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The People's Rights--A Representative Democracy--The Union and the Constitution without any Infractions.

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CYCLING NOTES.

Zimmerman intends to go to Paris soon, where he will give exhibition rides.

Almost every day there is some announcement in regard to the chainless wheel.

Walter Sanger has announced his intention of retiring permanently from the cycle track.

American manufacturers are busy with gear cases which will meet all the objections referred to and possess all the virtues which the ordinary rider will require.

Mexico is aroused by the probable invasion of the American riders this season. Cycling interests are very much alive in the republic right now, and new tracks are being constructed.

A bicycle thief has been sent to jail for two years in Newark, in spite of a plausible story to the effect that he thought that the wheel belonged to a friend and only rode away on it as a joke.

What is claimed to be the highest geared machine in the world is ridden by Harry Hollands, of Detroit, Mich. The abnormal wheel has an immense front sprocket and the gear registers 187.

There is a German poodle in Berlin which has learned to ride a tricycle. Every morning he takes a "breather," and although he is not a scorcher, he rides with ease and grace, and enjoys it.

Bourillon, the celebrated French sprinter, like most fast riders, does not believe in special dieting, and will not touch spirits in any form when training. After a hard race his favorite drink is a good hot cup of black coffee without milk or sugar.

Eddie Bald has failed to qualify but once and Cooper four times on the national circuit this year. Scratch races only are counted here. Kiser has failed to qualify but once, and has run third or better in every race in which he has qualified.

A new idea in road maps for cyclers and drivers consists in printing the outline of a road on a long strip of paper, which is wound on two drums in front of the rider and may be operated by a thumb wheel on one of the drums to show the route as the driver passes.

At Chicago, A. J. Thibodeau broke all amateur unpaced bicycle track records from twenty to fifty miles. The half century figure was reduced by more than two minutes. The first twenty miles were ridden in 52.07; the quarter century in 1.03.45, and the fifty miles in 2.14.05.

A new unicycle has made its appearance in Germany, but it is doubtful if this sort of a machine will become popular, unless cyclists become a nation of trick riders. The inventor has an idea that it will be the cycle of the future. The machine is cleverly designed, but requires more skill in balancing than the bicycle.

A Stuttgart (Germany) bicyclist contested recently the constitutionality of the city ordinance requiring that each rider shall take out a permit for which he had to pay two marks. The court decided that the city had no right to levy what was practically a tax, and ordered the money collected in this way to be returned.

A practical test of the American gear case in century riding in all kinds of weather has shown that it is a valuable accessory. But when for any reason it is necessary to remove the rear wheel, to replace a badly cut tire, for instance, a difficulty is met with which suggests that the gear case must be so improved as to allow the ready removal of the rear wheel from the frame before it can be an unqualified success.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

The Marquis of Salisbury has been in official life about forty-four years.

William B. Howell, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was a messenger boy in the department fifteen years ago.

The Duke of Westminster has more children than any other member of the British peerage. He has been twice married.

Ex-Secretary Hoke Smith has been chosen President of the Board of Education of Atlanta, Ga., by the unanimous vote of its members.

George Washington Steevens, who made a reputation as a correspondent in the Greco-Turkish War, is not quite twenty-eight years old. He is a graduate of Balliol College, Oxford.

Andy Montgomery, of Atlanta, Ga., the "Black Beecher," who was a slave for seventy-five years, will soon start on a tour of the East to secure subscriptions with which to complete the old folks' home now being built by the colored Baptists.

The memory of the late Major Lewis Ginter, of Richmond, Va., is to be perpetuated by the endowment of a Mechanics' Institute and School of Technology in that city. He did much for the town, and this project will continue a good work in his name.

According to the Westminster Gazette, the reason no biography has ever been written of Mr. Delane, the late editor of the London Times, is that the proprietors of the Times have always forbidden it. Recently a fresh appeal was made to them, but, it is said, without success.

MY FOE.

Not from my foes without, but those within,
I pray to be protected hour by hour;
For that aggressive self that leads to sin,
And lures to pleasure with seductive power,
Stands ever by the portal of desire,
And mocks my spirit when it would aspire.

From that most subtle foe, disguised as friend,
I need be ever on my guard, for when
I cease for one brief moment to defend
The castle of my soul, he seeks me then
In some unlooked-for way, with mien so fair,
And voice so sweet, the while he sets his snare.

With honeyed words and sophistries, and lies,
He argues on the pleasures of the sense;
And pictures Duty in a hideous guise,
And laughs at Labor's paltry recompense;
"Let dullards toil," he cries, "thine is the right
"To gather all life's blossoms of delight!"

Again, in mask of teacher he appears,
And cries, "Why seek to lift another's load?
Each soul that journeys down the vale of tears
Must carry his own burden o'er the road;
Accept thine own, but let all others go."
Despite his mask, I know him as my foe.

My base foe, self, which, envious of the goal
It cannot reach, since formed of dying clay,
Would hinder and oppose my striving soul
That longs and labors for the better way;
And with this foe my spirit must contend,
By prayer and vigil, even to the end.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A DEAL IN PETROLEUM.

"WHEN I must take your refusal as final? Very well. Here is the document signed by Wilfred Merrion—your brother—acknowledging himself a forger and thief, and giving me power to prosecute at any time I think fit or may feel inclined. Here is my offer: Marry me three months from now, this document will pass into your possession and your brother is safe. If not——"

"If not?"

"If you are foolish enough to persist in your refusal Wilfred Merrion will stand in the felon's dock before the month is out, and the brother of the beautiful Norah Merrion will in all probability serve seven years' penal servitude."

"Oh, why do you persecute me thus? I was happy and in peace when I was poor—but now that I am rich you force attentions upon me which are not only an insult to me, but to another, also——"

"Ah! you refer to my nephew, Charles Crawford—a clever lad, Norah, but poor. You speak of your wealth. I do not deny that your snug little £100,000 in hard cash makes your attractions doubly alluring; and do you think I am going to resign all that in favor of my nephew Charles? No, no. In fact, I do not think I have any more need for him in my office."

"You will not discharge him?"

"You would not advise me to keep a dog that has once tried to bite—who knows but that the next time he may succeed? You are anxious for your brother; think of him. You have the welfare of Charles Crawford at heart; do not ruin him, for as surely as you fail to marry me I will crush them both. If, however, you agree to my proposal, there is nothing that I will not do for them."

"Give me time to think."

"Not one moment. Yes or no?"

"I cannot—I——"

"Your brother."

"You torture me."

"Yes or no——"

"Then God forgive me. If that is the only way to save Wilfred, I must do it."

Notwithstanding the questionable manner in which John Markam secured his victory, he walked down to his office after the interview with Norah Merrion in a cheerful, and even jubilant, frame of mind.

John Markam & Co. were well known in the city as a firm of high repute, engaged in the oil trade. John Markam, the sole partner, had crept up from small beginnings; during the last month, however, he had made contracts which, when completed, would place him on the high road to fortune.

Some three years ago, when Wilfred Merrion, Norah's brother, was a clerk in John Markham's office, a series of petty thefts had taken place, culminating in the cashing of a forged check for a considerable amount.

The guilt being directly traceable to Wilfred Merrion, John Markham, finding that nothing was to be gained by prosecution, compelled the young man to sign a paper acknowledging his delinquency, and discharged him.

For some time after discharging Wilfred from his employ John Markam thought little or nothing about the Merrion family, but when it came to his knowledge that an eccentric old gentleman in the person of Norah's uncle had died, leaving her a fortune of £100,000, his interest was suddenly awakened.

"One hundred thousand pounds," he mused—"not in questionable securities, but in one solid sum on deposit at the bank, ready to be drawn in one single check! John Markam, you must see into this."

And from that day Norah Merrion was allowed no peace, and notwithstanding the fact that she had promised to marry Charles Crawford long before her fortune came to her, the threats and persecutions of John Markam culminated as we have seen.

Upon entering his office John Markam rang the bell and summoned his chief into the private room.

"Crawford, let me have those last contracts. Now, let me see," he went on when the documents were laid before him, "how do we stand? One contract for 20,000, one for 50,000 and one for 30,000, that is to say, 100,000 tons of Russian petroleum in all, at £4 per ton—equals £400,000. We buy at an average of 64s. per ton, or £320,000, leaving a profit of £80,000, a very nice little deal. I think, Crawford, that when I have seen this through I shall sell the buisness and retire."

"Indeed, sir!"

"Yes, I am about tired of commercial life; these transactions will be through in three months, and then I am going to be married."

"You surprise me, sir."

"Aye, life is full of surprises. You know Miss Merrion, I think!"

"Miss Merrion!"

"Yes, Miss Merrion; but why in that tone of voice? Don't you approve of the lady?"

"This is no subject for jest, sir; you know as well as I do that Miss Merrion is my promised wife."

"Indeed! It is my turn to be surprised. I certainly knew that you admired the lady, and I have no doubt that you fostered hopes in that direction; but when you have the cool effrontery to inform me that you are engaged to marry her I can only marvel at your audacity."

"With all respect due to you, sir, as my uncle and my employer, I must say that the statement you have just made is not only untrue, but you know it to be untrue. I was engaged to marry Miss Merrion long before she was an heiress, and we were merely waiting until my position improved."

"And do you think you are likely to improve your position by calling your master a liar? After this conduct you cannot remain in my employ. I will dispense with the three months' notice, and draw you a check in lieu of it. Be prepared to leave in five minutes. Go."

A few minutes later the bell rang again, and Crawford, hat in hand and coat thrown over his arm, entered the sanctum.

"I am sorry to have to part with you like this, Crawford, but there is no other course open to me. I have just left Miss Merrion, and she has complained to me of your fortune-hunting propensities, and asked me to use my influence to put an end to your persecution of her. Here is a check for £200, and I sincerely hope that you will endeavor to cultivate more gentlemanly manners in your future career."

Quietly closing the door after him, John Markam's nephew left the office.

The fickleness of fortune as demonstrated by the events of the last fifteen minutes caused an indescribable feeling of dismay in the young man's mind.

Charles Crawford as chief clerk to John Markham & Co., with prospects of a partnership, was now Charles Crawford, with £200 in his pocket and a few more hundreds in the bank, and prospects nil.

His first thought upon leaving the office was of Norah. Could it be as his uncle had declared, that she looked upon him merely as a fortune hunter? No, he would not believe it, and full of determination to ascertain the truth from Norah herself, he made his way to her home.

The cry of joy that fell from her lips when he presented himself before her soon banished all thoughts of her inconstancy from his mind.

In a few moments she had told him all; the incriminating document, signed by her brother Wilfred, the persecutions of John Markam, and the extraordinary sacrifice demanded from her in order to save Wilfred from ruin.

"What can we do, Charlie? Poor Wilfred is so happy with his wife and child; is an error of the past to rise up and ruin his life? I would give my whole fortune to find a way out of this trouble. I cannot give you up, Charlie, and yet if we do not hit upon some plan——"

"You will marry John Markam?"

"No, no, I do not say that, Charlie, but I must save Wilfred."

It was striking 10 o'clock that night when Crawford left Nora Merrion. As he walked along plunged in thought the rattle of a fire engine dashing past roused him from his reverie, and a lurid glare in the sky told him that a vast conflagration was in progress. Upon hastening to the spot he found that the premises and store yards of a large firm of coopers were on fire. A huge stack of many thousands of newly made barrels was well alight, and from the inflammable nature of the materials it was soon evident that all efforts to hold the fire in check were hopeless. In a few hours the whole of the premises would be gutted.

As Crawford gazed upon the burning pile, a sudden thought surged through his brain. After considering a few moments he hastily retraced his steps, and late as he was, sought another interview with Nora.

They talked far into the night, and it was late when he finally reached his lodgings. Instead of retiring to rest, however, he started to write, and when the dawn of the new day streamed through the window, he was still busy with his pen.

Eight o'clock saw him at the telegraph office with a sheaf of messages in his hand addressed to all the principal coopers and barrel makers in the kingdom. They were nearly all of the same tenor, and ran as follows:

"Contracts wanted for any part of 500,000 barrels to be delivered during next three months. Wire price and number you can undertake. Terms: Half cash on signing agreement, balance on delivery. Bankers and references. Paris, London—Merrion, Crawford & Co., Benger's Court, Lothbury, London."

Half an hour later he had secured the offices and fixures of a bankrupt firm in Benger's Court, and by 9 o'clock a temporary sign hung outside of the door bearing the legend, "Merrion, Crawford & Co."

The services of four lawyers' clerks were hastily secured and they were set to work writing out duplicate contracts in blank in anticipation of the arrival of the answering telegrams.

The senior partner of the new firm, in the person of Miss Norah Merrion, drove up in her brougham at 10 o'clock, and a few minutes later saw her and Crawford in the private office of the bank manager.

The banking arrangements were rapidly completed, and Charles left with full power to draw upon the new firm's account for any sum or sums up to £100,000.

On their return to the office they found that a number of telegrams had already arrived, and by noon the next day the firm of Merrion, Crawford & Co. found themselves responsible for the payment of nearly 600,000 barrels at prices ranging from 3s. to 4s. each.

John Markam was well satisfied with himself—matters were flowing very smoothly with him, his business engagements he calculated would bring him in a comfortable fortune, and so far as he could see no cloud appeared upon the horizon of his prosperity.

In his hours of leisure the thought of Norah Merrion and her fortune brought a smile of triumph to his face. Once wedded to her and the turmoil of business would involve him no more, and if a doubt of the success of his matrimonial schemes crossed his mind the perusal of Wilfred Merrion's confession instantly banished it.

"She will wed me to save her brother. Crawford is out of my path, so I have nothing to fear."

But the plans of the cleverest men sometimes go astray, and when John Markham attempted to negotiate for barrels in which to store his oil, he suddenly awoke to the fact that some smart firm had cornered the market.

His contracts had to be fulfilled during the next three months. Unless he had barrels to send his oil away in, the contracts would fall through and he would be ruined.

But when he discovered the name of the firm, his rage knew no bounds. The delay of a few hours had placed him at the mercy of Norah Merrion and Charles Crawford.

Toward the end of the month, when the first contract became due, he pocketed his pride and wrote to Merrion, Crawford & Co., asking for a quotation of 100,000 barrels, and when the answer came back, "10s. per barrel," he felt that he was really in the hands of the enemy, and utter despair took possession of him.

The next day he received a note from Crawford: "If John Markam will come to Benger's Court, at 12 o'clock, matters might be arranged to suit both parties."

When at 12 o'clock he was ushered into the private office at Benger's Court he found himself in the presence of Norah Merrion.

As he came forward to take her hand, she rose and motioned him to a seat.

For a moment there was silence.

"We meet under somewhat different circumstances, Mr. Markam." He bowed in assent.

"It is not my wish," she continued, "to indulge any idea of revenge which would probably recommend itself to any other person in my position. I understand from Mr. Crawford that it depends upon this firm whether you become a rich man or a bankrupt."

"That is so."

"I have certain terms to offer which, if you accept, well and good—if not——"

"Name them!"

"In the first place you must hand me the confession written by my brother, and sign a document promising not to molest him in any way."

"And then?"

"In the second place, this firm has contracts on which will bring in a considerable sum; you have engagements which I understand will make you practically independent. Agree to my first proposition and take Mr. Crawford into partnership; that is to say, combine the two firms, work off all the contracts, and then dissolve—each to have half the profits. Do you agree?"

"You are too generous, but what does my nephew say?"

"Here is Charles to answer for himself."

"I say let us bury the whole of this miserable business and ring a peal of bells over its grave. Norah and I are to be married next week, uncle; will you come and dance at our wedding?"

"I will, my boy, and I ask pardon from both of you for the unhappiness I have caused you. It has been a case of diamond cut diamond. I envy you your happiness, and I shall never forget that it was your generosity that brought to a triumphant issue my 'deal in petroleum.'"—London Tit-Bits.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

An electric brake is announced.

That bacteria may live and grow in melting ice has been shown by Foster.

Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes, the larger portion of defectiveness prevailing among fair-haired people.

An even cubic foot of average soil was weighed and analyzed at Cornell University. It was found that the soil in one acre one foot deep weighed 2082½ tons.

In a recent lecture Professor Bergemann, of Berlin, stated that in fifty cases of perforating the skull for epilepsy he knew of only one permanent cure.

The difference between the tallest and shortest races in the world is one foot four and a half inches, and the average height is five feet five and a half inches.

Wheat can be grown in the Alps at an elevation of 3600 feet, in Brazil at 5000, in the Caucasus at 8000, in Abyssinia at 10,000, and in Peru and Bolivia at 11,000.

The eyes of bees are made to see great distances. When absent from their hive they go up in the air till they see their home, and they fly toward it in a straint line and with great speed. The shortest line between two places is sometimes called a "bee-line."

Corrosive water is a common source of trouble in metal mines. Its effect on iron, curiously enough, is greater when it simply drips on the metal than when the iron is immersed in it. A twelve-pound iron rail has been cut in two in a few weeks by drops of water falling on it.

A German chemist, Joseph Langer, has succeeded, with infinite patience, in analyzing the poison of a bee's sting. The amount secreted by each bee is only a tenth of a milligramme, and he required 20,000 bees to get enough to experiment with. He did not discover any bacteria, and concluded that the action of the poison was purely chemical.

The fish's belly is white and his back green, because in swimming about in the water the white belly is the color of the light shining through the water, hence protects him from his enemies below. His back being green makes him on the other hand appear from above as part of the green water, and is his safeguard from hawks and other enemies.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Taking Young Fellow—Easily Defined—The Discourteous Interruption—Fired Back—Parts of Speech—A Genuine Delight—His Sphere of Activity, Etc.

He took her fancy when he came;
He took her hand, he took a kiss;
He took no notice of the shame
That glowed her happy cheek at this.

He took to coming afternoons;
He took an oath he'd ne'er deceive;
He took her father's silver spoons,
And after that he took—his leave!

Easily Defined.

"What is courting danger, Uncle Simon?"

"Any kind of courting."

The Discourteous Interruption.

"What is a rude awakening, pa?"

"Well, it is an awakening before 8 o'clock in the morning."

Parts of Speech.

"Were you knocked speechless when you ran into that ice wagon?"

"No; but my wheel was knocked spokeless."—The Wheel.

Fired Back.

"You consider this garbage question an important one, do you not?"

"My dear sir, it's the burning question of the age."—Chicago Post.

No Limitations.

"Dodsworth, your wife seems to be a woman of commanding presence."

"Commanding presence! By Jove, sir, my wife can command when she's absent."

A Genuine Delight.

"There is one thing which gratifies a woman more than all things else."

"And what is that?"

"Being told that other women are jealous of her."—Chicago Record.

His Sphere of Activity.

First Citizen—"I never was so busy as I am now."

Second Citizen—"What are you doing?"

First Citizen—"I'm looking for a job."—Brooklyn Life.

Cleaned Out.

Perry Patettic—"Please, mister, could you help the victim of a washout?"

Mister—"Of a washout?"

"Yes, mister. I ain't had nothin' but wotter to drink for two long weeks."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Difference.

"What do you think will be the effect of that politician's latest utterance?"

"It depends on the individual," replied Willie Washington. "People who like him will call it 'a praiseworthy step,' and those who don't will refer to it as 'a shrewd move.'"—Washington Star.

A Change of Heart.

He—"I think I shall have to preach a bicycle sermon to-morrow advising all my parishioners to ride a wheel."

She—"Why, Joseph, it was only three weeks ago that you denounced the wheel most thoroughly."

He—"Yes; but remember, my dear, that was while I was learning to ride."—Harper's Bazar.

A Wonderful Man.

"What a patient man that Hanford is?"

"Is he patient? I never noticed it."

"Yes; he inflated his tires with a hand pump this morning without swearing that he would throw the thing away and kick his wheel to pieces rather than ever to try to do it again."—Cleveland Leader.

Tied Up.

"There's the wood pile," significantly suggested the housewife when Meandering Mike applied for a repast.

"Madame," he replied, "dis here is one o' de mos' melancholy coincidents dat ever happened. I'm de President of de 'Sociation of Wandering Woodchoppers, an' it ain't been mor'n two minutes since I declared a general strike."

A Lesson.

"I'm glad to observe one thing," said the official's close acquaintance. "Your elevation to political honors hasn't made you at all proud."

"I should say it hasn't. A man doesn't know what real humility is until he has got an appointment and had all his intimate friends tell him they don't see how on earth he came to be picked out for so important an office."—Washington Star.

Looking Before Leaping.

Lady—"I wish you would call at the office of Mr. Oldrich, 999 Fashion avenue, contrive to have some conversation with the venerable gentleman, and so far as you are able, examine into his physical condition. I desire to know how long he is likely to live."

Physician—"Certainly. Are you his wife?"

Lady—"No, but I have a chance to be."—New York Weekly.

Mismated.

Mrs. Wilton—"I have not heard from your daughter since she married a foreign count."

Mrs. Bilton—"She is very unhappy."

Mrs. W.—"Too bad; but such matches usually are unfortunate."

Mrs. B.—"Indeed they are. You see the poor girl knows so little of foreign languages that she drops back into English every time she gets mad, and then her husband can't understand a word she says."—New York Weekly.

Way He Was Welcome.

"Here, Harry, is a dime for you," said Mr. Harper to the little brother of the one he loves. "Have you ever heard Miss Bessie say anything about me when I wasn't here?"

"Oh, lots of time," replied the sweet child.

"And what does she say, Harry?"

"She says she's always glad to have you come here when she's feelin' all wore and tired."

"And," continued the delighted young man, "does she ever explain why she likes to have me come at such times?"

"Yes. She says you're so easy she can go to sleep and still keep you guessin'."—Cleveland Leader.

"THE HALF-CENT MAN."

How a Quarry Manager Earned a Curious Cognomen.

The biggest, best and most expensively furnished house in the town of Winterport, Me., is owned and occupied by David Heagon Smith, a big, blue-eyed Yankee, who started out as a poor boy and earned his money and his reputation among the granite quarries of Penobscot Bay. Though Mr. Smith was always generous, he has been known among his friends as the "half-cent man" for nearly thirty years.

Beginning as a drag tender, young Smith worked his way up, and in 1870 was appointed general manager of the quarries on Dix Island, nine miles southwest from Rockland. At that time the Dix Island Granite Company, for which Mr. Smith worked, had just taken the contract to quarry and cut stone for the New York postoffice.

Stonecutters and blacksmiths received $3.50 a day for eight hours' work, the United States paid the bills, and everybody connected with the work was prosperous. The first set of payrolls that was made out came back from Washington for revision. At $3.50 a day, a full day's wages came out in even change, and so did a half day. The trouble was in the fourths. A quarter of a day's pay was 87½ cents, and three-quarters of a day was $2.62½; and while the government is honest, it cannot and will not countenance the splitting of cents in the wages of anybody.

When the matter was explained there was a solemn meeting held in the company's office, which was attended by C. P. Dixon, of New York, the company's treasurer; Alfred B. Mullett, United States supervising architect; two or three Congressmen, including James G. Blaine, and a small army of local bosses. Mr. Mullett proposed to divide the fractions equally on the quarters, giving the quarter of a day man 88 cents and the three-quarters of a day man $2.62. Mr. Dixon was about to accede to the idea when Mr. Smith broke in, ridiculing the idea of a great nation like the United States haggling over a little matter of a half cent a day. His argument prevailed, and Mr. Mullett yielding, the pay rolls allowed quarter of a day men 88 cents and three-quarters of a day men $2.63. The workmen gained both half cents and nobody was injured.

The New York postoffice, costing more than $7,000,000, was completed in 1874, and the new Philadelphia postoffice and court house was started the same year and finished in 1877; so nearly 5000 skilled mechanics had continuous employment for seven years. Under the terms of the contract the company received 50 cents a cubic foot for the granite exployed in the two structures, and had a commission of 15 per cent. upon the gross cost of the buildings. When both jobs were done Mr. Dixon called Mr. Smith into his office and presented him with a check for $5000.

"What is this for?" asked Mr. Smith, who had always drawn his pay at the end of every month. Instead of making an immediate reply Mr. Dixon put another question.

"How much is 15 per cent. of one-half a cent, David?"

"Three-fortieths of a cent," replied Mr. Smith.

"And how many three-fortieths of a cent are there in $5000?"

This puzzled Mr. Smith for a time, and Mr. Dixon laughed.

"Are there 7,000,000?"

"No, sir."

"Are there 6,500,000?" continued Mr. Dixon.

"Yes, sir, and a fraction over."

"Well, David," resumed Mr. Dixon, "I have made a few figures myself and have learned that your talk to Mullett, which gave me both half cents, has earned me about $10,000; and I think I ought to divide. That's your half on the check."

The following spring Mr. Smith went to Winterport and bought the old Treat homestead. The place originally cost about $10,000, but had fallen into decay, so Mr. Smith was able to buy it for $5000. Since then he has fixed it up and beautified it so it is one of the finest estates on the Penobscot river. When visitors call and praise the homestead Mr. Smith says:

"Yes, I like it. It was bought from a commission of one-half of 15 per cent. on half cents, but I guess it is good enough for me."—Boston Globe.

Human Body is Luminous.

One of the most beautiful of the multitude of experiments to which scientists have been incited by the opening out of new developments in Roentgen ray work is that described by Dr. Luys before the Societe de Biologie in Paris. Dr. Luys has long been convinced that actual light is thrown off by human beings, and has at last proved his theories by showing the presence of luminous emanations which surround the human body. In a dark room various subjects placed their fingers for about twenty minutes on an ordinary photographic plate lying in a bath containing the usual solution of hydroquinone, and after this exposure the negative was developed in the usual way. Not only were the fingers and the lines of the skin reproduced, but also their pores, and what is still more interesting, around the fingers was a sort of zone or halo a third of an inch wide. Dr. Luys regards this as a proof that we live in a luminous fluid, which is sufficiently defined to enable a photographic print to be made of itself and the fingers, as if under the influence of ordinary light. Dr. Luys has tried the same experiment on patients whose hands were paralyzed, benumbed or insensible to touch, but in every such case no image appeared on the plate.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Unpleasant Ride.

A certain prominent young man of St. Augustine, Fla., had occasion to take a short trip into the country. He procured a saddle horse and, by mistake, was given a pony that is used by the boys on their evening lamp-lighting rounds. On the way out of the city this pony stopped at every lamp post he passed, and would only move forward after his rider had struck a match. When the lamp posts gave out he stopped at every tree, and, though the journey was rather slow, the young man finished it with the expenditure of about two dozen boxes of matches which he was obliged to purchase.—Baltimore Sun.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

WHAT DEFENCE COSTS—To continue the work of constructing fortifications Congress will be asked by the secretary of war to appropriate at least $10,000,000. In addition, Gen. Alger will urge that two additional regiments of artillery be created, so as to have men to take care of the fortifications now building. Of this appropriation, half will be required for the construction of gun and mortar batteries. In his annual estimate, just submitted to Secretary Alger, Gen. Wilson asked for $5,000,000. This sum, he points out, is absolutely needed to continue the work which Congress has directed the department to execute. With $5,000,000 it is estimated that 51 emplacements for high-power guns, 113 for rapid fire guns and 124 for 12-inch mortars can be built. From the appropriations made for coast defence up to the present time, provisions had been made for 163 high-power gun emplacements, 129 rapid-fire gun emplacements, 300 12-inch mortar emplacements, 358 high-power steel guns, 290 12-inch mortars, 108 8, 10 and 12-inch gun carriages, and 290 12-inch mortar carriages. The war department authorities decline to make public the points at which it is proposed to spend most of the money, which it is expected Congress will appropriate, on the ground that the publication of such information will make a possible enemy acquainted with the sites of fortifications and the exact location of guns, submarine mines, etc. In view of the possibility of trouble with Spain growing out of the Cuban question, the authorities have determined to keep secret all information of this character. It is generally understood, however, that the department will spend much of the prospective appropriation upon the fortifications being constructed at New York, Boston and San Francisco.

THE CUBAN SITUATION—Those who have read the abstract of the reply to General Woodford's note sent by the Spanish government say that while it is couched in diplomatic language it warrants an expectation of at least some remedial action in the island before the month is over. The only way to explain the contradictory statements made on both sides of the Atlantic as to the contents of the answer is that the Spanish government dare not, at this time, make public in Spain the full policy of the Spanish cabinet. While the letter is kept secret, the new government in Cuba can put in force the reform, which it is hoped will at once be seen to be beneficial the Cubans, and by the time the correspondence is made public there will be no cause for disturbance on either side. It is accepted in Washington that if Congress was in session now it would be in favor of acting upon the Cuban question at once. And beyond doubt, when it does meet, there will be many members of that mind. But when the true situation is placed before them, as it will be by the president, and the results already gained in Cuba are made plain, the course of Congress will be guided by the president's recommendations. The Spanish authorities have much confidence in General Blanco and his ability to handle the question and carry out the proposed reforms. There is an opinion also in Washington that when the proposed reforms are understood by the Cubans and the policy of the new government is known to be one of liberality and fairness, they will accept the terms offered. The Cuban Junta in this country is expected to keep up its fight for independence, but if the Cubans themselves accept autonomy the Junta will have to submit.

CUBA WILL BE FREE—Official confirmation given to the report that the basis of Spain's reply to the note of Minister Woodford, asking when the war in Cuba would be ended, is that the revolution would not exist were it not for aid from the United States. The accusation that this government has not performed its full duty in preventing filibustering expeditions is so false that it will be an easy task to answer it in such a way as to deprive Spain of any foreign sympathy she may expect to excite by this plea. English diplomats have learned that in the statement of facts Secretary Sherman can use the language of unvarnished truth. The reply of Spain is described as energetic in tone. The rejoinder that will be sent from Washington is not likely to be lacking in energy, either. This last pretense of unhappy Spain will be stripped of its mask in a jiffy. As for the energy of her reply, that is confined entirely to words. She has no energy left. She cannot conquer Cuba, and she has no pretext for fighting the United States. Therefore it is inevitable that the island become free, and it is equally certain that there can be no war.

WOMEN IN OFFICE—One hundred and eighteen Washington women have been appointed to offices in the classified service of the government during the last twelve months. Of this number 109 are skilled laborers in the bureau of engraving and printing and the Government Printing office, drawing from $1.25 to 1.90 per diem in wages. Four are attendants in St. Elizabeth's asylum and the Freedmen's hospital, with a remuneration of $14 a month and board. One is a translator in the department of state at $1200 per annum. One is a "pupil-nurse" at the Freedmen's hospital, receiving $84 a year and board. The remaining three are in the employ of the Indian bureau, teaching little aborigines in government schools, in Idaho, Montana and Nebraska, repectively, and accepting the modest reward of $550 to $600 for a twelve-month's toil with spelling-book and geography.

A little more taffy while a man lives and not so much epitaffy when he is dead, is the admonition of a Kansas minister concerning an oft-discussed theme. One of Speaker Reed's happiest hits was his definition was his definition of a statesman: "A politician—who is dead."

In Pennsylvania the other day a poet committed suicide because he was hungry. If that were a valid excuse for self-destruction American poetry of the present day would be practically wiped out.

General Vermont News.

The trout poisoning affair at Griffith's hatchery at Mount Tabor is being thoroughly investigated by State's Attorney Rowland. The more the case is investigated the more remarkable it seems that several persons were not poisoned by the paris green which was dumped by the pound into the water at the bulkhead above the breeding tanks. It appears that at one place the viaduct was not water-tight, and some of the poison was washed back into the stream. In this stream were found dead fish. A boarding-house and a tenement near by have been supplied with drinking water from this source. One morning a pail of water was taken from the stream. On reaching the house the drawer found a sediment that was so peculiar that he threw the water away. Before he had returned for another pailful the tenants were notified not to drink the brook water. Paris green was found in the bottom of the pail when examined later. Counting tenants and boarders the lives of thirty persons were thus endangered by the poisoning of the waters running into the breeding tanks. Some of the poison must have been swept into Otter Creek both through the stream and also through the pond that takes the outflow from the tanks.

George Gregg and his wife of Bennington have of late had considerable trouble between them. Mrs. Gregg left her home a few days ago with the intention, as she stated, of never returning to it. Gregg drove to Woodford to try and induce her to come back with him. He claimed that her sister Lizzie assaulted him while there by throwing a rock that cut his head and calling him vile names. For this he had Lizzie arrested. A man named Edward Griffin from Arlington figures in the case also. The hearing was held before Judge Darling, considerable dirty linen was washed, to the edification of the listeners. Some of the testimony given would have done credit to a former "Five points" police court. Judge Darling decided to hold the case open and suggested to Mrs. Gregg that she return to her husband to live, but she was emphatic in her declaration that she would not. The judge also intimated to Mr. Griffin that it would be a good idea for him to disappear from this community, as it might become warm for him if he did not.

The New England Talc company, composed of Boston capitalists, is preparing to do business on a large scale this winter. Their quarry is situated on top of a high mountain in Stockbridge, and for the past year the company has been working the mine, but leaving the product in a rough stage on top of the mountain, as there was no accessible way of removing it. A tramway, 2400 feet long, is now being built from the quarry to the public highway. The Bleichert system is used, which consists of two overhead cables, one for the loaded cars going down and the other for the empty ones going up. Three cars will go down at the same time loaded, and will drag back three empty cars. The cars will run 1080 feet apart, and the system will have a capacity of 50,000 pounds a day. This talc is mostly used for sizing for the finer grades of paper.

There is to be a contest in the courts over the will of the late Laban H. Dexter, a former Windham county man, who died in Springfield, Mass., a few weeks ago. Over twenty years ago he made a will in which all his property was to revert at his death to his wife. Last July Mr. Dexter made another will, unknown to his wife, which gave the latter but a half share, leaving some of the cash and real estate to a brother, and the widow is going to contest it on the claim that he was not in his right mind. Mr. Dexter had cash deposits in banks all over Massachusetts and Vermont. Some books are made out in the name of L. H. Dexter, in that of Ann Dexter, others are payable to both L. H. and Ann Dexter and some in trust for Ann Dexter, and the title to the deposits offers chance for possible litigation.

Miss Ellen B. Canfield of Manchester has recently been made head of the department of physical training for women at Cornell. Until this fall she was an instructor under the direction of Dr. Hitchcock, but her success and enthusiasm over the work have won for her speedy promotion. She left Ithaca recently for a ten days' trip among eastern colleges and gymnasiums for the purpose of studying their work and comparing it with her own and finding out what attention is given by other faculties to physical training. At Cornell, gymnasium work is required for freshmen and sophomores, while at Wellesley and many other colleges it is voluntary. Miss Canfield got her training at Dr. Anderson's gymnasium school in New Haven.

John W. Titcomb, president of the Vermont Fish and Game league, has appointed the following committee of arrangements for the annual meeting to be held in Rutland Nov. 17: Dr. C. A. Gale, P. W. Clement, C. H. West, Captain S. E. Burnham, G. T. Chaffee, A. W. Higgins, J. A. Merrill, H. A. Sawyer and W. H. Valliquette. The invitations will be sent out in a few days, and fully 150 people are expected. The business meeting will be held at the Berwick House parlors at 7.30 o'clock in the evening, and this will be followed by a course dinner at the Berwick at 9 o'clock