

A HORRIBLE FACINATION

By F. J. Gass

Many autumn ago, the approaching marriage of a family friend furnished me occasion for a visit to Atlanta, where he and his promised wife resided. Under the circumstances, I expected to see little of him, but the southern country was new to me and I anticipated seeing as much of that as should prove of interest.

One exquisitely clear day, shortly after my arrival, I took an early lunch and boarded the noon train for Stone Mountain.

The man who shared his car seat with me was on the same mission, but was far better posted on the scene which we were to visit than I. He stated it was rumored that there was a cave, in the most perpendicular side of the mountain, which was inhabited by myriads of bees. As it was discernible only at a distance, we agreed to make a wide circuit at a base of the mountain, to a point opposite the supposed cave, and see if my powerful field glass would reveal the cavity and possibly some safe way of reaching it from the summit above.

Stone Mountain is a single immense bowlder, one solid rock rising to a height of three thousand feet from an almost level plain. Its three sides are all steep, but the facing out upon the open plain, invisible from the railroad, is extremely precipitous and in places perpendicular.

At the base of the mountain nearest the station are the stone quarries. A number of men were at work in them cutting paving stone from the foot of the great bowlder. It occurred to me as I noticed them that John Hardy, my Atlanta friend, was interested in the quarries.

As our circuitous walk brought us into view of the most precipitous side of the mountain, my companion passed the glass to me and said:

"Now for the cave."

We were no small distance from the foot of the mountain, and perhaps a mile from the nearest place of ascent, at the quarries.

"Nice secluded place for a lovers' stroll up the— Well, look at those feckless fools!" I exclaimed, catching sight of a man and woman threading the narrow path upon the side of the lofty declivity, which dropped a few feet below them sheer to the plain, more than two thousand feet down. It was as though they were walking a tight-rope across some gigantic Gothic roof. A false step would send them off its dizzy saw-down-down. The thought sickened me.

"The fools! The fools!" I cried, clenching my arm with its unoccupied hand. I was too frozen by the spectacle for utterance. "God! God! There they go!" I exclaimed.

The woman slipped and as she fell she caught her companion's feet pulling him after her down the declivity.

A faint uncertain cry reached us from the upper air like the bodiless voice of the prairie "kill deer." The hand holding my glass dropped from my eyes and I became faint, almost to unconsciousness.

"Look! Look!"

The words aroused me. Again I raised the glass. Terrible spectacle! The man had clutched both hands over the sharp edge of a rock that formed a kind of trough or lip on the very verge of the perpendicular precipice.

The woman still retained her grasp upon his feet, and they hung, like bats, flat against the bare face of the cliff.

"See! some one above has sighted them and gone for help!"

True! But how long could he hold on supporting the woman's weight in addition to his own? Only a few seconds at the longest! Oh, for time! Time and strength!

At first it seemed that he could not possibly cling until the rescuers should return. But as moment after moment passed, and still they hung, the agony of witnessing the spectacle was increased by the feeble hope, that by some miracle of strength he might yet endure into deliverance. The seconds seemed to lengthen into minutes. Still no help!

Just as a murmur of joy escaped my companion's lips at the sight of the rescuers, the human mass upon the mountain's brow grew suddenly less.

The woman had released her grasp and shot down the precipice—visible only as a dark streak, possible flesh, against the glittering surface of the rock.

The falling bizzards careened away in frightened haste and I lifted my glance to the man again. One moment more and the rescuer who had been let down would make the rope fast about his body. He endeavored.

As I saw them being to draw him up, consciousness deserted me. When I was revived by the clanking of my companion, we started for the station. Although our progress was slow, we reached the town just as a runaway car from the quarry was being pushed along the side track to the station. Upon it was the man who had been rescued.

As the quarrymen supported him in walking from the car into the station I caught the first glimpse of his face. It was John Hardy!

He was very weak, and did not speak a word during the whole homeward journey. He was seriously ill for many weeks, and not even his promised wife was permitted to see him. Their marriage was indefinitely postponed.

The corner's inquest over the woman's remains revealed the fact that she was a daughter of the settler living in the little cabin upon the mountain, and was in the habit of visiting her father at various

VALUE OF THE OLDEST CROWN.

King Edward's weighs Two Pounds and Seven Ounces.

There is something about the symbol of royalty which appeals to the imagination of everyone.

In the popular mind the picture of a regent or sovereign is always surmounted by the crown, which is symbolic of his temporal power. This ornament which plays so important a part in the coronation ceremonies of most European sovereigns, has nothing to do with that ceremony in Spain, Belgium or Turkey in Turkey its place is taken by a sword, which is regarded as the symbol of authority.

A curious composite crown is the crown of Hungary. It consists of a circle of gold, richly jeweled with pearls and other costly gems, to which has been attached an old Byzantine crown bearing an enormous sapphire in a setting of green stones. Half a century ago this crown came into the possession of Kossuth, and in spite of the most diligent search nothing was seen of it for five years. At the end of that time it was discovered by a peasant in a hollow tree and restored to the emperor.

The oldest and most sacred of all the crowns of Europe is the famous iron crown of Lombardy, which is now treasured in an Italian cathedral. It is fashioned around a circle of iron made from one of the nails with which Christ was pierced at the Crucifixion, and from its sacred character is held in the highest veneration. Although through all these centuries the iron band has never been touched, it is said that it has never shown a mark of rust.

One of the simplest but most beautiful crowns is that of Denmark. It consists of a gold circlet, wreathed in leaves of the most delicate and exquisite art. Each leaf is traced in precious stones and bears one gem of almost priceless value. The German crown which is appropriately militant in design, contains eight shields bearing alternate black eagles and jeweled crosses, while polished on four arches blazing with diamonds is a globe crowned with a cross of gold.

The lightest of European crowns is the state crown of Great Britain, which was made for Queen Victoria sixty-six years ago. Although it weighs only two pounds and seven ounces its value is \$1,500,000. One enormous sapphire came from the signet of Edward the Confessor.

One of the rubies has a sad tragic history. It was at one time in the possession of one of the great Kings of Granada, whom Pedro the Cruel invited to his palace and basely murdered through greed of this gem. In the pope's treasure house are two crowns which are valued at \$2,500,000. One of them was the gift of Napoleon to Pius VII, and contains the largest emerald in the world. The other, the gift of Queen Isabella of Spain to Pius IX, weighs three pounds and is worth \$1,000,000.

Six Sayings to Remember.

Out of a large number of quotations selected by its readers the Woman's Home Companion prints the following as the six most helpful mottoes for the new year. They are worth remembering.

"There is something better than making a living; making a life."

"Our success in life depends upon our will to do."

"It is never too late to be what you might have been."

"Great principles are in small actions. If we fall in our present circumstances to live nobly, we need not imagine we should have done better on a grander scale. Develop great character in simple duties and in inconspicuous trials."

"To be of good cheer in case of disappointment, exercise greater charity toward the erring, and make more allowance for the opinions of people whose views differ from mine; to smile more and frown less."

"To be honest; to be kind; to earn a little and to spend a little less; to shake upon the whole a family happier for his presence; to renounce, when that shall be necessary, and not be embittered; to keep a few friends, and these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy."

Prehistoric Cave Dwelling.

William Andrew and William Jones, two prospectors, report the discovery of another strange cave in the southwestern portion of Nevada. The cave has been explored to a depth of 300 feet and shows evidence of a prehistoric race. Between the myriad stalactites that hang from the walls hieroglyphics have been found. Some stone seats showing signs of use have been discovered. Efforts are now being made to explore the innermost caverns of the cave and startling results are expected.

Rewards For Courage.

In the last half-yearly account of the Industrial Bank of Japan, after providing dividends and bonus for shareholders, appears the item: "Rewards to officers, 7,000 yen." It is that spirit of reward, private and national, for deserving service, which inspires the Japanese to efforts extraordinary in the work or cause in which he is engaged.

Three Votes Apiece.

Under the Belgian law unmarried men over twenty-five have one vote, married men and widowers with families have two votes, and priests and other persons of position and education have three votes. Severe penalties are imposed on those who fail to vote.

APACHE REFORMED INDIANS.

Raises Stock and Follow Agricultural Pursuits.

Perhaps the most illustrious example of Indians as successful farmers and stock raisers may be found among the Apache prisoners of war located at Fort Sill, O. T. The prisoners compose the noted band of reformed who, under the famous war chief Geronimo, wrought such havoc among the scattered white settlements of Arizona.

Their leader receiving from Gen. Miles the appellation of "The human tiger," they were taken from Arizona to Florida, for there to Mount Vernon, Ala., and from Alabama to Fort Sill, in 1884. Since moving to Oklahoma they have been practically free, but are not allowed to leave the reservation without permission from the officer in charge. For some years past these prisoners have been under the care and guidance of Capt. Farrand Sayre, U. S. A., and it is to his gentleness, vigilance, and untiring industry that the gratifying results shown by these Apaches are due.

When the band reached Oklahoma they numbered about 300 men, women and children. The reservation upon which the Apache prisoners are located comprises about 4,000 acres. Some of the land is excellent for agricultural purposes, but the most of it is grazing and woodland.

When the Indians were first located at Fort Sill they were provided with tents for living accommodations. Shortly afterward lumber was issued, and the Indians, under the supervision of white carpenters, constructed six two-story dwellings and a store house. Farming tools and implements were also issued to them. The military department loaned them fifty mules for their use at first. They were returned to the department in a few years for the reason that the Indians had provided themselves with good work animals. They took kindly to agriculture and stock raising pursuits from the first—not because they were better workers than other Indians, nor because of any special aptitude for these pursuits, nor any extraordinary desire on their part for toil, but simply because they were under good management, that required certain tasks of them.—Fort Sill Indian School Journal.

How Marie Corelli Works.

When Marie Corelli was but fourteen years of age some little verses of hers were published, but she never thought of living by her pen. She was intended for a musical career, but when she returned from two years training in a French convent she found it necessary to do something to assist her adopted father—the only father she ever knew—and she tried her hand at the "Romance of Two Worlds." She was paid £40 for the work, and as the copyright was left in her hands, it has been a source of income ever since.

Miss Corelli makes it a point to begin work regularly every morning at 9:30 and remains at it until 2 o'clock in the afternoon producing on an average about 2,000 or 3,000 words a day. She does not care to dictate and cannot use a typewriter. Her love of flowers amounts to a passion. She is a skilled musician and is renowned among her intimate friends for her singing.—Answers

Water as a Fertilizer.

Investigations carried on by S. W. McCallie, assistant state geologist of Georgia, acting in co-operation with the United States Geological Survey, according to the National Geographic Magazine, have revealed the presence of interesting and perhaps valuable properties in some of the artesian waters in the Coastal Plain of that state. Water taken from a deep well at Bailey showed on analysis 5.5 parts per 1,000,000 of phosphoric acid, which would indicate that it might be used for fertilizing, as well as for irrigating barren fields.

In other words it may be acceptable to the desert land as both food and drink. It is estimated that a layer of this phosphoric acid-bearing water 12 inches deep over one acre of land would exert a fertilizing effect equal to that of 200 pounds of commercial fertilizer.

Color Blindness.

The most common form of color blindness is an inability to distinguish red. Last year thirty-four officers and would-be officers of the British mercantile marine service failed on their color tests, twenty-three being red blind and the remainder being unable to distinguish green. The 4,600 candidates for certificates were also submitted to the form vision test, and twenty-two of them failed to distinguish the form of the object submitted.—Exchange.

Skins of Various Nations.

The skin of the men and women of some nations is much thicker than that of others, particularly in hot countries. The Central African negro has a skin about half as thick again as that of a European. That of a negro is the thickest over the head and back—evidently to form a protection from the sun.

Serpent Worship in India.

Serpent worship still survives in India and a snake shrine is said to be as much an attraction in a house on the Malabar coast as a garden in the case of a country home in the United States. Serpents are, however, most unobtrusive, and unless one walks noiselessly and barefooted in the dark, as Hindus do, snakebite is an improbable contingency.

In the Possession of a Burglar.

In the possession of a burglar who was captured in a Paris wineshop was found a beautifully executed plan of the building drawn in water colors.

THEY BRIBE DOCTORS.

Many Russian Officers Escape Service at the Front.

At the beginning of the campaign two commissions were appointed to examine officers and soldiers after their cure and to report as to their fitness for further service. One of the commissions resided in Kharbin and the other in Chita. They were composed partly of military surgeons and partly of officers and had very hard work all the time. The number of reservists who were refused was about twice as large as that of the younger soldiers. But a thing which struck me very much when I came to know some of the results of the commissions' proceedings was that the percentage of officers refused was nearly twice that of the soldiers. As I never lived long in Kharbin or in Chita, I never had an explanation of this fact until on my way back to Europe. I then met a lady who had accompanied her husband, a reservist officer going to war, up to Kharbin. We traveled in the same train and I noticed that she did not look particularly affected by the separation.

"When do you hope to see your husband?" I asked her once. "I hope to see him very soon. 'How is that?' You know that the war will not end for the present. 'Oh, yes, I know that but my husband will be back very soon.' As I pressed her to let me know how this would be managed she answered: 'Well, after all, I'll tell you, for it is no secret. Every officer knows it and it only depends upon his pecuniary means to avail himself of it or not."

"It is enough to pay 300 or 400 rubles to the head doctor of the medical commission in Kharbin in order to be rejected. You are then allowed to remain at home one year, after which another commission in Russia examines you, and there you have to pay another sum as large as the former and then you are free, quite free." I expressed some doubts as to the correctness of these statements as it seemed to me impossible that officers could resort to these means in order to avoid military service, but the lady was positive and cited several names. "Of our acquaintances," she said, "there are three who have thus succeeded in being sent home and one of them advised my husband to do the same, and he named the doctor and the sum to pay." "Well," I answered, "you must do me one favor, when your husband comes home, will you please let me know?" The lady promised to do so and a fortnight ago I received the following note: "My husband has just returned, he has been rejected on account of disease." "That gentleman had been exactly two months in Manchuria, just in time to get the disease, pass through the commission and return speedily home, proudly thinking that he had done his duty to his country. I afterward learned in Russia that this practice is not a new one for during the Turkish war of 1877 a doctor who was penniless when he started for the war was worth at the end of it about £10,000 sterling. From the number of officers rejected, and from what I have heard, I think that the doctor now in Manchuria, to whom the lady alluded, promises to beat the record of his confrere.—London Times.

Liverpool and Slavery.

Although Liverpool has over 700,000 inhabitants and boasts of an enormous trade, dwellers in our newer cities must not think that she has been commercially great for centuries." writes Jerome Hart. "As a matter of fact, Liverpool has reached her present pre-eminence since California became a state. It is true that before that time there were many wealthy merchants there, but the foundation for the Liverpool merchants' fortunes was laid in slave trading. John Gladstone, the father of the grand old man, made his enormous fortune in slave trading and slave labor in the West Indies. William Ewart Gladstone, in his youth, defended slavery, but in later years attacked it—after his father's slave-works plantations had been sold.

"As I looked at the great city of Liverpool, with its magnificent system of docks and quays, along which 30,000 seamen daily walk, I could scarcely repress my horror when I reflected that it was built upon the bodies of negro slaves. But then I remembered that New England's merchants used to ship rum to Africa, sell the brewer to the natives, kidnap them when they were drunk, kidnap them between decks, cross the water to our southern states, throw overboard the dead bodies about one day out and then sell slaves to southern planters at 1,000 per cent profit.

"This was the foundation of many of New England's large fortunes. No wonder that those merchants' grandsons dislike discussions on 'talented money.' But I found myself contemplating New England's slave trade with less horror than that of Liverpool."

Tale of a Head-Hunter.

Here is a story of the head-hunting Dyaks of Dutch Borneo which recently appeared in the British North Borneo Herald. "Hathnaveng, a tribesman, had been persuaded by Dutch missionaries to abandon the practice of head-hunting. He remained true to his promise, and for a time led a quiet life. Recently, however, he fell in love with a Dyak maiden. The girl, although returning his passion, disdained his offer of marriage because he no longer indulged in the ancient practice of cutting off and bringing home the heads of the enemies of the tribe.

Hathnaveng, goaded by the taunts of the girl, who told him to dress in women's clothes in future, as he no longer had the courage of a man, quit the village and remained away a considerable time.

"When he returned he entered his sweetheart's hut, carrying a sack on his shoulders. He opened it and four human heads rolled upon the bamboo floor. At the sight of the trophies the girl at once took him back into her favor and, flinging her arms around his neck, embraced him passionately. 'You wanted heads, declared her lover. 'I have brought them. Do you recognize them?' Then, to her horror, she saw there were the heads of her father, her mother, her brother and of a young man who was Hathnaveng's rival for her affections.

"Hathnaveng was immediately seized by some of the tribesmen and by way of punishment was placed in a small bamboo structure such as is commonly used by the Dyaks for pigs and allowed to starve to death."

FENCE OF MOOSE ANTLERS.

Twenty-Five Hundred of Them Used to a Stone Wall.

A very old Indian tradition says the New York Sun's, that all the bull moose of eastern and northern Maine make journeys to the west shores of Moosehead lake at the close of the year, for the purpose of casting their antlers. Though the story has passed for fiction among the Caucasian residents; there are not a few old hunters and woodsmen who believe it, and relate tales about the abundance of moose antlers among the maple woods 25 miles north of this village.

Charles Anance, a half-breed, says that he filled two boxes with discarded antlers six years ago, and shipped them to New York where cutlery manufacturers purchased the lot for knife handles. He cleared \$300 from a week's work.

The first white man who used his knowledge was old "Cy" Blanchard, father of Cyrus Blanchard, a member of Gov. Cobb's council. The old man was the owner of vast timber tracts in Piscataquis county, and when the land was sold to settlers the town of Blanchard was named for him.

As he grew old he built a big house in the north part of the town and surrounded it with a high stone wall, crowning the slope coping with a dense fence of moose antlers, all of which had been picked up among the woods west of the lake. About 50 years ago, when a star route mail line was put on between Blanchard and Monson, a postoffice was established near the big Blanchard house, and it is still known as Moosehorn.

More than 500 moose antlers have been placed on top of the Blanchard stone fence since it was built, though most of them have been broken by snow and ice or eaten by insects.

The moose of Maine drop their antlers from December 15 to January 1, though a few very aged ones may retain these ornaments until February. Old hunters say that they could go out among these woods 50 years ago and pick up a harvest of antlers in a forenoon, though they have not been so plentiful of late.

Though moose antlers will keep for an indefinite time when housed and removed from moisture, they fall to pieces very fast when left in the woods. Those shed in the winter remain firm until spring but as soon as warm weather arrives a small bore gets into them and reduces them to the powder in a few weeks. Though thousands of antlers are dropped in the Maine forests every winter no hunter ever finds one the next summer.

Londoners' Sooty Lungs.

Mrs. Earnest Hart tells in The House Beautiful that the first time she was present at a post-mortem on a patient of a hospital in Paris she exclaimed, on the chest being opened, "Why, the lungs are not black!" "Ah," remarked the surgeon, "you are accustomed to see the soot-begrimed lungs of Londoners." This, she says, was true, for as registrar in her hospital in London it was her duty to examine the lungs of the bodies of patients that came into the post-mortem room. No other lesson could be more striking and no demonstration more conclusive of the vile atmospheric conditions under which we live in London and other great smoky cities, than this comparison of the lungs of Londoners with those of the inhabitants of Paris.—Westminster Gazette.

Boys to be Taught Telegraphy.

An order has gone into effect on the Pacific coast division of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad telegraph lines by which messenger boys of the service are given one-half of each day for the study of telegraphy. When proficient they are to be provided with positions, with a considerable increase of salary. Much care is to be taken in the selection of the messenger boys, who will henceforth be considered as apprentice telegraph operators rather than as errand boys.

Lobsters' Curious Ears.

Most curious are the ears of lobsters. Each is a sac or bag, containing fluid and "ear-stones," these last particles of mineral matter, or, in some cases, particles of sand. They increase the vibrations set up by soundwaves, which in due season impinge on the delicate cells of the ear, which contain the ends of the nerve of hearing. These last in turn convey the impressions to what serves the lobster by way of a brain, and a very respectable mass it is.

Virtue in Snuff?

It would be very interesting to know how often persons suffering from any trouble of upper air surfaces use snuff. Since snuff has almost gone out of use, influenza, catarrh and other troubles seem to have increased.—London Lancet.

Of the 720,000,000 Acres of Land.

making up the total area of Argentina, 24,000,000 are arable. The principal crops are corn, wheat and flax.