

A PERIL OF THE SEA

By ALBERT TUCKER KENYON

When an ocean liner has been out for days... A storm at sea, with a gale blowing in one direction and the sea running in the opposite direction...

It was on such an occasion that I first saw a lady whose face at once attracted me. I was young, and young men are very sensitive to beauty...

As luck would have it a friend of mine who was aboard stopped up to the young lady and spoke to her. I was delighted. An introduction was assured to me...

We were making the Mediterranean trip and, since we had been out only two days, ten or eleven days remained to me to enjoy Miss Manning's society...

I had written something daily to my fiancée to post from our first landing point, but somehow I could not drop it in the purser's box...

I had not the assurance nor was I expected to attach myself to the Manning family during their stay in Italy...

I had not spoken my intention—I cannot call it love—to Miss Manning, for I could not bring myself to act so conspicuously while I was still betrothed to another...

I had not been separated from my fellow traveler a week before from the cabin that found me to her began to creep off of their own weight...

I saw so many different types of beauty in the galleries of Italy that I suppose I became satisfied. Still, I could not get up the range of Miss Manning without being dissatisfied.

Three months passed, and I joined the Mannings at Lanesboro on Lake Geneva. When Miss Manning came to the room where I waited for her I looked at her with astonishment...

"You are surprised at my appearance," she said. "Let me explain. Before leaving America I had suffered from a fever. On recovering my hair came out rapidly, and I had it shaved shortly before I sailed. I ordered a wig of a color to match my eyebrows, but before it was sent home I tried on one belonging to grandpa. It was so becoming that I determined to wear it."

In a twinkling my enthrallment was gone. The young lady saw the change in my features, which were expressive of my feelings, and looked disappointed. But I felt a certain restfulness in being freed from my conflicting emotions. I made my call short and never saw Miss Manning from that day to this.

I had great difficulty in making up my mind to tell her that I was very well. I had been so nervous, and I had been so anxious to say nothing of the absence of feeling in them, that some-

A SHIP IN A STORM.

The Peril When Wind and Water Rage in Opposite Directions. In a storm at sea, with a gale blowing in one direction and the sea running in the opposite direction, it takes a staunch ship to stand the contrary wind pressure on the other.

Stability is one of the greatest problems to the constructor of a steamship. Naturally the center of gravity should be low. The hull must be of such a form that when the vessel rolls to one side the center of buoyancy shall move sufficiently far to that same side for the forces of buoyancy acting upward to right the vessel.

THE SILKWORM.

But For Man's Aid the Domesticated Insect Would Be Extinct. A peculiar fact about the silkworm is that it is actually a domesticated insect. Neither the animal nor the fowl of the barnyard remote as they are from the wild types need a little restraint as the silkworm does.

As a matter of fact, the silkworm has been so domesticated through the ages that it would become extinct now were it not for the aid of man. Born into a world where the predators crawl on tentacles over the narrow territory of their feeding trays and through the months have wings they have lost all desire to fly. This slavery began in China more than 4,000 years ago.

Nevertheless all the world's silk does not come from the domesticated insect. Not a little of the supply is wild silk. This is the product of various insect tribes to the larger families of saturniidae (including among them Anthrenomyia, the Indian moth called Anthrenomyia, the source of muscadine hair).

Felt Safer in the Mine. In an article in the Atlantic Monthly Joseph Husband describes a thorough examination of a coal mine in the middle west. Work was discontinued for the time and the miners were obliged to stay on top for a number of days.

So great was the interest taken by the men in this work of examination that there was little complaining. One morning however as I walked back from the power house to the town I got a little bit of an old miner of about sixty who came limping down the street toward the mine and from him I heard the first complaint of the kind and many like it followed. I had not yet returned.

The Lake of Geneva. The lake of Geneva, lying in the deep valley between the Alps and the Jura mountains, performs a remarkable work for the benefit of man. During the summer its waters store up a great quantity of heat, which is slowly radiated into the air in the course of the following autumn.

The Templars. The order of the Templars was organized about the year 1118 for the purpose of protecting pilgrims on their way to the Holy Land and back. The founder of the order is supposed to have been Baldwin II, king of Jerusalem. For a long time the Templars were the most highly honored of institutions in Europe, but jealousy on the part of the sovereigns, coupled with their desire to get hold of the great wealth of the Templars, caused the persecution of the order, which finally (about 1308) resulted in its practical extinction. The order was abolished in 1812.—New York American.

Real News. "Why do you waste so much space on these interviews with politicians?" demanded the merchant.

"They are of interest to the people," answered the reporter.

"Shucks! If you interviewed me I could tell 'em where bargains are to be had."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Reckless. Uncle—My dear boy, it's a fact that the bacilli on paper money have caused many a death before now. Neighbor—Well, uncle, you might let me have a few notes. I'm very tired of life.—Fleegende Blatter.

The best thing for any one to say who had nothing to say is to say nothing and stick to it.

A RUSE THAT FAILED

By LAURA IDA ROSS

John and Gertrude Bingham were obliged to have live with them John's aunt, a disagreeable old woman, who was constantly making them miserable. There were two reasons why they should keep her in the house. One was that she had no other home, and the other was that she possessed about \$50,000 of property which John expected or at least hoped she would leave to him at her death.

The old lady's departure was the beginning of a new era in the lives of John and Gertrude. Not a ripple ever came between them, and their home was peace and comfort. True, John's income was very small, but his aunt had never paid any board, always throwing up as a reason that at her death he would be amply reimbursed.

At last Gertrude's presence at her mother's home was no longer necessary, and she concluded to give John a surprise by returning without notifying him. Her train arrived at such an hour as would take her to her own home about the time John reached it after business hours. John reacted before him (going upstairs, he saw a figure sitting through the hall. Gertrude gave chase and cornered a woman in one of the bedrooms. She was altogether too well dressed for a common thief. Indeed, she was very comely, so the demon of suspicion entered Gertrude's breast.

"Pass this is the way my husband passes his time while I am away," she said to the woman, the blood mounting to her cheek, while at the same time a tear stood in her eye.

The woman started to leave the room, but Gertrude stood in the only opening. How the matter would have resulted no one knows, for at that moment the front door was heard to open, and close and some one was heard in the lower hall. In another moment John Bingham appeared in the upper hall. His wife turned upon him like a fury. The cornered woman simply stared at both the others without speaking.

I never saw this person before," said John quietly, but firmly. "Madam," he added, addressing the stranger, "what did you come into my house for? You had some object in going, but I confess it puzzles me to guess what it is. You are too well dressed for a thief. Your pretending to come here to visit me is a subtle ruse."

He studied her for a few moments, during which she stood, mute, looking from him to his wife like one at bay. Whatever was her real object in entering the house, matters were going awry with Mrs. Judd's returned to Gertrude and said quickly: "Aunt Gertrude is dead. I received a notice to that effect at the office today. She died the day before yesterday. The letter was delayed by being sent to the wrong address."

Husband and wife looked at each other. An idea struck them at the same moment, or perhaps it was communicated from one to the other by telepathy.

"The will!" exclaimed Gertrude. "Go to my desk and see if it is there," said John. "Here is the key." She took the key from him as she passed him, went to the desk and looked for the will.

"It's gone!" she cried, running back to where she had left the other two.

"Madam," said John sternly to the woman, "you are some relative of mine who, having heard of the death of my aunt and having an old will leaving her property to you, have stolen mine to destroy it. Give me the paper and go free. Retain it and I shall send you to a police station to be searched. This is a penitentiary offense." The woman considered awhile, then, taking a paper from a hand bag, she carried, tossed it at him.

SOOTHED THE SPIRITS.

A Preliminary to House Building in the Shan States.

Home building in the Shan States is not such an easy matter as it looks. Mrs. Leslie Milne, author of "Shans at Home" tells how she arranged for the building of a bamboo house at Nam khun and, though the materials arrived, no progress seemed to be made with the actual construction.

"When I first spoke of house building I had been asked what I seemed an irrelevant question namely, the day of the week on which I was born. When I answered that it was late on Saturday night or early on Sunday morning I did not know that my reply was of importance. As time went on and the bamboos lay untouched looking like long green snakes in the grass, I complained of the delay only to be told that until I could tell them my birthday they were afraid to begin work, as the spirits would be angry if the offerings for the proper day were not made."

SINGING SANDS.

Peculiar Properties of These Curious Freaks of Nature.

The most notable of these curious freaks of nature, "singing sands," are those of the Hawaiian island of Kauai. When a small quantity of this sand is dropped into a shallow dish it is said to give forth a sound so shrill as actually to resemble a hoot. Put into a bag and loosely shaken the sand emits a noise strangely like the bark of a dog. Similar sands also occur in the Colorado desert, where also are to be found those curious concretionary sands that continually travel either over the vast plain of clay. Their movements are induced by the winds, and when a strong breeze is blowing the particles of which they are composed give out an audible humming or singing.

Under the microscope these sands show an almost perfectly spherical form, so that they roll upon each other at the slightest impulse, a circumstance that also accounts for the rapidity with which the sands travel over the desert. One theory advanced with respect to the "singing" of these sands is that it is due to an exceedingly thin film of gas that covers the grains. Gathered and removed from the desert, the sands lose their vocal properties.—Exchange.

Spelling the Tobacco.

Witchbourne St. Peter, in Gloucestershire, began the cultivation of tobacco in England toward the end of the sixteenth century, and the manufacturers are said to have derived considerable profit from it until the trade was placed under restrictions. An entry in Pepys' Diary on Sept. 10, 1697, concerning the coming of a cask of his tobacco proceeds: "She tells me how the life guard which we thought a little while since was sent down into the country about some insurrection was sent to Witchbourne to spoil the tobacco there, which, it seems, the people there do plant contrary to law and have always done and still been under force and danger of having it spoiled as it has been oftentimes, and yet they will continue to plant it. The place she says is a miserable poor place."—London Globe.

Europe's Middle Classes.

In France is an organization called the Congress des Classes Moyennes. Translated, this means "Congress of the Middle Classes." The sharpness with which class lines are drawn in Europe continues to puzzle some Americans, although there are others who think we have class divisions without the names. The French middle classes correspond to the German "Mittelstand" and comprise the middleman of the towns and the country and also many contractors, master builders and clerks. The organization has an annual luncheon, at which the most distinguished men of France are accustomed to speak.

Consolation. Donald—I want a cake of soap, Mr. McFarland.

Chemist—I cannot let you have a cake of soap on 'B' Sabbath day.

Donald—But ye sell'd that tattie some peppermint drops!

Chemist—Aye, ye can suck peppermint drops in the kirk, but ye cannot wash yerse! there!

Strategy.

Ryan, the corner cop, gave us the best definition of strategy we have ever heard. "Strategy," says Ryan, "is when ye keep right on shooting" so the army won't know ye're all out of ammunition."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Misunderstood.

Miss But—How dared you kiss me? Didn't you hear me say "Miss!"

John—You asked me if you might! Jack Blagoe—I thought you said "Cort."—Boston Transcript.

Back to the Bell.

"Don't you like to get close to nature sometimes?"

A QUICK RECOVERY

By MARJORIE CLOUGH

I had just entered my father at the age of nineteen when my sister died in solvent and from affluence we were reduced to poverty. I filled a position as governess in the family of a Mrs. Woodward, a widow with several children. The oldest girl nearly my age, was the luckiest daughter and, of course, I had nothing to do with her education. Then there was a son, Harry, absent at tending lectures, but paid me no attention whatever during these visits. He was interested in young ladies occupying the social world in which I had just made my debut and disappeared. He used to talk a great deal about them, and I thought that had it not been for my misfortune had he met me in the gay world he would have spoken of me in the same way.

My duties were to take care of the little children who had only begun to learn. I was something, but not much better than a nurse. Mrs. Woodward was taken down with typhoid fever. The doctor ordered a trained nurse, but when she came the invalid directed that I be with her constantly while the nurse should only attend her when necessary. This threw upon me the brunt of the nursing, the tripod and nurse only carrying out such work as the doctor's assistant. And just when she was most needed she took herself off to accept a permanent position.

The night the nurse left the patient had had a hemorrhage, and the doctor dreaded her having another. He told me to keep her in the utmost quiet, for she was in a dangerous condition. Her life depended on this. In the middle of the night my mistress asked me feebly for some grapes. I stepped into the hall and was surprised to find the lights that had been left burning below were out and all was in darkness. I returned for matches and went down the staircase. At the bottom a light was flashed in my face and a woman's voice called gruffly:

"I want the valuables!" I was always a timid girl, but in this case my mistress' condition conquered fear. I told the man that there was an invalid upstairs and if she knew he was in the house it would kill her. He evidently did not believe me, for he spoke very harshly to me, holding a revolver right in front of my face and ordering me to tell him where the valuables were kept.

Now, there was not a bit of silver plate or jewelry in the house that was not in the bedroom. My mistress had always kept them there in health and insisted on the silver being carried there every evening after dinner. They were nothing to me beside her life. I begged the man so hard to believe me, at the same time telling him that I would bring him everything of value, that he permitted me to go for them.

But how was I to excuse myself to my mistress for carrying the things out? If I told her nothing of what had occurred would she not believe that I was robbing her when she was too ill to stop me? Her son and daughter were both in the house, but to awaken either one of them would be death to their mother. I must think quickly. What put the plan I adopted into my head I know not. It came like a flash.

Going back into my mistress' room I began to turn the gas up and down, finally turning it out as if by mistake.

"Oh, dear," I said, "how unlucky! And I don't know where there are matches." While I pretended to be hunting for the matches I was gathering some valuable jewels that I knew were kept in a drawer of the bureau. Taking them and picking up the box in which the silver was kept, I went downstairs. The burglar was waiting for me. He turned his light on what I brought him and remarked that there was a good lot of swag. Then he ordered me into the kitchen and, taking a cloth hanging against the wall, tied me to a heavy table. In vain I begged him to let me go to my mistress. "Oh, no!" he said. "You'll call the police."

He went away, and I began at once trying to free myself. My joints were aching, and I soon slipped my hands out of the rope, after which it was no great work to free myself. Taking up the gravel that was on the range, I went back to my mistress and, riddling the gas, gave her what she would take of it. Then, telling her to try to get some sleep, I went down stairs to the telephone and reported the robbery to the police. Fortunately the burglar had not had time to get to a place of safety with his swag, and by communicating quickly with all the policemen within range he was captured.

The next morning when I told Harry and Lucy what had occurred they were beside themselves with terror. They reached the end, when Lucy sank down into a chair and Harry—well, I shall never forget the look Harry gave me. Just then there was a ring at the telephone, and the police reported that the robber had been taken with jewels and silverware.

Mrs. Woodward recovered, and the doctor said that I had certainly saved her life. Harry Woodward had nothing more to say about the girls he met in society. When he entered upon his profession he married me, and I was once more in the circle to which I was longed and from that day to this have lived a happy life.

CAIN STILL SURVIVES.

One Historic Villain Who Has Not Been Placed Upon a Pedestal.

It is the fashion now to pull down the idols of the past and set up new and hitherto comparatively unknown ones in their places, to rehabilitate the degraded and to reverse the decisions and the decrees of history. Speculation and criticism seek out dark spots and drag new heroes into light, while those who stand in the light of fame are scrutinized so closely that they seem but common things after all. If we go on at this rate much further we shall not have a villain left, and a hero, nor a God.

SOUND WAVES.

They Can Be Focused With a Lens Just as Light Can.

Few people are aware that sound can be focused just as light can. It is familiar with the burning glass, a reading lens which, if placed in a beam of sunlight, will focus the rays into a small point which is so hot as to be able to set fire to a piece of paper. Light is a wave in the ether, but sound is a wave in a material medium, generally the air.

If we make a convex lens out of rubber or collodion and fill it with a heavier than air, say carbon dioxide, we shall have a sound lens analogous in nearly all respects to a glass lens for light. It will be found that we can focus sound waves in the following manner:

Take a watch and place it some feet away from one side of the lens and put your ear on a line with the watch and the center of the lens, but on the other side, and moving outward from the lens a white moving out you can hear the watch until you get to a certain point where the waves are focused, at which place you will hear plainly. This is called the conjugate focus of the watch.—New York Tribune.

A Scolding Dress.

"Before I take off this dress," said the woman to the home dressmaker who was fitting a party gown. "I want to go into the kitchen and read the riot act to Maria."

"Oh, not with this dress on," the dressmaker protested. "She is cooking, and the grease might get on it."

"Can't help it," the woman interrupted. "Maria needs a lecture. She has been needing it for some time, but I didn't dare deliver it because I hadn't good enough clothes to make it effective. Maria is black and ugly from the south. She judges people by the clothes they wear. If I had scolded in shirt waist and skirt or even in my old blue afternoon dress Maria would have scorned me, but with all this finery on I can speak my piece and Maria will be properly impressed.—New York Press.

England Treasures Law in England.

In England treasure trove belongs to the crown. According to the law, if any one finds hidden treasure and declares it for his own use he is liable to fine and imprisonment. It used to be a hanging matter. However, it is now a mere encouragement to English treasure seekers. If any such thing is in these enlightened days, to be sure that the laws of treasure trove apply to such as is discovered by accident. Treasure discovered by systematic search would not come within this description, neither would treasure discovered by archaeological or other sciences or by the potent influence of the divining rod.—St. James' Gazette.

Completely Hypnotized.

The dentist had not advertised himself as a "painless dentist," but a writer in the Kansas City Times says he put a patient's teeth to sleep so completely that the man's eyes were so completely closed that he could not see his own hands. "But my office," the dentist said, "as you see, opposite a military display. When the man got absorbed in looking at the display he was insensible to pain."

What Which Counts.

What is it that counts in the life of a city? Only that good will for the love of doing it. Only the plans in which the welfare of others is the master thought. Only those who in the wages the sacrifice is greater than the wages. Only those gifts which the giver forgets himself.—Henry van Dyke.

First Choice.

Mr. Jawback—My dear, I was one of the first to leave. Mrs. Jawback—Oh, you always say that. Mr. Jawback—I can prove it this time. Look out in the hall and see the beautiful umbrella I brought home.—Toledo Blade.

Johnny's Reasoning.

Sunday School Teacher—What is conscience, Tommy? Johnny—An inward monitor. Sunday School Teacher—And what is a monitor, Johnny? Johnny—An ironed boot.—Chicago News.