THE SEA COAST ECHO.

ECHO BUILDING
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A Word to the Unwise.

'Tis only proper to advise
Some youth about this town
That no man can expect to rise
Until he settles down.
—Philadelphia Press.

Hurray!

"Charge for the guns!" commanded the captain of industry who was in the steel business.

And the bookkeepers did so with a vim.—Courier-Journal

Easy.

Yeast—"Did your wife ever study any languages?"

Crimsonbeak—"No; she didn't have to. Language comes to her naturally."—Yonkers Statesman.

Just Like a Woman.

"She doesn't repine at their present circumstances."

"Why is that?"

"I do not know, unless it is because they are greatly reduced."—Courier-Journal

The Date.

"When does one cease to be a bride and become a married woman?"

"The day the postman brings her husband the first bill from the dressmaker."—Judge.

The Age We Live In.

"Yaas, I was at the opera lawst night."

"Much attendance?"

"Not much. Two millions in one box and a paltry hawlf-million in another."—Courier-Journal.

Under It.

Redd—"I heard he was worried over his new automobile."

Greene—"Well, I saw him out yesterday, and, he was worrying under it just then."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Leading Question.

"Mr. Smithers!"

"Well, Johnny?"

"When you were a little boy an' fellers come to see your sisters did they ever give you a quarter to go out an' play?"—Courier-Journal.

Genius and Stupidity.

"Genius," said the sage, "is the infinite capacity for hard work."

"And stupidity," observed the young man who had put through a few good things, "is the inability to make others do the hard work for you."—Judge.

For Woman's Suffrage.

Mrs. True—"Aren't you glad you don't have to vote?"

Mrs. Peckem—"Mercy, no! I'm worried to death for fear John won't vote the way I want him to; I'd a great deal rather do it myself."—Detroit Free Press.

An Inference.

"I always try to practice charity," said Miss Passay. "My motto is, 'Do unto all men as you would have them do unto you.'"

"Gracious!" exclaimed Miss Pert, "you don't really kiss them, do you?"—Philadelphia Press.

Found Him So.

Ubett—"The idea of Slikker claiming to be a hard working man is the richest thing I've heard lately."

Konmann—"Well, he is, by George! He's the hardest man I ever tried to work."—Chicago Tribune.

Where the Money Flies.

Hicks—"Yes, I've been to New York since I saw you last."

Wicks—"Yes? You didn't stay long."

Hicks—"No; it's hard to stay long in New York; it's so easy to get short."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A Cheerful Suggestion.

"So you are going to marry Count Fucash," said Miss Cayenne.

"Yes," answered the impressionable heiress. "He says he would love me if I hadn't a cent."

"Well, at his rate of spending money there may be a chance for him to prove it."—Washington Star.

Spankers.

Mrs. Gunner—"It is queer how remarkably good the children have been since we returned from Cairo."

Mr. Gunner—"Oh, they are wise."

Mrs. Gunner—"Wise to what?"

Mr. Gunner—"To the fact that I brought back a collection of hard Egyptian sandals."—Chicago Daily News.

Agreed.

"Father," cried the stage-struck youth, "you must let muh choose me own course. I feel that I was born for the boards."

"Well, gosh all hemlock!" answered the father, "ain't I tryin' ter make a carpenter of ye?"—Cleveland Leader.

The End of Her Romance.

She had rejected him and he went forth sadly, resolved to shake the dust of the place from his shoes forever.

It was a very dusty place, however, and he was forced to apply to a bootblack for a five-cent shine.—Brooklyn Life.

Satisfactorily Explained.

"My dear," said the young husband, "did you speak to the milkman about there being no cream on the milk?"

"Yes; I told him about it this morning, and he has explained it satisfactorily; I think it is quite a credit to him, too."

"What did he say?"

"He said that he always filled the jug so full that there is no room on the top for the cream."—Stray Stories.

HOW THE YUMAS LIVE.

Their Homes and Games—The Cremation of the Dead.

The westbound train arrives at Yuma early in the morning. Everywhere are Indians in gay garments, and with blankets around them despite the heat.

Some of the men wear straw hats and jeans; the women have their heads covered by black shawls which fall over their shoulders. All of them have blankets. All of them braid their black hair, so that from behind one cannot distinguish sex.

Crossing the great iron bridge over the Colorado, says a writer in the Southern Workman, you are on the Yuma Reservation. The stages leave here for Laguna, where the Government is building the largest dam in the world, except that of the Nile.

The horse corrals near the stage station interest the stranger. They are mere stalls of poles, for in Yuma they need provide neither for rain nor for cold.

There are signs everywhere warning people against being on the reservation without a permit, and also against trading with the Indians. No sign is seen, however, prohibiting photography, and so we level the kodak at a woman. In an instant she has hidden her face under her blanket and has scurried away.

A little further away on the reservation, where the arrow weed and the pigweed rise to the height of pampas grass and hide vast coveys of quail, are scattered the adobe huts of the Indians. Here, there, anywhere they choose, they build their shacks, some of them miles from the nearest neighbor and hidden from sight in the arrow weed bushes.

The huts are square, and in front the roof overhangs—a mass of dried brush fastened to two poles at either corner. At the sides open the cage-like corrals for the horses, mere poles set fence fashion. Dogs are everywhere, as numerous as in Turkey, and they and the men and the women slink by absolutely noiseless. Even the innumerable children are quiet.

There is a small church on the reservation, and at its side, in a frame, an iron bell that the Catholic priest is ringing. It takes me back to the days of the missions.

In contrast, across the railway on the bluffs, is the modern Indian school. The jaunt to it is always interesting to the visitor. Across the bridge you go in company with sad-faced Indian squaws, very dark, and the darker for their gay-colored garments of many hued borders. On their heads the long black hair lies uncombed, and they sometimes wear bags bound on the forehead and hanging down the back; these serve as a kind of ornamental top comb, and in them the supplies are carried from town to reservation.

Among the Yumas there is held a corn feast every September, when all the tribe gathers for a three days' meeting. Then there are games and dancing and singing and a feast of corn and watermelon and anything else that can be purchased. The principal game of the adults on the reservation here is hoop the pole, the hoop being rolled on the flat desert and the pole then thrown through it.

This the bucks will play on the hottest day, no matter how freely the perspiration falls from them. Shinny is another favorite game. Some of the Yumas have married according to the rites of the Catholic Church, but, for the most part, nuptials are according to the Indian custom.

Burning the dead, as observed among the Yumas, is interesting. The body is first thoroughly wrapped and then placed on logs and brush over a hole in the ground. A bed of logs is built up at each side and at the head of the bier, which is next covered and surrounded by dry faggots.

The flames are applied and while they burn the clothing, blankets, etc., of the deceased are added to the fire. The horse of the dead man, however, is not burned among the Yumas as is the custom with some Indians.

A day or two after death the wigwam of the deceased, if an adult, is burned, the rest of the family then going to live with some relative. The Yumas make a great show of sorrow over their dead. Later they are never mentioned at all.

The medicine men are still largely in control among the Yumas and the Government makes no attempt to interfere. Usually their patients grow sicker, so that they proclaim them doomed to die and their prophecy will almost always come true.

The Government allows its 800 Yumas 4500 acres of land—an irregular tract extending fourteen miles up the river and ten down. Of this 1800 acres will be irrigable when the Laguna dam is done.

Inasmuch as the Indians may settle where they choose on the lands, it is probable that the widely scattered houses will then be drawn closer together. As it is now, Yuma itself is really the only village among them.

Other Indian tribes receive food and clothing, but the Yumas receive only the land. When not hunting or mending their houses or attending wedding festivities, groups of Yumas, living in one long wickiup, will take work on the railroad, or on farms, or else cut and sell wood from the timber on the reservation.

The Indian women are the laundresses of Yuma, receiving a dollar a day for their work. Gambling is the cardinal vice of the Yumas, but as this is never done outside of the tribe, the money remains in the family, so to speak. There is no saving, however; everything goes for food, and only when that is gone will they work out to get more. Fortune seekers, moreover, stay away, as this tribe receives no money from the Government.

M. Jaures, the French socialistic leader, finds socialistic journalism unprofitable.

SONG BOOSTING EXPENSIVE.

OLD TIME PUBLISHER LAMENTS THE WAYS OF THE PAST.

Pay Demanded by Some Singers Nowadays for Pushing Songs—Others Expect Presents—Expenses Heavier Now and Rates Lower—The Old Methods.

Times has made many changes in the ways used in making songs popular. Twenty years ago the singer had to depend on the publisher for much of his reputation; today the publisher's prosperity rests with the performer.

Willis Woodward, one of the oldest of the publishers of what is known in "Tin Pan Alley" as "yellow music," was the first to meet the performer half way.

"I figured that it would be a good thing to help the artist in some way," said Mr. Woodward to The Sun reporter. "About fifteen years ago I had occasion to visit a theatre where a minstrel show was being given. One of the singers was using a song of mine called 'Pretty Pond Lillie.' The song was catchy and tuneful and I liked the way it was sung. I went back on the stage and took the man aside and said to him:

" 'You sang that song well tonight. I'm Mr. Woodward and I want to show my appreciation for the way you are doing my song. How much did you have to pay for the orchestration and lead sheets?' He told me that it cost him exactly $16. Then I told him that if he would sing another song of mine called 'White Wings,' I would supply him with a copy of the song, a lead sheet and orchestration fee.

"News of the innovation spread and I had all the prominent singers, minstrels and vaudeville performers my friends. They were only too glad to get the songs and save $16 in the bargain.

"My idea was followed by other publishers and eventually the professional 'copy,' or the copy of the song that is supposed to be the exclusive property of the singer, made its appearance. Today the idea has become a menace to the trade, for these copies find their way into the parlors and homes of the public.

"The singer must be catered to these days. If the song has not reached the top wave of popularity a performer who is a headliner will insist on a weekly salary to push a song. He gets anywhere from $10 to $50 each week.

"Then there is another thing to be considered. Performers who do not demand any money for singing a song must be remembered around the holidays and on their birthdays. I know of a case where a certain prominent woman singer who popularized a certain song by two negro composers received from a local firm a silver set costing $500 on Christmas. Another got a check for $1,000 and a gold watch worth about $350. The performers must also be looked after in other ways, such as through the proper theatrical and trade journals. They are advertised at the expense of the publishers.

"When I was on the top I used to get from 20 to 30 cents from the trade for each copy sold of a popular song. Now the rates have been cut in half. Years ago a composer received as high as eight and nine cents a copy royalty on every song sold. Now he must be content with three cents. Often in those days the composer furnished both music and lyrics. Now most song writers work in teams, one contributing the words and the other the melody. So the royalties have to be divided between them.

"I can say without contradiction that the songs of today cannot be compared with those of twenty years ago. For instance what sweeter melodies ever appealed to any ear than 'Grandfather's Clock,' 'If the Waters Could Speak as They Flow,' 'Dear Robin, I'll be True' by Banks Winter, a wandering minstrel; 'The Song That Reached My Heart,' 'The Convict and the Bird.' 'Heere Lies an Actor,' 'Always Take Mother's Advice,' 'Paddy Duffy's Cart,' 'The Market on Saturday Night,' 'I Never Drink Behind the Bar,' 'We Never Speak as We Pass By,' 'The Song I Heard One Sunday Morn,' 'The Lone Grave,' by the late Paul Dresser, and others so dear to the hearts of ten or twenty years ago? I had a hand in publishing a lot of these songs and I know it to be true when I say that they all had big sales became popular on their merits alone. say that they all had big sales and became popular on their merits alone.

"Songs used to have a vogue as long as a year and a half. Nowadays the life of a song is from three to six months. This is in a measure due to the output. Where there used to be published about two dozen songs or thereabouts a year by one firm, it is no uncommon thing for an up to date publisher to issue that many in less than two months. In this way the songs that are popular or are what the trade terms 'big sellers' are crowded out by the new ones."—New York Sun.

POPPIES FROM ANCIENT SEEDS.

Germination After Lapse of Twenty Centuries.

The extraordinary resuscitating power of light received a curious illustration a few years ago in the silver mines of Layrium. The mines were abandoned more than 2000 years ago as unworkable and were filled for the most part with the slag from the workings of the miners.

It was discovered that this slag contained plenty of silver, which could be easily rendered available by modern applicances. Accordingly it was removed to the furnace, and when next the mine was visited a wonderful transformation was found to have taken place.

Instead of a heap of rubbish, the mine had become a gorgeous flower garden. The entire space was covered with a brilliant show of poppies. This profuse vegetable life belonged to the same age in which the mines were worked. Twenty centuries old were those poppy-seeds, yet when the removal of the slag allowed the light to fall upon them they sprang into life and bloom under its influence.

Japanese Taste in Colors.

The Japanese dress very quietly, even more so than Americans. The babies are decked out in very gay colors, contrasts of purple, yellow, red, etc. The children wear mostly big patterns of "kasuri." This is the name for the large patterns of squares, blocks, lines, etc., which are mostly white patterns on blue ground. Blue is a favorite color in Japan, probably more so than any other single color, varying from indigo to very dark blue. The older they get the more soberly they dress, and the men wear no loud colors. Black may be said to be the national color in cloth, and the clothing mostly used is very narrow striped gray and black. The younger girls affect gay colors, and on holidays that is true of a large portion of the people, but ordinarily the "daimio jima" is the national costume. The name "daimio jima," which means "daimio stripes," is said to have been derived from the fact that anciently it was the distinctive dress of the daimios. Next to the stripes, small white dots on a blue ground are in most common use.—Daily Trade and Consular Reports.

Brings Tons of Turtles.

Bringing her passengers in a full twelve hours ahead of her scheduled time, the Prinz Waldemar, of the Hamburg-American's Atlas Line came in last night from Savanilla, Cartagena and Port Limon, Costa Rica and berthed at the Battery. On board were four delegates from the Colombian government to Washington, who will assist the Cclombian Minister in the performance of his duties.

Besides the cargo of 18,000 bunches of bananas stowed below on the Prinz Waldemar, there were three and a half tons of live green turtles on deck. Twenty-six big fellows, each in a separate open crate, took up a large amount of space forward on deck, and if the shipment is successful it will be followed by others. The turtles, caught on the beaches near Port Limon, weigh about 300 pounds each, and were in charge of a seaman, whose special duty it was to pull their flippers once in a while to ascertain their activity.—New York Herald.

Not An Intelligence "Bureau."

A well known Indiana man says that some years ago, when the late General Lew Wallace was serving as governor of New Mexico, he shipped home to Indiana a carload of curios for his friends. The collection consisted mainly of boxes of minerals, furs, Indian blankets and beadwork, and with them went a Mexican burro, intended for a neighbor's child as a pet.

When the car reached its destination the freight agent, in checking up the contents of the car, misunderstood the word "burro," and thinking that it was the phonetic attempt of some illiterate railroader to spell "bureau" was unable to find any piece of furniture on hand to fit the bill of lading. So, according to railway customs in the matter of irregularities, he promptly telegraphed back to the shipping point:

"Car 38,492, Albuquerque consigned Wallace, arrived, minus one bureau, plus one jackass. Please trace and notify."

General Wallace himself dictated the reply: "Change places with jackass."—Harper's Weekly.

England's Unparalleled Prosperity.

Though it militates so strongly against its demand for a protective tariff as necessary to preserve British trade and commerce, we note that the Daily Mail has the candor to admit that the condition of the home trade is at the present moment flourishing. In an article which is given a place of prominence in Friday's issue the Daily Mail declares that "a great wave of industrial prosperity, unparalleled in some trades in the last twenty or thirty years, is at present passing over England." Sheffield is busier than at any time since the Franco-German war, and from Sunderland, Nottingham and the Lancashire towns ccme reports of great prosperity. At Coventry there are said to be 5,000 more male workers at work than there were this time last year. And yet Mr. Chamberlain and the tariff reformers, during the last three years have been beating their breasts and strewing ashes on their hair and swearing by all their gods that British industry was dying and could never recover without protection from the unfair competition of the foreigner!—London Spectator.

Example for Old Gentlemen.

Franklin Farrel, seventy-eight years old, a millionaire several times ever, head of the Farrel foundry and machine company, was working hard in his dirty mill today as usual.

Mr. Farrel sets an example to old gentlemen who have accumulated a fortune and are inclined to be luxurious. His theory is that as long as a man works hard he is young and keeps free from the ills that follow senility and too great ease. He "retired" once and rheumatism attacked him; he went to work again, got well and keeps well.

His face and hands grimy, Mr. Farrel was helping his men to move machinery in his new foundry today. When the noon whistle blew he went to his fine home for luncheon, but he was at the mill again at five minutes before 1. He thinks it almost effeminate to open letters and dictate them and leaves all that to his stenographer.—Ansonia (Conn.) Dispatch to the New York World.

The bootmakers of Leicester and Northampton, England, are now cataloguing ladies' sizes up to 8s, and one of them says he has a special demand for 7s and 8s for girls.

Miss Repplier pokes fun at the Philadelphians for dedicating their new theatre to William Penn. They order these things better in London. Witness St. Mary's Distillery, remarks the Boston Transcript.

For You.

Shall you complain, who feed the world,
Who clothe the world, who house the world,
Shall you complain, who are the world,
Of what the world may do?
As from this hour you show your power,
The world must follow you.

The world's life lies in your right hand,
Your strong right hand, your skilled right hand;
You hold the whole world in your hand,
See to it what you do!
Or dark or light, or wrong or right,
The world is made by you.

Then rise as you never rose before,
Or hoped before, or dared before,
And show as was never shown before
The power that lies in you.
Unite as one, see justice done;
Believe and dare and do!
—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Below the Dam

One midnight in March Frank Wetherbee, engineer at the Hammond limerock quarry, and Benton Foster, his nineteen-year-old assistant, were in the boiler-house, pumping the pit clear for the morrow's work. A thirty-hour southwester was dying out in the rather unseasonable novelty, a spring thunderstorm with abundant sheet lightning.

Wetherbee strewed a fresh shovelful of coal over the glowing firebed.

"Look down at the next flash, Bent," said he, "and see if we're gaining on the water."

Foster leaned out through the little window by the hoistre. The hundred-foot chasm right below him was suddenly filled with dazzling white light, showing the tracks still flooded and the walls gushing with numerous streams. A suspiciously large torrent directly opposite drew his quick glance up beyond the summit of the cliff to a low bank of earth. The blaze vanished with a tremendous thunder-crash that almost drowned his cry of alarm:

"It's running over the dam!"

The engineer was quickly at his side, peering into the gloom.

"Can't be!" he exclaimed. "Just before dark the ice was solid, and six inches below the top."

But the next flash convinced him. "You're right, Bent!' he shouted. 'That means trouble!"

"Shall I run after Tom Sparrow and his brother?" inquired Foster.

"We haven't a second to waste. The two of us can do more than a dozen could in fifteen minutes."

Hastily donning caps and rubber-coats, they each seized a coal-shovel and Wetherbee hung the lighted lantern on his left arm. As they hurried toward the door, he jerked down the white-cord and looped it over a nail. Overhead pealed out the seam-blast, shrill and insistent.

"That may call somebody, if the storm isn't too loud," said he.

Buffeted by the southwest gale, they skirted the edge of the pit at a cautious dog-trot through the wet, slippery grass. Now the lightning revealed their path with painful distinctness; now only the dancing rays from their lantern penetrated the gloom.

"Mind your footing!" exclaimed the engineer, as they drew closer to the brink.

The cause of this hurried expedition was an eight-foot dam across an old sunken road through the top-rock between the Hammond quarry and the adjoining Sales quarry, now abandoned and full of water. This road constructed some twenty years before, when the rock was hauled out by teams and both plants were operated on the same level, had fallen into disuse as the excavations grew deeper and steam-hoisting was introduced. The abandonment of the Sales quarry and its gradual flooding had made a dam necessary the previous summer.

As it was expected that work would soon be resumed and the pit pumped out, the owners of the Hammond quarry erected only a temporary dirt wall, which was increased in height with the rise of the water.

Should it yield a body of water eight feet deep and covering three or four acres would rush and flood the deeper but smaller pit.

As Wetherbee looked down from the bank above the road, he gave a cry of dismay. A second later Foster stood beside him, gazing at the dam. There was good reason for alarm.

The rotten ice in the Sales quarry had broken up. The strong wind, raking it from end to end and blowing directly down the road, had kicked up a "chop" that was splashing over the dam and washing away its rain-softened top. Half a dozen rapidly increasing streams were gullying out the soft slope. No time was to be lost.

Setting the lantern on the edge of the grass, the engineer sprang down, shovel in hand, followed by his assistant. They began to dig clay from the bank on his side, and to throw it on the face of the dam, which was thirty feet long and about the same distance from the brink of the quarry. It was hard work. The surface was little better than porridge, and the frost still lingered underneath; and almost every shovelful had to be carried from ten to twenty feet. While they were trying to stop one streamlet with soft mud, the others were growing larger.

Both were soon drenched with rain. The wind had snatched off the engineer's cap, and he worked bareheaded, the bald spot on his crown showing white in the lantern-flare. As he noticed that the mud was washed away almost as fast as it was brought, a happy thought struck him.

"Don't throw it on shovel by shovel, Bent," said he. "Let's get a lot together, and pile it all at once. That's the best way to stop the water."

The largest stream was soon checked by this means, and the shovelers then turned their attention to the next in size. In a few minutes another mound of clay had been amassed.

"We've got it!" panted Wetherbee. At that very instant the gale snuffed out the lantern.

There was nothing for it but to work on in the darkness with what chance assistance the lightning might afford. The center of the road was a bed of smooth ice, sloping toward the Hammond quarry. Haste made the engineer careless of his steps. As he scrambled along the base of the dam with a heavily loaded shovel, he slipped and fell backward. With a cry he slid down toward the black pit!

Instinctively he threw out both hands, but they found nothing to grasp on the muddy slippery surface. Every foot brought him nearer the edge of the chasm. In desperation he stamped his left boot-heel down; it shattered the shell of ice, grated on solid rock, and he came to a stop.

Wetherbee was in a frightful position. He lay on his back on the icy slope, his safety depending solely on the firmness with which his heel was braced. The freezing flood from the dam ran down is neck, and soaked his clothing. Just how near the brink was he did not know, but he was sure that it could not be very far away.

It was some minutes before Foster discovered the older man's disappearance. When the accident took place he was standing with his back to the road, driving his spade into the frosty clay. The roar of the storm and the shrieking of the whistle had prevented him from hearing Weterbee's cry. He carried two shovelfuls of earth through the gloom before he missed the engineer. A flash of lightning came as he struggled toward the dam with his third shovelful; he looked about, but his companion was nowhere to be seen. The light died out.

Foster stopped short, horror-stricken. Had Wetherbee fallen into the quarry? It seemed only too likely, Hardly daring to expect a reply, he shouted at the top of his lungs;

"Frank! Frank!"

A faint voice seemed to answer him from the darkness below. Distrusting his ears, he waited for another flash. It came; and there on his back in the middle of the ice-glazed road lay the engineer, his right foot barely a yard from the brink of the pit.

"How could the younger man rescue his superior? He could not get within eight feet of him on that slippery slope. It was too far to reach down a shovel handle. There was a coil of rope in the boiler-house, but could he safely spare ten minutes to go for it, with several leaks still threatening the dam? It was Wetherbee himself who decided the matter. His voice came feebly up to the hesitating lad:

"Fix the dam first, Bent. If the water gets the start of you, I'm done for. You can get the rope after you've made everything tight."

Foster grasped the situation. The leaks, still undammed and every moment growing larger, must be stopped at once. With blistered hands and straining back he resumed his labors. On the strength and endurance of his two arms hung the life of his companion. Why did not some one hear that shill whistle, screeching so loudly for help?

A low, hoarse cry from the blackness terrified him:

"Good-by, Bent! I'm slipping."

The engineer, chilled and cramped, had stirred slightly to gain an easier position; the support under his foot had given way, and he was again sliding slowly but surely down ward. In vain he stamped madly on the glassy surface. At last, just in the nick of time, he stopped; it was not an inch too soon. His left heel had caught against some protuberance, his right had slid out over the verge of the rock!

Almost despairing, Foster again called out:

"Are you there, Frank?"

Back came the answer, barely more than a hoarse whisper:

"All right! Work quick!"

The younger man had already laid aside his mackintosh; now he tore off his coat as well, and flung away his cap, exposing himself to the full fury of the storm. Back and forth between bank and dam he toiled, hurling himself with fury on his task till the stout shovel-handle quivered, and the steel rang against the frosty clay. He knew that Wetherbee's life hung in the balance. Oh for two or three barrow-loads of dry, gritty dirt instead of that slush!

Meanwhile the engineer, prone in the muddy stream, gazed up, now into impenetrable blackness, now into blinding light; rain-beaten and chilled to the bone, he was conscious chiefly of that horrible emptiness under his right heel. He felt carefully behind his head and on each side, but his fingers glided only over ice and slippery rock. He remembered what had happened before, and did not dare to stir. Another slip would be fatal.

He suffered far worse in mind than in body. Horrible fears tormented him. Again and again he imagined that the little nodule beneath his heel was giving way. Was it ice or rock? Whichever it might be, it was the only thing between him and certain death. He was oppressed with a leaden dread of the frailty of the dam. Let it give way, and the sudden rush would sweep him like a grain into the quarry.

Fatigue was overcoming Foster. Smaller and smaller grew the shovelfuls as he staggered back and forth. Meanwhile he wrestled with a knotty problem: When should he go for the rope? If he ceased work before the dam was safe, its breaking might destroy the only chance of rescuing the engineer. If he labored overlong, Wetherbee might slip at any moment from his perilous perch.

At last the leaks were almost stopped. Fresh energy came to the assistant as the lightning showed him that his task was nearly completed. A few more trips, and he flung down his spade. In the darkness he ran his hands along the top of the dam to make sure that no mater was coming over. All was safe. He shouted the glad news to Wetherbee:

"All tight! Hold fast! I'm going for the rope!"

Back he hurried round the quarry to the boiler-house, and in ten minutes had returned with the coil and an iron bar. Driving the bar into the bank and fastening the line to it, he dropped a noose within reach of the engineer and drew him up to safety.—Youth's Companion.

DAMASCUS GUN BARRELS.

The United States a Great Market For Belgian Imitations.

Consul J. C. McNally writes that the Damascus gun barrel manufacturers of Liege have tried from time to time to influence legislation to compel the manufacturers of the imitation brand to mark on their barrel the nature of their design.

The firearm manufacturers who in the makeup of their guns use both the genuine and imitation opposed such legislation, with the result that one must distinguish for himself whether he is purchasing the real or imitation article. The Consul has been asked from time to time by American firearm manufacturers regarding the manufacture of the imitation Damascus barrel, and if the local manufacturerers could supply them with a certain number, etc.

When the gun is manufactured in Liege and not having a genuine Damascus barrel attached, it goes to the proof station with a plain barrel. If, after the test, the manufacturer desires to have an imitation barrel, he calls into use some silk paper and takes the design of an original Damacus barrel. By means of a decalcomania transfer it is attached to the plain barrel by the use of certain acids, which are held as secret. No separate barrels are ever covered with the imitation design, but only when attached to a gun. Double barrelled shotguns are usually the only sort thus decorated. It is quite a difficult matter to distinguish between the real and imitation Damascus barrel, and to make a test it would be necessary to erase the design. If an imitation, no acid in the world will restore it; but if the Damascus is genuine the application of sulphuric acid will immediately bring out the original design.

The gun manufacturers say that the trade demands both sorts of Damascus, and while it is certain that the importer will know which article he is buying, the retail dealer could easily be imposed upon unless he were an expert in the business. No doubt the ordinary person has been often under the impression that he possessed a genuine Damascus while the opposirte was true.

It is impossible to obtain statistical information as to the number of guns of the imitation Damascus barrel exported from Belgium, for while an accurate account is kept at the proof station of all guns and barrels undergoing the test, the same being designed after the test, no intelligent estimate can be made. One of the dealers, however, informed me that no less than 200,000 annually of these barrels bore the imitation mark. Most of the imitation Damascus barrel guns are sent to the United States and South America. Of the latter section Brazil is the largest buyer, while Argentina is a close second.

The steel imitation Damascus barrel can be bought as cheap as 50 cents, while the most ordinary of the genuine will command from $1 to $1.25.—From Daily Consular and Trade Reports.

FATTENING OYSTERS.

Government Experiments at Lynnhaven Va., Promise Good Results.

The oyster eating public is already familiar with the process of fattening adopted by some unscrupulous dealers in oysters, says Country Life in America. This consists merely in throwing the oysters into fresh water, which they absorb in large quantities and become plump. The flavor is thereby injured and there is danger of infecting the oysters with typhoid.

At Lynnhaven, Va., the United States Bureau of Fisheries has been working for several years on a plan to establish an artificial fattening bed for oysters. The oyster lives chiefly on diatoms and other microscopic marine plants. These plants require for their growth a large supply of inorganic salts in the water. The necessary plant food is supplied by putting commercial fertilizers into the water.

The fattening bed must be in shallow water so as to have a relatively high temperature. A wall is maintained around the fattening ground so as to retain the fertilizer and diatoms. Even after the diatoms have multiplied enormously the oysters receive no benefit from them unless a current is maintained in the water to carry the food to the oysters.

Salt water is pumped in to prevent the fattening beds from becoming too fresh, and a little lime is added to the water to prevent the growth of algae and other plants which would give a disagreeable flavor to the oysters. Too much lime, on the other hand, will destroy the food plants of the oyster.

The process seems somewhat complicated, but it has been demonstrated to be feasible and to yield fine results in the number and quality of oysters.

He Cancelled His Error.

The man of this story is a very light sleeper, one who is easily awakened and who is a long time getting to sleep. In a Leeds hotel he had at last got sound asleep when a loud rap, repeated, awoke him.

"What's wanted?"

"Package downstairs for you."

"Well, it can wait till morning, I suppose?"

The boy departed, and after a long time the man was sound asleep again, when there came another resounding knock at the door.

"Well, what is it now," he inquired.

"'Tain't for you, that package."—Tit-Bits.