

A Heavy Swell.

The Drumgold family were spending their last day, save one, in England. They had driven out to view the wonderful fortification through which, at the naval exhibition the week before, her majesty's ship, Rodney, had, from a distance of five miles at sea, sent a ball from a gun of 100 tons.

There were three feet of solid steel, three feet of iron, six feet of crossed oak timbers, six feet of concrete and six feet of brickwork, and there the penetrating ball was seen, with its path through twenty-four feet of seemingly impenetrable barriers clearly cut behind it, just ready to drop out of the brickwork.

The Drumgold were American's, so it was perfectly natural for Myrna Drumgold to say, as she looked with considerable awe at the sinister pointed ball:

"Shows what a half dozen such ships might do if they were in New York harbor."

"That's a place they can't get into, though," replied her cousin, Atlee Drumgold, very decidedly. "Hush! Your British divinity will hear you," smiled Myrna, glancing around the fortification spot to where Miss Edia Aultman stood talking calmly with Mr. and Mrs. Drumgold. "What power there must be behind that ball to make it dare attempt such a bulwark as that! I should think the first glimpse of it was enough to make any common missile swerve and go around."

"But that is not a common missile, and you see it has almost gone through," replied Atlee, who seemed to be in a state of suppressed excitement that day. "And, Myrna, you know that in the heat of conflict common sense deserts us, and we dare that to which in our sober senses we would not aspire."

Myrna laughed, at first at his fiery countenance, then at his metaphor. She understood him perfectly.

Atlee had fallen in love with Miss Aultman, and, although neither he nor any one else believed that Edna would accept him, he intended to propose to her before departing for America.

Myrna was intensely amused at the situation, but she strove to conceal her amusement from Atlee. She had a way herself of encouraging any amount of seeming sentiment, but the real article she always laughed at. It was so ludicrous, she thought. She felt that she must dissimulate.

"I wish you even better success than this monster ball has attained," she said. "I hope you will make your way against all obstacles; if you will let me know when it is about to happen I will assist you."

"Will you really?" cried Atlee, not noticing the fun in his cousin's eyes. "If Edia were not so stand-offish and dignified, I should not mind it so much. Do you know, the other evening I pressed her fingers a little; and she withdrew them so quietly, and dusted them off with her handkerchief so daintily, that I do believe she thought it was a worm, or something similar, that she had touched."

Myrna laughed quietly, then sobered with the remark:

"How can you like her?"

"Why do we like her in summer?" "Because they are chilly, I suppose." "And sweet. Then Miss Aultman is so different from the other girls whom I have known and pretended to love." "I understand. But if she should accept you, which I still must doubt, you will have to go through life in a perfectly dignified and courtly manner, and when you propose—Atlee, I dread it for you."

"I shall try my luck to-morrow. It is my last day; and, Myrna, I rely upon you to give me an opportunity to do so."

"In what way?" "You can quietly withdraw when we three get together. I do hope father and mother will not go with us."

"How very considerate of his friends' feelings a man in love can be! And I really had forgotten where we were going."

"To-morrow we are to board the warship Rodney and have a look at the gun which fired the little shot." "So we are. Atlee, I have an idea!" "Is sure to be a good one. What is it?"

"You know, on board ship, they always fill their ears with cotton, when the great guns are fired, for fear that the blood will rush forth. I'll tell uncle and aunt that guns are momentarily expected to belch their thunders, and advise them to stop their ears. But I need not stop mine, need I? You will not care if I hear? Then I shall know what to say if any one ever proposes to me."

"I might have known you would make fun of me," ejaculated Atlee, angrily turning his back upon his cousin and going around to the other side of the fortification, where Miss Aultman was wondering what kept him away from her.

Myrna did feel some compunction. It would be a terror to most people to propose to the fair, royal creature whom Atlee had chosen to love. How had it happened that Edia Aultman had ever noticed them, anyway? It was not that Myrna had made advances to her. She stood in too great fear of the aristocracy of England for that. And her aunt and uncle had always looked askance at the friendship. It must be Atlee's doings, and yet she could not believe that Edia Aultman would ever consent to be his wife.

But she would help him if she could. Accordingly, she was as sweet as possible all the way home, and when parting with Miss Aultman, so prettily seconded Atlee's pleadings for her society, the next day, on the trip to Rodney, that no one would have thought for a moment that the part she intended to play would be a very self-denying one, at least.

Next morning, to Atlee's great delight, his father declined to accompany them, and when, while they were on board the yacht steaming out to the Rodney, his mother declared she would not leave the cabin again until she reached the harbor he felt that fate was, indeed, propitious to him. If only Myrna were not in the way!

"If your mother does not leave the yacht shall we go on board the Rodney to dinner, as we had arranged?" asked Miss Aultman of Myrna, soon afterward. "We shall have no champagne."

"Oh, but Atlee is almost my brother. No one will be shocked if you and I go together with him. But so far as dinner is concerned, I shall not want any. I have a grumbling tooth, and shall not be able to talk, much less eat."

And then Atlee felt that his cup of happiness was overflowing. But Myrna forgot all about her painful tooth when once she was on board ship. There was so much to be seen, and the officers were so handsome and attentive, that she was seated at the dinner table before she even thought of the sacrifice she had intended to make.

She glanced across the table at Atlee in affright. He was scowling darkly at her.

"So, I have fibbed for nothing," she thought. "And I know for a certainty that Atlee would not care if I starved. I'll explain to him that I thought the dinner would be an odd sort of place to propose in, after all. Fancy handing a young lady the mustard, with the words, 'Darling, will you be mine? If so, take a spoonfull of mustard.' And then, with jealous tenderness, to watch her handle her spoon with her delicate fingers, and judge of the depth of her love by the depth of the mustard which she takes, or to see her cast it aside in wild disdain, and your bleeding heart with it. No, Atlee must find a better place to propose in."

So she scowled back at him with an intensity that would have certainly brought about a misunderstanding between them had not an accident occurred which changed the entire tenor of their thoughts. Right in the midst of the servants and soups and sodas it came, completely, totally, unexpectedly. It was a monstrous wave, a heavy swell, rolling in from across the channel, a swell which rocked even the Rodney wildly, and sent waiters and diners and dishes and food in totally different directions.

When the tumult subsided Myrna looked in vain for Atlee and Miss Aultman, having kept her own position by clinging desperately to the stationary sideboard just behind her chair. Where could they be? An impulse bade her look under the table, and with a guilty feeling, she lifted the cloth and saw Miss Aultman with her tiny boots in the soup tureen and with her head upon Atlee's shoulder, while he held her very closely with one arm—just exactly as if he hoped for a repetition of that awful wave—and clung frantically to the table leg with the other.

"Dear me!" thought Myrna. "After all her fuss about the proprieties, I really very am much shocked! Atlee!" she called a moment later, "I am going up on deck. I don't believe I can eat anything, and, really, there doesn't seem to be anything to eat."

"No need of your going," replied Atlee, scrambling up from his happy tumble. "Edia and I are engaged. Wish us joy!"

"Where did it happen?" asked Myrna, elevating her hands in surprise. "Under the table," replied Miss Aultman, emerging from beneath the cloth with a bit of eggshell on her nose.—Yonkers Statesman.

JOURNALISM IN SWEDEN.

Students Travel Around at the Expense of the State.

I notice that in Sweden the education of journalists is treated as a function of the state. Under this enlightened system the young journalist gains a knowledge of the world by traveling at the expense of the taxpayer. He receives an allowance which, owing to my ignorance of the Swedish coinage, I cannot reckon in pounds sterling, but it is evidently sufficient to enable him to study the institutions of Europe. If journalism were equally appreciated by our backward government, I should long ago have a practical acquaintance with the Swedish currency. What would the chancellor of the exchequer in any ministry say if he were requested to provide me with the necessary funds for a continental tour? The Swedes take the sensible view that, if journalists are to instruct the public opinion, they must acquire the necessary information at the public charge. Swedish editors travel by railway in their own country without paying the fare. What would the British railway companies say if our penny editors, as Carlyle used to call them, demanded a similar privilege? Perhaps the spirit of emulation might be excited if some penny editor were to make a journey without a ticket, and, when hauled before the nearest beak, plead the Swedish example as a justification. We don't hear enough about Sweden, and this would be a capital opportunity for extolling that civilized land in an impressive manner.

Presently we shall have troops of Swedish journalists taking notes in our newspaper offices, and expressing surprise and pleasure to find that Gustavus Adolphus is still one of our Protestant heroes. They will learn with pain, however, that a distinguished statesman never reads the newspapers, and even questions the capacity of the penny editors to understand what the house of commons is about. They will hear with amazement that there is, or rather, there was, an education bill in which no provision was made for sending journalists to the Italian lakes. Personally, I incline to believe that this omission was the real reason why the bill was withdrawn. At any rate, before January next there ought to be such an agitation of penny editors as will convince Mr. Balfour that a visit to Paris in the season of the opera balls must be undertaken by every journalist at the national cost. If England is to retain the leadership of European thought.—Sketch.

Too Great a Sacrifice.

"Mamma, why didn't papa kiss us good-by when he went down town this morning?" "Papa didn't want to take the cigar out of his mouth, darling."—Chicago Tribune.



A Disappointment.

He scrambled up wildly to the spot where the bulletins were being posted. When he reached a place where he could read the announcements his jaw dropped and his lip curled.

"It's just news from the convention, ain't it?" he remarked.

"Yes," replied the man next to him. "What did you expect?"

"I thought it was from the ball game."

And he sank back through the crowd and boarded a street car.—Washington Star.

He Knew Jinks.

"I'll tell you," remarked Jinks, "honesty is the best policy. My wife used to be dreadfully jealous, and I know she was trying to keep a watch on my actions; so one day I sat down and told her everything that I had done for a week—didn't keep a thing back. She has never bothered me since."

"Ah," said Jinks. "Got her divorce, did he?"—Chicago Tribune.

Too Much.



"You mustn't expect him to propose to soon, my dear. He has only been calling for three months."

"I know, mamma. But he has kept me in the dark long enough."

The Pulpit in 1900.

The Elder—What a touching sermon our pastor gave us last evening.

The Deacon—Yes; I never heard a more beautiful allusion than he used in closing, when he prayed that the punctured soul might never lack a Bible repair kit by which to inflate his tires with the breath of salvation and scorch on to the celestial road-house.—New York Press.

Distrustful.

"You didn't say a word to the bride after the ceremony," said Mr. Grumpers' wife.

"No; I may be wrong, and I hope I am; but I didn't feel as though I could honestly speak very hopefully of the outlook for her."

"Why not?" "She's married a young man who can sit gracefully in a hammock and play the guitar.—Washington Star.

Good Time.

"I am tired to death," declared Mrs. Matronly, as she reached home from town, the other evening.

"What's the matter?" asked her husband.

"Been having baby's picture taken. They have a way of taking them instantaneously now, you know."

"How long were you at it?"

"Three hours and a half."—Detroit Free Press.

The Way Out of It.

A hater of tobacco once asked an old negress, who was addicted to the pipe, if she thought she was a Christian.

"I spects I is," was the reply.

"Do you expect to go to heaven?"

"Yes, indeedly."

"But the Bible says nothing unclean shall enter there. Now, the breath of a smoker is unclean. What do you say to that?"

"Well, I reckon I leave m' bref' behin' when I enters dar."—Washington Times.

It Works Both Ways.



Force of Habit.

"How is this?" inquired the president of the railroad, who had been away on a vacation. "All of the regular trains have been taken off and extras are being run."

"That is a scheme of the new general manager," said his secretary. "He was formerly the editor of a New York evening paper."—World.

For the Good of the Community.

"Why," asked the Casual Observer, "did you shoot that tenderfoot?"

"Because," replied the chairman of the Civic Federation, always glad to supply reasonable information, "he would otherwise have died of consumption, and we are trying to have our town recognized as a health resort, you know."—Detroit Tribune.

A Safe Male.

"Rastus, you infernal nigger, you

told me that mule was perfectly safe, and when I went into the stable he nearly kicked the top of my head off."

"Yes, sah; I sayed de mewl wuz safe, sah. But ef yo kin recollect, I didn't say nuffin' about wedder it was safe in his vicinity. Dat mewl is able enough to be safe anywhar."—Indianapolis Journal.

Possible.

"Why did Mrs. Hawkins discharge her French maid?"

"Inconvility."

"What! Why, she struck me as the acme of civility."

"Me, too, but I believe she couldn't understand Mrs. Hawkins' French."—Harper's Bazar.

In the Sweet By and By.

She—You may say what you will, I think that you will find women are less wicked than men. I expect that heaven will be inhabited principally by women.

He—Very likely. The men, of course, will generally be found in the smoking room below.—Boston Transcript.

Freaks Have Their Woes.

"Alas!" cried the two-headed girl. "Alas! Alas! Ah, woe is me!" And bowing a head upon each hand she burst into a flood of tears.

"What's the matter with her?" asked the fat woman.

"She's sorry," answered the living skeleton, "that she didn't remain single."—Chicago Tribune.

A Different Motive.

"What a lot of respect everybody seems to pay that rich Mrs. Bessley. They don't leave her alone for a single moment."

"That isn't respect."

"What is it?"

"Don't you know? She is a kleptomaniac."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cause and Effect.

Enamored Youth—Your father seems worried about something to-night.

Sweet Girl—Yes, poor pa has so many business cares.

Little Brother—That isn't it. He's mad because the big dog he bought didn't come.—New York Weekly.

Great Scheme.

Lower—I notice you have put an orchestra in your restaurant. Did you do it to the theory that music aids digestion?

Mr. Eatonhouse—No; the music sets the boarders' teeth on edge, and they bite the toughest beefsteak with the greatest ease.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hard to Believe.

Mrs. Truegood—Well, it can at least be said of Mrs. Harcup that she is a lady.

Mrs. Justrich—Is it possible? Why, they say she does her own work!—Cleveland Leader.

That Makes a Difference.

Lucille—Why do you treat that poor Mr. Wintergreen with so little consideration? I declare, I'm surprised that he puts up with you.

Genevieve—Oh, but we're engaged.

Lucille—Oh!—Cleveland Leader.

A Coming Genius.

Good Little Boy—What are you going to be when you grow up?

Bad Little Boy—Can't you tell by my hair that I'm going to be er Paderwiskey?—Texas Sifter.



Preoccupation. Mother (severely)—May, did I see Mr. Dashaway stroking your hair on the piazza last evening?

May—Yes, ma, but that's only force of habit.

Mother—Habit? What do you mean?

May—Why, he stroked his college boat, you know.—New York Press.

What They Mean.

"What do the papers mean when they say: 'The popular orator's wife modestly withdrew?'"

"I suppose they think she ought to be so tickled that she would go out turning hand-springs."—Chicago Record.

Salvation.

Reggy—Here's good news for you. Your grandfather has just died, leaving you a cool hundred thousand.

Willis—Good heavens, what a godsend! Now, thank heaven, I can keep my bicycle in complete repair.—New York World.

Johnnie's Complaint.

Friend of the Family—Johnnie, I suppose you are delighted with the new little brother at your house?

Johnnie—New nuthin'. He's second-hand. The doctor brought him, and there's no tellin' how many families had him before.—Detroit Free Press.

At the Bicycle Races.

Smart Aleck (pompously)—I have no less than four wheels.

Van Sharp—"Doesn't their whizzing disturb you nights?"—Kansas City World.

A Boy's Idea.

"Mamma, asked the little boy, 'what does this story mean by talking about a great-grandmother? Ain't all grandmothers great?'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

More Essential.

"Did you tell her that you could not live without her?"

"No; I tried to persuade her that she could not live without me."—World.



LIGHTING A SMALL TOWN.

High Development of the Electrical Supply Business.

There is a little town in Eastern Illinois which in matters electrical can give points to many a city of ten times its size. In this town—Danville—which has only 18,000 inhabitants, the light, heat, power and street railway services are admirably administered by a single corporation. The resources of the power are such that any possible kind of demand is readily met. From this one supply station, arc and incandescent lighting, both alternating and continuous current, motors and the electric railway are all dealt with. Beyond the private houses of the city are supplied with steam for heating purposes by an elaborate system of six and twelve-inch street mains. Usually the exhaust is sufficient to meet the demand, but in winter it is generally necessary to add a modicum of live steam. This not only is lucrative in itself, but valuable in bringing in new customers for electrical energy, and arrangements are being made to extend the heating mains in all directions. There is a good demand for arc lighting, private customers taking 150, and the municipal authorities 116 for street lighting. There are 6,000 lamps on the incandescent mains, the area of supply being comprised in a circle of four miles in diameter. The wiring of consumers' premises is done by the company practically free of cost, and to charge is made for renewing lamps, but the installation remains the property of the company. It might be thought that specially favorable local conditions must exist to render this high development of the electric supply business possible in so small a town; but this is not the case. Coal is certainly cheap, but this is the only advantage attributable to this locality. The success of the installation can be duplicated in many towns of larger size. Its secret is that instead of being merely an electric light station, it is during the day, and carrying all its load at night, the station is also a power house, and, therefore, profitably employed for the greater portion of the twenty-four hours. This is quite in advance on English practice, in which the station is intended for lighting only, power business being only a by-product. Some of the conditions, when the Danville installation was described in the English electrical journals, are amusing. One, for instance, showed how, "in this country, the day load is often utterly insignificant (sometimes consisting of a fan or two, a barber's brush and a few cigarettos), and the customers for motive power can generally be counted upon the fingers of one's hand." In Danville, on the contrary, the motive power business runs the lighting and traction departments close for first place. Nearly every user of power in the district takes his supply from the company's works. Six printing shops, numerous machine shops, chemical works, shoe, cracker, shirt and bicycle factories, a planing mill and a laundry are among the customers. Electric elevators for both passengers and goods are to be found in all the hotels and stores, and last summer more than 100 electric ventilator fans were in use, a number to be greatly increased this season. Even on farms outside the town, electric motors are used for pumping water and other uses. The overhead trolley is used on nine miles of track. When supplied unit, but contracts for a fixed sum are often made, and the company finds that to have a large number of customers at cheap rates pays better than to charge a high rate and frighten the customers away.

Improved Clock Dial.

The new dial represented herewith is a simple and obvious improvement on the old patterns. The inventor started out with the idea of making the hour hand traverse the dial in the same time that the sun on the average revolves around the earth. The dial represents



The New Clock Dial.

ents the rising of the sun, its progress to the zenith at noon, and to its final disappearance below the horizon at nightfall. But the dial, instead of being divided into twelve spaces is divided into twenty-four, marked from one to twelve in two series. The upper half of the dial represents day, and the lower half night, and the two are distinguished by the very natural expedient of making "day" white and "night" black, with the additional precaution of printing "day" and "night" in conspicuous letters on the respective hemispheres. On the outer rim will be observed the scale for the minute hand. This scale is divided into sixty parts, very fifth part being marked with its appropriate figure. This, again, does away with a source of ambiguity in the present system. People are accustomed to say "a quarter of" and "a quarter after" or "twenty-five minutes past" and so forth, all of which expressions have a greater or less tendency to cause mistakes. By the new dial here can be no errors. Take, for instance, the position of the hands as represented in the diagram. They mean a certain time, and no other time. The small, or hour hand, is between five and six, and as this hour hand represents the sun, we see that it is

words, it is between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening. The precise time is known when we look at the large, or minute hand. This is pointing directly at fifty-five. The time is, therefore, five hours and fifty-five minutes in the evening, or 5:55, as railroad men say. According to the common method of telling time you would say that the diagram shows five minutes of 6 o'clock p. m.

Another improvement connected with the day and night clock dial is an invention to simplify the reading of time-tables by incasing the figures that indicate the arrival and departure of the night trains in a heavy black. Everybody who has had occasion to travel has suffered the tortures of the time-table. Most women are absolutely unable to fathom the mysteries of a train schedule. The trouble is mainly because of the little "A. M.'s" and "P. M.'s" that are constantly springing up in the most unexpected places and in the most distressing manner. The new arrangement does away with the difficulty.

Electricity as a Thief-Catcher.

When electrical devices for the detection of theft were first proposed for general use, this application of electricity was looked upon as more of a joke than anything else. Electrical thief-catchers, as a matter of fact, have turned out to be much more reliable in their operation than their human prototypes, and they are now extensively employed. The ready-made suit on the dummy outside the cheap clothes store is found to be safer when the lock and chain by which the wooden figure is secured are superseded by an electrical attachment, which instantly gives notice of the slightest disturbance of the material over which its mute custody is exercised. White-chapel, London, has anything but a savory reputation, and a shoemaker on its principal street has long been puzzled how to save the show goods outside his store from the depredations of the nimble-fingered natives. As every one nowadays goes to a factory for everything, the cobler thought he would do the same. An attractive pair of shoes, accordingly, were fitted with electric wires making a circuit with an alarm inside, and placed just outside the door of the store. The bait took. A passer-by, with a quickness of hand that showed he was no novice, attempted to "snatch" the shoes, the electric bell rang, and the salesman ran out just in time to prevent the booty being carried off by the thief, who was given into the hands of the police. The alms boxes at the Roman Catholic church at Folkestone are all equipped with electric alarm bells. Their contents, which formerly were often tampered with, are now as safe as though the ywore locked in an iron chest. Recently a man, who thought it would be the easiest thing in the world to "tap" one of the simple-looking boxes, tried to do it. An electrical impulse along the wire brought up the watchman in quick order, and the thief was marched away to jail, where, after trial, he stayed two months.

A Preventive of Fatalities in Colliery Explosions.

Scientific inquiry is being directed to the saving of human life in mine explosions. Dr. Haldane has established the fact that the loss of life in colliery accidents is far greater than it need be when those who work in the mines and those who manage them have a clearer knowledge of the right thing to do in the face of the calamity. In a recent mine explosion, where fifty-seven men and thirty horses were killed, the cause of death in every case was proved to be not the want of oxygen in the air of the pit after the explosion, but to comparatively slow poisoning by carbon monoxide. Sufficient oxygen to support life was left in the airways all along the track of the explosion. It appears that men from want of knowledge now go straight to their death in endeavoring to escape. Dr. Haldane is convinced that hundreds of men have lost their lives by hurrying blindly toward the shaft, or by not retiring toward the face when they met the after-damp. In many parts of the mine there will be, beyond the limits of the explosion, abundance of air to effect dilution of the poisonous carbon-monoxide, on breathing which the men suddenly lose the use of their limbs, and finally consciousness. So that a man who waits for the rescuers, or, on long enough for the after-damp to disperse, will be able to escape either by the intake, or, if this is blocked, by the return airways.

Ozone Apparatus.

Ozone is now frequently employed by electrotherapists for the treatment of tuberculosis and affections of the throat and nose. It is an admirable purifier of bad air, and is used in the library of the British museum, in London, and other places of public resort where ventilation is inadequate to the renewal of the air vitiated by the continued presence of a large number of visitors. In hospitals ozone is manufactured by large static machines, and then dissipated through the wards by means of large electrical fans. One of the latest novelties in electrical instruments is an ozone inhaler for domestic use, by which a patient can carry out at home the treatment prescribed by his physician. It consists of several tubes a few inches long, surrounded by an aluminum armature, with electric connections. One terminal of the secondary coil is connected to a copper wire running the length of a vacuum tube, the other to the aluminum covering, which has numerous points directly toward it. From these points, when the current is turned on, is sent out a stream of sparks of purple and magenta tint, and the oxygen of the air is convertible into ozone. The operation of this instrument has a most refreshing and beneficial effect on the patient.

The Bicycle Match Gun.

All the world now rides a bicycle, and there are a few who have not tried to light their wheel lamp on a windy night. Those who have will be grateful for the little match gun which has been designed to facilitate that usually exasperating performance. It is worked on the same principle as an indelible pencil. After placing a parlor match in a slot, all the rider wishes to light the lamp has to do is to poke the lighter into the small hole at the side of the lamp, and then push the end or trigger of the gun. The head of the match is thus pushed between two rough jaws at the muzzle, and the lamp is lighted.