

THE STORY OF THE LIME BURNER

BY GILBERT PARKER

For a man in whose life there had been tragedy he was cheerful. He had a habit of humming vague notes in the silence of conversation, as if to put you at ease. His body and face were lean and arid, his eyes oblique and small, his hair straight and dry and straw-colored; and it flew out crackling with electricity to meet his cap as he put it on. He lived alone in a little hut near his lime-kiln by the river, with no near relatives, and few companions save his four dogs, and these he fed sometimes at the expense of his own stomach. He had just enough crude poetry in his nature to enjoy his surroundings. For he was well placed. Behind the lime-kiln rose knoll on knoll, and beyond these the verdant hills, all converging to Dalgroeth mountain. In front of it was the river with its banks drooping forty feet, and below, the rapids, always troubled and sportive. On the farther side of the river lay peaceful areas of meadow and corn land, and low-roofed, hovering farm houses, with one larger than the rest, having a wind mill and flag staff. This building was almost large enough for a manor, and indeed it was said that it had been built for one just before the conquest of 1759, but the war had destroyed the ambitious owner, and it had become a farm house. Garrote always knew the time of the day by the way the light fell on the wind mill. He had owned this farm once, and his brother Fabian, and he had loved it as he loved Fabian, and he loved it now as he loved Fabian's memory. And in spite of all, they were cheerful memories, both of brother and house.

At twenty-three they were orphans, with 200 acres of land, some cash, horses and cattle, plenty of credit in the parish, or in the county for that matter. Both were of hearty dispositions, but Fabian had a taste for liquor, and Henri for pretty faces and shapely ankles. Yet no one thought the worse of them for that, especially at first. An old servant kept house for them and cared for them in the honest way both physically and morally. She lectured them when at first there was little to lecture about. It is no wonder that when there came a vast deal to reprove, good Agatha desisted altogether, overwhelmed by the weight of it.

Henri got a shock the day before their father died when he saw Fabian lift the brandy used to mix with the milk of the dying man, and pouring out the third of a tumbler, drink it off smacking his lips as he did so as though it were cordial. That gave him a cue to his future and to Fabian's. After their father died Fabian gave way to the vice. He drank in the taverns; he was at once the despair and the joy of the parish; for wild as he was, he had a ray temper, a humorous mind, a strong arm and was a universal lover. The cure, who did not, of course, know one-fourth of his wildness, had a warm spot for him in his heart. But there was a vicious streak in him somewhere, and it came out one day in a perilous fashion.

There was in the hotel of the Louis Quinze an English servant from the west called Nell Baraway. She had been in a hotel in Montreal, and it was there Fabian had seen her as she waited on the table. She was a splendid looking creature, all life and energy, tall, fair-haired and with a charm above her kind. She was also an excellent servant, could do as much as any two women in any house, and was capable of more altry diglberie than any ten in Pontiac. When Fabian had said to her in Montreal that he would come he told her where he lived. She came to see him instead, for she wrote to the landlord of the Louis Quinze, enclosed five testimonials and was immediately engaged. She came and Fabian was stunned when he entered the Louis Quinze and saw her waiting on table, alert, busy, good to see. She nodded at him with a quick smile as he stood bewildered just inside the door, then said in English, for he understood it fairly: "This way, monsieur."

As he sat down he said in English

"No neighbors, and few companions save his four dogs, also, with a laugh and with snapping eyes: "Good Lord, what brings you here, Ladybird?"

As she pushed a chair under him she almost hissed through his hair, "You!" and then was gone away to fetch: "You!" and then was gone away to fetch: "You!" and then was gone away to fetch: "You!"

The Louis Quinze did more business now in three months than it had done before in six. But it became known

among a few in Pontiac that Nell was victorious. How it had crept up from Montreal no one knew, and when it did come her name was very intimately associated with Fabian's. No one could say that she was not the most perfect of servants, and also no one could say that her life in Pontiac had not been exemplary. Yet wise people had made up their minds that she was determined to marry Fabian, and the wisest declared that she would in spite of everything—religion (she was a Protestant), character, race. She was clever, as the young seigneur found, as the little advocat was forced to admit, as the cure avowed with a sigh, and she had no airs of badness at all and very little of usual coquetry. Fabian was enamored, and it was clear that he intended to bring the woman to the manor one way or another.

Henri admitted the fascination of the woman, felt it, despaired, went to Montreal, got proof of her career, came back, and made his final and only effort to turn his brother from the girl.

He had waited an hour outside the hotel, and when Fabian got in he drove on without a word. After awhile Fabian, who was in high spirits, said: "Open your mouth, Henri. Come along, sleepy head."

Straightaway he began to sing a rollicking song, and Henri joined in with him heartily, for the spirit of Fabian's humor was contagious.

There was a little man, The foolish Guilleri Carabi. He went into the chase, Of partridges the chase. Carabi. Titi Carabi, Toto Carabo, You're going to break your neck, My lovely Guilleri.

He was about to begin another verse when Henri stopped him, saying: "You're going to break your neck, Fabian."

"What's up, Henri?" was the reply. "You're drinking hard, and you don't keep good company."

Fabian laughed. "Can't get the company I want, must have what I can get, Henri, my dear."

"Don't drink," Henri laid his free hand on Fabian's knee.

"Must. Born in me. Loved it like cream from a rock-a-bye."

She lectured him. Henri sighed. "That's the drink, Fabian," he said patiently. "Give up the company."

"You'd give up the company?"

"Blest if I wouldn't, Henri. You're the best company in the world."

"Give me your hand."

"They shook hands. Fabian drew out a flask and began to uncork it.

"I'll be better company for you than that girl, Fabian."

"Glorious! What the devil do you mean?"

"She, Nell Baraway was the company I meant, Fab."

"Nell Baraway—you meant her? Bosh. I'm going to marry her, Henri."

"You must not, Fab," said Henri eagerly clutching Fabian's sleeve.

"I must, and there's an end of it. She's the handsomest, cleverest girl I ever saw; she's splendid. Never lonely a minute with her."

"Beauty and cleverness ain't everything, Fab."

"Isn't it though? Isn't it? You just try it!"

"They ain't without goodness," Henri's voice weakened.

"That's rot. Of course it is, Henri, my dear. If you love a woman, if she gets hold of you, gets into your blood, loves you, so that the touch of her fingers sets your pulses flying, you don't care a damn whether she is good or not."

"You mean whether she was good or not?"

"No, I don't. I mean is good or not. For if she loves you she'll travel straight for your sake. Pshaw! You don't know anything about it."

"I know all about it."

"Know all about it! You're in love—you?"

"Yes."

Fabian sat open-mouthed for a minute. "Go-dam!" he said. It was his one English oath.

"Is she good company?" he asked after a minute.

"She's the same as you keep—the very same."

"You mean Nell—Nell?" asked Fabian, in a dry choking voice.

"Yes, Nell. From the first time I saw her. But I'd cut my hand off first."

"I'd think of you, of your people that have been here for 200 years; of the rooms in the old house where

mother used to be. Look here, Fab, you said you'd give up her company for mine. Do it."

"I didn't know you meant her, Henri. Holy heaven, and you've got her in your blood, too!"

"Yes, but I'd never marry her. Fab, at Montreal I found out all about her. She was as bad—"

"That's nothing to me, Henri," said Fabian, "but something else is. Here you are now. I'll stick to my bargain. His face showed pale in the moonlight. "If you'll drink with me, do as I do, go where I go, play the devil, when I play it, and never squeal, never hang back, I'll give her up. But I've got to have you, got to have you all the time, everywhere, hunting, drinking, or letting alone. You'll see me out, for you're stronger, and less of it. I'm for the little low bye-yearly. Stop the horses."

Henri stopped them and they got out. They were just opposite the lime-kiln, and they had to go a few hundred yards before they came to the bridge to cross the river to their home. The light of the fire shone in their faces as Fabian handed the flask to Henri, and said: "Let's drink to it, Henri. You half of that, and me half." He was deadly pale.

Henri drank to the finger mark set, and then Fabian lifted the flask to his lips.

"Good-by, Nell," he said. "Here's to the good times we've had!" He emptied the flask, and threw it over the bank into the burning lime, and the old-lime-burner, being half asleep, did not see or hear.

The next day they went on a long hunting expedition, and the next morning Nell Baraway left for Montreal, pale and hollow-eyed.

Henri kept to his compact, drink for

drink, sport for sport. One year the crops were sold before they were reaped, horse and cattle went little by little, then came mortgage, and still Henri never wavered, never weakened in spite of the cure and all others. The brothers were always together, and never from first to last did Henri lose his temper, or openly lament that ruin was coming surely on them. What money Fabian wanted he got. The cure's admonitions availed nothing, for Fabian would go his gait. The end came on the very spot where the compact had been made, for, passing the lime-kiln one dark night, as he and Henri rode home together, his horse shied, the bank of the river gave way, and with a startled "Henri!" Fabian and his horse were gone into the river below.

Next month the farm and all were sold, Henri succeeded the old lime-burner at his post, drank no more ever, and lived his life in sight of the old home.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PRIVATE SOLDIERS OF MEANS. Some men from which one private in the Army derives an income. One hardly thinks of the private soldier as a man likely to make and save money, yet he sometimes does both. A thrifty soldier after several terms of enlistment is likely to have a neat little sum in bank or invested. The private is sometimes a handworker, sometimes the possessor of a little shop. If some one of the perquisites of army life falls to his lot he is likely to become a small capitalist.

A private from a post near a famous watering place spoke with pride the other day of his good fortune. His pay was \$18 a month and he had \$15 a month extra for clerical work. But besides all this he owned a little bicycle repair shop, where a repairer employed by the month looked to the wheels of the fashionable folks at the resort. Here the soldier cleared \$400 a year, so that his income above living expenses was about \$800 more than many mechanics earn and about the income of the best-paid street car conductors that work nearly every day in the year. When he gave this account of himself he was on furlough and 200 miles from his post. He had already been out beyond the Mississippi seeing old comrades. He had bought a bicycle and his travels and was leading a life of pleasure and independence.—New York Sun.

An Incontinent Man. I have a friend, a man of as sweet and gentle a nature as can be found in New York, who is sometimes oddly affected. The other day he thus described his affection: "At times I have an almost irresistible desire to strike people with whom I am conversing even in the most friendly manner. Only yesterday I was talking with a most estimable clergyman, a man renowned for his rectitude and virtue. His skin had that baby fineness and rosy hue only to be found in those who lead the most correct lives. Do you know I had a terrible temptation to strike him on the right cheek. In imagination I could see the bruise my fist left on his face, and I wondered what explanation I could make for my misconduct. Fortunately I was able to restrain my impulse, and after a pleasant confab I left him unscathed." An odd affliction, certainly. Can any medical man explain it?—New York Journal.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

INTERESTING READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

How Bright Young Girls Make Telescopes—Presence of Mind—The Ant-Lion Lies Low—The Earth's Rotation—Value of Old Coins.

There's only one place west of St. Louis, where girls can learn to make telescopes, and that is in San Jose, Cal., so writes a San Jose normal school girl.

When she wants to look at some stars, she just takes a hammer and some nails and goes out and makes a nice, clean, firm, little telescope all by herself. She gets her lens from Paris, of course—that's where all the good lenses come from—but the rest of the affair she makes herself, every inch of it, and has fun doing it. She learns it in school. And they do say that a San Jose girl would rather saw a good redwood board into the proper telescope length than to play the best game of tennis in the field.

It's great fun to see the telescope class at work. There are a whole lot of jolly, bright-eyed, good-natured girls in that class, and the way they work. They wear big checked gingham aprons with a big pocket for tools and every one of those apron pockets hides sooner or later an artistically smashed thumb.

There's a whole lot of measuring and planning and sawing to do when you make a telescope. But the first a San Jose girl does is to learn to hold a stick of wood firmly while someone else saws it. When she's learned that and knows how to make a nail go straight into the wood, instead of slanting off and bending up like a crooked pin, she's ready to begin serious work.

The serious work begins with two straight sticks and a cross-bar. The girls run out into the hall and lug in a big, brown, sweet-smelling redwood board, and then they get their measuring tapes, and they measure that board, and mark off little places in it with a piece of chalk and squint up their eyes and try to look as much like carpenters as they possibly can.

When the standards are made to be just exactly the height and the breadth and the thickness they should be then comes the barrel. The barrel is the thing you glue your eye to when the man says: "View, view, view—the glorious luna in full perfection."

That barrel is a nuisance to make. You have to have just the right instruments, and you have to use them just so or you're gone, and so is your telescope. There isn't much chattering in the big workroom where the telescopes are made. The girls are too much interested in their work to chatter. They hammer and saw and bore and file away, and all you hear is an occasional "ouch" when a hammer hits somewhere where it wasn't expected.

The floor is knee deep in shavings and ankle deep in sawdust, and the clean, refreshing smell of the wood makes the room like a corner in the real woods, where the boards came from in the first place.

The telescopes grow out of the rough pieces of boards, and the girls learn enough about joining and planning and measuring to make many an expert carpenter open his eyes. It's no use trying to get one of the girls to explain that telescope. She will talk technicalities until you are bewildered, and then she'll laugh at you till you're vexed, and then she'll end it all up by crying.

"I could sell my telescope for a good \$300 or \$400 in the telescope market, if I wanted to," and then she squeezes the telescope with her poor little pounded fingers and says: "But I wouldn't for worlds."

What's going to become of all the instruments?

Oh, nothing much, but the girls have learned enough about nails and hammers and saws and things to be able to do a whole lot of good joining and carpentering and telescope making. Their teacher says they do all these things better than boys, and if that isn't a triumph what is?

Presence of Mind.

What is it to have presence of mind?

Why, to have your wits about you when they are most needed.

A boy was passing an examination in one of the public schools last week and, although not very successful, the teacher remarked: "That boy has a good mind. I couldn't confuse him."

In boy parlance, he didn't get "rattled." He had presence of mind.

A few days ago, in attempting to swing off a moving cable train, a boy lost his hold, and fell between two tracks. Luckily he landed clear of the track of his own car, but both legs stretched across the track opposite, on which a car was rapidly approaching. No time for him to rise and to attempt it between two moving trains was extremely dangerous. What did the boy do? He had presence of mind, and, shifting his legs from off the track, straightened his body out and lay still, while the two trains whizzed by him, each within a few feet of the other.

In one of the big apartment stores, not long ago, a small "cash" girl had her hand imprisoned by the heavy lid of a box closing unexpectedly. Under the fright and pain the young girl faintly:

"Get some water, quick!" commanded the floorwalker one of the clerks, and she ran quickly and—turned out the electric lights!

The Ant-Lion Lies Low.

A curious and most interesting insect is the ant-lion, which may be found just at present in almost any sandy place frequented by the unwary ant. These creatures delve out a perfectly conical hole, often an inch deep. The sides are made of the finest and driest sand or earth, and the digging is all done by the insect going around in perfect but always lessening circles, throwing the sand aside with vigorous flicks of the tail. The excavated sand is carefully leveled all around the mouth of the hole, and then the ant-lion takes his post at the bottom and waits for his prey.

It is not long before some ant, rushing in and fro in search of food, goes tumbling down the side of the pit. The ant at once realizes its danger and tries to clamber out, but the foot

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It is not long before some ant, rushing in and fro in search of food, goes tumbling down the side of the pit. The ant at once realizes its danger and tries to clamber out, but the foot

hold is treacherous, and the ant-lion begins a perfect camoufage by flicking fine sand at the ant each time it tries to climb up the side. At last the ant, thoroughly exhausted, falls back to the bottom of the pit, and the ant-lion seizes it with his powerful mandibles and there is one ant less in the world.

The ant-lion seldom grows to be more than a quarter of an inch in length, and is exactly the color of the ground in which it lives. When grown to maturity he weaves a round cocoon about twice the size of a pea, and hatches out in a long-bodied fly, with four gauzy wings not unlike a small dragonfly. As a fly he is a fierce enemy of lice and blight, and, take him all in all, the ant-lion is a useful little fellow.

Value of Old Coins.

As viewed from a numismatic standpoint, it is the condition of a coin which fixes its value. It is not the date or age, except in less than thirty instances, that is sought for at big quoted premiums. Pierced, plugged, badly worn, scratched coins, or those on which the dates are illegible, have no particular value. A perfectly uncollected cent of 1799 would easily bring \$100, whereas a good cent of the same date can be purchased for \$10.

For gold, there is but a limited numismatic demand, and the supply is greatly in excess of that demand. The double eagles of 1849 is worth about \$300. All gold dollars are at a premium and worth from \$1.20 to \$1.40 each. Those dated 1863, 1864 and 1865 command from \$2.50 to \$4 each, and 1875 \$8.

The bulk of numismatic transactions is in silver coins. A dollar of 1804 is worth \$400; a half dollar of 1797 brings \$40 and a quarter of 1827 demands \$30. The dime of 1804 is the most valuable, being worth \$10 and the half-dime of 1802 easily holds the record at \$63. A large copper cent of 1799 would bring \$25, and a half-cent of 1796 is in demand at \$30. The thin silver half-dime of 1802 was bought by its present owner for \$63 and has sold at \$75.

The Earth's Rotation.

The next time you have boiled eggs for breakfast, make the experiment that is here illustrated, and see how easy a thing it is to show the earth's double motion, its rotation on its own axis and its revolution around the sun at the same time.



In the center of the plate draw, if you choose, a big blazing sun with the yolk of the egg—provided it be hard—and then moisten the edge, or flange, of the plate with water. Place a segment of the egg shell on the plate, as shown in the illustration, and with a gentle movement of the hand you may make it not only revolve around the track you have moistened, but also spin on its axis as it goes.

The upper arrow marks the direction in which it will spin on its axis, and the lower one the direction of its course around the sun. If made with care this experiment never fails.

Japanese Red Cross Bands.

A large number of "The Broad Arrow" (London) has a letter from a correspondent at Wei-hai-wei in which reference is made to the heroism of the Red Cross medical bands connected with the Japanese armies.

"While the storm of lead was still hurdling thickly through the air, a company of Red Cross men marched out from the ravines, two and two, with stretchers, and 'first-aid' appliances, for their comrades, right under the withering fire from the gunboats, with never a moment's hesitation. Unarmed, but for a paltry dirk at the side, helpless in any case against such an attack,—their foes heedless or ignorant of the sacred significance of the Red Cross badge,—they did not flinch for a moment on their errand of mercy. It would have been easy to wait until the fire should cease; but they nobly went on and did their work as if on their parade ground at home. One by one the dead and wounded were sought out all over that wide field of blood, and borne away; until within twenty minutes the place was completely cleared of every man, living or dead." Foreign attaches declared it the most splendid deed they ever saw.

The Enemy of Good Manners.

In a recent article on good manners the writer remarks: "Good manners have but one worse enemy than haste." A young man who evidently wishes to go to the root of the matter, asks what that enemy is, and is answered thus:

"If, when this young man was five years, old, or thereabouts he had the habit of selecting the biggest and reddest apple in the dish passed him, if when he reached twelve he could find no reason for hanging up anything which would not break if thrown on the floor, if at eighteen he declined to pay his sister any of the attentions which he found it so easy to bestow on others, he may be accused of having a touch of this worse enemy. We may handle our knives and forks with grace, may never hurry under any circumstances, may bow with elegant precision, convince everybody that we are at perfect ease at anybody's dinner or in anybody's reception room; but if in our personal contact with people we lack finish, we are undone. The only quality which insures this finish is self-forgetfulness. Selfishness is the 'worse enemy' of good manners."

Penetration of Water.

So penetrating is water at high pressure that only special qualities of cast iron will withstand it. In the early days of the hydraulic jack it was no uncommon thing to see water issuing like a fine needle through the metal, and the water needle would penetrate the unwary finger just as readily as a steel one.—Boston Transcript.

ocean cable through the huge cavern or out of it. Therefore, such messengers have to be sent on wires strung on poles over the top of the mountains, fully nine miles, and that is the way in-going and out-going passenger and freight trains are heralded to the keepers of the two tunnel approaches.—Boston Journal of Commerce.

THE CZAR'S CORONATION.

Next Spring's Ceremonies Will Cost Over \$5,000,000.

The imperial coronation shortly to take place in Moscow will doubtless be one of the grandest state displays ever witnessed in Europe. Russian coronations are not numerous; an occasion of this kind comes but once in a lifetime, and the policy of the Russian imperial family has always been to dazzle the eyes of their subjects by magnificent court dramas, in which the czar is really a czar. To this end Russian coronations have been made as splendid as the resources of the empire could permit. The coronation of the emperor who has just passed away cost over \$4,000,000; that of his predecessor considerably over \$5,000,000; but in case a show was provided for the people of Russia that was vividly remembered until supplanted in the popular mind by the splendors of the next. The coronation is regarded as much more than the simple act of placing a bauble on the head of the first man in the state; it is a series of gorgeous ceremonials, and the people of every nation that forms a part of the greatest empire on the earth are required, through their representatives, to assist, while the spectacle is made still more brilliant by the presence of the ambassadors of every power on the globe, and of large numbers of princes of the reigning houses, for royalty always assembles on these occasions to congratulate the newly crowned monarch.

The preparations for a Russian coronation are very elaborate, and comprise, among other things, the laying up of great stores of provisions in Moscow, for the houses of that venerable city are compelled, on coronation occasions, to entertain from 500,000 to 600,000 strangers who journey to witness the ceremonies. Every province in the empire sends a deputation; every tribe in the far-away districts of Siberia, on the steppes of Central Asia, from the Khivans to the Esquimaux along the shores of Bering strait, sends one or more representatives to present the homage of the tribe to the great White Zar. Poles, Finlanders, Laplanders, Cossacks, Russians of a dozen names, Circassians, Georgians, Bashkirs, Turks—for the Russian empire contains millions of Mohammedans, Tcherkesses, Abasians, Calmucks, Tartars, Karapapaks, Daghanians, Armenians, Kurds, Chinese from the districts conquered by Russia from China, Mongols, deputies from dozens of wandering nations in the heart of Asia; for over fifty languages and double that number of dialects are spoken in the Russian dominions, and the people of every language must present their homage to the czar in their own tongue. The imperial coronations always take place in the Cathedral of the Assumption, one of the many in the Kremlin.—Boston Transcript.

What a Man's Tailor Knows.

A well known fashionable Chestnut street tailor declares, as the result of many years' observation, that but one man in 100 has square shoulders; that is, shoulders of an equal height. When Buffalo Bill, whose magnificent physique has been the admiration of two hemispheres, was last in this city he was measured for a suit of clothing in this sartorial establishment, and when the many mysterious figures had been called off, the craftsman cried out to the clerk: "Low left shoulder." Col. Cody indignantly exclaimed: "What's that? There's nothing the matter with my shoulders." And it required considerable argument to convince him that his right shoulder was very considerably higher than the left, the explanation being found in the fact that in shooting his right shoulder is lifted much higher than its fellow. Traveling salesmen are noticeably lower in the right shoulder, by reason of the fact that they are almost continually carrying heavy packages with the right hand. In fact, nearly all men are lower in the right shoulder, but a small minority, especially newspaper writers and bookkeepers, are lower in the left shoulder, as a result of the position which they assume in writing, the support of the right elbow on the desk throwing the right shoulder upward. This is not visible in many people when walking the streets, because careful merchant tailors remedy the defect by a little extra padding in the shoulder which is lowest.—Philadelphia Times.

Restaurant Cranks.

Plenty of cranks haunt the table d'hotes. One who is conspicuous in the Tenderloin centers owns a white rabbit that he always carries with him, and for which he orders a large portion of lettuce while he solemnly consumes his own meal. Bunny is attached to his master's coat collar by a large silver chain and roams in and out of the capacious pockets at will. Another habitue of the same establishment absorbs two complete dinners, from hors d'oeuvres to coffee, one after the other. At another restaurant not far away a forlorn-looking, middle-aged woman also orders two dinners, but one of them is served on the opposite side of the table and the courses are carried away untouched when she has finished her own. Possibly a romance is concealed in the untouched courses. She alone can tell.—New York Letter.

Electric Freak in a Tunnel.

North Adams continues to be puzzled over a queer crankism of electricity in its vicinity. Although when the great four and one-half mile Hoosac Tunnel was built no ores, magnetic or otherwise, were encountered, there was a general expectation that rich ore pockets would be found; yet, for an unexplained reason, not an electrician has been discovered who can send a telegraphic message on a wire running from portal to portal of that tunnel, be such wire run inside of an

ocean cable through the huge cavern or out of it. Therefore, such messengers have to be sent on wires strung on poles over the top of the mountains, fully nine miles, and that is the way in-going and out-going passenger and freight trains are heralded to the keepers of the two tunnel approaches.—Boston Journal of Commerce.