

Bread-Cast Upon the Waters

By JAMES COOLIDGE

In "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," a book that has delighted millions of people both old and young, is a story of how Sindbad the Sailor was required to take an old man on his shoulders and carry him across a stream. When the old man was securely fixed in his position he refused to get down, and Sindbad was obliged to bear the burden indefinitely, I am reminded by this story of the Old Man of the Sea of something similar that happened to me when I was a young man.

Before settling down to my profession, having put aside enough money to spend a few months in Europe, I went abroad. The sum was only \$500, and I was obliged to piece it out by doing a good deal of walking. One day I was trudging along through the Euzarade when I overtook a man who for some reason was having a hard time to get on. When I came up with him I bade him good morning and asked him if I could be of any assistance to him.

"You might help me along to the next hotel," he said. "It's only about a mile."

I took his arm, and as we walked slowly he told me that he was Enoch Crane, an American. He had long been ailing, and his doctor had sent him abroad. He, like myself, was walking because he couldn't afford to ride. When we got to the inn I took him to a room and helped him to bed—a bed from which he was destined never to arise. He was very ill in the night, and I sat with him till near morning.

Having my time laid out and none to lose, I proposed after breakfast to proceed on my journey, but Mr. Crane begged me so pitifully not to desert a fellow countryman among strangers that I agreed to remain with him another day. At the end of that day I was constrained to remain another and another till I found the time allotted for my travels slipping away from me and I taking care of a sick man in a little Swiss inn.

In this way the whole time I had laid out for my trip passed and the time for me to go home arrived. The old man was sinking rapidly, and the village doctor told him that he had better prepare his affairs for a journey to another world. Then Mr. Crane called me to his bedside and said to me:

"You tell me you are going home—beg of you not to leave my body in this faraway land, but to take it with you. I have expected to die over here and have made every provision, having inquired the cost of removal in every particular. You will find exactly the amount in my wallet under my pillow. Take my body to B. in its county in Massachusetts, and about a mile north of the village on the V. turnpike is a lot forty feet square enclosed with stones taken off the ground. In the center is a space marked by four posts where the grave is to be located. This is not all I want you to be custodian of my grave. Send for a notary and I will draw up a paper transferring the lot to you with everything it contains, which, of course, is my body."

What a situation! My trip spoiled, obliged to go home in company and in care of the corpse of the man who had spoiled it and my pay was a plot of ground not worth \$25, which, after all, I must hold for a grave. Nevertheless I consented. I cannot claim that I did it solely from kindly motives. Enoch Crane possessed a singular influence over me.

When Mr. Crane died I possessed myself of his wallet, which, in addition to money, contained an account for expenses figured down to the closest possible amount. It struck me that he must have been afraid I would reap a few dollars out of the transaction. It paid the way exactly and I expended the last dollar in having the body transferred to the grave. I had promised Mr. Crane that I would see the grave dug, the body lowered and the earth put back, all under my own supervision. To do this I must pay for my own carriage. Glad of the prospect of getting the disagreeable matter off my hands, I secured two men with the necessary implements and was soon standing beside them as they dug the grave between the posts Crane had described. They had gone down about four feet when one of them threw up a tin box. I took it charge of it, but since it was locked I was obliged to wait my return to the village before examining it. I presumed, it to be another whim of the man who was being buried. I had a mind to sink it, fearing it involved some new obligation on my part.

Having kept my promise to the letter, I drove back to the village and, calling for a room in the little hotel, proceeded to open the box. It contained a number of envelopes. From the topmost I drew a paper. It recounted the wrongs heaped upon Enoch Crane by his relatives—he had no wife or child—and their heartlessness in permitting him to go abroad alone in search of health. The next envelope contained a paper, willing the contents of the box to the owner of the lot in which it was found. The remaining envelopes contained stocks and bonds worth \$20,000.

It was some time before I could understand that in a twinkling I had come into possession of a fortune. This was owing to my being dazed, for never was there a clearer case. I owned the lot, and the owner of the lot owned the property found in it. Before leaving America the invalid had arranged to reward any friend he might find.

"Picking Up Speed."

A favorite recommendation in selling a car is that it will pick up speed very rapidly, but it would seem that both dealers and manufacturers are working against their own interests in suggesting such methods of operation to users of cars. To accelerate a car weighing more than a ton from five miles an hour to forty miles in fifteen to twenty seconds means a tremendous strain on every portion of the machine and is especially destructive of tires. Moreover, there is no reasonable advantage in the procedure for the time gained thereby could hardly be measured with a stop watch in a day's run. The result is attained by supplying a much greater power than the user has any need for, and the principal use made of it is to jolt across the track in front of trucks, cars and railroad trains. Once a year it might save a man's life, but even then it would not be necessary if ordinary precaution were observed in driving. In the meantime the car owner is paying for a lot of gasoline consumed by the excessively large engine, which has been of no benefit to him.—Scientific American.

An Aerial Shepherd.

The little republic of Venezuela boasts of a remarkable bird which can be trained to tend flocks. Not only does the yak-a-milk, as it is called, take the place of the sheep dog, but it is frequently used to guard the home of its owner.

When the Indians capture a yak-a-milk they find little difficulty in training it to domestic use. It is attached to the farmyard and performs the same duties as a faithful watchdog. A yak-a-milk soon learns to know and obey the voice of its master. Its usual gait is slow and sedate, but sometimes it will execute most eccentric movements, waltzing and prouetting in a very absurd fashion. Instances are recorded where yak-a-milks have defended their charges from attacks of wild and savage animals and even driven them off.

Whistler made many enemies, notably the critic John Ruskin. This did not deter him from being indefatigably independent as an artist, however. It is said his mots were quoted everywhere. The following letter to the editor of the London Observer is characteristic of his attitude:

Sir—in your report of the Graham sale of pictures at Messrs Christie & Manson's rooms I read the following: "The next work put upon the easel was a nocturne in blue and silver, by J. M. Whistler. It was received with hisses." May I beg, through your widely spread newspaper, to acknowledge the distinct gush, though I fear unconscious, compliment so publicly paid? It is rare that recognition so complete is made during the lifetime of the painter, and I would wish to have recorded my full sense of this flattering exception in my favor.

The Sea Otter.

The sea otter is nearly twice the size of the common river otter, and the fur, without finishing or preparation of any kind, is more beautiful as it is stripped from the animal than the richest seal-skin, which has to be scraped, plucked, or dyed before it can be recognized as the beautiful object which the finished fur undoubtedly is. In the sea otter's fur the soft undercoat, the true fur, is as thick as that of the seal and nearly twice as long, while the longer outer hairs are as soft as a sable's tail and often a pale gray, which gives to the whole coat an appearance as of dark fur slightly frosted over.

The Traitors' Gate.

One of the most famous entrances in the world is doubtless the ancient Traitors' gate in the Tower of London. It was through this portal for several centuries that traitors were conducted from the banks of the river, Thames, into the tower. To Americans probably the most familiar of these unfortunate was Sir Walter Raleigh.

Coral Builders.

Coral reefs and islands are formed by the coral building polyps. These animals live only in clear water, the depth of which is not greater than about twenty-five fathoms and the temperature of which does not sink below 65 degrees F.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

St. Vitus' Dance. Chorea, or St. Vitus' dance, is a nervous disease characterized by irregular and perfectly involuntary muscular contractions. The disease occurs most commonly in childhood and is probably caused in most cases by the action of some bacterial poison on the nervous system. It often follows one of the life-threatening diseases of childhood and is especially frequent after attacks of acute pneumonitis. The treatment of chorea calls for as much quiet and seclusion as possible, for an ample diet with plenty of fat and for tonics. The patient must avoid muscular exercise and nervous excitement. He will get much benefit from rest in bed for several hours each day. In very severe cases death may occur from exhaustion, but as a rule recovery takes place in from six weeks to six months. Since the movements cannot be controlled by the will, admonitions to stop them are cruel and tend only to increase the trouble. The medical treatment must, of course, be prescribed by a physician.

A ROYAL TRAGEDY

The Gloomy Paths That Led to the End of the Romanoffs.

PLLOTS OF A MODERN BORGIA.

A Russian Writer's Picture of the Czarina of Alexander III., Maria Feodorovna, and Her Ruthless Efforts to Grasp the Reins of Power.

In her book, "Russia of Yesterday and Tomorrow," Baroness Souby, widow of a Russian nobleman, gives the following behind the scenes glimpse of the tragedy of the last of the Romanoff dynasty: Gayety did not mark the reign of Alexander III. Shadows of pain fell followed the heavy czar and obscured his life and that of Maria Feodorovna, the Danish princess. Her whole hope was in the future, and with the avatars of queens who mixed poisons for their husbands she dreamed of her own autocracy.

With the terrible ambition of ruling Russia the czarina did not prevent her husband from heavy drinking. The giant's heart was weak. Circumstances favored the hopes of Maria Feodorovna. Secretly she formed her party, the camarilla of Maria Feodorovna. Her sons were frail little boys with all kinds of inherited diseases.—The czarévitch, the stubborn little Nicholas, was no obstacle to her. Her sons became men, and Alexander, notwithstanding his heart disease, lived longer than the physicians prophesied. Maria Feodorovna became restless.

All the czarina's schemes developed rapidly. Alexander's enormous body swelled and swelled. Day and night he sat in his big armchair, tortured by suffocation and worrying about Nicholas, who was so poor a czarévitch. Maria Feodorovna smiled on the czarévitch's pseudo court. She let her camarilla nourish and support his idea of marrying a dancer. Then, she was sure, his light as czar would never burn, and Michael, who was sick and good natured, would be only too glad to leave the reins of the government in the hands of his mother.

The ministers revealed to the czar the dangerous ideas of the czarévitch and the machinations of Maria Feodorovna's camarilla. He was still the czar, though the dying czar. He summoned Nicholas and forced on him his marriage to the Princess Alix of Hesse. Alexander III. expired. The pomp of the funeral was over. The czarina mother took up her residence at the Anpitschok palace, the residence of the widows of the czars.

The czarina's hope was in the child she was expecting. Her firstborn was a princess, and the poor czarina became timid before sinister fate. She saw herself and the czar drifting apart under the influence of the czarina-mother. Her second child, so anxiously longed for, came. Again a little girl.

The morning came when the sound of all the bells, followed by the twenty-one gun salute, announced to all Russia the birth of an heir.

The czarina mother, Maria Feodorovna, had to carry the child, the unwilling grandchild who annihilated all her efforts and her ambitions for her son Michael. She held the little bit of potential manhood in her arms, breathing on the babe wordless curses. Poor little boy, so ardently longed for and then persecuted at his entrance into the world!

The czarina trembled for her new happiness. Her little treasure had to be watched, and even then she was never sure which of all the nurses or ladies in waiting, bought by the czarina-mother, might betray her.

The czarévitch never hesitated at assassination. Positively true is the story that one morning when the czarévitch was put into his bath the czarina, in a neighboring room, heard the child utter a terrible scream, followed by helpless whining. She rushed into the nursery to find the boy lying in his tub with a blue face and desperate stragglings to get out of this death-bringing danger. The czarina snatched her son out of ice water. The terrible mistake was attributed to the nurse.

All that was not plotted by the architects the cruel, fantastic camarilla invented. The little freedoms of the young sovereigns were under terrible espionage. For every theater party, for every entertainment, they provided cleverly arranged and dramatically discovered assassins. The camarilla worked well. Terror crept through the palace, crept through the doors into the private rooms of the sovereigns. They fled from the capital to bury themselves in the solitude of Tsarsko Selo, nowhere sure that plots would not be forged in their closest entourage. And so it was and so the grim tragedy was enacted until the revolution that sealed the fate of the luckless dynasty.

A Suggestive Hint. A certain eminent lawyer was appointed head of a government department, and he was anxious that all the members of the staff should work together in union. He summoned the leading officials and after delivering an address on the desirability of thorough co-operation concluded by saying: "Gentlemen, in my profession when a jury disagrees it is discharged. I think I need say no more."—London Mail.

Between the great things that we cannot do and the small things that we will not do the danger is that we shall do nothing.

FATE OF THE TRAITOR.

The Story of a Mexican Chief and Two Brothers in His Army.

On one occasion a Mexican officer stole a sack of silver pesos. He fled into the state of Guerrero. Zapata sent for a young officer of his staff and said: "You will follow this traitor night and day and never rest until you find him. You must not kill him, but bring him back to me alive. I will hang him in the plaza before all the people as one who has been false to his trust."

Without remark the young officer left the headquarters and started the pursuit. For weeks he trailed the fugitive back and forth through hostile country. At last he captured him and brought him, bound hand and foot, into a room where Zapata was holding a conference. "All general," he said huskily, "you told me to capture him without injury and bring him before you. I have done so. Now I want to ask you a favor. Let me die in his place and set him free."

"What fool is this?" cried Zapata in amazement. "Why do you, an honorable soldier, want to die to set free this traitor?"

"He is my youngest brother," replied the officer. "I obeyed your order because you are my chief, but if my brother dies because of me I would not want to live."

For a moment Zapata gazed from the cringing prisoner to the pale faced officer standing rigidly at attention. "Listen to me!" he finally exclaimed, pointing his finger in the prisoner's face. "Your brother has proved that he is a man, so I will grant his request. This is my sentence: You will be stripped of your rank and you will work as your brother's mose. You will do woman's work and cook for him and serve him as a slave. Nevermore will you carry a gun in the company of free men. Go!"

FIGHTING THE FIREBUGS.

How English Insurance Companies Keep Tab on the Swindlers.

There is a mutual understanding between all the first class insurance offices in England that they should warn each other of a customer whose conduct is suspicious, and such a warning is conveyed in a very simple yet effective way.

Each company has a number of cards printed. These are deeply edged in black, the center of the card bearing the name of the company which issues them. When a customer has suspicions regarding a customer one of its officers takes a number of these cards, writes on the reverse side the name and address, or different names and addresses in some cases, of the suspected man and sends around the cards to the other offices.

These cards are regarded as absolutely confidential, and they are never sent around till the company which issues them has, through the staff of inquiry officers always kept for such purposes, found strong evidence against the man whose names they bear.

Each company keeps a book regularly posted with these cards in it, and the book is more frequently consulted than the general public would imagine. Many of these volumes of black edged warnings are bulky ones.

The aliases and changes of residence of such suspicious customer are carefully noted in the book, and it is computed that these cards save the companies thousands of pounds a year.

Salvage companies also issue these "insurance warnings." Whenever a salvage officer notes the slightest suspicious circumstance amid the ruins of a fire he duly reports it.—London Tit-Bits.

Cleaning Coat Collars.

When the collar of a coat looks shabby and greasy, though the coat is otherwise quite fresh, take a clean rag, dip it in spirits of turpentine and rub the collar all over with it.

Leave it for a few minutes, then repeat the process, afterward scraping gently to remove any loose dirt. Then sponge it carefully with a little alcohol and keep wiping it with a clean cloth until it is nearly dry. Hang it up until it is quite dry.

If necessary press the collar with a hot iron, having a thin white cloth between it and the iron. After this treatment the collar will look almost new again.

Clipping With a Pin.

When you lose your knife or do not have a pair of scissors at hand for cutting the paper a common pin or needle of any kind serves the purpose admirably, says Popular Science Monthly. If it is a single sheet from which the clipping is to be removed lay the paper on another paper, hold the pin slantwise so that the point will follow around the clipping, just as if tracing an outline. Pass back over the scratch with the point in the lead, and you will be surprised how smoothly the pin cuts the paper.

Obstacles.

Cooper—Why has the great American novel never been written? Webster—Because when an American possesses sufficient comprehension of American life and the necessary facility of expression to write such a novel he becomes a promoter or goes into politics.—Life.

Gleam of Intelligence.

Woman—I wish to sue my husband for divorce on the grounds of insanity. Lawyer—Will he contest? Woman—Oh, no! He is not so crazy as that.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Depends on Circumstances.

"Do you believe in autohypnotism?" "That depends on whether you own one of the blamed things."—Baltimore American.

Two Fights In One

By RICHARD MARKLEY

John Doyle was forty-one years old when the United States entered the war for making the world safe for democracy. John was a member of the regular army of the United States and had many service stripes on his sleeve. There was a physical peculiarity about him. At twenty-one he had lost all memory of his past. He could only remember being discharged from the hospital and wondering what he should do to make a living. Passing a United States recruiting station he went in and enlisted. He said nothing about his loss of memory for fear he would be rejected on this account.

John was not an educated man, consequently he never received a commission, but he was a good soldier and in time reached the noncommissioned rank of sergeant major. When the first contingent of American troops reached France he was among them and disembarking with his regiment marched into the camp prepared for them.

The first battle in which John took part brought him a wound that unfitted him for further military service. A piece of shrapnel struck him in the head and rendered him unconscious. Presently he was picked up to be transferred to an ambulance. Consciousness returning he shouted:

"We've licked the daogues. I knew we could do it. We'd got 'em on the run when I was hit."

When John was deposited in a hospital and his wound was being dressed he asked the surgeon:

"Doctor, are we any nearer Santiago than we were before the fight?"

"We're nowhere near Santiago." "Not near Santiago. Then where are we?"

"In France." "In France, thinking the man to be of his base," hurried away to another patient. John Doyle lay wondering. He soon came to the conclusion that the surgeon had reached—that the blow he had received had upset his brain and he was not capable of understanding what was said to him. Calling an attendant, he asked him to read what was on his identification tag that hung at the head of his cot. The man read the name, "John Doyle."

"John Doyle," exclaimed the wounded man. "They got me mixed up with some one else."

There was too much to be done, and now that John did not need special attention the nurses left him alone. Later he called a woman with a red cross on her sleeve and asked her if she would write a letter for him to his sweetheart. The request touched the female heart, and the nurse complied. John dictating:

"Dearest Ellen—We had a fight today with the Spaniards—No you mean the Germans." "You mean the Germans," corrected the nurse.

"No, I don't. I mean the Spaniards. Aren't we in Cuba, fighting to drive the Spaniards out?"

"No; we are in France, fighting to drive out the Germans."

"Well, I'll be jugged!" exclaimed John. "I thought I knew myself and that I was Pete Murray. Hand me a lookin' glass. I want to see who I am anyway."

"That isn't me," he said feebly. "I'm not that old cuss with his hair sprinkled with gray. And I'm not John Doyle neither. I'm Pete Murray, a soldier of the Sixteenth Infantry. I'm fighting in Cuba. What's the matter with me any way?"

The nurse called a surgeon, who, after considerable questioning of the patient, came to the conclusion that Doyle or Murray or whoever he was, had been wounded in the head in the Spanish American war, and had lost his bump of memory. The shrapnel that had hit him in his fight with the Germans had restored him to his original self. It was thought best to break the matter to him, and the nurse was commissioned to do so. The task was accomplished with great delicacy.

From that time till Peter Murray was started home to be discharged for disability, he wondered what had become of the sweetheart he had loved as a young man. She must now be a woman of nearly forty. What would she look like at the advanced age? He must have been reported dead. At any rate he had been lost to her.

One day, several months later, Peter Murray, who had spent some time hunting for Ellen Crosby, the sweetheart of his youth, stepped up to the porch of a cottage in Canada and rang the bell. A middle aged woman answered the summons. Though Peter was looking for her and she supposed him dead she recognized him before he recognized her. Nothing was spoken; He took her in his arms, and she clung to him.

Peter had not been reported dead after the fight at Santiago, but had been mentioned as having been discharged from the hospital in a "somewhat dazed condition." It was these three words that led Ellen Crosby to believe that he had wandered away and had subsequently died before being able to reach his home. She had mourned him as his widow.

Ellen had made her living and having been frugal had laid up something besides owing the house in which she lived. She was ready to marry Peter and divide her income with him. Peter was too proud to accept this and soldier no trade except that of a soldier the case hung fire. But finally the story reached the government and Peter was appointed to an office in the United States revenue service.

Passing of the Livery Stable.

Buggies are not often seen now in the big cities, but in the rural districts a great many buggies still are sold, it being suspected that for general courting purposes they are vastly superior to anything in the vehicle line yet invented.

But certainly the livery stable must by this time find business dull. Thus passes a great institution where the wits were wont to gather and discuss horses, men, politics and crops, but especially horses. In many a small town the livery stable office was really a public opinion. The traveling men who came to engage a rig were always willing to discuss the affairs of the outside world; the farmers who left their horses to be fed while in town were as likely as not to loaf about the barn while their wives did the shopping, there to discuss crops and the weather, and of course no young man could have a narrow seated rig without speaking, either by his actions or his speech, the progress of his affairs of the heart.—Indianapolis News.

Fall of the Bastille.

The famous French prison known as the Bastille was originally the Castle of Paris and was built by order of Charles V. between 1370 and 1383 as a defense against the English. When it came to be used as a state prison it was provided with vast bulwarks and ditches. The Bastille had four towers, of five stories each, on each of its larger sides, and it was partly in these towers and partly in underground cellars that the prisoners were situated. It was capable of containing from seventy to eighty persons, a number frequently reached during the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., the majority of these being persons of the highest rank. The Bastille was destroyed by the mob on July 15, 1789, and the governor and a number of his officers were killed. On its site now stands the column of July, erected in memory of the patriots of 1789 and 1830.

A Touch of Nature.

Just a dirty little yellow curl I called him homeless until I heard a dirgelittle urchin yelling, "Aw, go away home!" and pelting him with stones.

The youngster swore, and I felt sorry for the dog. I wanted to wrap the urchin's neck and save the dog. Just as I was about to put my thought into action a big black limousine came swerving down the street. The child darted before it, grabbed the little yellow curl to his heart, and the two came rolling from beneath the whirling wheels.

"Where are you hurt, boy?" I asked excitedly, turning him around on his sturdy little legs.

"They didn't hurt me—but they dern near got my dog!" wailed the urchin between dry sobs.—Columbus (O.) Dispatch.

Military Digita.

Men with long, tapering "piano" fingers are apt to desert after short service, while those having stubby digits, denoting stability of character and utter lack of the artistic temperament, usually stand by their boats and make the best marines.

Although desertions from the marine corps are light at times, it has been said that actors, sign writers and, strange to say, waiters furnish the largest number of deserters.

Records, including finger prints, of all men enlisted in the corps are kept at headquarters for purposes of identification, and there are cases on record where bodies, with finger tips intact, have been positively identified through the finger print medium.—Philadelphia Press.

The Word "Expire."

"Expire" in its literal sense is breathing out. Inspiration and expiration together constitute respiration. Isaac Walton observed that "if the inspiring or expiring organ of any animal be stopped it suddenly dies." The Romans spoke of "breathing out" the breath of life instead of "dying" by way of euphemism, just as they said "kick" (he has lived) instead of "he is dead." In all languages the reluctance frankly to say "dead" or "die" appears; hence such words and phrases as "pass away," "decease," "demise," "the departed," "the late," "no more," "if anything should happen to me."

His Answer.

"Now, Captain Wilson," said a certain brigadier general, according to a story which is told in London, "suppose you found your company cut off from the rest of the battalion, hopelessly outnumbered and surrounded on every side. What would you do?"

"By Jove, sir, you are a pessimist!" replied Captain Wilson.

A Modern Escape.

When asked how he got out of prison a witty rogue replied, "I got out of my cell with ingenuity, ran upstairs with agility, crawled out the back window in secrecy, slid down the lightning rod with rapidity, walked out of the town with dignity and am now banking in the sunshine of liberty."—Exchange.

Justice.

Country Justice—The constable says you were speeding.

Motorist—What! On such rotten roads as you have here?

Justice—Five dollars for speeding and ten for contempt of our roads.—Exchange.

The Reckless Informant.

"Isn't Gableton one of those people who tell everything they know?"

"He doesn't wait that long. He rushes in and tells things before he has time to find them out."—Exchange.

Heaven never help the man who will not act.—Scotchies.