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Right at Last

"Well, you see, that is just what I wanted to speak to you about. It isn't his ancestral home any longer."

The colonel stared.

"In fact, it never was his, Colonel Oliver. Lord Arrowfield's last will has been found, and he left the Wold and nearly all the property away from Lord Villiars."

The colonel and the girls gasped.

"Left the Wold and the money—away! Good gracious! And whom did he leave it to, then?"

"To his granddaughter, a young lady of the name of Trevelyan," said Miss Mazurka, smoothly.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the colonel, dropping his eyeglass. "To a young lady named Trevelyan! Never even heard of her!"

"I daresay not. But no doubt you would like to make her acquaintance?"

"We should be delighted!" simpered Emmeline; "any relation of dear, dear Lord Arrowfield would be received by us as an old and valued friend."

"I am sure she would," said Miss Mazurka dryly, while old Craddock's gnarled and wrinkled face contracted with a grin behind the girls' backs. "I will go and fetch her. But first, Colonel Oliver, you have quite made up your minds, all of you, in respect to Miss Ormsby?"

"Oh, quite, quite!" exclaimed Julia and Emmeline, acidly.

"We never wish to see her again," said Emmeline. "And as to receiving her into our house now that a lady reigns at the Wold, is more than ever impossible."

"I'm glad to hear you say that!" said Miss Mazurka, with a smile. "I am quite sure you mean it and will abide by it. And now I'll fetch Miss Trevelyan."

"A most charming young lady," said the colonel. "Poor Villiars! Lost all his money, has he, poor devil? Well, upon my soul, he didn't deserve it."

"No," croaked Craddock; "very few do. Here comes the fortunate young lady," and he drew back with a sinster smile as the door opened and Joan entered.

She was very pale, and her lips quivered slightly as she entered; but after the pause of a second she came towards them with extended hand.

The colonel stepped back with a start and a frown, and the two girls, flushing a brick-dust red, tossed up their heads.

"Will you not shake hands with me?" said Joan.

"Ahem!" coughed the colonel. "Under the circumstances, Joan, it will be better if we speak candidly. I am not aware under what pretence you have made your way into this house, but I must inform you that we—er—deely regret that—ahem!—your past conduct has rendered all intercourse between my daughters and yourself impossible!"

Joan's hand dropped and her eyes flashed for a moment with just indignation, but her voice was calm and almost gentle as she said:

"Do you know all my sad story, Colonel Oliver?"

"We know—ahem!—enough!" said the colonel. "In justice to the young lady in whose house you are intruding—

At that moment the door opened and Miss Mazurka entered.

"Well, colonel and young ladies, quite a little surprise, isn't it? You didn't expect to find in Miss Joan, your ward, whom you treated with such consideration, the owner of Wold, Miss Ida Trevelyan""

"Miss Ida Trevelyan! Owner of the Wold!" gasped the colonel.

"Miss Trevelyan!" almost shrieked the girls; "and Joan is—"

"Miss Joan Ormsby, granddaughter of the late earl," croaked old Craddock, with a grim of delight. "There is no mistake, colonel. Will found a little while back and duly proved. Father, Captain Ormsby, of the 126th Irish. A surprise, eh, quite a surprise?"

And he chuckled hoarsely.

The unfortunate Olivers stood pale and almost green with chagrin and discomfiture.

"It's—it's a conspiracy!" at last gasped the colonel.

"That's just what it is," said Miss Mazurka, promptly; "a conspiracy to try real friends from false! And, if you want to know how completely it has succeeded, ask Mr. Craddock, who has my full permission to tell you everything as he conducts you to the front gate!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

With drooping countenances, the three sneaked out, followed by Craddock, who never enjoyed any hour in his life as he enjoyed the quarter of an hour in which he unfolded the story to the unhappy trio.

The next morning the Olivers left for the continent for the benefit of their health, and Deercombe is not likely to be honored by their presence again.

The day drew on and still the feeling of suspense which hung over Joan and Emily was not removed.

Miss Mazurka had unmasked and vanquished the Olivers; but there was still wanting another act to finish the comedy which she and Bertie had so carefully prepared.

"Leave it all to me, dear, just for a few hours longer," she pleaded to Joan, as they sat in the drawing room. "I've carried out my intentions very well so far, haven't I?"

"Yes," said Joan. "Ah, I wish they had received me and forgiven me!"

Miss Mazurka laughed.

"So they would if they had known beforehand that you were the mistress of the Wold. But I had got them in a cleft stick! And now don't give a thought to them; they'll never trouble you any more, depend upon it. What time is dinner to-night?"

Joan smiled.

"You are mistress here," she said.

Miss Mazurka nodded.

"So I am, with your permission, for a few hours longer. We'll say seven o'clock, and we'll have a nice dinner. I'll go and see the butler and give him instructions. Fancy Miss Mazurka instructing a butler!" and she went out laughing.

Meanwhile, at the time Joan was still wondering what was going to happen, two gentlemen got out of the train at Deercombe and stepped out smartly towards the Wold.

"I'm afraid, Villiars, you think this rather a cool thing to drag you down to your old house to see the lady who has dispossed you of it," said Bertie, for it was he and Stuart Villiars.

Stuart Villiars smiled gravely.

"No; I placed myself in your and Miss Mazurka's hands, and I did so unreservedly. I am grateful that you haven't insisted upon my going to Buenos Ayres, for instance."

Bertie laughed.

"And you still feel—what shall I say?—resigned to the loss of your wealth, Villiars?"

"Quite!" he assented. "No wealth can buy me happiness! I have told you my story, Bertie; some men would have outlived the loss, I suppose! I cannot! She is with me every hour of the day. There is not a day that her beautiful face does not rise before me, sometimes with the loving smile she used to wear when she lived, sometimes with a shadow of reproach resting on it. Why—" he stopped and looked towards the sea—"this place, every inch of it, speaks to me of her. There, along that road, we used to walk, her head upon my breast, her sweet, innocent lips whispering, 'I love you!' Would to Heaven I could forget her, and yet, no! I would not if I could! In such a gray and dreary life as mine even the memory of her is something. Forgive me, Bertie," he broke off. "I ought not to weary you with my sorrows; but, you see, you have brought it on yourself. When a man undertakes to be the keeper of such as I——" He stopped and shrugged his shoulders with a sad and kindly smile.

"I understand, I know," said Bertie, softly. "She must have been very lovely and very lovable."

"No woman more so on this earth," responded Stuart Villiars, fervently.

"And I suppose there is no doubt about her death?" said Bertie, gravely and ferffully.

Stuart Villiars shook his head.

"None! Oh, no! No, I saw her! I saw her cloak! Besides, forgive me, I cannot talk of it! Let us speak of something else! This young girl—do you think she will mind my coming to see her here?"

"No, she will not mind," replied Bertie, in a low voice. "Villiars," he said, after a short silence, "how are your nerves? Do you think you could stand a shock?"

Stuart Villiars laughed and held out his hand.

"I am as firm and steady as a rock," he said. "Why, have you got a shock in preparation for me, you mystery-monger?"

"Yes, I have," said Bertie. "No, I am not going to tell you what it is. It would upset my plans, to say nothing of Miss Mazurka's, who is too formidable a personage to interfere with. But there is a shock in waiting for you, and I warn you."

"And I warn you," said Stuart Villiars, smiling, "that no shock you can mannfacture can touch me. I am case-hardened, my dear Bertie. If you could raise the dead, but there, no more of that! How well the old place looks! I should have been proud of it if she had lived and I could have seen her there as its queen and mine! But now I part with it without a pang. The sight of it makes my heart ache. It will be my last visit to Deercombe!"

"You think so!" said Bertie. "Here we are! Let us go round the back way—which is it?"

"This way," said Stuart Villiars. "It leads to some rooms I had fitted up while I was staying here."

They went to the door in the wing in which he had lived before he fled with Joan, and Mr. Craddock opened it, as if he expected them.

"Ah, Craddock!" said Stuart Villiars, very wearily. "You here? That is very kind!"

"Yes, my lord. I am sorry to hear of your lordship's loss——"

"Thanks! Be a faithful steward to your new mistress, Craddock," he said.

The two men went up to their rooms and dressed for dinner, and then Stuart Villiars sauntered into the rooms he had occupied in the old days, and Bertie came to him.

"Miss Trevelyan cannot see you until after dinner," he said. "Will that be time enough?"

"Very well," assented Stuart Villiars, gently.

"And she has placed this wing at your disposal," went on Bertie. "Can you amuse yourself with a cigar in that queer little garden for a while?"

Stuart Villiars nodded and smiled.

"Yes, it will not be for the first time," he said, with a sigh, as he remembered how Joan and he had wandered round the velvety lawn.

"All right," said Bertie, cheerfully, but with a certain agitation which he scarcely managed to suppress. "I've got some letters to write, and I'll leave you."

Stuart Villiars nodded, lit his cigar, and sauntered through the French windows into the quadrangle.

He would go through the interview with Miss Trevelyan, settle the legal business which would make over the whole of the property bequeathed to her, and then go to—well, perhaps Australia. It did not much matter where.

In a minute or two he forgot all about Miss Trevelyan and gave himself up to thinking of Joan.

It was strange, but this evening he could only think of her as living.

The scene in the dead-house by the Thames seemed to grow vague and misty, and it was the live Joan who had walked with him by the sea that rose before him.

"Oh my darling!" he murmured, "there is only one hope left for me, that I may meet you above!"

And he looked up at the evening sky with a reverence which was new born in him that night, then he turned and was about to enter the house, when a slight, girlish figure came from the lattice gate into the garden.

It was a graceful, bewitching form, and in its attitude of solitude and loneliness it seemed to appeal to his overwrought senses in a strange and almost awful manner.

He stepped back into the shadow of one of the buttresses and waited for her to pass.

She came nearer, her head still turned from him, and as she came, and her form become more clearly outlined against the ivy-covered wall, something, a hand stretched forth from the invisible world, seemed to touch his heart.

It was the form of Joan! Yes, it was hers, the nameless grace, the poise of the delicate neck, the very trick of the folded hands were hers! Joan's! His heart stood still, his face grew white; what mad fancy was this that was fooling him?

A feeling of weakness took possession of him, and he had to put up his hand against the wall to keep himself from falling.

Slowly, with downcast face, she approached him. So near now that he could almost touch her. So near that if he moved she must see him! At that moment she stooped and picked a spring flower, then on rising turned her face to him, and with a cry that seemed to leap from his tortured heart, he moved forward and called her name.

"Joan!"

She started, dropped the flower, and clasped her hands over her heart; and so these two stood and looked at each other.

Trembling like a leaf, white to the lips, he held out his quivering hands. That it was a vision he was convinced. His mind, over-strained, had given way; he was mad, mad, mad! Yes, that was it! It was the fleeting vision of a lunatic! And yet—oh, heaven!—how real she seemed. It was Joan, the Joan of old, and yet more beautiful, more sweet, more lovable than ever!

"Oh, heaven!" he cried, at last, hoarsely. "I am mad! And yet—whoever you may be, answer me! You are like—one—I used to know and loved! For heaven's sake, answer me!"

Joan, pale and trembling, raised her eyes.

"I am Joan Ormsby, Lord Villiars," she said.

"Ah, no, no!" he cried, in a terrible voice. "Do not deceive me! It is some trick! My Joan is dead—dead!" and at the voice so full of agony, Joan put her hand to her heart, that seemed breaking in sympathy with his.

"I am not dead," she said. "I am Joan. Yes, the wretched dupe you once called yours! Lord Villiars, what have you to say to me?"

"Not—dead!" he cried, hoarsely. "Let me touch you! Speak again! Oh, God! alive and not dead!"

She stood before him, a pitying light softening the severity of her gaze.

"I am Joan Ormsby—I am Ida Trevelyan," she said. "You have come to see me, and I am here."

He stepped forward and caught her in his arms, the tears running down his face. For a moment she rested against his breast quiescent, then she struggled from the chain he had formed round her.

"This—this is an insult!" she panted. "Have you forgotten the wrong you sought to do me, Lord Villiars?"

"Forgotten! Wrong!" he echoed, wildly. "What is it you say? Be patient with me, Joan! My brain whirls—my heart's on fire! Be patient——"

She stood and looked at him.

"I am Joan Ormsby," she said, trying to speak coldly. "You wished to see me?"

As she spoke she moved towards the window and entered the room, and, half blindly, he followed her.

It was she who was composed; she, the woman; he, the man, who was all distraught.

"Joan! Joan! Alive!" he kept murmuring, his thirsting eyes devouring her.

"Now," she said, standing beside the fire and raising her eyes to his, "what have you to say to me?"

He was silent, leaning against the table, his hands shaking.

"Am I to speak?" she said, in a low, clear voice. "Be it so. You are to-day, Lord Villiars, to relinquish to me that which is mine by law and right. Is that so?"

He inclined his head. It seemed as if he only half heard and understood.

"I am Joan Ormsby, the granddaughter of the Earl of Arrowfield. This estate is mine, the wealth you have owned and misspent is mine. This will gives it to me."

(To be Continued.)

AN ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY.

(Christian Herald.)

Blotting paper was discovered purely by accident. Some ordinary paper was being made one day at a mill in Berkshire, England, when a careless workman forgot to put in the sizing material. The whole of the paper made was regarded as useless. The proprietor of the mill desired to write a note shortly afterward, and he took a piece of waste paper, thinking it was good enough for the purpose. To his intense annoyance, the ink spread all over the paper. Suddenly there flashed over his mind the thought that this paper would do instead of sand for drying ink, and he at once advertised his waste paper as "blotting." There was such a big demand that the mill ceased to make ordinary paper, and was soon occupied in making blotting paper, the use of which soon spread to all countries.

AUCTION BRIDGE IN PARIS.

Bridge is dead because it lived too quickly. To auction bridge alert hostesses have already opened their houses. Go into the Automobile Club, the Volney or the Epatant and you will see four, six or ten tables of auction bridge. At the Travellers' Club, where English and Americans staying in Paris are accustomed to go, the last game of bridge was played six months ago.—Figaro.

THE PRACTICAL MAIDEN.

He—[illegible]

She [illegible]

CANNOT FAIL TO INTEREST WOMEN

Alberta Lady tells of her cure by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

For Weak, Nervous, Run-down and Suffering From Rheumatism—Dodd's Kidney Pills Made Her a New Person.

Beauvallon, Alta, May 1. (Special)—Women who are nervous, run down and suffering from Rheumatism, cannot fail to be interested in the case of Miss Gertrude E. Reyome, of this place. She was exactly in that condition. To-day she is as she puts it herself "a new person." Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her. Here is her statement given for publication:

"My Kidney Disease started from a cold two years ago. Rheumatism set in, and I was weak and nervous, and in a run down condition. I was attended by a doctor who did not appear to understant my case. Three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills made a new person of me."

Is not Miss Reyome's condition an exact description of nine-tenths of the ailing women of Canada? The doctor did not understand her case. It was simple enough. It was Kidney Trouble. And Kidney Disease is the one great cause of women's troubles. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure it.

THE LAW OF THE AIR

Rights of Individuals and Nations as Affected by Aviators.

London.—Who owns the air? In the matter of aerial navigation this question opens up large possibilities of litigation, especially in Europe. At the request of the board of laws of the University of London, Dr. H. D. Hazeltine, reader in English law at Cambridge, has been delivering a course of lectures on "The Law of the Air," which were closely followed by judges and lawyers.

Dr. Hazeltine's view is that the air belongs to the land owner. He pointed out, however, that the maxim "Whoever owns the ground owns it up to the skies," although firmly embedded in English legal thought from the Middle Ages down to the present time, had never been fully recognized by the courts. Actual decisions, Dr. Hazeltine observed, had permitted the land owner to recover in trespass for various interferences with the lower stratum of the air space, but there were no actual decisions that the land owner had the action of trespass for interferences, either by passage of aerial craft or other measures, with the upper strata of the air space.

He maintained that it would be sounder in legal principle to recognize the principle that the land owner owned the entire air space, for in the interest of aerial navigation this proprietary right could then be limited upon the principle already adopted by the German Civil Code. On this principle the land owner although owning the entire air space, could not object to the passage of aerial craft in cases where such passage did not interfere in any way with his proper and legitimate interests.

Discussing the question of the liability of aeronauts and aviators for accident the lecturer said that in the present state of aerial science and of the English authorities absolute liability for any such accident would probably be the view adopted by the courts of this country.

With regard to the various sovereignty of the air theories some publicists, he said, maintained that the territorial State had sovereign dominion in the air space above its territory and territorial waters, but that this sovereignty was limited either in height or by a servitude of free passage for all aerial navigators, foreign as well as domestic.

The theory of a sovereignty limited in height was, however, open to the same objections as the theory of a so-called zone of protection, and the lecturer expressed the view that a sovereignty limited by right of innocent passages would not always conduce to the safety and welfare of the State. The State had and should have full sovereign dominion and the entire air space above its territory and territorial waters, such sovereignty being physically possible and legally desirable. The analogies of the high sea and the maritime belt of coastal waters as applied by advocates of limited sovereignty were, he thought, far from being thoroughly sound and applicable.

Sovereignty was already exercised by States in the lower stratum of their air space, and the same full right should be recognized in all the upper strata as well. The recognition of each territorial State's full right of sovereignty in the air space above it would serve as a firm basis for the future development of national and international aerial law, securing to all parties concerned, aerial navigators as well as States and their inhabitants, the full legal enjoyment of their proper and legitimate interests.

In discussing international rules regarding wireless telegraphy in times of war Dr. Hazeltine referred to the problems raised by the Russo-Japanese war and the solution of these problems by the second Hague conference. He also discussed the question raised by the Russo-Japanese war as to whether newspaper correspondents employing wireless apparatus in times of war should be viewed as spies in accordance with the Russian proclamation issued during the war. He contended that correspondents in acting openly should not be viewed as spies, but might possibly in certain circumstances if captured be treated as prisoners of war.

The Hague declaration of 1907 prohibiting until the next Hague conference the discharge of projectiles and explosives from balloons had not been acquiesced in by most of the great powers. Nevertheless the Hague regulations of 1907 contained a narrower subdivision whereby the attack on or bombardment of undefended places by any means whatever was forbidden. This article was understood by the conference to cover the case of attacking or bombarding undefended towns by means of projectiles and explosives hurled from balloons or other air vehicles. The distribution was unlimited as regard direction.

Among many other subjects referred to the lecturer maintained that the nationality of an air vehicle should be the same as the nationality of its owner rather than being determined by the domicile of its owner. The ownership of private individuals and the complete sovereignty of States would, he thought, serve as a firm basis upon which to develop aerial law of the future.

SEVEN YEARS OF MISERY

All Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Sikeston, Mo. — "For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I cramped and had backache and headache, and was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have anyone move in the room. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me at these times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like it, too. I can do my own housework, hoe my garden, and milk a cow. I can entertain company and enjoy them. I can visit when I choose, and walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the month. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl."—Mrs. Dana Burnham, Sikeston, Mo.

The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It is more widely and successfully used than any other remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feelings, nervousness, or general debility.

If you have any symptom you do not understand, write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and she will send you a helpful letter.

BAD MANNIERS IN STREET CARS.

Some Offences Committed by Ill-bred or Careless Passengers.

"You know," said the elevated guard, this on a light run when the man he was talking to was the oly passenger in the car, "if I didn't toughen myself, you know, just toughen myself, I should get all wrong up forty times a day. I see so many passengers do mean things.

"I can't help hating the man who sits in a crowded car with his legs crossed. You've read a lot about him in the papers, but I don't think he reads the paper himself, or if he does he never realizes that this piece is about him, or if he does he's too mean to care what other people think of his manners.

"There's plenty of men that sit with their legs crossed and never take 'em down when people pass, but I'm not here to teach the passengers manners. I'm here to help run the train, and so I attend strictly to business and bother about it just as little as I can.

"Another man I don't like is the man who spits on the floor. Thank heaven there's been an improvement in this since the passing of that law against spitting in the cars and on the platforms, but the worst thing the cross-legged man does is to sit with his crossed feet stuck out in front of him on the floor in a crowded car, where they can't be seen, for people to stumble over. All the cross legged men are irritable men, and I'd like nothing better than to go in and straighten 'em all out, and I could do it.

"Another thing I don't like is to see a man a passenger, sitting in a motorman's box in a car backed up against one end and with his feet up against the woodwork at the other. Apparently he doesn't give a cuss about scratching the varnish and marring the wood and making that place unsightly to other people, to say nothing of the injury he does to property which it takes money to repair.

"I don't altogether object to a man's putting his feet up on a seat, or I mean his leg. I do object bitterly to a man sitin a cross seat putting his feet up on the edge of the cross seat opposite. I think he's a mean, thoughtless, cheap shamp any way you put it. He's wearing out the seat by doing it and he may be putting mud on it for some unsuspicious passenger to sit on.

"Then there's the man who trims his finger nails on the trains, not a very elegant person that; and then there's the man who cleans his finger nails, still more distressing.

"Then there's the people that eat peanuts in the cars. Of course there ought to be a law against that, for to some people the odor of peanuts in a closed atmosphere is decidedly unpleasant, to say nothing about the offence of littering up the floor with the shells.

"You know the fact is when there's a lot of people that don't know any better than to do these things, and so I don't know a man could blame them. You see some small, narrow, obstinate people that do know better, but there's a whole lot of people that don't know any better."

N. Y. Sun.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

He (reading)—Hello, what's this; can it be possible that Fielder Jones has again [illegible]

She [illegible]

NERVOUS DISEASES IN THE SPRING

Can be Removed by Toning Up the Blood, Thus Strengthening the Nerves.

Nervous diseases are more common and more serious in the spring than at any other time of the year. This is the opinion of the best medical authorities after long observation. Vital changes in the system after long winter months may cause much more than "spring weakness," and the familiar weariness and achings. Official records proved that in April and May neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, epilepsy and various forms of nerve disturbances are at their worst, especially among those who have not reached middle age.

The antiquated custom of taking purgatives in the spring is useless, for the system really needs strengthening, while purgatives make you weaker. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a special action on the blood and nerves, for they give strength and have cured not only many forms of nervous disorders, but also other spring troubles, such as headaches, weakness of the limbs, loss of appetite, trembling of the hands, as well as unsightly pimples and skin troubles. They do this because they actually make new rich, red blood, which means a return to perfect health.

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

How a Doctor's Bill Was Avoided

When the amount of money paid every year by a large family to the physician is footed up, it makes no small item of expense. But to entirely escape a doctor's bill for several years is an interesting accomplishment on the part of Mrs. Jessie Beggins, of Stella, P. O., Ont., which gives this sensible advice: Very frequently there are ailments in the family that can be avoided if 'Nerviline' is used. When my children come in from play with a cough or slight cold, I rub their chests with Nerviline, put on a Nerviline Porous Plaster, and give them a stiff dose of Nerviline in hot water. They are cured at once. For cramps, internal pains, indigestion, Nerviline has never failed, and for outward use there couldn't be a better liniment. By using the Polson remedies we have avoided doctor's bills for years. Others can do the same. This information is well worth cutting out and keeping for future reference.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A goat lives about ten years and will give about a quart of milk a day.

The United Kingdom has about 2,500 newspapers.

Bananas and potatoes are very much alike in chemical composition.

Champagne is a little more than 12 per cent alcohol.

Grapes are still trodden with the bare feet in many parts of Spain and Italy.

The Kaiser is endeavoring to purify the German language.

Venezuela has recently launched its first home-built war vessel.

It is now possible to telephone from Leipsic to St. Petersburg, a distance of 850 miles.

In the village of Walchwil, Switzerland, half of the natives have the name of Hurlimann.

Australian curios and tribal idols are eagerly made in Germany to cat the money of the tourists.

The ramming of paving stone is done now with a pneumatic tamper, doing the work of the human rammer in much less time.

Physicians battling with the plague in Manchuria protect themselves with rubber coat, gloves and helmet, the latter soaked in iodoform.

There are four languages in general use in Switzerland, but German is encountered to the greatest extent, French, Italian and Romansch follow in the order given.

The crews of British submarines are regularly drilled in the use of the safety helmet, by which they may save themselves and others in event of disaster.

A new source of rubber supply has been announced to the French Academy of Sciences in a gum found in abundance in the Malay peninsular and archipelago. It is easily gathered and contains from 10 to 20 per cent. of pure gum.

There is a possibility that the fogginess of the London atmosphere is decreasing. The statement is made that twenty-one years ago there was a record of fifty-five foggy days during the winter months, while lately the average is about eleven.

Corosion in metals is said to be prevented by the passage through the metals of a week current of electricity. This is a "like cure like" treatment for the pitting of metals is said to be due to the local electrical action, that is feeble current developed by the acidular water on dissimilar metals, often impurities in the metal itself, at the point of corrosion. The passage of a weak current from a dynamo, will counteract the local current and in this manner the metal preserved indefinitely.

The journey from Paris to Tokio will be shortened from 15 days to 11 days 10 hours by the opening of the new connecting line of the trans-Siberian railroad from Mukden to Wiju, on the Korean coast, cutting out the trip to Vladivostock.

The taking and exhibiting of moving pictures has been greatly improved by the use of the gyroscope. This steadies the tripod while the exposure of the film is being made and lessens the vibration while it is being projected on the screen.

By recent changes made in the design of the motorcycle its appearance is greatly improved by making use of the tubes of the frame for the storage of many of the parts which are now hung to it. For this purpose it is necessary to make the tubing a trifle heavier.

In France the operators of aeroplanes are held responsible for damage done to persoss or property when coming to the earth. In two cases such operators have been found guilty of homicide and punished, although the punishment was not as great as that for other forms of the same crime.

The total amount of earth excavated and yet to be taken out in building the Panama Canal under the projected plans amounts to 214,666,594 cubic yards. This pile would tower nearly 2 1-2 times as high as Cheops, and would contain about 14 times as much material, by volume. In height it would extend up into the sky nearly 1,150 feet.

WHY THEY'RE SHORT.

(Exchange.)

"Marriage," said George Ade, at a dinner in New York, "is a wonderful thing."

Mr. Ade laughed a cynical bachelor's laugh.

"Marriage," he went on, "changes people so. I met a man the other day who had recently married, and he looked so diferent that I said:

"'Why, my boy, I thought you were tall. But you're shorter than when I saw you last. You are actually short now."

"'Yes, I am short,' he returned. 'I've married and settled down, you know.'"

ALWAYS A COWARD.

(Ottawa Journal.)

The Montreal wife beater sentenced to several lashes screamed for mercy before even the first stroke was applied. The man who strikes a woman is almost invariably a miserable physical coward, and thus the lash is the best possible preventative of wife beating, not only in the individual case, but also as a warning to others who might be deterred by fear of the lash, while a jail sentence would only be a sort of holiday.

PATHETIC PROOF.

"My Jim is dead, my Jim is dead," wailed an old colored mammy, holding up a letter. "Here is a letter from him right from the dead letter office!"—Woman's Home Companion.

NOT THEIR.

"Do you think a nursery for [illegible]

"[illegible]" [illegible]