

A SYLVAN BARD.

A miserable corn field, green here and there with a weedy foot-high sprout, climbed from the muddy river on a smart slope. The stream had a June swell about—just enough to carry the little steamer over the shoals three miles up, at the foot of the big town on the point.

Behind the straggling crest of the poor corn field the houses of Burke's Jumps lifted a few peaks, a chimney or two squaring themselves on the milky sky just where Wiltsee could catch sight of them when he watched the smoke of the hearing boat unobscured itself in the northwest.

Wiltsee was standing half-way down the slope. Below him at the landing, which consisted of two logs and a vagrant railway tie lashed from the bosom above, a group of five or six men awaited the boat. They exchanged cumbersome jokes as they pocketed their hands and sheathed their brogans in the red clay.

An elderly man in a brown blouse jerked his thumb in Wiltsee's direction. "He's right there, Wiltsee is. He knows who's on that boat—eh? Better watch out, Green. What with his singin' and varfifyin', he's got a trick with the girls. Wiltsee hez." He chuckled as he added: "I reckon Hogan's girl and young Widder Hays and the rest o' em'll git the go-by now't Nonie Homan's come home. Look a-yender. That's her a-leaning over the boat rail. Better straighten up, Green. You're as big a man as Wiltsee—eh? The young man at his elbow essayed a mild laugh. It seemed, however, to fall rather flat, and he chewed at his stubby brown mustache, an anxious twist between his sober blue eyes.

"Hey, Green?" insisted the old man, following up his word of advice and commendation with a poke of the elbow.

Governor Green cast a glance back. Wiltsee stood tall on the hillside, his long richly pale face set up river, the eyes dashed over with black arches, the slender nose dipping towards a thread of mustache which grew in the shape of a bow slightly disjoined. His slimmest, the brooding abstraction of his hands, gave him a poetic air. He wore faded blue trousers, the pockets disclosed as threadbare sections. His starchless shirt bulged over the leather thong at the waist. He was romantically good-looking, but neither his fact nor the circumstances of his attire seemed to engage his consciousness. The whole speculation of his dark glance was for the hearing boat.

Green turned suddenly about, his heel digging into the slippery soil. Below him the throng had sauntered closer to the river edge. A man was obligingly kicking the landing into place, thereby dislodging a frog, which had been squatting on an end of the tie in a soapy gray lump. Across the river the sun-cleft green bank of the Cumberland rippled against the south like a silk banner delicately written with gold.

Two negroes were swinging a gang-plank over the steamer's deck. It emerged from the white bulk, red and insolent, like an out-thrust tongue. There was a shrill second blast of steam as the prow pushed inland. A barrel of molasses and one passenger were detailed for Burke's Jumps. The barrel had right of way, and came reeling over the plank with a jocular suggestion of thinner potatoes. Behind it a girl stepped demurely. She was trim-waisted and red-checked, her light hair frizzed to a cloud under her flower-laden hat. In her long hazel eyes a certain excited spark flickered. She came near dropping one of the bundles she carried, a bundle wrapped in crimson paper, and indicating thereby a purchase from Saybottom's store, "down yender at the P'int."

Green sprang forward. "Beg leave to pack some o' your plunder, Miss Nonie," he said, essaying to mask the nervous tremor of his voice in an accent of jest. She laughed with a conscious air, glancing past him. Wiltsee still stood motionless above on the slope. His eyes turned their mournful gloom on the two figures toiling upward. Green stared stolidly down. The girl at his side, panting with the climb, seemed to redder a little more pronouncedly.

"Oh?" she said, with a well-turned accent of surprise. "Is that you, Mr. Wiltsee? Howdy?"

Wiltsee smiled a sad sort of acknowledgment, stepping aside. The crowd of six at the landing watched these proceedings, standing arow.

"Blame if I don't reckon she's got more'n half an eye for Wiltsee," gossiped one. "Fool girls! Jest like 'em to churn the back on to a well-set-up, land-ownin' feller like Guv'nor Green—sober, nice man and all—jest to hev a pair of black eyes wallin' todes 'um."

The man in the blouse demurred. "Shucks! Nonie hain't no rale use for Wiltsee. Jest her way. 'Tain't likely as a girl thet's ben stayin' a month down yender at the P'int visitin' her kin and goin' to all the doin's hez any use for a man without a second coat to his back."

"Can't tell," protested another, as the throng began to file up the hill. The houses of the hamlet sat about in a groove of the river slope, going quietly to pieces in the sunshine. They were gray and old, with vine-hung hoods to the doors, and little gardens in which weeds successfully debated with zenias and hollyhocks the question of precedence.

In the front window of the Boman house a muslin curtain fluttered freshly. A rose-tree twined over the latticed porch, its thorny arms laden with countless flowers of a thickly petaled sort resembling queerly puckered bunches of pink ribbon.

Green handed over the packages he had been carrying. "Could I come to see yeh this evenin'?" he ventured. He stood awkwardly in the gate, his toes pathetic in their variance of direction. In his brown cheek a dusky red manifested itself.

Nonie's mother, a big, fair woman, beamed encouragement from the porch-way. "A course you kin," she assured him. Inside the low-ceiled living-room she embraced her daughter proudly. "Law, Nonie, you look as citified as the girls on the Nashville boats! That there hat now! And your waist's as jimpy as I want to see it." She cast a critical coldness into her glance. "Yes," she added, "it's every bit as jimpy as I keer to hev it, your waist is, for I ain't like them as sakesfices their kindness to their outsides. As tight as you kin fetch the strings without help, thet's tight enough." In a moment she broke out amiably: "Green's ben mighty bad off sence you ben gone. Looked like he was lost. Well, I

don't wonder much, if you are my daughter. You're going to do well, Nonie. 'Tain't every girl kin crook her finger and git a man that owns two houses and a barn."

The blond head under the flowery hat executed a decided toss. "Oh, I don't know," cried the girl. "He's a nice man, Green is, but I don't know as he's just—Oh, well, I kind of favor a darker-complected style than what he is—black eyes and—"

Her mother's face leaped to a sudden misgiving. "You better look for something besides color in a man's eyes," she said, austere. "A man thet hain't no gift but the gift of turain' a tune and battin' his eyes ain't to be named alongside of one thet's honest and reliable. Thet there Wiltsee—"

"Who spoke his name? I never."

"'Twasn't needful. Thet there Wiltsee hain't ambition enough to drive ducks to water. I'd liever see a daughter o' mine in her shroud than married to thet smock-faced feller, with his moonin's and his mournin's."

She stopped with the sudden sharpness of tone which denotes unwonted excitement. Nonie's laugh rang out clear and disdainful. The flush in her soft cheeks came and went.

"I wouldn't worry," she advised her mother, "seeing that I ain't married to no person—nor likely to be."

That night as Green got up to go, Mrs. Boman signalled her daughter.

"You step out with Guv'nor and see thet the gate's tied, Nonie. I'm jest outdone with Blair's haws a-grubbin' up my garden o' nights."

The moon, slipping into sight above the hills, showed a long oval blurred about with silvery clouds. The rose-vines over the porch, lacquered blackly on the outer brightness, cast frail shadows of themselves on Nonie's gown as she stepped over the threshold; some night bird tried a lonely note across the unseen river; a little wind wandered through a thicket beyond the house.

Green helped to fasten the gate behind him. His fingers touched Nonie's as they fumbled with the strand of rope, and both drew up with a startled air. Green's breath came heavily.

"I never looked to hev the face to ask you," he said "Nonie—I-it's been a long spell sence I made up my mind about you." And as the night bird croaked a second rasping cry, he added, simply, "Nonie—could you?"

The girl turned a little. Her face had an usual delicacy in the moonlight, the hair a weft of mist and moonshine, in the web of which her eyes shone dark. A candle flared past the window, and Mrs. Boman's shape, a plump apparition of warning, modelled itself up on the cur air.

"Say Nonie! Oh, I'd do anything on earth 'or you!"

Nonie withdrew her arm from his grasp of the thin sleeve. She slipped away; but midway of the path she paused and glanced back.

"Well," she said. And her tone was a tone of consent.

By morning the silvery preage of the moon's ring had verified itself in heavy clouds. Mrs. Boman, taking note of the towering mass leaning its white shoulders on the south slopes, prophesied thunder.

"Would you keer to fetch a bucket of spring-water against the rain comes?" she asked her daughter. Her accent was deferential, as toward one whose fortunes are established.

Nonie threw on a sun-bonnet, catching up the bucket as she went. The spring gurgled between two rocks overhanging a creek, just beyond the house. It was icily cold, a little iron-flavored thread, so clear in its motionless continuity of flow as to look like a filament of glass spun against the gray cliff. Half-way down the moss-padded approach to the spring's yellowish basin Nonie paused foot-bound.

A man was just stooping to drink from the basin's rim. "His hat lay beside him in a clump of ferns, and his black locks cast off their silkiness of texture in white gleams.

Perhaps he had seen her. Nonie hesitated for an instant. Then she went forward.

Wiltsee, getting to his feet, freed his mustache of water with an unembarrassed brush of the hand.

"Howdy?" he said, as she set her bucket to fill. "That trickle of water sounds mighty pretty," he remarked.

She nodded, half kneeling on the mossy rock, her hand supporting her. Wiltsee observed her critically.

"I reckon you ain't any idy how sweet you look kneelin' thet a-way," he debated. She flashed up a glance of reproof, but the sadness of his face awed her, it had so little in common with his words.

"When you blush, like you're blushin' now," he went on, dispassionately, "you mind me of an apple blow—all pinky white." He tilted from heel to toe, a rhythmic whistle slipping between his teeth. This presently took on a distincter measure, the idle breath shaping itself in words:

"When apple blows is whitenin' And birds began to sing, And little April shadders Across the sky's blue cling— Oh, then my heart is swellin' Like some green burstin' bud; My speret rises in me, A mountain stream at flood!"

"For apple blossoms brings me My girl's face flushin' up; Her honey breath comes c'cep'in' From each pink posy's cup. Fur, fur beyond my graspin' My darling blooms! Oh, she Is sweet to wind and sunbeam, But cold as death to me."

As he paused he regarded Nonie doubtfully. "That's more words to it a-bubblin' up in my mind when I look at you—"

"I can't wait to hear 'um," she panted, stumbling up. "I can't! You got a mighty sweet voice and all that, and those songs you make up are lovely. But I don't reckon I can listen at 'um any more. Guv'nor Green—"

"Y'es," she said.

Wiltsee's head dropped on his breast with a slow motion of despair which seemed almost tranquil in its acceptance of her statement.

"I thought some of takin' a singin'-class down thet P'int," he sighed. "And thar was a little house down thar—with blue facin's to the windows—"

Nonie lay breathless. The sound seemed as if wandering off, the twang of strings more faint, some little tripping measure replacing in the distance their earlier rhythm of mournfulness.

"I never see a girl take sech a sorry in-trust in her weddin' fixin's as you do," complained Mrs. Boman. "Here you got a hull bolt o' Wamsutter to make up, and you jest set round the jurin' time a-countin' your fingers. Ain't you feelin' right stout?"

"I'm well enough," said Nonie, sullenly. But her super-abundant color was becoming delicately less. There were patches of purple under her eyes. She spent the greater part of her time on the porch below the roses, sitting idle, casting furtive glances up and down the road.

"Look like no one ever passes?" she complained.

"They don't lay out to pass," chuckled Mrs. Boman. "Chains and oxes couldn't dror Guv'nor Green a-past that gate. So fur he gets and no more."

Her daughter snapped off a rose and began to pick apart the fluted pink petals. Down the paveless road, beyond the thicket, she could see the scrap of dwelling in which Wiltsee lived alone; it was on the skirts of the hamlet, a mere log pen in a clump of greenery. Within its mossy walls he sat by himself, his fine eyes always downcast, the pallor of his cheek more marked as time wore on.

With the easy clairvoyance of shut lids Nonie saw him thus—life, because of her, touching his lips as a tasteless morsel. Another man might have sought distraction among men. The delicate fibre of Wiltsee's nature made solitude his only solace. Honor, too, constrained his seclusion. She was promised to another, and he would not cross her path. It was only now and then that she saw him, even at a distance.

Several weeks passed. Summer labored into the heaviness of mid-season, the aerial slightness of her first budding replaced with manly curves.

"I p'intedly look for early frost," commented the old man of the brown blouse, as he slouched over Boman's fence one evening. "D'ye hear thet katydid? Six weeks to frost. Well, I'm ready for fall and fall rains. I ain't like some thet young fellers is! Lord! I could no mo'—Thet Wiltsee, now—"

"Oh, say! did y'all hear about what happened him yistiddy?" He spat with a profanity air. "Why, he went down to the P'int with a dugout half full o' sang, and while he was waitin' fer a chance to trade it, he sat down under the railroad cliff ter rest. And look like they was blarstin' up thar, 'cuz a slab o' rock took him in the head. They tellas his eyes is well bused. Some 'lows he won't never hev no use on 'um. Waal, sirs, when I see him a-puttin' home last night, all wrapped round the head and a feller leadin' him, I jest says to 'um all that I 'loved the A'mighty'd s'arved him 'bout right. Hain't no mo' use 'n a pigeon—"

Wiltsee hain't. Good ter whine a chunc into some fool girl's ear, 'n 'nothin' mo'—uh? Why, howdy, Miss Nonie? I never seed you in amongst them thar vines."

It was just on the edge of dark, as Guv'nor Green, smelling freshly of soap, and damped polished about the hairs of his head, came out of this dwelling next to the store. Something advanced from the vernal gloom of the lilac-bushes beyond the gate—something white and trembling, which moved with a sound of rustling muslins.

For the instant Green fancied his own thought had taken this overt shape and was touching his arm, appealing to him with a curiously white face.

"It's me," panted the appearance, becoming a very real creature with a sobbing catch in its tone. "I've just heard about Wiltsee! Oh, Guv'nor, I'm punished. He cared a heap for me, and I wouldn't let him say a word, 'cause I'd promised you; and now he's nearly killed! Oh, Guv'nor!"

He had taken her hands, and was steadily shaking figure.

"What do you want me to do, Nonie?" he asked.

"I've got to see him. You won't hate me, will you? Oh, Guv'nor, it's 'cause he loves me so much that I feel so—so bad. He does, Guv'nor! He loves me more than you do. Them songs—"

"You want me to take you where he is?"

"Y'es."

"Well, I will. He ain't hurt so bad. Don't cry, Nonie. I'll take you. 'N' I won't hate you, deary. He couldn't love you like I do. But it's for you to say."

They went along in the dark, stumbling a little at times as the dog-fennel trapped their feet. Forks of dull red broke at intervals from a cottage door and window. Men were talking on the store steps, their figures grey and indefinite in a pale wash of light.

But after the two wayfarers had passed the heart of the hamlet hints of lights and noise died, and the drowsy councils of the township frogs seemed to impress the stillness with a profounder quiet.

Wiltsee's house was still some way ahead—the poor small cabin in which he lay, broken and bleeding, with no familiar hand to serve him. Nonie's breath came sharp at the woeful picture. Those tuneless lips—was memory at work, or was that thin sweet resonance the airy lift of banjo-strings?

Green heard it too: "It seems to come from Hogan's," he said doubtfully, glancing toward a window disclosed just off the road as a pulsing square of candle light.

A voice appeared to try a pitch. There was a murmur of laughter, and it rang out more assuredly. Nonie stopped. The voice was Wiltsee's.

Perhaps they had taken him for better care to a neighboring house. Perhaps in

some flight of fever he was trying to sing, the delirium of suffering masking itself in a guise of gaiety.

"Look in," she said in a strained voice. "See if it's really him."

Guv'nor moved toward the unfenced yard his form a blot upon the ruddy space. He moved so slowly that a vibration of impatience bore the girl after him. He was scarcely in range of the room before Nonie was at his side staring into the deal-walled enclosure.

Wiltsee sat at ease in a corner of the wood settle, his banjo in his hands. The bandage over his brow did not spoil his picturesqueness, but rather enhanced his foreign air, giving him the look of some turbaned Oriental. The same subtle sadness quivered in his lips. The very movement of his long fingers on the strings held intimations of inconsolable grief.

But the watchers in the garden space were not markedly aware of the precise features of Wiltsee's aspect, being absorbed in regard of the room's other occupant.

Beside the settle, on the low stool, sat Hogan's girl, a plump young creature, whose large manly figure and small babyish face had a fascinating incongruity. She was leaning toward Wiltsee, with clasped hands, and the young man, lifting his hand from the banjo, trifled with the loose locks of her brown hair.

"I never see sech shiny hair, Ellie," he said. "Widder Hays got right uppity the other night when I told her I judged you was about as handsome as they make 'em. Between you and her and the rest of 'um I can't say a word. Thar now, Ellie, I never went to hurt your feelin's. Your cheeks is redder than hers. They 'mind me of some words thet came a mixin' and stirrin' through my head last night when I laid awake studyin' about you." He threaded the cords, beginning softly,

"When apple blows is whitenin' And birds begin to sing—"

Green felt himself twitched toward the road. The figure at his side seemed to have for the moment a force which set a mock on forces merely natural. And then, of a sudden, it was no longer a compelling miracle of power, but only a soft, limp something which caught his hand to its lips and hung upon him, sobbing: "I ben blind! Oh, Guv'nor, I ben blind!"

A Paradox of the Pole.

At the North Pole there is only one direction—south. One could go south in as many ways as there are points on the compass card, but every one of these ways is south; east and west have vanished. The hour of the day at the pole is a paradoxical conception, for that point is the meeting place of every meridian, and the time of all holds good, so that it is always any hour one cares to mention. Unpunctuality is hence impossible—but the question grows complex, and its practical solution concerns few.

No one needs to go to the pole to discover all that makes that point different from any other point of the surface. But the whole polar regions are full of unknown things, which every Arctic explorer of the right stamp looks forward to finding. And the reward he looks forward to most is the approval of the few who understand and love knowledge for its own sake, rather than the noisy applause of the crowd who would cheer him, after all, much as they cheer a winning prize-fighter, or race-horse, or political candidate.

The difficulties that make the quest of the pole so arduous have been discovered by slow degrees. It is marvellous how soon nearly the full limits of northward attainment were reached. In 1896 Barents discovered Spitzbergen in about 78° north; in 1877 Hudson reached 80°; in 1827 Parry, by sledging on the ice when his ship became fast, succeeded in touching 82° 45'. Since then all the enormous resources of modern science—steam, electricity, preserved foods and the experience of centuries—have only enabled forty miles of additional poleward advance to be made.

Remembering that the circle marked 80° is distant seven hundred miles from the pole, the reader can realize the distances involved. The Arctic Basin, occupied by the Arctic Sea, is ringed in by land; the northern coasts of America, Europe, and Asia, forming a roughly circular boundary broken by three well-marked channels communicating with the ocean. Bering Strait between America and Asia is the narrowest, Baffin Bay between America and Greenland is wider, branching into a number ice-blocked sounds to the westward, and tapering off into Smith Sound in the north-east. The widest channel of the three lies between Greenland and Europe, and this is bisected just south of 80° North by the island group of Spitzbergen. [McClure's Magazine.]

The Coral Sea.

In no quarter of the world are the partly buried ocean wonders more lavishly displayed in all their endless variety than off this north-eastern coast of Terra Australis, within the Great Barrier Reef in the Coral Sea. As the boat is launched to take us ashore, the wonders commence at once. It is surely some fairy forest where elfin kings court princesses in fishy guise, or water babies sit and pout on some coral boulder. Or is it a submarine flower garden where the mermaids dwell?

Deep down in clear, bright water wondrous shapes and colours are seen, at first indistinctly, like a tinted photograph out of focus; then, as the water gets shallower and shallower, more and more distinctly flash the jewel fires, and the picture is complete. Large flat bowls of milk-white coral first attract the eye. Then others with branching antlers like a fallen deer only the fairy herd there are lying buried in a huge, confused mass. Some are covered with ten thousand sharp pinacles of a light purple colour, each pinnacle having a bright blue eye (or what looks like an eye) at the extremity.

All in a sea of emerald, this dream of enchantment. We fear before we see half the glory of it we might awake, and alas! forget too soon. There light and feathery branches of fern-like coral are blushing a soft pink or pale nasturtium yellow. Here large solid masses of brain coral, round and white, the surface encrusted or engraved with the most delicate lace tracings; and others green and shaped like a coarse moss.

An Evasive Answer.

As Smithkins sat in his office a dye-agent put his head in at the open door, and asked cheerfully:

"Any old clothes to be dyed?"

"No," answered Smithkins in funeral tones, "they are all dead."

POETRY.

The Coming of Summer.

The woods are astir with the flutter of wings, Each thicket resounds with the notes of a song; The maples' green banners unfurl to the breeze, And hither the dryads come tripping along, Whose chanting has startled the squirrel that springs From bough unto bough of the whispering trees.

The uplands, whose pastures of emerald hue Laugh low at the frolics of lambskins at play, Are waiting expectant for some one to come, Tricked out in their holiday finery, gay With buttercups yellow and harebells of blue, That tinkle and chime when we think they are dumb.

The brook is aglad with hilarious glee, And gambols and leaps as it runs to the lake. "She's coming! she's coming!" it shouts to the field; "The dunes have come back and the wood-chuck's awake!" Like any young madcap from durance set free, And sing for joy till its lips shall be sealed.

The lake as her children run into her arms, Impatient to tell the good tidings the first, Takes each to her heart, and there rocks it to sleep; And while on her heaving, full bosom 'tis nursed, She croons a soft lullaby, speaking the charm's Of summer, high carnival coming to keep. —[William T. James, Toronto, in Frank Leslie's Weekly.]

Worth While.

I pray thee, Lord, that when it comes to me To say if I will follow Truth and Thee, Or choose instead to win as better worth My pains some cloying recompense of earth— Grant me, great Father, from a hard fought field, Forespent and bruised, upon a battered shield, Home to obscure endurance to be borne, Rather than live my own mean gains to scorn.

Far better fall with face turned toward the goal, At one with wisdom and my own worn soul, Than ever come to see myself prevail, When to succeed at last is but to fail.

Mean ends to win and therewith to be content— Save me from that! Direct Thou the event As suits Thy will; where'er the prizes grow, Grant me the struggle, that my soul may grow.

"When Cherries are Ripe."

When cherries are ripe and summer is here, With blossoms and fruitage, with welcome and cheer; When "bliss and bluebirds" 'neath sheltering wing Chirp of nestings and broodings, and joyfully sing; When the forests are ripe with glistening sheets, And the grass in the meadow is heavy and green; When the maid in the kitchen, the boy in the field, Take note of the reddening, ripening yield Of the cherry trees, lately in blossom so sweet, Now loaded with cherries just ready to eat; When ripe clusters of fruit on the trees are displayed, We think of the pies that our mothers once made. When cherries are ripe.

Cobwebs.

No longer fairies hold their sway: Yet tiny hammocks swing From waving summer boughs to-day; And to the crasses cling Soft beaded veils of woven mist, Where elves were wont to hold their tryst, The busy little gnome who spreads Unseen these dainty things Can mingle with his fragile threads No hope of future wings— Unlike the rival worm who spins His silken shroud and heaven wins. Nature has weavers who possess Beauty and power of song: The spider in his humble dress Is silent and wrong, And with his webs the "vires dare" To make their pendant nests more fair; Yet still undaunted by his fate He hangs this shimmering lace On awkward wall or clumsy gate With matchless skill and grace: But careless foes his fabrics rend: Titania's weaver has no friend.

Songs of the Pine.

A glimpse of woodlands, green and fair, A carpet brown soft spreading there, And fragrant nature everywhere: Among green leaves a singing breeze, A song of sung by grand old trees, A song of pines as zephyrs play An old-time hymn sung day by day, A thousand years that same sweet lay; A murmur soft and born aloft, And sung anew by memory oft, O troubled soul, how oft at night To calm thy throbbing heartache's blight, Across the moor of time so white, Come wafted notes, a song that floats Across our senses in memory boats, Oh! for an hour at thy dear feet, To lie upon thy carpet neat, And gaze through boughs where arches meet, While days of thine, in memory mine, Come low, sweet murmurs of the pine.

"Hope On, Hope Ever!"

"Hope on, hope ever!" Earth is not so drear, Not life a comfortless and empty dream: The darkest clouds that gather o'er us here Are not the harbingers we sometimes deem; For, lo! how brilliant the returning ray, As one by one their shadows pass away!

"Hope on, hope ever!" Is thy heart bereft Of all that rendered life once dear to thee? Amid the wreck the quenchless spark is left, Whose light, though feeble, shall thy beacon be.

Though death's cold hand some kindred tie may sever, Still let thy motto be "Hope on, hope ever!"

"Hope on, hope ever!" Weary and oppressed, Care's pallid seal stamped on thy sunken cheek, There is a haven of eternal rest, Whose sacred joy no mortal tongue can speak.

Look upward in thine hour of dark despair— Hope points to heaven, and drops her anchor there.

A Paper to Prevent Forged Documents.

It is very desirable that dishonest persons be prevented from duplicating certificates of stock, bonds, drafts, and such valuable documents; and many devices have been employed for this purpose. A new process has just been introduced in making a paper which will at least be difficult to imitate successfully. Ink is applied to a lithographic stone, and another similar stone is placed on its face and rubbed together until the ink is so distributed that a variegated design is produced. When the ink is dry, the design is transferred to paper after the usual manner in lithographic printing. Of course any color may be selected for the ink. It is manifest, also, that the design thus cheaply produced can be varied indefinitely until a pleasing or effective one is obtained. A counterfeit is detected at once when compared with a sample of the genuine paper.