A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"I suppose that is a rebuke to me," Margaret made answer to the Doctor. "You see, I am always ready to improve everything and everybody but myself."

"Which needs improving sadly," interposed Brian, entering at this moment. "I have a scolding for you, Margaret. I thought——"

"I know," answered Margaret, rather contritely. "I am really very sorry. Doctor Wilson has excused me, and I have promised to do better for the future. So no more, please."

"No more. That is always your cry when you need a lecture. I see you and Wilson are friends already. I thought you would be. Effects of kindred tastes. Where did you walk this afternoon? To the end of creation?"

"Oh, no. Only within the bounds of New York. I was not gone so very long, really; but I decided to go so late that——"

"Another inopportune decision. I wonder when you are half way to heaven if you won't turn back and try the other place, just to differ from the rest of the world. Wilson, behold the very incarnation of self-will. Leaving out this little failing, she deserves Bertie's eulogies, and I am wonderfully proud of her."

"Very consoling. I thank you, sir. For reward I'll give you your dinner. I dare say you are ready for it."

"Decidedly, Margaret. I had a wretched lunch and my appetite is now in prime condition. I wish Wilson would make a like admission just to keep me in countenance. I don't expect much from you. Shall we progress?"

"I have been telling Mrs. Leigh how much I admire your charming home," remarked Wilson when they were comfortably seated about the table. "I have always had a prejudice against apartments, but this one has thoroughly converted me."

"I like them," said Brian, following Wilson's glance around the room. "Much more cozy than a house. This one was my choice, though Margaret gave me the cue. I must let her have the credit for all these fixings, however. This room was much more empty when we first moved in; now it seems real homelike. It is astonishing what a woman's hands can do."

"Astonishing," repeated Wilson, musingly. "Don't make me bewail my lonely estate more deeply, I beg of you. Think how these delightful rooms compare with my dull quarters. No wonder you don't care to show yourself there. You are such a stranger that I was wondering to-day what you do with yourself."

"What?" repeated Margaret in her own mind, while she gave Brian a rather searching glance.

He pretended not to see it, however. "Oh, I'm around generally," he answered rather unsatisfactorily. "I don't find any difficulty in occupying my time. I'll run in upon you some night. Though while Margaret is here——"

"You will be taking her about a great deal, of course. Under those circumstances don't consider me. I hope you like sight-seeing, Mrs. Leigh. Otherwise you must find it extremely tiresome. Or perhaps you are one of those fortunate individuals whose endurance is always equal to the emergency."

"Endurance," repeated Margaret, starting from her train of thought. "Do you know, Doctor, I think endurance is nothing more than determination or will. It is with me, at least. If I make up my mind to bear a thing I always bear it, and if I don't, I don't. You seem amused, Brian, but I'm sure you can say the same thing if you would. When I was a child I used to pinch my arm to see how long I could stand the pain without crying, but a reproving tap from my old nurse sent me into spasms of weeping. That was all will, you see."

"All will," repeated Brian. "I thank you for telling us, Margaret. I can imagine how you tried that poor old nurse. What are you intending to illustrate?"

"Simply that our wills have everything to do with our feelings. Dr. Wilson wants to know if I find sight-seeing tiresome. I am afraid I do. But I like it, and so I quite forget that the hard pavements tire my feet most dreadfully, and that when I ride I'm jostled almost to death. Really, Doctor, you may say what you please about your wonderful city, but I think its streets are an everlasting disgrace to any civilized town."

"I have nothing to say in their defense," admitted the Doctor, with a laugh. "They are bad. Does your idea of endurance extend to social duties also?"

"Yes, certainly. Why should they be called duties, I wonder? I have a special distaste for that word. It carries with it the sense of obligation, and obligation is always disagreeable."

"Always?" questioned Wilson, rather quizzically. "I dare say you are right, though. Duty can be most unpleasant. We are queerly constituted at best."

"I think we are rather natural," added Margaret. "It isn't to be expected that we women should like to do what we feel we ought. Just put must before a request and it grows disagreeable immediately for me. I might go to a ball and dance all night with a raging headache, but I wouldn't think of going to church in the same condition. I'd be much too ill. I'm giving you a dreadful example, am I not? Well, I can only advise you to do neither as I say nor as I do."

"I always thought you religious, Margaret."

"You have never thought anything of the kind," returned Margaret, meeting Brian's mischievous eyes. "Why should you think so? Simply because I'm a woman. What a reason. I believe the world does think religion was made for women rather than men, though it is the men who really need it. Poor women! They are obliged to walk stiff and straight in a certain beaten track. They mustn't do this, they mustn't do that, and they mustn't do the other, until they are so encompassed by a wall of musts and mustn'ts that I wonder they have any individuality left."

"Thank heaven you haven't lost your individuality yet, Margaret. Wilson, you were regretting your lonely estate awhile ago; after listening to such remarks from the mouth of one woman, beware of all others and rejoice at your escape."

"Come, Doctor," said Margaret, before Wilson could reply, "we will go to the parlor, and I promise to be very quiet and sedate for the rest of the evening. No doubt, you will find Brian's conversation much more instructive and entertaining."

When Wilson had taken his departure an hour or so later, Margaret turned to Brian with the remark:

"I am so glad you brought him, Brian. I like him so much."

"Then I don't believe I'll bring him again. I'm jealous of him. But, seriously, Margaret, he is quite a fine fellow. I wish I were half as fine. You should have heard the nice things he said about you. He is very anxious that you should see more of New York, and he mentioned several places that I had forgotten about. He says you would like to see them, and so you shall. I've left you very much alone lately, but I intend to be more attentive hereafter."

He knew that Margaret was pleased, from the happy light that stole into her eyes.

"I believe that I shall be glad of the day I met Doctor Wilson," thought Margaret, as she crept into bed an hour later.

CHAPTER XVII.

A LIFTING OF THE CLOUDS.

To Brian, the knowledge that Margaret had not lost all feeling for him, and that her faith in him was strong, notwithstanding his many falls, brought new strength and courage.

With the power of strong determination he seemed to be gaining a victory over that old habit. Not an entire one, of course. Margaret could not expect so much. Sometimes a friend could lure him away, but this was seldom, and never since their talk in her room had he lost the entire command of himself.

Under these circumstances Margaret felt her heart considerably lightened. She could look forward more hopefully to the future, and her letters took on something of her own cheerful spirit.

Brian could not fail to see the change, and it was equally apparent to Wilson, in his few brief visits. He only dropped in upon rare occasions now, seldom stayed long, and always claimed that he was too busy even to find time to see his friends.

"I suppose we must accept your excuses, Doctor," Margaret replied one evening to his usual plea. "Can't you teach your patients some idea of the fitness of things? Why should they all get sick together? I think a few might wait until the others are well."

"So they might, Mrs. Leigh, if they could see the matter from your point of view. Unfortunately, however, illness, like time and tide, waits for no man. We have had a very trying winter, and pneumonia is very prevalent. That has added considerably to my labors. I confess I am thoroughly tired out when night comes, and only too glad to creep into bed."

"And sleep in the comfortable sense that your rest is well earned."

"Yes," he laughed, "though that is no proof against its being broken. The only time my profession brings a regret is when I hear my night bell jingling and I am called from a delightful nap."

"Just as I've always said," observed Brian, with a side glance at Margaret. "A doctor's life is all work and no play."

"And you like the play best; don't you?" she rejoined, quickly. "Still, play or not, Brian, it is a very noble profession, and when I was a child I always declared I should be a doctor's wife."

There was a decided question in the eyes she fixed upon him.

"Poor Margaret," he replied, joining in Wilson's laugh. "What a miserable concern you managed to get. Only the beginning of one."

"Don't be so generous with your sympathy, please. A beginning is better than nothing. An acorn is only the beginning of an oak, but we don't despise the acorn because it is not an oak—yet."

Wilson, as well as Brian, caught the delicate emphasis on the yet, and he answered with a half smile:

"Brian will become an honored member of the profession before his days are ended. I predict that, Mrs. Leigh."

"Ah, I have quite decided it," returned Margaret promptly. "Brian knows that as well as I do. I couldn't have all my childish calculations upset. I used to think Uncle Stephen the very personification of all things good and noble, and I wondered then if his son were anything like him. You see I had not met Brian."

"And now, Margaret, that you have met him?"

Brian came behind her chair with this question. She glanced back at him and smiled.

"I never form an opinion of a book after reading only its first page. I must go deeper to see if it will realize or disappoint my expectations. Besides, I don't air my views in public. Speaking of views," she continued more lightly, "I have some I want to show you, Doctor. You must promise to think them very beautiful, or I shall be disappointed. Brian, will you get them, please?"

At this request Brian got out a small folio of wood cuts and pen pictures of various scenes about Elmwood and the surrounding country. They were all excellent, and Wilson's appreciation was was warm enough to satisfy even Margaret's enthusiasm.

"Do you wonder that I am proud of Elmwood?" she asked, after an animated description of several of its finest points. "Do you wonder that I should love it so dearly? My wonder is that Brian doesn't care for it as I do, for he was born there. I think he has the least bit of fondness for a Bohemian existence. I am sorry for him, because I do think it a most unsatisfactory sort of life. I agree with George Eliot that we all should have one home spot that shall stand clearly out in memory, and to which our minds and hearts may always return, no matter how far we may have wandered from it."

Margaret broke off with a sigh "This," she added, taking up another picture in some haste, "is a side view of The Cedars, Colonel Barton's home. Brian and I were speaking of Bertie when you came in. He has finished his book and the publishers predict a great success for it."

"Yes, I read it in the manuscript some time ago. I thought it excellent. Bertie is full of pluck and deserves success. By the way, I met him to-day. He was in cheerful spirits. He tells me he has a charming wife. You know her, of course, Mrs. Leigh,"

"Almost like a sister, I may say. I hear from her quite frequently. She writes very delightful letters. She is constantly expressing the fear that I shall become so infatuated with New York and its pleasures that I shall forget what she calls their rural delights. I try to convince her that there is no danger of that."

"No. I fear you are too firm in your opinions ever to be converted, no matter how earnestly we may try."

As he spoke, Wilson left the table and drew a chair close beside her, and Brian busied himself in gathering up the scattered pictures.

"I acknowledge that I like your city the least bit better than I did," admitted Margaret, "but further than that I can not go. I forgot to tell you that I saw your little cripple to-day. I should think she was very ill."

"Her life is a matter of but a few weeks at most," was his answer. "I thank you for your interest in her."

"Please don't thank me. I'm wonderfully self-satisfied, and I may begin to think I've done something meritorious. Brian, do come from behind my chair. You make me think of Satan. Get in front of me, please."

"Thanks for your compliment. Your candor is really refreshing. I want to hear about the new unfortunate. I guessed from your face at dinner that you had been on some errand of mercy."

"I am sorry my face can not keep a secret better. Don't persuade Dr. Wilson that I am an indefatigable St. Elizabeth, ever bent on charitable missions, when I am merely a young woman who wants—who doesn't quite know what she wants."

"Doesn't she? I think she succeeds very well in getting it. If you will play St. Elizabeth, I suppose no words of mine will have any effect. I can only mildly hope that you will not quite kill yourself. But seriously, I do not like to think of you going around in all sorts of neighborhoods and meeting all kinds of characters. Of course, wherever Wilson recommends, is all right. Don't go entirely on your own judgment, though. I shudder at the thought."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR JULY 26.

Lesson Text "God's Promises to David," 2 Samuel vii., 4-16—Golden Text: Psalm lxxi., 1—Commentary.

4. "That night the word of the Lord came unto Nathan." David had a son called Nathan, in whose line was Mary, the mother of our Lord (II Sam. v., 14; Luke iii., 31), but this is another Nathan, who was a prophet in the time of David and is first mentioned in verse 2 of this chapter and afterward over twenty times in this book and in I Kings. The greatest thing about him was that he was a messenger for God. In verse 3, however, he seems to have given a message from himself which was not in accord with the mind of God. To be always under the control of the spirit of God, and speak only the words of God, and do only the things of God, is a life that was seen only in our Lord Jesus Christ.

5. "Go and tell my servant David, Thus saith the Lord." Again in verse 8 the Lord says, "My servant David," and in verses 19-21, 25-29, David speaks of himself ten times as "Thy servant." In Isa. xlii., 1, God says of His Son, "Behold My servant!" To be a whole hearted bond-servant of the Lord Jesus Christ is the highest position in the line of work for God that He can enjoy. As to fellowship and real communion, we are His friends, but as to service may we be true servants.

6. "I have not dwelt in any house since the time that I brought up the children of Israel out of Egypt." As David dwelt in his house of cedar and had rest from all his enemies he contrasted his surroundings with those of the ark of God dwelling in a tent and had it in His heart to build a house for the ark. Nathan's word, "Do all that is in thine heart, for the Lord is with thee," was very encouraging, but the Lord is now talking differently to David. The wisdom of the best of men is not always the wisdom of God, and many a work that looks good is not a part of God's plan, or if it is the time has not come for it.

7. "Spake I word with any of the tribes, saying, Why build ye not me an house of cedar?" It is not for the servant to suggest to his Lord what should or should not be done. The servant is to be "willing and obedient" and "ready to do whatsoever our Lord the King shall appoint" (Isa. l., 19; II Sam. xv., 15). If we thus hold ourselves ready to walk in His ways, that is all He asks of us.

8. "I took thee from following the sheep to be ruler over my people, over Israel." It is well to remember whom we were and what we were when God called us. It is well to continue little in our own sight and never think anything of ourselves. When called to special service for God, we must bear in mind who calls us ("I took thee,") and that He has in view for us some special work. In this case it was to be "ruler over Israel."

9. "And I was with thee and have cut off all thine enemies and have made thee a great name." See how God did everything, and every instrumentality was simply that which God saw fit to use. Whatever was done He was the doer of it (Gen. xxxix., 22). I rejoice to believe that God has a prepared life for each of His children, and a prepared service for every moment of that life (Eph. ii., 10), and if we are only willing and cheerfully subject to Him He will work it all out to a glorious consummation.

10. "Moreover, I will appoint a place for my people Israel and will plant them," etc. The fact that when they are thus planted they will move no more nor be afflicted any more is in perfect accord with many similar statements, such as Jer. xxxi., 38-40; xxxii., 41; Amos ix., 15, and still awaits fulfillment. All events which to us may seem and may be far in the future are to Him, who sees the end from the beginning, a present reality and are as sure of fulfillment, however unlikely it may seem, as if actually accomplished.

11. "Also the Lord telleth thee that—that He will make thee an house." The word "house" may signify a dwelling, whether tent, temple or palace: also a place containing anything, or one's family or posterity. The following verses show that here it means posterity and kingdom.

12. "I will set up thy seed after thee, and I will establish his kingdom." The Apostle Peter, filled with the Spirit, said on the day of Pentecost that God had sworn with an oath to David that of the fruit of his loins He would raise up Christ to sit on His throne (Acts ii., 30), and the next verse in Peter's sermon says He would be raised from the dead. To Abraham were promised the land and the prosperity as the stars and as the sand, and now to David are promised the kingdom, the throne and the king.

13. "He shall build an house for my name, and I will establish the throne of His kingdom forever." The church which is being now builded together for a habitation of God, through the Spirit, upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets (see chapter iii., 5), Jesus Christ Himself being the chief cornerstone (Eph., ii., 20-22), is never called a kingdom, but is an elect company out of all Nations to rule with Him in His kingdom. The kingdom will have Israel, all righteous, for its center and Jerusalem, the throne of the Lord, for its capital (Isa. lx., 21; Jer. iii., 17).

14. "If He commit iniquity, I will chasten him with the rod of men," etc. Bishop Horsley gives this reading: "When guilt is laid upon Him." And Dr. Clarke says, "In suffering for iniquity." Of Solomon it might be said, "If he commit iniquity," but not of Christ, and we have already proved from Peter's sermon that the seed referred to is Christ and not Solomon.

15. "But My mercy shall not depart away from him, as I took it from Saul." Whatever reference there may be here to Solomon it can only be as typical of Christ in the matter of the kingdom. David evidently understood it of some one in the far future. See the last clause of verse 19 and note these various readings. "This is the manner of the man who is God the Lord" (Luther). "And this is the law of the man," the Adam (Kennicott). "And this is the arrangement about the man" (Horsley). Stier's comment is: "Thou speakest of an eternal kingdom in which no man can be king. He must be God and man because He is to be My Son, and yet He is to be King for ever and ever, which belongs to God alone."

16. "Thy throne shall be established forever." Gabriel said to Mary that her Son should sit on the throne of His father David (Luke i., 62, 32), and this agrees with Isa. ix., 6, 7. See in verses 23, 24, of our lesson chapter the story of "the everlasting Nation." Read Jer. xxxi., 35-37, and be simple enough to believe that God means what He says. The only solution of the eastern question is the restoration of Israel and the return of their Messiah. See Isa. lxii., 6, 7.—Lesson Helper.

Fratricide Runs in the Family.

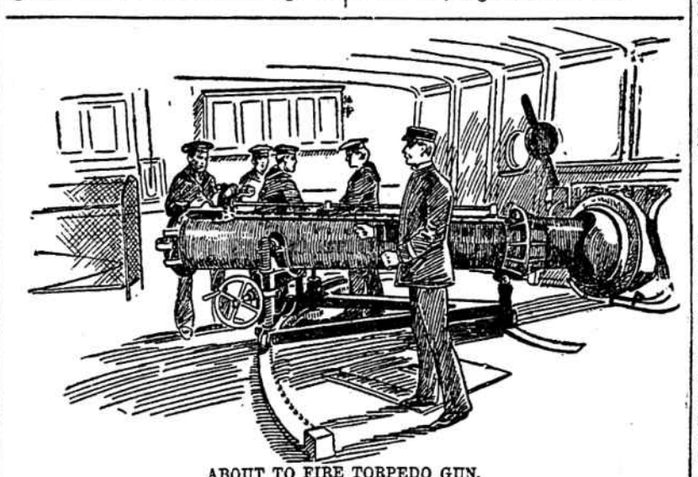
The Hignights and Bentleys, of Leslie County, Kentucky have been a bad set. Last October M. P. Bentley, a member of the Legislature, was killed in a duel with pistols, but he "got" his man, "Bige" Hignight, before he fell. Elishu Hignight was present, and has been on trial at Hayden for complicity in the killing of Bentley. After two weeks' trial he has been cleared. Bentley, several years ago, killed his brother, and "Bige" Hignight was also a fratricide. Moses Hignight was shot from ambush last week and killed, while Elihu, who was with him, escaped uninjured.

BELOW DECKS.

HOW AMMUNITION IS HANDLED ON A MAN-OF-WAR.

Just What Will Happen Under Her Water Line When She Goes Into Battle—Is Directed From Midair.

Of all the ships of the new navy the Texas, which anchored at the Brooklyn Navy Yard last week, is in some respects the most interesting. A great steel fort spans her decks. At each end of the citadel is a turret, and in each turret a twelve-inch breechloading rifle, a magnificent monster of destruction, an engine of war that would be terrible if we only knew just what it would accomplish in an emergency aimed against men and cities and ships in-



ABOUT TO FIRE TORPEDO GUN.

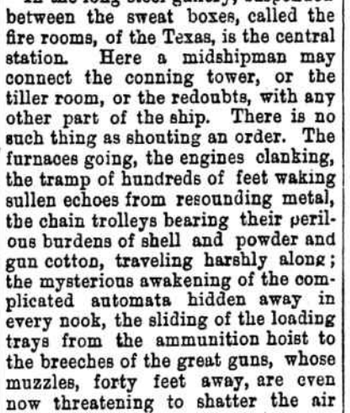
stead of steel plates and wooden backing. The Texas isn't as heavy a ship as the New York, for example, but her redoubt makes her a battle ship, and the New York remains with all her perfection only an armored cruiser after all. If the Texas is only second class among battle ships, by reason of her tonnage, she is, nevertheless, the pride of her officers and crew, and would undoubtedly give a good account of herself in battle.

There is a certain fearful curiosity to know just what will take place down in the submarine wells, cells, magazines, engine room and stoke holes of this steel castle of the deep, what vast energies that have lain dormant will suddenly be released when once the order to prepare for action has been signaled through the ship. In old times the commander of a frigate stood on the bridge with his glass under his arm and gave his orders in full view of his men, who cheered and "went at em."

Nowadays, in the chilled steel cell called the conning tower, far removed above the smothered din of the decks, with no ears to hear and no eyes to see him, he puts his ears to the speaking tube, and fifty, sixty, seventy feet below him, here in the iron box called the shell room, there in the seething pit called the fire room; here in the dungeon of the engineers, there in the torpedo rooms, far away in the very bowels of the ships, where the high explosives and mines are stowed, flies the mysterious messages, rousing every man and every engine to utmost efforts.

In the long steel gallery, suspended between the sweat boxes, called the fire rooms, of the Texas, is the central station. Here a midshipman may connect the conning tower, or the tiller room, or the redoubts, with any other part of the ship. There is no such thing as shouting an order. The furnaces going, the engines clanking, the tramp of hundreds of feet waking sullen echoes from resounding metal, the chain trolleys bearing their perilous burdens of shell and powder and gun cotton, traveling harshly along; the mysterious awakening of the complicated automata hidden away in every nook, the sliding of the loading trays from the ammunition hoist to the breeches of the great guns, whose muzzles, forty feet away, are even now threatening to shatter the air with the hoarse earthquaking, sea maddening roar of a discharge that will do murder twelve miles away—amid all this diabolical saturnalia what chance would an old fashioned speaking trumpet have?

The central station, in which these speaking tubes are concentrated, must be carefully guarded. A steel pipe, twelve inches thick, carries them under the protective deck. Once there they are safe. The side armor, which distinguishes the battle ship, is, in the Texas, twelve inches thick, covering two-thirds of her length amidships. The walls of the conning tower are only nine inches thick, but its diameter is so small, comparatively, as to make walls of that thickness practically impenetrable. With the shell and round shot, grape and rifle balls impinging, bursting, battering on these circular walls, the fighting boss of the ship, perched there to overlook the enemy and direct the progress of



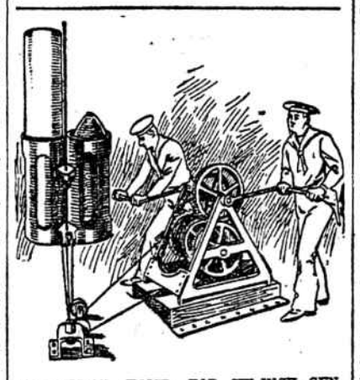
TWELVE-INCH SHELL BEING SWUNG INTO HOISTING WELL.
(Showing trolley for conveying shell from magazine.)

the action, feels secure in his ability to reach and rally the toilers under him, for he knows that every tube that leads from him to them is guarded by twelve-inch steel walls.

The order to clear for action having been given, the eight fire rooms, down next to the keel, with only a few inches of steel shutting out the cool, rushing waters, into which many a fireman would already like to plunge, are crowded with half naked men, forcing to still greater fervor the fires

But what of those twenty? What a fateful and all important labor is theirs! Some of them, by the glow from the glass cased electric light boxes, let down to them from above, are raising slowly out from the magazine bins the deadly treasures of high explosive, shell and cartridge. Here, the mines are making ready, there the torpedoes are preparing, and yonder in the shell room the vast missiles to be hurled from the throats of the 12-inch guns are being hoisted through the wells to the loading trays far above. Were the dynamos to stop and these light boxes to become suddenly dark, what a horror of black muck would envelop these toilers and paralize every energy of their frames. It was such a casuality as that which caused the collision in the harbor of Havana some weeks ago by which a Spanish cruiser went down, with her crew and captain.

Let's look at the steam steering engine. There are six wheels by which the Texas can be directed in her course. There is one in the chart house on the flying bridge, just over the conning tower, for steam steering. There's another in the conning tower, for use in action; a third on the after gun deck; a fourth in the steering room, away down in the after hold. There's a big hand wheel in the steering room for use if the steering engine breaks; a wheel on the steering engine itself, in the tiller room. Once disarranged or broken, the steam steering engine is disconnected and the hand wheels, any one of them, brought into immediate use.



AMMUNITION HOIST—FOR SIX-INCH GUN.

But take a look into the compressor room, where the air is compressed by steam for the torpedoes. Like all these vital elements, this room is down below the protective deck. The torpedo charge is confined at a pressure of 1350 pounds to the square inch, and when desired a pressure of 2000 pounds can be obtained. The first will send a torpedo four hundred yards at a speed of thirty-two knots an hour. Eight hundred yards range may be reached, but without accuracy of aim. Through the submarine torpedo room proper into which the three prisons open, the submarine mine room is reached. Here also the trap doors over the gun cotton and torpedo head compartments, each reached by a shaft, are to be seen. Just forward is the fore hold, where the wet stores, lumber, spare gear and beef are stored.

Down in the shell room, twenty feet below the sea level, eight men would work in time of action. It is six feet wide, 6.6 feet high, and some twenty feet long, a steel tunnel, shut in by the wooden partition of the various ammunition compartments; here at least wood may not be displaced by steel, owing to the danger of concussion. A great square shaft runs far up between steel walls to the redoubts, from which the twelve-inch guns are fired. Down this shaft comes a car, on which a shell, with its firing charge of 425 pounds of powder, must be loaded. The steel itself would be no mean burden, with its bursting charge of twenty-five pounds of explosive, for it is thirty-four inches long, 11.96 inches in diameter, and weighs 850 pounds.

A glance at the thermometer, with the fire-rooms on each side of us going full tilt, shows 122 degrees, but the eight men at work here don't seem to mind it. They can hear a deafening din around, above, and below them, yet they can see nothing but the hoist and the loading tray and the chain trolley along which they propel, by hand, the cradle that carries the shell from the magazine to the open door of the hoist. There is nothing for them to do but work; if the ship were sinking they wouldn't know it—without that warning whisper through the tube.

The ammunition hoist room proper or handling room, on the after platform deck, is immediateley over the magazines, for which it is a cover. It is cut off from the berth deck above by the battle plates, weighing about 1000 pounds each, and handled by steam gear. The water line is ten feet above. Every hatchway on this protective deck, which covers the ship's vitals as a cuirass covered a warrior of old, is supplied with these steel plates, water tight, which isolate every room and compartment below from the gun deck and crew space above. It is the machinery, not the men, that must be first considered. From abreast the upper end of the vertical armor, which does not cover the ends of the ship, this protective deck begins to drop down over the precious storehouse of mechanism amidships. Where it was only two inches thick, horizontally, it is now three inches thick, inclining at an angle of seven to ten degrees.

All the work of the battle ship is down in her midst. The forward end of the ship is used for stowing only. But this concentration amidships is curiously contrasted with the still more crucial rule in a battle ship that she can conquer only by division. Divided by innumerable water tight walls and bulkheads she stands; united in one whole she would fall.—New York Herald.

Lived Like a Pauper, Died Rich.

Miss Elizabeth B. Cook, of Bridgeport, a little hamlet in Fayette County, Penn., always lived as though she were a pauper. Recently she died without medical attention or friends present, and the exact circumstances of the death are not known. She was found lying upon the floor some time after her death. Dr. H. J. English was made administrator, and he got a firm of attorneys to look around and see what her few effects amounted to. The inventory of the estate shows that she was the owner of over $22,000 of bank stock. She also had over $28,000 in cash on deposit, and was the holder of ten shares of stock in the Fittsburg, Virginia and Charleston Railroad Company. Nearly $2500 in gold coin and $100 in silver coin and bank notes were found sealed up tight in an old fruit can in her home after her death. The property will go to nephews, neices, and grandnephews and grandnieces.—Philadelphia Times.

A Frog a Foot and a Half Tall.

The king of frogs was caught recently at Rahway, N. J. He weighed ten and three-quarters pounds. His right leg weighed 2¼ pounds, and his left leg 2¼ pounds. He was eighteen inches long and twelve inches wide.

COMPARATIVE SIZE OF THE BIG FROG AND A SILVER DOLLAR.

The width of his mouth was eight inches, the length of his leg 13½ inches.

The biggest frogs on earth are found in this country. Nowhere else are frogs so large a feature of swamp and marsh life. A year ago twelve enormous American frogs were sent alive to Europe, where they excited much wonder, but none of them was as large as the Rahway frog here described.

A Relic of Washington.

There is a movement on the part of quite a large number of the residents of Princeton, N. J., to rescue from oblivion the ancient structure in which George Washington resided during the summer and fall of 1783, when Congress was in session at Princeton. It was in the old Berrien mansion at Rocky Hill that Washington lived and from which he wrote his farewell address to the army. An organization has been formed by the leading people of Princeton and other towns in the State known as the Washington Headquarters' Association. At a recent meeting a Board of Trustees was elected from the prominent Revolutionary families of the State. Measures were taken looking to the purchase of the old mansion and two acres of land adjoining, and it is proposed to restore the building and make of it a museum of Washington relics. At present the building is in a dilapidated condition and is subject to further destruction by the blasting that is continually going on in the quarries of the Rock Hill Stone Quarry Company, located adjacent. It was resolved to offer the company $1500 for the building and two acres of ground, and to refuse to accept the building on any other conditions than that it remain on its present historic site.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Heavy Injunction.

Mr. Learner (going very fast and unable to stop or turn)—"For heaven's sake, parson, take that rock out of the way, quick!"—New York Truth.

The area of the coal fields of the United States is almost 200,000 square miles.

CURIOUS CANINES.

An Odd Breed of Three-Legged Dogs Owned by a Cincinnati Man.

An odd breed of dogs is to be found in the kennels of C. W. Linn, at Cincinnati, Ohio. There are six of them. Five have only two legs each. The sixth has a growth about six inches

THREE-LEGGED DOGS.

long from the left shoulder, which was evidently designed for a leg, but which ends abruptly where the foot should begin.

The father and mother of the family are about five years of age and were born of perfect parents. Their deformity has not been accounted for any more than have those deformities that go to make up the many monstrosities of the animal kingdom.

There have been bred seventeen puppies, four of which have had three legs, but the third was in no case perfect, though one had a foot of five toes, shaped very much like an elephant's. Only one of these has lived.

Of the last delivery of four the two with three legs died soon after birth. The two-legged dogs have a peculiar excrecence where the forelegs should start from the body, but there is only a bit of cartilage to be felt under the skin.

This led to a report several years ago that the dogs had been skillfully mutilated. But there is abundant testimony that they were born so, while some of the puppies that died were dissected in the presence of a committee of eminent surgeons and physicians.

The two survivors of the last litter are also evidence in themselves that they were born with their present deformity.

The dogs are intelligent and have been trained to many little tricks. They move erect on their hind legs, but when desiring to move a few inches they push their bodies along with their hind legs with little jumps.

The breed of the dogs is a cross between a shephard and a water spaniel. Mr. Linn is a bachelor, a brakeman on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad. He has independent means and has bred the dogs as a scientific and philosophical pastime. He treats his pets with fatherly consideration, and in some particulars they are like spoiled children.

Mr. Linn exhibits the dogs only to those whom he believes take a scientific interest in them.—New York World.

To Amuse Their Victims.

English dentists might do worse than adopt the action of their colleagues in Vienna. These practitioners have formed a society whose members are to be instructed in the art of pleasing conversation with which to beguile their victims during operations. Anecdotes and jokes will make a running accompaniment to tooth-stopping, one suggesting another in the most natural manner. Extractions without gas will be the occasion for bad puns, for the pain caused by the paronomasia will obliterate that caused by the forceps. This scheme should commend itself particularly to Scotch patients, who will thus have the joke and the surgical operation at the same time.—London World.

Sawing a Church Asunder.

In order to enlarge St. Agnes's Roman Catholic Church, which stands on Masonic avenue, between Page and Oak streets, it has been literally bi-

THE CHURCH THAT WAS SAWN ASUNDER.

sected. The western portion has been moved twenty-five feet further west and the intervening space is now being pieced out. The insertion will double the seating capacity of the church.—San Francisco Examiner.

He Knew the Princess.

A London paper says that some time ago the Princess Maud went shopping strictly incog. While she was walking along the street, she was accosted by a little street arab who was the happy possessor of a pair of large pathetic brown eyes and a tangled crop of curly brown hair. He was busily engaged in the absorbing task of earning his living (and, perhaps, someone else's as well) by retailing "fresh spring flowers, penny and tuppence a bunch." The Princess stopped by him, and while choosing some flowers she was a little startled by the lad saying in an excited and familiar whisper: "It's all right, miss, I knows yer; but I'll keep it dark and won't split on yer." The Princess smilingly shook her head in denial. "Yes, I do knows yer (more emphatically); "yer Princess Mawd; I twigged yer direcly."

A Town Under One Roof.

There exists in Wieden (borough of Vienna) an immense house called "Freihaus." This colossal building has thirteen courtyards, thirty-one staircases and 2112 inhabitants. It has its own postman, and the letters if they would reach their destination, must bear the Christian name, surname and also nickname of the addressee, the number of his room, staircase and courtyard.

The city of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has been presented with the sum of $50,000 by the children of the late John P. Adriance for the purpose of erecting a public library.