Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued).

He was pale, save for a red spot on each cheek, and his small eyes shone vindictively.

"A clear case," he said, with a note of satisfaction in his thin voice. "He did it, right enough. And they'll have him presently. They've cabled to stop the ship at the Canaries."

Bobby shrunk from him with a look of horror.

"I—I don't believe it," he said, his voice breaking. "Gaunt is as innocent as—as I am!"

Mershon shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah, right! Let him come home and prove it!" he said, sullenly.

He went over to Mr. Gilsby, who was talking to Mr Bockett—Mr. Bockett cheerfully triumphant—and clutched him nervously by the arm.

"They'll get him, eh, Gilsby?' He can't escape, can he?"

Mr. Gilsby smiled reassuringly.

"Oh, no; certainly not. Quite impossible! You may make your mind easy on that point, Mr. Mershon. They'll bring him back in a few days."

Mershon drew a breath of satisfaction, and hurried out of court.

Mr. Bockett glanced after him, and raised his eyebrows questioningly.

Mr. Gilsby smiled.

"Both fond of this Miss Deane," he said, answering the unspoken question. "You'll bitterly disappoint my client if you fail to get a conviction, Mr Bockett. But that's a certainty, I suppose?"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The "Pevensey Castle" went on her way. There were a number of passengers, and the usual amusements and entertainments were arranged and successfully carried out; and there was a good deal of laughter and merry-making on board the big ship.

But Gaunt took no part in the quoit-playing, the concerts, or the dances. He craved for solitude, and he avoided his fellow-passengers and spent most of his time in solitary pacing of the least frequented part of the deck, or shut up in his cabin.

It seemed to him as if his heart would never cease to ache with the longing for the girl whom he had so cruelly wronged, and whom he should never see again.

Decima was always before him, always in his thoughts; and as he imagined—and he could so easily picture it!—her horror and horror at his conduct, he felt almost too wretched to live.

And yet he had not sinned wilfully. He had gone to Scotland to avoid her; he had been on his way to, Africa to put as great a distance between them, when fate had led her to his rooms.

There was one other passenger who took no part in the pastimes of the vessel, this was Mr. Jackson.

He, like Gaunt, spent his time pacing the deck, but in another part than that which Gaunt so restlessly trod. But, when down below, Mr. Jackson did not confine himself to his cabin; though he spent some time there. He was very often in the smoking-saloon, or in the purser's canteen; and there was always a glass of champagne or brandy and soda before him. He drank a great deal; but he was never intoxicated; indeed, his liquor seemed to take little or no effect upon him.

For some days he avoided his fellow-passengers, only speaking when he was obliged, and then only in monosyllables. People on board a ship are always curious about their fellow-voyagers, and there was a general idea that Mr. Jackson had lost all his money in Africa; but this idea was dropped when Mr Jackson one evening joined the inevitable card-party and took a hand at poker.

He played every night; indeed, whenever play was going on; and he did not seem to care how high the stakes were. Nor did he seem to care very much whether he won or lost.

It can not be said that he added much to the coniality of the party, for he rarely spoke, and never laughed or gesticulated. The other players regarded him rather curiously, and with a certain amount of doubt; for there was something peculiar and uncanny about his manner and appearance. His face was so unnaturally pale, his eyes so unpleasantly red and bloodshot, and he had a singular trick of looking up suddenly, in the midst of the game, with a vacant stare as if he were seeing something that was not perceptible to the others; and once or twice he had laid down his cards and risen from his chair, as if he had forgotten that the game was in progress.

"Our friend, Mr. Jackson, has got something on his mind," remarked one of the players one evening, after Jackson had left the saloon.

He had walked out with a perfectly unmoved countenance, as impassive as a stone mask, though he had won a considerable sum.

"It's drink, I think," said another. "He drinks like a fish. Why, how many glasses do you think he's put down while he's been sitting here?"

"And the extraordinary thing is that it never seems to have any effect upon him," remarked a third. "Why, most of us would have been under the table if we had drunk half that young fellow has mopped up. You need some queer characters on board a ship, don't you?"

Now and again Gaunt met or came across Mr. Jackson, and Jackson would always eye him sideways, and give him a nod, which Gaunt returned in an absent-minded way. One evening Gaunt was pacing up and down on his favorite part of the deck, thinking, of course, of Decima, when he saw Jackson coming toward him. The moon was shining brightly and Gaunt could see the young fellow's face quite plainly. It was working spasmodically, the lips were moving as if he were talking to himself, and his hands were clinched at his side. Gaunt stopped half mechanically in the shadow of a deck-house, absently watching the man.

Jackson brought up his walk within a few yards of Gaunt, and, leaning over the vessel's side, stared out to sea with bloodshot eyes. Suddenly he put one foot on the gunwale, then drew up the other, and stood in imminent danger of falling over.

It looked to Gaunt as if the man were meditating suicide, and Gaunt sprung forward, seized him by the arm, and dragged him down to the deck.

"What are you doing?" he asked, sternly.

Mr. Jackson eyed him vacantly for a moment, then he said, without a smile:

"I wanted to see if I could stand there without falling over."

"Rather a dangerous experiment, wasn't it?" said Gaunt.

Jackson looked up at him with a kind of sullen defiance.

"Anyhow, it's no business of yours!" he said.

Gaunt smiled grimly.

"I suppose not," he said. "But I am not sure. If I had allowed you to fall over, you would in all probability have been drowned, and I should have been accessory to your suicide; I might have been charged with your murder."

At the word "murder," Mr. Jackson started and shuddered, and looked at Gaunt with a half-suspicious, half-angry stare.

"What do you mean by that?" he said.

"Exactly what I say," said Gaunt.

He saw that the young fellow had been drinking, and a kind of pity stole into Gaunt's breast; his own sorrow made him very tender toward the weakness and folly of his fellow-men.

"Better go down to your cabin," he said; "and don't drink any more to-night."

"I'm not drunk," said Jackson, sullenly.

"No; but you've had enough," said Gaunt.

There was a touch of sympathy in his tone which appeared to affect the young fellow.

"I'm awful wretched!" he said.

"My dear fellow," remarked Gaunt, "if all the men who were wretched flung themselves into the sea, how many passengers do you think would remain on board the 'Pevensey Castle'?"

Jackson looked at him curiously.

"You don't look particularly cheerful," he said.

Gaunt froze instantly.

"Better go down to your cabin," he said. "I will see you down."

"Oh, it's all right," said Jackson, with a distortion of the lips which might pass for a smile. "I shan't try the experiment again."

"Don't," said Gaunt, quietly. "Nothing in this world is so bad that it might not be worse."

"That's a lie!" remarked Jackson, laconically.

Gaunt made no response, but accompanied the young fellow as far as the saloon stairs, and waited until he had entered his cabin.

The next morning Mr. Jackson passed him on deck with a casual kind of nod; but after Gaunt had passed, Jackson looked after him with a curious expression on his face.

There were half a dozen children on board, and, though Gaunt had avoided his fellow-passengers, some of these children had not so much attracted his attention, but forced themselves upon it; for there was something about Gaunt which exerted a magnetic influence upon animals and children. Decima had felt it that first day on meeting him at the Zoo.

One little girl—a pale-faced little thing whose mother was taking her to Africa in the hope of snatching her from the demon Consumption—had, on several occasions, contrived to attract Gaunt's attention, and once or twice G. unt had stopped in his pacing and spoken to her; and the child had looked so pleased that she had got into the habit of pausing beside her deck-chair and talking to her about the ship's log, the absence of any one on board, and her own complicated ailments. He would draw the shawl across her chest, or carry her and her chair bodily into the sun and out of the wind. He rarely spoke to the mother, who was rather afraid of the grim-looking gentleman; but Maude did not share her mother's fear and shyness, but talked to Gaunt with the frankness of childish innocence.

Gaunt loved all children, and the child's liking for him brought him some kind of consolation in his misery. There was a look—or he fancied there was a look—in her pale face which reminded him of Decima. Perhaps, he thought, Decima had looked like that when she was a child. He knew, as well as the ship's doctor knew, that the little one was doomed, and his heart was full of sympathy for the anxious mother. The child told him all about herself, and often plied him with questions about himself.

"Why do you always walk about alone?" she asked, one evening.

"Well, I like it," he said. "Now, if you were able to walk about with me, Maude—"

"I wish I was!" she said in her thin voice. "I often watch you when you think I'm not looking, and I see that you are always thinking, thinking. Mamma says that she's sure you've something on your mind. Have you?"

"A very great deal, Maude," said Gaunt, with a smile.

"And yet you're not going to Africa because you're ill and going to die!" said the child.

"I hope none of us is going to Africa to die," he said.

"Oh, I am," she remarked, confidentially. "Mamma thinks I am going to get better, but I know I am not. Something inside me seems to tell me so."

"We'll hope for the best, Maude," said Gaunt.

"Oh, yes," she assented cheerfully; "but it isn't much use hoping. And now you're going to walk on the upper deck by yourself, with your arms behind your back and your thinking face on. I wish I could come with you, then p'raps you wouldn't think so much; but I can't walk."

"You shall come all the same," said Gaunt; "I'll carry you."

"Will you, really? I'm very heavy, you know!"

With a glance, which asked permission at her mother, Gaunt lifted her in his arms, drew the shawl closely round her, and carried her to the upper deck.

She was wonderfully delighted, and prattled to him in her childish, fanciful way.

"You must be very strong to carry me like this," she said; "but perhaps you are used to it?"

He thought of the night he had carried Decima, and his lips set tightly.

"No; I've not had much practice in this kind of thing; but you're not very heavy, and I like carrying you."

"And I like you to carry me," she said. "I think you are a very kind gentleman."

"Thank you, Maude," said Gaunt. "That was a very nice thing to say."

Presently, he knew, by the way in which her head lay upon his breast, that she was asleep, and he carried her down to the saloon to her mother.

"Thank you, my lord," the lady said, as he placed her little one in her arms. "You must have a kind heart to be so kind to my child."

"I'm fond of children," said Gaunt.

He went up on deck again. A fog was coming on, and he watched it rolling up from the horizon. He was thinking, not of the child, but of Decima. Where was she now? What would happen to her? She would not marry Mershon. But there would be some one else. Some one, perhaps, worthy of her. His heart ached with an anguish so keen that he had no power right even to protect her. He was startled by a voice near him. It was Mr. Jackson's.

"The fog's coming on thick," he said, in the dull, expressionless tone which was habitual to him.

Gaunt assented.

"How far are we off the Canaries?" asked Jackson.

"About two days' sail, I should think," replied Gaunt.

Jackson moved away, and Gaunt paced up and down. Presently he almost ran against the captain.

"Thick fog!" he said.

The captain grunted and passed on.

During the night the fog increased. Gaunt, coming on deck the next morning, found the vessel steaming in an impenetrable vapor as dense as a blanket. Every now and then she almost came to a standstill. The captain's bell seemed to ring incessantly; the mate's voice was heard at intervals gravely and sternly giving orders.

Gaunt knew that they were nearing a dangerous coast; but the other passengers, less experienced and well-informed, displayed no great interest, and felt no anxiety. They grumbled at the fog, grumbled at the captain, as if he were answerable for it, grumbled at each other; but there was no anxiety.

Gaunt himself was not apprehensive until the evening of the second day's fog. Then, as he was pacing the for'ard deck, he overheard the captain remark to the first mate:

"Better stop the engines!"

Gaunt had crossed the ocean too many times not to know what this meant. The vessel had lost her reckoning; the captain did not know where he was.

Gaunt went down to the saloon. Some one was banging away at the piano; there was the usual laughing and talking. Some of the young people were under the shelter of the music, flirting boldly; they all looked happy and free from care.

Then suddenly that peculiar noise of the screw, to which the ocean traveler so soon become accustomed, ceased.

Every voice was silent; the young lady at the piano stopped playing; every one glanced interrogatively at his neighbor.

Before any question could be asked, the captain came into the saloon. There was an easy smile on his face, and when a particularly nervous gentleman exclaimed:

"The screw's stopped! What's the matter, captain?" he nodded carelessly, and replied:

"Giving the stokers a rest. Go on with your playing, Miss Brown. We shall be off again directly."

But the fog increased, and the engines did not start.

Gaunt went on deck and found the captain in close confab with the mate.

"Anything wrong, captain?" asked Gaunt, quietly.

The captain was about to make a brusque reply, but as he glanced at Gaunt's face, he seemed to change his mind.

"Yes, my lord," he said. "We've lost our reckoning. The fog has caught us, fairly caught us."

"Is there anything I can do?" asked Gaunt. "But of course there is not."

The captain shook his head.

"No." Then he said, as if with an afterthought: "Well, yes; you can go below and keep 'em easy till we get out of this. It may drift directly." But he looked into the fog doubtfully.

Gaunt, after a glance at the thick vapor, through which one could not see a yard, went back to the saloon.

Miss Brown had ceased playing, and the silence had settled upon the lately light-hearted crowd. Gaunt went to the piano and struck a chord.

"Have you ever heard this song?" he said.

Everybody turned to him with expectation and surprise.

He was no musician, and he had not touched a piano for years, but in his younger days he had been able to sing and vamp an accompaniment. He played and sang Judge's ong in "The Trial" by and sang Judge's song in "The Trial" by

He scarcely knew what he was singing, but the audience applauded vociferously—all the more vociferously because this stern and reserved man had condescended to make an effort for their amusement. "Encore! Encore! Give us another!" they cried.

Gaunt puzzled his brains, and after dint of thinking, remembered another song. It was absolutely necessary that this crowd of timid passengers should be prevented from knowing and thinking of the peril that lay so near them.

He played and sung, and little Maude stole up to the piano and leaned against him admiringly and confidingly.

"You are a clever man!" she said in her childish treble.

Gaunt rose from the piano and induced a more skillful performer to take the seat vacated by him.

"Let us have something with a chorus," he said, with a gravity which surprised his hearers, who had hitherto regarded him as the most grim and unsociable of men.

A young lady went to the piano and began the accompaniment to a comic song, to which one of the young men essayed to sing.

Distant heard the stern voice of the captain issuing orders, and the tramp of the crew as they obeyed.

The song proceeded, the chorus was being roared, when suddenly there came a peculiar shock and sound which struck the singers dumb.

No one knew what had happened; but through every man and woman there had run something which had sent cold blood and dread to every heart. They sprung to their feet and looked wildly at one another for a moment in silence; then the first shriek arose from a woman's lips, and was instantly followed by others.

There was a rush for the saloon door. That terrible thing, panic, had taken hold of them, and men and women fought for the narrow door-way, some of the former forgetting their manhood in their terror, pushing the women aside.

Gaunt stood near the door. He had heard the captain, as he passed the upper deck, pause and say calmly and sternly:

"Oblige me by keeping the passengers in the saloon, my lord."

Gaunt closed the door, and stood with his back to it. The ship was rocking hideously, like a living thing in pain, and some of the women fell to the floor or were thrown there by the mad rush of the men for the door. Gaunt stood firm and square, with his legs apart.

"We must remain where we are," he said. "We must obey the captain's order. There may be no danger; we should certainly not better things by crowding on the deck and hindering the men."

Some of them fell back, but one or two of the men still pressed on him, and the nearest caught him by the collar of his coat.

(To be continued.)

Sir William Crookes,

English inventor of the Crookes tubes which made the X-ray possible. He has received from King George the Order of Merit and has been chosen president of the Royal Society.

Earliest Newspapers.

The earliest English newspaper, Nathaniel Butter's "Weekeley Newes," some copies of which are to be seen at the Advertising Exhibition, had several predecessors abroad. The first of these in point of time was the "Ordinrij Avisa," the publication of which began at Strassburg in 1609—14 years before the appearance of Nathaniel Butter's venture. In 1620 Abraham Verhoeven founded the "Nieuwe Thijdingen" at Antwerp, and this continued to appear weekly for 227 years. The oldest existing newspaper is apparently the Swedish official gazette, which dates back to 1644.—London Chronicle.

A Source of Glory.

All Scotsmen take pride in their native land, but none more than the old gardener of Duddingston.

The gardener was showing to a tourist the beauties of the loch and of the little village. It was evening, and as he expatiated on the lovely scene and on the glories of his country, the moon rose over a hill.

The old man stopped short in the middle of a speech, and gazed at the moon in admiration.

After a moment he turned to the tourist, and said, "There's a moon fur ye! I tell ye, mon, we're a grand nation!"

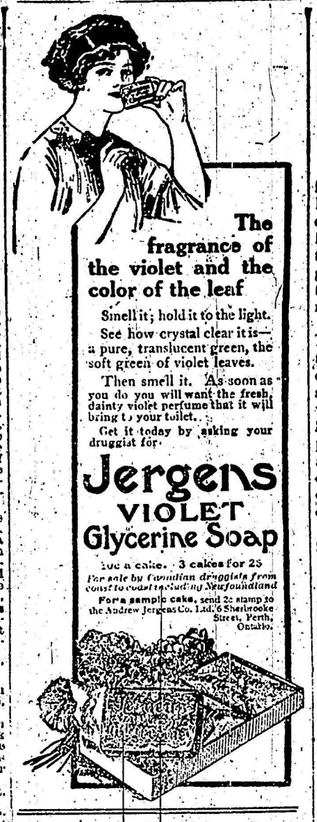
Drawing the Line.

Officer—What's the matter with that soup you're turning up your nose at?

Private—It's full of sand and grit, sir.

Officer—Now, look here, my man, did you come to camp to grumble or to serve your country?

Private—Well, I did [illegible] to



The fragrance of the violet and the color of the leaf

Smell it; hold it to the light.

See how crystal clear it is—a pure, translucent green, the soft green of violet leaves.

Then smell it. As soon as you do you will want the fresh, dainty violet perfume that it will bring to your toilet.

Get it today by asking your druggist for

Jergens VIOLET Glycerine Soap

3 cakes for 25

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast including Newfoundland

For a sample cake, send 2c stamp to the Andrew Jergens Co. Ltd., 6 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

HOME

Tested Recipes.

Mock Angel Cake.—Mix and sift four times one oupful of fine granulated sugar, one and one-third cupfuls of flour, three tablespoonfuls of baking powder and one-third teaspoonful of salt. Pour on gradually while serving constantly two-thirds cupful of hot scalded milk.

Pineapple Bavarian Cream.—Two tablespoons granulated gelatin, half cupful of cold water, one can grated pineapple, half cupful of sugar, one tablespoon lemon juice, whip from three cups of cream. Soak gelatin in cold water. Heat pineapple, add sugar, lemon juice and soaked gelatin; chill in a pan of ice water until it begins to thicken, then fold in the whip from cream, mold and chill.

Currant Muffins.—One cup milk, 2 tablespoons fat, ¼ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 egg, 1-3 cup currants. Mix and sift dry materials together, add milk, then beaten egg and melted fat. Stir in currants, which have been washed and sprinkled with a little flour. Bake in a moderate oven about twenty minutes.

Hollandaise Sauce.—One-half cup butter, 2 egg yolks, 1 tablespoon of lemon juice, ½ teaspoon of salt and 1-3 cup of water. Cook over a slow fire as you would a custard.

Eggs a la Suisse.—Four eggs, ½ cup cream, 1 tablespoon butter, salt, pepper, speck cayenne, 2 tablespoons of grated cheese. Heat a small skillet, put in butter and when melted add cream. Slip in the eggs one at a time, sprinkle with salt, pepper and a few grains of cayenne. When whites are nearly firm sprinkle with cheese. Finish cooking and serve on buttered toast. Pour cream over the toast.

Breaded Veal Cutlets.—Dredge veal with flour, dip in egg, then in bread or cracker crumbs. Brown in hot fat, cover with milk and cook in very slow oven until tender.

Meat Loaf.—This is best made of half veal and half salt pork. Mix with this the yolk of an egg and dried breadcrumbs. To be tender and juicy it must be cooked in an oven which has a very low fire under it. The white of the egg may be put over the top of the loaf to give it a glaze.

Quick Cake.—One-half cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, 1 3-4 cups flour, 3 teaspoons cinnamon, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, ½ pound dates, stoned and cut in pieces. Soften the butter and put all ingredients in a bowl. Beat together for 3 minutes. Bake 35 to 40 minutes.

Prune Whip.—Whites of three eggs, three-quarters of a cup of prune pulp, one-quarter cup of sugar, one teaspoon lemon juice. Beat the whites of eggs until stiff, fold in the prune pulp, sugar and lemon juice. Pile lightly in buttered baking dish and bake twenty minutes in a slow oven. Serve cold with cream. This may be served hot if desired.

Peanut Cookies.—One-fourth cup sugar, two tablespoons butter, one egg, one teaspoon baking powder, one-quarter teaspoon salt, one-half cup flour, two tablespoons milk, one-half cup finely chopped peanuts, one-half teaspoon lemon juice. Cream the butter and sugar together and add egg well beaten. Sift dry materials and add alternately with the milk to the butter and sugar mixture. Add peanuts and lemon juice. Drop from a teaspoon on an unbuttered sheet one inch apart. Place half a peanut on top of each and bake twelve to fifteen minutes in a slow oven.

Useful Hints.

Fried food should not be allowed to become chilled before serving.

The stove front can be painted with black stove enamel instead of blackening it daily.

Kerosene is not so explosive as it is inflammable, but it should never be brought in contact with fire.

If oatmeal is put to soak overnight in cold water it will only take half the time to cook it in the morning.

It is a good idea to put a heavy Turkish towel on the bottom of the dishpan when washing fine china or glass.

The juice of a lemon added to a pan of water will freshen wilted vegetables. Let them stand in it for one hour.

Roast pork should never be eaten by anyone with a delicate digestion. Salmon and herring are also very hard to digest.

It is a good idea to have a good-sized kitchen salt shaker filled with a mixture of salt and pepper. This saves time in seasoning.

Always push a new lamp wick through the top of a burner, wet the lighting end in kerosene, turn low and allow it to stand a day before using.

The odor of kerosene lamps can be stopped by putting one teaspoonful of fine table salt into each lamp. The salt should be changed once a month.

The term "folding," used in recipes, means the cutting down and lifting up the mixture in such a way as to distribute it over as little as possible.

Potatoes are not so apt to rot if the cellar is not kept too warm. Sprinkle air-slacked lime among them lightly to keep the light away.

To clean windows easily first wipe thoroughly with a dry cloth. Then rub with a chamois skin which has been wrung out of cold water. No further polishing is needed.

When you have roast beef for dinner save the water in which it was washed, as it is a splendid tonic for plants. Roses and geraniums especially are improved by this treatment.

To clean finger-marks on doors rub well with a piece of clean white flannel dipped in paraffin oil. The marks will disappear like magic. Afterwards wipe with a clean cloth wrung out of hot water to take away the smell.

When ironing window blinds it is important to follow certain rules to ensure their hanging well. After they have been starched fold them down the middle lengthwise and iron double, both sides together. Then open them out and iron the fold. They will then keep their shape, not stretching as when ironed singly.

Boil red beets whole in salt water until tender, drain, peel whole, scoop out small sections from top to form basket; cover with half vinegar and half water poured over hot, with a little sugar dissolved in the mixture. Fill with half carrots and half peas, which have been boiled, drained and placed in French dressing to get thoroughly chilled on ice before serving.

MANY POISONOUS WOODS.

Woodworkers and Gardeners Should Protect Their Hands.

Nettles, poison ivy and poison sumac are by no means the only plants which have a poisonous effect on the human skin. Poisonous substances exist in many trees, and even after they have been cut and sawed a sufficient quantity of the poison remains in the lumber so that workmen who handle it are liable to infection.

Amberwood is impregnated with a powerful poison, according to Dr. Heinz Graf, who has been investigating the subject for the German Botanical Society.

Two different kinds of wood are included under the term amberwood—the genuine East Indian or Asiatic satinwood, or silkwood, and the satin hardwood or amberwood. The two are quite different in external appearance. Nestler succeeded in extracting the active substance only from the latter. This is a stearinlike substance soluble only in ether. A small quantity of it placed in contact with the skin of the under-arm, in the course of about five hours produced a tensely swollen yellowish blister surrounded by a red area of inflammation. After the bursting of the blister an ulcer remained which required four weeks to heal.

What is known as cocobolo wood contains a poisonous substance easily soluble in alcohol and benzol, less so in water. It is apparently an ethereal oil. The placing of fine sawdust of this wood on the moist skin causes first a violent smarting. Following this, red spots or pimples appear, accompanied by redness and inflammation of that part of the skin.

Similar phenomena are caused by the plant Cortusa Matthioli, but they are even stronger, since blisters are produced. Touching the plants is enough to cause irritation, and the infection may be transmitted to other persons by hands so infected. The bearers of the irritating substances in this case are gland-hairs, as in the case of the primrose. This substance is crystallizable sap which can be extracted from gland-hairs.

The sawdust of the Mexican bluegum is harmful when the skin is especially sensitive from some other cause. A workman who was suffering from tuberculosis, and who later died from it, was attacked, after splitting this lumber, by an eruption of the underarm which forced him to stop work. Others who did similar labor for years had no ill effects. In this case the tuberculosis may have created the disposition.

As a result of his investigation Dr. Graf urges all cabinetmakers who work in satinwood and gardeners who grow poisonous plants to protect their hands, arms and head from direct contact with the wood, sawdust or injured portions of the plants. At the first sign of any inflammation of the skin the sufferer should receive the attention of a dermatologist.

It has long been thought that poisoning might result from the proximity of sumac, even if the plant was not touched, but Dr. Graf denies this. A visitor to the Berlin Botanical Gardens recently brought suit for damages for injuries which he alleged he had suffered on account of his proximity to a poisonous sumac, which is on exhibition in the gardens. But the suit was lost, for the directors of the gardens proved conclusively that for poisoning to occur the plant must be injured and the injured portion brought into direct contact with the skin.

No Go.

Jenny's uncle, who was a school teacher, met her on the street and asked her if she was going to the dance.

"No, I ain't going."

"Oh, my little dear," said her uncle, "you must not say I ain't going," and he proceeded to give her a little lesson in grammar. "You are not going. He is not going. We are not going. You are not going. They are not going. Now, can you say all that? Jenny!"

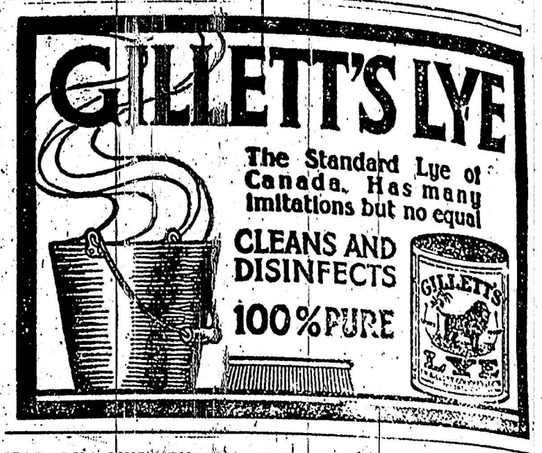
"Sure I can," she replied, making a curtsey. "There ain't nobody going."

Steadfast—At Least.

Rebecca—I don't believe you love me. You never think of anything but tollars.

Silverstein (appearingly)—Vould you vant a man dot vas all de time changing his mindt?

The Struggling Lawyer (pompously)—Anything unusual happen while I was out? Office Boy (after some thought)—Yes'r. There wasn't any debt collectors called.



MODERN CHIMNEY FELLING

HOW IT IS DONE IN LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND.

Is High "Art" and Dangerous Work—Thousands Watch the Spectacle.

"The art of chimney-felling" may perhaps seem rather a romantic title for so prosaic and matter-of-fact a calling; yet there is very little romance and a great deal of art in the dropping of one of these towering monarchs of the air with in the limited space of, say twenty yards or so. Cannot be done, you say? But it can. Listen.

Monster Chimneys.

To see the "art of chimney-felling" at its best, however, one must go to any of the textile manufacturing towns in either Yorkshire or Lancashire. Here is where a correct definition of the word "towering," applicable to factory smoke stacks, is given, in defiance of any other manufacturing city or town in the world for there are to be seen some of the highest chimneys extant—one in particular, about four miles from Manchester, being a little over 300 feet in height, with a base the diameter of which is said to be around 50 feet. The average height of a stack in Lancashire, England, is about 250 feet.

Reason for Height.

The specific reason for these stacks being so high is on account of the congested state of the cities and towns. If the stacks were not built high the enormous quantity of black smoke which daily pours forth from the top of them would be detrimental to the health of the inhabitants. And it is owing to their loftiness that so many of them soon show the marks of time and stress of weather; also then constant swaying in a high wind soon causes the bricks to become loosened, and repairs have to be made if the stack is to remain in a state of safety. But the time eventually arrives when the expenditure upon repair work becomes too heavy a burden upon the mill owner, and he becomes careless. Here, then, is where the building inspector steps in. He notes the unsafe state of the stacks, orders it to be repaired, and if this is not done condemns it.

Old Style and New.

As fashions change in the matter of clothing so has the fashion changed during the past twenty years in the methods of razing the condemned chimneys. The style of twenty years ago ruled that the chimney wreckers should start to raze a stack from the top downwards. The old method was to take brick hammers and chisels and take the bricks off singly, but as this was a slow and laborious process—a year often being consumed in the razing of a big stack—it was found expedient to adopt more modern methods.

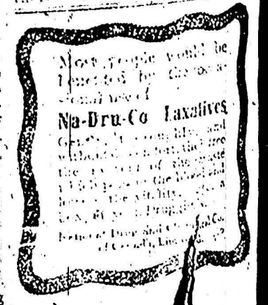
The modern method is to start at the bottom. Contrary to the custom in the old days, when the work was done by day labor, the custom now is to take a job on contract.

When the time arrives for the razing of the condemned stack the contractor gets together his crew of six expert chimney wreckers and starts in on the job. First, he sets a number of them to work with chisel-bar and sledge, cutting into the base of the brickwork. In this manner panels, large enough to admit of the insertion of huge balks of timber are cut out all around the base. When all the panels are cut and the timbers inserted, work is begun on the remaining panels. These openings are then treated in the same manner as the others, until the towering fabric is simply resting on a wooden foundation.

Burning the Base.

The timbering completed, preparations are made for the actual felling of the stack. First the interior of the stack's base is filled with old rubbish, in the shape of straw, sawdust, kindling wood, barrels of tar and kerosene, and such like combustible material. This done, the exterior is prepared in like manner. Quantities of this material are also heaped around as to be handy to get at when the fire needs replenishing.

Climax, Felling.

The time for felling arrives. It is to happen on Saturday afternoon and the word has gone forth throughout the city of what is to be. Consequently, around the district set for the felling, thousands of people are to be seen wending their way toward the spot where the event is to take place.

The hour draws nigh, with every point of vantage seized by the excited onlookers, who are everywhere—on roofs, in windows, on [illegible] and in every other throughfare [illegible] windows. No [illegible] are working