The Lady of the Pool

BY ANTHONY HOPE

CHAPTER IX.

"The fact is," observed Lord Thrapston, complacently, "the girl very much resembles me in disposition."

Calder's eyes grew larger and rounder.

"Do you really think so?" he asked anxiously.

"Well, this little lark of hers—hang me, it's just what I should have enjoyed doing fifty years ago."

"Ah—er—Lord Thrapston, have you noticed the resemblance you speak of in any other way?"

"That girl, except that she is a girl, is myself over again—myself over again."

"The deuce!"

"I beg your pardon, Calder; I grow hard of hearing."

"Nothing, Lord Thrapston. Look here, Lord Thrapston—"

"Well, well, my dear boy?"

"Oh, nothing: that is—"

"But she'll be all right in your hands, my boy. You must keep an eye on her, don't you know; she'll need a bit o' driving; but I really don't see why you should come to grief. I don't, 'pon my soul. No. With tact on your part, you might very well pull through."

"How d'ye mean tact, Lord Thrapston?"

"Oh, amuse her. Let her travel; give her lots of society; don't bother her with domestic affairs. Don't let her feel she's under any obligation. That's what's she kicks against. So do I; always did."

Calder pulled his mustache. Lord Thrapston had briefly sketched the exact opposite of his ideal of married life.

"The fact is," continued the old man, "the boy's an uncommon handsome boy. She can't resist that. Nor more can I; never could."

There chanced to be a mirror opposite Calder, and he dispassionately considered himself. There was, he concluded, every prospect of Miss Glyn resisting an engrossing passion for him.

"It's very good of you to have told me all about it," he remarked, rising. I'll think it over."

"Yes, do. Of course, I admit she's given you a perfectly good reason for breaking off your engagement if you like. Mind that. We don't feel aggrieved, Calder. Act as you think best. We admit we're in the wrong, but we must stand by what we've done."

"I should not like to give her and pain—"

"Pain! Oh, dear me, no, my dear boy. She won't fret. Make your mind easy about that."

Calder felt a sudden impulse to disclose to Lord Thrapston his secret opinion of him, and he recollected, with a pang, that in the course of so doing he would have to touch on more than one characteristic shared by the old man and Agatha. Where were her visions of a quiet home in the country, of freedom from the irksome duties of society, of a dutiful and devoted wife, surrounded by children and flanked by jam pots? He had once painted this picture for Agatha, shortly after she had agreed to that arrangement, which she declined to call a promise of marriage; and it occurred to him now that she had allowed the subject to drop without any expression of concurrence. He took leave of Lord Thrapston and went for a solitary walk. He wanted to think. But the position of affairs was such that other persons also felt the need of reflection, and Calder had not been walking by the Row very long before, lifting his eyes, he saw a young man approaching. The young man was not attired as he ought to have been; he wore a light suit, a dissolute necktie, and soft, wideawake crammed down low on his head. He had obviously forsworn the vanities of the world and was wearing the willow. He came up to Calder and held out his hand.

"Wentworth," he said, "I left you rudely the other day. I was doing you an injustice. I have heard the truth from Mrs. Blunt. You are free from all blame. We—we are fellow-sufferers."

His tones were so mournful that Calder shook his hand with warm sympathy, and remarked:

"Pretty rough on us both, ain't it?"

"For me," declared Charlie, "everything is over. My trust in woman is destroyed; my pleasure in life is—"

"Well, I don't feel A1 myself, old chap," said Calder.

"I have written to—to her, to say good-by."

"No; have you, though?"

"What else could I do? Wentworth, do you suppose that, even if she was free, I would think of her for another moment? Can there be love where there is no esteem, no trust, no confidence?"

"I was just thinking that when you came up," said Calder.

"No, at whatever cost, I—every self-respecting man—must consider first of all what he owes to his name, to his family, to his—Wentworth—to his unborn children."

Calder nodded.

"You, of course," pursued Charlie, "will be guided by your own judgment. As to that, the circumstances seal my lips."

"I don't like it, you know," said Calder.

"As regards you, she may or may not have excuses. I don't know; but she willfully and grossly deceived me. I have done with her."

"God! I believe you're right, Merceron, old chap! A chap ought to stand up for himself, by Jove! You'd never feel safe with her, would you, by Jove?"

"Good-by," said Charlie, suddenly. "I leave Paddington by the 4:15."

"Where are you off to?"

"Hell—I mean home," answered Charlie. Calder beat his stick against his leg.

"I can't stay here, either," he said, moodily.

Charlie stretched out his hand again.

"Come with me," said he.

"Eh? What?"

"Come with me; we'll forget her together."

Calder looked at him.

"Well, you are a good chap. Dashed if I don't. Yes, I will. We'll enjoy ourselves like thunder. But I say, Merceron, I—I ought to write to her, oughn't I?"

"I am just going to write myself."

"To—to say good-by, eh?"

"Yes."

"I shall write and break it off."

"Come along. We'll go to your rooms and get the things done, and then catch the train. My luggage is at the station now."

"It won't take me a minute to get it."

"Wentworth, I'm glad to be rid of her."

"Eh—oh, well—so am I," said Calder.

Late that evening the butler presented Miss Agatha Glyn with two letters on a salver. As her eye fell on the addresses she started. Her heart began to beat. She sat and looked at the two momentous missives.

"Now which," she thought, "shall I read first? And what shall I do if they are both obstinate?"

There was another contingency which Miss Glyn did not contemplate.

After a long hesitation, she took up Charlie's letter and opened it. It was very short and began abruptly, without any words of address:

"I have received your letter. Your excuses make it worse. I could forgive everything except deceit. I leave London today. Good-by. C. M."

"Deceit!" cried Agatha. "How dare he! What a horrid boy!"

She was walking up and down the room in a state of great indignation. She had never been talked to like that in her life before. It was ungentlemanly, cruel, brutal. She flung Charlie's letter angrily down on the table.

"I am sure poor, dear old Calder won't treat me like that," she exclaimed, taking up his letter. It ran thus:

My Dear Agatha: I hope you will believe that I write this without any feeling of anger toward you. My regard for you remains very great, and I hope we shall always be very good friends; but, after long and careful consideration, I have come to the conclusion that the story Lord Thrapston told me shows conclusively what I have been fearing for some time past, namely, that I have not been so lucky as to win a real affection from you, and that we are not suited to make each other happy. Therefore, thanking you very much for your kindness in the past, I think I had better restore your liberty to you. I shall hear with very great pleasure of your happiness. I leave town to-day for a little while in order that you may not be exposed to the awkwardness of meeting me. Always yours most sincerely, CALDER WENTWORTH.

Agatha passed her hand across her brow; then she reread Calder's letter, and then Charlie's. Yes, there was not the least doubt about it! Both of the gentlemen had—well, what they had done did not admit of being put into tolerable words. With a little shriek Agatha flung herself on the sofa.

The door opened and Lord Thrapston entered.

"Well, Aggy, what's the news? Still bothered by your two young men? Hullo! what's wrong?"

"Read them!" cried Agatha, with a gesture toward the table.

"Eh! Read what? Oh, I see."

He sat down at the table and put on his glasses. Agatha turned her face toward the wall; for her also everything was over. For a time no sound was audible save an occasional crackle of the notepaper in Lord Thrapston's shaking fingers. Then, to Agatha's indescribable indignation, there came another sort of crackle—a dry, grating, derisive chuckle—from that flinty-hearted old man, her grandfather.

"Good, monstrous good, 'pon my life!" said he.

"You laughing at me?" she cried, leaping up.

"Well, my dear, I'm afraid I am."

"Oh, how cruel men are!"

"H'm! They're both men of spirit evidently."

"Calder I can just understand. I—perhaps I did treat Calder rather badly—"

"Oh, you go so far as to admit that, do you, Aggy?"

"But Charlie! Oh, to think that Charlie should treat me like that!" and she threw herself on the sofa again.

Lord Thrapston sat quite still. Presently Agatha rose, came to the table and took up her two letters. She looked at them both, and the old man, seeming to notice nothing, yet kept his eye on her.

"I shall destroy these things," said she, and she tore Calder's letter into tiny fragments and flung them on the fire. Charlie's she crumpled up and held in her hand.

"Good-night, grandpapa," she said wearily and kissed him.

"Good-night, my dear," he answered.

And whatever she did when she went upstairs Lord Thrapston was in a position to swear that Charlie's letter was not destroyed in the drawing-room.

CHAPTER X.

"She's such a dear, good girl, Mr. Wentworth," said Lady Merceron. "She's the greatest comfort I have."

It was after luncheon at Langbury Chase. Lady Merceron and Calder sat on the lawn. Mrs. Marland and Millie Bushell were walking up and down; Charlie was lying in a hammock. A week had passed since the two young men had startled Lady Merceron by their unexpected arrival, and since then the good lady had been doing her best to entertain them; for, as she could not help noticing, they seemed a little dull. It was a great change from the whirl of London to the deep placidity of the Chase, and Lady Merceron could not quite understand why Charlie had tired so soon of his excursion, or why his friend persisted with so much fervor that anything was better than London, and the Chase was the most charming place he had ever seen.

Of the two, Charlie seemed to feel the ennui much the more severely. Yet, while Mr. Wentworth spoke of returning to town in a few weeks, Charlie asseverated that he had paid his last visit to that revolting and disappointing place. Lady Merceron wished she had Uncle Van by her side to explain these puzzling inconsistencies. However, there was a bright side to the affair: the presence of the young men was a godsend to poor Millie, who, by reason of the depressed state of agriculture, had been obliged this year to go without her usual six weeks of London in the season.

"And she never grumbles about it," said Lady Merceron admiringly. "She looks after her district and takes a ride, and plays tennis when she can get a game, poor girl, and is always cheerful and happy. She'd be a treasure of a wife to any man."

"You'd better persuade Charlie of that, Lady Merceron."

"Oh, Charlie never thinks of such a thing as marrying. He thinks of nothing but his antiquities."

"Doesn't he?" asked Calder, with apparent sympathy and a covert, sad amusement.

"Mr. Wentworth," said Mrs. Marland, approaching, "I believe it's actually a fact that you've been here a week and have never yet been to the Pool."

At this fateful word Calder looked embarrassed, Charlie raised his head from the hammock and Millie glanced involuntarily toward him.

"We must take you," said Mrs. Marland, "this very evening. You'll come, Miss Bushell?"

"I don't think I care very much about the Pool," said Millie.

"We won't let Mr. Merceron take you in his canoe this time."

Charlie rolled out of the hammock and came up to them.

"You must take us to the Pool. I don't believe you've been there since you came back. Poor Agatha will quite—"

"Agatha?" exclaimed Calder.

"Agatha Merceron, you know. Why, haven't you heard—"

"Oh, ah! Yes, of course. I beg your pardon."

"I hate that beastly Pool," said Charlie.

"How can you?" smiled Mrs. Merceron. "You used to spend hours there every evening."

Charlie glanced uneasily at Calder, who turned very red.

"Times have changed, have they?" Mrs. Marland asked archly. "You've got tired of looking in vain for Agatha."

"Oh, all right," said Charlie crossly, "we'll go after tea."

Anything seemed better than this rallying mood of Mrs. Marland's.

Presently the two young men went off together to play a game at billiards; but after half a dozen strokes Charlie plumped down in a chair.

"I say, Calder, old chap, how do you feel?" he asked.

Calder licked his cigar meditatively.

"Better," said he, at last.

"Oh!"

"And you?"

"Worse—worse every day. I can't stand it, old chap. I shall go back."

"What, to her?"

"Yes."

"That's hardly sticking to our bargain, you know."

"But, hang it, what's the good of our both cutting her?"

"Oh, I thought you did it because you were disgusted with her. That was my reason."

"So it was mine, but—"

"Probably she's got some other fellow by now," observed Calder, calmly.

"The devil!" cried Charlie. What makes you think so?"

"Oh, nothing. I know her way, you see."

"You think she's that sort of a girl? Good heavens!"

"Well, if she wasn't, I'd like to know where you'd be, my friend. I shouldn't have the honor of your acquaintance."

Charlie ignored this point.

"And yet you wanted to marry her?"

"I dare say I was an ass—like better men before me—and—er—since me."

"Hang it!" cried Charlie, "I'm sick of the whole thing. I'm sick of life. I'm sick of all the nonsense of it. For two straws I'd have done with it, and marry Millie Bushell."

"What! Look here, Charlie—"

Calder left his sentence unfinished.

"Well?" said Charlie.

"If," said Calder slowly, "there are any girls, either down here or in London, whom you're quite sure you'll never want to marry, I should like to be introduced to one of 'em, Charlie, if you've no objections."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, in fact, during this last week, Charlie, I have come to have a great esteem for Miss Bushell. There's about her a something—a solidity—"

"She can't help that, poor girl."

"A solidity of mind," said Calder, a little stiffly.

"Oh, I beg pardon. But, I say, Calder, what are you driving at?"

"Charlie! Charlie!" sounded from outside. "Tea's ready."

Calder rose and took Charlie by the arm.

"Should I be safe," he asked, solemnly, "in allowing myself to fall in love with Miss Bushell, or are you likely to step in again?"

"You mean it? Honor bright, Calder?"

"Yes."

"Where's Bradshaw? By Jove, where's Bradshaw?"

"Bradshaw? What the devil has Bradshaw—"

"Why, a train, man—a train to town."

"I don't want to go to town, bless the man—"

"You! No, but I do. To town, Calder—to Agatha, you old fool."

"Oh! That's your lay."

"Yes, of course. I couldn't go back on you, but if you're off—"

"Charlie, old fellow, think again."

"To—to the deuce. Where's that—?"

"Charlie, Charlie. Tea!"

"Hang tea!" he cried; but Calder dragged him off, telling him that to-morrow would do for Bradshaw.

At tea Charlie's spirits were very much better, and it was observed that Calder Wentworth paid marked attention to Millie Bushell, so that when they started for the Pool Millie was prevailed upon to be one of the party, on the understanding that Mr. Wentworth would take care of her. This time the expedition went of more quietly than it had previously done, but at the last moment the ladies declared that they would be late for dinner if they waited till it was time for Agatha Merceron to come.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Calder. "Come over to the temple, Miss Bushell. I won't upset the canoe."

"Well, if you insist," said Millie.

Then Mrs. Marland remarked in the quietest voice in the world:

"There's some one in the temple."

"What!" cried Millie.

"Eh!" exclaimed Calder.

"Nonsense," said Charlie.

"I saw a face at the window," insisted Mrs. Marland.

"Oh, Mrs. Marland! Was it very awful?"

"Not at all, Millie—very pretty," and she gave Charlie a look full of meaning.

"Look, look!" cried Millie, in strong agitation.

And as they looked, a slim figure in white came quietly out of the temple, a smile—and, alas! no vestige of a blush—on her face, walked composedly down the steps, and standing on the lowest one, thence—did not throw herself into the water, but called, in the most natural voice in the world:

"Which of you is coming to fetch me?"

Charlie looked at Calder. Calder said:

"I think you'd better put her across, old man. And—er—we might as well walk on."

They turned away, Millie's eyes wide in surprise, Mrs. Marland smiling the smile of triumphant sagacity.

"I was coming to you to-morrow," cried Charlie, the moment his canoe bumped against the steps.

"What do you mean, sir, by staying away a whole week? How could you?"

"I don't know," said Charlie. You see, I couldn't come till Calder—"

"Oh, what about Calder?"

"He's all right."

"What? Miss—the girl you upset out of the canoe?"

"I think so," said Charlie.

"Ah, well," said Agatha. "But how very ourious." Then she smiled at Charlie and asked:

"But what love can there be, Mr. Merceron, where there is deceit?"

Charlie took no notice at all of this question.

"Do you mind Calder going?" he whispered.

"Well, not much," said Miss Glyn.

Thus it was that the barony of Warmley returned to the house of Merceron and the portrait of the wicked lord came to hang once more in the dining-room. So the curtain falls on the comedy, and what happened afterward behind the scenes, whether another comedy or a tragedy or a mixed half-and-half sort of entertainment, now grave, now gay, sometimes, perhaps, delightful, and again of tempered charm—why, as to all this, what reck the spectators who are crowding out of the theater and home to bed?

But it seems as if, in spite of certain drawbacks in Agatha Merceron's character, nothing very dreadful can have happened, because Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth, who are very particular folk, went to stay at the Chase the other day, and their only complaint was that Charlie and his bride were always at the Pool.

And, for his own part, if he may be allowed a word (which some people say he ought not to be) here, just at the end, the writer begs to say that he once knew Agatha, and—he would have taken the risks. However, a lady to whom he has shown this history differs entirely with him, and thinks no sensible man would have married her. But, then, that is not the question.

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"OH, HOW CRUEL MEN ARE."

"WHICH OF YOU IS COMING TO FETCH ME?"

AFTER THE RIDING-MASTER.

A. FARNSWORTH ON TRIAL ON THE CHARGE OF MISDEMEANOR EMBEZZLEMENT.

JUDGE CAMPBELL AFTER HEARING THE EVIDENCE DISMISSED THE CASE.

A. Farnsworth, proprietor of a fashionable riding-school on Pacific avenue, appeared in Judge Campbell's court yesterday morning to answer to the charge of misdemeanor embezzlement.

The complaining witness is Isidor Danziger, who rented his furnished house, 2825 Pine street, in October last to Farnsworth and his family, but was compelled to evict them, owing to non-payment of rent. After the eviction Danziger found that his chattels had been well-nigh wrecked, the linen was soiled and lying in heaps in the closets, and about half of it had disappeared.

On March 4 Danziger obtained a search warrant and recovered the linen belonging to him. Ten days later he swore out a warrant for Farnsworth's arrest on the charge of misdemeanor embezzlement, and two days afterward went with a policeman to the riding school to serve it. Mrs. Farnsworth had been kept in ignorance of the search warrant, and when Danziger and the officer arrested her husband she asked for an explanation. She hurriedly scraped together $15 and went with it to the North End station, where her husband had been taken. She offered the $15 to Danziger, which he took and told the policeman to let Farnsworth go. So the charge against him was not then booked. Danziger told Mrs. Farnsworth that unless he received $62 50 more in two days he would again serve the warrant.

Danziger, through his attorney, endeavored to get the $62 50, but failed, as the Farnsworths admitted they had no funds, so on Friday the warrant was again served, and this time Farnsworth had the charge against him registered.

These and other outside facts were brought out in evidence yesterday. The Judge asked Danziger why he waited ten days before swearing out the warrant for embezzlement, to which he replied: "I wanted to give him time to explain why he held the things out."

"Well," said the Judge, "I don't propose to allow this court to be made a collection agency, and I will dismiss the case."

FIREMEN FINED.

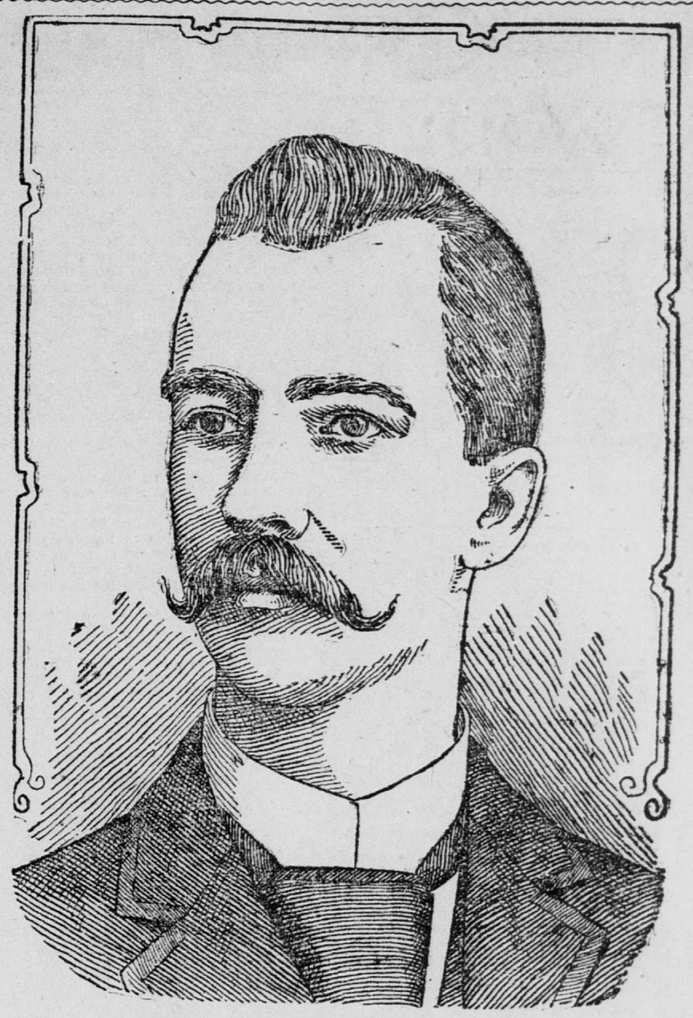
Several Have Been Disobeying the Rules of the Department.

The Fire Commissioners at their meeting yesterday afternoon fined several men who had been disobeying the rules of the department. Thomas O'Brien of truck 5 was fined ten days' pay for neglect of duty; John Cusick of truck 5 and James Gannon of engine 6 were fined five days' pay for the same offense; Ed Welsh, driver of engine 15, was fined five days' pay for careless driving; John Kelly of chemical engine 4 was dismissed from the department for leaving the engine-house while on duty.

The following transfers, promotions and appointments were made: A. O. Hiatt, from engine 24 to engine 3; John Burnell, from engine 1 to truck 2; John McCarthy, from engine 2 to truck 1. A. O. Hiatt was promoted from hoseman to driver of engine 3, and William Hall of truck 3 was promoted to be driver of chemical engine 4. William Gallatin was appointed hoseman of engine 24, John Halloran of engine 12, James Connell of engine 9, W. J. Wrin of engine 26; Michael Borden, fireman of truck 5; Robert Sawyer, truckman of truck 1; John Brandt, driver of engine 5, and Charles Neal, watchman in the Corporation Yard.

The Commissioners decided to petition the Board of Supervisors to set aside a lot on the Mission Creek lands near Channel street for Fire Department purposes.

NEW TO-DAY.



MR. NEWTON ROGERS.

Hickman is a goodly town, situated in Lawrence County, in the State of Nebraska. Hickman has risen to considerable proportions in the last three years, and this is due to the fact that the young men of Hickman are pushing, persevering fellows.

One of these pushing, persevering fellows is Mr. Newton Rogers. Unfortunately for Mr. Rogers, in his grand rush to make a large town out of Hickman, he used too much of his vital forces, and toward the close of last summer, when the leaves were beginning to show the azure brown of which the poet so fondly loves to sing, nervous prostration overtook Mr. Rogers. His friends despaired. The doctors living adjacent to Hickman were consulted, but to no avail. With a coated tongue, with glimmering spots appearing before the eyes, with rushing of blood to the head, dizziness, constipation, languor, melancholy and all the world looking black before him, Mr. Rogers languished.

A patient of the Old Hudson Medical Institute advised Mr. Rogers to write to the doctors and he did so. It is unnecessary to go through all the details of his getting well—of his being made a strong and vigorous man—but here is his own letter, written in his own language, and a photograph of himself. Our artist has fairly portrayed Mr. Rogers and his letter speaks for itself.

"HUDSON MEDICAL INSTITUTE—

"GENTLEMEN:

"It has been some months since I commenced your treatment and I can now truthfully say that you have been the means of bringing me back to health. I have been more or less prejudiced against medical institutions as a rule, but the good work you are doing and have done throughout the United States must compel recognition. Before taking your treatment life was a burden and I cared not whether I lived or died. But to-day I look ahead with joy. I believe the Hudson Medical Institute is a grand success."

[Signed] NEWTON ROGERS, Hickman, Nebr.

AT THE INSTITUTE.

What the Specialists Are Doing Daily to Restore Health and Strength to Sufferers.

It is an established rule of the Institute that no incurable diseases are taken. If an applicant is found to be suffering from true cancer or tubercular consumption he is frankly told that he cannot be cured, though much may be done to allay his sufferings, but as medical science has yet failed to discover any cure for these two dreadful maladies, all the physicians at the Institute say, freely and frankly, that it is beyond human power to remove these evils. Nevertheless, it should not be forgotten that there are many instances where mistakes have been made in diagnosing these diseases, so it is well for all sufferers to apply for help at the Institute.

All the following cases are curable:

Catarrh of the head, stomach or bladder; all bronchial diseases; all functional nervous diseases; St. Vitus' dance; hysteria; shaking palsy; epilepsy; all venereal diseases; all kinds of blood troubles; ulcers; wastes of vital forces; rheumatism; gout; eczema; all skin diseases, from whatever cause arising; psoriasis; all blood poisoning; varicocele; poison oak; lost or impaired manhood; spinal troubles; nervous exhaustion and prostration; incipient paresis; all kidney diseases; lumbago; sciatica; all bladder troubles; dyspepsia; indigestion; constipation; all visceral disorders, which are treated by the depurating department. Special instruments for bladder troubles.

There are a few of the special diseases in which exceptionally remarkable cures have been made by the specialists, and it may frankly be stated that a helping hand is extended to every patient.

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NEW THINGS IN ELECTRICITY

STIMULATION OF INDUSTRIES BY THE ELECTRIC MOTOR.—The electric motor has worked a radical change in the application of power in many industries. In office buildings, where it has superseded a steam plant, the fireman and the engineer are dispensed with and this feature of economy appeals forcibly to managers of both public and commercial departments. In the factory of a meat-packing company a motor operates the hog hoist. A loop is slipped around the hog's leg, the motor switch is pressed and in an instant the porker is jerked up to a platform and disposed of by an attendant. In a second or two more it has started on its varied mission of usefulness by way of the boiling water tank. This scientific butchery is much less repellant than the old style. For photo-engraving the peculiar adaptability of the electric motor is shown by the fact that the router requires a speed of 14,000 revolutions per minute, so as to overcome the vibration which impairs the accuracy of the work, and this is attained satisfactorily only by means of electricity. In the postoffice the electric motor works a stamping-machine, which impresses the date mark on letters at the rate of 600 per minute. In a jewelry-store the same agency operates a gem-cutting machine, which is said to do the work of twenty of the most skilled laborers in the country.

THE COST OF ELECTRIC COOKING.—Inquiry is often made as to the cost of electric cooking. Nelson W. Perry, writing on this subject, gives the most reliable data at present obtainable. The cost of an electric lamp is taken at about 1 cent per hour. One pint of water can be brought from 60 degrees Fahrenheit to the boiling point at the cost of two 16-candlepower lamps for one hour; or, by the use of the equivalent of 5 lamps it can be made to boil in 12 minutes; while, by the use of the equivalent of 16½ lamps it can be made to boil in 3.7 minutes. Four or five cutlets can be fried by employing the equivalent of 5 lamps for 12 minutes; this includes the time required for heating the pan. When the electric oven is used, the equivalent of 18 lamps will raise the temperature from 53 degrees Fahrenheit to 120 degrees in 5 minutes, to 256 degrees in 10 minutes, to 356 degrees in 15 minutes, and to 437 degrees in 20 minutes. At this rate electrical cooking is still more expensive than ordinary methods. Nevertheless, its use is daily increasing. Its great advantage is perfect cleanliness.

ELECTRIC CANAL-BOAT HAULAGE.—The opening of the spring season will be signalized by great activity among the exploiters of electric canal-boat haulage systems. On the towpath, as on the street railway, the day of the mule is over; and the wide adoption of electric haulage is only waiting on the result of the experiments in progress for the demonstration of the merits of the many methods which have been proposed. Some months ago an electric cable-way for logging was made public, and excited much favorable attention. This system has been applied to canal-boat towing, and it is claimed that for that purpose it is in many respects superior to electrical propeller systems designed on the principle of the trolley, many of the disadvantages of which were shown in the recent State experiment on the Erie canal. The operating motor, run on a cable strung along the canal, carries a seat, from which the operator controls the movement of the boat. Perfect command of the boat is always insured, and the sharpest curves can be taken with ease at full speed. If a motor goes out of order no time need be wasted for repairs, as another motor can be at once procured from the motor station. Some of the objections brought against the trolley system for canal haulage are: The necessity of steering the boat so as to keep the trolley on the wire; the difficulty of two boats going the same way and the rear one passing the front one, and the fact that on becoming disconnected from the trolley the hind boat loses its power and cannot forge ahead of the boat in front of it. In electric cable haulage the boats simply steer by each other and exchange motors and go on their way.

A TEMPERATURE ALARM.—Among late patents are many devices for giving warning electrically at any appointed spot of an abnormal rise in temperature in any apartment where such device is placed, and several of these appliances are so effective that their introduction must result in limiting the number of accidental fires of such magnitude as to require the services of the fire brigade. The alarm has a compartment which is divided into two unequal parts by means of a flexible division. These are filled with two gases of different expansion, and if the temperature rises the circuit is closed and an alarm is given. This alarm is said to be extremely responsive to the slightest change in temperature, and it can be adjusted accurately to indicate any degree of heat.

AN ELECTRIC FOOT-WARMER—A feature which strikes the American traveler in England as peculiar is the foot-warmer in the railway-cars. On the ordinary car there is no provision for heating, even in the depth of winter, and without the ubiquitous rug and the foot-warmer the passenger shivers in helpless wretchedness. As provision is being made for lighting the cars on some of the English lines by electricity it is proposed to adopt the same means of heating the individual foot-warmers with which any one can be supplied on request. The electric foot-warmer is fashioned out of asbestos cloth, of which there are three layers.

THE ELECTRIC CANDLE.—The electric candle is in great request in England for the lighting and decoration of dining and other tables. An ingenious device for lighting the candles is provided by placing small pads under the tablecloth and taking the current from them by means of two pin points in the base of the candlestick. The candles, of course, are extinguished on being taken from the table and are relighted when they are replaced in the proper position. They are so arranged that the bulb and the glass imitation of a wax candle can be removed, when the candlestick can be used for an ordinary candle.

A Georgia Nugget.

A nugget of gold valued at $105 was brought to the Constitution office a day or two ago by W. B. Candler of Villa Rica. Mr. Candler reports great activity in gold mining about Villa Rica, where much money is being expended in plants. The history of gold mining in Villa Rica is wild and romantic, recalling some of the most interesting incidents of Georgia life. —Atlanta Constitution.

An Eastern Rajah

Had a ruby which lighted his palace at night. More precious than gems are beautiful teeth, which light up the face when displayed by a smile. Use SOZODONT and your teeth will be brilliant as jewels, your breath sweet as the roses of Cashmere.