For Weal or for Woe;

Or, A Dark Temptation

CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd)

"I am Gaynell Estabrook," she answered hesitatingly; "I ought to have told you that before, but I—I—" Again she stopped short in utter confusion.

Young Chesleigh gave a start of surprise.

"Gaynell," he repeated, "why, what a pretty name; I have never heard it before. But about those cries?" he inquired anxiously; "surely they were not—they could not have been uttered by you. It must have been a delusion of my imaginative brain, I almost think."

Gay hesitated in the most painful embarrassment, and he went on, eyeing the lovely face curiously:

"They do say a weird old gypsy crone inhabits a grotto or tumbled-down hut in the heart of the woods yonder, who inveigles susceptible young girls hereabouts to her den under the pretense of telling them their fortune, and fleeces them out of their money.

"Many a foul murder has been committed in these woods and many a daring robbery; but no one was ever yet cunning enough to trace it to this strange old gypsy—the last of her race. Surely it was not to meet her that you have ventured here to-night."

"No," said Gay, faintly, "it was not that which brought me here; I uttered a cry on the bridge—the railing broke, and I almost fancied myself falling down—down into the dark water with the broken rails, and—"

"No wonder you were frightened," interposed the young man; "but you have not told me what brought you here, and at this ghostly hour, so far from Leighton Hall."

"It is because I was turned away from there," she sobbed.

"Turned away from Leighton Hall?" he repeated in the most intense amazement. "Why, how did it happen? What on earth was it for?"

Then the whole cause of it came out—how she had been to the masked ball, and how Ione Leighton had happened to come into her room after it was all over and discovered that she had been there, by seeing the dress she had worn on a chair, and of the tempestuous scene that had followed; and how, to appease Miss Leighton's wrath, who declared she should be turned away from the Hall with the morrow's light, she had gone at once, not waiting for the morrow.

Harry Chesleigh's eyes glowed as he listened.

Gay did not hear the muttered imprecation that he ground between his white teeth beneath the curling mustache as the full force of Ione's cruelty burst upon him.

His blood fairly boiled with indignation against the heartless beauty whom he had adored until now.

"It is well that I sat smoking with the squire so long after the ball was over," he mused, "otherwise I should have missed you. You shall go home to Rosecliff with me, poor little storm-driven swallow; my mother will receive you with open arms. My carriage is at the fork of the roads. I jumped out upon hearing those cries."

Gay demurred, but he resolutely drew her arm within his own and led her toward the carriage, and in a few moments more they were whirling rapidly in the direction of Rosecliff.

He listened to Gay's graphic recital of the broken ties and the wreck she had prevented with absorbing interest.

She did not tell him that she knew the perpetrators who had planned the disaster—he had averred, nor did she tell him how she had been spirited away from among the passengers during the confusion which ensued.

As he listened he made up his mind, as the passengers had done, that the heroic little heroine fled in the confusion to avoid their grateful thanks.

There was great consternation at Rosecliff when handsome Mr. Harry, as the servants called him, strode into the entrance hall of his aristocratic mansion home at that unseemly hour, with the little trembling figure, clad in a plain navy-blue serge dress and cloth cap to match, clinging close to his arm.

They quite forgot themselves staring at the lovely young stranger, who was gazing back at them with great dark, velvety, dilated eyes, until young Mr. Chesleigh brought them to their senses by an exclamation of angry impatience.

"What are you staring at this young lady in that fashion for?" he demanded haughtily. "Go to my mother's boudoir at once," he commanded, "and tell her I am come—but not alone—a young girl is with me; as soon as I can see her I will explain. In the meantime, see that a repast is served with as little delay as possible."

The startling news was carried to Mrs. Chesleigh in her boudoir at once by her maid.

The grand old lady started up from her couch with a look of horror on her proud, stern face.

"I can scarcely realize what you tell me," she cried shrilly. "Give me my dressing-robe and slippers. I will go down to the drawing-room myself, and see what this means!"

A moment later there was the swish of a silken robe in the corridor; she had reached the drawing-room, drawn the velvet hangings apart, standing white and stern on the threshold gazing frowningly into the beautiful, startled, girlish face turned toward her—the loveliest rosebud face she had ever beheld.

And yet she fairly hated Little Gay at first sight.

Her handsome son sprung eagerly to the door to meet her, leading her in, and presented her to Gay in his impulsive fashion, giving her a brief sketch of Little Gay's pitiful story, or rather as much as he knew of it, of Ione's cruelty in turning her away from Leighton Hall, and of his opportune meeting with her near the old bridge.

"I shall leave her in your care, mother," he said, rising to leave the drawing-room at length. "I know you will make her feel at home at Rosecliff."

He passed out of the room with a nod and a smile to both—leaving them alone together.

The sound of his retreating footsteps had scarcely died away ere the look of sympathetic interest fell like a mask from his lady-mother's haughty face.

Gay was appalled at the sudden change in her.

"Did you think to deceive me with that cleverly-concocted story?" she cried icily, swiftly crossing to Gay's side and clutching her arm in a hard, vise-like grip—the dark, fiery eyes fairly scorching their way to Gay's heart.

"Madam!" exclaimed Gay, in affright; "I do not understand what you mean."

A scathing laugh from the haughty woman broke in upon the words as they fell from her lips.

"What charming innocence," she sneered. "You are an adventuress, girl, and you know it. You have singled my son out as a shining mark, because you know he is young, impulsive, and impressible — and what is more to the purpose in your eyes—a young man of wealth, but I—his mother, will thwart your evil designs."

"Madam!" gasped Gay, white as the lilies in the marble vase near her.

"Hush!" cried the grand old lady imperiously, stamping her velvet-shod foot. "I tell you I know your scheme. You threw yourself purposely in his way that morning, feigning unconsciousness in order to draw him into some kind of a trap, for you knew he was in the habit of passing that way mornings.

"Failing in this, you allowed yourself to be taken to Leighton Hall where you could be thrown in his way, knowing that he was Ione Leighton's lover.

"She must have had good and sufficient reason for turning you from Leighton Hall—in the dead of night. It is strange, too, that my son remained thereabouts until this unseemly hour; but young men will be young men—where a pretty face is concerned, and a fascinating young woman lures them on.

"If money is your object, here, take my purse—there's about a hundred dollars in it—take it and go to New York where you probably belong, and leave my son alone. Now heed me well, never cross his path again while you live."

Gay dashed the money which the proud old lady pressed into her hand on the floor and spurned it from her with her little foot, her velvety eyes blazing like stars.

"May God forgive you, you cruel, cruel woman!" gasped Gay, wild with indignation, "for I never can forgive the insults you have heaped upon the head of a poor, defenseless girl to-night. The hour may come when you will bitterly rue it. I would die before I would touch one penny of your money. I honor your son, but you—Heaven forgive you for striking the last bitter blow to a girl's breaking heart."

With the dignity of a little queen Gay turned and walked from the room and swiftly out of the grand mansion, her eyes blinded with tears and her heart bursting with grief.

"Oh, God, I wish I could die!" moaned the poor girl, struggling onward through the gray dusk of the early morning. "The world is too hard and bitter for me; I am persecuted by every one who has ever looked upon my face, it seems. Why should I struggle against fate?—the world is too small for me; it is narrowing down to a grave. Why can't I die and end it all? Why should I cling to a life which is so pitifully cursed? I will die!"

She stood leaning against the pillars of an old stone well, gazing down into its dark, silent depths.

The deadly foxglove and poisonous vines had rendered its waters unfit for use long years ago, and they rioted over it unheeded.

"There is no person in the wide world who will miss me or search for me," Gay sobbed. "I am going to leave this dark, lonely world where there is nothing but sorrow, and go to Hazel. Good-bye, Percy, my false love, whom I have so adored," she moaned.

With trembling hands she drew aside the poisonous vines, and without one backward glance or a single cry, plunged headlong down, down the dark abyss!

CHAPTER XXIII.

As Gay plunged boldly down into the terrible depths of the old ivy-covered well, a strong hand was thrust quickly forward, grasping her skirts and drawing her forcibly back to the world which she would have left with such headlong haste.

Gay glanced up into her rescuer's face with a sob of despair.

"Why did you save me," she cried bitterly, "when I wanted so much to die?"

It was a kindly, sympathetic face, and the blue eyes regarding her so intently were full of pity.

"Why do you wish to die?" he asked, curiously, "you are too young to have found the world cold and bitter, and life a burden."

"I have found it all that, and more," sobbed Gay, bitterly; "I am utterly alone in the world, penniless, homeless and wretched."

"What if I should tell you of good fortune the gods have in store for you," he queried, "what then?"

Gay opened her dark, velvety eyes, and looked at the young man in utter amazement.

"I suppose you think I am either mad or dreaming," he laughed lightly, "to speak in that way."

"It looks very much like it," admitted Gay; "there is no good fortune in store for me; a blank fell to my lot in the lottery of life."

"Listen to me, my dear girl," he briskly said, resolutely dragging her still further from the deadly gas that rose from the old well. "You are not as friendless and penniless as you have imagined yourself to be. I have something to tell you—something so strange that you can hardly bring yourself to believe in your own good fortune—yet you shall not doubt the truth of what I have to tell you long, for I can prove my assertions here and now."

Gay looked at the stranger in terror and dismay, quite believing him to be an escaped lunatic from some adjacent asylum—or still worse, one crazed with drink.

He smiled at the expression on the lovely, terrified face, as though he read her secret thoughts, and hastened to explain.

"You see I know you, young lady; you are the little heroine who saved the train from being wrecked on the Jersey road last night. Now don't interrupt me—hear me through. In the confusion which ensued, you fled to escape the grateful acknowledgments of the passengers, among who was I, a reporter on a New York paper.

"There was great regret among the passengers that you could not be found. One old gentleman, a wealthy banker who lives in almost a castle at Gramercy Park, declared if you could be found he would make you his heiress.

"You were to be advertised for in all the papers. He wrote out the ads on the train and I telegraphed on, that it might appear in the morning papers and meet your eye. I caught but one meteoric glimpse of your face, as you lay back in a dead faint in the old engineer's arms, but I knew if I ever saw you again I should recognize you instantly. It was mighty lucky that I was sent to report upon an affair in the neighborhood, otherwise a tragedy, which the world would have been none the wiser for, would have been enacted."

Gay listened like one in a dream. She had heard and read of the fates showering untold wealth upon penniless girls, but she had doubted whether it had ever really happened; but now could it be possible that the gates of gold were to be flung open so miraculously to her, and all because she had simply saved a train from disaster?

"If you will place yourself in my care, I will render you every assistance in my power," he added.

"Oh, it seems almost too good to be really true," sobbed Gay.

"But it is true—every word of it," replied the young reporter. "There will be no end of rejoicing when I telegraph on that I have found the much-sought for little heroine."

In the excitement of that moment a strange, thrilling thought came to Gay—a thought that made her poor little heart beat with pain. Would Percy Granville care for her if she were a great heiress?

He had cared for the poor little working-girl who had loved him so fondly; but would he sue for pardon from the petted child of wealth?

An hour later Gay was whirling on toward her new, strange life, as fast as steam could take her.

The event was a nine days' wonder in the social world. The leading journals teemed with the romantic affair—praising the wondrous beauty of the brave little heroine, concluding with the remark:

"The banker, Allen Remington, had legally adopted the young lady, and she had taken his name."

It was strange, yet a fact, that not one of the papers mentioned the name she had forsaken to take that of the great banker.

Three persons read the romantic article with great interest. Young Mr. Chesleigh, who had been persuaded into the belief that Gay had voluntarily left Rosecliff by his triumphant lady mother. Harold Tremaine, who had miraculously escaped the fate he so richly deserved by the help of a passer-by, who had also hastened toward the bridge when that awful cry of "Murder! Help!" rang startlingly out on the night air. The third person who read it with the greatest of interest was Percy Granville.

"What a heroic little creature she is!" he thought admiringly, "and Allen Remington, bless his kind old heart, is just the man to appreciate such an action. I am glad this poor girl, whoever she may be, has secured such a fine home. I feel sure Miss Remington will prove worthy of his kindness. By the way," he mused thoughtfully, "some time when I am in New York I must call upon the old banker, remembering that he was my uncle's best and most honored friend."

Percy Granville could not understand the impulse that led him to look that particular paper up in his desk with his most valuable papers, but it was not until long months had elapsed that he thought of his resolve again to call at the spacious home of Banker Remington.

In the meantime, let us follow the fortunes of our Little Gay—our dark-eyed little heroine, whom we first introduced to our readers standing at her loom in the Passaic Cotton Mills—striving to keep body and soul together, and the wolf from the door, on five dollars a week; and always in perpetual fear of being turned off each Saturday night—now an heiress, in a mansion home, robed in silks and costly jewels, surrounded by all the luxuries of wealth—but let this much be said to her credit, she was not one whit the prouder.

There's many and many a girl I know of, in the old mill, who would look just as well as I do if they had the same clothes and the same surroundings," she often thought, as she gazed in the long gilded mirror.

The old banker and his wife fairly idolized Gay.

They were proud of her matchless beauty—they filled the house with French masters, music professors, and teachers to give her all the requirements needed in the social position she was called upon to fill.

Great was Ione Leighton's dismay and consternation when Harry Chesleigh drove down to Leighton Hall the following week, purposely to inform her that the heroine of the romantic story which was going the rounds of the papers—and whom the millionaire banker had adopted—was no less a personage than the poor, friendless girl whom she had turned from her door in the dead of the night.

Of course she denied it, even after she heard how he had met Little Gay near the bridge and had taken her home to Rosecliff.

After Harry Chesleigh took his leave, the two sisters talked over the startling news with gusto.

"To think that that miserable little thing is a great heiress now," cried Ione, turning her flushed, shamed face away from Grace. "Who would have thought it? She'll be sure to be revenged upon me, if she can. I think, upon the whole, the wisest thing I can do is to try to make friends with her."

"I really want to know if you have that much assurance?" cried Grace, aghast.

"That's just what I have got," returned Ione, complacently. "When any one has as much influence as Banker Remington's adopted daughter will have in society, one has to use considerable diplomacy."

Ione Leighton actually had the assurance to send to Gay that very night an invitation to pass the holidays at Leighton Hall—to forget the impulsive words the writer had uttered the last time they met, for they were uttered in anger, but never really meant—oh, no, never—and that she had cried for a week afterward when she found she had been taken at her word.

When Gay received that message from Ione Leighton, it was her first hour of triumph.

"What a magic power shining gold has," she thought, pushing the note from her with disgust as though it had been a viper, and had stung her little gemmed hands.

She returned the elegant little invitation without so much as a word of reply.

(To be continued.)

A KIND QUEEN.

There are many stories told of the Queen of Italy's acts of kindness to her poor subjects. The following, however, shows that even the good intentions of queens are not always fulfilled. Her Majesty recently noticed a pleasant-faced little girl and spoke to her. There was a short conversation, and the Queen asked the child what she could do in the way of needlework.

Queen of Italy.

"I can knit stockings, signora," replied the girl. "Do you know who I am?" continued the Queen. "Yes, signora; you are the Queen." "Well then, make me a pair of stockings and send them to the palace." A few days afterwards the articles arrived, and the Queen in return for the gift sent the child a beautiful pair of silk stockings, one filled with sweets, the other containing money. Next day the Queen received a letter from her little friend as follows: "Signora, your gift has caused me many tears. My father took the money, my big brother took the sweets, and as for the stockings, why, mother took them for herself."

Sure He Did It.

While carrying a ladder through the crowded streets of a busy city a big Irishman had the misfortune to break a plate-glass window. Dropping the ladder he started off at a run. The shopkeeper, who had witnessed the mishap, dashed after him and caught him by the collar. "See here," he cried angrily, "you have broken my window!" "Sure I have!" assented the Irishman. "And didn't you see me running home to get the money to pay for it?"

Limitations.

"Is your wife a suffragette?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton, "to a certain extent. She thinks she ought to have the ballot, but she knows a lot of women who she is sure do not deserve it."

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HOME

Luncheon Dishes.

Cases of Nouille Paste with Cheese Souffle.—The paste is made with flour, about four ounces, the yolks of two eggs, a little milk and a seasoning of salt. Roll this out as thin as a wafer and line some little fluted tins, pressing it well into the tins to prevent air bubbles. Bake for 10 or 15 minutes in a moderate oven, not too long, for they have to again visit the oven. Make a souffle mixture with one ounce of fine flour, one ounce of butter, one gill of milk and the same of cream; three eggs, a very little salt and three ounces of cheese. Melt the butter in a saucepan, stir the flour smoothly in, then the hot milk and seasoning; next add the yolks of the eggs carefully, then the cheese (grated) and lastly, the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Fill each little case half-full and bake till well puffed up and lightly brown, removing at once to the table from the oven.

Potato Cases Filled with Peas.—Boil about a pound of dry, floury potatoes, beat them until quite smooth and light, season with salt and pepper and a inch of nutmeg, if liked; adding an ounce of butter and the yolks of two eggs, and beat till these ingredients are well blended and smooth. When cool, roll out (using just sufficient flour to make this possible) to the thickness of one and a half inches. Cut out into rounds the size of a tumbler and with a smaller cutter remove a piece from the top of each as though making patties. Egg and breadcrumb neatly, place in a frying basket and fry to light brown. Fill the cavities with cooked peas seasoned with salt and butter and place the piece removed from the centre on top of the peas to form a lid.

Veal Croquettes with Tomatoes—Chop two cupfuls of cold roast veal. Make a white sauce with two ounces of butter, cooked till it is quite hot and bubbling, and then stir in smoothly one and a half ounces of cornstarch; cook for several minutes, then add half a pint of white stock, or milk may be used in place of it; season with salt and pepper; add the yolk of one egg and cook gently till smooth and well blended; add the chopped veal and when hot turn out on a dish. When cold, mold into cone shapes and roll in beaten egg and breadcrumbs and fry in hot fat. Serve with baked tomatoes.

Chicken Livers and Bacon. — Cleanse and separate each little liver into four pieces; sprinkle with a little pepper and wrap each slice in a thin piece of streaky bacon, fastening the end with a tiny skewer. They may then be fried, broiled or cooked in the oven as may be preferred. Be sure to have the livers cooked through. When done, remove the skewers and serve the rolls on a mound of hot boiled rice.

Lamb Chops Stuffed.—Choose loin or rib chops, remove all superfluous fat and skin. Have the chops cut about one and one-half inches thick; with a sharp-pointed knife cut a pocket in chop, inserting the knife from outside edge of chop to the bone. In this pocket place poultry stuffing made with bread, seasoned with salt, pepper, sage and melted butter; be careful not to put in so much it will burst out. Place chops on pan that has been sprinkled with salt and pepper, bits of butter and a few drops of onion juice. Sprinkle the chops with a little salt and pepper, place in a hot oven and bake from 20 to 30 minutes. Do not add any water to the pan. Place chops on hot platter surrounded with tomato sauce.

Asparagus Loaf with Bechamel Sauce.—Butter thoroughly a charlotte russe mold, quart size, and line it with cooked tips of asparagus, well drained. Cook two tablespoonfuls of flour and the same amount of butter together, add a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne and one cupful of cream, gradually. Allow it to boil five minutes, remove from the fire, add one cupful of cooked asparagus tips and four eggs thoroughly beaten. Turn the mixture into the mold, set it in a pan of hot water and cook in a moderate oven about half an hour, or till the centre is firm. Turn the loaf on a hot dish, arrange about it little oblong pieces of bread that have been dipped in beaten eggs and milk and browned. Pour the sauce around it and serve at once.

Yellow Bechamel Sauce.—Mix 2 tablespoonfuls of flour and two of butter, cook till it begins to bubble, add gradually half a cupful of hot stock and the same amount of milk. When the sauce boils set it in a dish of hot water and stir in the beaten yolks of two eggs, half a cupful of cooked asparagus tips, a teaspoonful of salt, dash of cayenne and tablespoonful of lemon juice. Instead of stock you may use water asparagus was cooked in.

Miscellaneous Dishes.

Duchess Potato Balls.—Prepare a quart of fluffy mashed potatoes (this necessitates the use of about ten potatoes). Beat in an egg, then form into balls; while still hot, roll lightly in an egg beaten with one-half cup of water and set on a buttered sheet in a hot oven till browned. Remove with a pancake turner.

Veal Steak, Italian.—Slice veal steak thin and cut into individual servings. Boil for five minutes in water to cover containing one teaspoon sugar, bit of bay leaf, one clove and one slice onion to each pint. Then drain, dust with salt and pepper and dip egg and crumbs and cook for six minutes in deep fat hot enough to brown a bit of bread in three minutes. Serve with sliced lemons.

Scotch Shortbread. — Chop a pound of butter into two pounds of flour, after you have softened the butter a little by putting it near the fire. Knead in the sugar and make the dough into a sheet about half an inch thick, rolling it out smooth. You can cut it into shapes with a biscuit or cake cutter or make it into squares. Lay buttered paper on a shallow tin and bake the cake until crisp and of a yellowish brown. While it is hot, just before taking from the oven, sprinkle pink and white comfits over the top.

Lemon Pie.—Grate rind of one lemon, pull off the white skin, and after rolling out your crust and putting it on the plate, slice the peel lemon very thin and lay on the crust. Crumble one large slice of bread, strew the crumbs over the lemon. Beat the yolks of two eggs in a bowl with a cup of sugar and one of water and the grated rind of the lemon. Pour this slowly over the crumbs in the pie plate and bake. When cold, make a meringue of the whites of the eggs and four tablespoons of powdered sugar, spread on the pie, brown lightly, and eat very cold.

Orange Dumplings, Baked. — Make a good short biscuit dough with a quart of flour, two tablespoonfuls of shortening—half butter—a couple of teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and two cupfuls of milk, or enough to make a soft dough. Roll out into a sheet not more than half an inch thick, handling your dough as little and as lightly as possible. Cut into squares about five inches each way and lay on this lobes of orange which you have freed from the yellow and white skin and seeded carefully. Add sugar at discretion, being more generous with it if the oranges are tart. Fold over the paste, pinch the edges together, and lay the dumplings in a pan, the pinched side down, cover, and bake for twenty minutes in a steady oven. Serve with a good hard sauce, flavored with lemon juice.

Home Hints.

To remove water spots on a dress, dampen it in lukewarm water. Place over water spots on right side and take a piece of the same fabric and press with warm iron till both pieces of material are dry.

To make boys' rubber boots last long have the cobbler put one thickness of leather inside the heel and another outside, and then fasten on the regular heel plate.

A teaspoonful of camphor added to a quart of soft water will kill earthworms in house plants. The plants should be quite ready for water when it is applied.

A sewing screen with top handles is a handy thing to carry from room to room. It should be covered with cretonne, should stand strongly on its feet and be hung on one side with sewing needfuls.

A good furniture polish may be made of one-half pint linseed oil, one-half pint turpentine, one-quarter pint vinegar, one-quarter pint mentholated spirit. Shake together thoroughly in a bottle.

Round centrepieces may be dried by laying them when wet on a sheet of clean glass, kept for the purpose. See that the linen is placed smoothly and then set the glass in the sun.

Plaster casts which have hard, polished surfaces can be washed with a nailbrush and white soapsuds. The suds should be rinsed off and the casts well dried.

Painted woodwork can be made to look like new by rubbing it with a cloth dipped in whiting. When the whiting is dry, remove with soft cloth.

AIRSHIPS IN A BALKAN WAR

Flights Demonstrate Need of Armor-plate Protection.

The first Bulgarian aviator to lose his life in the Balkan war was Lieut. Tarraxtchieff, who was sent out by Gen. Yankoff early in the war to reconnoitre Adrianople. His monoplane went wrong and he crashed to the ground and was killed as the result of his injuries. The Russian aviator, Poppoff, was also killed as a result of his machine catching fire and falling to the ground, and on December 6th Dr. Constantin, the one-time assistant of Dr. Doyen, a well-known French surgeon, was shot while making a flight. He managed to descend, the machine alighted safely at the Bulgarian camp with the dead aviator, who had been shot in the breast, still clutching his control wheel. The barograph showed that he had been up to a height of 4,000 feet. He had flown over a Turkish fort and taken photographs, and had evidently been shot in the act. His biplane was riddled with bullets, but this did not seem to affect its flying qualities. Thus once again was demonstrated the necessity of protecting the aviator with armor-plate if he is going to engage in active warfare. The only aviator employed by the Turks appears to have been the Frenchman, Letorte. He made several reconnaissances of two or three hours' duration, and brought valuable information to the Turkish commander. A breakdown to his engine caused him to alight behind the Greek lines, and he was captured.

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BLACK, GREEN OR MIXED 063

THE VISION OF VULTURES.

A Soldier's Experience Along the Mexican Border.

Compared with our human eyesight, the vision of birds of prey is marvellous. The bird student is often amazed at the immense distances at which hawks, eagles and vultures can distinguish objects. It is a well-authenticated fact that vultures do not find their food by the sense of smell. Many years ago Charles Darwin experimented with the carrion birds of South America, and found that so long as the food was concealed from sight, no matter how putrid and ill-smelling it was, the birds failed to detect it. Other observers have reached the same conclusion. A correspondent of The Youth's Companion writes:

I was detailed for service with some troops that were moving along the Mexican border. One evening we camped near a small stream on the western slope of the hills east from San Diego. During the night one of the wagon mules died. We took the body a short distance from camp and partly concealed it in a clump of willows. The next morning, after the column had resumed its march, I rode to the summit of the highest hill, some three miles from our camping ground, and swept the country through a pair of powerful binoculars.

As the glasses moved along the horizon, a vulture, a mere speck in the distance, came into their field. He was sailing in great circles in the blue heavens, miles away, far beyond the ken of the unaided eye. Suddenly he paused in his flight, turned sharply, and headed directly for our abandoned camp-ground. I watched him until I was convinced that he had discovered the dead mule.

Then I recollected that years ago I had read in one of Capt. Mayne Reid's books something of the habits of vultures, and I began to look for others. In a few minutes another appeared, a black speck in the sky, speeding in the wake of the first; then another and another came, from different points of the compass; then more and more, all hurrying toward their loathsome feast.

While I watched the gathering vultures I made a little calculation. When the first vulture discovered the carcass, he was not visible to the naked eye, and was but a speck through the binoculars. That is, adding the three miles I had ridden from camp to eighteen, the range of the binoculars, the bird must have been nearly twenty-one miles from the carcass. The carcass itself was partly concealed and invisible from my position except through the glasses. That the vulture depended upon his vision alone is evident, as enough time had not passed for any putrifactive changes to taint the air.

Another interesting thing was the promptness with which the other vultures took the hint when the first made his discovery. There was only one in sight to begin with; in ten minutes there were fifty.

Not Balanced Right.

"I'm a self-made man," said the proud individual.

"Well, you are all right, except as to your head," commented the other part of the conversation.

"How's that?"

"The part you talk with is out of proportion to the part you think with."

You can judge what a man hasn't done by what he is going to do.

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10

PRINCE OF WALES A FARMER.

He Will Breed Shorthorns and Horses at Cornwall.

The Prince of Wales is about to make his debut as a farmer. He is to start a home farm in Cornwall for the breeding of shorthorns and heavy horses.

It is a tradition that a British monarch should be a farmer, and it is natural that the Prince should start in the Duchy of Cornwall, which provides him with some $500,000 a year.

Early in the nineteenth century Cornwall had some famous shorthorn herds, but owing to interbreeding, due to the geographical isolation of the county, the general stocks deteriorated. To remedy this the Prince's farm of 300 acres at Whiteford will breed a new stock for the benefit of breeding throughout the duchy, as the Prince will specialize in stock of the best pedigree and thus afford the whole duchy the advantages of sires and breed.

AS GOOD AS A GOLD MINE.

World Consumes Much Thorium in Its Gas Mantels.

Professor White estimates that no fewer than 400,000,000 gas-mantles are used every year, and as these gas-mantles cannot be manufactured without a substance named thorium, the necessity for obtaining a large supply is obvious. Some time ago the manufacturers were, indeed, at a loss to discover sufficient for their purpose. Their anxiety was removed quite unexpectedly when a stranger walked into the office of one of the great incandescent companies and offered to show where an unlimited supply could be obtained. He demanded $500,000 for the information, and this sum the company readily undertook to pay. The directors were, however, doubtful of his ability to carry out his promise, but after obtaining a contract he took a representative of the company to Brazil, where huge deposits of thorium were discovered. From this place most of the thorium now in use is obtained. The stranger had discovered the find quite accidentally.

An Advantage.

"There's one advantage in the high cost of living."

"What's that?"

"It takes all that I earn to live, so that I can never get enough ahead to invest in worthless stock."

"I never could understand why people dock their horses' tails," said Dubbleigh. "High cost of living," said Jorrocks. "Got to dock something these times."

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