AMOUS HISTORIC DOORS

s of By-gone Days Which Eagerly Bought.

ertain wealthy banker, who near Pontefract, in Yorkshire, nd, has gradually acquired a collection of interesting ic doors. Amongst them is one separated that ill-starred Charles I., from relentless dhead pursuers when he pressed.

ther is reminiscent of the 's famous raid into England ear 1745. To its stout oak several of his prominent partisans owed their lives, for the door shows the deep indentations by a battering-ram that was against it at that time.

ee or four years ago the bank ile in Paris, offered $5,000 for or that had figured in the h Revolution. Through it had such famous folk as Marie nette, Charlotte Corday, Danton and Robespierre. Truly a door ich some awful memories cling. ollection comprises doors from s ancient halls and castles of more or less historic value. authorities of the Carnavalet m, in Paris, have in their possession a door of

THE OLD BASTILLE.

n the prison of Mazas was de ned they thought of purchasing its doors, but for some reason er changed their minds.

se relics were, however, eagerly r; and one purchaser, a latter Samson, actually carried his in home on his back. The keys of the prison were disposed the same time, but brought ingly poor prices. Even the interesting of them were sold low price of five francs, or a ess than one dollar each.

n that celebrated old hostelry, Crab Tree, was about to be d, Mr. W. A. White particularly uested that the door should be lly preserved. This was a very s portal, with quite a unique y, running back to the time Good Queen Bess left her black Bible in the bar-parlour as she om an unexpected police raid. rtunately, owing to some misstanding the door, which contained the names of landlords and notabilities with their own autographs, was completely destroyed. ough Mr. White offered a considerable sum for even a quarter of lued door, not, even this much rthcoming. All that the work ould bring him was

A BARROWFUL OF BITS,

ich not a name or a mark he made but.

ossibility of preserving an ing relic had vanished forever, to the disappointment of Mr. who regarded the door as one most precious features of his ty.

n years ago the people of ford-on-Avon waxed highly indignant on learning that one of the wardens had sold as old lumber ancient carved oak and panels oors of the north porch of the celebrated as the burial-place kespeare.

doors were erected a century Shakespeare's time, weighed ton, and were in perfect condition. They had just been temporarily removed to bring to light some rving and a peculiar holy water up in the church. The purpose intended using them in the ction of a pigsty! The inhabitants had some difficulty in getting the doors returned and restored r proper purpose.

E SIZE OF RAIN-DROPS.

instaking meteorologist has aken the laborious task of ring the dimensions of rain. He finds that the largest are one-sixth of an inch, the smallest five-hundredth of an inch, in er. They are larger in summer an in winter and larger in hot n cold climates. The size of op when it reaches the earth s on the height from which it en. In summer the lower of air are warmer than in and therefore clouds are at a greater height. The falling from these clouds, re, are larger than the winps.

TOO MANY WIVES.

Makealit—It is my highest on to marry some titled foreigner.

Jester—Why don't you try the

Makealit—"S-s-t!

ONE EXPLANATION.

Snaggs—I could never understand why the Russians call their he White Czar.

Snaggs—I suppose that the us plots against his life keep le all the time.

ssel drawing 10 feet rises 2 n passing from fresh water to

340 Germany factory-workers 83 hours a week; a world's

cent. of steamers and 4 per f sailing-vessels are lost at rly.

e age of 30, the average Eng n weighs 156lb., the average an 150lb.

n—Are you sure you can put eth into satisfactory condi Dentist—Yes, sir; at any rate spare no pains to do so.

heart, said the lecturer, eventy times a minute. This ation does not hold good for running away from a mad for schoolboys discovered in le tree by a lively farmer

did you send for me, Mrs. wife? said Dr. Redlight. There utely nothing wrong with the Oh, I'm so glad, doctor. at made you think there was doctor, he hasn't cried a bit e than an hour.

# The Man Who Knows.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Miss Wetherell is abducted by Nikola who demands as ransom from her father £150,000 and a mysterious Chinese stick. Mr. Wetherell and her lover, Richard Hatteras, attempt a coup to release her but are betrayed. Hatteras finds she has been carried to Pipa Lannu. A yacht is equipped and pursuit commences. Wetherell tells the story of China Pete's stick. The yacht arrives off Pipa Lannu.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued).

About dusk I was standing aft, leaning against the taff-rail, when Beckenham came up and stood beside me. It was wonderful what a difference these few months had made in him; he was now as brown as a berry, and as fine-looking a young fellow as any man could wish to see.

"We shall be picking up the island directly," I said as he came to an anchor alongside me. "Do you think you ought to go to-night? Remember you will run the risk of being shot!"

"I have thought of that," he said. "I believe it's my duty to do my best to help you and Mr. Wetherell."

"But what would your father say if he knew?"

"He would say that I only did what was right. I have just been writing to him, telling him everything. If anything should happen to me you will find the letter on the chest of drawers in your cabin. I know you will send it on to him. But if we both come out of it safely and rescue Miss Wetherell I'm going to ask a favor of you?"

"Granted before I know what it is!"

"It isn't a very big one. I want you to let me be your best man at your wedding?"

"So you shall. And a better I could not possibly desire."

"I like to hear you say that. We've been through a good deal together since we left Europe, haven't we?"

"We have, and to-night will bring it to a climax, or I'm much mistaken."

"Do you think Nikola will show fight?"

"Not a doubt about it I should think. If he finds himself cornered he'll probably fight like a demon."

"It's Baxter I want to meet."

"Nikola is my man. I've a big grudge against him, and I want to pay it."

"How little we thought when we were cruising about Bournemouth Bay together that within such a short space of time we should be sailing the South Pacific on such an errand! It seems almost too strange to be possible."

"So it does! All's well that ends well, however. Let's hope we're going to be successful to-night. Now I'm going on the bridge to see if I can pick the land up ahead."

I left him and went forward to the captain's side. Dusk had quite fallen by this time, rendering it impossible to see very far ahead. A hand had been posted in the fore-rigging as a look-out, and every moment we expected to hear his warning cry, but nearly an hour passed, and still it did not come.

Then suddenly the shout rang out, "Land ahead!" and we knew that our destination was in sight. Long before this all our lights had been obscured, and so in the darkness—for a thick pall of cloud covered the sky—we crept up towards the coast. Within a couple of minutes of hearing the hail every man on board was on deck gazing ahead in the direction in which we were proceeding.

By tea time we had brought the land considerably nearer, and by eight o'clock were within three miles of it. Not a sign, however, of any craft could we discover and the greatest vigilance had to be exercised on our part to allow no sign to escape us to show our whereabouts to those ashore. Exactly at nine o'clock the shore party, fully armed, assembled on deck, and the surf-boat was swung overboard. Then in the darkness we crept down the gangway and took our places. The mate was in possession of the tiller, and when all was ready we set off for the shore.

CHAPTER VI.

Once we had left her side and turned our boat's nose towards the land, the yacht lay behind us, a black mass nearly absorbed in the general shadow. Not a light showed itself, and everything was as still as the grave; the only noise to be heard was the steady dip, dip of the oars in the smooth water and now and then the chirp of the rowlocks. For nearly half an hour we pulled on, pausing at intervals to listen, but nothing of an alarming nature met our ears The island was every moment growing larger, the beach more plain to the eye, and the hill more clearly defined.

As soon as the boat grounded we sprang out and, leaving one hand to look after her, made our way ashore. It was a strange experience that landing on a strange beach on such an errand and at such an hour, but we were all too much taken up with the work which lay before us to think of that. Having left the water's edge we came to a standstill beneath a group of palms and discussed the situation. As the command of the expedition had fallen upon me I decided upon the following course of action: To begin with I would leave the party behind me and set out by myself to ascertain the whereabouts of the hut. Having discovered this I would return, and we would thereupon make our way inland and endeavour to capture it. I explained the idea in as few words as possible to my followers, and then, bidding them wait for me where they were, at the same time warning them against letting their presence be discovered, I set off up the hill in the direction I knew the plateau to lie. The undergrowth was very thick and the ground rocky; for this reason it was nearly twenty minutes before I reached the top of the hill. Then down the other side I crept, picking my way carefully, and taking infinite precautions that no noise should serve to warn our foes of my coming.

At last I reached the plateau and looked about me. A small perpendicular cliff, some sixty feet in height, was before me, so throwing myself down upon my stomach, I wriggled my way to its edge. When I got there I looked over and discovered three well-built huts on a little plateau at the cliff's base. At the same moment a roar of laughter greeted my ears from the building on the left. It was followed by the voice of a man singing to the accompaniment of a banjo. Under cover of his music I rose to my feet and crept back through the bushes, by the track along which I had come. I knew enough to distribute my forces now.

Having reached my friends again I informed them of what I had seen, and we then arranged the mode of attack as follows: The mate of the yacht, with two of the hands, would pass round the hill to the left of the plateau, Wetherell and another couple of men would take the right side, while Beckenham and myself crept down from the back. Not a sound was to be made or a shot fired until I blew my whistle. Then, with one last word of caution, we started on our climb.

By this time the clouds had cleared off the sky and the stars shone brightly. Now and again a bird would give a drowsy "caw" as we disturbed him, or a wild pig would jump up with a grunt and go trotting off into the undergrowth, but beyond these things all was very still. Once more I arrived at the small precipice behind the huts, and, having done so, sat down for a few moments to give the other parties time to take up their positions. Then signing to Beckenham to accompany me, I followed the trend of the precipice along till I discovered a place where we might descend in safety. In less than a minute we were on the plateau below, creeping towards the centre hut. Still our approach was undetected. Bidding Beckenham in a whisper wait for me, I crept cautiously round to the front, keeping as much as possible in the shadow. As soon as I had found the door, I tiptoed towards it and prepared to force my way inside, but I had an adventure in store for me which I had not anticipated.

Seated in the doorway, almost hidden in the shadow, was the figure of a man. He must have been asleep, for he did not become aware of my presence until I was within a foot of him. Then he sprang to his feet and was about to give the alarm. Before he could do so, however, I was upon him. A desperate hand-to-hand struggle followed, in which I fought solely for his throat. This once obtained I tightened my fingers upon it and squeezed until he fell back unconscious. It was like a horrible nightmare, that combat without noise in the dark entry of the hut, and I was more than thankful that it ended so satisfactorily for me. As soon as I had disentangled myself, I rose to my feet and proceeded across his body into the hut itself. A swing door led from the porch, and this I pushed open.

"Who is it, and what do you want?" said a voice which I should have recognized everywhere.

In answer I took Phyllis in my arms and, whispering my name, kissed her over and over again. She uttered a little cry of astonishment and delight. Then, bidding her step quietly, I passed out into the starlight, leading her after me. As we were about to make for the path by which I had descended, Beckenham stepped forward, and at the same instant the man with whom I had been wrestling came to his senses and gave a shout of alarm. In an instant there was a noise of scurrying feet and a great shouting of orders.

"Make for the boats!" I cried at the top of my voice, and, taking Phyllis by the hand, set off as quickly as I could go up the path, Beckenham, assisting her on the other side.

If I live to be a hundred I shall never forget that rush up the hill. In and out of trees and bushes, scratching ourselves and tearing our clothes, we dashed; conscious only of the necessity for speed. Before we were half-way down the other side Phyllis's strength was quite exhausted, so I took her in my arms and carried her the remainder of the distance. At last we reached the boat and jumped on board. The rest of the party were already there and the word being given we prepared to row out to the yacht. But before we could push off a painful surprise was in store for us. The Marquis, who had been counting the party, cried:

"Where is Mr. Wetherell?"

We looked round upon each other, and surely enough the old gentleman was missing. Discovering this, Phyllis nearly gave way, and implored us to go back at once to find him. But having rescued her with so much difficulty I did not wish to run any risk of letting her fall into her enemies' hands again, so selecting four volunteers from the party I bade the rest pull the boat out to the yacht and give Miss Wetherell into the captain's charge, while the balance accompanied me ashore again in search of her father. Having done this the boat was to return and wait for us.

Quickly we splashed our way back to the beach, and then plunging into the undergrowth began our search for the missing man. As we did not know where to search, it was like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay. My first thought, as I remembered having seen him descending the hill, so we devoted our attentions to that side. For nearly two hours we toiled up and down, but without success. Not a sign of the old gentleman was to be seen. Could he have mistaken his way and be even now searching for us on another beach? To make sure of this we set off and thoroughly searched the two bays in the direction he would most likely have taken. But still without success. Perhaps he had been captured and carried back to the huts? In that case we had better proceed thither and try to rescue him. This, however, was a much more serious undertaking, and you may imagine it was with considerable care that we approached the plateau again.

When we reached it the huts were as quiet as when I had first made their acquaintance. Not a sound came up to the top of the little precipice save the rustling of the wind in the palms at its foot. It seemed difficult to believe that there had been such a tumult on the spot so short a time before.

Again with infinite care we crept down to the buildings, this time, however, without encountering a soul. The first was empty, so was the second, and so was the third. This result was quite unexpected, and rendered the situation even more mysterious than before.

By the time we had thoroughly explored the plateau and its surroundings it was nearly daylight, and still we had discovered no trace of the missing man. Just as the sun rose above the sea line we descended the hill again and commenced a second search along the beach, with no better luck, however, than on the previous occasion. Wetherell and our assailants seemed to have completely disappeared from the island.

About six o'clock, thoroughly worn out, we returned to the spot where the boat was waiting for us. What was to be done? We could not for obvious reasons leave the island and abandon the old gentleman to his fate, and yet it seemed useless to remain there looking for him, when he might have been spirited away elsewhere.

Suddenly one of the crew, who had been loitering behind, came into view waving something in his hand. As we approached we could see that it was a sheet of paper, and when he gave it into my hands I read as follows:

"If you cross the island to the north beach you will find a small cliff in which is a large cave, a little above high-water mark. There you will discover the man for whom you are searching."

There was no signature to this epistle, and the writing was quite unfamiliar to me, but I had no reason to doubt its authenticity.

"Where did you discover this?" I inquired of the man who had brought it.

"Fastened to one of them prickly bushes up on the beach there, sir," he answered.

"Well, the only thing for us to do now is to set off to the north shore and hunt for the cave. Two of you had better take the boat back to the yacht and ask the captain to follow us round."

As soon as the boat was under weigh we picked up our rifles and set off for the north beach. It was swelteringly hot by this time, and, as may be imagined, we were all dead tired after our long night's work. However, the men knew they would be amply rewarded if we could effect the rescue of the man for whom we had been searching, so they pushed on.

At last we turned the cape and entered the bay which constituted the north end of the island. It was not a large beach on this side, but it had at its western end, a curious line of small cliffs, in the centre of which a small black spot could be discerned looking remarkably like the entrance to a cave. Towards this we pressed, forgetting our weariness in the excitement of the search.

It was a cave, and a large one. So far the letter was correct.

Preparing ourselves, in case of surprise, we approached the entrance, calling Mr. Wetherell's name. As our shouts died away a voice came out in answer, and thereupon we rushed in.

A remarkable sight met our eyes. In the centre of the cave was a stout upright post, some six or eight feet in height, and securely tied to this was the Colonial Secretary of New South Wales.

In less time almost than it takes to tell, we had cast loose the ropes which bound him, and led him, for he was too weak to stand alone, out into the open air. While he was resting he inquired after his daughter, and having learned that she was safe, gave us the following explanation. Addressing himself to me he said:

"When you cried 'Make for the boats,' I ran up the hill with the others as fast as I could go; but I'm an old man and could not get along as quickly as I wanted to, and for this reason was soon left far behind. I must have been half-way down the hill when a tall man, dressed in white, stepped out from behind a bush, and raising a rifle bade me come to a standstill. Having no time to lift my own weapon I was obliged to do as he ordered me, and he thereupon told me to lay down my weapon and right-about face. In this fashion I was marched back to the huts we had just left, and then another man having joined my captor, was conducted across the island to this beach, where a boat was in waiting. In it I was pulled out to a small schooner lying at anchor in the bay and ordered to board her; five minutes later I was conducted to the saloon, where two or three persons were collected.

To be Continued.

English roads cost £4,000 a mile to make; French $6,000; Italian only $3,000.

Customer (getting a hair cut)—Didn't you nip off a piece of the ear then? Barber (reassuringly)—Yes, sir, a small piece, but not enough to affect the hearing, sir.

The Boar: "As I was saying, my demands are——"

The Lion: "Roar, roar-r-r!"

The Boar: "Oh, I say, Mr. Lion, how you startle me! Well, I should be willing to discuss——"

The Lion: "Roar-r-r, r-r-roar-r-r!"

The Boar: "Dear me, how very fierce! I implore that you will allow——"

The Lion: "R-r-roar-r-r!!!! The terms will be mine, and not yours!"

## PERSONAL POINTERS.

### Gossip About Some of the World's Great People.

Pope Leo XIII is still addicted to the habit of taking snuff. It is not generally known that the snuff used by the head of the Roman Catholic Church is made especially for his use in America. This particular kind is the highest-priced made anywhere in the world, and before being packed is flavoured with the costly attar of roses.

Police-Constable Jones, the artist, has had two of his landscapes hung at the Royal Cambrian Academy. His large painting of a Shropshire scene was only conditionally accepted at the Royal Academy, and it has been crowded out of the Exhibition. The artist has a hundred or more paintings in his studio, all of which he has produced in his spare moments when not acting as caretaker at the Leeds Town Hall.

Dr. Boyd Carpenter, who recently paid a flying visit to the Empress Frederick, has always been a favorite with the members of the Royal Family. There is not a more popular Bishop on the Bench than he, and among the million people who live in his diocese it would not be easy to find one to speak ill of him. He is one of the working Bishops. He is said to travel, within the bounds of his diocese, over ten thousand miles a year.

It is interesting to learn that St. Paul's Cathedral has an octogenarian bell-ringer in Mr. J. R. Haworth, who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday. Mr. Haworth has rung bells all his life with skill and gusto. He helped to ring the bells of Westminster Abbey on the accession of Queen Victoria, and he was one of the ringers at St. Paul's both at the Jubilee and Diamond Jubilee. Mr. Haworth is still hearty and full of anecdote.

Russia's sailor Princes are the Grand Duke Admiral Alexis and his nephew, Cyril. France, long after she became a Republic, retained a Royal sailor in the person of the Prince de Joinville. Prince George of Greece is an expert sailor, and his younger brother is preparing to succeed him in the post which he vacated on becoming Governor of Crete. King Oscar of Sweden and Norway was a most popular sailor Prince before he ascended the throne, and his son, Prince Oscar, is still commodore.

Lord Dufferin has the reputation of being one of the finest linguists in the United Kingdom. This facility for acquiring languages has been of infinite service to him as Ambassador at four European Courts. When he was Governor-General of Canada a quarter of a century ago he visited McGill College, Montreal, and was greeted by the students in four addresses—English, French, Latin and Greek. Without a moment's hesitation Lord Dufferin replied to each address in succession in the language in which it was couched.

Mr. Hugh Hole, the son of the famous and genial Dean Hole, of Rochester, has returned in good health from South Africa. Hole was one of the first C.I.V.'s, and recalls with pardonable pride that the fact that he got twenty recruits for the corps who averaged 6ft. in height and over 40in. in chest measurement. Hugh Hole himself did something to bring up the average, for he is all but 6ft. 6in. in height and broadly made in proportion. Moreover, he has genuine ability, and a broad sympathy with his fellow not to be acquired in the schools.

Lord Milner is not only of German descent on one side, but received his early training in German schools. His grandfather settled in Germany and married a German lady. Their son Karl, or Charles, Milner, the father of Lord Milner, was born at Neuss in June, 1830. He received a thorough education in theology and philology at the University of Bonn, and later applied himself to the study of medicine at Giessen and Tubingen. At the latter town he took the degree of Dr. Med. in 1856, and became professor of the English language. He died at Tubingen in 1882. Lord Milner was born at Bonn, or at Giessen, on the 23rd of March, 1854. He received his early education in the schools of Wurtemberg, and in 1869 came to England, where, full of German intellectuality, he entered King's College. He proceeded to Oxford with a scholarship in 1872.

"His Grace of Norfolk" has the reputation in Sheffield, where he is so well known and much beloved, of being one of the most unpretentious men that ever lived. A few weeks ago, at a small Roman Catholic church in one of the streets off the Strand, where many notable people are seen from time to time, a collection was taken at the door after the midday Mass. A gentleman passing out dropped some coins on the plate as he went. To the astonishment of the plateholder they were sovereigns. A look at the quiet, plainly-dressed donor convinced the collector that there was a mistake, so he hurried rapidly after the gentleman to explain. The gentleman smiled courteously as he replied, "We'll let the mistake pass this time." The astonishment of the plateholder was greater than ever when, on relating his "wonderful experience," he was told that the quiet unassuming gentleman was the Duke of Norfolk.

## FAT FOLKS AS ATHLETES.

### Some of Them Do Most Remarkable Feats.

Though, as a rule, excessively stout people refrain from entering the athletic arena, there are occasions when they essay to emulate the feats of their leaner brethren. Such a one occurred some months since at Berlin, Germany, when a race over a short course took place between a butcher and a tailor, weighing respectively, 336 and 378 pounds. This the latter, after a desperate finish, won by a yard. The time was not stated, but in all probability record was not beaten.

The king of all fat men, Daniel Lambert, of England, prided himself upon his pedestrian abilities, and on one occasion showed that as a pugilist his punishing powers would have gained him respect. When out with a friend he found himself unexpectedly face to face with a large bear, which had broken loose from its master's control. Bruin, being either playfully or spitefully inclined went for the man-mountain, who nothing daunted, resolutely met its charge, which, on its being again repeated, he effectually stopped with such a vigorous right-handed blow as stretched the animal senseless in the road.

Among the votaries of the wheel can be numbered several weighty riders. An expert cyclist, residing at Waterford, Ireland, turns the scale at 308 pounds—a not excessive weight when his height, 6 ft. 6in., is taken into consideration. A well-known Dublin physician, 70 pounds heavier, is likewise an ardent rider, nor does he confine himself to cycling for despite his avoirdupois, he indulges in most outdoor games, having an especial liking for lawn tennis.

Weightier by far than either of these two gentlemen is Joseph W. Grimes, an American, who can, without question, lay claim to being the most massive cyclist in the world. Topping 6 ft. 4in., he measures 64 inches round the waist and 62 inches round the chest, while his neck and calf are both 22 inches in circumference. His weight is 560 pounds despite which, on a specially constructed machine, he has covered eighty-four miles in ten hours. Needless to say he holds, and is likely to hold, all records for a man of his size.

As an adjunct to wrestling weight is often of use, and it is said that in Japan corpulency is often cultivated to this end with such success that wrestlers of from 280 pounds to 420 pounds are to be seen in the ring. At weight-lifting, too, it is at times of decided advantage, and many of us can remember the massive Louis Cyr, whose 308 pounds enabled him to accomplish feats which to an equally muscular man of lighter build would have been impossible.

Another strange man of prodigious dimensions, who exhibited his powers some years ago at the Covent Garden Circus, London, was Emile Nauko. Five stone heavier than Louis Cyr, his muscular vigor was the wonder of the day.

## HANDFULS OF WEALTH.

### Some of the Largest Gold Nuggets Ever Found.

The largest gold nugget in the world was found in New South Wales. It was worth $148,000. It was 4 feet 9 inches long, 3 feet 3 inches wide, and four inches in thickness throughout.

The great "find" was unearthed at a small mining camp called Hill End. Two men, Byer and Haltman, were the discoverers. Strange to say, they had lost all their money seeking for gold, and at the time of their discovery were without a penny, deeply in debt, and almost on the verge of despair.

Another famous discovery of gold in the solid lump was made at Bakery Hill, near Ballarat, Australia, on June 15, 1858. It was discovered by two or three men of a prospecting party of twenty-four. These men had decided to share pro rata, everything that was discovered. Consequently the nugget had to be divided into many portions. Other than this find the prospectors met with little luck. Hence the mass of gold became known as the "Welcome" nugget. Its value was $37,000. It weighed 2,159 ounces.

The largest nugget ever found in California is known as the "Oliver Martin," which was valued at $22,700, and earned $10,000 more through being exhibited.

The famous "Blanche Barkley" nugget, value $34,525, weighing 1,748 ounces, was found by four prospectors at Kingower, Australia. It was 18 feet below the surface and was found in land that had been worked over the year before. There were previous diggings within six feet of it. This nugget was exhibited at the Crystal Palace, London, and made for its owners $250 per week for months.

AN EXPEDIENT.

"Didn't you have trouble in getting so many antiques?

Dear, me, no—I had them made to order.

## THE LIFE OF WATCHES.

### Influences and Conditions That Affect Their Behaviour.

"Watches," said the jeweler, as he screwed a little glass into one eye and squinted into a case of wheels, "are like human beings in many ways. They are delicate; they run well only when in perfect order, and they require attention once in so often whether they stop or not. They become sick, in a way, as we do, and they get off their balance. But, unlike us, when their mainspring breaks they are not necessarily done for, unless in another world. They can have new mainsprings.

"Watches, all jokes aside, are really almost human sometimes. They take cold readily. Never lay a watch on a cold marble table or near an open window all night after you have worn it next to your warm body all day; it will contract a sort of pneumonia, and ten to one it will stop before long if the practice be continued. The cold contracts the metal pivots, which, small as they are, must not be smaller, and they shrink. Thus the wheels cannot move.

"Watches are magnetized, too, by the persons who wear them. I have seen the statement that watches vary in timekeeping with the health of the wearer, and that if changed from one person to another they will show slight variations. All of that is true. The static electricity of a person may effect a watch. All of us throw this off; some more than others. Dark persons give off more than light ones do, and a dark woman more than any one else. Dark women should have rubber cases for their watches if they wish to have them

KEEP PERFECT TIME.

"Never lay a watch flat, at night, after it has been worn in a vertical position all day. It throws it off its base, so to speak. If the pivots be dry the wheels will not run level.

"A sudden jar will often stop a watch which runs regularly at that time, such as getting on or off a car suddenly. The hairspring's doing this. The jolt comes at the exact fraction of a second when the spring is in a position to catch. This occurs at infrequent intervals, as may be readily imagined.

"A watch should be fed or oiled every eighteen months, even if running in the best of time. The oil dries in that time, and the wheels are likely to wear one another.

"All jewelers examine watches in the same way; it seems to be a tradition of the craft. First, a man will look at the hands, as I have been doing. If they are not caught they will take out the balance wheel and examine the pin and the pivots, which you see here. Sometimes I do not find the trouble for days. The hardest thing to detect is a slight 'burr' on one of the wheels; this may throw the entire watch out of gear.

"Now, I will wind this watch of yours, and show that all the trouble with it is that it is run down. Unusual! Oh, no; that frequently happens. Some one is in here every day with an unwound watch, thinking that it is out of kelter because it will not run. They forgot to wind it, and are afraid to do it over again. Women are our best customers in that line. Of course, I could get $1 for this, but the talk will answer.

"Now, when you go home wind your watch in the morning. No; not at bedtime, but when you get up. That gives it the full spring to work on during the day, when the jars and jolts are more numerous. And hold your watch still when you wind it, and wind the key. That's all, try that."

And the jeweler handed back the watch, running beautifully.

## VALUE OF MEN.

### In Time of War Said to be Worth $200 a Head.

For military and naval purposes the nations of Europe spend annually $750,000,000. They keep under arms continually more than 3,000,000 men, with six times as many ready to fly to arms when the word "mobilise" is spoken. It is estimated that the community loses at least £40 a year for each man who is kept under arms and is, therefore, unproductive. For all Europe this loss would amount to $600,000,000, which should be added to the $750,000,000 annually paid out for military and naval purposes.

In Germany every year more than 300,000 young men reach the military age and enter the Army as a matter of compulsion. Every son of the Empire must serve six years—two in active service and four in the army of the reserve. On a peace footing the Kaiser has more than half a million soldiers at his command, and in case of necessity this number could be raised to 3,000,000.

But the greatest military power—on land, at least—is Russia, which maintains an establishment of more than 800,000 men in times of peace while under pressure of war this figure might easily be multiplied by four, or even five.

## MAKING SHORT PEOPLE TALL.

Dr. Maurice Springer, an American physician, has discovered something of interest to little men, viz., a method of adding to the human stature. He has increased by 3 inches the height of Miss Ruth Lanton, a pretty young woman of Washington who was made unhappy by excessive shortness, her height being only 4 feet 10 inches. His method consists principally in the daily application of static electricity to the cartilage of the knee-joints. He also makes injections into the cartilage, orders daily massage, and compresses soaked in salt water to be applied to the knee-joints at night. The diet includes cereals, which promote the growth of the cartilage.