A DEAD RECKONING.

CHAPTER XI.

No one spoke for a moment or two after Margery had blurted out her news. Then for the second time Karovsky said: "There is still one way of escape open to you."

"And that is?"— said Gerald again. "For me to personate you."

"O monsieur!" cried Clara, a flash of hope leaping suddenly into her eyes.

"Karovsky, are you mad?"

"Pardon, I think not; but one can never be quite sure. Listen! These men who are coming to arrest you are strangers to you, or rather you are a stranger to them; they have never set eyes on you before. I will answer to your name; I will go with them, and before they have time to discover their mistake, you will be far away."

"And the consequences to yourself?"

"A few hours' detention—nothing more. Your English police know me not." Then he added with a shrug: "At St. Petersburg or Berlin, mai foi, it might be somewhat different."

"Karovsky, your offer is a noble one, and the risk to yourself might be greater than you seem to think. In any case, I cannot accept it."

"Gerald, for my sake!" implored his wife.

"As I said before, I am tired of this life of perpetual hide-and-seek. Let it end; I am ready to face the worst."

"No, no! Would you court a felon's doom, you whose innocence will one day be proved to the world?"

"Vous avez raison, madame," said the Russian. Then placing his hands on Gerald's shoulders, he said, "Go, Brooke my friend; hide yourself elsewhere for a little time, and leave me to face these bloodhounds."

Picot, who had been listening and watching in the background, now came boldly forward. It was enough for the kind-hearted mountebank to know that his friends were in trouble. "I have une petite chambre en haut," he said to Gerald. "Come with me, monsieur, and I will hide you."

"Yes, yes; go, dearest, with Monsieur Picot," urged his wife, her beautiful eyes charged with anguished entreaty.

"For your sake, let it be as you wish," answered Gerald sadly.

At this juncture there came a loud knocking at some door below stairs.

"Venez, monsieur—vite, vite!" said Picot.

Gerald hastily kissed his wife, gripped the Russian's hand for a moment, and then followed the mountebank.

"It will not be wise to keep our friends waiting," said Karovsky. Then turning to Miss Primby: "Madame, will you oblige me by taking charge of these trifles for a little while?" With that he handed her a card-case, a pocket-book stuffed with papers, and a bunch of keys.

"They will be mighty clever if they get them out of here," muttered Miss Primby, as the articles disappeared in the capacious depths of some hidden pockets.

The knocking was repeated in louder and more imperative terms than before.

"Let the door be opened," said Karovsky to Margery; then he addressed a few words hurriedly in a low tone to Mrs. Brooke.

The door at the foot of the stairs, which Margery in her alarm had taken the precaution to fasten, had apparently been originally put there with the view of more effectually separating the upper part of the house from the lower, probably at a time when the domicile was divided between two families. This door Margery now unbolted without a word; and without a word after flashing a bull's-eye in her face, a sergeant of police and two men pushed past her and tramped heavily upstairs.

"Mr. Gerald Brooke, commonly known by the name of Stewart?" said the sergeant interrogatively as he advanced into the room, while his two men took up positions close to the door.

The Russian turned—he had been in the act of lightning a cigarette at the fireplace. "Who are you, sir, and by what right do you intrude into this apartment?" he demanded haughtily.

The sergeant went a step or two nearer and laying a hand on his shoulder, said: "Gerald Brooke, you are charged on a warrant with the wilful murden of the Baron Otto von Rosenberg on the 28th of June last at Beaulieu, near King's Harold, and you will have to consider yourself as my prisoner."

The Russian dropped his cigarette. "There is some strange mistake," he said. "I never either saw or spoke to the Baron von Rosenberg on the 28th of last June."

"All right, sir; you can explain about that somewhere else; but I should advise you to say as little as possible just now."

One of the men had advanced into the room, and now drew the officer's attention. "I say, sergeant," he whispered, "the gent don't seem to answer much to the printed description, does he?"

"Idiot!" whispered back the other; "as if a man couldn't dye his hair and make his beard and moustache grow any shape he liked! Besides, we knew beforehand that he was disguised, and this is the room where we were told we should find him."

When the sergeant turned again, Clara was standing before Karovsky, with a hand resting on each of his shoulders.

"You see," whispered the sergeant to his subordinate. "We were told his wife was living here with him, as well as an elderly lady—the aunt. He's the gent we want, and no mistake."

"I shall only be away for a little while, cara mia," said Karovsky, as he drew Clara to him. For a moment her head rested against his shoulder, then his lips lightly touched her forehead.

She turned from him, and sinking on a couch, buried her face in her hands.

Karovsky drew himself up to his full height. "Now, sir, I am at your service," he said to the sergeant.

A moment later and the three women were left alone.

"They be clever uns, they be!" said Margery with a chuckle as the sound of the retreating footsteps died away.

"How noble, how magnanimous of Monsieur Karovsky!" exclaimed Miss Primby. "I shall never think ill of the Russians again."

"Now, is the opportunity for Gerald to get away," said Clara. "The police may discover their mistake at any moment." Her hand was on the door, when suddenly there was a sound which caused all three to start and stare at each other with eyes full of terror. It was the sound of unfamiliar footsteps ascending the stairs. Mrs. Brooke shrank back as the door opened and George Crofton entered the room.

"You!" she gasped.

"Even so," he answered as he glanced round the room. "It is long since we met last."

"Not since the day you crushed my husband's portrait under your heel."

"As I have now crushed your husband himself."

"What do you mean?"

"Clara Brooke, the hour of my revenge has struck. You slighted me once, but now my turn has come. It was through my efforts that your husband was tracked to this place. It was I who gave information to the police. Never could there be a sweeter revenge than mine."

"Can such wickedness exist unsmitten by Heaven!"

After that first glance round, he had never taken his eyes from Clara's blanched face. He spoke with a venemous intensity which lent to every word an added sting.

"Don't I just wish I was a man, instead of a great hulking good-for-nothing girl!" muttered Margery, half to Miss Primby and half to herself, as she defiantly rolled up the sleeves of her cotton gown.

For a little space, the two stood gazing at each other in silence.

Clara's heart beat painfully, but her eyes blazed into his full of scorn and defiance. Then she said: "George Crofton, believe me or not, but my husband is as innocent of the crime laid to his charge as I am. It is not he who is a murderer, but you who are one after this night's work—in heart, if not in deed."

A sneering laugh broke from his lips. "I was quite prepared to hear that rimarole," he said. "It was only to be expected that you should swear to his innocence. It is possible you may believe in it—wives will believe anything."

But Clara's ears, of late, ever on the alert, had heard a certain sound. With a low cry she sprang to the door; but before she could reach it, it was opened from without, and Gerald, accompanied by Picot, appeared on the threshold.

Crofton fell back as if he had seen a face from the tomb. "By what fiend's trick have I been fooled?" he cried.

"There stands the villain who betrayed you," exclaimed the young wife, pointing to Crofton with outstretched finger.

"He! My cousin! Impossible."

"It may not be too late yet," exclaimed Crofton as he sprang to one of the windows and tore aside the curtain. But next instant, with a bound like that of a tiger, Picot had flung himself on him and had gripped his neck as in a vice with both his sinewy hands. The other was no match in point of strength for the mountebank; and before he knew what had happened he found himself on his back on the floor, half choked with Picot kneeling on his chest and regarding him with a sardonic grin.

Clara, with natural impulse, had clung to her husband's arm. Miss Primby and Margery were too startled to utter a word.

Picot's hand went to some inner pocket and drew from it a small revolver; then rising to his feet, he said to Crofton: "Oblige me by standing up, monsieur, and by taking a seat in that chair, or in one leetle minute you are a dead man."

Crofton, with a smile like that of some half-cowed wild animal, did as he was bidden.

Gerald stepped quickly forward and laid a hand on Picot's arm. "What would you do?" he asked.

"Shoot him like the dog he is, if he move but one finger. If he move not,—tie him up—gag him—and leave him here till you, monsieur, have time to get away."

Then addressing himself to Margery, but without taking his eyes for an instant off Crofton, he said: "My good Margot, in my room up-stairs you will find one piece of rope. Bring him here. Depechez-vous—quick."

Margery needed no second bidding. Then the mountebank said to Gerald: "You must not stop here any longer, monsieur; the police may come back at any moment."

"Yes—come, come," urged Clara. "Another minute and it may be too late."

"George, I did not deserve this at your hands," said Gerald with grave sadness to his cousin. The only answer was a scowl and an execration muttered between his teeth.

Gerald, his wife and Miss Primby retired into the farther room and closed the folding-doors. Margery was back by this time, carrying a small coil of rope.

"Good child,—Now hold this so," said Picot, as he placed the revolver in Margery's hand, and stationed her about a couple of yards from Crofton. "If you see that man stir from his chair, press your finger against this leetle thing, and—pouf—he will never stir again. Hold him steady—so. You have no fear—hein?"

"Why, o' course not," laughed Margery. "It would do me good to shoot the likes o' him."

With a dexterity that seemed as if it might have been derived from long practice, Picot now proceeded to bind Crofton securely in his chair.

"You scoundrel! you shall suffer for this," muttered the latter between his teeth.

"A la bonne heure, monsieur," responded the mountebank airily. Then perceiving a corner of a handkerchief protruding from his pocket, he drew it forth, and tearing a narrow strip off it, he proceeded to firmly bind the other's wrists; then making a bandage of the remainder, he covered his mouth with it and tied it in a double knot at the back of his neck. "Ah, ha! that do the trick," he laughed. "How found you yourself? Very comfortable—hein?"

Margery, who had watched the operation with great glee, now gave back the revolver and retired to the inner room. Picot sat down a little way from his prisoner, but for the present took no further notice of him. He had heard a footstep on the stairs a minute or two previously, and rightly judged it was Gerald already gone.

From the first day of taking up their abode at No. 5 Pymm's Buildings, Clara and her husband had prepared themselves for an emergency like the present one. They were always ready for immediate flight, and had arranged the means for communication in case of an enforced separation.

At the end of a few minutes Margery returned carrying a folded paper, which she gave to Picot, at the same time whispering a few hurried words in his ear. The mountebank nodded and smiled and kissed the tips of his fingers. Then the girl went back and the two men were left alone. But presently both of them heard the footsteps of more persons than one descending the stairs. Picot listened intently till the sound had died away, and then proceeded to light a cigarette. Of Crofton, sitting there bound and gagged, he took not the slightest apparent notice.

A quarter of an hour passed thus, and with the exception of a footfall now and then in the court below no sound broke the silence. At the end of that time, Picot's cigarette being finished, he rose, pushed back his chair, clapped his hat on his head, and after a last examination of his prisoner's bonds, he marched out of the room without a word, and so down stairs and out of the house, first shutting behind him the door which divided the upper rooms from the ground floor.

Left alone, George Crofton began at once to struggle desperately to free himself, but all to no purpose. After a little time, however, he discovered that the chair in which he was bound moved on casters, and this discovery put an idea into his head such as would not have entered it under other circumstances. The room was lighted by a lamp on a low table, and to this table he managed by degrees to slide his chair, along the floor. Then setting his teeth hard, and stretching his arms to the fullest extent his bonds would allow of his doing, he held his wrists over the flame of the lamp, and kept them there unflinchingly till the outermost coil of the ligature which bound them was burnt through. When once his hands were at liberty, very few minutes sufficed to make him a free man.

"My revenge is yet to come, Gerald Brooke," he said aloud as he paused at the door and took a last glance round. "It is but delayed for a little while, and every day's delay will serve but to make it sweeter at the last."

CHAPTER XII.

We are back once more at Linden Villa. It is a March evening, and the clock has just struck nine. George Crofton is smokin ga cigar, and gazing fixedly into the fire, seeing pictures in the glowing embers which are anything but pleasant ones, if one may judge by the lowering expression of his face. He looks haggard and careworn, and is no longer so fastidious with regard to his personal appearance as he used to be. Dissipation has set its unmistakable seal upon him; he has the air of a man who is going slowly but surely downhill.

His wife is amusing herself somewhat listlessly at the piano. There is a slightly worn look about her eyes, and the line of her lips looks thinner and more hard set than it is wont to do. Married life had not brought Stephanie the happiness, or even the content, she had looked forward to. The awakening had come soon, and had not been a pleasant one. Not long had it taken her to discover that she had mated herself with an inveterate gambler, if not with something worse. So long as plump young pigeons were to be had for the plucking, matters had gone on swimmingly at Linden Villa. There had been no lack of money, and Stephanie had never cared to inquire too curiously how it had been come by. But after a time Crofton's wonderful luck at cards began to be commented upon; people began to be shy of playing at the same table with him; pigeons were warned to avoid him; and when, one unfortunate evening, he was detected cheating at the club, and unmasked by a member cleverer in that particular line than himself, his career in that sphere of life came to an end forever. But his ambition had not been satisfied with the comparatively small gains of the card-table; he had bet heavily on the St. Leger and other races, and had been unfortunate in all. So far he had been able to meet his racing liabilities, but the doing so had exhausted the whole of his avaoilable resources, and matters at Linden Villa had now come to a pass that might almost be termed desperate.

Stephanie brought her roulades to an end with a grand crash; then turning half round she said in her clear metallic tones: "Have you anything to talk about, mon ange? Have you nothing to say to me?" Her husband's back was towards her, as he sat brooding sullenly in front of the fire. "It is not often that you stay at home of an evening, and when you do—chut! I might as well be alone."

He shrugged his shoulders. "What would you have me talk about? Our debts—our difficulties—our "——

"Why not?" she broke in quickly. "If you talked about them a little oftener, it might be all the better. You seem neither to know nor care anything about them. You are out from morning till night. It is I who have to promise, to cajole, to lie, first to one person and then to another who come here demanding money when I have none to give them. Oh, it is a charming life—mine! N'importe. It will end itself in a little while."

"What do you mean? What new trick are you hatching now?" he demanded.

"It is nothing new—it has been in my head for a long time. Shall I tell you what it is? Why not?" The fingers of one hand were still resting on the piano. She struck a note or two carelessly, and then went on speaking as quietly as though she were mentioning some trifling detail of every day life. "One evening, cheri, when you come home you will not find me; I shall be gone. This life suits me no longer. I will change it all. I will go back to the life I used to love so well. I have had a letter. Signor Ventelli is at Brussels; he prays to me to return to him. I shall go. You and I, my friend can no longer live together. It will be better for both that we should part." Again her fingers struck a note or two carelessly.

Crofton was roused at last. He started to his feet with an imprecation and faced his wife. "What confounded stuff and nonsense you are talking, Steph," he exclaimed. "As if I believed a word of it!"

"Do I ever say that I will do a thing when I do not intend doing it?" she quietly asked. In his own mind he was obliged to confess that she did not. "We have made a mistake, you and I, and have found it out in time," she resumed. "We can be friends, always friends—why not? But you will go your way and I mine; that is all."

The cold indifference of her tone and manner stung him to the quick. Evidently she was minded to cast him off as carelessly as she would an old glove. The sullen fire in his heart blazed up in a moment. He loved this woman after a fashion of his own, and was in nowise inclined to let her go. "What you say is utter nonsense. I would have you remember that you are my wife, and that I can claim you as such anywhere and everywhere."

"And do you imagine that if I were twenty times a wife I should allow you or any other man to claim me as such against my will!" demanded Steph, with a contemptuous laugh. Tza! tza! my friend, you talk like a child."

They were standing face to face, and for a few moments they stared at each other without speaking; but the clear resolute light that shone out of Steph"s eyes cowed, for a time at least, the fitful, dangerous gleam flickering redly in her husband's bloodshot orbs, as though it were a reflection from some Tophet below.

George Crofton turned away, and crossing to the sideboard, poured himself out a quantity of brandy. "You would be a fool, Steph, to leave me as you talk of doing, were it only for one thing," he said dryly. He seemed to have quite recovered his equanimity, and was choosing a cigar as he spoke.

"If it pleases me to be a fool, why not?"

"Has it ever occurred to you that any morning the newspapers may tell us that my cousin, Gerald Brooke, has been captured? Every day, that is the first news I look for."

"Ah, bah! you mock yourself. Your cousin will never be arrested now; he has got safe away to some foreign country long ago."

"You have no ground for saying that. Any hour may bring the tidings of his capture, and then—— But you know already what the result of his conviction would be to you and me. Beechley Towers and six thousand a year—nothing less."

"You deceive yourself," resumed Steph. "You are waiting for what will never happen. Nine months have passed since the murder, and the crime is half forgotten. You let Gerald Brooke slip through your fingers once; but you will never have the chance of doing so again.—Let us come back to realities, to the things we can touch. Dreams never had any charms for me."

He went back to the fireplace with his cigar, and took up a position on the hearth-rug. "As you say—let us stick to realities; it may perhaps be the wisest," he went on. "What then, would you think, what would you say, if I were to tell you as a fact that in less than six weeks from to-day I shall be in possession of ten thousand pounds?"

"I should think and say that it was not a fact, but a dream, a—what do you call it?—a Will-o'-the-wisp."

"And yet it is not a dream, but a sober solid fact, as a very short time will prove."

She raised her brows; evidently, she was incredulous. "You made sure that you would win two thousand pounds at Doncaster, whereas you contrived to lose five hundred. You were just as certain that you would win'——

"What I am referring to now has nothing to do with horseracing," he broke in impatiently.—"Listen!" he added; and with that he planted himself astride a chair and confronted her, resting his arms on the back of it and puffing occasionally at his cigar as he talked. "I am about to tell you something which it was my intention not to have spoken about till later on; but it matters little whether you are told now or a month hence." He moved his chair nearer to her, and when he next spoke it was in a lower voice: "The young Earl of Leaminton, who is enormously rich, is to be married on the 27th of next month. On the 14th of April one of the partners in a certain well-known firm of London jewellers, accompanied by an assistant, will start for the Earl's seat in the north carrying with him jewelry of the value of over twenty thousand pounds, for the purpose of enabling his lordship to select certain presents for his bride. That box of jewelry will never reach its destination."

Stephanie was staring at him with wide-open eyes. "You would not——" she exclaimed, and then she paused.

"Yes, I would, and will," he answered with a sinister smile. "I and certain friends of mine have planned to make that box our own. The whole scheme is cut and dried; all the arrangements in connection with the journey are known to us; and so carefully have our plans been worked out, that it is next to impossible that we should fail."

"And you, George Crofton, my husband, have sunk to this—that you would become a common robber, a thief, a volteur!"

His face darkened ominously, and the gash in his lip looked as large again as it usually did. "What would you have?" he asked with a snarl. "My cursed ill-luck has driven me to it. I cannot starve, neither will I."

For a little while neither spoke.

"I didn't think you would take my news like this, Steph," he said presently. "Think of the prize! How is it possible for a man fixed as I am to resist trying to make it his own? One half comes to me because the plan is mine, but of course I can't work without confederates. My share will be worth ten thousand at the very least; and then, hey presto for the New World and a fresh start in life with a clean slate!—What say you, Steph?"

"At present, I say nothing more than I have said already," she answered coldly. "I must have time to think."

(To Be Continued.)

DIED IN AN OLD TRUNK.

Children Locked in by a Spring Latch While Playing Hide and Seek.

Laura and Jennie, aged 7 and 5 years, respectively, daughters of Joseph and Lucy Melton, of Bordley, Union county, Ky., were playing hide and seek the other day with three other children, and during the play the sisters entered the cellar. Seeing a large, old-fashioned trunk in one corner they raised the lid and jumped inside. The top fell and closed with a tight spring lock. Two of their playmates had hidden beneath a bed in an upper room. The remaining tot, who was acting as spy, soon found the bedroom girls, but all search for Laura and Jennie proved fruitless, as they had completely overlooked the cellar trunk. At the time both parents were visiting at a neighbor's, and did not return for three hours. When they learned of the sudden disappearance of the children a search was instituted, but almost another hour elapsed before the father thought of the old trunk. The children were found dead, locked in each other's arms.

LACKING IN TACK.

Is your new neighbor an agreeable man?

Well, he's the kind of a man who always comes over to visit just when you get nicely stretched out in a hammock.

EARLY HABITS.

I hope Pickler and his wife won't visit us again very soon. I never saw a woman who required so much waiting on as she does.

Well, you know before they were married she was a trained nurse.

Sash and Door Factory.

Having Completed our New Factory we are now prepared to FILL ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY.

We keep in Stock a large quantity of Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Flooring and the different Kinds of Dressed Lumber for outside sheeting.

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Lumber, Shingles and Lath always In Stock.

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GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY

DISEASED MEN CURED

THOUSANDS of young men, middle aged men and old men can look back at their boyhood days or early manhood with a sigh of remorse. The ignorance of early youth, or later on a misspent life as "one of the boys" has sown the seeds for future suffering. **SELF ABUSE** is a terrible sin against nature and will bring a rich harvest. Blood and Private Diseases sap the very life and vitality of the victim. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure all the following diseases:

VARICOCELE, EMISSIONS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, SYPHILIS, STRICTURE, GLEET, SEMINAL WEAKNESS, PIMPLES, LOST MANHOOD, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES.

ARE YOU? NERVOUS and despondent; weak or debilitated; tired mornings; no ambition—lifeless; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken, red and blurred; pimples on face; dreams and night losses; restless; haggard looking; weak back, bone pains; hair loose; ulcers; sore throat; varicocele; deposit in urine and drains at stool; distrustful; want of confidence; lack of energy and strength—*WE CAN CURE YOU OR ASK NO PAY.*

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY—CONFIDENTIAL

SNATCHED FROM THE GRAVE. A Warning from the Living. "At 15 I learned a bad habit. Tried four doctors and nerve tonics by the score without benefit; emissions and drains increased. I became a nervous wreck. A friend who had been cured by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan of a similar disease, advised me to try them. I did so and in two months was positively cured. This was eight years ago. I am now married and have two healthy children."—C. W. LEWIS, Saginaw.

VARICOCELE CURED. "Varicocele made life miserable. I was weak and nervous, eyes sunken, bashful in society, hair thin—no ambition. The 'Golden Monitor' opened my eyes. The New Method Treatment cured me in a few weeks."—I. L. PETERSON, Ionia.

EMISSIONS CURED. J. P. EMERSON relates his experience. "I lived on a farm. At school I learned an early habit, which weakened me physically, sexually and mentally. Family doctors said I was going into 'decline' (consumption.) Finally 'The Golden Monitor,' edited by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan, fell into my hands. I learned the TRUTH and the CAUSE. Self-abuse had sapped my vitality. I took the New Method Treatment and was cured. My friends think I was cured of consumption. I have sent them many patients, all of whom were cured. Their New Method Treatment supplies vigor, vitality and manhood."

SYPHILIS CURED. "This terrible blood disease was in my system for eight years. Had taken mercury for two years, but the disease returned. Eyes red, pimples and blotches on the skin, ulcers in the mouth and on tongue, bone pains, falling out of hair, weakness, etc. My brother, who had been cured of Gleet and Stricture by Drs. Kennedy and Kergan, recommended them. They cured me in a few weeks, and I thank God I consulted them. No return of the disease in six years."—W. P. M., Jackson.

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READER! Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. **CONSULTATION FREE.** No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. **BOOKS FREE.**—"The Golden Monitor" (illustrated), on Diseases of Men. Inclose postage, 2 cents. Sealed.

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IS STEEL OUT OF DATE?

Paper Rails Are Being Used Successfully on Continental Lines.

The successful introduction of railroad rails made entirely of paper material in Germany and Russia has encouraged American manufacturers to experiment. The foreign mode of making the rail consists in the employment of molds and powerful pressing machines, the former for shaping the rail, and the latter for consolidating purposes. Paper car wheels have been in use for many years, and have given satisfaction. It is not assuming too much to anticipate satisfactory results with paper rails. The iron or steel rails now in use are by no means free from defects. The metal is always more or less affected by the conditions of the atmosphere, and accidents are frequently traced to the warping, contraction or expansion of rails.

Again, there are flaws and similar imperfections in rails of the metallic order, and these often give trouble. The heavy locomotives and other rolling stock of these days requires extraordinarily large and heavy rails, consequently the rails can not be made very long, as the weight would be too much. The paper rails are less than one-half lighter for the same length and size, so that, so far as the weight question is concerned, the length of the latter can be twice that of the iron or steel rail. This obviates the use of just so many joints, dispensing with so many bolts and connections and relieving the wheels of the car from just so many shocks.

The process of manufacturing the rails is not difficult when once the necessary compressive apparatus is available, as the solidifying operation is probably

THE MAIN PART

of the whole work. The composition of the rails includes several varieties of the paper pulp stock. Wood pulp has not been tried with any marked success as yet, but ordinary pulp from rags, rope stock, etc., answers the purpose. Processes of grinding, cooking, digesting, and working of the rags into a pulpy condition are accomplished in regular order, care being taken to have the stock uniform in preparation and the fibers as well preserved as possible. When in a pulpy condition the ingredients for stiffening the rail, rendering it tough and efficient, so as to stand excessive wear and friction from the wheels, and for imparting elasticity smoothness and other needed requirements, are applied. So varied have these been that no definite proportions of any of the substances are procurable.

Quantities of borax, parraffin, wax, tanner's grease, waterproof fish glue, resin and fine cement are employed in necessary proportions, and are added to the pulp while it is yet warm. Mixing follows, and the ingredients are thoroughly combined with the fiber. A quantity of shellac and wood alcohol is next put into the mixture, and the mass is subjected to another stirring, and then permitted to settle.

The paper rails are strong, durable, can be bent for curves like other rails and possess the advantage of lightness and increased length, besides being easier for the wheels and cars, and having other points of superiority. Their cost is said to be 30 per cent less than that of steel. They are adaptable for both paper and iron car wheels.

ART AT A DISCOUNT.

Mr. Highart—Yes, I believe in the cultivation of art among the masses. Artistic taste, no matter where found or in what walk of life, is of incalculable value to the possessor.

Mr. Humdrum—Well, I differ with with you. My wife spent eighty dollars last year taking art lessons, and then, on my birthday, she gave me five boxes of cigars—selected by the pictures on the cover.

TROUBLE.

"Trouble?" repeated the hostess, in speaking of it afterward; you don't know what trouble is until you try to give such a function. You lie awake nights to make up the list of those whom you won't invite, and even then there will be painful omissions. It is so provoking to please somebody you really wanted to hurt.

REMEDY FOR DANDRUFF.

Rose-water, three ounces; Rimmel's toilet vinegar, three ounces; glycerine two ounces; carbolic acid, half a drachm. Sponge the scalp with this several times a week. Girls of fifteen, if tall and well developed for their age, wear their dresses reaching nearly to the ankle.

VERNAL VEXATIONS.

How that woman did glare at you! Yes; and I glared back at her. The hateful thing!—she had on a shirt waist just like mine.

ALL THE CONVENIENCES.

Tourist (in a coal mine, after passing around cigars)—Everything seems to be wet and damp. Where can I strike a match?

Miner—Roight here, sir, Dennis, lift th 'rubber cloth offen th' powder keg!

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO