Are You Reading His Rise to Power

BY HENRY RUSSELL MILLER

Read of This Stirring Battle Against Civic Evils That Are, and For the Honor and Justice That Should Everywhere Prevail

This Great Novel by the Author of "The Man Higher Up" Has Been Secured for Use in This Paper.

First installment started in last week's paper which may be obtained at the Press office

VILLAGE LIFE IN EGYPT.

Crude Mud Houses, the Roofs of Which Are Garbage Dumps.

Egyptian village life is quaint and interesting, says the Wide World Magazine. The houses are crude, one storied structures of sun baked mud, with possibly a couple of tiny square holes cut in the wall for ventilation.

Each home consists of a single room, absolutely devoid of furniture, one or two drinking jars and cooking utensils being usually the only articles to be seen. The roofs of these hovels are thatched with cornstalks, and for some unaccountable reason all the household rubbish is dumped on the roof! For this purpose a ladder may frequently be seen reclining against the side of the house. From a distance a village is apt to look like an immense rubbish heap. These primitive erections are inhabited solely by the fellahin, as Egyptian peasants are called.

In some of the Arab villages the arrangements for sleeping are even more unconventional. Huge cupike structures made of mud are built out in the open, away from the houses, and into these the babies are frequently placed during the day, and often the entire family sleep in them at night. The idea is to escape the numerous snakes and scorpions which abound during the great heat of the summer.

POISON IN ITS AIR.

Java's Valley of Death, Where Life Cannot Exist.

The Valley of Death is on the island of Java. It is the most remarkable natural example of an atmosphere loaded with carbonic acid gas in existence. It has never been fully explored because of the danger of remaining more than a few moments in its poisonous atmosphere.

Approached through an opening between the hills, it is seen to be an oval shaped valley about half a mile across. It is about thirty-five feet deep. The bottom is hard and sandy, without vegetation and strewn with large stones. The surface is covered with the bones of animals, birds and human beings.

Explorers seldom venture beyond the borders, though the deadly air does not immediately affect human beings. This is because the carbonic acid gas, being heavier than the atmosphere, settles to the bottom of the valley. Dogs and fowls thrown into it fall senseless instantly and die in a few minutes. No craters or fissures are visible on the floor of this valley, and it is thought that the openings are near the base of the hills.—Exchange.

To Cheer Him.

The wife of his bosom was going to leave him for a fortnight, and Fitz-Tomkins was trying his very best to look sad.

"My dear," he said, choking back a chuckle with his handkerchief and winding his eyes, "I hardly like to think how I shall miss you. The evenings will be so long and lonely without you. I shall have no one to talk to."

"George," said Mrs. Fitz, surveying him with a marble eye, "I have provided for your comfort in this as in every other way. When you return home you will find dear mother there. She will remain till I come back and keep you company in the evenings. George."

And as the train slowly glided out of the station the guard wondered why Fitz-Tomkins nearly bit him when he insinuated a tip.—London Telegraph.

Ireland's Coast Cliffs.

The finest cliff scenery in the United Kingdom is on the coast of the county of Donegal, at the northwest of Ireland, facing the Atlantic, where the variety and grandeur of the cliffs are most thrilling and impressive. Slieve League, south of Glen Columbkille, is a superb introduction to Donegal's coast splendors. In less than half a mile from the sea the mountain rears its height of nearly 2,000 feet. In the island of Achill, off the west coast of Ireland, the cliffs of Croghan, at Achill Head, rise sheer from the water's edge to the dizzy height of 3,000 feet.—London Standard.

Defrauding the Waiter.

In a Parisian cafe an American ordered a hors d'oeuvre, sole, agneau pre sale, artichoke salad, peche Melba, and so on, and when the waiter brought him a bill of 30 francs he paid it like a man. After his change was brought he counted it and pushed a franc toward the waiter for a tip. But the man, pushing back the franc, said in gentle reproach:

"Pardon, monsieur, but that is the counterfeit franc."

Preaching and Practice.

"Isn't it horrid," remarked Miss Swyftly to her friend—"isn't it horrid that men will put these nasty old pipes into their mouths?"

"Yes," said her friend emphatically as she stooped and tenderly kissed the black face of her pet pug—"yes, indeed it is."—Pearson's.

MEREDITH AS A CHILD.

When Only Two Years of Age He Had an Air of Superiority.

As is generally the case with an only child, brought up entirely in the society of his elders, George Meredith developed early and always had something of contempt for juveniles of his own age. He was a reserved and acutely sensitive boy, afraid of ghosts and being left alone in the dark and was perhaps a trifle spoiled by his mother, a refined woman, whose love and care he lost before he reached his sixth birthday. There is still living a gentleman who well remembers George Meredith at the age of two years. This was about 1830-1, and Mr. James Price relates of his visit:

"I went up to the large front drawing room, where I found the boy and a lady who must have been his mother. The boy did not seem to care much about playing with me, and I was rather shy. He brought me his toys and picture books to see, and I was mightily pleased. I remember, with a horse and cart (not like the many cheap ones that I had seen), a beautiful, lifelike white horse, and the cart of superior make, and as George drew it along it made music as the wheels went round. What I remember of the child's appearance is somewhat hazy—a boy in white frock and blue ribbons tied up his sleeves, but he was certainly a pretty child. I spent the afternoon with him, but we did not get on much together, as he assumed a sort of superiority."—Fortnightly Review.

MAKING WATCHES.

Wonderful Feats That Are Performed by Modern Machinery.

The rapidity with which watches are nowadays manufactured has been made possible by the ingenious machinery designed within recent years for the making of all parts of a watch. The speed with which these various parts are turned out is little short of marvelous. Great sheets of brass and steel are cut and rolled into ribbons and punched out into wheels at the rate of 10,000 a day from each punching machine. Workers drill the thirty-one holes in the roof of the watch as fast as they can count.

Brass wire glides into a machine that measures off the length of a part, turns it, puts a screw thread on each end and actually screws it in at the rate of 2,000 a day.

The screws are of such tiny size that fifty gross of them may be put in a woman's thimble, while of others there are a thousand gross to the pound.

Balances are cut from the solid steel, ground down, worked up and drilled with their twenty-five screw holes apiece at the rate of 100 wheels a day from each machine.

Wheels have their teeth cut, a couple of dozen at a time, some with from sixty to eighty teeth, at the rate of 1,200 wheels a day from each machine.—Harper's Weekly.

The Physiotype.

This is an English invention for making pictures by impression of leaves, ferns, lace, feathers and various other objects. It depends upon the chemical action of a fine powder. The object of which a representation is to be made is placed upon white paper and pressed, either by the hand or by other means. When the object is removed no impression is visible on the paper, but upon sprinkling the powder over the paper the picture at once appears, sharply defined, and remains permanent. Sections of wood and designs of coins and medals can thus be represented, and the prints can be transferred to lithographic stone, zinc or aluminium, thus producing records from which any number of copies can be taken.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Economy and Consolation.

Her discovery in its way was not less than epochal.

"It is so easy to save when you know how!" she exclaimed. "Oh, so easy! Do I wish to save $25? Very well, I go down town and find something I would like that costs $25, and then I don't buy it. Nothing could be simpler."

She did not deny, however, that her method involved a sacrifice.

"But if the sacrifice is too painful," she went on to explain, "I go and find something my husband would like that costs $35 and don't buy that!"—Puck.

Knew Her Hubby.

Mother—Is your letter to your husband ready to mail?

Married Daughter—It's all done excepting the postscript telling him to send me some more money. I'm looking for another sheet of paper.

"Write it across the lines."

"No, indeed. He'll pretend he couldn't read it."—New York Weekly.

It Was Dangerous.

"So you think that kissing is dangerous?"

"Indeed, I do."

"You must have kissed the wrong girl."

"I know I did."

"Her brother handed you a wallop?"

"No; she married me."—Houston Post.

Sign of Popular Affection.

Weren't you indignant when people you didn't know called you by your first name?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum, "but I've worried a great deal since they've shown a disposition to stop it."—Washington Star.

Power is a fretful thing and hath its wings always spread for flight.—Wallace.

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A COLD BLOODED DUEL.

Instant Death Was Assured For One of the Contestants.

An extraordinary duel, which at the time created an immense sensation, was one in which the decision was arrived at not by swords or pistols, but by means of a deadly poison.

The men—who, it is hardly necessary to say, had fallen out over a lady—had left the arrangement of details to their seconds, and until they faced each other they did not know by what method they were to settle their differences.

One of the seconds was a doctor, and he had made up for the occasion four black pellets, all identical in size and shape.

"In one of these," he said, "I have placed a sufficient quantity of prussic acid to cause the almost instantaneous death of any one who swallows it. We will decide by the toss of a coin which of you is to have first choice, and you will alternately draw and swallow a pill until the poison shows its effects."

Two of the pellets were then taken as the toss had decided, but without effect in either case.

"This time," said the doctor, speaking of the two pellets remaining, "you must both swallow the pill at the same instant."

The choice was again made, and in a few seconds one of the men lay dead on the grass.—Pall Mall Gazette.

CANARIES ARE NERVOUS.

And They Dread Mice That Like to Steal Their Bird Seed.

One of the common troubles with canaries and one that few bird owners realize is that of nervousness. The nervous system of a canary is as highly sensitive as that of a delicate woman. Any sudden shock to their senses, whether of sight or sound, is liable to throw them into convulsions, that often result in death. An old bird dealer mentions a frequent but rarely known cause of sickness and even death among the little creatures.

"I had two canaries," he said, "that for some reason I could not discover fell into a frightfully nervous state and started to pine away. I doctored them with all the remedies known to bird lore, but the poor creatures continued to droop in dismal decline. At last I discovered the trouble. It was mice.

"Mice are as fond of bird seeds as canaries themselves. In the darkness of the night the mice would creep through the bars of the cage and devour the seeds, while the poor little canaries sat above shivering themselves into a state of nervous prostration from the very terror of the monsters below. I removed the cage to a position where the mice could not get at it, and my pets rapidly recovered."—New Orleans States.

GORDON'S BLUNDER.

Grave Tactical Mistake of a Budding English General.

When General Gordon was a lad at school he was as mischievous as most boys. When the boys had done anything wrong they were shut up in a large, barely furnished room and set to write lines from a Latin author.

Gordon was one of the most frequent prisoners in this room, and he used to be annoyed by the boys who were free coming to the door and jeering at him through the keyhole. Resolving to get even, he procured a large syringe, and, taking it with him the next time he went to write lines, he went round to the various desks and sucked up the ink into the syringe.

By and by he heard stealthy footsteps coming down the passage. Nearer and nearer they came and at last halted outside the door. "They are peeping through the keyhole," whispered the future general, and, placing the syringe to the keyhole, he squirted the contents through with all the energy he could muster.

There was a smothered exclamation of disgust, and then some one fumbled with the handle of the door. It opened, and in stalked the head master, his face black with wrath and his once snowy shirt front black with ink. We must draw a veil over the painful scene which followed.—London Globe.

Scared Both of Them.

When Justice Maule was on the bench a bullying counsel was one day browbeating an elderly female witness in a case before him. Having badgered her into a state of utter speechlessness, the lawyer appealed to the judge to make her answer his questions. "Why do you not answer, madam?" asked the judge. "Because, my lord, he scares me so," replied the trembling woman. "So does he me, ma'am," said the judge.—Law Notes.

Like the Mythical Dragon.

In the Malay archipelago is a reptile much like the mythical dragon. It has false ribs that extend the loose skin and form its wings. There is also a frog with spreading feet that makes a parachute which enables it to fly from tree to tree, and a flying lemur that can spread out its whole body like an umbrella and leap and fly a hundred feet at a time, from the top of one tree to another.

A Suggestion.

"John," said Mrs. Slithers, "where can I get a set of resolutions passed by our Civic Sorority yesterday engrossed?"

"I really don't know, my dear," said Slithers. "Why don't you have them embroidered?"—Judge.

Accuracy is the twin brother of honesty.—Simmons.