

...in Mary's...
...of spirit...
...Some wondered...
...it, and others why he...
...necessary thing to do, for...
...loved the family tenderly and well, and...
...heaven's sent is set upon such toler-
...ance. Yet it helped him; endearingly...
...it strengthened him. For, so it was...
...said again, in his nature was this one...
...streak of idealism, needing an outlet...
...all the more, perhaps, because the rest...
...of the man was sternly set in an iron...
...clad; because, except that he turned...
...entirely aside, as it were, to love...
...love was hardly allowed for in...
...of life.

...his passion, the idol to...
...he offered ever-willing sacri-
...fice, and when he at last lost hope...
...of Mary it became his all. He worked...
...now unrelentingly, to tire himself, to...
...woo forgetfulness, as well as for sheer...
...love of hard labor. It was nothing to...
...him that his unceasing energy was ex-
...pended on his rival's business, that his...
...life was given to help a man to further...
...riches who had already robbed him of...
...his one ewe-lamb. He had to work...
...not with any definite end in view, but...
...for work's sake—and because there...
...was nothing else left to him to do.

And, quite in the ordinary course of...
...things, his alert, inventive brain hit...
...on a means of superceding the business...
...to which he was devoting himself so...
...entirely.

He was always striving to do things...
...or to get them done, in the best pos-
...sible manner. Incidentally, with the...
...least expense, the smallest waste of...
...labor, in the shortest time, but, before...
...and beyond all things, he had set ex-
...cellence as his goal. Mary's husband...
...was a manufacturer of the bands used...
...in machinery. Mary's old lover, while...
...giving his thoughts as undividedly as...
...the memory of her would let him, and...
...all his time, to the turning out of these...
...bands in the greatest perfection and...
...number, was suddenly arrested by an...
...idea which made their use no longer...
...necessary.

...simple and clever invention...
......cheaper and more...
...fashioned bands...
...to its dis-
...of it.

...then he set...
...to turn his...
...It was nothing...
...so he must sweep...
...business, must in-
...ruin Mary's husband, the very...
...man he had been helping on to wealth.

...He would be giving a touch of foolish-
...ness, of completeness, to the method by...
...which the world's work is accom-
...plished. He hoped to do still more...
...before he was done, but here...
...at least, something definite to be-
...achieve. Since he might not have...
...a wife to cherish and protect—

...he had extended his protection over the...
...great, whirling world of machinery. He...
...promised himself the pleasure of...
...setting thousands of machines going...
...in an easier, more nearly perfect man-
...ner, as a lover promises himself to...
...perfect his lady's charms with ropes...
...of pearls.

When his employer and former friend...
...came to him, remonstrating, agitating,
...found him utterly immovable. His...
...husband offered him the largest...
...at his command for the suppression...
...of the discovery; but money was...
...ing to him, his discovery was...
...thing, and he was not to be...
...He was offered a partnership...
...business, and its entire manage-
...ment, but, although he had...
...worked well enough while he...
...served good ends, was in-
...terested what...
...means of liveli-

...fore she spoke, standing before him...
...a trailing black dress, her beautiful...
...neck innocent of ornament, her...
...eyes full of pleading, her bare...
...arms extended imploringly.

"Michael, you cannot mean it—you...
...cannot!" she said.

"Why not—Mary?" he asked. He, at...
...any rate, remembered that they ad-
...dressed each other by their Christian...
...names for the first time.

"We should be penniless, Michael, Frank and I! What could Frank do? What has he ever done? You cannot mean to leave us penniless. What will your riches be worth to you when you think of our poverty?"

"I am not considering the making of money at all," he said, but she did not appear to heed him.

"You have full control of the business now; as partner, you might make it anything. You have such a head for it—understand it all so. I believe you would be a richer man like that than by following up your discovery—"

"Oh, very likely!" he interrupted. "Then why do you want to ruin us—with no gain to yourself?"

"But a gain to the working of machinery is an immense gain to me," he explained with painful ineffectualness.

"You could get rich without," she persisted.

"I am fairly certain to acquire riches anyhow," he said. "I have a mania for work that is sure to bring them in its train, but I have no personal predilection that way. I have no particular use for money, as—as you see." He looked round his bare, comfortable room, her eyes following his. The room spoke sufficiently for himself and for him.

She turned from her survey impatiently. "I cannot understand!" she exclaimed. "It seems such madness—so trivial! A machine worked one way is as good as a machine worked another—so long as it works."

"They'd work much better my way," he said, smiling faintly, "and at much less expense."

"Then you do care for money?" "Not spending, but saving it."

"But what for? Who for?" "Well, the world at large, I suppose."

"And we can starve! Your friends can starve! While you save for a world that does not want it, that won't feel it, we can starve!"

She saw his face whiten; saw him wince.

"You shan't do that, Mary."

"Oh," she cried, "you will give us in charity with one hand, and what you have stolen from us with the other! That is worthy of you, good of you indeed!"

But although she seemed carried away, she was still watching him eagerly, and she saw his look harden again, saw the harm she was doing.

She came nearer to him, touched his arm.

"Michael, you used to love me," she said.

For a moment he looked at her—waited as though he would choke the words in his throat, yet failed to do so.

"Heaven forgive me, I love you still!" he cried.

"Michael," she whispered, "I need heaven's forgiveness more—and yours. All the while I love you best—you only."

"Then, why—? Mary, it isn't true!"

"It is true—I swear it! But—oh, you will never forgive me. I thought you would always be poor; though I loved you, I did not understand you, did not see what you were capable of, and I couldn't face poverty then—I—I cannot now!"

"How you have spoilt my life!" he said.

"And needlessly!" she cried. "Oh, but you have your revenge to hand! A sudden tempest of grief seized her. 'Take it! Take it! Perhaps after all, I shall feel better then. The fat years

...by Richard Bock, a Saxon engineer, who simply heats the finished briquettes until carbonized, when they become quite insoluble. If the cement is liable to ignite the heating must take place in an airtight case or by means of hot gases.

Professor J. J. Thomson's latest suggestion on the subject of the source of the energy emanating from radium is that there are a few atoms in each mass "in a condition in which stability ceases, and which pass into some other configuration, giving out as they do very large quantities of energy." The energy of the radiations of this substance is so great that one of the electrons thrown off by it, if set in chase of a Mause bullet, would pass through it as though it were standing still.

An altogether effective way to "pasteurize" milk, rendering it "sterile," is to set a pan of cold water on the stove and put the vessel containing baby's milk into this pan. Just as soon as the water comes to a boil take it off. Add a pinch of baking soda to the hot milk—a little less than half a teaspoonful to a quart. If the milk was sweet and hadn't begun to "turn" it will keep sweet for twenty-four hours or more, even in hot weather, if put in a stoppered bottle.

A Bit of Pantomime.

"When Max O'Rell came to Montreal some years ago," said a man from that city to a Detroit Journal contributor, "we fixed up a little joke on him. We had noticed how gracefully he could unite a caustic criticism with a compliment, a faculty that enabled him to say the sharpest things without offending the people he was criticizing. We were going to put the faculty to a test."

"We had him, lunch with us, and there were at the table beside himself an Englishman, a Scotchman, an Irishman and a French-Canadian. When we got our guest off his guard we demanded an honest opinion of the different races we represented. As the opinion had to be given in the presence of all four, the situation for him was a rather delicate one. But it never seemed to trouble him, and he gave his opinion without a moment's hesitation."

"The Scotchman," he said, and he clenched his right hand tightly and pretended to try and force it open with his left. "The Englishman—"

and he went through the same performance, opening the hand at the end after an apparent struggle. "The Irishman—"

and he held out his hand wide open, with the palm upwards. "The Frenchman—"

and he made a motion with both hands as if he were emptying them on the table.

"There was not a word of explanation, but we all understood thoroughly, and had a hearty laugh. Max O'Rell had maintained his reputation."

The Lime Juice Island.

Nearly all the lime-juice used in the world comes from the Bay Island of Montserrat, in the British West Indies. The lime grows wild in many West Indian Islands, but only in Montserrat is it used commercially. That island is one vast garden of lime-trees, and nowhere in the world is there a finer sight than its thirty miles of orchards laden with the fruit of the lime or fragrant with its blossoms.

The fruit is gathered by negro women, who carry it down the hills to the shipping port in big baskets upon their heads. Like all West Indians, they are remarkable for their ability to carry heavy weights in this manner. Once, the company which controls the lime-juice industry sought to lighten the burden of its laborers by introducing wheelbarrows. The negroes filled the wheelbarrows readily enough, and then carried them on their heads as they had been used to carry the baskets. Many a negro woman will carry a hundred-weight of limes on her head a distance of a mile or more. New

the wire chief and explained the case to him, so with the work I had done and talking to him twenty minutes must have passed. I started to get down, and when I reached the lower limb looked for a place to drop. But I didn't drop; for there, standing at the foot of the tree, stood my crazy man, the knife still in his hand.

"Come down!" he yelled. "I know you. You are the man that stole my five thousand. Give it up, or I will kill you, you thief! Come down, or I will come up there and cut your heart out!"

"But I didn't come. I scrambled higher and yelled for help, though none came."

"The maniac found a heavy board near, and, placing it against the tree, started to climb up, but in his hurry and excitement he did not place it securely, and when he was about half way up it slipped and he went sprawling on the ground. He got on his feet and tried it once more. Again and again he tried it, but it would slip and throw him. Several times, however, he came within an inch of reaching the lower limb, from which he could easily have climbed up to where I was."

"About this time another inmate came sauntering along and at once took a hand in the game and held the plank for my friend, who soon made good headway and saw in a few moments he would reach me."

"I yelled again, but no one came. At that instant an idea flashed into my brain. I quickly attached the test set and called the wire chief at the office."

"For heaven's sake, call up the insane Hospital and tell them to send help to me or I am a dead man! There are two lunatics after me, and one of them is coming up the tree with a knife a foot long! Hurry, hurry, for God's sake!"

"With a surprised exclamation he cut me out. I looked down and found the man was in the tree, and was coming toward me, snarling like a wildcat. 'Closer he came, until I was just below me, when he started himself on a large limb, and, flourishing his knife, yelled:

"Look at that! Ain't it a beauty? Won't it cut you, though? It is sharp, sharp! I will cut you up like a steak!"

"He started toward me, and had one hand on my foot, and I had raised the other to kick him, when several keepers rushed up. Two of them climbed the tree, and just as he raised the knife to strike they reached him and threw a rope around him. So intent was he on doing for me that he did not see them and was easily taken."

"It is safe to say that whenever there was work to be done out there I didn't go."

CAUGHT IN A LAVA STREAM.

Mr. A. R. Watson, an English mountain climber, recently had a very remarkable experience on the great Hawaiian volcano, Mauna Loa, which he ascended with a party of five, with guides, a pack-mule train and a week's provisions. His story of the ascent is told in the London Daily Mail.

Mr. Watson had spent a night with his party on the mountain and at noon on the following day was engaged in exploring the southern lava stream which ends its way down the side of the volcano. With no thought of danger he wandered entirely away from his friends and the guides.

Coming to a broad lava stream, he set down under the shelter of a promontory of rocks, and gazed upon the great slow river of fire flowing before him. It followed a straight course down the mountain, while, at some distance below, it entered a thicket of trees which seemed, as he watched it through his glass, to have remarkable powers of resisting combustion from the lava.

He continued thus until almost night-fall, when he started to return to camp. As he turned, leaving the lava stream at his back, he saw another stream before him. He thought at first that

it was a tributary, but as he fell he was caught and pulled to the solid ground. It was somewhat severely but not fatally burned, and in a rancher's house received care and surgical attention.

A WONDERFUL PONY.

Sitting erect on a little seal-brown pony William H. Jacobs, aged nineteen, rode up in front of his home, No. 1225 North Pennsylvania street, at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and completed his long overland ride from Kit Carson, Col. His face, hands and wrists were tanned a rich brown, but he looked the picture of health. He showed little signs of having made such a wonderful ride, and the pony, which he enthusiastically declares to be the best little horse in the world, did not show that he had been worn out by the long travel. The pony, however, did not look as fresh and strong as his young master. Jacobs had gained in weight, while the animal had lost flesh. The pony weighs but 800 pounds.

Mr. Jacobs left Kit Carson on June 1, and, under a wager made by two men of that remote Western town, he was to arrive in Indianapolis on or before July 4. Mr. Jacobs covered 1000 miles—having ridden that distance when he arrived at Vandalia, Ill.—in twenty-three days, the best previous record having been twenty-eight days. Mr. Jacobs says there has long been a dispute about a horse or pony having carried a rider 1000 miles in twenty-eight days, the best authentic record before his being thirty days. He now holds the record for 1000 miles and believes he has made a record for 250 and 500 miles. Indianapolis Journal.

RODE A TORNADO.

Astonishing stories about the recent cyclones are arriving in the Kansas press. The Salina Republican notes the case of Miss Olson, daughter of a Salina County farmer. The Olson house was taken down by a tornado and several more deaths resulted, including Mr. Olson. Miss Olson was in bed convalescing from a cold fever. After the storm had passed she was found a long distance from the site of the house calmly reclining on the mattress of her bed and without the slightest injury to her person. That the girl and the mattress could have been lifted through that whirling mass of broken timbers, carried along on the wings of the storm and dropped down without suffering even a jar or a scratch is so marvelous that the tales of Munchausen seem tame by comparison. Kansas City Journal.

Happiness.

We are forever children. When we are infants we cry for the moon, when we are grown up we cry for happiness. And we always cry for the wrong thing, because we never know what is good for us. It is a man's lot to mistake his wants and to be disappointed. It is his purpose in life always to grasp for the useless thing, to strive for that which has no merit, to hope for that which perishes as soon as he holds it in his hands. We have our ideal of happiness, but we endeavor to realize it in ways which are not good for us.

Happiness, as we perceive it in this terrestrial sphere, is a saddening illusion. It never lasts, because it cannot. It never satisfies, because it is not made to satisfy. The land of Eldorado forever remains east of the sun and west of the moon—that is, nowhere. It is the fata morgana, the mirage of the desert of life. Happiness remains happiness while it is an illusion. Mortality is not made to hold and to enjoy it. It is mortality's lot to chase Jack-o'-lanterns—to cry for the moon, which cannot be obtained, because it hangs so high up in the heavens. The Valley Magazine.

If silence is golden money must talk in silvery tones.

These are questions that the answer to while they chase these radio-active elements through the dark corners of the earth—through its uraniums and thoriums and belliums and radiums. Between the bewilderingly vast and lofty problems presented by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace and others in their speculations and disputes about the starry universe, and the bewilderingly momentous question raised by these chemists who are conducting as into the presence of the whirling, radiant atom, we are just where Isaac Watts was when he wrote, 200 years ago:

"Lord, on a narrow neck of land,
Twixt two infinities, I stand."

And so far as we can tell from what the scientists have so far reached to us, we must stand there for a little time yet.

Fishermen Should Be Classified

By Former President Grover Cleveland.

MOST of us who fish in a fair, well-bred and reasonable way, for the purpose of recreation and as a means of increasing the table pleasures of ourselves or our friends, may well regret the apparently unalterable decree which gives to all those who fish, under the spur of any motive—good, bad or indifferent—the name of fishermen. We certainly have nothing in common with those who fish for a livelihood, unless it be a desire to catch fish. We have, in point of fact, no closer relationship than this, with the murderously inclined, whose only motive in fishing is to make large catches, and whose sole pleasure in the pursuit is the gratification of a greedy propensity. Nevertheless, we, and those with whom we have so little sympathy, are, by a sort of unavoidable law of gravitation, classed together in the same fraternity, and called fishermen. Occasionally weak attempts have been made to classify the best of this fraternity under the name of anglers, or by some title of that kind, but such efforts have always failed. Even Isaac Walton could not change the current of human thought by calling his immortal book "The Compleat Angler." So it seems, however much those who fish may differ in social standing, in disposition and character, in motive and ambition, and even in mode of operation, all must abide, to the end of the chapter, in the contemptible, if not in the grouping of incongruous elements under a common name that precludes those of us who properly appreciate the importance of upholding respectability of decent fishing from coming to an agreement concerning the causes of congratulation and certain rules of conduct.

At this season, when the activities of genteel fishing usually begin, it is fitting that a word should be spoken that may not only afford us some comfort and satisfaction, but may guard us against temptations that easily beset even the best of fishermen.

We who claim to represent the highest fishing aspirations are sometimes inclined to complain on days when the fish refuse to bite. There can be no worse exhibition than this of an entire misconception of a wise arrangement for our benefit. We should always remember that we have about us on every day thousands of those who claim membership in the fishing fraternity, because, in a way, they love to fish, when the fish bite—and only then. These are contented only when capture is constant, and their only conception of the pleasures of fishing rests upon uninterrupted slaughter. If we reflect for a moment upon the consequences of turning an army of fishermen like these loose upon fish that would bite every day and every hour, we shall see how nicely the vicissitudes of fishing have been adjusted, and how precisely and usefully the fatal attack of discouraging bad luck selects its victims. If on days when we catch few or no fish we feel symptoms of disappointment, these should immediately give way to satisfaction when we remember how many scurvy and discouraged fishermen are spending their time in hammocks or under trees or on golf fields, instead of with fishing outfits, solely on account of just such unfavorable days. We have no assurance that if fish could be easily taken at all times the fishing waters within our reach would not be depopulated, a horrible thing to contemplate. Let it not be said that such considerations are those of uncharitableness and selfishness on our part. We are only recognizing the doctrine of the survival of the fittest as applied to fishermen, and claiming that these "fittest" should have the best chance.

What has been said naturally leads to the suggestion that consistency requires those of us who are right-minded fishermen to reasonably limit ourselves as to the number of fish we should take on favorable days. On no account should edible fish be caught in such quantities as to be wasted. By restraining ourselves in this matter we discourage in our own natures the growth of greed, we prevent wicked waste, we make it easier for us to fall between what we may determine upon as decent good luck and bad luck, or no luck, and we make ourselves at all points better men and fishermen.

We ought not to forget these things as we enter upon the pleasant summer's fishing. But in any event let us take with us when we go our tackle, good bait and plenty of patience. If the wind is in the sea so much the better, but let's go, wherever the wind may be. If we shall add zest to our recreation. If we catch none, we shall be out and the recreation—more healthful and more enjoyable—gained in any other way.—The Independent.

Forests Destroyed by Goats.

Sheep and goats when numerous are liable to cause widespread injury, particularly in forested regions. An instructive example of the damage done by goats is afforded by St. Helena, which is a mountainous island scarcely fifty square miles in extent, its highest summits reaching an elevation of 2700 feet. At the time of its discovery, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, it is said to have been covered by dense forest; to-day it is described as a rocky desert. This change has been largely brought about by goats first introduced in 1513, and which in seventy-five years had increased to thousands. The goats, which began to eat the forest, have now destroyed it.