SINGULAR WELL IN KAUAI.

Observers May Tell the Time of Day by Watching Its Waters.

A most curious phenomenon has been observed in the flow of an artesian well on Kealia plantation, Kauai. The water has regular variations in its flow, being lowest at 8 o'clock in the morning, gradually rising until it attains its greatest flow at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and then as gradually falling until 8 o'clock in the morning.

Manager George H. Fairchild of the plantation thus describes the peculiar phenomenon:

"The top of the pipe is thirteen feet above sea level. At eight feet there is a flow of about 1,000,000 gallons in twenty-four hours. By adding five feet more of pipe the flow stops. We have had this extra five feet of pipe on top of the well for a month or more, waiting for extra pipe to conduct the water to the mill where it is to be used. We have noticed a peculiar action of this column of water, and I have been unable to find any explanation of it. If the publication of the facts will lead to an explanation I will be very much gratified.

"The column of water in this five feet additional pipe placed to prevent the flow at 8 o'clock in the morning is at its lowest point one and one-half inches below the top of the pipe. Then it rises until at noon it begins to flow over the pipe. The flow increases until 2 o'clock, when there is quite a flow. From that time it gradually falls, until at 11 o'clock at night there is a very slight flow, and this ceases at 1 o'clock in the morning, the water gradually falling until it reaches the lowest point, at 8 o'clock, when it begins to rise again.

"It has been suggested that this change in flow is due to the tides or to the rotation of the earth or to the influence of the sun. It is interesting and I should like a satisfactory explanation."

Representative McCandless says regarding this phenomenon that in his experience where an artesian well is influenced by the tides the water never rises above sea level.—Hawaiian Star.

His Measure.

A very slight knowledge of politics will enable the reader to see that the following bit of pleasantry, found in the Indianapolis Journal, is mathematically correct.

"Pa," said little Tommy, "what does the paper mean by calling Mr. Jones an eight-by-ten politician?"

"I think, my boy, it means he is not exactly square," replied Tommy's father.

Depressing.

"I am told that he is her fifth husband."

"Say, it must be awful to a man to feel that his wife looks on him as a mere habit."—Indianapolis Journal.

She Just Threw Him In.

Mrs. Telfair (interviewing applicant for position of "first-class cook")—Can you make all kinds of soups, entrees and sweets?

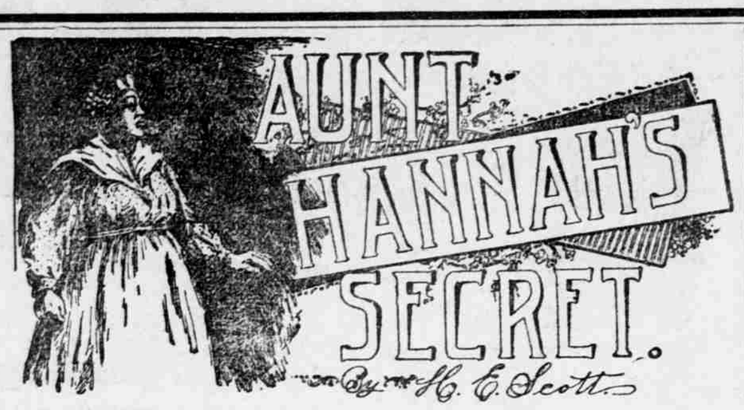
Cook—Oh, yes'm.

Mrs. Telfair (who, on account of past experience, is incredulous)—How do you make it?

Cook—Oh, just like any one else does.

Mrs. Telfair (persistently)—Give me your recipe.

Cook (hesitatingly)—Well, I just make a good, fine soup, and then I gets the little mock turtles and I throws 'em in.—Tit-Bits.



CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Quickly turning from the desk, Robert placed a hand on the shoulder of Uncle Duke, who knelt moaning at his old master's side.

"Uncle Duke," he said, "you know where Detective Sellars lives on Princes street. Surely you do not believe me guilty of your master's murder. Can you take Mr. Sellars this note? The assassin of your master must be brought to justice. Are you strong enough?"

"Yes, yes, Mars Robert! God bless you, I can't live long; but I can't die till the murderer of ole master stands on the gallows, and Mars Lang is the man to bring him there."

The old man arose to his feet and hastened out the rear door of the hall as the front door opened.

Hurried footsteps were heard, and Herman Craven, bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves, as when he had left the house, rushed into the library, followed by Silas Cobb, the sheriff of the county, and two of his deputies, Lanning and Spears.

Dr. Norcum and Coroner Field followed them, and behind came several of the neighbors, who had been roused.

"He has not fled!" cried Herman. "There, sheriff, there stands the murderer of my uncle, caught red-handed in the act!"

A heart-rending moan burst from the breast of the banker's daughter. "There is some mystery here," she cried. "Though Robert was standing over my father's lifeless form with the bloody weapon in his hand that bereft him of life, when my cousin and I entered this room, yet do I feel assured that he is not guilty of my father's murder. Oh, God! My own dear father murdered! It seems incredible, yet there lie his remains," and poor Hattie burst into a fresh paroxysm of grief.

Mrs. Merwin and Miss Steel, neighbors, accompanied by two other ladies, here entered the room, and the weeping girl was borne from the library.

Dr. Norcum had advanced and was examining the body of the murdered man.

"Spears, let no man leave the house," said the sheriff. "I declare," he added, "this affair is terrible, and to think that you, Robert Campbell, should be charged with the murder."

"The charge of Herman Craven is utterly false, and he knows it to be so," said Robert. "Surely, you, Sheriff Cobb, who have known me all my life, can scarce believe me guilty of the murder of the father of the young lady who will become my wife."

"Your wife!" exclaimed Herman. "The wife of her father's murderer? Never! And believe me, neither had my uncle lived, would his daughter have become your wife—that is, with his consent; but——"

Here the tall form of Lang Sellars, the great Southern detective, stood in the doorway.

Like a flash his keen eye took in, not only every person, but every object that the room contained ere his deep voice broke upon the stillness that pervaded it.

"Not since the murder at Mulberry," he observed, "has there been as atrocious a crime committed in the old North State; nor did I believe that a scoundrel, with the malignity of Ward Lennox, yet cursed the commonwealth with his presence. I was clearly mistaken."

"Great work was that of yours on that case, Mr. Sellars," said the doctor. "Gods! You rescued Herbert Russell, even from the gallows trap; and even then Ward cheated the gallows."

"To dash his brains out at the abutment of Hilton bridge," said Sellars, "and sink beneath the turbid waters of the Cape Fear. But this is a bolder deed. A sailor's knife—the blade thrust home to the victim's heart. Have you taken any steps here, Sheriff Cobb?"

"I was aroused and summoned here by the murdered man's nephew, who denounced Robert Campbell as the murderer. He assures me that he caught him red-handed in the act; but may I ask what brings you here, Lang Sellars?"

"If Robert Campbell is the murderer of our old friend here, then I am summoned by his murderer. In the Mulberry case, it was the murderer of Dr. Taylor who engaged my services to ferret out the criminal, and in the end I brought the crime home to his own door."

"I think there can be no doubt as to his guilt," said Herman. "It could have been no other than Robert Campbell," and here Herman, uninterrupted by Robert, made a statement of the facts, as already related, in so far as his entrance into the room was concerned, and as to what met his horrified gaze as he crossed the threshold.

"You state that you entered the house at ten o'clock," said the detective; "that you found your uncle in this room, and left him seated at his desk when you retired?"

"Exactly, Mr. Sellars."

"Were those windows, opening on the lawn on the east side of the house, raised at that time, as they are now?"

"They were, Mr. Sellars, to admit the air."

"One moment, gentlemen," said Lang, as he stepped to the door. "Calban!"

The black face of a powerfully built, but deformed and curiously constructed negro appeared.

"Look for footprints under the windows on the east side of the house," said Sellars. "You have your dark lantern?"

"Yes, Mars Lang," and the negro was gone.

"Follow the nigger and see what you can learn, Lanning," said the sheriff. "I cannot understand, Lang Sellars," he continued, "why you always bring that deformed erebus into your cases."

"I can," said Sellars, quietly. "For following a trail, be it either of man or beast, his equal cannot be found in all the Sunny South. Well, Herman, you state that you retired at ten o'clock?"

"I did, and my uncle's cries of help aroused me. I hastily sprang from my bed, pulled on my trousers, thrust my feet into my slippers and dashed from my room. My uncle's cries had aroused his daughter. I knocked on her room door and called her. She joined me, and together we descended the stairs."

"You believed his life was being assailed?"

"Far from it. I supposed one of his acute attacks of rheumatism had seized him."

"When you retired you left no one below with your uncle?"

"No one. I think the servants, even, had retired."

"Your uncle was expecting no one?"

"Certainly not. He stated that he should soon retire."

"Herman Craven," said Robert, looking him full in the eyes, "did not your uncle inform you that he was expecting me here after ten o'clock, and that I would bring with me money with which to take up a note of ten thousand dollars?"

"He did not," said Herman.

"He informed me that he did, when he admitted me to the house. Did you not hear my summons at the door?"

"Your summons? You made no summons."

"Did you not hear the door bell not five minutes before you descended the stairs?"

"The door bell has not been sounded to-night."

"Mars Lang, I—I——"

The voice was Hannah's, but she halted as suddenly as she had commenced, and stood, an ashy pallor on her countenance, quaking as with fear.

All eyes were at once fixed an the trembling negress.

But one person in the room had caught the quick meaning glance that Herman Craven had cast in her direction, and noted that that glance had sealed the lips of the negress.

"What were you about to say, Hannah?"

"Nothing, Mars Lang, nothing," and Hannah went weeping from the room.

Robert Campbell now told of his call at the bank that afternoon, and related the subsequent events, as he had to Hattie.

"Twelve thousand five hundred dollars is a considerable sum," said Lang, "and this money—this bag of coin?"

"There is no evidence that he had a bag of coin in his possession," said the sheriff.

"Certainly not," said Long; "but it is evident that this note was this day paid. If you are familiar with Alvin DeRosette's signature, you will recognize it, here. You can establish the fact that you left the express office a few minutes before you entered this house, as you state, Robert?"

"Certainly."

"Mr. DeRosette, then, to-night had consented to the marriage of his daughter and yourself?"

"He had, Mr. Sellars, and expressed much satisfaction at the prospect of our union."

"I know that statement to be false!" cried Herman, "for this very day at the bank my uncle said to me: 'Herman, I am getting to be an old man. My fondest wish is that I may live to see you and my loved daughter united.' You may judge, gentlemen, if a few hours later he would have consented to his daughter's marriage with the wretch who has murdered him."

"Liar! Craven by name and nature, you know you lie!" cried Robert, and but for the strong arm of Sellars he would have felled him to the floor.

"Perhaps," said Herman, shrinking back, "you will deny that Hattie fainted after we had entered this room, and I had denounced you as the murderer of my uncle. You would have slain me also, had I not hastened from the house with the cry of murder."

"You yourself best know the falsity of your charge," replied Robert. "I only pray that the perpetrator of this bloody deed may be brought to answer for his crime on the gallows, and I have an abiding faith in Mr. Sellars' ability to solve this mysterious murder."

"And I," said the doctor.

"This bag of coin you state that you placed——"

"On the desk, before Mr. DeRosette, when I left him to attend the door, Mr. Sellars."

"Well?"

"When I returned to the room I found the banker gasping his last and the bag of coin gone."

"What evidence have you," asked the sheriff, "that you had a bag of coin?"

"Yes! Yes!" exclaimed Herman. "What evidence have you of that fact?"

"None," said Robert, "save my word and this cancelled note. As I have stated, there is evidence that I left the express office with a bag of coin."

By directions of the coroner, the body of the banker had been borne to his chamber and laid on the bed.

"The inquest will be held at ten o'clock to-morrow," he said.

"Until which time I shall hold Robert Campbell in custody," said the sheriff.

"I approve of your course," observed the detective. "Circumstances would indicate that he is the murderer."

"You, Mr. Sellars? You believe me guilty?" exclaimed Robert, for the first time alarmed.

"I know a murder has been committed," said Sellars. "If your statement is true, a robbery also. You are in the custody of the sheriff."

"At least I can give bond for my appearance to-morrow?" said Robert.

"There is no bond admissible in this case, young man," observed the sheriff. "Come, you must accompany me. You must forego your trip to Baltimore."

"I had abaandoned the idea of making it," said Robert. "You can scarce believe me so heartless as to leave my affianced's side in her affliction."

"You will be at no great distance from Miss DeRosette while you are in my custody," the sheriff said, as he linked arms with his prisoner.

Robert cast one glance at the detective; but in his stern face he read no hope, and moaning: "My love! my Hattie! My poor old mother and my sister," with bowed head he accompanied the sheriff from the room.

Sellars followed them, and at the outer door the two deputies joined the party, while the dark figure of Calban, who was sitting on the lower step of the piazza arose.

"Any footprints on the grass under those windows, Calban?" asked Sellars.

"None, Mars Lang, none. Leastwise, none that I can see."

"You found none, Lanning?"

"I was not quite sure, sheriff. You see, there has been no rain recently, and it was hard to determine. I thought I would examine at daylight."

"It is useless," said Sellars; "there are none there."

"Robert! Robert!" The cry came from the white lips of Hattie, who had descended the stairs.

"Yes, darling; be brave, and have faith in the one who loves you, for until the inquest shall have been held, I am a prisoner in the hands of the sheriff. I am deemed the murderer of your dear father."

"It is false!" moaned Hattie, as she twined her arms about his neck.

"God bless you, dear Hattie. Mr. Sellars——"

The detective took her half-unconscious from his arms, and, with the words: "Do not wait for me, Sheriff Cobb; there are other links to this chain. We yet know, but that a murder has been committed; presumably you have the criminal in custody. Calban, remain where you are. Ring the door bell if any one save Dr. Norcum and those who entered the house since you have been here pass out," conveyed her into the house and closed the door.

As he turned from it with his senseless burden the agitated form of Hannah, the negress, confronted him.

"Mars Lang, I——"

"Not a word, Hannah, not a word," said Sellars, quickly, "not to a living soul. Do not leave the house. Never be alone. I know your secret. Silence, and wait!"

(To be continued.)

BOOKKEEPING IN BABYLONIA.

Imperishable Records of an Ancient Business Firm.

Paper and ink are perishable things, like certain other "modern improvements," but some of the clay tablets used by earlier civilizations still survive. In the buried city of Nippur American explorers have recently found in one room more than seven hundred of them, the business records of a rich firm of merchants, Ulurashu Sons.

These documents are dated in the reigns of Artaxerxes I. (465-425 B. C.) and Darius II. (423-405 B. C.). The tables are of various sizes, some resembling the ordinary cake of soap of commerce. They are covered with cuneiform characters, clear and distinct as when the bookkeepers of Ulurashu inscribed them, twenty-five hundred years ago.

Among them is this guaranty for twenty years that an emerald is so well set that it will not fall out:

"Bel-ahiddina and Bel-shumu, sons of Bel, and Hatin, son of Bazuzu, spoke unto Bel-nadinshumu, son of Morashu, as follows: 'As concerns the gold ring set with an emerald, we guarantee that for twenty years the emerald will not fall out of ring. If it should fall out before the expiration of twenty years, Bel-ahiddina (and the two others) shall pay to Bel-nadinshumu an indemnity of ten mana of silver.'"

Then follow the names of seven witnesses and of an official who is described as "the scribe of the Concordance of Proper Names." The document concludes with the thumb-nail marks of the contracting parties.

There are also leases of various kinds and contracts for the sale of sun-dried bricks and other merchandise, and for the loan of seed corn and oxen for plowing.

Queen's Dress Old-Fashioned.

Queen Victoria has a horror of velvet and cannot bear to touch it. None of the furniture in the royal palaces is covered with the fabric, and all her Majesty's gowns are made of the richest silks and brocades, but no velvet is ever permitted to be among them. For over thirty years the Queen has never changed her cut or style of dress. She wears the same fashions as when the Prince Consort died, and probably nothing would persuade her to alter the custom now and don fashionable raiment. At the last jubilee her daughters were able to modify the sleeves of their mother's "procession" dress and to get her into a bonnet that was actually becoming, but now she has gone back to the old styles, and no one can make her budge. The materials used to make up these dowdy clothes are the richest and finest to be procured in London shops, and, when ornamented with the splendid laces and embroideries in the Queen's possession, Victoria does not look otherwise than queenly, even if her figure has been wickedly described as a feather bed tied in the middle. But then she is privileged to go without any shape.

Warsaw Barracks.

The barracks at Warsaw, erected by the Russian Czars to hold in check the unruly Poles, are by far the most spacious in the world. The guns in the walls facing the city could easily level the capital of old Poland to the ground, while the garrison maintained, numbering nearly 40,000 troops, could overawe any rebellion, unless the conspirators had aid from outside. The barracks cover some 5,000 acres in the highest portion of the suburbs. The barracks at Aldershot, England, are the second largest in the world, having accommodations for 20,000 troops, and covering 4,000 acres. The Curragh barracks, at Kildare, in Ireland, are in ten squares, each of which has sufficient space for an entire regiment and its officers.

According to M. Adhemar Leclerc, French resident in Kratia, Cambodia, the Phongs, a wild people of that country, have the type of the North American Indians. They believe in a God, whom they call Brah, and in another life and in ghosts. They eat almost every kind of flesh, and make an intoxicating drink from rice. They smoke a wild tobacco in wooden pipes. Their sense of smell is so keen that they profess to know individual animals by it. They have neither music nor dance.

THE COMING VEHICLE.

Very Uncomplimentary Opinion of Automobiles by an American Lady.

The motor car, or automobile, as it is called in France, where it is most popular, has not yet been brought into general use in America either for pleasure or for convenience.

First impressions of the early steamboats and locomotives make odd enough reading to-day, and possibly a few years hence first impressions of the "coming vehicle" will sound no less queer. But certainly it did not please a recent American visitor to Nice, where there is a particularly flourishing and fashionable automobile club, which even held, not long ago, an automobile parade, in which flower-bedecked motor cars and motor cycles competed for elegant prize banners.

"I met the horrid things first," she writes, "throbbing and pounding along the Corniche road, whizzing through the loveliest scenes in the world at an absurd speed, and raising small private cyclones of dust for the del ctation of their passengers, who did ot look happy.

"My carriage raised no dust at all, and there was none to trouble the cyclist or pedestrian. The first of the monsters gave warning of its approach at some distance away, before it rang or tooted, by a curious whirring, panting, drumming noise which puzzled me greatly; then came a blast of the horn, and presto! round a curve of the road, in a cloud of dust, spun an automobile with four passengers.

"Talk of the 'bicycle face' of the scorcher, whose wrinkled brow and staring eyes make him a laughing-stock—the motor face, when you see it, is much more fixed and tragical! You do not always see much of it. Several of the men wore huge dark goggles to protect their eyes, and some of the ladies had on ghastly black half-masks, which were even worse. They may have been enjoying themselves, but none of them looked as if they were.

"As for their automobiles—well, I can say truthfully that the things go, and go fast, and go easily, if ponderously, and go up or down mountainously high hills without difficulty, as required; but they struck me as smelly, dusty, rackety, and wholly uninviting. I would no more care to own one than I would to keep a small private fire engine for pleasure driving."

This is vigorous language. But perhaps Mr. Edison or his son, or some other brilliant Yankee inventor, will modify the motor car into something more attractive before we organize our motor clubs and tours on this side of the water. And it remains the fact, meanwhile, that in France not only men, but women, are enthusiastic amateurs of the new amusement.

No one is allowed to propel an automobile unaccompanied by a properly licensed engineer and stoker, or chauffeur; but on presenting proof of competence the amateur may acquire such a license himself—or herself, for it is an amusing fact that duchesses, countesses and fine ladies of Paris are emulous to earn, and proud to display, their licenses as accredited and responsible chauffeurs, or stokerosses!

To Test the Tools.

A grand international competition will be held in Tasmania in November next, when the merits of Swedish, German, English and American axes will be submitted to a series of stringent tests and gold medals and money prizes awarded to the winners.

Palmistry in China.

A Chinese traveler applying for a passport must have his palm brushed over with fine oil paint, and then press it on thin damp paper, which retains an exact impression of the lines on his hand.

An Unpardonable Insult.

"I never use any of the butter sold in the markets on my table," remarked the landlady. "This butter came from my uncle's dairy in Wisconsin."

"Is it possible?" said the irreverent boarder. "And did it walk?"

An Optimist.

"Pa," said the small boy with the inquiring mind, "what is an optimist?"

"An optimist," replied the sallow-faced parent, "is a man who never had dyspepsia."—Puck.

A Clean Larder.

"Ambrose, do you fast during Lent?"

"Yes. My wife and the cook go to church so much that I have to."—Detroit Free Press.

Herrings.

More herrings are eaten than any other kind of fish.

CENSUS OF INSECTS IS TAKEN.

There Are Good, Bad and Indifferent, and Comprise 300 Families.

An insect census has just been taken on purely scientific lines with a view to determine as far as it is possible which insects are a boon and a blessing to mankind and which are the reverse.

Although the statistics quite upset the old idea that all insects and lower animals were created solely for man's benefit, yet it is conclusively proved that while some insects are rightly termed "pests," there are others that render us considerable service, and fortunately for our crops and vegetation the latter are in the majority.

According to the census insects are to be classified as good, bad and indifferent; the good insects number 116 families, the bad insects amount to 113 families, while the indifferent insects, who could not for one reason or another satisfactorily answer all the questions on their census papers, and must, therefore, for the present be looked upon as doubtful characters, reach a total of seventy-two families.

No fewer than 112 families of the bad or injurious insects feed upon cultivated plants and crops, doing damage to and devouring thousands of pounds worth of vegetable produce annually, gobbling up our spring cabbages and succulent young peas, etc., in the most ruthless fashion, while the hundred and thirteenth family is parasitic upon and causes much harm to warm-blooded animals.

Of the good or beneficial insects, seventy-nine families devote themselves to the destruction of the wicked, vegetable-devouring brethren, which they accomplish in a most satisfactory and wholesale manner, while of the remaining useful insects, thirty-two families act as scavengers, clearing away with great rapidity all sorts of decaying vegetable and animal matter, two families aid us as pollenisers and three form food for our eatable fishes.—London Mail.

Carping at the Weather Man.

"Your Chicago climate is unique."

"Isn't it, though? Nine months January and three months July."

S. C. N. U. - - - - 34-99