of mischief and desire for wrangling that Tom took a great dislike to it, much to Eva's chagrin. One day the crisis came. Tom went to his uncle's residence, stopping on the way; boy-like, he whittled at a stick, and cutting his hand he staunched the blood with his handkerchief, and thrusting it into his pocket he threw away the stick and proceeded, gayly whistling, to his uncle's house. Col. Whitney and Eva were neither at home, and the door being locked, Tom admitted himself through the window and proceeded to

was becoming tired he endeavored to stop in his usual manner of throwing the animal down and placing his foot on and then listening intently heard a his head. Czar, however, resisted the being thrown, but, standing upright with his fore-paws on Tom's chest, the latter began to back, laughingly, from him, round the room. Unfortunately, his foot tripped, and down he went with bones.

ar right on top of him. The animal gave a sniff, and then a ow. peculiar call at which Khedive wiftly advanced from the corner, where he had been sulkily watching the ostling. With a blaze of his small eyes, and a low growl, he raised his large paw, preparatory to giving Tom a stroke | lad gained access by climbing, he ran to his feet with a combined feeling of fear and anger endeavoring to take possession of him. Both animals now stood before him, their tails angrily whipp ng back and forth, and when Tom spoke roaxingly to them their only response was a growl.

Iom, though a tall stripling, was not match in strength for two angry young lions, though well capable of managing one, and so he decided to beat a retreat to the door, which was on the opposite side of the room. Long used to frolics of only a friendly nature, ha ould not bring himself to believe that here was any danger from these curlyhaired friends, and so, stamping his oot in his usual impetuous manner, he commanded in as angry a tone as he could consume:

"Down, Czar! Down, Khedive!"

Neither animal paid any heed to his words, but kept up a swift slashing of their tails, whilst their small eyes, redly ominous, sparkled virulently, in their arge, heavy heads.

Then, Tom, alive now to be the necessity of the case, changed his tactics, and, snapping his fingers in a friendly manner, called, coaxingly:

"Here now, Czar-poor fellow."

It flashed over him as he spoke that he was more of a "poor fellow" than Czar was, but being in no position to choose his words he used more language to the same effect.

The only reply elicited from the horrible beasts was a low growl, and then, observing that Khedive was slowly slipping around to the back and Czar assuming a crouch preparatory to a spring, Tom came to a rapid conclusion that he would have to run for it.

He made a dash for the door, and as he did so both animals sprang on him roaring with rage and gnashing their fierce white teeth as they all rolled over together. The parrot screamed out with delight.

"Kill! Kill him! Go it, boys. Ha! ha! ha!"

At this critical moment the door flew open and Col. Whitney, breathless with running, rushed in and laid his cane vigorously about him.

There was no response made to his summons and he knocked louder still, sound that chilled his flesh with horror. There was a low growling and mumbling, and shaking of a heavy bodymuch the same as a cat shakes a mouse -and then a sharp crunching, as of

Tom was paralyzed with dread. He knew that the lions were never allowed to leave their den, and such sounds issuing from his uncle's room were ominous.

Remembering a window that opened on a shed to which he had often as a on the head, when the latter struggled | thither, and in a few minutes was on the shed, and stealing softly to the window, peeped in.

hedive was running swiftly around. nosing about the apartment, while har with freocious growls and mumides was tearing and shaking to and fro at something that had on e had the shape and form of life. Little pools of blood lay about the floor, and near the window through which Tom was peering were several tufts of short, grizzled hair. Tom nearly fell off the shed in a paroxyism of apprehension when he remembered then not having seen Eva. His hand incautiously struck against the window pane, and both easts looking up with a roar detected him, and bounding against the glass smashed out several panes in their fury.

It did not take Tom a minute to dash for the pillar by which he had ascended and to slip down with a lightning-like rapidity. Then, with a pale face he re-entered the house determined to search every nook and corner until he discovered Eva.

She was not in her room, and closing her door softly, he wandered through the great, lonely house, calling her name loudly, and every moment hoping against hope to see her dainty form come tripping forth and to hear from her laughing lips that the ghastly tragedy enacted above was but the flitting dream of an idle brain. Only the faint echoes, dimly afar, answered his loud cries, and every now and then a louder roar or a heavy spring as the lions paced back and forth in the room above.

At last it seemed to him that he heard a faint answer in response to one of his loudest cries. It seemed to come from the lion's den that lay beyond his uncle's room, to which the only a cess was through the apartment where the beasts were holding their carni-al.

Tom, quickly making up his mind, seized his uncle's old Colt's revolvers that were hanging, loaded, in the hall. Thrusting them into the holders and buckling the belt round his waist, he ran out to the shed, and, unickly mounting the pillar, was soon on top of the slippery shingles, regardless of the

EUROPE'S ROYAL WOMEN.

Victoria and Alexandra-Ex-Queen Isabella-Oiga, of Greece,

[Olive Harper in New York World.] Queen Victoria I saw twice while in England-once on the platform of a railway station, and a second time walking in the grounds of Windsor castle. The first time she was accompanied by her suit and probably by her faithful John Brown, and the second time she had two little girls with her and a tall man servant walking sedately in the rear. The queen looked just as do her pictures, with the exception that her color and her eyes, her mouth and her gross figure all give her a very common appearance, and she looks like one who, were she not a queen, would be called a hard drinker, judging from her appearance. There is nothing regal, not even dignified, in her manuer or walk. She wears very large shoes, and dresses in deep mourning, with a widow's cap. She has no grace of figure or outline, and, in short, her whole appearance knocks to splinters the theory of patrican birth evidenced in appearance. Of course this is but a superficial judgment. Her daughter-in-law Alexandra, Lowever, has every grace and digaity and attribute we involuntarily bestow upon princesses. She is everything that is noble and engaging, and she draws all hearts to her. Her children rescande her. Her features and form are those of the highest mussian type, and that type is model. Mrs. MacGahan, the widow of the war correspondent, who is now, 1 believe, in Toledo, and who is a Russian lady, resembles the Princess Alexandra very closely.

The Princess Alexandra is very often seen in London, driving about with one or more of her children, and is often met in the South Kensington and British museums, where I have seen her. She always dresses on these occasions with the most extreme simplicity. The empress of Austria, on the contrary, dresses with the greatest elegance at all compatible with the occasion. I have seen her many times in the Vienna exhibition, alway dressed magnificently in satins and rare laces. She mingles freely among the people and displays her rarely beautiful smiles for all alike. She has the most superb head of chestnut hair, wavy and glossy, that I ever saw, and she walks erect and with a grace of motion seldom seen in women. She has large eyes, full of fire and spirit as well as affection, and is altogether a most beautiful woman, tall and lithe. I have seen her in royal pageants dressed in regal state, and on horseback, where she is indeed a splendid sight, dressed in velvet, gold-laced and bejeweled riding habits, and I have seen her on the Prater in the evenings, at the opera at night, and, severest tes

Practical Uses of Wind Power.

[From Farm, Field and Stockman, March 5.]

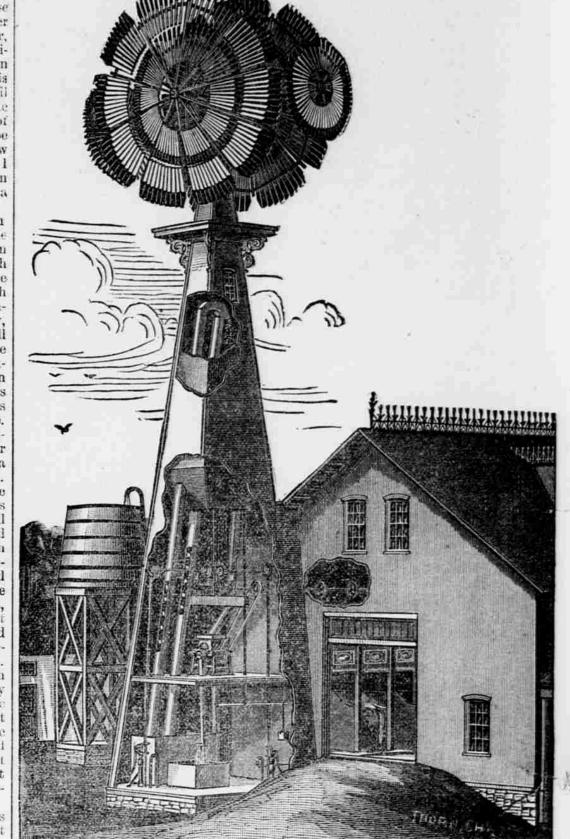
There is a rapidly increasing demand from farmers, dairymen and stockmen for a wind mill that will not only pump water, but also furnish power for running machinery used about the barn and dairy. These are a feed grinder, corn sheller, wood saw, churn, grindstone, or feed cutter, and even running threshing machines. All this has successfully been done by wind power. Millers, too, are beginning to see the value of wind as a cheap power, and are crecting large mills for custom work.

The illustration represents a Challenge Double Header and mill erected at the end of a barn, and running a Challenge Feed Mill, corn sheller, pumps, etc., and to which also could be attached any of the other machinery mentioned above, a wood saw or threshing machine, or, in fact, any kind of machinery that can be run by water or steam power. This company and their predecessors have made senting a reduced surface of the wheel the Challenge Wind Mills since 1870, and sideways to the wind, and what surface

all wind mill men who are posted in their

business. The Challenge Company not only gain in presenting their mill squarely to the wind at all times, but another vital point is they present each slat of their wheel at all times at the same angle. It is manifest to any one who has made wind mills a study, that if not held squarely to the wind at all times, the mill not only loses a large amount of power, by presenting to the wind a greatly reduced area of surface, but it loses a great amount of power by presenting what surface it has left at an entirely different angle to what it did when held square to the wind. To prove this, take a position in front of a mill, let power be applied, and if the mill swerves or climbs around sideways it loses power.

So if you can see through the wheel between slats on certain portions of it, permitting the wind to pass entirely through without leaving any impression on the wheel, it is robbed of its power. In other words, they lose power by pre-senting a reduced surface of the wheel



The change was instantaneous. Czar, growling fiercely, retreated to a corner, while Knedive fawned abjectly at Col. Whitney's feet, and the parrot remarked in her sweetest tones:

"Good boys. Kiss and be friends! Folly loves good boys."

"I wish Polly belonged to me. I'd cut her head off," said Tom, who, ragged and heated, was standing by his uncle. I don't know how it happened," he continued, in answer to his uncle's juestioning glance.

"It's a lie! Tommy tells a lie!" shrieked the parcot, angrily.

Eva, who was standing in the door. burst out laughing, and Tom shook his list at the bird, and, drawing out his handkerchief, mopped his face vigorously. Col. Whitney, who was watching him, gravely amused, started vioiently, for both beasts had arisen simultaneously, and were watching Tom intently, while a little nervous twitch of their tails indicated a renewal of hostilities.

"Where did that blood come from on your handkerchief," cried the colonel, energetically; "for heaven's sake put it up, for see how excited they are becom-

"Only cut my finger this morning on my way here," returned Tom, carelessly thrusting his handkerchief in his pocket. 'That fully accounts for their attacking you," said the colonel: "how could you be so unpardonably careless, Tom: I was certain my pretty darlings could not be behaving badly without good reason," he continued, fondly patting Khedive on his head.

"I am sure I didn't know," returned Tom, a little angrily, "that the nasty beasts minded the smell of blood."

"They don't mind it, Tom," said the old gentleman, chuckling, "they dote on it-and that is the cause of the warm greeting you received this morning."

"Won't you have to part with them now?" said i.va, a little anxiously, approaching Tom and laying a soft hand on his ragged shoulder, and looking

gravely at Col. Whitney. "Part with them?" thundered the old colonel, angrily, "certainly not-you must be dreaming, Eva. Tom must just keep away from here after what has occurred, for the cubs will never forget or forgive him again."

"I think, uncle, they are getting dangerous," said Tom, with a little glance at his torn garmeuts.

"Danger." shouted the old colonel, rascibly, "I would part with my great grandmother before I'd part with my ions."

Tom said no more, but took his departure, the parrot accompanying him to the door and calling after him:

"Good-bye, Tommy-come again! Ha!

Tom sailed his cap at the bird and knocked him over, and with a torrent f profanity following him, he ran lightly down the steps waving his cap to Eva, and his uncle, who were watching him from the door.

The next morning Tom concluded to again saunter down to his uncle's residence, and see if the young lions had forgotten their recent display of hostility.

He ran up the steps with a light heart, the little ones." and letting himself in at the door he with monstrous clamor round and the lion's room. Khedive, for some was greeted with a discordant laugh by round the cage, while the culprit sat Not Anonymously. cause unknown, had retreated, sulkily the parrot, who called out gaily: regarding them and jabbering with [The Current.] "Devil to pay, Tommy. Ha! Ha! James Payn, in his "Literary Recol to a corner, and could not be induced joy. Some little time after the performlections" now in course of publication to come out. Czar and Tom, therefore, Hal" Tom, who could not abide the in The Independent, earnestly advises bird, for he said often to Eva that he ance was repeated, the old monkey and had the floor to themselves, and they young authors not to publish their his friend having settled in the corner, had several particularly rough tussels. seemed like an evil spirit in disguise, WILLIAM MeINTYRE, and the assault and wrongful punishmade a cut at him with a switch, but works anonymously. "If one," he Czar seemed to be trying his strength ment occurring as before. Once again the bird dodged it adroitly. Then runwisely says, "has any personality beby playfully springing against Tom with all bis might, which Tom resisted the trick was tried, but the friend who ning up the stair-case he knocked impelonging to one (whether it is spelt with CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER. tuously at his uncle's door, through had twice suffered was shamming sleep an 'i' or not) is just as well to claim it by holding him of at arm's length and this time, and caught the culprit in the whose room he would have to pass beotherwise some one is sure to do so " laughing a most exasperating laugh CULBERTSON. NEBRASKA, fore reaching the lion's den, which act, and, with the help of the old monthat always seemed to have the effect Professor W. A. Henry: There is perkey, gave him a good drubbing, which, connected by a small passage-way behaps one farmer in ten that keeps recorda if desired. Work done on short notice. of angering the creature. This conindeed, he well deserved. tinued for some time, and as Tom tween.

number of persons, summoned by the servants, who were at a safe distance in the crowd outside of the fence.

On his hands and knees he cautiously crept to the win low, when he suddenly saw Czar's huge face rear itself against the window frame in front of him. With a beating heart, but a steady aim, he let loose a bullet right in his eve, and in the midst of a roar the ani mal fell over dead. Then, creeping close to the window, he fired several shots at khedive, and had the satisfaction of seeing him bite the dust in a figurative way.

The crowd in the street then gave a loud hurrah, as they saw what was left of the sash raised, and Tom leap nimbly into the room.

With a heart beating almost to suffocation, he flew through the passageway leading to the lion's den, and, throwing open the door, almost fell into Evas arms.

"My dear girl," said Tom, giving her a boyish hug as he said it, "I am so glad to find you safe-but poor Uncle imon-isn't it dreadful!"

"What is so dreadful about Uncle Simon?" said a cheery voice, approaching from another part of the room.

"Oh, Uncle Simon!" said Tom. "I made certain that you were gone upthat it was you the dirty beasts were making no bones of, and shaking about at such a rate."

"It came near being my body, at any rate," said the the old man, soberly, for the passage door was uncautiously left unfastened last night, and at daylight this morning both broke into my room, and had it not been for my poor dog they would have made short work of me. As it was, Eva, who came running at my cry of alarm, came near being sacrificed. It was my poor Llewellyn that you heard them growling over and devouring at such a rate this morning.

The old colonel looked mournfully at his two pets as they lay with their jaws dyed in blood on the floor of the sleeping room. Whether the thought of his reported dead love was the cause of the heavy sigh that escaped his lips is not recorded, but, suffice it to say, he made no expressions of regret or otherwise.

Shortly after there was a wedding at 'Castle Dangerous''-as the neighbors in the beginning sportively termed Col. Whitney's residence. Is it necessary to add that the bride was pretty Eva Loudon and the bridegroom was Thomas Whitney!

A Monkey's Trick.

(Philadelphia Call.)

An old monkey sat cozily asleep in a snug corner, with a friend nestling against him and indulging likewise in a comfortable snooze. Presently a young skylarker approached them somewhat timidly, and, squatting beside his friend, sat quietly for some seconds, then suddenly, as if possessed by some malicious inspiration, he reached his arm out cautiously, behind the slumbering friend, and gave the elderly monkey a whacking box on the ear. He, waking in just wrath, and unsuspicious of the truth-for the culprit was now shamming sleep and looked the picture of innocence-flew upon his friend with an indictment for assault, and chased him of all, at the exposition, under the hard and searching light of day, and I declare still that she is a beautiful woman. Once at the exhibition she stepped on my toes, and, I must admit. hurt my most precious corn, and she made more apologies than I should have thought necessary had I been the one to squeeze her imperial toes, and when she found that I could not speak anything but "American," she held quite a little chat with me, much to the scandal of her followers.

Very different to her in manaer was the ex-Queen Isabella, whom 1 also met with the young King Alphonso, who, however, was not a king then, but just a nice boy of somewhere about 20. She is short, gross and fat, and with a most repulsive countenance wherein it seemed to me all the low passions predominated. She was dressed very plainly as to material and color, though it does not seem to me that any amount of jewels or robes could transform her into anything more regal. The went about cheapening diflarge trade in that direction, and are ferent articles like a market-woman, and steadily increasing their trade in that puffing and panting along, her huge bust line, yet they make their greatest claims and stomach shaking as she walked, on their geared mills, and judging from the hundreds of testimonials shown us and pudgy hands thrust into immense gloves, altogether making a picture not pleasant to see.

Queen Olga, of Greece, I also saw at years, they certainly have a mill to be the Vienna exhibition, as well as afterward, when I was in Athens, and she is one of the handsomest women I have ever seen, queen or otherwise. She is rather tall, most exquisitely built, with small hands and feet, thick dark hair, large brown eyes, with eyelashes that are simply wonderful, and with a pure, wheel to creep, awerve or veer round cream complexion as rare as it is beautiful. She is very fond of horseback riding and looks well in the saddle, but I love her best when with her children or with ladies. She is irresistibly lovely it matters not whether the wind is blowand charming then. It is but fair to say that she is adored by her husdand and her people. She is fond of knitting lace-work, such as is done in Turkey, and giving it to ladies who please her in any way.

I saw the empress of Prussia once only, and then but indistinctly. She was with the emperor, and they visited Vienna together. After sitting for hours to see the royal cortege pass the window, at last my patience was rewarded by seeing a carriage dash by as rapidly as possible, and in it were seated the grizzly old emperor William and a withered, frail-looking old woman almost hidden in wraps and laces, and that was her majesty the empress of Prussia.

> The Logie of Conquest. [The Current.]

It is safe to say that, if there shall prove to be any way for England to keep Egypt, the land of the Pharaohs will be retained as a part of the British cupire. Napoleon always favored conferences. They consumed time and bound nobody to anything. From the first gun that opened on Alexandria and Arabi in 1882, conquest has been the secret and logical thought. Says the first fisherman: "Mastor I marvel how the fishes live in the sea!"---and the second fisherman might have answered as aptly: "Why," as nations a-land-the great ones eat up

THE CHALLENGE WINDMILL IN OPERATION.

Canada, and to many foreign countries.

While they have manufactured thousands

of pumping wind mills, and have a very

while in their office a short time since,

from purchasers having their mills in use

The greatest trouble among manufact-

wheel squarely to the eye of the wind,

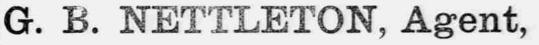
held squarely to the wind at all times,

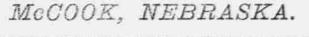
could buy with profit.

they do present is at an improper angle the celebrated Challenge Feed Mills several years previous to that time. This admitting that when a mill is square to the wind the slats are at the proper company is one of the largest manufacturers of geared wind mills, and they ship angle. This, we believe, all admit. them to every part of this country and

The Challenge Company are conserva-tive, but we are informed that they challenge any one to put up a geared mill against one of their Challenge Mills of the same size, and they agree to do from twenty-five to two hundred per cent more work, and are willing to put up any reasonable amount of money on the result.

Their celebrated Challenge Feed Mills have been manufactured since 1860, and Mr. Nelson Burr, the inventor, who is a continuously for the past two to twelve thoroughly practical mechanic, has chargo of that department in their works. He proud of, and one that every farmer has from time to time made valuable improvements, which still keep the old reliable Challenge abreast of all competitors. There are over 15,000 of these mills urers has been to keep the face of the in use. They are so well and favorably because as soon as power was applied to known that they speak for themselves. They are said to be the first successful the wheel the tendency was for the iron mill put on the market, and, we beon the tower. The Challenge folks have lieve, generally are so acknowledged. We can recommend this company as perfectovercome this tendency to swerve or veer ly reliable, and the goods they manufactout of the wind, and by a simple device ure are first-class in every respect and of patented by them their geared mills are good material. For further particulars and prices, we advise our readers to write ing five or forty miles an hour; the mill to the Challenge Wind Mill and Feed Mill faces the wind under all conditions. Co., Batavia, Illinois. If you mention This is the vital point of a geared wind this paper they will be glad to furnish mill, and is so recognized, we believe, by | full information.







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Brand as cut on side of