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Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER L.—Continued.

He need not have feared. Nurses and children looked up surprised when she entered, looking so pale and stately. She dismissed the servants, and then took the child Arthur in her arms.

"It is all over, my little boy," she said—"all over."

She kissed him as some mothers kiss a dead child in a perfect passion of grief; tears fell from her eyes on to his brown curls and upturned little face.

"It is all over, my darling," she said.

He would never be heir of Lancelwood—this child for whom she had formed such proud hopes.

"Mamma," said the little one with solemn upturned face, "why do you cry so? Am I going to die?"

"No, my darling," she replied, and then she tried to compose herself.

"Is any one going to die?" he asked again.

"No, dear child," she answered; and she thought to herself there were troubles greater than death.

She parted the soft, shining curls on his forehead. What a lovely face it was—so noble, so fair. What a noble lord and master he would have made for Lancelwood! It was all over; the home she had fought for, struggled for, sinned and suffered for, would be the prey of the spoilers once again, and she could not help it.

That same evening, after all their visitors had left them, Lord St. Just told his wife what he had decided upon.

"To begin with," he said, "it would be advisable, before taking any steps to install Oswald as heir of Lancelwood, to study the boy for a time, to see what he is like before placing so much confidence in his hands—not that there should be any unnecessary delay in making him master of Lancelwood, but that it would be well to note his tastes and habits, so as to know better how to deal with him. What I propose," continued Lord St. Just, "is this. We are going to King's Rest; let us ask him, as your visitor, to go with us—to spend, we will say, the summer vacation. Do you agree to that?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Then," went on Lord St. Just, "when he is at King's Rest, and free from all school restraint, we can watch him, we can talk to him, we can give him some valuable lessons, we can teach him the respect and reverence that is due to the name of Neslie; and, when he is quite imbued with our sentiments, we can tell him the truth."

"How much shall you tell him?" asked Vivien.

"As little as possible," replied Lord St. Just. "I shall write to his mother, telling her that her boy has been restored to us by the people who stole him. I shall send a statement to all the leading newspapers that the child was stolen, not drowned, and that he is now restored to his relatives. The affair will excite comment, no doubt; but it will only be a nine days' wonder, and then it will die away."

"But Valerie will want to know more."

"I shall refuse to tell her more. I do not think she will care; much of her interest in Lancelwood has died; she is the Comtesse de Calouf. Indeed, I believe she will be so pleased to come back again that she will ask few questions."

"But the world—the world!" sighed Lord St. Just. "I fear we shall not escape slander."

"The world will say little about the matter, managed as I shall manage it. There will be a little wonder; a little talk, and then all will be forgotten. Of one thing you may rest assured, Vivien—the world will never attribute to you any share in the abduction; the fact that the restoration of young Sir Oswald deprives our son of the estate will exonerate you even in the minds of the most suspicious."

She turned to him and placed her hands on his shoulder.

"Our own son," she said, "our little Arthur—what shall we say to him if he asks you in the future about this?"

"My dear Vivien, there is a question of greater importance still. What shall we say to the Great Judge if he permit this injustice to go on?"

"You are always right, Adrian," she said, her hands falling listlessly by her side.

He kissed her fair face; it seemed strange even to himself, but this sin of his wife's made him love her more dearly than ever; there was something of pity, mingled now with his affection.

So it was settled that they should leave London during the week following and go to King's Rest. Lord St. Just arranged that they should go together to Hammersmith and, with Dr. Lester's consent, invite the boy to pass his summer vacation with them.

"I shall not give Dr. Lester the faintest idea of the truth at present," he said. "When the time comes for making young Sir Oswald known, then I shall give him an outline of the story, and bind him to secrecy. We cannot prevent him from knowing something of it, but he is a gentleman, and will never betray us."

They did as Lord St. Just suggested. "Henry Dorman" was delighted beyond measure at the invitation.

"Will you let me ride?" he asked Lord St. Just. "My uncle taught me when I was in America."

"Yes, you shall have a horse of your own," replied the peer, kindly, "and more than that, Harry."

Perhaps the lad was more surprised at finding his friend "Mrs. Smith" Lady St. Just than at anything. He looked up into her face with a frank, manly laugh.

"I never thought you looked like a Mrs. Smith," he said, "but I did not think you were Lady St. Just. If I had, perhaps, I should have been afraid of you."

Dr. Lester bade him farewell, and, full of delight at the prospect of a glorious holiday, the boy went down with them to King's Rest.

It was a singular thing—and Lord and Lady St. Just talked of it often in after-years—but from the very first the young visitor evinced an almost passionate love for little Arthur.

He never wearied of taking the child out, of talking to him, playing with him, telling him tales. He would rather romp for an hour with him than do anything else. Once Lady St. Just said to him—

"Do you not like Francis, Harry?"

"Yes," he replied; "but I like this little fellow better—better, indeed, than all the world. If ever I grow to be a rich man, I shall leave little Arthur all my money."

Husband and wife looked at each other, struck with the words. The great affection of the child for the grown boy, and of the boy for the child, became at last almost tiresome; they could not be separated.

It was lovely weather, and King's Rest looked its fairest. The woods were filled with deep green foliage, the flowers were their brightest colors, and young Oswald was unwontedly happy. One day he heard Lord St. Just call his wife by her Christian name, and he looked up in wonder.

"Vivien," he repeated—"Vivien! Why, I have heard that name; it is like the other word, 'Lancelwood.' It seems to sound from afar off. 'Vivien'—I have called some one by that name." He looked with a long earnest look into the face of Lady St. Just.

"Do you know," he continued, "that I could fancy that I had called you Vivien. My Vivien, if ever I had one, had just such a face."

"Rely upon one thing," said Lord St. Just to his wife after that, "if we had not decided on doing full justice to that boy, he himself, in time, would have demanded it. I am quite certain that his memory would gradually have returned."

He asked him one day if the name "Oswald" was common in America, and the boy turned eagerly to him.

"How strange," he said, "that you should ask me that question, Lord St. Just! My uncle and I quarrelled about that very name."

"Why did you quarrel?" asked his lordship.

"I am quite sure that once—I do not know when or where—I used to be called Oswald," he replied. "I often hear voices calling me Oswald even in my sleep. I have dreamed of that ever since I have dreamed at all; but Uncle Dorman said that it was all nonsense, that I imagined such things, and then took them to be true. I know, however, that at some time or other I was called Oswald."

Again Lord St. Just looked at his wife, and they agreed that he must be told all soon. Evidently memory was awakening fast within him. He had been there some time, and both were pleased with him. He seemed to have outgrown the faults of his childhood, he was no longer insincere, but rather blunt and frank; his temper though not perfect, was good. Vivien could see now that his faults resulted rather from training than from anything else. He would not after all make so bad a master for Lancelwood. Her husband agreed with her.

"He is a high-spirited boy," said Lord St. Just, "he is brave and courageous; he does not know fear; he is not over-obedient, and glories in an act of daring—but he will be easily managed through his affections, and that is why, before telling him the truth, I wanted him to love us. Now he is so devoted to you, Vivien, and to me, that we shall be able to influence him; he will not love his own mother so much, and we can prevent her from gaining an evil ascendancy over him. I am quite sure, for instance, that we can make him see the need for absolutely refusing to allow her to live at Lancelwood; and I shall advise him to travel—to do anything, in fact, rather than submit to her guidance."

"That will be wise," said Vivien.

The thought of Valerie reigning at the Abbey had almost driven her mad.

"I foresee better days for Lancelwood, Vivien," said Lord St. Just. "Oswald will develop into a good man; I am quite sure of it. We must advise him to marry young; and if he marries well and wisely, there will be good times for the Abbey, depend upon it."

She looked up with a brighter smile on her face than he had seen there for some time.

"Adrian," she said, "if that should come to pass—if I should gain peace of mind, peace of soul, and see brighter days dawn for Lancelwood—I shall be happy. And to herself she thought 'I am escaping the punishment of my sin.'"

CHAPTER LI.

Lord and Lady St. Just were out in the pleasant grounds of King's Rest walking under the shade of a grove of chestnut-trees; the day was warm and beautiful, the sky blue and cloudless, the birds were singing gaily, the air was filled with the sweet breath of flowers. In the distance, where the grounds sloped, ran a broad, clear, deep river, the water seemed to sing as it ran, yet it was a deep, dangerous stream, with swift-flowing currents and whirling eddies.

"How beautiful the river looks this morning!" said Lord St. Just. "Vivien, we must have a new pleasure-boat, I find our present one not only leaks, but is unsafe. Ah, here come the boys!"

But there were only two of them, young Oswald and little Arthur, Master Francis having refused with great dignity to leave his nurse. Lord St. Just stood by laughing heartily—foe to the big boy had put himself "in harness," and the little one was driving him with the greatest glee, laughing as he flourished his little whip.

"Look at my horse, mamma!" cried little Arthur—his beautiful face was flushed with exercise, his curls were tossed by the wind.

He looked so beautiful that Lady St. Just caught him in her arms and kissed him.

"Do not stop me, mamma—look at my horse!" cried the child.

"Take care of him, Harry," said Vivien; "he is very little-minded he does not get into mischief. What a noble boy he is!" she said, turning to her husband. "And how strange it would be if, after all, Oswald left Lancelwood to him!"

"Oswald must marry," decided Lord St. Just. "We have fortune sufficient for our children—we need not want his."

They both remembered the words. They stood watching the boys until they disappeared behind the trees.

"They will not go near the river, I hope," said Lady St. Just.

"No," replied her husband, "Oswald had more sense."

And then, with the sun shining on them, the song of the birds in their ears, the sweet perfume of the flowers round them, they re-entered the house.

For some hours on that bright sunlit morning no one suspected anything wrong. Lord St. Just rode over the estate—he had many little matters to attend to; Lady St. Just had letters of invitation to send out; the servants were busy. No one thought of the absence of the two boys extraordinary.

Lady St. Just was more thoughtful than usual this morning—for, as they entered the house, her husband had told her the time was come when they might safely tell the young Sir Oswald his history. She was thinking deeply of all that would arise from it, she might have found time to inquire if the boys had come in.

The first person who suspected anything wrong was one of the gardeners, who, passing by the river, saw a pleasure boat floating slowly up-side down. He wondered to himself as to what it meant, and then went to the boat-house and found both boat and oars were missing.

(To Be Continued.)

BIRD INTELLIGENCE.

During a high wind in Boston one day this summer a young oriole was thrown from its nest to the ground. It was picked up by kind hands and kept in the house till the storm was over, and then placed on the roof of the piazza. A watch was kept behind the closed blinds of a window near by to note proceedings on the part of the parent birds. They, in the meantime, had seen the little one borne away, and had followed it to the house, and as it was kept near the open window, its cries had apprised them of its whereabouts. They soon came to it on the roof and hovered over it, doing much talking and consulting together. Finally, they alighted near the little one, and the female slipped her wing under it and seemed to urge some course of action upon the male, who fidgeted about, coming to the little one, spreading his wings over it, then flying to a free wing, they flew to the tree, and brought him back, and again slipped a wing under the little one. Finally he seemed to understand or to get his nerves under control, and, slipping his own wing under, together they made a sort of cradle for the birdling. And, each flapping its free wing, they flew to the tree, bearing it to a place of safety among the branches, where it was lost sight of.

FOR SPOTS AND STAINS.

HOW TO REMOVE THEM WITHOUT INJURY TO FABRICS.

Useful Knowledge to Housekeepers and Others—A Little Care and a Few Simple Remedies That May Restore Costly Garments.

To war successfully with spots and stains one needs a simple armament and a little knowledge.

This is some part of the knowledge; Fruit-stains of every sort will do no harm to things washable if they are wet through and through with alcohol before going in the wash. Very big stains, as those of wine upon table linen, will come out if they are first wet with cold water and then have a stream of boiling water poured through them for two or three minutes. Stains upon silk or stuff, or a fancy frock beyond laundry possibilities, may be got rid of thus: Fold a cheesecloth square thickly and lay it smooth upon the board. Over that stretch the stained stuff smoothly, right side down. If there is a lining, rip it so as to get at the under side. But first brush, not only the stain, but the whole garment, thoroughly so as to remove all the invisible dust and prevent the cleansing from leaving an ugly circle, worse than the spot itself. Pour a little alcohol through the spot and dab the place hard with a soft, clean rag. Shift the spot over a fresh place on the cheese cloth, and pour on more alcohol, using just enough to drench the spot itself without spreading. Do this two or three times, then look on the right side.

An acid stain has most likely taken out the color. Most times it may be brought back by sponging the right side very delicately with ammonia spirit. But it is well to try the ammonia first on a scrap of the stuff, as it may change the unsupported surface, and thus do more harm than good. Greens in wash stuff may be renewed with weak alkali water, but here, as with the ammonia, try it first upon a scrap.

Greasy and resinous spots, as those of machine oil, wagon grease, tar, pine and cedar resins, ought to be also cleaned right side down on the folded cloth. Wet them first with the alcohol, next very plentifully with turpentine, and last of all benzine. Between each wetting shift the spots over a clean place. Pour everything in a very small, but steady stream, so it shall go right through the spot, but not much outside it. After wetting rub hard a minute with a soft rag. When the cloth underneath shows white, turn the spot over and wipe the right side quickly with a clean rag wet in alcohol. Dry quickly, in the sun if possible; let the garment air for six hours, then cover the spots, upon the wrong side, with a damp, not a wet cloth, and press with a very hot iron. If the spots want stiffening dip a tooth brush lightly in the gum arabic, hold it six inches above the wrong side of the cloth, and pass the finger across it, so as to spatter the gum in fine spray where it will do most good, then let the garment lie a few minutes before ironing.

Grease spots, pure and simple, upon delicately colored silks are best treated with either French chalk or corn starch. Powder the chalk fine and fill two little cheese cloth bags loosely with it. Lay one bag upon the board, stretch the grease spot, right side down over it, and cover the spot with the second bag, patting it out flat. The chalk ought to be only a quarter of an inch thick. Set a heavy hot iron upon top of the upper bag, and leave it there for several minutes—of course, taking care that it does not scorch the uncovered silk. Remove the iron and the chalk bags, then if the spot has not wholly disappeared, shake up the bags, so as to bring fresh chalk to the surface, and repeat the whole process until the last speck of grease has vanished.

For soot smears and the marks of dust, tie up a handful of absorbent cotton in a cheese cloth square, and dip the swab so formed in powdered corn starch or French chalk, then rub it over the whole surface of the garment, making long, steady strokes, always in one direction. Never mind the white streaks left—a good shaking will end them. If the swab gets dirty, throw away the cloth and put on another. Mixing a little orris root in powder through the chalk gives a delicate freshness to the garment. In folds or gathers where the swab can not go, sprinkle the powder thickly, and brush off half an hour later. Ice cream stains, which are troublesome indeed, can be taken out by pouring alcohol through from the wrong side, but commonly leave a mark. Many times this mark will vanish if it is covered with the powdered chalk and left to lie a day or two. In taking spots out of cloth, always rub with the nap, never across or against it.

Keep grass stains wet with alcohol for half an hour by pouring on a very little at a time before attempting to wash them out. They are harder to get rid of than ink stains, and once through the wash, or half

cleaned, are indelible. After soaking with the alcohol wash them very quickly, using tepid water, white soap and a small, stiff-bristled brush. First wet the brush and rub it back and forth with a sort of scooping motion, then rinse the bristles well and rub on a little soap. Brush hard for a minute, then turn the stain wrong side up and brush, using clear water plentifully, but keeping the stain pressed down in the folded cloth, so the water will not spread.

When wine or ink is spilled never try to sop it up with a dry cloth; use one wrung out hard instead. A dry cloth will smear and spread it, the wet one soak it up. Boiling water poured through takes fresh ink stains out of cloth. From paper they are best dissolved with alcohol, laying the stained leaf over many thicknesses of blotting paper. Alcohol further takes ink stains off the fingers, also berry stains and those made by peeling fruit in quantity. Vinegar has much the same property. So has the peel of a sour apple or the half of a green tomato.

Light party frocks, as tulle, organdie, silk mull, may have their youth renewed by careful brushing, particularly in the frills and puckers, spraying with dissolved gum, and pressing with moderately hot irons. For dark, thin frocks or black lace use, in place of the gum, stale beer. Dusty, rusty black lace may be dipped in it, laved, but not squeezed, shaken out, and clapped and pulled until almost dry. Press with warm, not hot irons, and hang to air for twelve hours. The beer restores the color and gives just the right stiffness for lace. Silk may be sponged with it, but should be sponged afterward with clear water, and smoothed by rolling up when almost dry in place of ironing. Either undiluted beer or pressing with irons makes it hard and papery.

GAMES WE OWE TO CHINA.

Our Boys Might Take Lessons From the Chinese in Flying Kites, Humming Tots Known 5000 B. C.

Instead of bishops and knights Chinese chess has a general, secretary, elephants, horses, chariots, cannon and soldiers. There is also a river between the opposing forces. But otherwise the game is very similar to its distant and—according to Chinese ideas—degenerate descendant played by ourselves. There are sixty-four squares on the board and sixteen pieces on each side. Chess originated in China B.C., 1120.

Kites in China, are generally square shaped. They are the universal amusement of all ages and classes. Our kite flyers might take many hints in kite flying from Chinese boys. The light silk string and the reel to wind it on are much ahead of our rough cord pulled in by hand. Kite flying comes here as a spring amusement, a custom apparently direct from China, where any one flying a kite at another season would be laughed at.

Pagtop schoolboys owe to Chinese inventors. But Chinese boys always play top in winter on frozen ground or on ice. Many tops are beautifully finished and carved. Humming tops are known as "thunder tops." The origin of the Chinese top dates back to the mythical period of Chinese history 3000 to 5000 B.C.

No game has crossed to us from the Far East less altered than backgammon. Chinese backgammon men, boards and dice are almost identical with those used by ourselves. The Chinese name for backgammon, literally translated, is bottle chess.

Why the Chinese should call dominoes "foreign tablets" is a mystery, seeing that they and the Chinese have played games with dominoes for ten of twelve centuries past. In numerals and those used in Europe and America. The only difference is that the dots are a little differently arranged, and the number of pieces is not quite the same. A set consists of twenty-one pieces, eleven of which are duplicated, making thirty-two in the complete set. The Chinese have more domino games than ourselves, including a curious one called "Tortoise." There seems little doubt that dominoes came to us from the East, instead of being, as claimed, the invention of two French monks.

GASTRONOMIC PROPINQUITY.

That's a bride and groom over at that other table

How do you know?  
I heard him say that he would order Kansas corn, so they could both eat off the same cob.

"Man spends twenty years of his life in sleep." "You are mistaken. He spends at least five of the twenty years in battling with his women relatives who want to make him get up."

There was a fool who rocked the boat, And now his friends must weep, For he's at present rocking in The cradle of the deep.

Hoax—"Does a dressmaker sew seams?" Joak—"It seems so."

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PLEASURES OF PARACHUTING.  
A Sport Not Likely to Be Indulged in By Many.  
It is not given to everybody to ascend in midair in balloons and descend to mother earth in the swaying parachute; yet such is human curiosity that many of us would much like to know what it feels like to do. To this end an interviewer recently had an interesting chat with a parachutist.  
"Coming down from the clouds in a parachute is like a dream," remarked the artist in question. "Did you ever dream of falling from a high place? You come down, alight quietly, and awake, and you're not hurt. Well, that's the parachute drop over again."  
"No, there is no danger. A parachute can be guided readily on the down trip, but you can't steer a balloon. To guide a parachute out of harm's way, a practiced hand can tilt it one way or the other, spill out air, and thus work it to where you want to land."  
"Circus ascensions are generally made in the evening. When the sun goes down the wind goes down. The balloon then shoots into the air, and the parachute drops back on the circus lot or not far away. A balloon is made of muslin and weighs about 500 pounds. A parachute is also made of muslin. The aeronaut drops fully 100 feet before the parachute begins to fill. It must fill if you're high enough."  
"There are several hundred parachute men in the business and the accidents are less in ratio than railroad casualties. Our business is new at that. After a while the parachute has filled it bulges out with a pop. Then the aeronaut climbs on to his trapeze and guides the parachute to a safe landing. In seven cases out of ten you can land back on the place whence you started."  
After this one is tempted to indulge in mild speculation as to whether or not "parachuting" will ever become a fashionable pastime.  
"There's one thing I must admit," said the Emperor of China gloomily, as he looked over his scrapbook. "What is that?" "For a man who has been reported killed as often as I have, this is a very poor collection of epitaphs."  
Train up the child of to-day in the way it should go—and away it goes.