

The STOLEN SINGER

by MARTNA BELLINGER

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Agatha Redmond, opera singer, starting for an auto drive in New York, finds a stranger near her chauffeur. Later she is accosted by a stranger who climbs into the auto and disappears. Her husband, Hamilton, who is a member of the Hamilton family of Lynn, Mass., witnesses the abduction of Agatha Redmond. Hamilton sees Agatha forcibly taken aboard a yacht. He secures a tug and when near the yacht drops overboard. Aleck Van Camp, friend of Hamilton, had an appointment with him. Not meeting Hamilton, he makes a call upon friends, Madame and Miss Melanie Reyner. He proposes to the latter and is refused. The three arrange a coast trip on Van Camp's yacht, the Sea Gull. Hamilton wakes up on board the Jeanne D'Arc, the yacht on which is Agatha Redmond. He meets a man who introduces himself as Monsieur Chatelet, who is Agatha's abductor. They fight, but are interrupted by the sinking of the vessel. Jimmy and Agatha are abandoned by the crew, who take to the boats. Jimmy and Agatha swim for hours and finally reach shore in a thoroughly exhausted condition. Recovering slightly, the pair find Hamilton, the chauffeur who assisted in Agatha's abduction. He agrees to help them. Jim is delicious and on the verge of death. Hand goes for help. He returns with Dr. Thayer, who revives Jim, and the party is conveyed to Charlesport, where Agatha's property is located. Van Camp and his party, in the Sea Gull, search for Agatha and get tidings of the wreck of the Jeanne D'Arc. Aleck finds Jim on the verge of death and Agatha in danger. Dr. Thayer declares his sister, Mrs. Stoddard, is the only one who can save Jim. She is a woman of strong religious convictions, and dislikes Agatha on account of her profession. She refuses to nurse Jim. Agatha pleads with her and she consents to take the case. Hand explains how he escaped from the wreck, though he will say nothing concerning the abduction. Lizzie, Agatha's maid, arrives from New York. The fight for Jim's life goes on. Van Camp hears Agatha's story and goes on the track of Chatelet, who escaped from the wreck. Hamilton is finally out of danger. Chatelet, friend of Van Camp, goes after Chatelet. Agatha, in her quest for Jim's recovery, goes out into the woods. She meets Melanie Reyner and both are surprised at their remarkable resemblance.

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

It was not difficult to get on his track, even though the village people were constitutionally reluctant to let any unnecessary information get away from them. A mile or so farther up the shore, beyond the road that ran like a scar across the hill to the granite quarry, Chamberlain came upon a saloon masquerading as a grocery store. A lodging house, a seaman's berth and the reading room were grouped near by; the telegraph office, too, had been placed at this end of the town; obviously for the convenience of the operators of the granite quarry.

The settlement had the appearance of easy-going and pleasant industry peculiar to places where handwork is still the rule. Chamberlain applied first at the grocery store without getting satisfaction. The foreign looking boy, who was the only person visible, could give him no information about anything. But at the reading room the erstwhile yacht owner was known. Borrowing money is a sure method of impressing one's personality.

The Frenchman had been in the neighborhood two or three days, lately becoming very impatient for a reply to his New York telegram. A good deal of money had been applied for, was the opinion of the money-lender. This person, caretaker and librarian, was a tall, ineffective individual, with eyes set wide apart. His slow speech was a mixture of Dr. Johnson and a judge in chancery. It was grandiloquent, and it often took long to reach the point. He informed Chamberlain, with some circumlocution, that the Frenchman had been extremely anxious over the telegram.

"I tried to persuade him that it was useless to be impatient over such things," said he. "And I regret to say that the man allowed himself to become profane."

"I dare say."

"But it would appear that he has received his telegram by this time," continued the youth, "for it is now but a short time since he was summoned to the station."

Chamberlain, thinking that the sooner he got to the telegraph station the better, was about to depart, when the placid tones of the librarian again casually broke the silence.

"I mistake not, the gentleman in question is even now hastening toward the village." He waved a vague hand toward the open door through which, a little distance away, a man's figure could be seen.

"Why don't you run after him and get your money?" asked Chamberlain; but he didn't know the youth.

"What good would that do?" was the surprising question, which Chamberlain could not answer.

But the Englishman acted on a different principle. He thanked the judge in chancery and made after the Frenchman, who was casting a furtive eye in this and that direction, as if

in doubt which way he ought to go. Nevertheless, he seemed bent on going, and not too slowly, either.

The Englishman swung into the road, but did not endeavor to overtake the other. They were traveling toward the main village, along a road that more or less hugged the shore. Sometimes it topped a cliff that dropped precipitately into the water; and again it descended to a sandy level that was occasionally reached by the higher tides.

Near the main village the road ascended a rather steep bluff, and at the top made a sudden turn toward the town. As Chamberlain approached this point, he yielded more and more to the beauty of the scene. The Bay of Charlesport, the rugged, curving outline of the coast beyond, the green islands, the glistening sea, the blue crystalline sky over all—it was a sight to remember.

Not far from the land, at the near end of the harbor, was the Sea Gull, pulling at her mooring. A stone's throw beyond Chamberlain's feet, a small rocky tongue of land was prolonged by a stone breakwater, which sheltered the curved beach of the village from the rougher waves. Close up under the bluff on which he was standing, the waters of the bay churned and foamed against a steep rock wall that shot downward to unknown depths. It was obviously a dangerous place, though the road was unguarded by fence or railing. Only a delicate fringe of goldenrod and low juniper bushes veiled the treacherous cliff edge. It was almost impossible for a traveler, unused to the region, to pass across the dizzy stretch of highway without a shuddering glance at the murderous waves below.

On the crest of this cliff, each of the two men paused, one following the other at a little distance. The first man, however, paused merely for a few minutes' rest after the steep climb. Chamberlain, hardened to physical exertions, took the hill easily, but stood for a moment lost in speculative wonder at the scene. He kept a sharp eye on his leader, however, and presently the two men took up their Indian file again toward the village.

Some distance farther on, the road forked, one spur leading up over the steep rugged hill, another dropping abruptly to the main village street and the wharves. A third branch ran low athwart the hill and led, finally, to the summer hotel where Chamberlain and the Reyners had been staying. At this division of the road Chamberlain saw the other man ahead of him sitting on a stone. He approached him leisurely and assumed an air of business sagacity.

"Good day, sir," said Chamberlain, planting himself solidly before the man on the stone. He was rather large, blond, pale and unkempt in appearance; but nevertheless he carried an air of insolent mockery, it seemed to Chamberlain. He glanced disgustedly at the Englishman, but did not reply.

"Rather warm day," remarked Chamberlain pleasantly. No answer. The man sat with his head propped on his hands, unmistakably in a bad temper.

"Want to buy some land?" inquired Chamberlain. "I'm selling off lots on this hill for summer cottages. Water front, dock privileges, and a guaranty that no one shall build where it will shut off your view. Terms reasonable. Like to buy?"

"No!" snarled the other.

Chamberlain paused in his imaginative flight, and took two luscious yellow pears from his bulging pockets.

"Have a pear?" he pleasantly offered.

The man again looked up, as if tempted, but again ejaculated "No!" Chamberlain leisurely took a satisfying bite.

"I got tired myself; he went on, "tramping over these country roads. But it's the best way for me to do business. You don't happen to want a good hotel, do you?"

Coarse fare and the discomforts of beggars' lodgings had told on the Frenchman's temper, as Chamberlain had surmised. He looked up with a show of human interest. Chamberlain went on.

"There's a fine hotel, the Hillside, over yonder, only a mile or so away. Best place in all the region hereabouts; tip-topping set there, too. Count Somebody-or-Other from Ger-

many, and no end of bigwigs; so of course they have a good cook."

Chamberlain paused and finished his second pear. The man on the stone was furtive and uneasy, but masked his disquiet with the insolent sneering manner that had often served him well. Chamberlain, having once adopted the role of a garrulous traveling salesman, followed it up with zest.

"Of course, a man can get a good meal, for that matter, at the red house, a little way up yonder over the hill. But it wouldn't suit a man like you—a slow, poky place, with no style."

The man on the stone slowly turned toward Chamberlain, and at last found voice for more than monosyllabic utterances.

"I was looking for a hotel," he said, in correct English but with a foreign accent, "and I shall be glad to take your advice. The Hillside, you say, is in this direction?" and he pointed along the lower road.

"Yes," he heartily assented Chamberlain, "about two miles through those woods, and you won't make any mistake going there; it's a very good place."

The man got up from the stone.

"And the other inn you spoke of—where is that?"

"The Red House? That's quite a long piece up over the hill—this way. Straight road; house stands near a church; kept by a country woman named Sallie. But the Hillside's the place for you; good style, everything neat and handsome. And fine people!"

"Very well, thanks," cut in the other, in his sharp, rasping tones. "I shall go to the Hillside."

He slid one hand into a pocket, as if to assure himself that he had not been robbed by sleight-of-hand during the interview, and then started on the road leading to the Hillside. Chamberlain said "Good day, sir," without expecting or getting an answer, and turned the hill toward the village.

As soon as he had dropped from sight, however, he walked casually into the thick bushes that lined the road, and from this ambush he took a careful survey of the hill behind him. Then he slowly and cautiously made his way back through the underbrush until he was again in sight of the cross roads. Here, concealed behind a tree, he waited patiently some five or ten minutes. At the end of that time, Chamberlain's mild and kindly face lighted up with unholty joy. He opened his mouth and emitted a soundless "haw-haw."

For there was his recent companion also returning to the cross roads, taking a discreet look in the direction of the village as he came along. Seeing that the coast was clear, he turned and went rapidly up the road that led over the hill to the old red house.

When Chamberlain saw that the man was well on his way he stepped into the road and solemnly danced three steps of a hornpipe, and the next instant started on a run toward the village. He got little Simon's horse and buggy, drove into the upper street and picked up the sheriff, and then trotted at a good rattling pace around by the long road toward Hill.

CHAPTER XX.

Monsieur Chatelet Takes the Wheel. Sallie Kingsbury would have given up the ghost without more ado, had she known what secular and unministerial passions were converging about Parson Thayer's peaceful library. As it was, she had a distinct feeling that life wasn't as simple as it had been heretofore, and that there were puzzling problems to solve. She was almost certain that she had caught Mr. Hand using an oath; though when she charged him with it, he had said that he had been talking Spanish to himself—he always did when he was alone. Sallie didn't exactly know the answer to that, but told him that she hoped he would remember that she was a professor. "What's that?" inquired Hand.

"It's a Christian in good and regular standing, and it's what you ought to be," said Sallie.

And now that nice Mr. Chamberlain, whom she had fed in the early morning, had dashed up to the kitchen door behind Little Simon's best horse, deposited a man from Charlesport, and then had disappeared. The man had also unceremoniously left her kitchen. He might be a minister brought there to officiate at the church on the following Sabbath, Sallie surmised; but on second thought she dismissed the idea. He didn't look like any minister she had ever seen, and was very far indeed from the Parson Thayer type.

Hercules Thayer's business, including his ministerial duties, had formed the basis and staple of Sallie's affectionate interest for seventeen years, and it wasn't her nature to give up that interest, now that the chief actor had stepped from the stage. So she speculated and wondered, while she did more than her share of the work.

She picked radishes from the garden for supper, threw white screening over the imposing loaves of bread still cooling on the side table, and was sharpening a knife on a whetstone, preparatory to carving thin slices from a veal

loaf that stood near by, when she was accosted by some one appearing in the doorway.

"Is this the Red House?" It was a cool, sharp voice, sounding even more outlandish than Mr. Hand's. Sallie turned deliberately toward the door and surveyed the new-comer.

"Well, yes; I guess so. But you don't need to scare the daylight out of me, that way."

The stranger entered the kitchen and pulled out a chair from the table.

"Give me something to eat and drink—the best you have, and be quick about it, too."

Sallie paused, carving knife in hand, looking at him with frank curiosity.

"Well, I s'um! You ain't the new minister either, now, are you?"

The stranger made no answer. He had thrown himself into the chair, as if tired. Suddenly he sat up and looked around alertly, then at Sallie, who was returning his gaze with interest.

"Where are you from, anyway?" she inquired. "We don't see people like you around these parts very often."

"I dare say," he snarled. "Are you going to get me a meal, or must I tramp over these confounded hills all day before I can eat?"

"Oh, I'll get you up a bite, if that's all you want. I never turned anybody away hungry from this door yet, and we've had many a worse looking tramp than you. I guess Miss Redmond won't mind."

"Miss Redmond!" The stranger started to his feet, glowering on Sallie.

"Look here! Is this place a hotel, or isn't it?"

"Well, anybody'd think it was, the way I've been driven from pillar to post for the last ten days! But you can stay; I'll get you a meal, and a good one, too."

Sallie's good nature was rewarded by a convulsion of anger on the part of the guest. "Fool! Fool! Fool!" he screamed. "You trick me in here! You lie to me!"

"Oh, set down, set down!" interrupted Sallie. "You don't need to get so hot up as all that! I'll get you something to eat. There ain't any hotel within five miles of here—and a poor one at that!" Thus protesting and attempting to soothe, Sallie saw the stranger make a grab for his hat and start for the door, only to find it suddenly shut and locked in his face. Mr. Chamberlain, moreover, was on the inside, facing the stranger.

"If you will step through the house and go out the other way," Mr. Chamberlain remarked coolly, "it will oblige me. My horse is loose in the yard, and I'm afraid you'll scare him off. He's shy with strangers."

The two men measured glances.

"I thought you traveled afoot when pursuing your real estate business," sneered the stranger.

"I do, when it suits my purposes," replied Chamberlain.

"What game are you up to, anyway, in this disgusting country?" inquired the other.

"Riding it of rascals. This way, please," and Chamberlain pointed before him toward the door leading into the hall. As the stranger turned, his glance fell on Sallie, still carrying her veal loaf. "Fool!" he said disgustedly.

"Well, I haven't been caught yet, anyhow," said Sallie grimly.

Chamberlain's voice interrupted her. "This way, and then the first door on the right. Make haste, if you please, Monsieur Chatelet."

At the name, the stranger turned, standing at bay, but Chamberlain was at his heels. "You see, I know your name. It was supplied me at the reading room. Here—on the right—quickly!"

The hall was dim, almost dark, the only light coming from the open doorway on the right. Whether he wished or no, Monsieur Chatelet was forced to advance into the range of the doorway; and once there, he found himself pushed unceremoniously into the room.

It was a large, cool room, lined with bookcases. Near the middle stood an oblong table covered with green felt and supporting an old brass lamp. Four people were in the room, besides the two new-comers. Aleck Van Camp was on a low step-ladder, just in the act of handing down a book from the top shelf. Near the step-ladder two women were standing, with their backs toward the door. Both were in the habit, both were tall, and both had abundant dark hair. One of the French windows leading out on to the porch was open, and just within the sill stood the man from Charlesport.

"Here's a wonderful book—a rare one—the record of that famous Latin controversy," Aleck was saying, when he became conscious of the entrance of Chamberlain and a stranger.

"Ah, hello, Chamberlain, that you?" he cried. Agatha and Melanie, turning suddenly to greet Chamberlain, simultaneously encountered the gimlet gaze of Chatelet. It was fixed first on Melanie, then on Agatha, then returned to Melanie with an added increment of rage and bafflement.

"So!" he sneered. "I find you after all, Princess Auguste Stephanie of Krolvets! Consorting with these—these swine!"

Melanie looked at him keenly, with

hesitating suspicion. "Ah! Duke Stephen's cat's paw! I remember you—well!" But before the words were fairly out of her mouth, Agatha's voice had cut in: "Mr. Van Camp, that is he! That is he! The man on the Jeanne D'Arc!"

"We thought as much," answered Chamberlain. "That's why he is here."

"We only wanted your confirmation of his identity," said the man who had been standing by the window, as he came forward. "Monsieur Chatelet, you are to come with me. I am the sheriff of Charlesport county, and have a warrant for your arrest."

As the sheriff advanced toward Chatelet, the cornered man turned on him with a sound that was half hiss, half oath. He was like a panther standing at bay. Aleck turned toward Melanie.

"It seems that you know this man, Melanie?"

"Yes, I know him—to my sorrow."

"What do you know of him?"

"He is the paid spy of the Duke Stephen, my cousin. He does all his dirty work." Melanie laughed a bit nervously as she added, turning to Chatelet: "But you are the last man I expected to see here. I suppose you are come from my excellent cousin to find me, eh? Is that the case?"

Chatelet's eyes, resting on her, burned with hate. "Yes, your Highness. I am the humble bearer of a message from Duke Stephen to yourself."

"And that message is—"

"A command for your immediate return to Krolvets. Matters of importance wait you there."

"And if I refuse to return?"

Chatelet's shoulders went up and his hands spread out in that insolent gesture affected by certain Europeans. Chamberlain stepped forward impatiently.

"Look here, you people," he began, "you told me this chap was a blooming kidnaper, and so I rounded him up—I nabbed him. And here you are exchanging howdy-do. What's the meaning of it all?"

As he spoke, Chamberlain's eyes rested first on Melanie, then on Agatha, whom he had not seen before. "By Jove!" he ejaculated.

"Whom did he kidnap?" questioned Melanie.

"Why, me, Miss Reyner," cried Agatha. "He stole my car and dragged me and got me into his yacht—heaven knows why!"

"Kidnaped! You!" cried Melanie.

"Just so," agreed Aleck. "And now I see why—you sound!" He turned upon Chatelet with contemptuous fury. "For once you were caught, eh? These ladies are much alike—that is true. So much so that I myself was taken aboard the first time I saw Miss Redmond. You thought Miss Redmond was the princess—masquerading as an opera singer."

"Her Highness has always been admired as a singer!" burst out Chatelet.

"No doubt! And even you were deceived!" Aleck laughed in derision. "But when you take so serious a step as an abduction, my dear man, be sure you get hold of the right victim."

"She was even singing the very song that used to be a favorite of her Highness!" remarked Chatelet.

"Your memory serves you too well." But Chatelet turned scornfully toward Agatha. "You sang it well, Mademoiselle, very well. And, as this gentleman asserts, you deceived even me. But you are indiscreet to walk unattended in the park."

Agatha, unnerved and weak, had grown pale with fear.

"Don't talk with him, Mr. Van Camp, he is dangerous. Get him away," she pleaded.

"True, Miss Redmond. We only waste time. Sheriff—"

Again the sheriff advanced toward Chatelet, and again he was warned off with a hissing oath. At the same moment a shadow fell within the other doorway. As Chatelet's glance rested on the figure standing there, his face gleamed. He pointed an accusing forefinger.

"There is the abductor, if any such person is present at all," said he. "That is the man who stole the lady's car and ran it to the dock. He is your man, Mister Sheriff, not I."

The accusation came with such a tone of conviction on the part of the speaker, that for an instant it confused the mind of every one present. In the pause that followed, Chatelet turned with an insolent shrug toward Agatha. "This lady—," and every word had a sneer in it—"this lady will testify that I am right."

Agatha stared with a face of alarm toward the doorway, where Hand stood silent.

"If that is true, Miss Redmond," began the sheriff.

"No—no!" cried Agatha.

"He had nothing to do with it!" questioned the sheriff.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Not Much Disconcerted. A workman on a building in New York city was recently buried under tons of earth. After being rescued he shook the sand from his clothing and announced that he was "all right" and resumed work with a shovel.

LATEST EFFECTS IN PARISIAN GOWNS



Models of black charmeuse and white lace, both featuring the draped skirt and transparent waists.

FOR DAY OR EVENING WEAR COLORED FOOTWEAR IN VOGUE

Smart Coat That May Be Made Up in Black Satin or Other Materials to Suit the Taste.

This is an extremely smart coat of black satin; the style is one, however, that may be copied quite well in poplin, shantung or fine cloth, and is suitable for day or evening wear. Our model is lined throughout with black mervel, which has the advantage over a colored lining that it looks well with a dress of any color, and is really better style for day wear. The right front is braided at edge with silk

Black and White Combinations Still Popular, Though Not in the Latest Style.

Great attention is paid to footwear by well dressed women at present. The most dressy styles are the sandal effects with and without buttons. High button boots have sandal strap openings, and low shoes in sandal strap style are in the button form.

Low-cut slippers are laced in sandal fashion with ribbons or leather straps across the instep, and fasten around the angles. Sometimes the strapping is simulated by an openwork design. This gives to the slipper a more permanent shape and outline than if the straps were fastened at will when the shoe is worn.

Lace shoes in English style have the vamp of the shoe in black leather, with a tan or beige cloth top, which is trimmed with strips of brown leather. These strips cover the instep and the back seams of the gaiters. If a shoe is made in a brown leather with a brown cloth top these little strips or bands are in black to afford a contrast.

Black and white combinations in footwear continue to be popular, in spite of the fact that colors are the newest feature in costumes. Black patent leathers with white undressed leather tops, both in high button and in low button shoes, are much worn. A very smart model has a gaiter inset of white silk rubber, over which the instep piece of white leather fastens with impression snap buttons.

ARTISTIC EFFECT IN FLOWERS

Each Woman Must Study for Herself How Best to Achieve the Desired Results.

Roses are best for evening wear. Even if they are buds do not wear three or four of them, as that would spoil the artistic effect. Select one full-blown crimson rose, or a delicate yellow one if you are dark haired, and tuck it into the coil of your hair, allowing it to nestle close to the ear. A pink rose will look well in the golden hair of the blonde girl. Some blondes may wear a yellow rose with good effect.

The smart way to wear flowers on the left lapel of the tailored coat. Violet's look best worn near the waist line just a little to the left side, and tied with soft, narrow, shaded violet satin ribbon.

The girl who is just now wearing quanting fuschia and has a fancy for parting her hair in the middle and dressing in a picturesque style may wear old-time garden flowers with artistic effect. They should be made into small bouquets and fastened to the chiffon scarf or the dainty mull fashu, or a bunch of loose flowers may be worn at the corsage. Yellow daisies gracefully arranged, make an attractive corsage bouquet.

A pretty custom is to wear one flower which becomes associated with your personality. Not every girl can afford expensive jewelry, but she can always have flowers.

Hessonite. Hessonite might be a new device or a new fad, but it's simply a new shade and it's named for the Grand Duke of Hesse. The shade, which is neither distinctly rose nor amethyst, but a blending of the two, is found chiefly in the semi-precious stones of translucent composition and brilliant luster such as are used for necklaces, chains and brooches, as well as for hatpin tops and toilet pins of a minor character. Hessonite, considered as a color, somewhat partakes of the futurist's idea of shade blending, for the rose and the amethyst tones so melt into each other that it is impossible to say which one has the stronger characteristic.

Sashes for Color. If one does not wish an all white gown for evening there is always the sash to fall back upon as a means of obtaining color. It may be as brilliant as one wishes or as demure. Flesh pink is so exceedingly popular that it is difficult to choose otherwise when one is building a summer evening gown, but the deeper shades of pink as well as purple, scarlet and green are all to be had for the asking, and fashion smiles upon each.

The coolest looking girdles are those of net. They are tied around the figure in a careless manner, and add to the diaphanous effect.

Rich Ribbons. The characteristics of the new ribbons are richness of coloring and very large, bold patterns. Large designs, poppies and orchids and roses are typical. In the velvet ribbons dark floral effects will be especially in favor. More brocaded ribbons, with floral backgrounds in rich tones, too, will be used for millinery.

Silks for Wraps. Moire silks are one of the accepted novelties for wraps, combination purposes and for garnitures. Brocades and matelasses in variety are being largely used for outer garments, combinations, trimmings, and confidence is expressed in an increased distribution during the forthcoming fall season. Plain and printed chiffons are staples.

Scars that Stay on Body

Though the Idea of Regular Seven Year Change is Right, It Has Its Limitations.

There are people who tell you that everything in the body is changed every seven years, and that there is no part of it which was seven years ago. This does not mean that we slough the whole thing off at once, as a snake does its skin or a deer its antlers, but simple that the insensurably and tiny atoms which are used up by the daily wear and tear are replaced by fresh atoms supplied by our food and drink, which keep the body going, just as coal and water keep the steam-engine at work.

But these changes are so minute and gradual that the form of the body remains the same, although such things as scars take a long time to disappear, and sometimes they remain for life, although they always lose a great deal of their prominence. You may have noticed that if you

cut your finger lightly it will soon heal up and the scar presently disappear, just as the marks of a superficial burn will gradually go away; but if the cut is deep the scar remains. This is because it went down to what is called the true skin. Any cuts, stains, or burns on the outer skin are gradually pushed up and worn or washed off, just as the hair on the back of your hand wears off without your cutting it and grows again; but anything that goes down to the true skin, like tattoo marks, always remains.

What He Called It. "Are you troubled with insomnia—sleeplessness?" "I should say I am. Some nights I don't sleep three hours." "That's so? I've got it awfully bad. I've been afflicted now about two years. The doctor calls it neuritis insomnia paralaxia." "I've had it about eighteen months, and we call it Ethel."—Cosan View Vidista.

Saved Comrade, but Lost Life.

A workman sacrificed his life to rescue a comrade who had been overcome by fumes in a blast furnace at Darlington, Staffordshire, England, a few days ago. A man named Heald was descending the furnace on a pulley chain in order to readjust the chain around the scrap-iron lying in a heap of coke at the bottom when another workman saw him fall off the chain just before reaching the bottom. In response to an alarm several men rushed to the top of the furnace. A furnaceman named Jackson immediately placed a scarf over his mouth and went down on the pulley chain. He tied a rope round Heald, who was pulled up. Then Jackson ascended on the chain, but when within a few feet of the surface he called out "Make haste, I'm going," and fell backward to the bottom of the furnace. Three workmen named Ince, Darby and Speake made a brave attempt to rescue Jackson. Speake managed in the end to get a rope round Jackson's waist and he was pulled to the top but was already dead.

Romance in Mining of Tin

Bolivian Mountains at Present Contribute One-Fifth of the World's Supply.

While Bolivia has copper and gold and other minerals as well as silver, her greatest wealth is in tin. There is as much romance in tin mining in Bolivia as in diamond mining in South Africa and gold mining in our own country. Fortunes just as large have been made. One man who a few years ago was a prospector now has an income from his tin mines equal to that of the bonanza kings of California or the South African mining magnates. He has recently offered to build a railway line which the government itself did not feel able to undertake.

In all the world last year there were only 119,000 tons of tin produced, and to this quantity Bolivia contributed one-fifth, so the value of her tin deposits can be understood. Some of this tin is mined as high as

17,000 feet. Most of the mines, however, are worked at altitudes of less than 15,000 feet. Tin mining has thus the distinction of location at one of man's most lofty permanent dwelling places as well as beneath the bed of the sea. This opposite extreme is found in the world's oldest known tin mines in Devonshire, England.—Christian Herald.

Bringing Peoples Together.

Through telephone service between Los Angeles and New York will probably be established by the first of November. The cost of the line will be \$500,000 and the tolls for each conversation will run between fourteen and fifteen dollars. A new submarine cable between England and France has resulted in the successful telephonic transmission of messages between Great Britain and Switzerland. Satisfactory commercial conversations are now carried on between England and Geneva.