The Spanish Treasure.

A NOVEL.

By Mrs. Elizabeth C. Winter.

(ISABELLA CASTELAR.)

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CHAPTER XXIX.

CONTINUED.

"Mamma has often enough described the place—a little distance from a clump of sycamore trees, twelve trees growing out of a single root, she said, and on one of the trunks is carved the rudely outlined figure of an Indian woman; I don't know if that figure means anything, but mamma and I have often thought that perhaps it was associated in some way with our Indian ancestor, and as papa was searching for the treasure at that time, he begged to be buried in that spot. Poor dear father! His mind had broken down, and mamma could never understand his wild ravings about the buried treasure and its hiding-place."

"And you have absolutely no clue?" asked Mrs. Travers, in a disappointed tone.

"None at all; papa had a paper or parchment or something of the sort, containing the whole secret, but he could not follow it out, and he had either lost the paper or else had so carefully hidden it that it was worse than lost. Mamma used to have wild hopes of finding it years ago, and even to the last she clung to the thought that I should yet be a great heiress. But I take no interest in it, Mrs. Travers, none at all! Though I have indeed sought for the sycamore trees, it has been to find my father's grave; it was my mother's last earthly wish to be buried beside the husband she loved and who had adored her."

"Oh, Dolores, dear child! Why did you not tell me sooner," said Mrs. Travers, in a voice tremulous with sympathetic feeling. "I could have done much to further your desire; I will immediately take steps to do so. Did you find the place?"

"Not yet, but I shall surely do so; those long rambles which you have seen me take in company with Henri have been in search of that clump of trees. I have at times almost despaired, and have wondered if they could have been a fancy of mamma, or if some accident might not, in all these years, have destroyed the trees——"

"No, no, the trees exist!" interrupted Mrs. Travers, eagerly, they are known as the haunted sycamores; it is said that once every year, for ages past, on the 12th of October, a shadowy ghost is seen flittering about there; it is a mere legend, of course, and no such thing occurs. Some effect of the moonlight, probably, but the ghost-story has served to locate the spot, and it can easily be found."

"On the 12th of October," repeated Dolores, "oh, why did I not tell you sooner! I have lost so much time."

"Don't be troubled about that, Dolores—the right time always comes—even when we think we have lost it. And I hope it has come now," she added irrelevantly, rising and taking a hasty step or two toward a gentleman who was rapidly approaching her across the lawn.

So much engaged had they been in their conversation that neither had heard the approach of the carriage on the road at some distance; and for the moment both had forgotten the expected arrival of a guest.

Dolores also arose, and with a vague, delighted flutter of anticipation, her gaze was fixed on the approaching stranger—she could not be mistaken! There was not in all the world such another, so gracious, graceful, distinguished in bearing, so refined, elegant and absolutely perfect, in the elevated and the spiritual beauty of his countenance; and now he too, had recognized her, and once more two lovely and kindred souls seemed looking at each other out of their eyes, and recognizing some close and eternal relationship in that long, deep gaze.

"My dear Dolores," said Mrs. Travers, "this is my friend, Lord Harold Moray—Lord Harold, the Senorita Mendoza."

Dolores put out her hand—her lovely white, trembling hand; and Lord Harold, clasping it in his, felt himself thrilled to the heart by that first touch of the warm, pink, sensitive palm.

He bowed low over her hand, and with difficulty refrained from raising it to his lips; and Mrs. Travers thought:

"Well, certainly, they have made an impression on each other. I could not reasonably hope for more, on a first acquaintance. But is it the first? Can it be possible that they have met before?"

CHAPTER XXX.

"LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM."

"Well, I never believed it, and couldn't now if I hadn't seen it," exclaimed Mrs. Travers, "but this is certainly convincing evidence that it really does sometimes happen."

"What are you talking about, Nell?" asked her husband. "What is it that sometimes happens? Perhaps you don't know that you are just a little more incoherent than usual. What is the particular thing you never believed in before?"

"Why, love at first sight, of course; and there is a case of it, enough to convince the most skeptical." And, with a sweeping wave of her hand, she indicated Dolores and Lord Harold Moray, who were just disappearing in the distance through an avenue of rose trees and odorous flowering shrubs, all in full bloom, though it was already the first week in October. "It is certainly not more than a fortnight since I presented those two to each other, although, as Dolores has since told me, they had met before for one fleeting moment, and in that moment they evidently lost their hearts to each other. The very instant they met here, I saw in the first glance that they were already deep in love with each other."

"How provoking!" laughed Travers. "And you had set your heart on making them fall in love with each other; not a bit of practice for your brilliant gifts at match-making. I really fear, my dear, you will have so keep all your talents for home use; fortunately, we have daughters. But, I'm afraid you'll have to be looking for another governess."

"Just what I have been thinking! However, I shall wait till the present one gives warning. Dolores has not yet told me of her engagement to Lord Harold."

"And he seems to have quite forgotten his object in coming to California. Has he any news yet of Lord Clarence Stanley?"

"Oh, don't speak of him! He never will, that's all a fearful mystery. But I can't explain—I dare not—it isn't my secret, Travers, therefore I must keep it to myself."

"For goodness sake do, then!" said her husband, with devout earnestness, "though, if you do, it will be the first time."

Mrs. Travers sighed deeply, and turned away with closely compressed lips. Dolores had explained a great many things to her, and they had both concluded that for the sake of Polly Hamilton, neither of them could speak to Lord Harold of the man who called himself Clarence Stanley, "though, even if he has married Miss Hamilton, the secret will be out as soon as he claims his title in England. How I wish Dolores would let me take Travers into our confidence. I would like to look at the whole matter from a man's point of view."

She walked to the other side of the wide piazza and stood looking over the prospect of distant mountains and undulating valleys, now sere and yellow from the dry heat of summer, although flowers, both wild and cultivated, were in full bloom in every direction.

"It is too early yet to hope for rain," she said, aloud; fearing if she kept silence that her secret—which she was quite frantic to share with her husband—would, by the very pressure of that desire, escape from her keeping. "How fine the young orange trees on that level slope near the base of Old Saddleback are looking; I can feel the odor of the blossoms as far off as where I am now."

Mr. Travers smiled at this transparent effort on the part of his wife to keep from talking on a more congenial subject.

"Well," he said, "orange blossoms will be quite in order, according to your present surmise; and I am glad the bridegroom is not likely to be that rather luny protege of yours, Van Tassel, though I must admit that the fellow more than earns his 'keep.' He has excellent abilities, and since I have put him on as a kind of overseer, the workmen, both white and yellow, in every department of our ranch, attend to their business in a most satisfactory manner."

"Do they really, now, Travers!" exclaimed his wife. "I am very glad to hear it! But it was quite absurd in both of us—you and me—to imagine any such nonsense in regard to Van Tassel. Poor fellow! He was a complete wreck when Dolores took him in charge. He had been in the power of a horrid man who had hypnotized him, and by means of his uncanny influence over him could make him do almost as he pleased. Oh, it was horrible! The very thought of such a thing frightens me; and the poor fellow is now as completely under the influence of Dolores; but hers is all for good. She makes everyone better and nobler."

Mrs. Travers turned, and saw the professor approaching them, quickly, but without any appearance of excitement; and the few months during which he had been engaged in regular and interesting work, and under the soothing and elevating influence of Dolores Mendoza, had, indeed, make a new man of him. Mrs. Travers observed that he was growing good looking; and though it was ridiculous to think of him as a possible lover for Dolores, there was no reason in the world why some woman would not yet fall in love with the amiable little Professor Van Tassel.

"It is for the senorita," he said, holding up a letter as he reached the veranda; and coming toward Mrs. Travers, he extended the letter toward her. "See, Madam, the post-mark shows that it is from New York, and the handwriting is that of a lady; and I am sure there is only one lady in New York who would be writing to Dolores Mendoza."

"Oh, Mr. Van Tassel! Yes, indeed, you are right!" exclaimed Mrs. Travers, sharing his thoughts immediately. "And she will be so glad to get that letter! So very glad! Can't you take it to her at once? She is out walking with Lord Harold. They have gone toward the trees. You know where. The haunted sycamores!" And she pointed toward the avenue of roses and flowering shrubs through which she had seen the lovers disappear in the direction of the upper end of the long, wide canyon. "I am sure you could overtake them, for they were walking very slowly."

Van Tassel needed no urging, and bowing hastily to Mrs. Travers, he turned in the direction she had indicated and walked rapidly away, nor did he moderate his pace until he saw before him the two persons of whom he was in quest. Lord Harold Moray had drawn the ungloved little hand of his companion close within his arm; and in the slender, undulating figure of Dolores, insensibly inclined toward him till her graceful head almost touched his shoulder, there was an eloquent confession, stronger than words, of the sentiment that drew them together.

Van Tassel's gaze rested on that exquisite form, to him the loveliest and noblest in the world, and insensibly his rapid pace grew slower. The instant he had approached sufficiently near to hear the low, whispered tones of the lovers, he spoke at once, before he could have time to overhear the least word that passed between them:

"I have brought you this letter, senorita, because I knew you would wish to have it immediately."

Dolores turned instantly at the sound of his voice.

"Oh, thank you, Henri; thank you so much!" she said, pressing her lips to the dear, familiar handwriting whose exercises in Spanish she had so often corrected.

"Dear, darling Polly! But how in the world has she found me out? It is from Polly Hamilton, Harold," she said, "and oh——"

She stopped suddenly, with a distressing feeling that, whether she spoke or remained silent, she must be guilty of seeming treachery either to the one man or the one woman in the world whom she loved best; and then, with a deep sigh, she tore open the letter.

"At least I must read what she says," she thought, "and then——"

She read hurriedly, wildly, delightedly, hardly daring to believe in the good news; and again more calmly, but with a thrilling sense of freedom and joy. Then, with a long-drawn breath of relief from pent-up suspense and anxiety, she placed the letter in her lover's hands.

"Read, dear Harold," she said, "and then I will explain, and rid my mind forever of a painful secret—the only one that can ever come between you and me."

Wondering very much, but with perfect confidence that whatever Dolores bade him do must be the right thing to be done, Lord Harold Moray read Polly Hamilton's letter:

"At last, my darling Rita, have I found you? For weeks and months I have sought you—from New York to San Francisco—all over California, as I thought; then, on a false clue, back again to New York, to find here that I ought to have stayed where I was—but no matter! For here I find what, I am quite sure now, is the right clue. I hear that a Mrs. Travers, of Santiago Canyon, near Santa Ana, has a Spanish governess for her little girls; that the governess comes from the East (all pearls of price comes from the East, dear), that her name is Dolores, and my heart tells me she is my own dear Rita! Am I right—am I right? Oh, I can't bear any more disappointments and I am coming to see for myself, so that you may expect me almost as soon as my letter; for as soon as papa can settle his business affairs here, we are returning to our own dear home to stay there, and I shall see you once again—you, dearer than all other girls in the world! Write to me, dear, at the enclosed address, San Francisco, for there is now no further excuse for hiding yourself from me.

"That man, Rita! Oh, can I ever write his name without trembling? But I shall—I do! Believe me, dear, it is only memory, a memory of what never existed, that makes me tremble; for I tell you truly from my heart, Rita, that Clarence Stanley is less than nothing to me now—not even a memory, not even a name! You dear girl! It was not worth breaking my heart and your own, too (for I know you have suffered equally in our separation), by running away from me, that he might not see you no more. Rita, dearest, he never returned, neither to protest, excuse, make love to me again or attempt to win you from me! Gone at once he was, and forever; and, though it nearly killed me at the moment, I have since learned to kneel in gratitude to Heaven for saving me from such a man. He has married Olive Gaye, and together they must now be somewhere in England; though, strange to say, I hear nothing from Lady Clarence Stanley; perhaps she is waiting to send me her cards as the Countess of Windermere. And now, dearest, this will surely prove to you how unnecessary is further concealment on your part. Let me hear from you at once. The loss of you is an insupportable grief, Rita, for you are dearer than any man can ever be to the longing, loving heart of POLLY HAMILTON."

"And this man, then—this Clarence Stanley?" asked Moray, in utter bewilderment. "This is all so unlike our dear Clarence! Engaged to this young lady, false to her, false to Constance, and basely marrying a third? Oh, it cannot be!"

"Nor is it true, Harold," said Dolores, sadly and gravely. "Your sister's lover is dead; but she is more fortunate than my dear Polly, for she can mourn a true and honest lover and cherish his memory——"

"Dead! Clarence Stanley dead!" said Lord Harold. "Oh, poor Constance! It is cold comfort I must bring back to you, my sister! But who then is this man who has been masquerading as Clarence Stanley?"

Dolores turned an appealing look toward Van Tassel, and it was he who answered:

"His name is Carlos Mendoza, Lord Harold, and he is the man who killed your kinsman, Clarence Stanley."

"His murderer? Stanley murdered!" cried Moray, recoiling in horror.

"It was a fair fight—fair enough," said Van Tassel, gravely. "I was the sole witness, and I can tell you the story truly as it happened."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Nutritious Birds.

The flesh of birds differs in quality according to the food on which they live. Such as feed upon grain and berries afford in general good nourishment, if we except geese and ducks, whose flesh is hard of digestion. A young chicken is tender and delicate food and extremely well adapted for use when the digestive powers are weak. Of all tame fowls the capon is the most nutritious. Turkey and guinea fowls afford substantial aliment, but are not as welcome to the stomach as to the palate. In all birds those parts are most firm which are most exercised; therefore, the wings and in the larger birds the legs are commonly the toughest. The flesh of wild birds in general, though more digestible, is less nourishing than that of quadrupeds, being dryer on account of the constant exercise which birds take. Those birds which subsist upon worms, insects or fishes do not furnish wholesome food.—Lippincott's.

A Spider's Musical Ear.

During the entire summer until late in the autumn a large black hunting spider (Lycosa) dwelt in my piano. When I played andante movements softly she would come out on the music rack and seem to listen. Her palpi would vibrate with almost inconceivable rapidity, while every now and then she would lift her anterior pair of legs and wave them to and fro and up and down. Just as soon, however, as I commenced a march or galop she would take to her heels and flee away to her den somewhere in the interior of the piano, where she would sulk until I enticed her forth with "Traumerei" or Handel's "Largo."—From Dr. Wier's "Dawn of Reason."

The strength of two horses equals that of fifteen men.

Death Valley and Its Borax Mines.

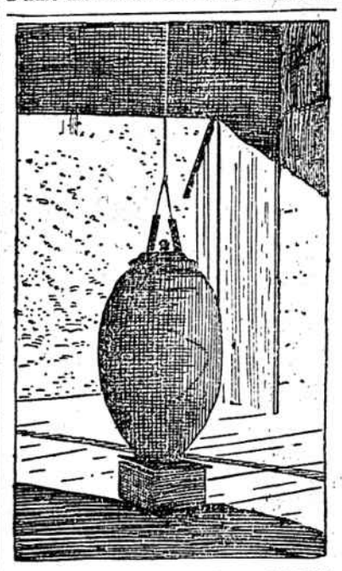
Death Valley is probably the most unique natural feature in California. It is located in the southeast corner of Inyo County, and is inclosed by the Panamint Mountains on the west and the Funeral Range on the east. It is seventy-five miles long, and at its narrowest point but eight miles wide.

At one time, most probably, it was the bed of an ancient river. The lowest depression is 200 feet below sea-level, but above this rises Telescope Peak, 11,000 feet high, of the Panamint Range, and directly opposite the Funeral Peak, which reaches an altitude of 8000 feet. During the winter these peaks are covered with snow.

MOUNTAINS ENCLOSING DEATH VALLEY.

This remarkable valley was discovered in 1850 by a party of immigrants, many of whom lost their lives in the attempt to cross it. The name has clung to it, also, as being the scene of numberless tragedies. Early in its history traditions of gold and silver deposits of wonderful richness within its boundaries persuaded many adventurous persons to undertake the hazardous experiment of its exploration. The number who have lost their lives in this desolate field is undoubtedly great. Pursuing the mirage of rich deposits of precious metals these adventurous prospectors succumbed at last to the intolerable heat and the agonies of thirst.

The range of the thermometer is probably greater in Death Valley than elsewhere in the Western Hemisphere. In winter the temperature is way below zero, while in July and August the thermometer ranges for weeks at 137 degrees above, frequently rising several degrees higher. For weeks at a time the lowest level temperature observed exceeded 100 degrees. The deadly heat burns every vestige of vegetation. The Spanish bayonet, a plant that flourishes under the most arid conditions, here barely survives, while the mesquite, with its long roots penetrating deep into the earth in search of scanty moisture, just manages to exist.



WATER COOLER USED IN DEATH VALLEY.

A party of enterprising agriculturists once experimented with growing fruit and vegetables in this region, anticipating large profits in the early marketing of their crops. The attempt was a complete failure, the intense heat withering the plants, notwithstanding copious supplies of water and the most skillful cultivation. In the higher altitudes of the Panamints there are numerous valleys with flowing streams. In these fruits are cultivated, and reach the market two months before the California products mature.

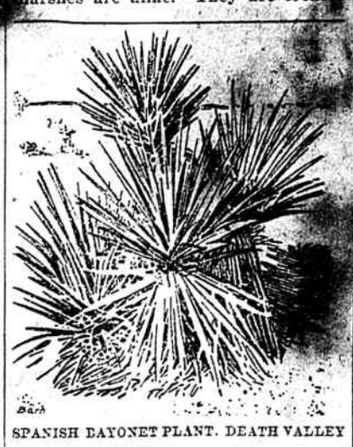
The prevailing winds in Death Valley are from the west. Though originating in the Pacific Ocean and saturated with humidity in traveling the intermediate distance, they are intercepted by the lofty peaks of four ranges of mountains, which absorb all of their moisture, so that by the time they reach the valley all humidity has disappeared, and no living thing can survive the intense heat. Even birds, indigenous to the region, die.

It is in the months of greatest heat that the sand storms of Death Valley are most deadly. Then rage with intense fury, obliterating the landscape and dimming the light of the sun, withering the scanty vegetation and covering the trails deep in powdered dust. At all times the aspect of the valley is superlatively desolate. No spot on earth surpasses it in aridity or tophet-like heat.

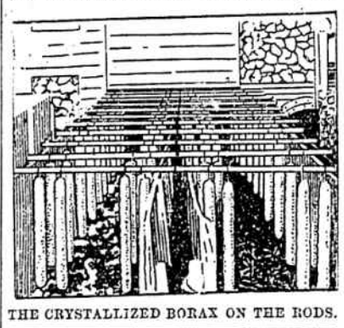
During the heated term an hour without water means death. Meat becomes putrid in an hour. Eggs are cooked in the blistering sand. Water is only palatable by means of large porous earthenware jars, common to all hot countries, suspended in drafts and reduced in temperature by means of the rapid evaporation of the moisture from the outside.

The belief that the borax marshes are the remains of the vast lake which once filled the valley is supported by traces of water-line found 600 feet above, on the mountain sides.

In general appearance all borax marshes are alike. They are located at the point of greatest depression and from a distance look like deposits of salt or snow. Under the surface is common wet clay or water of varying depths. These deposits are generally circular in form and appear as though once they were craters. Borax was created by contact of boracic acid in gaseous form, with the lime and soda of the surface. At Teels Marsh, Nevada, borate of lime appears in the form of balls imbedded in clay along with soda, salt, etc., but at Columbus these are found in sandy soil. Sometimes these balls are ecomposed, underlying the soil which is removed, and the borate shoveled out. Deposits of crude borate of soda are found in Nevada and in Death Valley, at the Monte Blanco mines. These mines are located in a region the most forbidding, remote from the railroad and offering almost unsurmountable difficulties in the reduction and marketing of their product, but their richness and extent, compared to all other fields, soon caused them to be regarded as the principal source of supply for the future production of borax in the United States.

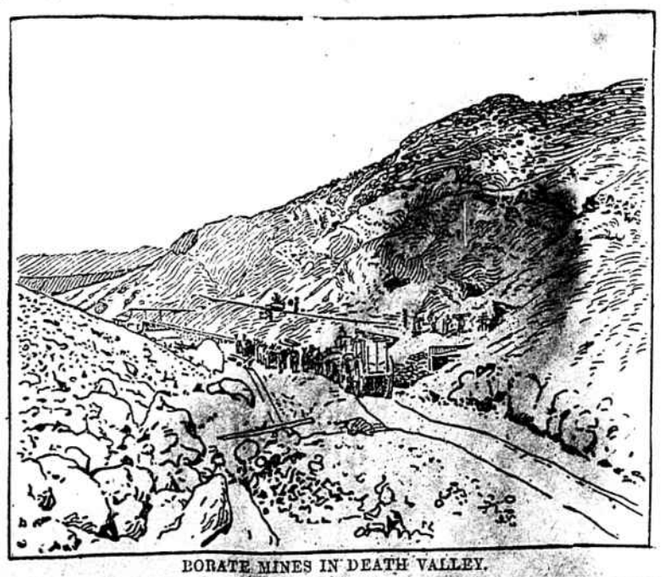


SPANISH BAYONET PLANT. DEATH VALLEY



THE CRYSTALLIZED BORAX ON THE RODS.

The works employ from 400 to 1600 men. The crude borate of lime is first passed through rock breakers and is then ground to the fineness of flour by means of rolls and burr stones. It is then, with a small proportion of carbonate of soda, thrown into a digester, where under heat, pressure and agitation the existing affinities are completely divorced. The carbonic acid unites with the lime, which yields boracic acid, the latter with a small portion of soda and the result is borax in solution. The liquor is then drawn off into tanks, where the borax in crystallizing attaches itself to small steel rods and hooks altogether like great sticks of rock candy. The sediment contained in the mixing tanks is composed largely of sand and dirt with considerable borax mixed. The deposit is passed through a filter press, which presses the dirt and allows the borax liquor to pass away to be utilized again. Repeated over and over again, the last remnant of borax is finally secured by this process.

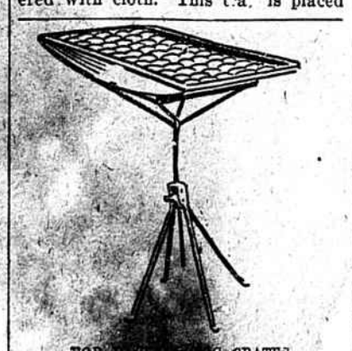


BORATE MINES IN DEATH VALLEY.

MACHINE FOR HANDLING EGGS.

Interesting Device For Packing Them in Crates.

Egg crates, with their pasteboard partitions for each egg, are usually packed by expert hand-packers, and the device here pictured is intended to facilitate this operation. It consists of a wooden tray to which are attached parallel wooden strips of semicircular section, running in the direction of its length, the whole being covered with cloth. This tray is placed



FOR [illegible] CRATES.

on an iron [illegible] ed with wooden rollers, [illegible] to any height. The eg[illegible] the tray, which must [illegible] lonally, causing the e[illegible] into the corrugations [illegible] When the tray is fu[illegible] the case into wh[illegible] vered by tilting the [illegible] it gently from on [illegible] By this means [illegible] into the case [illegible] in such a manner that [illegible] reduced to a minimum.

Where [illegible] Will Meet.

The Yo[illegible] ety of Christian Endea[illegible] world's session in Lo[illegible] will hold its convention in the [illegible] Palace, which resembles [illegible] Square Garden, New York.

The palace is [illegible] the outskirts of London [illegible] and has a capacity to [illegible] boarding 5000 Endeavorers [illegible] giving ample room for [illegible] The banquet hall of the [illegible] will be divided off into dormi[illegible] enough [illegible] to hold 1200 [illegible]

ALL[illegible] ACE.

rangement le[illegible] young men to be cared for, but [illegible] have been provided for the[illegible] ey will occupy these, five to [illegible]

The kitchen of the palace is large enough to prepare food for 2500 persons, who can sit down at one time in the dining hall and be served. All Endeavorers not provided for in the palace will have accommodations secured for them in near-by private houses and hotels. It has been settled that all visitors will pay their own expenses.

Remarkable Quartet.

The tallest man in Europe is Oscar Balling, who is only twenty-three years old and measures eight feet two inches. Fraulein See-hen, the second curiosity, is the oldest daughter of a Chinaman, who married a German woman in Berlin. She is well proportioned, and is only an inch shorter than Oscar. A ludicrous contrast is the Norwegian dwarf, Ole Olsen, who tenderly nurses a full beard and is forty years old and not quite three feet in height. The fourth member of the troupe is little Willie Wendt, sixteen years old, a [illegible]ian, who is two feet eight i[illegible] The quartet exhibit to[illegible]

EUROPE'S TALLEST AND SHORTEST PEOPLE.

THE STRAWBERRY FETE.

Where the oyster of late
Was the star of the fete
Gotten up by the ladies in churches,
Now the strawberries red
O'er the saucers are spread,
And the spoon on the lip often perches.

On the side there's ice cream,
Always held in esteem
In all seasons and all sorts of weather;
And it long has been known
Cream or berries alone
Can be eaten or mixed up together.

There the strawberry girl
Sets male hearts in a whirl!
By the way she accepts invitations;
Promptly forward she goes
When she's asked to dispose
Of a share of the dainty collations.

When one saucer is gone
There's another brought on.
For she says she is "so fond of berries;"
She may take three or four,
And perhaps a few more,
For her yearning at times slightly varies.

Will she try some ice cream?
Then her eyes fairly beam
With delight and she's quickly consenting.
Five more times she'll indulge,
While the chappie's eyes bulge,
And his folly he's sadly repenting.

Then the young man so rash
Quickly hands out the cash,
And at once for the exit he searches.
That's the way money goes,
But, as everyone knows,
It is all for the good of the churches.

—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

The sponge, unlike men, generally swells with pride when made to take water.—Norristown Herald.

Willie Roadster—"Dere's one t'ing I like about fishin'—it's pretty near de same t'ing as doin' nothin'."—Puck.

Bobbs—"Clothes do not make the man." Dobbs—"No, but many a lawyer has been made by a good suit."

Little Cupid shot a dart
That pierced my hard and stony heart;
Sad, indeed! but, what is worse,
That same dart it pierced my purse!

Hoax—"The world is sure to hear from that young man." Joax—"A genius, eh?" Joax—"No; he plays the trombone."

Blobbs—"I understand Skinnum is practicing medicine. I suppose he's doing well." Slobbs—"No; I believe he's doing the sick."

Merchant—"Do you speak German?" Needy Applicant—"I never have, but, gracious, I'll tackle it if you give me a job."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Muggins—"Does your husband appeal to you as a vocalist?" Mrs. Buggins—"No; it's quite the other way. I appeal to him to stop."

Dolly—"Did that famous author send you his autograph, Polly?" Polly—"No; but he kept mine, the mean, impudent thing!"—Chicago Record.

Love makes the world go 'round,
I do not care;
It's cash, I've always found,
That makes things square.

—Philadelphia Record.

"Knave!" said the autocrat, "how camest thou to be a fool?" "Sire, responded the jester, "I began life among the wise men."—Philadelphia North American.

Mr. Newkid—"Uncle Thomas has lost his entire fortune in Wall street!" Mrs. Newkid—"Oh, the ungrateful wretch! Right after we had named the baby for him."—Puck.

"I sold newspapers when I was a boy," declared the statesman, proudly. "And now you are selling the public," remarked an unsympathetic auditor.—Philadelphia American.

Nell—"I believe that people should always marry their opposites." Belle—"I thought you seemed very much interested in the young man that lives across the street from you."

Sillicus—"You say nothing is superfluous. Of what use is the vermiform appendix?" Cynicus—"It keeps lots of doctors from starving to death."—Philadelphia Record.

For the round moon he proudly cried
A year or two from birth;
Then in his haughty manhood's pride
He clamored for the earth.

—Chicago Record.

"Did you see Dumley's latest photo?" "You mean the one in which he looks cross-eyed?" "Yes; how on earth did it happen?" Well, the photographer was cross-eyed, you see, and just as he made the exposure he turned to Dumpley and said: 'Look this way, please.'"

Whew! What a Yarn.

Perhaps the most remarkable story of imitation in monkeys is told by Doctor E. Percival Wright, the professor of botany in Dublin University. According to him, when Lord Howe was in command of the Rock of Gibraltar, the monkeys were much more common than at present, and were so tame that they allowed the soldiers to approach them without fear.

One day a number of the men went out fishing, anchoring their boat quite near the shore, but in the midst of their sport the roll was heard.

The anchor was hauled up, and hastily rowing ashore, they left the boat upon the beach, and hurried to the fort.

No sooner had they gone than several large monkeys that had been watching the proceedings with great interest ran to the boat and shoved it off, and began throwing over the fishing lines, hauling them in as they had seen the men do.

This they kept up until, becoming tired, they pulled the boat in shore, where the soldiers found her, wondering at their disturbed lines, until the facts were explained to them by an officer of the guards who had been an amused witness of the entire proceeding.—Waverley Magazine.

Tired Wires.

Metals get tired as well as things that have life. Busy all week carrying from city to city messages of sadness and happiness, business and even nonsense, and dealings in figures extending into millions and billions, stock and market reports, being especially trying, the wire can be said to wait for Sunday to come. Unusually heavy is Saturday's work, and when the day is at an end the wires may be classed as worn out. The rest afforded by the Sabbath day, when business of telegraphing is almost at a standstill except for the newspaper work, does the wires good, for they are far better conductors on Monday than on Saturday. It is sometimes found necessary to give wires a rest, especially after extended use. It has been found that when left for three weeks without use ten per cent. is added to the conductivity of a wire.—Philadelphia Record.