

# THE QUICKENING

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

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## CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

Later in the day, Tom crossed the pile to the oak-shingled office of the Chiawasse Consolidated. His father was deep in the new wage scale submitted by the miners' union, but he set up and pushed the papers away when his son entered.

"Have you seen this morning Tribune?" asked Tom, taking the paper from his pocket.

"No, I don't make out to find much time for it before I get home at night," said Caleb. "Anything doing?"

"Yes; they are having a hot time in Chicago and Pullman. The strike is spreading all over the country on sympathy lines."

"Heckon I'll get down to us in any way," queried the iron-master.

"You can't tell. I'd be a little easy with Ludlow and his outfit on that wage scale, if I were you. We don't want a row on our hands just now. Farley might make capital out of it."

Tom took an electric car for the foot of Lebanon on the line connecting with the inclined railway running up the mountain to Crestcliffe Inn. He had not seen Ardea since the midwinter night of soul-awakenings; and Alceote's finger was still pressing on the wound inflicted by the closed doors of Mountain View avenue and his father's disinterested sympathy.

He found Major Dabney on the hotel veranda, and his welcome was not scented here at least. The moment seeing suspicious, Tom sounded the master of the Hotel Trace out on the reorganization scheme, and found nothing but complaisance. Whatever rearrangement commended itself to Tom and his father, and to Colonel Duxbury Farley, would be acceptable to the Major.

"I reckon I can trust you, Tom, and my 'y' good friend, your father, to watch out for Ardea's little 'flanne' was the way he put it. 'I had planned to give her a little surprise on her wedding-day; suppose you have the lawyers make out that block of new stock to Mistress Vincent Farley instead of to me?'"

"Of course, Major Dabney, if you say so. But wouldn't it be more prudent to make it over in trust for her and her children before she becomes Mrs. Farley?"

"Tell me, Tom, have you had your suspicions in that qu'oth, too? I'm speaking in confidence to a family friend, suh."

"It is just as well to be on the safe side," said Tom, cautiously. "There was enough of the uplift left to make him reluctant to strike his enemy in the dark."

"No, suh, that isn't what I mean. You've had your suspicions aroused. Tell me, suh, what they are."

"Suppose you tell me yours, Major," smiled the younger man.

Major Dabney became reflectively reminiscent. "I don't know, Tom, and that's the plain fact. Looking back over old acquaintance, that's nothing in that young fellow, but I put a 'sigh' on it; but Tom, I tell you in confidence, suh, I'd give five years of my old life, if the good Lord has that many mo' in His book for me, if the blood of the Dabneys didn't have to be—mingled with that of these heah Yankees. I would, for a fact, suh."

"Then you'll let me place your third of the new stock in trust for her and her children?" he said. "That will be best, on all accounts. By the way, where shall I find Miss Ardea?"

"She's about the place, somewhats," was the reply; and Tom passed on to the electric-light lobby to send his card in search of her.

Chance saved him the trouble. Some one was playing in the music-room and he recognized her touch and turned aside to stand under the looped portiere. She was alone, and again, as many times before, it came on him with the sense of discovery that the man was radiantly beautiful—that for him she had no peer among women. There was no greeting, no welcoming light in the slate-blue eyes; and she did not seem to see when he came nearer and offered to shake hands.

"I've been talking to your grandfather for an hour or more," he began, "and I was just going to send my card after you. Haven't you a word of welcome for me, Ardea?"

"Do you think you deserve a welcome from my self-respecting woman?" she asked, in low tones.

"Why shouldn't I?" he demanded.

"What have I done to make every woman I meet look at me as if I were a leper?"

"You know very well what you have done," she said evenly. "If you had spark of manhood left in you, you would know what a disastrous thing you are doing now in coming here to see me."

"Well, I don't," he returned, doggedly. "And another thing: I'm not to be put off with hard words. I ask you again what has happened? Who has been lying about me this time?"

"You were intending to walk down to the valley," she asked.

He nodded.

"I will walk with you to the cliff edge."

It was a short hundred yards, and there were many a hand in the gravelled walks; lovers in pairs, and groups of young people penative or chattering. So it was not until they stood on the very battlements of the western cliff that they were measurably alone.

"Has no one told you what happened last March—on the day of the ice storm?" she asked, coldly.

"No."

"I used to think I knew you," she said, faltering, "but I don't. Why don't you despise hypocrisy and double-dealing as you used to?"

"I do more heartily than ever."

"Tom, it is a terrible thing to say—and your punishment will be terrible. But you must marry Nancy!"

He was standing on the brink of the cliff, looking down on Paradise Valley, spread like a silver-tiled may far below in the moonlight. The flare and cough of the furnace at the iron-works came and went with regular intermittency; and just beyond the group of Chiawasse stacks a tiny orange spot appeared and disappeared like a will-o'-the-wisp. He was staring down at the curious spot when he said:

"If I say that I have no duty toward Nan, you will believe it is a lie—and you did once before. Have you ever reflected that it is possible to trample on love until it dies—even such love as I bear you?"

meeting going on over at the furnace office, and Mr. Norman is there with your father," she said. "The stenographer wants me to ask you about some papers Mr. Norman thinks you may have, and—"

She stopped in deference to the yellow pallor that was creeping like a curious mask over the face of the man in the bed. Through all the strain of the last twenty hours she had held herself well in hand, doing for him only what she might have done for a sick and suffering stranger. But there were limits beyond which love refused to be driven.

"Tom!" she gasped, rising quickly to go to him.

"Wait," he muttered; "let me pull myself together. I'm weaker than a girl," he whispered. "I'm—I mean the thing, hit me a lot harder than he needed to. What was I saying?—oh, yes; the papers. Will you—will you go over there in the corner by the door and look behind the cupboard? You will find a piece of it sawed so it will come out. In the wall behind it there ought to be a package."

She found it readily—a thick packet securely tied with heavy twine and a little charred at the corners.

"That's it," he said, weakly. "Now come more last favor; please send Aunt Phrony up as you go down. Tell her I want my clothes."

"You are not going to get up?" she said.

"Yes, I must; I'm due this minute at that meeting down yonder."

"Indeed, you shall do no such insane thing!" she cried. "What are you thinking of?"

"Listen!" he commanded. "My father has worked hard all his life, and he's right old now, Ardea. If I should fall him—but I'm not going to. Please send Aunt Phrony."

She consented finally, and as she was leaving him, she said:

"I hope your mother is still asleep. She was here with you all night, and Mr. Norman and I made her go to bed at daybreak. If you must go, get out of the house as quietly as you can, and I'll have Pete and the buggy waiting for you at the gate."

(To be continued.)

THE marriage of Prince Victor Napoleon to Princess Clementine of Belgium, a "royal alliance" planned with the utmost solicitude along the most ancient lines of kinglycraft marks the supreme endeavor of the Bonaparte family to preserve from extinction the race of the great conqueror of Europe, Napoleon I.

It is the latest, the most widely discussed gamble of a family against fate, and the rescuer, if there be one, will be a woman.

The chances of a male heir are fairly good—simply the chances which offer to average humanity—and it is therefore likely that the Napoleonic line will be preserved, for the time at least.

But the chances that it will go on for all time are simply nil, notwithstanding the famous example of the Guelphs, of England, where descent from the only and original King David of the Jews has been claimed by enthusiastic partisans of the theory of the right divine.

Nature, laboring incessantly toward the attainment of one common level, seems to take delight in frustrating the changeling ambition of her favored child. Man, among all creatures longing for the perpetuation of his direct breed, seems ever doomed to see it disappear, inglorious and unknown, among the herd.

The Napoleonic line is in no desperate strait; yet it is apparently prepared, after only a few commonplace generations, to pass away in the same manner as did dynasties founded by conquerors as great as the first Bonaparte. The large majority seemed to fall sooner or later, both morally and physically, until like a worn-out tree the race was either totally extinct or persisted only in scions that were integrally part of another alien stock.

Royalty, proceeding on the burlesque basis that the Almighty has created its bones, muscles, flesh, blood and brain of peculiar virtue, especially adapted to the bosoming of things, inevitably deduced that, unless it should mate with a similar breed of boss stock, it would degenerate into the stock divinely doomed to be bossed.

Napoleon's family, when he went where conquerors go finally, was numerous enough, as families go, to promise perpetuity. But marriage with them was limited to other and older royal lines, most of which had an ax out for a Bonaparte whenever he came around smelling of orange blossoms.

As the French republic braced up, and more and more emphatically made it apparent that all royalty there lacks so much as an inch of ground to stand on, the opportunities for royal matches decreased with the Bonapartes, and the royal scions became fewer.

Counting Victor Napoleon, there are enumerated now only a half-score remaining, with marriage unpopular on the part of the males, for dynastic reasons sufficiently obvious. Victor, able to ally himself with the daughter of a house still reigning, is the hope of the family for an heir who, when Victor shall have died, can continue the claim to the ghostly throne so grandly seized by Napoleon I.

This summer witnessed another marriage in which a famous family seems to tread the road to swift extinction. Prince Antoine Albert Radziwill, of Poland, had his way and Dorothy Deacon is his bride. On both sides of the match there is, in the prince's father having been an ordinary Italian for the past seven years, and his bride's father dying insane after he killed in a duel at Cannes a guest of his wife in Paris.

The most famous of all lines in history was that of the Caesars, with the heroic figure of Julius looming as its first conspicuous member.

## COST OF OCEAN GREYHOUNDS.

Will Bring About New Tendency in Trans-Atlantic Service.

One of the most striking features in connection with the North Atlantic shipping trade during the last ten or twelve years has been the great increase in the cost of fast steamships, says the London Times. In 1899 the Augusta Victoria cost about \$2,000,000. The Deutschland of the Hamburg-American Company cost \$2,500,000, and the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria nearly \$7,000,000. The Manzanilla and Lusitania cannot have cost much less than \$1,400,000 each, and the two new giant vessels which are being built for the White Star Line service between Southampton and New York will probably cost nearly as much. It is somewhat curious in connection with this point that the Hamburg-American company should be able to obtain consistently better results than the Norddeutscher Lloyd, and perhaps one explanation of this is to be found in the fact that the fleet of the Hamburg-American company consists mainly of the intermediate type, whereas that of the Norddeutscher Lloyd, like that of the Cunard company, contains a high percentage of vessels of the express type. The theory used to be held that the larger the steamer the greater the profit, but there appears to be a limitation to the application of this theory in the case of the large fast vessels which have been recently introduced. It is not inconceivable that the general tendency of the trade will in future lie in the direction of improving the accommodation offered the steerage passengers, who, after all, are the backbone of the business.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

If Thomas Gordon, opening his eyes to consciousness on the mid-week morning, felt the surprise which might naturally grow out of the sight of Ardea sitting in a low rocker at his bedside, he did not exclaim, it is possible because there were other and more perplexing things for the tired brain to grapple with first.

For the moment he did not stir or try to speak. There was a long dream somewhere in the past in which he had been lost in the darkness, stumbling and groping and calling her to come and lead him out to life and light. It must have been a dream, he argued, and perhaps this was only a continuation of it. Yes, she was there in visible presence, bending over a tiny embroidery frame; and they were alone together.

"Ardea!" he said, tremulously.

She looked up, and her eyes were like lightning, wellspring to quench the fever fires in his.

"You are better," she said, rising. "I'll go and call your mother."

"Wait a minute," he pleaded; then his hand found the bandage on his forehead. "What happened to me?"

"Don't you remember? Two men tried to rob you last Saturday evening as you were coming home. One of them struck you."

"Saturday? And this is—"

"This is Wednesday."

The cool consciousness of her replies cut him to the heart. He did not need to ask her why she had come. It was mere neighborliness, and not for him, but for his mother. He remembered the Saturday evening quite clearly now, as he remembered the two men springing on him; the instant just preceding the crash of the blow when he had recognized one of his assailants and guessed the identity of the other.

"It was no more than right that you should come," he said, bitterly. "It was the least you could do, since you—"

She was moving toward the door, and his ungrateful outburst had the effect of stopping her. But she did not go back to him.

"I owe your mother anything she likes to ask," he affirmed, in the same colorless tone.

"And you owe me nothing at all, you would say. I might controvert that, but no matter; we have passed the Saturday and have come to the Wednesday. Where is Norman? Hasn't he been here?"

"He has been with you almost constantly from the first. He was here less than an hour ago."

"Where is he now?"

She hesitated. "There is urgency of some kind in your business affairs. Your father spent the night in South Yreod; and a little while ago he telephoned for Mr. Norman—from the iron-works, I think." She had moved away again, and her hand was on the door-knob.

"You are in a desperate hurry, aren't you?" he gritted, though the teeth-grinding was from the pain it cost him to move. "Would you mind handing me that desk telephone before you go?"

"If you wish to speak to some one, perhaps I could do it for you," she suggested, quite in the trained nurse tone.

"If you could stretch your good-will to my mother—that far," he said. "Please call my office—number five—twenty-six-G—and ask for Mr. Norman."

She complied, but with only a strange young woman stenographer at the other end of the wire, a word of explanation was necessary. "This is Miss Dabney, at Woodlawn. Mr. Gordon is better, and he wishes to say—what did you want to say?" she asked, turning to him.

"Just ask what's going on; if it's Norman you've got, he'll know," said Tom, sinking back on the pillows.

"What the stenographer had to say took some little time, and Ardea's color came and went in hot flashes and her eyes grew large and thoughtful as she listened. When she put the ear-piece down and spoke to the sick man, her tone was kinder.

"There is an important business

# The NEAR EXTINCTION of the NAME of NAPOLEON



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The Caesar line proper ended right there with "Et tu, Brute" for its epitaph. But things being ripe for the bosoming of Rome, his grandnephew, Octavian, took charge, and, after him, Tiberius, who was simply a stepson of Octavian.

A dozen Roman emperors called themselves Caesar, and the magic of the name rules down even to this day as a synonym for emperor in the title of Kaiser Wilhelm. But there never was a genuine dynasty of that name, because it began in the person of Julius C. 44, in the same person, when Brutus, Cassius and nearly four-score assistant surgeons performed their famous Caesarian operation on him. The line of the Caesars is, in reality, Democracy's farce of the right divine.

The Capets, who managed to keep their grip on France for several centuries, began their rule in the regular way, with one especially husky ancestor—in their case, Robert the Strong, a Saxon to whom Charles the Bald gave the duchy of the Ile de France in 861. They went into the king business in 987, when the nobles reached the conclusion that the Carolingian blood in France was about played out, the only male survivor being Charles, duke of Lorraine, whom those red-handed, two-faced fighters regarded as a milkop. Hugh Capet, having bossed Paris and his last Carolingian king, Louis V., appealed to them as being about the size of the man they all needed, to boss them, for he had all the nerve and brawn of Robert the Strong, his Saxon ancestor.

It was evidently a hearty, healthy breed; but three and a half centuries sufficed to bring it down to Charles the Fair—Charles IV.—the last of several Capet kings all cursed, with incapacity and weakness. After half a dozen years of reigning, the fair Charles flickered out, in 1324, and that ended the Capets.

The funny part of this king making was that, whenever the divine-right principle went to smash, Democracy, in the nobles and notables, hastened to get together and give it another try with a fresh breed of royalty—always agreeing on some especially bloody-minded slaughterer as their one best bet. Philip of Valois, who had the temper of a chronic earthquake, was the choice of the French barons, and he started the Valois line, in 1285, under the title of Philip VI. It took him only nine years to plunge France into the hundred years' war with England; and it took destiny—or nature—only a couple of centuries to bring the Valois family down to Henry II. in whom it flickered out in 1559.

The fate of these dynasties in France was paralleled by innumerable minor houses, there and elsewhere. Occasionally, the case of Charlemagne and Godfrey de Bouillon has been matched, as where the famous family De la Tour Auvérigne came to its complete end with the death of an illegitimate scion who, although a mere private in the ranks of France's revolutionary forces, earned the title of the "First Grenadier of France."

Again, when the Rohan family, whose dukes had been kings of Bretagne, had only Marguerite de Rohan left as its heir, her husband, Henri Chabot, was coolly created duke de Rohan, to keep the name alive.

Geoffroy de Lusignan was one of the great names in French history, and the family to which he contributed distinction faded out so uncertainly that for years its name was the sport of impudent adventurers who professed to be cadets of a house which only the well informed of the nobility were positive was totally extinct. So, too, with the dukes de Eudes, who in their day were equals of the earlier Capets; and the Guises, dating back to 1508, when Rene III, conqueror of Charles the Bold and father of Claude, first French duke of Guise, presented that lapsed duchy to his second son, and ending in 1675 with the death of Francis VII, the

sickly baby, left by the last maturing scion, Louis Joseph of Guise.

The house of the Medici is generally supposed to amount to little more than the astute Catherine and Marie de Medici, so thrillingly prominent in the annals of European history. The truth is that it follows absolutely the rule of a first, high-powered progenitor and of ultimate descendants fit only for contempt.

Salvestro de Medici, a member of the greater guilds in Florence, allied himself with the lesser guilds during the revolt of the Ciompi in 1378 and really managed the whole outbreak. The revolt died out, but Salvestro's cunning had made him a factor in Florence.

Cunning it was that marked all his line; but even that phase of inherited energy lapsed during the centuries until, on July 9, 1737, the last of them, Giovan-Gaston, ruler of Tuscany, passed away, he and the land he governed both wrecks from a succession of profligate and incompetent.

In England the story has been much the same as in France, an excellent example of the perishing royal line being the famous Tudors. Henry VII, or his father's side, sprang from the marriage of a plain Welsh gentleman, Owen Tudor, who had the luck to marry Catherine, the widow of Henry V., on his mother's side, with the bar sinister marring the decency of his descent he claimed John of Gaunt as his ancestor. As earl of Richmond, Beaufort Field, fought in 1455, gave him the throne, and the Tudor name took its place among that of kings. It vanished again on March 24, 1603, when Queen Elizabeth, the last of his descendants, died unmarried at the age of seventy.

## MAKING THE DUMB SPEAK

Various Methods by Which the Mutes Are Taught to Utter Many Words.

Scripture remarks that the following exercises are typical of those used in the best schools for deaf mutes: "Breathing through the nose and mouth are first taught. The teacher breathes through the nose on a slate or a mirror and shows the two moist spots; the child learns to imitate this. The mouth breathing produces one spot. The low position of the tongue is necessary for proper speech. It is taught by showing the position and using the mirror, and by a breath exercise. This latter rests upon the fact that the child cannot produce a good sized spot on the slate unless he keeps his tongue down. Tongue gymnastics are next used to limber up and train the muscles which have never received the proper development. The tongue is protruded, retracted, moved to each side, turned up, etc. Tongue training preparatory to various consonant sounds is introduced. Vibration of the vocal cords is taught by feeling. The pupil puts his hand on the teacher's chest and also on his own. He thus learns to make a tone. He learns to raise and lower the voice and by careful drill is able to make a fairly good tone.

The physiological alphabet consists of a set of diagrams giving the typical position of the tongue and lips for the chief sounds of the language. Combinations of consonants and vowels are now read at sight. Through these combinations words and sentences are developed. Lip reading of words and sentences is taught by having the patient watch the teacher's lips while she distinctly enunciates some word. Thus he learns to pick up objects off a table, to point out parts of the body, to obey commands, etc. When deafness is acquired after the person has learned to speak, the teaching of lip reading should begin at once. The voice then retains its natural character and the person can go right along with his education.—New York Medical Journal.

## MARKED A MERIDIAN

Interesting Massachusetts Monument of Sixty Years Ago.

Now but Rarely Seen and but Little Known by the Residents and General Public Who Pass That Way.

Boston.—There are in New England, in many places, monuments more or less artistic, erected to mark historic spots or to commemorate events of local importance. Such are generally well known and easily accessible, but the old Meridian monument in Medford is but rarely seen and but little known by the residents and general public.

It is safe to assert that of the many that pass it daily, but few have ever noticed it, owing to its peculiar location and the proximity of the hill on which it stands to the street that curves about its base. Inquiry of many residents reveals their ignorance of it, and, indeed, the writer had been a resident for over thirty years and had many times passed that way, when, by a casual upward glance at just the right instant he caught a glimpse of it. Soon after he made a visit there and secured a view of its weather-beaten outlines and began inquiry as to its history. It is situated on the slope of the hill that rises steeply northward from Winthrop street and midway between the Medford city farm and the Whitmore brook road into Middlesex falls.

"What is it?" and "What was it built for?"

This cairn or monument is a truncated pyramid, 7 feet wide by 13 feet long at its base, tapers to about 3 and 2 at the top and is 9 feet high. It is built by bowlders with split granite blocks at its corners.

Across the top and facing southward is a single block of granite, smoothly dressed upon two sides. This



Stone Monument in Medford.

block has upon its face three circular projections, also hammer finished, the central one being less in diameter than the other two and each projecting three-quarters of an inch.

As the masonry of the cairn is not continued up behind this block there may have been a similar stone there and removed either by accident or design. This conjecture seems reasonable, as within the center of the cairn is imbedded a substantial stick of native red cedar several inches in diameter and fractured at the upper end. Evidently this was a flagstaff or signal pole; and its breaking may have caused the loosening or fall of a similar capstone at the reverse of the one described.

As seen by the illustration, this capstone is dressed squarely. This leads to another conjecture, which, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, seems reasonable, namely, that the granite block was formerly in use as a lintel in some large building, its position reversed, as shown by its hammered faces.

No inscription of any sort is to be found about or upon it, and nothing save the broken cedar stick gives any clue to its identity or the purpose of its erection; while the loosened mortar and fractured and time-worn stones clearly indicate that its builders have passed on.

Inquiry at the Cambridge observatory elicits the information that a stone monument was erected in Medford at about 1850 as a meridian mark for the adjustment of the old transit circle in the east wing of the observatory. The eldest member of the staff gives the information that "it supported a simple board spiked to the masonry, on which was a mark that could be seen from the observatory."

The old transit circle was replaced by another in 1870, and the use of the cairn as a meridian mark was discontinued.

## Tin Stops Sound.

Berlin.—People who use telephone booths often have difficulty hearing a message because the sounds from outside the booth cause so much disturbance. These booths usually are made of thin woodwork, and the walls act almost like a violin, so that the sounds are by no means deadened, but are in fact caught up by them and passed on.

A German writer has lately been making some experiments, and has found that if in such cases the booth is lined with tin the sound vibrations are almost totally killed. Architects are recommended as a result of this demonstration to make use of thin metal sheets for deadening the walls of floors of houses, etc. Human ingenuity has been exhausted in trying to find methods of construction which will make modern apartment houses so quiet that the tenants of one flat will not be kept awake all night by pianos or phonographs kept going twenty-four hours a day in the adjoining flat.

## His Nasal Obligate.

"Mr. Skimmerhorn" inquired the landlord, "how did you sleep last night?"

"Like a top," answered the guest.

"I thought so. I could hear you—humming all night long."

## Tooth Filling in Appendix.

Jeffersonville, Ind.—Dr. J. H. Baldwin, while operating for appendicitis, Miss May Sweeney, the 18-year-old daughter of William H. Sweeney, had a part of an amalgam tooth filling in the appendix. The filling was yalowed almost a year ago.

## Vermont Woman Shoots Hawk

An immense hawk which has been in Dorset for many weeks has at last been shot. It was familiarly termed a red tailed hen hawk and measured 24 inches from beak to end of tail, its girth was 18 inches and its wings spread covered 51 inches.

Mrs. Clifton Kent shot the hawk while it was circling over a large elm tree in the yard, carrying a small

brown snake in its beak. Several people who had seen it in flight said it was as big as a turkey and all averred it must be an eagle.

The bird was frequently seen near the Kent poultry farm and Saturday about noon the two sons of the family were playing in the yard when they spotted the hawk above them. Mr. Kent being away from home they called

## Jason Juice.

The chemist who will extract the bleaching principle from the common jimson weed and place it within reach of family and laundry use has a fortune in store. It is a well known fact that there is no better way of bleaching the family linen during washing than by putting a few leaves of jimson in the water. There is an objection to this practice, as very unpleasant odor is the result. This can be removed, however, by placing the clothes in cold water and boiling them, or by repeated rinsings, but all this is troublesome, and therefore many who know the value of the leaves do not use them.—Eternal Progress.

## Declimals and Duodecimals.

Herbert Spencer offered a characteristically original system of reckoning. He clung to the duodecimal system, mainly because twelve can be divided by three and four as ten cannot. But he suggested that all the advantages of both systems might be combined by making twelve the basis of calculation, inventing two new digits to take the places of ten and eleven and making twelve times twelve the hundred. Spencer scornfully remarked that the decimal system rests solely on the fact that man has ten fingers and ten toes. If he had had twelve "there never would have been any difficulty."

## A Quaint Epitaph.

Here is an epitaph which may be read in an English churchyard attached to Leamington church: "Here lies the body of Lady O'Looney, grandniece of Burke, commonly called the sublime. She was Bland, Passionate and Deeply Religious; also she painted in water colors and sent several pictures to the exhibition. She was the intimate friend of Lady Jones. And of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

## Good Filling.

"Strange how some fellows look at things."

"How now?"

"Well, there's young Gately, waiting for dead men's shoes; he never can fill them in the world."

"But he expects they will be stuffed out with gilt-edged bonds."—Boston Herald.

## Unusual.

Bacon—What in the world is that rooster crowing so about?

Egbert—Why, he's just discovered an egg that's never been in cold storage.—Yonkers Statesman.

## Nature's Own Process.

He—Do you use pasteurized milk?

She—I suppose so. It comes from a pasteurized cow, anyway.—Boston Evening Transcript.

I bear you?"