ARTIST WAINWRIGHT.

The Adventures Abroad of a Painter from America.

BY SIDNEY LUSKA.

CHAPTER III.

That afternoon I again found myself in the Bischofsplatz. At X—— one is constantly finding one's self in the Bischofsplatz. Nearly all the streets of the little capital give upon it; and the cathedral is there, and the Bishop's palace, and the Mormorhof, and the principal cafés; and it is there that the military band plays of a pleasant evening.

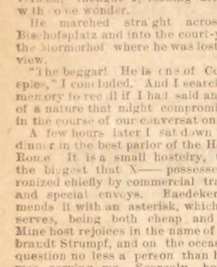
At one of the open air tables of the cafe I was seated, when a man passed me, clad in the brown garb of a Franciscan monk. He had a pointed black beard, this monk, and a pair of flashing dark eyes, and, though he quickly drew his head into his cowl at our conjunction, I had no difficulty whatever in identifying him with my queerly hirsute fiddler friend and prison mate, Sebastian Roch.

"Dear me! he has become a monk. It must have been a singularly swift conversion," thought I, looking after him with some wonder.

He marched straight across the Bischofsplatz and into the court-yard of the Mormorhof where he was lost to my view.

"The beggar! He is one of Conrad's spies," I concluded. And I searched my memory to recall if I had said anything of a nature that might compromise me in the course of our conversation.

A few hours later I sat down to my dinner in the best parlor of the Hotel de Rome. It is a small hostelry, though the biggest that X—— possesses, patronized chiefly by commercial travelers and special envoys. Baedeker commends it with an asterisk, which it deserves, being both cheap and good. Mine host rejoices in the name of Hildebrandt Strumpf, and on the occasion in question no less a person than himself was serving me. Scarcely, however, had he lifted the cover from my tureen of noodle soup, when, suddenly, and without a breath of apology, he dropped



HE DROPPED THE COVER UPON THE TABLE CLOTH.

the cover upon the table-cloth, and dashed in mad haste from the room. Wondering somewhat at this precipitate conduct, I was about to fill my plate, when I was arrested in the act by a great noise of hurrying feet upon the pavement without. People were running and calling to each other, and altogether there was so much tumult that I said to myself, "Ah, another mob!" Then I, too, left the parlor, and hastened to the street door of the inn.

There I discovered honest Strumpf and honest Mrs. Strumpf, supported by the entire personnel of their establishment, from the boots to the billiard-marker, all agape with astonishment, as three loquacious citizens poured news into their ears.

"Otto is dead," said the first citizen. "He died at sixteen minutes past six—more than an hour ago."

"But that is nothing," cried the second citizen. "The great news is this. Listen to me——"

"No, to me," interposed a third. "I have it directly from one of the sentinels at the palace. The pretender, Conrad, has been knifed like a pig; and jolly well he deserved it, too. It was between four and five o'clock this afternoon. A monk, a young monk, a Franciscan, presented himself at the Marmorhof, and demanded an audience of the Prince. The palace guard—and it is straight from one of them that I have the story—of course refused him admittance; but he was determined, and so at last the Prince's chamberlain gave him a hearing. The upshot was he wrote a word or two upon a slip of paper, sealed it up with wax, and begged that it might be delivered to his highness forthwith, swearing that it contained information of the utmost importance to his welfare. The chamberlain conveyed his paper to the Prince, who, directly he had read it, uttered a great oath, and ordered that the monk be ushered into his presence at once. They be left alone together. Alone accordingly they were left. More than an hour passed. At a little after six arrived the news of the death of the old Duke. An officer entered the Prince's chamber to report it him. There, if you please, he found his highness stretched out dead upon the floor, with a knife in his heart; the monk had vanished. They could find no trace whatever of his whereabouts. Also had vanished the paper he had sent in to the Prince, but, what the police regard as an important circumstance, he had left another paper, twisted and in the handle of the dagger, wherein was scrawled in a disguised hand: 'In the country of the blind the one-eyed men may be kings, but Conrad only squinted!'"

"The grand point of it all you have omitted," put in the second citizen, "it is like. Shut up in an inner apartment of the Marmorhof, they have found the hereditary Grand Duchess Mathilde alive and well! Conrad has been keeping her a prisoner there these two weeks."

The tidings thus delivered by these worthies proved to be substantially correct.

"The Duke is dead! Long live the Duchess!" cried the populace.

It was like a delightful old-fashioned blood-and-thunder opera, and I was almost behind the scenes. But oh! that hypocritical young ribald monk, Sebastian Roch! What had become of him? Would he keep his promise to look me up? The police were said to be prosecuting a diligent endeavor to look him up, but with, as yet, no positive results.

Of course, upon the accession of the new ruler to the throne all the loyal print-shops of the town displayed her highness' portraits for sale—photographs and chromo-lithographs; you paid your money and you took your choice. These represented her as a slight young woman, with a delicate, interesting face, a somewhat sarcastic mouth, a great abundance of yellowish hair, and, in striking contrast to this chevelure, a pair of brilliant dark eyes. I could not for the life of me have explained it, but there was something in her face that annoyed me with a sense of familiarity, a sense of having seen it before, though I was sure I never had. In the course of a fortnight, however, I did see her—caught a flying glimpse of her as she drove through the Marktstrasse in her victoria, attended by all manner of pomp and circumstance. She lay back upon her cushions, looking pale and interesting, but sadly bored; and again I experienced that exasperating sensation of having seen her somewhere—where? when? how?—before.

CHAPTER IV.

One night I was awakened from my slumbers by a violent knocking at my door. "Who's the ce?" I demanded, not too amiably. "What's the matter?"

"Open! Open, in the name of the Grand Duchess!" commanded a deep bass voice.

"Good heavens! What can the row be now?" I wondered.

"Open, or we break in the door," cried the voice.

"You must really give me time to put something on," I protested, and hurriedly wrapped myself in some clothes.

Then I opened the door.

A magnificently uniformed young officer stepped quickly into the room, followed by three gendarmes with drawn sabers.

The officer inclined his head slightly toward me, and said, "Herr Veinricht, ich glaube?"

His was not the voice that I had heard through the door; it was a much softer voice, and much more high in pitch. Somehow it did not seem altogether the voice of a stranger to me; and yet the face of a stranger his face emphatically was. It was a very florid face, surmounted by a growth of short red hair, and decorated by a bristling red mustache. His eyes were overhung by bushy red eyebrows, and, in the uncertain candle light, I could not make out their color.

"Yes, I am Herr Veinricht," I admitted, accepting this German version of my name.

"English?" he questioned shortly.

"No, not English. American, if you please."

"Macht nichts! I arrest you, in the name of the Grand Duchess."

"Arrest me! Will you be good enough to inform me upon what charge?"

"Upon the charge of consorting with dangerous characters, and being an one for the tranquility of the state. You will please to dress as quickly as possible. A carriage awaits you below."

"Good Lord, they have somehow connected me with that infamous fiddler, Sebast an Roch," I groaned inwardly, and I began to put certain finishing touches to my toilet.

"No, no!" cried the officer. "You must put on your dress suit. Are you so ignorant of criminal etiquette as not to know that state prisoners are required to wear their dress suits?"

"It seems a very absurd regulation," said I, "but I will put on my dress suit."

"We will await you outside your door, but let me warn you, should you attempt to escape through your window you will be shot in a hundred places," said the officer, as he retired with his minions.

I donned my dress suit and opened the door.

The officer looked me over somewhat

THEN I OPENED (R) DO R.

critically, and at last remarked, "Yes, that will do. Follow me."

The whole population of the hotel were in the corridors through which we passed, and crowded after us to the street. A closed carriage was waiting there, with four horses attached, each horse bearing a postilion. Three other horses, saddled, were tied to posts about the hotel entrance. These the gendarmes mounted.

"Will you be good enough to enter the carriage?" said the officer.

But my spirit rose in arms.

"I insist upon knowing what I am arrested for. I want to understand the definite charge against me."

"I am not a magistrate, sir. Will you kindly enter the carriage?"

"Oh, this is a downright outrage," I declared, and entered the carriage.

The officer leaped in after me; the door was slammed to; the postilions yelled at their horses; off we drove, followed by the rhythmical clank-clank of the gendarmes.

"I should really like to get at the meaning of all this, you know," I informed my companion.

"I must caution you that whatever you say will be remembered, and, if incriminating, used against you," he replied.

"It is a breach of international comity," said I.

"Oh, we are the best of friends with England," said he.

"But I am an American," said I.

"Macht nichts!" said he.

"Macht nichts?" I echoed, angrily. "You think so? I shall bring the case to the notice of the Minister of the United States, and you shall see."

"How! And precipitate a war between two friendly nations? Unfeeling monster!"

"You laugh! But who laughs last laughs best, and I promise you the Grand Duchy of X—— shall be made to pay for this pleasantry with a vengeance."

"This is not the first time that you have been arrested while in these dominions," he said sternly. "And I must remind you that lese majeste is a hanging matter."

"Lese majeste!" I repeated, half in scorn, half in terror.

"Ja wohl, mein Herr," he answered. "But after all, I am but obeying orders," he added, with an inflection almost apologetic.

Where had I heard that curious, soft voice before? A voice so soft that his German sounded almost like Italian.

Meanwhile we had driven straight across the town, past the walls, and into the open country. The night air, pulling in through the open carriage window, was sweet with the odors of dew-laden grass and vibrant with the humming of a million insects.

"You are perhaps conducting me to the frontier," I suggested, deriving some relief from the fancy.

"Oh, hardly so far as that, let us hope," he rejoined, with what struck me as a suppressed chuckle.

"Far!" I cried. "Can you use the word in speaking of a pocket-handkerchief?"

"It is small, but it is picturesque; it is paintable," said he; "and, what is more, by every syllable you utter against it, you weave a strand into your halter and drive a nail into your coffin."

The night was intensely dark, and I could see no further into it than the few yards of roadway illuminated by our carriage lamps. We drove on in silence, for perhaps a half hour longer. Then at last the horses' hoofs rebounded upon stone, and we drew up. My officer descended from the carriage; I followed him. We were standing under a massive archway, a sort of porte-cochere, lighted by a hanging lantern. Before a small door pierced in the stone wall fronting us a sentinel was posted, with his musket presented in salute.

The three mounted gendarmes sprang from their saddles.

"Farewell, Herr Veinricht," said my officer. "I have enjoyed our drive together more than I can tell you. If we should never meet again in this world, let us hope we shall do so in another and a better." Then, turning to his subordinates: "Conduct this gentleman to the tower chamber," he commanded.

The sentry stood aside. One of the gendarmes preceding me, the other two coming behind, I was conveyed up a narrow winding stone staircase, into a big octagon-shaped room.

The room was lighted by innumerable candles set in sconces round the walls. It was comfortably, even richly, furnished, and decorated with a considerable degree of taste. A vast wormhued Persian carpet covered the stone floor; books, pictures, biblots, were scattered discriminatingly about; and in one corner there stood a grand piano, open, with a violin and bow lying on it.

The gendarmes saluted themselves out, shutting the door behind them with an ominous clangor.

"If this is to be my dungeon cell," I thought, "I shall not be so uncomfortable after all. But how preposterous of them to force me to wear my dress-suit."

I threw myself into an easy chair, buried my face in my hands and tried to reflect upon my situation.

Suddenly I was disturbed by the sound of a light little cough behind me, a discreet little ahem.

I looked quickly up.

A lady had entered the apartment, and was standing in the middle of it, smiling in contemplation of my despairing attitude.

"Good heavens," I gasped, but not audibly, as her face grew clear to my startled sight, "the Grand Duchess herself!"

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Wainright," her highness began in English, but slightly accented. "X—— is a dull little place—oh, believe me, the dullest of its size in Christendom—and they tell me you are an amusing man."

Now, of course the reader has foreseen it from the outset; otherwise way should I be detaining him with this anecdote? But upon me it came as a thunderbolt, and my emotion got the best of myself and exclaimed aloud: "Sebastian Roch!" The face of the Grand Duchess had haunted me with a sense of familiarity; the voice of my red-headed officer in the carriage had seemed not strange to me; but now that I saw the face, and heard the voice, tinged by that slight foreign quality of English, at one and the same time, all was clear.

"Sebastian Roch!"

"You said?" the gracious lady queried, arching her eyes.

"Nothing, madame. I was about to thank your highness for your kindness, but——"

"But your mind wandered, and you made some irrelevant, military observation about a bastion rock. It is perhaps aphasia."

"Yes, very probably," assented I.

"But you are a man of honor, are you not?"

"I hope so."

"The English generally are. You can keep a state secret, especially when you happen to have learned it by a sort of accident, can you not?"

"I am a very tomb for such things, madame."

"That is well. And, besides, you must consider that not all homicide is murder. Sometimes one is driven to kill in self-defense."

"I have not a doubt of that."

"I am only sorry it should all have happened before you saw his squint. It would have pleased your sense of humor, X—— is the dullest little principality, she went on, "oh, but dull, dull! I am sometimes forced in despair to perpetrate little jokes. Yet you have actually stopped here five weeks. It must be as they say, that the English people take their pleasures sadly. You are a painter, I am told."

"Yes, your highness, I make a shift at painting."

"And I at fiddling. But I lack a discriminating audience. I think you had better paint my portrait. I will fiddle to you to your heart's content. Between times we will talk. Sometimes, I may tell you, I smoke cigarettes; one must have some excitement. We will try to enliven things a little, to galvanize a little life into this corpsely court. Do you think we shall succeed?"

"Oh, I should not despair of doing so."

"That is nice of you. I have a most ridiculous high chancellor; you might draw caricatures of him. And my first lady of the chamber has a preposterous lisp. I do hope I shall be amused."

As she spoke she extended her left hand toward me. I took it and was about to give it a friendly shake.

"No, no, not that," said she. "Oh, I forgot: you are an American and a democrat, and the simplest adieu of court etiquette is Sanskrit to you. Must I tell you what to do?"

To cut a long story short, I thought my hands had fallen into me in extremely pleasant places; and so indeed they had—for awhile. I passed a merry summer at the court of X——, alternating between the Residenz in the town and the Schloss beyond the walls. I made a good many preliminary studies for the Princess Astrai, while she played with her violin, and between times, as she had promised, we talked, practiced court etiquette, smoked cigarettes, and laughed at scandal. But when I began upon the final canvas I, at least, had to become a little grave; I wanted to make a masterpiece of it. We had two or three sittings, during which I worked away in grim silence, and the Grand Duchess yawned.

Then one night I was again aroused from the middle of my slumbers, taken in custody by a gray-bearded colonel of dragoons, conducted to a closed carriage, and driven abroad through the darkness. When our carriage came to a stand-still, we found ourselves in the Austrian vil-

SHE EXTENDED HER LEFT HAND.

lage of Z——, across the X—— frontier. There my colonel bade me good-by. At the same time he handed me an envelope. I hastened to tear it open. Upon a sheet of paper in a pretty feminine hand, I read these words:

"You promised to amuse me. But it seems you take your droll British art au grand serieux. We have better portrait painters among our natives; and you will find models cheap and plentiful at Z——. Farewell."

[THE END.]

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Advertising that Pays.

On Friday an advertiser who has sent us a good many checks, says the Northwestern Lumberman, comfortably filled a good-sized arm chair, and during his stay talked considerably about advertising." "When I buy advertising, he said, I want to feel assured that the paper in which I have space goes to the men whom I desire to reach, and further that the people to whom it goes have a good opinion of it. I place my advertising on that basis. I used to think that I did not receive my money's worth unless I could trace a certain number of sales to some particular "ad." I am over that. I meet the demand of machinery in my line, and having done that I want to be known, and known all the time. I advertise, say in a dozen papers, and a man comes along and buys a big bill of goods. Can he tell me what particular paper directed him to my works? No, not once in a hundred times. I have been advertising for years so he may know where I am, and when he wants to buy he comes to me. Make first-class machinery, let everybody know where the machinery can be had, and then treat your customers white is the way to get business." That man knew what he was talking about.

Anecdotes of Charlie.

I must tell you one anecdote of our friend Charlie which is perhaps the most curious of any I have to record. There were two young boys, brothers, in the house, and their mother. Charlie's mistress was in the habit of calling them by name, Reginald and Albert, using certain familiar contractions when she did so. It was no wonder that Charlie caught these up; but what will be said of such an application of them as the following? The bird, as with most parrots, was not allowed water in his cage, so when thirsty he would call, in what may be termed his own voice:

"Reggie! Reggie—Reggie or Bertie! Charlie wants some water!"

Charlie has a great fondness for the paste of which pie crust is made, and this being known he was often treated to a piece. He naturally looked for this, and when forgotten he would invite himself to have some in the form of words which had doubtless often been used by his mistress. He would say:

"Charlie, do you like paste? Will you have a bit?" This would be said in the voice of his mistress or her daughter. He would then add, in quite a changed tone, "Oh rather!"

Doubts as to Truth and Duty.

Every thinking mind is liable at times to doubt both as to truth and duty. But a thoughtful mind will not formulate its doubts or regard them as convictions. If doubt is to some a natural phase of thought, it is also temporary, unless it is unwisely wrought into conduct. One who sincerely endeavors to live aright cannot long remain astray. Act on the truth which is admitted; do the duty which is plain and doubt as to the next step in either will soon pass away. The experience of life to the honest heart nearly always works to the confirmation of faith and to fidelity in duty.

A DETROIT MIRACLE.

A GREAT TRIUMPH FOR CANADIAN MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Particulars of One of the Most Remarkable Cures on Record Described by the Detroit News—A Story Worth a Careful Perusal.

[Detroit News.]

The following paragraph, which appeared in the News a short time ago, furnished the basis of this information—a case that was so wonderfully remarkable that it demanded furth r explanation. It is of sufficient importance to the News' readers to report it to them fully. It was so important then that it attracted conside able attention at the time. The following is the paragraph in question:

"C. B. Northrop, for twenty-eight years one of the best known merchants on Woodward avenue, who was supposed to be dying last spring of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis, has secured a new lease of life and returned to work at his store. The disease has always been supposed to be incurable, but Mr. Northrop's condition is greatly improved, and it looks now as if the grave would be cheated of its prey."

Since that time Mr. Northrop has steadily improved not only in looks but in condition, till he has regained his old-time strength.

It has been hinted to the writer of this article, who was acquainted with Mr. Northrop, that this miraculous change had been wrought by a very simple remedy called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. When asked about it, Mr. Northrop fully verified the statement, and not only so but he had taken pains to inform any one who was suffering in a similar manner when he heard of any such case. Mr. Northrop was enthusiastic at the result in his own case of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was a remedy that he had heard of after he had tried everything he could hope to give him relief. He had been in the care of the best physicians, who did all they could to alleviate this terrible malady, but without any avail. He had given up hope, when a friend in Lockport, N. Y., wrote him of the case of a person there who had been cured in similar circumstances by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The person cured at Lockport had obtained his information respecting Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from an article published in the Hamilton, Ont., Times. The case was called "The Hamilton Miracle," and told the story of a man in that city who, after almost incredible suffering, was pronounced by the most eminent physicians to be incurable and permanently disabled. He had spent hundred of dollars in all sorts of treatment and applications only to be told in the end that there was no hope for him, and that cure was impossible. The person alluded to (Mr. John Marshall, of 25 Little William street, Hamilton, Ont.,) was a member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, and after having been pronounced permanently disabled and incurable by the physicians, was paid the $1,000 disability insurance provided by the order for its members in such cases. For years Mr. Marshall had been utterly helpless, and was barely able to drag himself around his house with the aid of crutches. His agonies were almost unbearable and life was a burden to him, when at last relief came. Some months after he had been paid the disability claim he heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and was induced to try them. The result was miraculous; almost from the outset an improvement was noticed, and in a few months the man that medical experts had said was incurable, was going about the city healthier and stronger than before. Mr. Marshall was so well known in Hamilton that all the city newspapers wrote up his wonderful recovery in detail, and it was thus, as before stated, that Mr. Northrop came into possession of the information that led to his equally remarkable recovery. One could scarcely conceive a case more hopeless than that of Mr. Northrop. His injury came about in this way: One day, nearly four years ago, he stumbled and fell the complete length of a steep flight of stairs which were at the rear of his store. His head and spine were severely injured. He was picked up and taken to his home. Creeping paralysis very soon developed itself, and in spite of the most strenuous efforts of friends and physicians the terrible affliction fastened itself upon him. For nearly two years he was perfectly helpless. He could do nothing to support his strength in the least effort. He had to be wheeled about in an invalid's chair. He was weak, pale, and fast sinking when this timely information came that veritably snatched his life from the jaws of death. Those who at that time saw a feeble old man wheeled into his store on an invalid's chair, would not recognize the man now, so great is the change that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have wrought. When Mr. Northrop learned of the remedy that had cured Mr. Marshall in Hamilton, and the person in Lockport, he procured a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through Messrs. Bassett & L'Hommedieu, 95 Woodward avenue, and from the outset found improvement. He faithfully adhered to the use of the remedy until now he is completely restored. Mr. Northrop declares that there can be no doubt as to Pink Pills being the cause of his restoration to health, as all other remedies and medical treatment left him in a condition rapidly going from bad to worse, until at last it was declared there was no hope for him and he was pronounced incurable. He was in this terrible condition when he began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they have restored him to health.

Mr. Northrop was asked what was claimed for this wonderful remedy, and replied that he understood the proprietors claim it to be a blood builder and nerve restorer; supplying in a condensed form all the elements necessary to enrich the blood, restore shattered nerves and drive out disease. It is claimed by the proprietors that Pink Pills will cure paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, palpitation of the heart, headache, and all diseases peculiar to females, loss of appetite, dizziness, sleeplessness, loss of memory, and all diseases arising from overwork, mental worry, loss of vital force, etc.

"I want to say," said Mr. Northrop, "that I do not have much faith in patent medicines, but I cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The proprietors, however, claim that they are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is used, but a highly scientific preparation, the result of years of careful study and experiment on the part of the proprietors, and the pills were successfully used in private practice for years before being placed for general sale." Mr. Northrop declares that he is a living example that there is nothing to equal these pills as a cure for nerve diseases. On inquiry the writer found that these pills were manufactured by Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and the pills are sold in boxes (never in bulk by the hundred), at 50 cents a box, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., from either above addresses. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment with them comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment. This case is one of the most remarkable on record, and as it is one right here in Detroit and not a thousand miles away, it can be easily verified. Mr. Northrop is very well known to the people of Detroit, and he says he is only too glad to testify of the marvelous good wrought in his case. He says he considers it his duty to help all who are similarly afflicted by any word he can say in behalf of the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Proving His Identity.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was a kind-hearted man as well as a great novelist. While he was consul at Liverpool a young Yankee walked into his office. The boy had left home to seek his fortune, but evidently hadn't found it yet, although he had crossed the sea in his search. Homesick, friendless, nearly penniless, he wanted a passage home. The clerk said Mr. Hawthorne could not be seen, and intimated that the boy was no American, but was trying to steal a passage.

The boy stuck to his point, and the clerk at last went to the little room and said to Mr. Hawthorne:

"Here's a boy insists upon seeing you. He says he's an American, but I know he isn't."

Hawthorne came out of the room and looked keenly at the eager, ruddy face of the boy.

"You want a passage to America?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you say you're an American?"

"Yes, sir."

"From what part of America?"

"United States, sir."

"What State?"

"New Hampshire, sir."

"Town?"

"Exeter, sir."

Hawthorne looked at him a minute before asking the next question.

"Who sold the best apples in your town?"

"Skim-milk Folsom, sir," said the boy with glistening eyes, as the old familiar byword brought up the dear old scenes of home.

"It's all right," said Hawthorne to the clerk, "give him a passage."

Law Against Hypnotism.

Belgium is the first country to make hypnotizing an offense against the law of the land. The law recently approved by the Parliament in Brussels is as follows:

1. Whoever exhibits an individual hypnotized by him or by another shall be punished by imprisonment for from two weeks to six months, and by a fine of $5 to $200.

2. Any person, not a physician, having hypnotized an individual under 21 years, or one not in full possession of his mental powers, shall be punished by a fine of $5 to $200, even when the hypnotized individual has not been exhibited publicly.

3. With imprisonment shall be punished, moreover, every person who, with the intention of cheating, or otherwise injuring, causes a hypnotized individual to sign a paper containing a contract, disposition, obligation, release, or declaration or intention. The same punishment shall be inflicted, also, upon the person deriving benefit from such a paper.

The Sea-Horse.

Only three or four inches in length, the sea-horse is more dignified than many large fishes, and, in addition to the distinction conferred upon it by its graceful stateliness, possesses the unique power of looking two ways at once. It is a dainty, pretty creature, with head shaped much like a horse. In color it is pale gray, dotted with tiny, scarcely visible, spots of blue, and small silver spangles. The dorsal fins are bordered and fringed with gold, and the strong little prehensile tail, wound around some fixed object selected by the owner, supports him in an erect position in the most wonderful manner.

Some Signs of Rain.

When flies sting sharply, and ants may be seen making haste with their tiny burdens; when the donkeys bray unusually, and the cows cluster in corners of the fields before milking time; when the pigs pick up straws and carry them about with lively interest, as if they had some business with them, or wished to learn if straws really do show the way the wind blows; when the dog is heavy with sleep, and the cat seems possessed to wash her face; when all or any of these signs are seen they are not in vain, for it is sure not to be a dry time and rain is on the way.

An Alloy That Does Not Tarnish.

A new alloy which closely resembles gold is composed of one hundred parts of copper and six of antimony, which after being melted is fluxed with carbonate of lime in order to increase its density. The alloy can be rolled, forged and soldered in the same manner as gold, and when polished the gold color remains unchanged, even after long exposure to ammonia and acid vapors in the atmosphere. The cost of the alloy in the ingot form is stated to be about twenty-five cents per pound.

A Favored Word.

The most abused word these days is the word cyclone. Every one whose belief is that he can describe cyclones in the simplest storm all the characteristics that are usually applied to rotary disturbances. Most people who have had the experience feel insulted if they are told that it wasn't a cyclone that struck them. They are endeared to the term and want to be undisturbed in their rhetoric.