OF BIG STORES.

BY AND FRANTIC MOTHER A MMON OCCURRENCE.

t Have Eluded Their Own- Even Cats and Birds That ne Astray, Have to Be Cared he "Morgue."

ou seen anything of a beau- girl with fluffy golden hair e frock?" anxiously inquired oman of the clerk in charge n counter in a great depart- e.

o! Are you sure you brought e?"

I am! I left her sitting be- 98 cent damasks to look at 3 shirt waists marked down 0, and now I can't find her. I'm worried to death!"

be alarmed," remarked the solingly. "She'll turn up all expect she's up in the dead his time."

at?"

ad room—the morgue, you

orgue? Oh, my Irene! Oh, g!"

madam," softly command- r walker, for a commotion minent. "Your child is safe ll venture. The 'morgue' is caut name of our lost and partment. Come with me, will see if the little girl is

ng woman followed to a long door of which was labeled l Found," and there, sure eated upon a monument of boxes, baskets, umbrellas, other articles, sat a tiny red girl in a blue frock, con- cking her small feet against rd bonnet box.

the second kid and contin- tion I've had today," con- keeper of the morgue to me overed child, lustily scream- fervent embrace of her tear- was carried away. "No, it's usual. It's almost a daily In the excitement of bar- es persons very frequently of their children for a few and the natural tendency of n is to stray away and take ange sights of the store on hook. Of course they might r of the establishment, and t this the floor walkers in- send to me every child they companied by a guardian. know if there is any porta- le, animate or inanimate, s not find its way to the continued the keeper reflect- o class of people loses things as shoppers do. You see, me so interested in looking s that they lay down what may happen to have in their nd perambulate between with hardly a thought as to ons.

ly they discover their loss, ld panic seizes them. They about from one counter to prosecuting their inquiries stopping to think whether visited those same counters not. Therefore the morgue e a valuable and indispensa- ment in every large store. f the things which drift into would amuse you. Last reat Dane dog was brought nerviest floor walker, and an oner he was, indeed—the the floor walker. We tried a short chain and tried to le down pending the ar- s owner. But he wouldn't e took a stand, braced him- fet out a howl which froze of some half dozen sales- thin earshot. Then he broke and started in to clean out ne.

did I do? Oh, I adjourned, body went on a still hunt for r of the dog. We eventually , and she came up and lam- s for abusing her precious with never a word about the ay he had handled the accumulations.

of all sorts and conditions are y brought to the morgue and then a pet cat, which has es- ped a basket. I've even had a anaries left on my hands to a week before the careless ho had left the cage down in ery department during a spe- appeared to claim her prop- s, purses, babies, parasols, and even diamond rings are my stock in trade here. I'd ss, too, I verily believe, were ners permitted to bring them store. I'd like to set up in with the things brought to e. I'd get rich, sure. ily two-thirds of the things ed, and nothing worth com- remains in our possession ther do many other things e not worth hunting up. We t articles a month from date in, and then, if it is found were originally sold in our put them in stock. Fre lost articles of serious value rtised at the end of a month." ntil Enquirer.

HIS ORDER.

else have you got?" asked oking languidly over the bill or something to tempt his petite.

replied the waitress, we have hits, too.

do, said Cholly, resting his by tossing the bill of fare ing me a hot biscuit stew.

For Love and Fame.

He hauled the child to him and passed his hand through his clothes. But he found nothing, and his face grew dark. "Morbleu!" he swore. "The little softy has brought nothing away with him!"

The other men, gathering round, glared at the boy hungrily. In the middle of the Forest of Bondy he could not have been more at their mercy than he was in this quiet corner of the market, where a velvet coat with silver buttons was as rare a sight as a piece of the true cross. Two or three houseless wretches looked on from their frowsy lairs under the stalls, but no one dreamed of interfering with the men in possession. As for the boy, he gazed at his captors stolidly; he was white, mute, apathetic.

"Plague, if I don't think the lad is a softy!" said one staring at him.

"Not he!" replied the man who had hold of him; and roughly seizing the boy by the head with his huge hand, he forced up an eyelid with his finger as if to examine the eye. The boy uttered a cry of pain. "There!" said the ruffian, grinning with triumph. "He is all right. The question is, what shall we do with him?"

"There are his clothes," one muttered, eyeing the boy greedily.

"To be sure, there are always his clothes," was the answer. "It does not take an Armand Jean du Plessis de Richelieu to see that, gaby! And, of course, they would melt to the tune of something apiece! But, maybe, we can do better than that with him. He has run away. You don't find truffles on the dung-hill every day."

"Well," said his duller fellows, their eyes beginning to sparkle with greed, "what then, Bec de Lievre?"

"If we take him home again, honest market porters, why should we not be rewarded? Eh, my bully boys?"

"That is a bright idea," said one. So said another. The rest nodded. "Ask him where he lives when he is at home."

They did. But Jehan remained "Twixt his arm!" said the last speaker. "He will soon tell you. Or stick your finger in his eye again. Blest if I don't think the kid is dumb!" the man continued, gazing with astonishment at the boy's dull face and lack-luster eyes.

"I think I shall find a tongue for him," the former operator replied, with a leer. "Here, sonny, answer before you are hurt, will you? Where do you live?"

But Jehan remained silent. The ruffian raised his hand, in another moment it would have fallen, but in the nick of time came an interruption.

"Non de ma mere!" some one close at hand cried, in a voice of astonishment, "It is my Jehan!"

Two of the party in possession turned savagely on the intruder—a middle-sized man with foxy eyes, and a half-starved ape on his shoulder. "Who asked you to speak?" snarled one. "Be gone about your business, my fine fellow, or I shall be making a hole in you!" cried another.

"But he is my boy!" the newcomer answered fairly, trembling with joy and astonishment. "He is my boy!"

"Your boy?" cried Bec de Lievre, in a tone of contempt. "You look like it, don't you? You look as if you dined on gold plate every day and had a Jehan to your cup-bearer, you do! Go along, man; don't try to bamboozle us or it will be the worse for you!" And with an angry scowl he turned to his victim.

But the showman, though he was outward, was not to be put down so easily. "It is the boy who is bamboozling you?" he said. "You take him for a swell. It is only his shoddy dress he has on. He is a tumbler's boy, I tell you. He circled the pole with me for two years. Last November he ran away. If you do not believe me, ask the monkey. See the monkey knows him."

Bec de Lievre had to acknowledge that the monkey did know him. For the poor beast was no sooner brought close to its old playmate than it sprung upon him and covered him with caresses, gibbering and crying out the while after so human a fashion that it might well have moved hearts less hard. The boy did not return its endearments however; but a look of intelligence came into his eyes, and on a sudden he heaved a sigh as if his heart were breaking.

The men who had taken possession of him looked at one another. "It was the boy's cursed clothes fooled us," Bec de Lievre growled, savagely. "We will have them, at any rate. Strip him and have done with it. And do you keep off, Master Tumbler or we will tumble you!"

But when the showman, who was trembling with delight and anticipation, made them understand that he would give a crown for the boy, as he was in his clothes—"and that is more than the fence will give you," he added, they began to see reason. True, they stood out for a while for a higher price; but the bargain was eventually struck at a crown and a livre, and the boy handed over.

Master Crafty Eyes' hand shook as he laid it on the child's collar and turned him round so that he might see his face the better. Bec de Lievre discerned the man's excitement, and he looked at him curiously. "You must be very fond of the lad," he said.

The showman's eyes glittered ferociously. "So fond of him," he said, in a mocking tone, "that when I get him home I shall—oh, I shall not hurt his fine clothes, or his face, or his little brown hands, for those all show, and they are worth money to me. But I shall—I shall put a poker in the fire and then Master Jehan will take off his new clothes so that they may not be singed, and—I shall teach him several new tricks with the poker!"

"You are a queer one," the other answered. "I'll be shot if you don't look like a man with a good dinner before him!"

"That is the man I am," the showman answered, a hideous smile distorting his face. "I have gone without dinner or supper many a day because my little friend here chose to run away one fine night, when he was on the point of making my fortune. But I am going to dine now. I am going to feed—on him!"

"Well, every man to his liking," the hare-lipped beggar answered, indifferently. "You have paid for your dinner, and may cook it as you please, for me."

"I am going to," the showman answered with an ugly look, he plucked the boy almost off his feet as he spoke, and, while the men cried after him, "Bon appetit!" and jeered, he dragged him away across the open part of the market, finally disappearing with him in one of the noisesome alleys which then led out of the Halles on the east side.

His way led through a rabbit-warren of beetling passages and narrow lanes where the boy, once loose, could have dodged him a hundred ways and escaped; and he held him with the utmost precaution, expecting him every moment to make a desperate attempt at it. But Jehan was not the old Jehan who had turned and twisted, walked on and frolicked on the rope, and in the utmost depths of ill-treatment had still kept teeth to bite and spirit to use them. He was benumbed body and soul. He had had no food for nearly twenty hours. He had passed the night exposed to the cold. He had gone through intense excitement, horror, and despair. So he stumbled along, with Vidoche's dying cry in his ears, and, famished, frozen, benumbed, met the showman's threats with a face of fixed impassive apathy. He was within a very little of madness.

For a time Crafty Eyes did not heed this strange impassiveness. The showman's fancy was busy with the punishment he would inflict when he got the boy home to his miserable room. He gloated in anticipation over the tortures he would contrive, and the care he would take that they should not maim or disfigure the boy. When he had him tied down and the door locked, and the poker heated—ah! how he would enjoy himself! The ruffian licked his lips. His eyes sparkled with pleasure. He jerked the boy along in his hideous impatience.

But after a time the child's bearing began to annoy him. He stopped, and holding him with one hand, beat him brutally on the head with the other, until the boy fell and hung in his grasp. Then he dragged him up roughly and hauled him on with volleys of oaths, still scowling at him from time to time, as if, he found this little foretaste of vengeance less satisfying than he had expected.

There were people coming and going in the dark, filthy lane where this happened—a place where smoke-grimed gables almost met overhead, and the gutter was choked with refuse—but no one interfered. What was a little beating more or less? Or, for the matter of that, what was a boy more or less? The hulky loafers and frowsy slatterns, who huddled for warmth in corners, nodded their heads and looked on approvingly. They had their own brats to beat and business to mind. There was no one to take the boy's part. And another hundred yards would lodge him in that showman's garret.

At that last moment the boy awoke from his trance and understood; and in a convulsion of fear hung back and struggled, screaming and throwing himself down. The man dragged him up savagely, and was in the act of taking him up bodily to carry him, when a person, who had already passed the pair once, came back and looked at the boy again. The next moment a hand fell on the showman's arm, and a voice said: "Stop! What boy is that?"

The showman looked up, saw that the intervener was a priest, and sneered. "What is that to you, father?" he said, trying by a side movement to pass by. "Not one of your flock, at any rate."

"No; but you are!" the priest retorted in a strangely sonorous voice. He was a stalwart man, with a mobile fce and sad eyes that seemed out of keeping with the rest of him. "You are! And if you do not this minute set him down and answer my question, you ruffian, when your times comes you shall go the tree alone!"

"Diable!" the showman muttered, startled, yet scowling. "Who are you, then?"

"I am Father Bernard. Now tell me about that boy, and truly. What have you been doing to him? Ay, you may well tremble, rascal!"

For the showman was trembling. In the Paris of that day the name of Father Bernard was almost as well known as the name of Cardinal Richelieu. There was not a night prowler or cutpurse, bully or swindler, who did not know it, and dream in his low fits, when the drink was out and the money spent, of the day when he would travel by Father Bernard's side to Montfaucon, and find no other voice and no other eye to pity him in his trouble. Impelled by feelings of humanity, rare at that time, this man made it his life work to attend on all who were cast for execution, to wait on them in prison, and be with them at the last, and by his presence and words of comfort to alleviate their sufferings here, and bring them to a better mind. He had become so well known in this course of work that the king himself did him honor, and the cardinal granted him special rights; the mob also. The priest passed unharmed through the lowest wynds of Paris, and penetrated habitually to places where the lieutenant of the Chatelet, with a dozen pikes at his back, would not have been safe for a moment.

This was the man whose stern voice brought the showman to a standstill. Master Crafty Eyes faltered. Then he remembered that the boy was his boy, that his title to him was good. He said so sulkily.

"Your boy!" the priest replied, frowning. "Who are you?"

"An acrobat, father."

"So I thought. But do acrobats' boys wear black velvet clothes with silver buttons?"

"He was stolen from me," the showman answered, eagerly. He had a good conscience as to the clothes. "I have only just recovered him, father."

"Who stole him? Where has he been?" The priest spoke quickly, and with no little excitement. He looked narrowly at the boy the while, holding him at arm's-length. "Where did he spend last night, for instance?"

The showman spread out his palms and shrugged his shoulders. "How should I know?" he said. "I was not with him."

"He has black hair and blue eyes!"

"Yes. But what of that?" Crafty Eyes answered. "I can swear to him. He is my boy."

"And mine!" Father Bernard retorted, with energy. "The boy I want!" The priest's eyes sparkled, his form seemed to dilate with triumph. "Deo laus! Deo laus!" he murmured, sonorously, so that a score of loiterers who had gathered round, and were staring and shivering by turns, fell back affrighted and crossed themselves. "He is the boy! God has put him in my way this day as clearly as if an angel had led me by the hand. And he goes with me, he goes with me! Chut, man!"—this to the showman, who stood frowning in his path—"don't dare to look black at me. The boy goes with me, I say. I want him for a purpose. If you choose, you can come, too."

"Whither?"

"To the Chatelet," Father Bernard answered, with a grim chuckle. "You don't seem to relish the idea. But do as you please."

"You will take the boy?"

"This moment," the priest answered. "Mon Dieu! but you shall not!" the showman exclaimed. Wrath for the moment drove out fear. He seized the child by the arm. "He is my boy! You shall not, I say!" he cried, almost foaming with rage. "He is mine!"

"Idiot! Beast! Gallows-bird!" the priest thundered in reply. "For one half of a denier I would throw you into the next street! Let go, or I will blast you with—Oh, it is well for you you are reasonable. Now, be gone! Be gone, or, at a word from me, there are a score here who will—"

He did not finish his sentence, for the showman fell back panic-stricken, and stood off among the crowd, malevolence and craven fear struggling for the mastery in his countenance. The priest took the boy up gently in his arms and looked at him. His face grew strangely mild as he did so. The black brows grew smooth, the lips relaxed. "Get a little water," he said to the nearest man, a hulking, olive-skinned southerner. "The child has swooned."

"Your pardon, father," the man answered, "he is dead."

But Father Bernard shook his head. "No, my son," he said, kindly. "He who led me here to-day will keep life in him a little longer. God's ways never end in a culde-sac. Get the water. He has swooned only."

CHAPTER IX.

Since the poisoning of the Prince of Conde by is servant, Brillaut, at the instigation—as was alleged and commonly believed—of Madame la Princess, no tragedy of the kind had caused a greater sensation in Paris, or been the subject of more talk, than the murder of M. de Vidoche. The remarkable circumstances which attended it, and which lost nothing in the narration, its immediate discovery, the apparent lack of motive, and the wealth, rank, and youth of the guilty wife, all helped, with the fullness of Paris at this time, and the absence of any stirring political news, to make it the topic of interest. Nothing else was talked of in chamber or tennis court, in the Grand Gallery at the Louvre, or in the cardinal's ante-room at the Palais Riichelieu. Culprit and victim were alike well known. M. de Videche, if no favorite, had been at least a conspicuous figure in society. He had been cast for one of the parts in the royal troupe at the Christmas carnival. His flirtation with Mlle. de Farincourt had been sufficiently marked to cause both amusement and interest. And if madame was a less familiar figure at court; if she had a reputation somewhat prudish, and an air of rusticity that did not belie it, and was even less of a favorite than her husband, her position as a great heiress and the last of an old family gave her a cachet which did not fail to make her interesting now.

Gladly would the great ladies in their coaches have gone down to the Chatelet to stare at her, after the cruel fashion of that day; and after buzzing round her in her misery have gone away with a hundred tales of how she looked, and what she wore, and what she said in prison. But madame was saved this—this torture worse than the question—by the physician's orders, that no one should be admitted to her. He laid this down so strenuously—telling the lieutenant that if she had not complete repose for twenty-four hours, he would be answerable neither for her life nor her reason—that that officer, who, like the Chevalier du Guet, was an old soldier, replied "No," to the most pressing insistences; and save and except Father Bernard, who had the entree at all hours by the king's command, would let no one go in to her. "It will be bad enough by and by," he said, with an oath. "If she did it, she will be punished. But she shall have a little peace to-day."

But the great world, baffled on this point, grew, only the more curious, circulated stories only the more outrageous, and nodded and winked and whispered only the more assiduously. Would she be put to the question? And by the rack, or the boot, or the water torture? And who was the man? Of course there was a man. Now, if it had been, M. de Vidoche who had poisoned her, that would have been plain, intelligible, perspicuous; since every one knew—and so on, and so on, with Mlle. de Farincourt's name at intervals.

To Be Continued.

SPOILED THE SURPRISE.

Amiable Hostess—Well, now you are here I hope you will stay to lunch with me.

Gushing Visitor—Oh, thank you so much dear Mrs. Browne, if we may. To daughter. There, Vera, won't that be delightful. Such a pleasant surprise for you!

Severley Truthful Child—Not a surprised mother. You know you said Mrs. Brown must ask us to lunch if we only stopped long enough!

ABOUT MODERN WOMEN.

THEIR "CLUBS" WORKING FOR THE BETTERMENT OF SOCIETY.

Women Showing a More General Interest in One Another—The "Man Mania" Not so Strong as in By-gone Years.

Not the least of the good ends which women's clubs have served in the interests of life and society is the better understanding they have given the world of the true attitude and relation of women to one another. It has been so commonly set forth by their satirists that there was no heart in their affections, and nothing but suppressed envy in their admiration societies, that to see them systematically boosting one another in clubs and international councils and even in social lines and functions has so astounded their ancient critics that they have almost looked for some convulsion of nature to follow it. It was confidently predicted at the outset that their high conclaves and "solemn feasts" would break up in tears and hair-pulling, and when at the World's Fair, in Chicago, the board of lady managers for a moment forgot themselves and drew out their handkerchiefs to indulge in a few briny drops the cry went up, in all directions, "It is just what we expected, and now let us have an end of the whole matter."

And yet the work went on. Clubs followed clubs and federations of clubs made the agony thicker. The International Council, at London, came on apace, and women, whom ancient custom and prejudice might have crushed, or sorrow silenced, were borne on their sister's arms to places of power and honor, which neither a Frances Low or a Lyman J. Abbott can steal away from them. Yet nothing that they have yet achieved or are ever likely to achieve is more significant than the revelation of that unselfish love for each other and joy in each others' advancement, which their work unfolds. Of course, there are women and women, and some poor sisters may have encountered the spiteful sort, who tell that your charms are false, your amiability assumed for the occasion and your club papers cribbed from John Stuart Mill Burton, Burke or any other old worthy least likely to give you away to the modern public. But fortunately there are others, who know from sweet experience, that there is nothing more generous, whole-souled and spontaneous than the manner in which a company of true women will leap up to recognize anything of the least real merit that one of their number may accomplish and speed her on her way to something better. And this unquestionably is the secret of the power which clubs have had in bringing to the front

WOMEN OF REAL TALNET,

yet timid nature, who would never have been heard of without them.

It is not alone in organized societies and public charities, in all directions, that women are showing their tender interest in each other. Perhaps the greatest wonder of the age is Helen Keller, and it was a devoted woman's private care and training that made her possible, and from the New York Institute for the afflicted comes the story of another unfortunate blind girl, Matt Moorehouse, guided into the land where it is always sunshine and song through the devotion of the "Friend Mary," who became eyes for her and taught her a thousand cherry arts, from crocheting fine lace to turning out hymns on the typewriter. The story of woman's devotion to woman and the cause of womanhood in these latter days is indeed so common and familiar that it is almost a work of supererogation to give much consideration to it. And yet, it has a truth and bearing by no means recognized by the ordinary observer, or covered by the ordinary features of feminine friendship.

Of course, since the days of Ruth and Naomi, there have always been kindred spirits among women swearing eternal fealty to each other. Some one has recently been calling attention to the lifelong friendship that existed between the two remarkable, but dissimilar, women, Mme de Staet and Mme. Recamier, and more notable still is the bond which drew the white-souled Mrs. Browning to that erratic genius, George Sand. When all the world was darkening praise with personal criticism and condemnation of her, Mrs. Browning fearlessly declared that she was the greatest woman of the age, a free creature of genius, blazing through all conventions and conditions the path of the soul. Special ties and sympathies, comprehensible or incomprehensible, have drawn special women, like special men, together in the mystic bonds of friendship since time began. But it is nothing whatever of this sort that the present setting of the feminine heart in the direction of her own sex implies. It is simply toward woman as woman that her thought is turned. It is to that deep and awful soul of woman which Baudelaire has called the most terrible and pathetic thing in the universe, that her own soul goes out, and in so doing,

CHANGES THE WHOLE CURRENT

of her thought and being.

Mme. Jerome Bonaparte declared that all the women of her day had the "man mania." Some short-sighted individuals think they have it still. But he who commands the outlook can see that its day is done, and that the woman mania has taken the field. It is all very well for club presidents and orators to call so loudly and sweetly to their brothers that their lively interest in each other in no way diminishes their tender regard for them; but you can watch for yourself where the men come in in the case and draw your own conclusions.

It is all very well for the gentle Countess of Aberdeen to try to call a halt in her own ranks and advise her eager sisters that the one-sex club is antagonizing the other half of humanity, and sowing enmity between man and woman, but she can not turn back the tide of destiny or give the man who has disappointed her a chance to recover herself in woman's interest. It may be a lonesome world without him, but she is bound to face it. Countless centuries of trying, to no purpose, to make him a demi-god and realize her soul's desire in him have discouraged her, and moved her to turn her attention to her own sex, which at least can understand her.

And so we have girl bachelors making their homes together; women's clubs, fraternities and councils absorbing well nigh the whole time and round of woman's thought and effort, and a large open space left free for man to rove in and exclaim, at his pleasure, "Behold how these women love each other!"

The situation is not entirely edifying, perhaps, even to woman herself. There is no denying that there was a soft beguilement in the old days and ways, for as the cannibals said of the dainty white man at his feast, "The creature is delicious enough if there was only more of him." But as the less or more is exactly the thing woman canot regulate, there is nothing better that she can do than to follow the plan of the creator, and, having tried "her prentice hand," on man at length turn her attention to woman. And that is precisely what she is doing.

HOUSES FOR LONDON POOR.

County Council Provides Tenements With Rooms at 84 Cents a Week—Cold Baths Two Cents.

One of the grandest enterprises for the benefit of the poor of this city will be dedicated to them in the squalid Shoreditch district on Saturday next, says a London letter. The County Council has built 23 blocks of model dwellings, comprising 1,100 tenements, and they are to be thrown open to the use of the poor. The undertaking is known as the Boundary Street Estate.

The work began ten years ago. It was the intention of the Council to transform a slum, where the death rate was 40.13 per 1,000, against 18.8 for the rest of the city, into a district in which the poor would have some chance to survive amid healthy surroundings.

The tenements, which will be operated so that they will cause no loss whatever in the city, but earn an interest, will be let either as single rooms for 84 cents a week, in sets of two rooms for $1.32 to $2 a week, three rooms for $1.70 to $2.28 or four rooms for $2.16 to $2. Workshops will let at from 84 cents to $1.56 a week each.

There will be baths in the dwellings. Cold baths will cost the tenants two cents and hot baths four cents. There will be well-appointed steam laundries, too, with wringing machines, mangles, iron stoves and boiling water for starch. Women will pay for the use of the laundry the moderate sum of three cents an hour.

One block has been furnished with baths in the proportion of one to each four of the tenants.

CIRCULAR PARK.

The dwellings are built around a circular park, in the centre of which there will be a band-stand. On the estate are two public schools, one church school and two churches, one of which is built over a common lodging house. There is a club on the estate for the tenantry. It is conducted on temperance lines and has a library.

The estate stands on the site of one of London's most notorious slum districts. It is known as the "Old Nichol." It is described minutely under the title of "The Jago" in Arthur Morrison's story, "A Child of the Jago."

A population of 6,094 persons was displaced by the scheme, which covers 17 1-2 acres. In two common lodging houses, which have been removed, 153 persons were found to be living. In 752 single rooms were 2,118 persons and 2,265 in 506 two-room tenements.

They were the poorest unskilled laborers. Besides button-makers, hose-makers, charwomen and washerwomen were many bad characters. In one small street alone lived twenty ticket of leave men.

They were transferred to other districts, their new homes being inspected by the officers of the County Council. Most are artisans of the better class—policemen, postmen and a few clergymen, schoolmasters and church workers.

The total cost of the reconstruction of the district is placed at about $1,625,000. The city will get 3 1-2 per cent. interest on this, and a sinking fund will be provided that will pay off the capital cost in 60 years. Thirteen liquor licenses on the grounds have been cancelled, and no public houses will be allowed on the estate.

SOUNDS HEARD IN A BALLOON.

Mr. J. M. Bacon, the Englishman, who with his daughter made a lofty balloon ascent to observe the meteor last November, tells some interesting things about the sounds that reached their ears. At the height of 5,000 feet the ringing of horses' feet on a hard road could be heard. At 4,000 feet the splashing sound made by ducks in a pond was audible. The barking of dogs and the crowing of cocks could be heard at 7,000 or 8,000 feet. These sounds penetrated through a white floor of cloud which hid the earth from sight. In the perfect silence of the air around the balloon they were startled by what seemed stealthy footsteps close at hand. Investigation showed that this sound was caused by the stretching of the ropes and the yielding of the silk as the balloon continued to expand.

A COUNTER BLOW.

I believe you only married me for my money, he remarked bitterly.

Well, you took good care to make the money one of the leading items in your proposal.

BRITAIN'S COAL SUPPLY.

STARTLING FACTS SHOWING HER GREAT RESOURCES.

The Whole World's Wealth Would Not Purchase the Supply at Retail Prices—Coal Enough in the Mines to Last 625 Years.

It may be reassuring to the British householder to know that, in spite of the alarming growth in his coal bill, there is still a reserve of coal hidden away in the United Kingdom large enough to supply the demands of a score of generations of Britons, and of sufficient value to buy all England up half-a-dozen times, says a writer in London Tit-bits.

It is estimated that the available coal in the coal-beds of Great Britain and Ireland is no less than 140,000 million tons, a quantity large enough to last, at the present rate of output, for 625 years; or, for home consumption only, for more than a century and a quarter longer. So that it will be quite time for the British householder to begin to grow anxious about his coal supply somewhere about the year 1500, by which time the use of coal may be as obsolete as the use of flint and steel to-day.

If the British supply of coal were equally distributed among all the inhabitants of the United Kingdom there would be an allowance of 3,456 tons for each man, woman, and child; while each family would have to find accommodation for something like 16,600 tons of as much coal as would outweigh the entire population of Bristol.

We might even, in an access of generosity, distribute our coal broadcast over the entire world, and yet allow the liberal portion of nine-and-three tons to every inhabitant. The task of bringing this huge deposit of coal to the surface would be so stupendous that, if

AN ARMY OF 75,000 MEN,

more than a fourth of our regular army, had commenced to dig it on the very first day of creation, according to Biblical chronology, and had stuck to their task through all the intervening fifty-nine centuries, they would only now be within a measurable distance of completing it.

We can perhaps get some idea of the nature of this colossal task when we consider that the output of all those centuries represents a block of coal large enough to cover the whole of England to a depth of slightly over a foot.

If we limit our area to the boundaries of London, 74,672 acres, our solid block of coal would rise as high as the loftiest point of Dartmoor, Cawsand Beacon, four times as high as the great Pyramid, and almost six times as high as St. Paul's Cathedral.

From this block of coal, which is destined to coming generations, we could fashion one stupendous column as high as Mount Everest, the loftiest peak in the world, and with a base three and a half miles long and over two miles wide. On the top of our coal column we could find room for eleven and a half Hyde Parks and comfortable standing room for all the inhabitants of the United Kingdom and the United States.

If the railway systems of the world would be miserably inadequate for the transport of our reserve of coal, which would be sufficient to fill every truck in the world no fewer than 5,800 times. We should, in fact, have to requisition no fewer than 20,000 million trucks, each carrying a load of seven tons; and our train would reach almost eight-ninths of the way to the sun. It may, perhaps, help us to some conception of our train when we discover that, running night and day at the rate of thirty miles an hour, it would take

MORE THAN THREE CENTURIES,

years, to travel its own length. Merely to have compassed its own length by now it would have been necessary to start it on its journey in the far-away days of "Good Queen Bess."

If we cut up our train into shorter lengths and content ourselves with individual trains long enough to connect Charing Cross with the moon, we should have a separate lunar train for every day of eleven months, or a total of 335 trains.

Coiled around the earth on parallel lines, we could girdle the Equator with a belt of coal trains nearly seven miles wide.

Almost more remarkable than the quantity of our reserve coal is its value. Taking only the value at the pit's mouth, there is the almost inconceivable treasure of £56,000,000,000 lying hidden in the coalbeds of Great Britain and Ireland; so that the United Kingdom holds in her dark bosom 1-3 times as much wealth, in coal alone, as she boasts on the surface. If it were possible to divide this treasure equally among all the inhabitants of the United Kingdom to-day there would be the comfortable allowance of £1,380 for each man, woman, and child.

The value of our coal is, in fact, equal to 16s. out of every pound of the entire wealth of the world; and the gold that would purchase our coal would twice out-weigh the entire population of London.

If we place these 440,000 tons of sovereigns in truck, each truck containing ten tons of gold, we should require for its transport a train long enough to connect Euston Station with Chester; while we might with our sovereigns pave every square inch of Hyde Park every day for seventeen days, and still have many acres of gold to spare.

With the very interest of our coal fund, invested at 3 per cent., we could pay for ever the whole cost of governing the world and the food-bill of every family in Great Britain and Ireland.

Never put off until to-morrow the man who offers to lend you money today.