A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER XVII.

"Been to tea at the parsons!" exclaimed Jimmy Medway with a prolonged staro of astonishment at the unmoved face of his elder brother. "Well, I am—"

"I had no idea that Ingleby was such a good fellow," his brother said, tranquilly. "I wish I had looked him up before."

"What was there to do, Claude?" Lady Gertrude asked, from the depth of her chair, with her usual air of unwilling interest.

"Nothing. There lay the charm. Miss Ingleby is a crack pianist and can talk. One listens. Ingleby is keen on cricket, wants me to set the village boys on to play—one must, I suppose."

"Certainly," Sir Arthur added, looking up from his Morning Post, "that kind of thing is expected of one. And the Ingleby's are very good people. You may rely upon it that I should never give the living to a man whom I could not see at my table with pleasure."

"But, Claude, just fancy Claude going to tea with the parson," continued Jimmy, who was sixteen and looked up to his eldest brother as a prince of fast men.

"I always said," murmured Lady Gertrude, suppressing a yawn, "that Claude would develop into a model squire in time. He will soon be au fait in top-dressings and short-horns—excited by turnips and depressed by cattle disease. You know the kind of man—stout and beefy."

"There is no knowing to what heights we may reach by dint of energy and lofty aspiration," replied Claude, looking before him with a curious little smile, "even Jim, now, Jim might become a bishop or a judge. Come, Jim, you are the last, and one of us ought to be in the Church."

All of a sudden a light seemed to flash upon Jim and he began to chuckle quietly to himself.

"Is Jessie Meade a crack piano player?" he asked, demurely, "or is she keen on cricket?"

Claude looked up with an angry frown that only half subdued Jim, who had passed Jessie at the rectory gate that afternon.

"Jessie Meade, what about Jessie Meade?" asked Sir Arthur, who had lost the thread of the conversation in his paper.

"A very quiet well-conducted young person," Lady Gertrude remarked, "I really think her quite a godsend for poor dear Ethel."

"I don't know what poor Miss Meade has done to be called a young person," exclaimed Claude with sudden heat.

"Claude is right, my lady," said his father, "it is very dreadful to be called a person, especially a young person unless one is a young person."

"But what on earth is Jessie Meade?" cried Jim. "Isn't a rough farmer's daughter a young person?"

"No, Jim," replied Sir Arthur, "Miss Meade, though a miller's daughter, is not a mere young person. She has every qualification for ascending the social scale. Beauty such as that young lady's is a distinction in itself, even without such a manner as hers."

"Surely, sir," objected Jim, "a woman takes her father's rank?"

"Her husband's," interrupted Claude.

"And Miss Meade is as good as married to a gentleman," added Sir Arthur.

"Oh! an officer and a gentleman, I daresay! But Randal is only a ranker," Jim urged.

"He is a gentleman by birth," his brother replied, with emphasis, and as he spoke he caught Claude's eye on him with a look of surprise and caution.

"Oh, I thought he was a foundling, brought up by some farmer, and rose from the ranks," returned Jim; "well he is engaged to a confoundedly good-looking girl, that's all."

"After all, what is birth to a woman?" Claude added with a sententiousness that highly amused his mother, "rank and name descend by the male side. The son of a duke's daughter may be only Mr. Smith."

"Mr. Smith with a difference, a duke's grandson," Sir Arthur interjected.

"Still plain Smith, or Smith-Swellington at most, sir. But as you said, beauty and manner are the only needful things for a woman, her name and rank come from her husband."

Sir Arthur was not sufficiently interested in the question to point out that this was not precisely the purport of his words. "Did I say, so?" he returned with a gentle smile, retiring into the seclusion of his Morning Post.

"I hope you will go to no more tea parties, Claude," his mother said, plaintively, "they make you ponderous. I wish Clara would come, one does get so bored at Marwell. Didn't somebody say something about having a letter from her, by the way?"

"I heard from her to-day, here is the letter," Claude replied, "you don't care to read it, mother? Well, it's all about nothing. Stupid dinner parties, very slow balls. Garden party at Chiswick, royalties gracious and boring. Love to Aunt Gertrude and Uncle Arthur, weather melting, season over, nothing more."

"I believe," Claude reflected when he was alone, "that the governor is half in love with her himself. Who could have fancied him solemnly giving out that her beauty was distinction, of admiring the manner of a girl so born? But who could imagine that I—Ah! Jessie! What princess ever moved with so sweet a dignity? Philip Randal, indeed! A clown by her! By Jove, I've lost my head. That I should live to be so hard hit! It seemed so easy at first The old story, rustic beauty, vanity, ignorance of life, and so on. I wonder if any man knows how great a fool he can make of himself for a woman's sake. I never thought there were such women. If my mother had been such a woman—or Clara, or if I had had such a sister—I might have been a better fellow; I might, at least—Heaven only knows——"

A hard, heavy sigh, almost a groan, broke from him; his face settled into a frowning rigidity, his eyes darkened, his mouth lost its genial curve. He turned to the open window, gazing over the star-lit summer night.

"I must lay my parallels with caution," he thought, a slight smile twitching his lips. "How in the world can I keep Clara in town? If she brings her heavy artillery to bear upon me, what is the good of all these gradual saps and well-laid trains? Why won't she marry Bardexter and help me to marry Jessie. I know she would like to be a duchess. She winds the governor round her finger, and my mother sees with her eyes. She is clever. Her knowledge of life is extensive and peculiar."

"I am so utterly alone," Jessie mused as she passed along in the sunny morning, through the fields next day, "and so absolutely helpless. I cannot be sure of what is right. I can only try to do what I think is right—if they would but let me! If I could see Philip face to face I might make him understand, poor boy; but he is so far away and letters are so different. He thinks himself so wise about me—in his man's arrogance. He—a man—is a human being; I—a woman—am a sort of weak attempt at one. If a man could once look into a woman's heart how surprised he would be."

She had reached the edge of a hay field which was divided from the next by a tiny wooded gorge, at the bottom of which gurgled and rippled a bright, brown thread of a stream crossed by a wooden foot-bridge. She descended the slope with easy light-foot grace, and pausing at the bridge and leaning against the slight hand-rail looked down, arrested by the fascination of flowing water, into the brown, shallow stream, dappled by leaf shadows and sunlight.

She had not waited long before she heard a firm, quick step descending from the opposite field, and looked up into the handsome, good-tempered face of Mr. Ingleby, at which her own brightened, and said, with a pretty eagerness, as he approached her:

"I am so glad, Mr. Ingleby. I hope you are not in a hurry, I was on my way to see you."

"Hurry! My dear Jess—Miss Meade is anybody or anything ever in a hurry, in the country? Look at this lazy, loitering stream; it seems as if it would never get to the sea."

"But it will," replied Jessie, looking thoughtfully down into it, "it keeps on, you see, it does the best it can."

"Books in the running brooks. What little sermon are you extracting from the water, Miss Meade?"

She looked up with a smile, and he noticed the strained serious set of her face, the blue shadows beneath her eyes, the general fatigued aspect which emphasized both her youth and her beauty.

"I have so few friends," she said, "and such confidence in you. And I wanted——"

"You were going to consult me?" he added, gently. "I only hope I shall prove worthy of the trust. And if I am too stupid, perhaps my sister——"

"No," returned Jessie, "I don't think Miss Ingleby would understand. Oh! Mr. Ingleby," she added, "it is so hard to know what to do—so very hard——"

"I should have thought, my dear child," he replied gravely, "that your life was marked out so clearly before you that you had no need to consider that question."

"That is the trouble of it. Others mark out my life for me; I am not a free agent. I am obliged to do what I know to be wrong."

"Surely not. No one who has charge of you would wish you to do what you know to be wrong," he replied with a gentle rebuke. "I know them all. They all treat me as a them all, Jessie, they are all upright, true people. Have you spoken to them? But of course you would do so before turning to a comparative stranger like myself."

"Yes," she replied with a wearied air, "I have spoken to them, each and all. They all treat me as a child, an irresponsible being. Philip forgets what a difference nearly two years makes in a girl; besides, he has been through such stirring scenes that he can scarcely be expected to give much thought to my small concerns—my life is not in perpetual peril, you see."

"She is going to break with that poor fellow," Mr. Ingleby thought. "Hard lines for Philip; but what could he expect of such a babe? And yet she cannot have asked to be set free. No man would bind a girl against her will."

"Jessie," he said aloud, "we can none of us take our lives in our hands and say we will do this and that with them. Our lines are cast for us, often before we are born; human beings are so linked and intertwined by ties, of kinship, duty and mutual service that no man can say I will go this way regardless of others—how much less a woman!"

"How much less indeed!" she broke out with a bitterness which startled him, "we wonder at Turks who keep their women in cages, and at Chinese who deliberately cripple them, but Englishmen are quite as bad; though they do leave their bodies comparatively free, they cage and cripple their souls."

"Tell me all about it," he said, after a brief pause of astonishment, "let us rest upon this felled timber in the shade and not excite ourselves, and you shall tell me, if you can or will, all about this caging and crippling, what you wish to do and what your good friends think of it. I am an old friend; I know you as a very little girl—a good little girl though spoilt. I am the parson of the parish, and an old man in comparison with you. I ought to know more of life and its duties than Miss Jessie Meade, and few things would give me greater pleasure than to do her service."

"Yes," replied Jessie, as she took the place he indicated on the prostrate tree-trunk in the wood shadow and speaking with a seriousness that rather took him aback, "it is not like speaking to a young man; if people are not wise at your age they never will be." Mr. Ingleby ruefully passed his hand over his crisp black hair, wondering if he had suddenly turned gray and if crow's feet had gathered round his eyes since the morning. "Wisdom and gray hairs" he muttered, seating himself at her side.

"And yet," she pursued, "you are but a man after all."

"True; I was never taken for a demi-god, to my knowledge, or a bear, even in youth."

"Mr. Ingleby," she continued, raising her serious, sweet eyes searchingly to his, "is not idleness a sin? Then why must I live in idleness? I have talents. Ought I to bury them in a napkin?"

"Good gracious, I hope she isn't stage-struck," he thought. "You need never be idle," he replied, with books, your needle, your pencil, and household tasks; all these things will prepare you for your approaching marriage. My sister will tell you better than I can what a busy, useful life you may lead."

"The old story," returned Jessie sadly; "No one wants my needle or my pencil at Redwoods. There are no books, no means of improving one's self. As to household tasks, my cousin has not enough for herself; if she had she could have extra maids. I cannot live at Redwoods; I am fretting myself away there and doing no one any good—oh, perhaps—perhaps I am doing harm—at least to myself."

So she spoke, unfolding her plans to him, her wish to support herself by some suitable occupation, or at der income, which she sadly feared, as she confessed, was partly made up by Philip, as would enable her to procure first-class instruction, particularly in painting, for which, she was assured, she had talent. Her marriage could not take place yet for some time. That marriage would place her in a position above that in which she was born; she needed some education for it. She wished Mr. Ingleby to persuade her guardians that Redwoods was no place for her, and that it was only fitting for her to go out into the world in some honest capacity. To teach in a good school for instance, and receive lessons at the same time. "You know, Mr. Ingleby," she said in conclusion, "that people always get into mischief if they have nothing to do."

"And I know that people never need be idle unless they choose," he returned, "especially women. What have you to do with art—the only great artists are men—or learning? Your duty, Jessie, is to be a wife and mother."

"Oh!" cried Jessie, with a little impatient, scornful turn of her head, for she was sick of the wife and mother cant, "is it absolutely necessary for wives and mothers to be idle and dunces? Men are not told to loaf about in idleness because they are to be husbands and fathers some day. Philip was not kept from the war on that account."

Mr. Ingleby smiled indulgently, as one smiles at the mischief of a pretty pet kitten, and gently patted her hand. "You shall have plenty to do," he said, "you know how glad I should be if you would teach in the Sunday School. Then I want to start a lending library, and a host of parish things in which help like yours would be half the battle. If you like I will suggest to your cousin that you should help in the household work and have more drawing lessons as well."

"Thank you," she replied, with an air so faultlessly inexpressive that he could not detect the sarcasm, "you mean well."

She sat with her hands, on one of which Mr. Ingleby had laid his own caressingly, clasped on her knee, looking before her at the brown flowing stream, in a sort of hopeless silence for some moments, revolving things in her mind, and wondering if she dared trust him with the truth, and if, even in that case, he would help her to what she knew to be her only safe course. He, in the meantime, was thinking seriously of her, and pondering what the key to her discontent might be. How account for the fatigued, worn look in the sweet young face? Had he not seen her only the night before at his own table, as happy, and pleasant, and unconscious of self as any well-conditioned young girl could hope to be? And those irrational fears of his respecting the danger of her frequent contact with Claude Medway had all been laid to rest. There was neither coquetry nor vanity in Jessie; it was evident that she and Medway were able to meet, however frequently, on such distant terms as excluded any possibility of touching each other's hearts; her position was high enough to insure respect, and too low to admit of intimacy. But there was a depth of sorrowful meaning in Jessie's face, and a gentle, patient endurance in the slightly drooping attitude, that went to his heart. Redwoods must be, after all, a most uncongenial home for such a girl. Philip's distance and danger must be a heavy sorrow. And then Mrs. Plummer's tongue! Philip had been alluded to in a manner which indicated that he was not held the most faultless of lovers; perhaps there was some lovers' quarrel hard to bear at such a distance, and by the girl who was left behind. There was an evident desire to leave Redwoods at the bottom of it all, a desire due, perhaps, partly to the restlessness of a long engagement. Perhaps it was only a temporary rebellion against circumstances, brought on by a fit of temper, an unsatisfactory letter from India, Cousin Jane's tongue, or some sudden disgust at the men Plummer's rough ways, mingled with the discontent of a spoiled child. But the look in Jessie's face touched him deeply, reason as he would, during the long silence in which he studied it, a silence emphasized by the murmur of the stream upon its mossy stones, the gentle sigh of the summer wind through the leafy boughs, the twitter and persistent chirp of chaffinch and starling, the hum of insects, and the rustle of small creatures among dead leaves and twigs. They were so quiet that a butterfly poised on a beech-spray almost touching Jessie's head, and a bee hummed about a spike of wood-betony which rustled against her skirts.

(To be Continued.)

EYE EXERCISE.

How You May Improve the Sight With Practice.

The sight can be educated and exercised just as truly as the hearing, the sense of touch, or even the leg and arm muscles can, and the work, which can be easily converted into play, should be begun very early in life. Much so-called color-blindness is not a radical defect of vision at all, but a lack of training in attention and recognition, and could have been avoided by any form of simple half-play, half-lesson, with colored balls or skeins of silk in early childhood. Matching colors is an excellent lesson. It can be carried on with silks, wools, paper, or any other material in which it is possible to get many shades with very small gradations of color among them. Rapidity of vision can be enormously developed. Most persons know the story of the conjuror whose father made him, while a small boy, play the game of naming the objects in some shop window passed at a quick walk. If one will try this he will be astounded at the way the number of objects seen in the glimpse will grow with practice. As with other forms of exercise, that of the eye should be taken only under proper conditions. A tired, worn-out eye should not be forced to new tasks any more than a tired, worn-out body. This is why the process cannot be started too soon, that the eye may be insensibly trained to good habits of perception.

Baby Eczema and Skin Diseases

Which Torture Children are Soon Entirely Cured by the Use of DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Especially during the teething period, children are subject to eczema, scald head and various forms of skin disease, which cause the keenest suffering to themselves, as well as anxiety to their parents.

There is no treatment so successful as Dr. Chase's Ointment, and as eczema always tends to become chronic and last for years, prompt cure is of the utmost importance.

Mr. C. Wiley, who is employed as cooper by the Kennedy & Davis Milling Company, Lindsay, Ont., states: "I used Dr. Chase's Ointment for eczema on my little girl some few years ago, and soon brought about a thorough and permanent cure. She had suffered for considerable time, and though we tried a great many remedies, Dr. Chase's Ointment was the only preparation to prove effective. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Chase's Ointment, as it certainly effected a prompt and permanent cure in this case."

Mr. Wm. Wilcox, farmer, Mc Forest, Ont., states:—"I find that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the best thing I ever used for chafing, itching skin and burns and sores of all kinds. It heals them up very quickly, and I believe that there is no better ointment to be obtained than Dr. Chase's. We have found it invaluable, and always keep it in the house."

Any mother who once becomes acquainted with the merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment would not think of being without it in the house. Where there is a baby or small children it is of daily value as a means of curing skin irritations and eruptions, chafing and all sorts of burns and sores.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN

WHY MILK KEEPS OR SPOILS.

In an experiment on the relation of temperature to the keeping property of milk at the Connecticut Storrs Station, the bacteria in milk multiplied fivefold in twenty-four hours when the temperature was 50 degrees F., and 750 fold in the same time when the temperature was 70 degrees.

Milk kept at 93 curdled in eighteen hours, at 70 in forty-eight hours, and at 50 in 148 hours. So far as the keeping property of milk is concerned, low temperature is considered of more importance than cleanliness.

In milk kept at 95, the species developing most rapidly is the undesirable one known as Bacillus lactis nerogenes.

At a temperature of 70, this specie develops relatively less rapidly in the majority of cases than Bacillus lactis acidi, which latter is very desirable in both cream and cheese ripening.

The bacteria in milk kept at 50, increase slowly, and later consist of very few lactic organisms, but of miscellaneous types including many forms that render the milk unwholesome.

These bacteria continue to grow slowly day after day, but the milk keeps sweet because the lactic organisms do not develop abundantly.

Such milk in the course of time becomes far more unwholesome than sour milk, since it is filled with organisms that tend to produce putrefaction.

Although the temperature of 50 degrees is to be emphatically recommended to the dairyman for the purpose of keeping his milk sweet and in proper condition for market, he must especially guard against the feeling that milk which is several days old is proper for market, even though it is still sweet and has not curdled.

Quite the reverse is the case. Old milk is never wholesome, even though it has been kept at a temperature of 50 degrees and still remains sweet and uncurdled.

This very considerably modifies some of our previous ideas concerning milk, for it has been generally believed that, so long as the milk remains sweet, it is in good condition for use. Quite the contrary in this case, if it has been kept at a temperature of 50 degrees, or in this vicinity.

It is not unlikely that it is this fact that leads to some of the cases of ice cream poisoning so common in summer.

The cream is kept at a low temperature for several days, until a considerable quantity has accumulated or a demand has come for ice cream, and when made into ice cream, it is filled with bacteria in great numbers, and of a suspicious character.

PASTURE FOR SWINE.

I believe that greater returns for the amount invested can be obtained from grazing any other kind of live stock writes Mr. T. W. Jones. There must be sown the right kind of grasses to get the best results. First and foremost as a hog pasture is clover. I keep a plot coming on all of the time for the hogs. Do not wait until one set of clover has perished before sowing another. These fields need not be very large if they are judiciously managed. The hogs should have access only to a small part at a time.

Two years ago I purchased 30 hogs averaging about 90 pounds each, in the early spring. I gave them access to clover pasture with a slight mixture of other grasses. September 1 these hogs were weighed, before being put in the feed pen. They had gained about 75 pounds each on grass alone that summer. Stock hogs being worth 7 cents per pound that year, it will readily be seen that they made a gain of $5.25 per head with no feed other than grass.

On the same farm and during the same period was grazed 20 head of short two-year-old cattle. They made a gain of 300 pounds per head that season, which sold at 4 cents per lb. or a gain of $12 per head. One hog, costing about $6, gained about one-half as much as a steer that cost $28. In other words, one hog gained $2 to where the steer gained $1. Some may contend that these were exceptional values for stock hogs. It was also an exceptionally good year in the cattle trade. Count the gains made by the hogs even at 4 cents, and one will readily see that the balance is in favor of the hog. Taken one year with another, I believe that decidedly greater gains will be made by grazing hogs than other live stock. No doubt a little grain mixed with clover would give better results than those obtained from clover alone.

Cowpeas and soy beans are of great value for fattening hogs. These plants afford feed for swine when they need a change from clover. Alfalfa may be fed green or it may be cured and fed to them in the mid-winter. Rape also has many friends among swine raisers, who make great claims as to results obtained from feeding it. I do not think there is any crop that will excel rye for winter pasture. It should be sown early and given a good start before winter sets in. There are times when it is not the best policy to let swine have access to rye. An occasional run on this forage, however, will bring good returns.

CULTURE OF THE MANGEL.

Of all the root crops, the mangel-wurzel or stock beet is, perhaps, the most important, both as to feeding value and amount of yield per acre. Turnips make a valuable catch crop, but the mangel must be sown early in this season and cultivated to secure a satisfactory yield. The freer the ground from weed seeds, the less arduous will be the work of cultivation.

The soil should be well stirred, harrowed and leveled. If possible, choose a well drained location and give a liberal application of well rotted manure. The seed may be put in with an ordinary garden seed drill gauged to sow rather thickly in the row to insure a good stand. I prefer to have the rows about 20 inches or 2 feet apart, as the tops soon fall over and shade the ground between, discouraging weed growth. As soon as the young plants can be seen, go along the rows and pull out all the weeds, giving the young plants a chance to get a good start. In a week take the hoe and cultivate the ground between the rows, thinning out the plants as you go along. This may be done by taking the hoe and skimming off the unnecessary plants near the top of the ground, using care not to disturb those you wish to save. Six inches apart in the row is as close as they should stand, and if the soil is in good condition and rich, 8 to 10 inches is better.

Use shallow cultivation throughout the season, or until the plants spread out and cover the space between the rows, when they may be left to secure their growth. They should not be harvested until October or November, when they may be stored in hills like turnips and cabbage.

NOT BUILT THAT WAY.

An English tourist one day last summer was travelling by rail in the north of Scotland, and at one of the stations at which the train stopped four farmers entered. They were all big, burly men, and completely filled up the seat on one side of the compartment.

At the next station the door opened to admit a tall individual, with a girth something like a lamp-post. He endeavored to wedge himself in between two of the farmers, but, finding it a difficult operation, he said to one of them:

"Excuse me, sir, you must sit up a bit. Each seat is intended to accommodate five persons, and, according to Act of Parliament, you are only entitled to eighteen inches of space."

"Aye, Aye! my freend," replied the farmer, "that's a very guid for you, that's been built that way, but ye canna blame me if I ha'ena been constructit according to Act o' Parliament."

AN ILLUMINATING CRAB.

One of the marine curiosities fished some time ago from the bottom of the Indian Ocean was a mammoth sea crab which continually emitted a bright white light, similar to that seen in the spasmodic flashes of phosphorescent luminosity emitted by the common glow-worm. The crab was captured in the daytime and placed in a large tank containing specimens of fish, nothing peculiar, except its immense size being noticeable in the broad glare of the tropical sun. At night, however, when all was pitchy darkness, the crab lit up the tank so that the other creatures in it could be plainly seen.

SETTING THE EXAMPLE.

Tommy had been quiet for fully five minutes. He seemed to be engaged with some deep problem.

"Papa," he said.

"Well?"

"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you—that's the golden rule, isn't it?"

"Yes, my son."

Tommy rose, went to the cupboard and returned with a knife and a large cake. The latter he placed before his astonished sire, and said with great solemnity:

"Eat it, papa."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Aunt Maria—"Don't deny it, Martha. I saw you; your lips and his met just as I came into the room."

Martha—"Yes, auntie; but it was all an accident. I started to whisper something into Charley's ear at the same moment that he tried to whisper something into my ear, and that is how it happed. Charley felt as bad about it as I did, I'm sure."

Kind Old Man—"See here, didn't I give you ten cents this morning because you told me you were blind? And now I find you reading a newspaper."

Beggar—"That's right, I'm color-blind."

"Have I any rival in your affections?" he demanded, fiercely.

"No-o," replied the lovely girl thoughtfully. "At least, I cannot think of anybody else I regard with equal indifference."

He—"Could you marry a man who was your inferior?"

She—"I suppose I shall have to."

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Warships.

It is a cigar-shaped thing times as long as yourself and in diameter, and we call it a "Bab but a touch of its nose will send five million dollar battleship and the best part of a thousand men to the bottom of the sea. In these homely words a torpedo lieutenant described the weapon that has been playing such havoc with Russia's navy says London Tit-Bits.

Never, he continued, has the ingenuity of man devised an instrument of war so innocent-looking and yet so deadly. The Whitehead torpedo is really a thing of beauty, with its graceful lines and its polished-silver appearance—just the kind of thing, if it were small enough, you would like to use as a pendant to your watch-chain. It is shaped like a very long and slender cigar, is made of steel, highly polished, and is, in fact, a miniature ship, full of the most delicate and complex machinery, and carrying destruction in its head with the velocity of an express train.

WONDERFUL MECHANISM.

But now that we have gone so far, let me describe it in detail, and I promise that you will admit, when I have finished, that the torpedo is one of the most wonderful things even in a century of wonders. Now that you have formed a mental picture of the Whitehead torpedo you can divide its length into sections. In the first section, the head of this beautiful mon[illegible] have a charge of 200 lbs. compressed gun-cotton, with [illegible] nose of pointed rod at the weapon. When the rod comes in contact with a hard body, such as the hull of a ship, it is driven in and strikes the detonator, which in turn explodes the gun-cotton.

Immediately behind the explosive compartment is a chamber, over five feet long, full of compressed air, the motive power of the machine. So compressed is this air that it exerts a pressure of more than half a ton on every square inch of its compartment. Behind this chamber comes another, called the balance chamber, containing the delicate apparatus which automatically keeps the torpedo at the right depth in the water, checking instantly any inclination to rise or drop. Then comes chamber No. 4, in which are three small cylinder-engines, which are, however, of thirty horse-power, and into which the air passes from the chamber in front through a pipe fitted with governing valves.

DISCHARGING IT.

Next comes the buoyancy chamber, the object of which is to keep the torpedo buoyant, and in it the requisite ballast is placed, and finally—for, now we have worked back to the "tail" of our torpedo—come the propellers which drive and the rudders which guide it. Here, then, we have a marvellously constructed machine full of terrible potentiality, but how is it sent on its errand of destruction?

Well, in every battleship, cruiser and torpedo boat there are tubes, like so many large gun-barrels, built into the ship, some above, but mostly below the water, and from these tubes the torpedoes are discharged at the enemy's ship. A small charge of cordite or compressed air, at a pressure of 500 lbs. or more to the square inch, shoots the torpedo out of the tube along the [illegible] bar which directs it until it leaves the ship. When it leaves the ship the projectile is [illegible] as a bullet to the target [illegible] it has been aimed.

ACCURATE AIM.

The original Whitehead torpedo [illegible] a speed of eight knots an hour, [illegible] an outside range of a quarter of a mile; the torpedo of to-day—and I am describing the very weapon the Japanese are using with such deadly effect—will run as straight as a dart for a mile (thanks to the gyroscope) at a speed of pretty well 40 miles an hour. It can be aimed as accurately as a rifle, and what is most wonderful is that it can be adjusted from the conning tower of a ship and discharged by simply pressing an electric key.

When the torpedo strikes a ship it does not, as some folks think, blow her "sky high." There is a heavy, quivering shock, a column of water is sent high above the deck, there is a sickly smell of explosives, and that is all that is seen for a time, but below water the steel plating of the ship is rent and twisted like much paper, there is a gaping hole through which an omnibus could be driven, and in most cases no human power can save the ship from going to the bottom.

REDROOM IN TREES.

A remarkable hotel is in C[illegible] on the road between Santa [illegible] San Jose, California, possessing largest trees in the world. The shrewd hotel-keeper has made the idea of utilizing a group of these [illegible] hostelry, a group of these [illegible] thus saving himself the cost [illegible] one log or rent. The hollow [illegible] tree, whose circumference is [illegible] 22 yds., is arranged as [illegible] space-rooms, and the surrounding [illegible] sheltered by a thick roof [illegible] room [illegible] ings branches, serves as [illegible] er of and smoking-room. [illegible] make other smaller, hollowed [illegible] in comfortable bedrooms, [illegible] some the most approved style [illegible] occupied trees at a little distance [illegible] by the hotel staff.

A secretary of a [illegible] ance company who called on an agent, [illegible] furniture, [illegible] surance, on her [illegible] rance for [illegible] "We haven't had [illegible] we have five years," she [illegible] Providence; [illegible] ses been dependable," I says, but I says to myself, says, that's terrible [illegible]