

HIS OTHER SELF

By SARAH GRAND,
Author of
"THE HEAVENLY TWINS."

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

What was the thing? A pillar? A cloud? Why, both, of course! A pillar of soot! A cloud of smoke! But how did so dense a cloud of smoke happen to be there? Coal smoke, too, far from any human habitation, and rising from the bare brown heath. Another sense helped her—the sense of hearing, upon which there now smote a rumbling sound dull and heavy, a sound to which she had been accustomed to all her life, a familiar rush and roar.

She was little more than a girl, finely nurtured, delicately bred, full of youth and health and strength, but unaccustomed to horrors, and untried. She was bound fast to that telegraph post, so fast that the agony of the strongest impulse in life would not have availed to loose her. She was a mother, and her little child was rolling his sturdy limbs on the iron rail not half a dozen yards away from her, and filling the air with gurgles of happy laughter.

She was a sensitive, delicate, feminine thing, who could not have borne to see the least little creature suffer; and she knew that what she saw, that long, sinuous, oscillating object, thundering on relentlessly with rush and roar and grinding weight of hardest metal, making the earth tremble, was a train, which in another minute must mangle her tiny human blossom before her eyes, unless there was some power on earth to be summoned by her shrieks, and moved to pity by her frantic struggles. "Leslie! Leslie! Baby, baby! O—my child!"

The child, frightened by her cries, sat up and looked at her, but would not move, while the long train came on at a terrific rate, rushing toward him.

Shriek upon shriek, shriek upon shriek, the wretched mother sent up to heaven; and the solid post to which she was tied rocked again with the fury of her struggles, but the cord did not give an inch. It had cut through the sleeves of her summer gown, and into the delicate flesh of her arms, but she felt no physical pain. The awful torment of terror was upon her, and all other forms of suffering are as nothing to it.

As it approached, the train uttered a shriek like a hideous mockery of her own, which it drowned, so that she could not hear herself. It seemed as if its speed increased as it neared her, rushing along in a cloud of dust.

When consciousness returned, Gertrude Somers felt as if she had only shut her eyes and opened them again. That there had been an interval between the acts it was not of course possible for her to conceive. She recollected her own position the moment she recovered, but she did not remember the immediate cause of her fainting fit, and now, feeling a warm, soft something caressing her hand and hearing a little whispering voice calling her in heartbroken accents, she looked down in a dazed sort of way.

The little soft warm lips kissed her cold hand again and again, and the baby voice lisped out with baby pertinacity: "Mummy, wake up! Mummy, wake up! Mummy, wake up!" And then, finding mummy deaf, explained, "Boykins come to mummy, like good boy."

Then she recollected, and grasping his little hand, held on to it and would have held on till heaven and earth had passed away had that event occurred before rescue reached her. But happily her tenacity was not put to the test. The rush of happy relief which the sight of her boy, safe and sound, and within reach, had caused her had given her a new strength.

She raised her haggard eyes, dully at first, but on a sudden a great light of joy flashed into them, a joy which was as sharp a pain as the fear had been. The child was still sitting on the rail unharmed.

The train had gone on to the other line! But the relief was little more than momentary. She only recovered from the first excess of terror in order to fall into another horrible agony of suspense. The boy would not leave the line, and the same danger threatened always while he remained there. What was possible under the circumstances she did not know, but she tried to coax first of all—"Dear Boykins, come to mummy!" "See, mummy has hurt her arm. Come and kiss it and make it well."

He looked at the arm, but seeing it was bleeding, drew the corners of his mouth down into an expression of disgust, but moved not.

"Mummy will cry if baby won't come to her." But baby turned his resolute little head away and pretended not to hear. "I know such a nice story," the poor mother began again. The little fellow looked over the head intently, but she could see he had pricked up his ears. "It is all about a little boy who went for a walk one day with his father and mother—"

"Like me, mummy?" the child exclaimed, forgetting his pretended preoccupation in the interest of this great discovery.

"Yes, just like you. And it was a beautiful warm day, and the sun was shining, and the birds sung little songs to each other, and there were butterflies—"

"And what did he do?" the boy demanded, his interest fully aroused by this time. He was sprawling on his stomach now between the rails, with his hands folded under his chin, after the manner of the cherub in the picture known as the Sistine Madonna.

"I can't tell you what he did if you stay there. You are too far away."

"No, me not," was the decided reply. "Me hear oo."

Then she answered in a very low voice, only allowing him to catch enough of what she said to tantalize him. He turned one ear, making a great attempt to hear at first, but presently he tired of the effort.

"Boy know that story," he interrupted contemptuously.

It was evident she must change her tactics. "Did Boykins see the big puff-puff?" she began afresh. "Another big puff-puff is coming directly. Boykins must get up at once, this very moment, and come to mummy, else it will kill him dead, and mummy will have no little boy, and then what will she do?"

The child looked at her dreamily, but did not move; and now she saw something in his eyes that made her redouble her efforts to entice him to her. The young rascal had nestled himself into an easy position.

The warmth and stillness, with the day's fatigue, were telling upon him. A gentle languor appeared in his eyes, a gathering unconsciousness of all external things, partial at first and intermittent, but presently descending like a dark curtain, veiling the distance, and then the nearer glimpse of gorse and fern, the bottom of his mother's dress, the bright shining rails beside him, till all the world was blotted out by grateful, impenetrable blackness. The child slept. But, alas for the mother!

Again and again she called him. Her throat was parched and sore; her voice came hoarse and hoarser, but the child never moved.

His rosy face was turned to her, still resting on his chubby arms. He was slightly flushed with sleep. His bright lips were parted, showing the little white teeth between. His long dark eyelashes flickered a little now and then as a fly lighted on his forehead or gossamer, clustering curls, or a tiny, unmarked sound smote upon her ears, coming in the opposite direction this time, she started into full consciousness again—for a dull torpor had been stealing over her—as if the possibility were new to her.

The train came in sight, but she deigned herself with the idea that this one also must be on the other line. She was so sure of it that she watched it coming, and collected her strength to make a desperate effort to attract attention to her strange position. She watched it until it was within a few yards of the sleeping child, and then she saw her mistake, and it was the last thing she did see.

For in the same instant, and before she could utter a sound, her senses left her. The train swept on as the other last time, crowded with people, many of whom must have seen her standing apparently leaning at ease against the post. The engine-driver saw her as he approached, and saw, also, a speck which he supposed to be a summer wrap of hers lying on the line, but forgot the circumstances before he was well out of sight.

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strong teeth, and a Cupid's bow of a mustache.

"It was a strong face. The expression in it of deep sympathy and interest inspired confidence, and Mrs. Leslie Somers began, of her own accord, to tell him as much as she knew herself of the circumstances which had led to his finding her in such a predicament.

"Something must have happened to my husband," she added. "Something must have happened to him."

"You had no quarrel with him? Pardon me, I must ask the question. The whole affair is so extraordinary."

"Quarrel with my husband!" Gertrude exclaimed. "How could I?" The young man smiled. "Well, such things do happen, you know," he answered, deprecatingly. "But tell me, what were you talking about before he bound you to the post, and at the time?"

"Nothing. We spoke very little to each other after leaving the beach, and I can't remember anything I said; but once or twice he exclaimed, 'Take care, Gertrude!' or 'Mind that stone!' for I was following him, you know, and the road is rough. We came to Trepport on my husband's account. He had been suffering from the effects of overwork, and was very much out of health."

"Ah!" the stranger exclaimed, as if this last observation threw some light on the subject. "Had he been depressed?"

"Yes, he had long fits of depression at times; but he had been wonderfully better since we came here."

The young man was thoughtful for a little time after this. Then he said: "Perhaps I had better tell you that I am a doctor. My name is Jeffrey Mansel. And as a medical man, I may give you my opinion?"

"Oh, I wish you would."

"Shortly, then, I think your husband suffering, as you say, from the effects of overwork, has become suddenly deranged—temporarily, of course—and that he has wandered away under the influence of some delusion. There are some such cases on record, and they have almost invariably occurred to men suffering from overwork of the brain work. Your husband's doctor will, however, know at once if such a thing was probable in his case, and in the meantime we must find him."

"I saw him over there a long way off," Mrs. Somers said, indicating the direction. "And here come some workmen, who may have met him. Will you kindly inquire?"

Dr. Mansel did so, but at first they said they had not seen any one all day.

"Would he be going toward the station, though?" one of them turned back to ask. "What like was he, tall?" I did see a tall gentleman, walking in a hurry, as if he was going to catch a train down yonder at the station. But that was before dinner time."

The doctor returned to Mrs. Somers. "They did see him," he told her, "that is, if he is tall." She nodded. "But now, if you can walk, you must try and get home," he went on. "Come, young man, and he picked up the boy and set him on his shoulder. "Can you walk?"

"Oh, yes," he answered bravely, "I am quite strong now. Do not let us lose any more precious time. I am afraid of being seen, too," she added, glancing down at her torn sleeves, and putting her hands up to her tumbled hair. "But we can get to our house without going through the village."

(To be continued.)

WOES OF THE COLOR-BLIND.

People Afflicted Make Some Queer Selections at the Stores.

An oculist of large experience in one of the chief cities of the United States, while discussing some of the various defects of the human eye which are not noticeable to the ordinary observer had this to say about color-blind people:

"The world must be a curious place to color-blind people, of whom there are forty males and three females to every 1,000 persons. Some are blue-yellow blind, and everything seems either red, green or gray to them; others are red-green blind and all things appear to them to be yellow, blue or gray of various shades and others again perceive no distinction of color at all, but the whole world wears an unchanging aspect of dull gray."

"To these last a visit to a picture gallery would reveal merely a collection of engravings or photographs. But the two former have the compensation of seeing their own two colors much more brightly than ordinary people."

"The color blind do extraordinary things at times. An officer of the navy went one day to buy material for a coat, vest and trousers. He bought a blue coat and red trousers, believing them of the same color. A British admiral passed a landscape and was very proud of his performance, but he made the tree red, thinking it the same color as green. When he purchased a pair of trousers he chose green ones, suspecting them to be brown."

"An architect's pupil, being directed to copy the picture of a brown house, made the house green, the sky scarlet and the roses blue."

"A postoffice clerk was always short in his accounts because he could not distinguish the different colored stamps. And a sedate Quaker has been known to buy a green coat for himself and a red gown for his wife, thinking they were both brown."

"If you see a man in the street with a preposterous display of colors, charitably believe him to be of the color blind."

"Just why the eyes of women are less defective in the matter of distinguishing colors than those of a man is one of the things in nature that is unexplained. The construction is the same, yet woman's superiority in matching colors has always been recognized, even when man has had the advantage of long experience."

No Cause for Alarm.

"I have been troubled with insomnia for nearly a week," said the weary-looking man.

"Oh, well, it isn't dangerous," replied the absent-minded doctor. "There's no occasion for you to keep any sleep over a little thing like that."

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

Official Corruption.

THE great Governments and the great municipalities of the world have a problem before them which as yet they have not fairly faced, but which they must face if they are to make sure in times of emergency of the efficiency of their agents. The growing hunger for money as the one absolute condition of endurable life, the increasing severity of the competition for great contracts, and the decaying abhorrence of suicide all tend to the development of "corruption" in its official sense, that is, of bribe-taking by officials, and of stealing from State and municipal departments. No form of government seems to protect the nations from it. We have less of it than most countries, because under our social conditions the class which really governs has been taught from early childhood to regard bribe-taking as a worse dishonor even than cheating at cards, and because those who suffer are absolutely free to complain; but even here, when the Government is forced to spend millions suddenly, rings are formed to get some of that money, and the taxpayer is fleeced through preposterous charges and illicit commissions.

It is a great blot on modern civilization, which in many respects depends upon efficiency for success. Efficiency and corruption are wholly incompatible. Some think that corruption produces only waste, and that they can bear waste; but that is a false view. Corruption, in the first place, arrests the employment of the best men in leading positions, for the whole energy of the corrupt is devoted to preventing their promotion, or if they are promoted, to rendering their positions untenable. In the second place, corruption makes energetic administration nearly impossible, for no Government ever loses the hope of preventing it; and to prevent it most of them apply an infinity of "checks" every one of which occupies part of the time of the executive officer, and increases the load of responsibility under which at last he dare do nothing without previous sanction. And, in the third place, corruption is not only fatal to the very idea of duty, but to the habit of performing it.

A perfect remedy for corruption is hard to find, because it requires a change in the motives of the corrupt which Governments cannot produce, and which society will not be at the pains to encourage effectively; but two or three palliatives might at least be tried. One is to protect those who complain. Another is to pay all those who have anything whatever to do with contracts at least decently, a rule often neglected in the case of the experienced but subordinate men upon whose judgment their less experienced superiors in matters of business compelled to rely. And a third is to declare bribe-giving and bribe-receiving a form of treason severely punishable whenever it is proved.—London Spectator.

Social Gravitation.

THE census proves incontestably that the drift of population cityward reached its maximum some years ago, and has begun to recede. Some one has said: "Hereafter the city and the country will march side by side, with even step." Even this is hardly probable. The change of drift is owing to economical conditions that will continue strongly to favor the country. Population will still move out and differentiate from the masses. In fact, the coming deal seems to be rather an evenly distributed suburbanism, covering the whole country; while the cities will remain as ganglia. Following this ideal the city will grow more country-like, while the country will steadily acquire those privileges which have heretofore belonged to the city.

According to a recent census bulletin, 159 towns show an increase of 22 per cent during the last ten years, which is about the average of the increase of the whole country. The relative gain of cities from 1880 to 1890 was from 22 to 29 per cent—or 7 per cent positive increase—but from 1890 to 1900 this increase was only about 2½ per cent. This tells the story with accuracy. It does not warrant us in assuming that cities will cease to grow, but that relatively they will cease to grow as fast as the country. A potent cause for depopulating the country came in with improved machinery. Farm work could be done with fewer hands. A single reaper would replace ten men. Costly machinery could be profitably used only on large farms, yet a single reaper might serve a dozen small farm owners

GREAT AGRICULTURAL DISCOVERY

Four-fifths of every breath of air which the lungs inhale is pure nitrogen. It is one of the commonest of the elements. And yet, says a writer in Harper's Monthly, it is the one thing for the lack of which fertile fields, cotton fields and corn fields are abandoned as "worn out" because it is the most expensive plant food for man to supply to the soil, and one which most plants are unable to absorb in its pure state from the air. To remedy this the Department of Agriculture at Washington is preparing to distribute among farmers a substance resembling compressed yeast, which will raise, not bread, but crops; for when applied to certain plants it will enable them to take abundant nitrogen from the atmosphere. The "yeast" is really a mass of germs, which bid fair to become most efficient gardeners.

It has long been known that clover and other leguminous crops flourish in "worn-out" soil, and when plowed into it partially restore the fertility of the soil. Studying this phenomenon, scientists have found that in such a soil the plants have nodules, little bunches or swellings, on their roots, which they do not have when grown elsewhere. These nodules are formed by bacteria called radicoles.

Professor Nobbe, a German investigator, found that lupines which had the nodules would grow in soil devoid of nitrogen. Without the nodules the lupines would not grow. He obtained some of the radicoles from the nodules and propagated them in gelatine till he had many millions of the germs.

He then put into three jars equal quantities of sterilized sand containing no nitrogen whatever. In each jar he planted beans. The first he fertilized with all the usual plant foods except nitrogen. The second he supplied with a form of nitrogen easily absorbed by plants. The third he fed like the first, and in addition inoculated sand with his radicoles.

The result was extremely interesting. The beans all came up, and for a few days grew alike. Then the first lot, having no nitrogen, turned yellow and died. The second continued to grow in normal fashion. But the third, although it got no nitrogen in the soil, flourished far beyond its neighbor, and developed a luxuriant and healthy growth, showing that the radicoles

co-operatively. So far, the Eastern States were at the greater disadvantage, the deserted farms were common throughout New England. It was wiser to go West with small capital, and leave the homestead to go back to wilderness, rather than to remain and be starved. This state of affairs, in aggravated symptoms, continued until near the close of the nineteenth century. * * * A cause for the reaction which we chronicle, is the splendid increase in the value of farm products, brought about by our having secured the world's markets. Commercial expansion during the last ten years has immensely increased the exportation of nearly everything that the farm produces. Our fruits, our meats, our corn are now found in every market of the globe. There is no longer any fear of overproduction; we have only to insist on the open door principle and free competition. The farmer can apply his whole attention to the increase of products, and the conquest of insect and fungoid enemies. Agriculture is proving itself to be once more what it was in the early part of the last century, the most independent of all the industries.—New York Independent.

Forts and Naval Attacks.

ONE of the surprises of the Far Eastern war is the failure of the fort guns to do more damage in the attacking fleets. It was a matter of faith among the authorities that not even the strongest modern battleship could safely attack an effective modern fort, armed with long-range heavy guns. England is at present making a number of long-range fort guns for the defense of her south coast, and it is calculated that these guns will easily be able to throw a twelve or thirteen-inch shell across the Straits of Dover, so that it would not seem to be worth while for France even to take her Channel squadron out of port, much less to attempt to land in the face of such an overwhelming attack. But this is mere theory. The truth is, that although the weight and range of these guns have been steadily increasing the human powers which are to use them have not shown, and are not likely to show a corresponding progress. While a gun can carry a shell across the Straits of Dover, the gunner who could make a hit of twenty miles is yet unborn; neither eyesight nor fitness of hand are equal to the task. Nor would the atmosphere permit it, if they were. Attacks by fleets are made by sea; and the sea is proverbially untrustworthy in the matter of weather. Air currents, mists, uneven radiation, mirage and a dozen similar causes deflect the shot and the vision which directs it. Moreover, no one nowadays is likely to attack a fort at close range in broad daylight. The Fort Arthur bombardments were nearly all at night, and some of them in snowstorms. It is intelligible that a ship at sea can more or less locate a position on land, such as the Golden Hill above Port Arthur, over a town where there are certain to be some lights at least; but the fort has no flash of light in locating the ship, except the momentary flash of the guns, which give hardly any opportunity for aiming. In the case of the Vladivostok bombardment, it seems that the Japanese fleet were too far off to do any damage, and, therefore, too far off to receive any. It is also likely that the object of that attack was to draw the Russian fire in order to locate their forts; the Russians seemed to have divined this, and naturally abstained from firing.—Harper's Weekly.

No Thought of Annexation.

THE United States regards Canada as under British Imperial suzerainty, an independent sovereign nation, whose title is as valid as that of any nation on the globe. It has no thought of annexing Canada against her will, nor does it, indeed, regard annexation as necessary or inevitable. It is not sitting up at night to coax or to coerce the Dominion into union with the Republic. If ever Canada should at her own will seek such union, the United States would probably be cordially responsive. But, if Canada never does seek it, the United States will regard with entire unanimity and satisfaction the prospect of continuing for all time to share this continent with another great English-speaking commonwealth, and will only hope for constantly increasing sentiments of mutual esteem and constantly strengthening bonds of friendship between these two sovereign nations.—New York Tribune.

had enabled it to draw its nitrogen from the air. Professor Nobbe carried his experiments much further. He showed that while in neutral soil radicoles are all alike, once they have associated themselves with a given plant, as clover, they become very nearly useless for other plants, such as beans and lupines. Accordingly he has labored to produce highly specialized bacteria for each crop—gardeners germs trained to grow their speciality.

Having done this, his next move was to place them in the farmers' hands. He grew them by millions and packed them in bottles of gelatine. All that the farmer needed to do was to dilute the gelatine with warm water, mix it with the seed and a little soil, partially dry the mixture and sow it. The germs did the rest.

There was much opposition to the new "fertilizer," and one old farmer who did not believe in it planted in a big field a lot of the inoculated seed in a big letter "N." Professor Nobbe having named the gelatine compound "Nitrogen." The farmer was amazed and convinced when above all his other beans that year there stood out the letter "N" in luxuriant and healthy plants.

Professor Nobbe's glass jars are inconvenient to handle, so the United States Department of Agriculture, following up his experiments, has hit upon the "compressed yeast cake plan" as simple and satisfactory.

Small Farms in Bermuda.

The farms in the Bermuda Islands are not such as to impress one with an idea of the greatness of the country. The islands being extremely rocky, the farms consist for the most part of tiny detached fields in the pleasant hollows, where the accumulation of vegetable matter and of washings has made a shallow soil. In these little islands one sees fields from the size of a parlor floor to that of two acres—the latter size being uncommon. It is strange enough to the visitor from more ambitious lands to see a patch of onions or lilies or potatoes only a few feet square bravely asserting its importance in some front yard or by the highway.

But although these fields are diminutive they are numerous, and the combined output makes up a large trade in Bermuda products in the New York markets, for probably nine-tenths of the product, except bananas, finds a market there in spite of the duties. The lands vary wonderfully in price—from very little for the exposed eleva-

tions to \$500 per acre for good pieces in the little valleys. The high price of these pieces and limited amount of land on the islands—there are less than 10,000 acres all told—has enforced a very high state of cultivation of the lands. The islands comprise a series of smart garden hollows, and the hard-metalled, while walled roads, white, smug houses and profusion of compact garden growth all unite to make the place a diminutive picture-land.

Comrades.

Bobby was ten years old and an alarmingly light-hearted and careless young person. It was supposed, however, that he would be capable of escorting his grandmother to the family Christmas dinner, one block away from her home, without mishap. He was tall for his age, and he offered his arm to his grandmother in a gallant and satisfactory manner as they started off together.

"I hope he will remember that she is almost ninety, and not try to hurry her. I'm sure I've cautioned him enough," said Bobby's mother, as she began to dress her younger children. But when she arrived at the family party it appeared that grandmother had turned her ankle and was lying on the lounge.

"Bobby," said the mother, reproachfully, "where were you when grandma slipped?"

"Now I won't have that boy blamed," said grandmother, briskly, smiling up into Bobby's remorseful face. "We came to a fine ice slide, and he asked me if I thought I could do it, and I told him I did. And I want you children to remember one thing: when you get to be most ninety you'll count a turned ankle a small thing compared with having somebody forget that you've outlived everything but rheumatism and sitting still. Anybody that likes can rub this ankle a minute or two with some liniment, but I want Bobby next me at dinner, mind!"

Two Seasons.

Towne—Got your spring suit yet? Browne—No; I was thinking of a nice, neat pepper and sack. What do you think of it? Towne—That sounds reasonable.—Philadelphia Press.

When a small boy gets his finger caught in the pantry door it isn't the jam he is looking for.

Of course, the real test of a pudding is your inability to sleep after eating it.

WATER FILTRATION PLANTS.

American System Adopted by Many of the Cities of Russia.

The American system of water filtration has been adopted in many of the cities of Russia, says a consular report. Owing to the turbidity of the large rivers in Russia they are very objectionable as sources of supply for municipalities or for such manufacturing purposes as paper making, bleaching, dyeing, the making of chemicals, etc., unless the sedimentary matter carried in suspension is first removed.

In 1898 the chief engineer of the Moscow water works was sent to the United States to investigate and report on the American system of rapid filtration. On his return, to Russia, experiments were undertaken which demonstrated that by the American system extremely turbid waters could be rendered bright and clear at a rate of filtration fifty times as fast and with only about one-thirtieth of the space required under the old sand system, while from a sanitary standpoint the bacteria were reduced over 99 per cent.

The lessons taught by these experiments at Moscow resulted in the installation of the American systems at Moscow, Nizhni Novgorod, Tzaritzin, Ribnisk, Balasoff, Amarriv, Vladimir, Simbirsk and Tomolsk. In addition to these American filters have been used for manufacturing purposes on a large scale at Kostroma, Yaroslavl, Orehov-Zouperie, Tver and Moscow, and others of this description are now in use by the Russian government at its navy department in St. Petersburg. Formerly all of the parts of these filters were made in the United States—the cypress wood tanks in Boston and the machinery, valves and brass work in New York. Since the late advance in the duties on American iron work several of the heavier parts of the machinery are now being made in Russia.

Very Reserved.

Lawyer (to his client, who is charged with theft)—I must know the whole truth if I am to defend you. Have you told me everything? Client—Except where I hid the money. I want some of that for myself.—The King.

Cure for Backache.

Randolph, Neb., May 30.—Oscar Co. has seldom heard of a more wonderful case than that of Mrs. Lucy Nicolls, of this place. For a long time Mrs. Nicolls suffered with very severe pains in the back and almost instantly these pains left her. She has tried doctors and everything, but nothing had helped her till she used Dodd's Kidney Pills. She says:

"Dodd's Kidney Pills did me so much good I can't tell. It was so wonderful. My back ached all the time. I doctored and tried everything, but did not feel any better. I thought my life was short on earth, but now I feel like a new person. I used a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I do not feel the slightest ache or pain. I can turn and twist any way without feeling it. I feel so proud of it I cannot hardly express my gratitude to Dodd's Kidney Pills for what they have done for me."

Inopportune Memories.

In the courtroom, perhaps more than anywhere else, one may see how "the best-laid schemes * * * gang aft a-gley." A Western paper tells the story of a lawyer who had carefully planned the defense in a case he had in hand, and was delighted with the smooth way in which, so far, all his plans had been moving. There was one witness still to be examined, an innocent-minded old German who had known the lawyer from boyhood. His testimony, the lawyer felt, would have much weight with the jury, but in order that there might be no suspicion of collusion the lawyer deemed it safest to conceal the fact of the acquaintance.

All went well while the witness was in the hands of his old-time friend, the lawyer for the defense, who asked him such questions as were calculated to favor his client, but carefully omitted all which might give any hint of his close acquaintance with the witness.

But the innocent witness was yet to be questioned by the opposing counsel. His first question was, "Do you know Mr. Carson?"—the defendant's counsel.

"Yes," answered the old German.

"Do you know him very well?"

"Yes."

"Are you on intimate terms with him?"

"Ach, ya. I never come up to town that I do not see Henry. Why, I used to work for Henry's papa, and many a time I spanked Henry when he was not yet five years old. Ain't it, Henry?"

The lawyer for the defense, being an honest man, nodded his head in agreement with this friend of his childhood days, but he knew that the force of the testimony on which he had counted was considerably weakened.