

**Mr. Barnes,**  
By ARCHIBALD CLAVELING GUNTER  
A Sequel to  
**MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK**

Author of  
"THE FORTY-NINE  
OF THE  
DODD ROAD, N. Y."

**CHAPTER I.**  
**The Shock in the Marcellus Depot.**  
"I wonder if I can head off those crazed Corsican murder enthusiasts?" said Mr. Barnes, of New York, as he stands on the deck of the French steamer with Marcellus looming up in the mist ahead of him on a May morning of 1831, after the escape of the bridal party from Corsica.

There are very few passengers, Barnes' gold having sent the steamer back on her return voyage to Marcellus within two hours after her arrival at Ajaccio.

His glance is turned contemplatively beyond the whirling, eddying wake of the propeller's foam toward that curious island of a semi-medieval race, 200 miles behind him, whose rugged mountain slopes and chestnut valleys are the home of that undying revenge that the Corsicans think is noble; that they worship, idealize and call "the Vendetta."

ing, closely to his arm as if Mr. Barnes were potent to save her from the whole Corsican race.

"Well, I think it would have been had we got away without old Tomasso killing Count Danella and the French carabinieri shooting old Tomasso. As it is"—Barnes pauses suddenly and asks abruptly: "Did poor old Tomasso Monaldi have any close relatives? Not so very close, either. Cousins, even to the second and third degree often take a fiend in these barbaric feuds."

"I believe while I was there," answers Miss Anstruther, "I heard a daughter spoken of. Eithera, she was called—the betrothed, I understand, of that mediæval young cavalier who acted as bridesman and made that awful Smollet speech to Marina. Young Bernardo Saliceti, a member of the local governing body, ambitious to be elected to represent Corsica in the French chamber of deputies."

The representative of New York fashion, American sportsmanship and modern materialism, who has flitted to the island and plucked not only the young English lieutenant, Edwin Gerard Anstruther, but his bride, Marina, the daughter of the Paolis, from the meshes and entanglements of a feud that only ends with death, notwithstanding his reward is to be the hand of the beautiful girl he loves, emits a low, contemplative, melancholy whistle.

He mentally glances back and sees the house of Musso Danella in the moonlit chestnut grove of Bocognano, and Marina in her bride's gown, her sensitive, passionate face filled with that weird mixture of undying love and uncanny horror as she shuddered from the arms of the man she had just sworn to cleave to through life and mattered: "Antonio's murderer!"

"Huzup, a young Corsican swell betrothed to the daughter of the man killed on the mountain. Besides, I've heard the dead Musso speak of a half-brother, Corsican on the mother's side—one Correggio Cipriano Danella. De Belle mentioned him as we rode down the mountain. Correggio lives most of the time in southern France, but has the damnable ethics of his island," mutters Burton, then he suddenly checks himself, for Edwin Anstruther is bringing his bride up the companionway to the deck.

Every time her eye lights on her bridegroom, the flush of happiness transforms the bride's face into a dream of passionate loveliness. Each time she touches the arm of Edwin Anstruther, Barnes notes that her slight fingers cling to the young Eng-

Next he remembers the strange proof that brought back the wild happiness to the bride's face as she learned there was no taint of her brother's blood on Edwin Anstruther, her husband; that her horrible belief was due to circumstantial evidence and the jealous and crafty plot of Musso Danella, her guardian, the man lying dead upon the floor of the bridal chamber, Tomasso's dagger in his heart; and then had fallen slanting into her bridegroom's arms.

With this, the mind of Mr. Barnes reverts to his desperate efforts to get the whole party to Ajaccio before the natives of the little commune of Bocognano learned they had now another to avenge, and to the death of Marina's brother on the beach in the duello had been added that of Danella, their old-time friend, and to his peasants their kind maestro and proprietor.

Additional concern makes the face of the American even more grave as he mentally hears the distant ringing of the rifles on the mountain side as the carabinieri shot old Tomasso Monaldi, who having become an assassin, had fled as a bandit, as the party made their weird ride to the Corsican seaport.

"If no deaths had followed the appearance of Marina's husband and me in the island, perhaps the accursed affair might have slumbered and died out," reflects Barnes, gloomily; "as it is, there's no telling where the devilish thing may end. If they have money enough to pursue us, holy poker, they may even include me in the scrimmage."

A little, delicately gloved hand laid upon his arm interrupts his meditations. Miss Enid Anstruther, standing beside him, looking like a young fashion-plate in a light Parisian traveling dress, whispers archly: "Thinking of me?" then suddenly ejaculates in all most frightened tones: "Oh, I hope not! Your face is so moody, dear." Blushes spring upon the sensitive face, and his young English fiancée whispers with a piquant pout: "Gloomy, and going to marry me in three days? That's not very complimentary, Burton."

"No, in two, if we can make quick connections for London," answers Burton, rapturously. "One day is past. But I wasn't thinking of you, young lady," he continues, tenderly, giving her delicate cheek a caressing, proprietary pinch: "I was thinking of—"

"What we left behind us," shudders his vivacious betrothed. "Don't let us think of that weird horror, when—when—" The radiance of her blue eyes and the blushes on her fair cheeks suggest the rest.

"Please attend to Marina's blushes, Edwin; they're enough for any man to take care of," laughs Miss Anstruther.

"Yes, and take Mrs. Anstruther in to breakfast," commands Barnes, deftly giving Marina her English name, thinking it will impress upon her that she is no more a Corsican.

"Breakfast!" says Mr. Anstruther, promptly, and leads his bride into the dining salon.

"Though I am not married, I am hungry also," remarks Enid, suggestively.

"All right, step in quick," returns

liahman's stout muscles as if to be certain a living husband is beside her and she is not bereft. Still there is a confidence in the young Corsican lady's bearing that makes the American, who now considers himself as her physician, more hopeful of her physical strength.

"Ah, Marcellus is ahead of us, dear Dr. Barnes," she says, her dark eyes lighting up in their enthusiastic southern way. "To-morrow, Paris; the next day, London, where, Edwin tells me, you hope to be happy, happy as—" "As I am," interjects Anstruther.

"Enid has promised to make you so, hasn't she, my boy? And I'll see that she does it. No delays for trousseau; minister to the mast and sentence executed at once on that young lady who is putting her head over the taffrail to hide her blushes, which she'll pretend come from the sea air."

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Burton, but passing at the cabin door, he whispers: "Excuse me a moment, I see an old friend forward."

"What, you are not going to sit by my side?" pouts his fiancée.

"In a minute. Order my breakfast for me."

A minute later he is standing among the few third-class passengers in the extreme bow of the boat, addressing an old Corsican, who, contained in his best broad-brimmed sombrero and silver-bottomed coat, is seated upon a hamper and economically eating some hard-boiled eggs and roasted chestnuts he has produced from his pockets.

"You don't remember me, old Matteo," remarks Barnes, gazing at the ancient innkeeper of the albergo Il Pescatori.

"By the blessings of the saints, I do, honored Signore Barnes, of New York," replies the representative of old Corsica, his eyes lighting up with a lurid glow. "A grand duel that we arranged on the beach a year ago! All Ajaccio has been out to see where Antonio died and Marina took the oath of the vendetta. It helped business grandly. Has she killed yet?" The old man's tone is moodily eager.

"Not yet," answers Barnes, sententiously.

"Per Baccho, I saw her with another English officer in the stern a few minutes since. They say she's wedded to him. Hasn't found the man who slew her brother, but given her beauty another of his accursed race. 'Tis shame on Corsica!" mutters the old vendettist, disgustedly.

"I believe on the morning of that duel," interjects Burton, "you were kind enough, Matteo, to give me quite a little history of the vendetta on which you seem to be an authority; how your father, a fisherman, fell in, and you drowned the man who killed your father."

"Ah, that memory is a pleasant one, Signore. I can always sleep in peace; my enemy had no relatives or descendants."

"But where there are relatives and descendants, the feud goes on!" The American knocks the ashes from his cigar.

"Until there are no more left, of course! Even to all who bear the name or have a drop of the blood in their veins if they are men and Corsicans," answers old Matteo, stoutly.

"Ah, but you seem quite an authority

on the subject. But are these feuds ever permitted to include women as victims?" asks the American, his eyes very anxious.

"Maladetto, why not? Women produce two-thirds of the vendettas," mutters the old man, ardently.

Mr. Barnes turns moodily away from this cruel aspect of the internal passion of unending revenge. As he enters the dining salon and seats himself beside Miss Enid, he mutters to himself: "By Jove, am I losing my nerve?" for the thought that his delicate fiancée may possibly be drawn into the horrible blood feud has produced a new sensation in his veins.

Half an hour afterward the Ajaccio boat is pulled up alongside of the Quai Joliette in Marseilles and is discharging its few passengers and little freight into that bustling artery of modern commerce full of moving wagons, shrieking cabmen and the other eccentrics of a great commercial port.

The ladies are below getting their little baggage together, assisted by Edwin. Barnes, who has already sent a waiter on shore to bring a carriage, with an after-breakfast cigar between his teeth, is pacing the deck of the vessel.

A bright, smart little telegraph boy flies up the gangplank. After asking directions of the first officer, he steps to Mr. Barnes and hands him a blue envelope.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



**"And You Think That Will Be the End of the Matter?"**

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**Erie Canal Held its Own.**

Shows That Inland Waterways Were by No Means Obsolete.

When the New York Central paralleled the Erie canal, over 50 years ago, it looked very much as if canals were a thing of the past. When the West broke hemmed it in on the other side canals had fallen in public opinion to the "raging saw" of the humorists. But the truth is, the Erie canal did not age at all. It kept growing slowly, as befits a canal. When it was completed in 1825 it was four feet deep and 40 feet wide; in 1835 it was deepened to six feet and took barges of 240 tons burden. Later it was given another foot, and was enlarged to a width of 70 feet at the top and 56 feet at the bottom, and there it remained. And while the railroads competed strenuously, its boats kept appearing at Buffalo and hauling the treasure by the only and original route to the sea. As late as 1897 it is said to have carried as much freight as all the Erie canal boats together, and it kept on doing it, despite the long-drawn jeers of locomotives.—The Century.

**COVER FOR THE BABY.**  
Will Be Pretty of Blue Silkoline Tied With Pink and Blue.

Materials: Two and a half yards of plain silkoline, three bolts of No. 1 ribbon, one skein of Shetland wool, one bat of fine cotton.

Divide the silkoline into two equal parts, place in a frame and put in layers of cotton between ready for tying.

Tie the ribbons all in tiny bows. Thread the needle with the Shetland wool, using it double. Bring the needle up from the bottom, then down again, taking a stitch through one of the bows. Tie the yarn on the wrong side, with three or four extra needles tied in the knot to make a small tuft.

Continue the knotting in this manner—beginning with two and a half inches from the edges, making the tufts four inches apart. Turn in the edges all around and buttonhole closely with the yarn used singly.

Crochet a row of shells around the quilt, each shell of five double crochet fastened with a single crochet and placed close enough together to make the work lie flat and gulled at the corners.

On the right side, just inside the buttonholing, make a row of feather-stitching with the yarn.

This makes a light, dainty cover for the baby. It is very pretty of blue silkoline tied with white ribbons, or of white silkoline tied with pink and blue.

**Fur Fashions.**  
Sable, mink and sealakin are the three skins which will be made up into the costliest coat, bolero and half-dolman forms, while muskrat, pony skin and mole-dyed squirrel skin will be seen in motor and long cloaks.

Fur trimmed dresses will not be frequently seen, but cloth trimmings on furs, such as the three choice varieties above mentioned, will be. Stuffed seams of cloth are to be used to define seams which heretofore were preferably left undefined, and silk braids of a close, fine mesh, will be employed for the same purpose in connection with soutache and lace ornamental fastenings.

Wide revers of sable or fox will be used for the squirrel-lined tweed coats, and these, being usually meant for practical warmth, are provided with fur storm collars, also lined with fur. Scotch tweeds for motoring and long cloth pedestrian cloaks will also have fur in this way about the neck.

**Take Sewing Easily.**  
The sewing in many households is left, like the housecleaning, for a general disturbance of happiness, comfort, and health when, if a little system were used, the burden would be lighter. For instance, every house needs napkins, table cloths, pillow cases, washrags and towels. The peaceful method is to secure these long before they are actually needed, and do the sewing at odd times. Cut carefully by the thread the twelve napkins, folding each one in clean tissue paper. Then when time lags, sew a napkin—ditto tablecloth. In like manner tear from the muslin half a dozen pillow cases. When the hands are idle, over-seam the sides and bottom, and baste the hem. This can be done while conversing with a friend. Put in fifteen minutes at the machine finishing them, and you hardly know when you have made your pillow cases or hemmed your linen.—Mrs. Babb.

**Handy Contrivances.**  
One may have dozens of hooks in a closet, yet they will not take the place of one long curtain rod placed well back in the closets where skirts can be hung. The skirt hangers with large hooks must be used and dozens of skirts can be hung on this pole and take up so little room that it is remarkable that the idea is so late in making its arrival. Then if the hooks are placed closely together in neat rows, instead of here, there and everywhere, the waists can be placed on neat little paper hangers and hung in orderly rows, and it does not mean hanging several waists on one hook to be overtopped with a petticoat or bolero jacket, all to be taken down when the lower waist is needed. If women learned to properly place hooks in the clothes presses and wardrobes, there would be less demand for more dress room.

**Home Made Soap.**  
Put one can of lye or potash in one quart of cold water. When cool add six pounds of clean grease, stirring continually for ten to fifteen minutes, when pour into the box or pan to cool. When the soap becomes a little stiff, cut into bars. The next day remove it from the box or pan and place it on the shelf to dry. This soap is so white and pure that it is used often for toilet purposes.

**Buttons Won't Tear.**  
Cut buttonhole the proper size, bar it. Start at the back of the buttonhole, by passing the needle up through the cloth, then forward. Take a small stitch across the front edge of buttonhole, then back to starting point; repeat. Use the regular buttonhole stitch, stitching closely all around over the two threads. This buttonhole will not stretch or tear, and can be used in all kinds of material.

**Needlework Note.**  
A clever woman has put her knowledge of basketry to good account in the fashioning of a whisk-broom holder. This consists of two disks of basket work similar to those used for the bottom of a fancy basket and caught together at the sides by large fluffy bows of three-inch satin ribbon, the color being a delicate pink in harmony with her room furnishings. A band of ribbons of narrow width, but matching in tone, is used to suspend the holder.

**Plain Cloves Worn.**  
Although the vogue for fancy embroidered gloves has increased, the plain suede or dull kid is considered better taste. Silk gloves in all colors are worn with lingerie gowns, but are not considered strictly fashionable. Those who prefer comfort to following blindly the edicts of fashion, these gloves strongly commend themselves for warm summer days.

**Earned \$5,000 Telling Stories to a Sick Man—and Won the Nurse**

**Like the Heroine of "Arabian Nights," Capt. Ijams Told Stories, with Entirely Unexpected Romantic Results**



Bloomington, Ill.—Scheherazade has been outdone by Capt. Lewis E. Ijams, of Illinois. The Arabian Nights are in danger of being outclassed in history, henceforth, by the Bloomington Days. The respective ancient and modern instances of the two great story-tellers run parallel, to a certain extent; but the American army veteran's continuous performance was inspired seemingly by a more sordid motive than that of the bride of the sultan of India, and had a different, though perhaps equally happy ending.

Scheherazade told her royal spouse 1,014 stories in as many nights, in order to divert him from his disagreeable habit of putting to death each morning his new bride of the day before.

Ijams spun the same number of cheerful yarns to Abram Brokaw, a millionaire plowman 85 years old, presumably with the object of prolonging the latter's life. But when the aged man finally succumbed at the one hundred and first side-splitter, and it transpired that he had been so well entertained that he had said forgotten to mention the said Ijams in his will or to compensate him in any substantial way for the humorous treatment so untriflingly administered, then the captain felt right mad, and he up and sued the estate for \$10,000—that is to say, for 1,000 prime, hand-made jokes, at ten dollars per. The extra one hundred and one Joe Millerism was thrown in gratis for good measure.

He didn't get quite the ten thousand—but that's another story, which is worth telling in some detail, as together with its romantic sequel, as to how Capt. Ijams won a bride, through playing a losing game of strategy against Cupid.

How a Fortune Was Made.  
Abram Brokaw had settled in Bloomington away back in the forties when the site of the present city was nothing but a blooming prairie, according to a New York World correspondent. He bought up land for almost nothing and lent small sums of money on likely looking farms, then foreclosed the mortgages. He also manufactured and sold plows, which no farmer, rich or poor, could do without. These enterprises, combined by the time he was old enough to have no particular use for money, so he gradually became a miser.

Like some other millionaires of our time, old man Brokaw cultivated a sense of humor and loved the society of a cheerful liar—especially when, like salvation, it was free.

He found a congenial affinity, in the funny sense, in the person of his neighbor, Capt. Lewis E. Ijams, who had a civil war record, a small pension and a reputation as the local Mark Tapley. Lewis was possessed of a prodigious memory, a fertile imagination and a vast collection of anecdotes of the vintage of 1840 and backward. He could draw

upon this inexhaustible store in lots to suit any listener and keep it up indefinitely. He never had to repeat himself—or, if he did, he never told the same story twice in the same way.

Abram Brokaw loved to have Capt. Ijams drop in with a budget of buttonholers, and he was such a good listener that the captain never failed to spread himself. For hours at a time the octogenarian would sit spellbound drinking in tales of early life in Illinois, many of which were contemporaneous with his own boyhood days. The habit grew upon him, and after Mrs. Brokaw's death Capt. Ijams was invited to put in all his time with the aged widower and take up story-telling as a steady job.

He Was Made Official "Story Teller."  
So Capt. Ijams accepted the position of grand visier and raconteur-in-chief to Haroun Brokaw. No salary was mentioned in connection with the office, but Ijams figured that so long as he could make the old gentleman laugh he would have little trouble to induce him to loosen up financially. Moreover, it was a safe gamble that his stock of stories would last longer than the venerable listener, and then the latter would more than square things in his will.

Ijams started in systematically with his choice line of Chauncey M. Depew's favorites, then went on with his early Illinois legends and personal recollections of Abraham Lincoln, and finally brought up in the comparatively modern period of the civil war. By this time he would have Mr. Brokaw going so that he could read a chapter or two from the Bible, and the dear old man would chuckle delightedly over:



"Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob, and Jacob begat Judas and his brethren; and Judas begat Phares and Zarah of Thamar; and Phares begat Errom, and Errom begat Aram, and Aram begat Aminadab," and so on.

The great stream of the antiques was this quotation from a Latin writer of the first century of the Christian era: "A man who fired a rock at a dog and hit his mother-in-law said, 'Not such a bad shot at that!'"

Here is a specimen from early Illinois: "Jake Spawr was one of the three commissioners appointed to lay out the turnpike road between Chicago and Springfield. The act required that these commissioners should be sworn, but there was no official handy to perform this duty. So Jake, as a justice of the peace, administered the oath to the other two commissioners and then raised up the lid of a shoe-box with a looking-glass inside it, and solemnly administered the oath to his reflection in the mirror, thus swearing himself in, so that he could legally help to construct the pike."

This Lincoln story was one that old man Brokaw pronounced "a bird": "Lincoln and Douglas were traveling together by stage-coach from Leavenworth to Pontiac, when they got into a heated personal debate, and Lincoln more than hinted that there was a liar in their party of two, and that it wasn't himself. This meant fight. At the next stopping place the fiery Douglas pulled a pair of pistols out of his carpetbag and proposed to 'Ab' that they arbitrate their differences with cold lead. Lincoln drew himself up and said: 'I am about twice your height, and would be too easy a mark for you. To make things even, you'll have to stand further away from me than I do from you.' Douglas began to see the joke and replied: 'No; I'll tell you what we'll do. I'll mark out my size on your person, and every shot that hits outside the mark won't count.' Then they had a drink together and called the fight off."

Another warm baby was this wait from the battlefield: "An Irish corporal was carrying a wounded comrade to the rear and did

not notice when a cannon-ball whizzed by and took the poor fellow's head off. When Pat reached the ambulance with his burden the surgeon asked: 'What are you bringing in that headless corpse for?' The Irishman turned and looked at the remains and exclaimed disgustedly: 'Begob, he told me it was his leg!'"

And Ijams could at any moment throw the aged plowman into convulsions of laughter by repeating Joseph Billings' recipe for making hoo-cake: "Take a common or garden hoe, hold her down till she jells and then let her cake."

Day after day and week after week Capt. Ijams continued reeling off these stories, quips and cracks. The old millionaire grew feebler, but kept alive just to laugh. Since then Ijams has suspected that Mr. Brokaw was laughing at something else besides his jokes. But for two or three years everything went merrily as a marriage bell.

Speaking of marriage bells recalls the fact that old man Brokaw was decidedly of a re-marrying disposition, yet he wouldn't give in to it because he suspected that the many women who offered to be a nurse, a sister or any old companion to him were only after his money.

Mad to Keep the Old Maids Away.  
It was to keep these designing females at a safe distance that Miss Selina Lantz, spinster and housekeeper, was specially engaged. She got to be so busy shooting off old maids and grass widows, that Capt. Ijams had to help her. In addition to his humorous stunts, the captain for a long period acted as Miss Lantz's chief aid in protecting Abram Brokaw from the onslaught and blandishments of the female sex.

Finally, one day, as Ijams was telling jokelet No. 1,001, about a man who slipped on a banana peel, poor Mr. Brokaw gave a loud chuckle and expired.

Capt. Ijams' grief was tempered by the thought that his long and faithful services were to be substantially rewarded.

Alas! When the last will and testament of Abram Brokaw came to probate, the name of Lewis E. Ijams was conspicuously missing from its list of legatees. That was funny, very funny! And for once the joke was on Ijams.

Then the captain brought his famous suit against the Brokaw heirs. The court decided that he was entitled to some compensation, but that his claim of ten dollars per story was in excess of the regular wage-rates of the Jokemiths' union; so he was awarded \$5,000, which the Brokaw estate paid.

The captain, meanwhile, had executed a sentimental flank movement on Miss Lantz, for whose especial delectation he told his one hundred and second funny story, which was as follows:

"A girl who was besieged with admirers on shipboard, while crossing the Atlantic, asked the captain's advice. He said: 'Well, the weather is fine, and you know how to swim. Suppose you accidentally fall overboard, and then accept the young man who jumps after you.' So the girl tried it. Four of her beaux were on deck at the time, and three of them jumped, simultaneously. The fourth cautiously threw a life-preserver. When the young lady had been fished out, she sent for the captain, and said: 'What shall I do now? I can't marry the whole three.' 'Well,' responded the captain, 'I should advise you to take the dry one.'"

"Now, Selina," continued Ijams, "the moral of this story is, that lots of fellows will be jumping after you, but I'm the only dry one—dry humor, you know. You'd better take me. Will you?"

Selina saw the point, and whispered a coy "yes." They were married here and have settled down happily on their little jokefarm in McLean county.

**STRENGTH OF ALUMINUM.**  
A Question Frequently Asked by Workers in Metal.

Metal workers frequently ask: What is the strength of aluminum? The tensile, crushing and transverse strength of aluminum varies considerably with different conditions of hardness, due to cold weather; also to the amount of work that has been put upon the metal and character of the section, and the amount of hardening ingredients.

Cast aluminum is about equal in strength to cast iron in tension, while under compression it is comparatively weak. Taking the metal 99 per cent pure, the ultimate tensile strength per square inch in castings is 18,000 pounds; in sheet, 24,000 to 40,000; wire, 30,000 to 55,000 pounds, and bars, 28,000 to 49,000 pounds. As compared with copper, the average tensile strength of which per square inch is authoritatively stated to be as follows: Cast, 30,000 pounds; sheet, 30,000; wire, 35,000, and with 16,500 pure aluminum compares with copper

in the same manner that alloyed aluminum compares with brass. The elastic limit of 99 per cent pure aluminum is for castings in tension 8,500 pounds; sheet, 12,500 to 25,000; wire, 16,000 to 33,000; bars, 14,000 to 23,000 pounds per square inch.

Under transverse tests aluminum is not very rigid, although the metal will bend nearly double before breaking, while cast iron, under similar conditions, is broken very easily. The tensile strength of aluminum is greatly improved by subjecting the ingots to forging and pressing at a temperature the tensile strength of pure aluminum of 600 degrees Fahrenheit. Taking in relation to its weight, it is as strong as steel of 30,000 pounds per square inch. Aluminum properly alloyed with nickel is much stronger than the pure metal, as may be seen by the following figures: Nickel aluminum has an ultimate strength per square inch tension in the form of castings of 18,000 to 28,000 pounds; in the form of sheet of 25,000 to 50,000, and in bars, 30,000 to 45,000.

The elastic limit in tension per square inch of nickel aluminum is as follows: In castings, 8,500 to 12,000 pounds; sheet, 21,000 to 30,000, and bars, 18,500 to 25,000. The average tensile strength of brass when cast is 18,000 pounds per square inch; when cast in the form of wire, 49,000 pounds. Bronze or gunmetal has an average tensile strength of 36,000 pounds per square inch.—Philadelphia Record.

**Teeth for Charms.**  
Sig. Mascagni and his wife wear watch charms alike, and these have been the occasion of some curious comment. They are common Italian charms, each punctured with six holes, in which are set bits of white substance, the nature of which is not apparent except on close examination. These are, in reality, the teeth of the first two Mascagni children; the teeth of the mother's charm being the first of her little daughter's, while the proud father wears a charm the milk-teeth of his first-born son.