CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

Saintone had time to catch and kiss Aube's hand before he was led away.

"Oh, but mother!" he cried.

"I'm not going far," she whispered. "Leave it to me, my boy. We will stand here and see the meeting. Well, am I right?"

"Mother," he whispered, in a voice which told how he had been moved, "why, she is the most beautiful girl I ever saw—a goddess."

She laughed at him mockingly.

"And she is rich, Etienne, and in every act a finished lady. In a case like that what does it matter about birth. There, no foolish impatience to spoil all. Wait, my son, leave it to me. She is a goddess as you say, and you shall be her god."

Saintone listened to her words, but his eyes were fixed upon the watching figure that was now scanning eagerly every boat which put off from the wharf, and trying to guess which among the figures there was the mother waiting to pronounce the welcome home.

At that moment Saintone made an impatient gesture, for his arm was pressed; but he allowed himself to be led aside to where the gangway and the spot where Aube had taken her stand could be seen, and they could watch her unobserved.

"Why are you doing this?" said Saintone, roughly. "The poor girl is alone. We ought to help her, and see her ashore.'

"Did I not say, 'Leave it to me?' " whispered Madame Saintone. "Wait a few minutes. I want to see the meeting between them."

She smiled with satisfaction as she cast a quick glance at her son's flushed face, and then drew him a little more behind a stack of luggage which had been piled on the deck, not realizing how history was repeating itself, and the old proverb, "Like father, like son," being once more exemplified.

Madame Saintone need not have troubled herself to draw back, for, during the next few minutes, she and her son might have placed themselves by Aube's elbow. She had her eyes for nothing but the boats from the shore, which arrived rapidly, as the great steamer slowed and then stopped, giving them an opportunity to come alongside, and their occupants to hurry on board, till the deck began to grow crowded.

The tears rose to the lonely girl's eyes as she listened to the eager words of welcome and saw the embraces of relatives and friends; but though she scanned group after group, and gazed wonderingly at the many well-dressed ladies who mounted the gangway ladder, each soon found the object she sought, and the girl's heart sank again and again, till at last she said to herself despairingly, "She has not come."

It was chilling in spite of the beauty of the scene, and the eager animation of the group on deck, where all was chatting and excitement, the giving and hearing of news, and the preparations for going ashore. Only a few hours back, and Aube's every look had been watched, and her wish anticipated by willing courtiers. Now every one was engaged upon his own business; and the feeling that she was alone and forgotten made the tears flood her eyes, so that the crowded deck grew misty and those about her indistinct.

Then, just at her most despondent time, the dimness of sight passed away, for close at hand the familiar voice of one of the officers said:

"Oh, here she is. Mademoiselle Dulau; some one for you."

Aube turned eagerly, to see approaching her a stout, eager-looking woman, flushed of face, and looking the more florid for the bright scarlet and yellow kerchief bound about her dark grizzled hair. The dress she wore, too, was of gay colors, and her neck, arms and hands were gay with showy, common jewelry.

Aube saw all this at a glance, and felt repelled by the vulgar aspect of the breathless, panting woman, who was suffering from the exertion of mounting the side.

At the same moment Aube became conscious of the presence of Madame Saintone and her daughter, both refined and graceful as they seemed to be approaching her.

A peculiar feeling of annoyance made itself felt; but it was only momentary, and Aube said sweetly:

"You were asking for me? Mamma has sent you——"

There was a sob, a strange cry, and Aube was snatched to the new arrival's breast, as, in a low husky, panting voice she whispered:

"I am your mother. My darling. Oh, at last! At last!"

CHAPTER X.

For a few moments after the encounter Aube felt as if she had received some sudden shock. She could neither speak nor return the embrace, but stood there inert, as Madame Dulau—familiarly known to all in the town as Mahme Nousie, the keeper of the cabaret and store frequented by the blacks of the district—sobbed over her and kissed her again and again.

It was to Aube like some strange bewildering dream, and it was some minutes before the paralyzed feeling began to give place to a poignant sensation of agony. She had pictured to herself that her mother would be a beautiful, fashionable-looking, middle-aged woman, and in keeping with the letters she had written to the Superior, and to her child—a lady such as she had seen visit other people at the convent—while here she stood upon the deck of the packet in the embrace of a woman whose appearance begat a horrible sensation of shame in her; and in spite or herself she gave a hasty glance round and flushed hotly, as she saw that Madame Saintone was close at hand with Antoinette and her son.

"What will they think?"

It was impossible to keep back the thought, but the next moment Nousie's words recalled the loving letter over which she had wept, for her mother strained her more tightly to her breast, and murmured again:

"At last—at last. Ah, my child, it has been so long."

There was such an intensity of pathos and suffering in the way in which these words were uttered, that the mist cleared a little from Aube's brain, and as she gazed in Nousie's face the love which beamed from her eyes touched her to the heart. The surprise was forgotten, and in the homeliness of her mother there seemed to be a something beyond which she could not have explained. For the sympathetic chord had been touched, which made her raise her arms and kiss Nousie's lips, drawing from the half hysterical woman a faint cry of joy, and making her draw Aube more tightly to her side, and face round with a fierce look of jealousy at the intruder upon her long looked-for hour of love.

It was Madame Saintone who had approached, smiling.

"There, Madame Dulau," she said, "I have brought you back your sweet daughter, you see."

"You, madame—you?" said Nousie, in a low, fierce whisper, and her arm tightened round Aube's waist.

"Yes; the Consul was seeking for a chaperon, and as Fate had arranged that I should be returning here direct, he asked me to take charge of the dear child, and I have him to thank for the delightful voyage I have had. There, you two must have so much to say, so I will not intrude. Good-by, Aube, my darling; don't forget. We must see a great deal of one another, so once more good-by."

She took Aube's hand, Nousie holding the other tightly, and breathing hard as she looked wildly on, her brow lowering and her dark eyes seeming to flash as Madame Saintone kissed her child on the brow.

"Adieu, Madame Dulau. But one moment; the carriage is at the wharf; can I take you two home?"

"No, no," said Nousie, hoarsely.

"Adieu, then. Aube, my child, au revoir."

Nousie stood glaring after the fashionably-dressed woman, who formed so strong a contrast to her, and watched her till she had landed, holding Aube's hand so tightly that she gave her pain.

"Aube, my child," muttered Nousie, "how dare she call you that?" she cried fiercely. "That woman with you all the way home?"

"Yes," said Aube, shrinking and gazing with a strange feeling of dread at the lowering countenance before her. "Madame Saintone took charge of me. I was placed in her hands by the Superior."

"How dare she, how dare she! Oh, it is an infamy! She! To have charge of you!"

The feeling of repulsion was fast returning to Aube, and with it the icy sensation of despair, and longing to be back with those in whose society the years had passed so peacefully away.

"Are—are you angry because I came like this?" she faltered at last, for the eyes fixed upon her seemed to be dragging forth some answer—some excuse.

"Angry?" cried Nousie, with her eyes flashing; "it makes me mad!"

"I—I did not know," said Aube, simply, and her eyes filled with tears as she looked appealingly in her mother's face.

The change was instantaneous. A yearning look of tenderness overspread Nousie's face, her old girlish beauty seemed to return and soften down the coarseness begotten by years of hard struggling, sorrow and toil in uncongenial surroundings, and, raising Aube's hand to her cheek, she pressed it there, fondled it and kissed it as her voice became soft and cooing as that of a young mother with her babe.

"You, my sweet one," she whispered. "You? How could you know? But come. Let us get home quickly. I have so much to say. No, no; let me have this little hand in mine."

"Yes," said Aube, smiling sadly, for the tender tones of her mother's voice had toucher the chord of sympathy again. It was painful—this woman, her mother! Could it be the same who had written those letters, that last which had moved her to tears?

Her heart answered yes, for she felt how she was loved, and, resigning herself to the hand which held her with so jealous a grasp, she hastily pointed out her slight supply of luggage, and then accompanied her to the side, where another ordeal was in waiting.

She was almost the last passenger to leave the vessel. Those who had paid her court were gone, but the officers were there and many of the crew, forming a group through which she had to pass.

She drew her breath hard, and tried to fight down the cruel feeling of shame which again attacked her, and clinging hard to her mother, she drew herself up proudly to walk calmly by.

But it was not to be. Almost before she knew it the captain and the mates were there, cap in hand, eager to wish her good-by; and as her eyes filled with tears at the kindly, respectful greetings, she saw that her mother was looking proudly on, and more proudly still as the crew raised a cheer.

Then for the next half-hour all seemed confused, and as if it were part of a dream of a strange city with its bright houses and gayly-dressed people loitering about in the hot evening glow. She had visions, too, of gorgeous clouds, of they were in, driven by a negro, stopped bright green foliage, and then the vehicle they were in, driven by a negro, stopped in front of a veranda about which a crowd of fifty blacks were gathered shouting and gesticulating, and waving hats and handkerchiefs.

The greeting was so boisterous that Aube felt scared and wondering that it should be in her honor. The thought occurred to her that this must be her mother's home by her plantation but she had no time to think, for the door of the carriage was dragged open by a tall, black woman, who was laughing and crying wildly, as she caught at Aube's arms, then seized her by the waist, and lifted her out, and to the girl's astonishment and discomposure, carried her into the house, and set her down on a couch.

The next moment the woman was on her knees kissing Aube's hands, sobbing and laughing together, as she went on talking incoherently.

"I'm Cherubine. You don't recollect Cherub, who carried you and rocked you to sleep? No, you were too little then. Oh, Mahme, Mahme," she sobbed, as Nousie entered the room, "she don't know me 'gain, but look at her, oh, look at her. My dear, my dear, my dear!"

She was passionately kissing Aube's hands again, and as Nousie good-humoredly tried to stop her, she bent down to the girl's feet, kissing them now, in her wild, hysterical joy.

At last she consented to leave the room, and save for the eager hurried buzz and murmur of talking outside, there was silence in the well-furnished parlor whose door Nousie locked.

It was rapidly growing dusk now, so gloomy in the room that Nousie's features were indistinct, and she turned and approached the couch, from which Aube rose, trying to find words to say, struggling hard not to give way to the feeling of bewilderment and despair, which robbed her of speech, almost of power to think.

But the effort was needless, for as her hands were taken she was pressed back upon the couch, and she felt in the gathering gloom that Nousie had seated herself as well.

Then there was a long drawn breath, and she felt herself softly, slowly and tenderly drawn nearer and nearer as a voice that sounded inexpressibly low and rich and sweet, murmured at her ear.

"Yes, it was like that I used to touch you for fear you should wake—yes, like that. I was so jealous of Cherubine. She would keep you so long. Yes, like that with your head there upon my shoulder, and my cheek against your little forehead. Is it real once more, after all these years, or shall I wake up as I have awakened thousands of times to find it all a dream?"

"And shall I awaken soon and find all this a dream!" seemed to be echoed in the girl's bewildered brain.

"No; it is no dream," sighed Nousie, as she held her child to her heart and rocked her gently to and fro. "It was his wish and I have done it. Aube—my child, my own!"

As Aube listened to the sweet, rich tones of the voice so full of yearning love for her, the misery and despair grew faint once more, and in the darkness it was as if she must be dreaming, and this could not be the strange, fierce woman she had encountered on the deck.

"All those years—long, lonely, weary years, Aube, I have waited and waited, and now I could die of joy—the fierce joy I feel to have you once again. But no, I must live, for I have you, my own—my beautiful one. Aube," she cried now with wild energy; "he was taken from me so cruelly one day—your father whom I loved—yes; I was young then—he said I was beautiful—but I lived on for you, and it seemed like torturing myself to death when I sent you out there. And now you are back once more. Oh, my darling, my darling, try to give me a little of your love."

Startled by the wild appeal Aube raised her head, and felt that Nousie had slipped from the couch to her knees, and was before her with her hands extended to her as if in prayer.

"Do you hear me, Aube, my child? You will try and love me a little, dear?"

The chord was struck again now, and as Nousie knelt there in the darkness before her child, her homely aspect, her strange garb, her home here amid the rough-looking negroes, were all forgotten. The heart-string touched so passionately by the mother's hand gave forth its true, sweet sound, and Aube flung her arms about poor Nousie's neck, sobbing wildly as she cried:

"Mother, dearest mother, I do love you with all my heart."

(To be continued.)

Some Early Financiering.

The Erie Railroad as originally planned was to extend from Dunkirk, on Lake Erie, across New York State to the Hudson river at Piedmont, and thus it was first built. From that place communication to New York city was to be by water. But it was very soon discovered that if the Erie were to be profitably maintained it must have a terminal opposite New York city. Therefore it was proposed to build a road from Jersey City to the main line of the Erie, connection being made at a place called Suffern. The obligations of the charter, however, it was found, prohibited the extension of the Erie line through New Jersey to waters on New York bay, so that it seemed that if this were attempted the road might forfeit its charter. Legal cunning, afterward so many times imitated by those who desired to avoid charter or statutory limitations, suggested the way. At the proposed place of connection a farmer—Suffern by name—owned a considerable tract of land. His farm was on the boundary line between New York and New Jersey. The Erie managers suggested to him that he build a railroad across his farm.

"I build a railroad? Why, I have no money."

"Never mind that. We will furnish the money. You build the road."

There was nothing in the charter to prevent a private individual building a railroad across his farm, connecting with the Erie in New York State and connecting with the New Jersey road just across the line in that State. This road was to be less than a mile in length. The farmer built it with the Erie's money, and received in addition to the pay for right of way the concession that all trains were to stop at that junction, and that he might, during his life, maintain the only restaurant at that place. Thus the Erie got an entrance to New York harbor without violating its charter, and those who have traveled over that road and observed that the trains stopped for five minutes in the wilderness, as it seems, for there was no other building than Suffern's restaurant in sight, will, if they read this paragraph, have an explanation for what seemed to them a mysterious thing. Piedmont, which was expected to become a considerable city on the right bank of the Hudson, is only a lonely place with a sad tradition of what might have been.—Holland in Philadelphia Press.

A Clever Retort by Napoleon III.

The Palais Royal, where always resided the younger branch of the reigning family, had at all times been a focus of opposition, and although the princes who lived there during the Empire owed everything to Napoleon III., the old traditions were in this respect thoroughly revived. The poor Emperor, always kind, always gentle, always generous, was overpowered by the unpleasant relatives coming to him from his great predecessor, so that he might well answer, as he did on one occasion, when reproached by the aged Prince Jerome with having "nothing" of his brother the great Emperor, "I have his family!"—Century.

Just Escaped.

An English newspaper has an item about a little Scotch boy, who, while playing on the docks, fell into the water and was with great difficulty rescued by a bystander:

"You ought to be very glad I was near by," said his rescuer.

"I am," replied the boy. "An' I'm so glad ye got me out. What a lickin' I wad got from my mither if I'd been drooned."

It is said that there is no better or simpler way of testing suspected water than the following: Fill a clean pint bottle nearly full of the water to be tested, and dissolve in it half a teaspoonful of loaf or granulated sugar. Cork the bottle and keep in a warm place two days. If the water becomes cloudy or milky within forty-eight hours it is unfit for domestic use.

BIG SHIPS BORN THERE

GREAT SIGHTS AT CRAMPS' YARDS IN PHILADELPHIA.

Largest Derrick in the World. Four-Day Steamers Declared Impossible. Electricity on the Ocean.

The first impression of the visitor at Cramps' shipyards in Philadelphia is likely to be one of simple bewilderment. Workmen in apparently countless numbers are everywhere busy at all sorts of strange and noisy occupations. Some are pounding away like mad, in squads, with small hammers, upon great plates of cold iron and steel; others are using powerful steam hammers upon comparatively small bits of white-hot metal. Here and there, moving in different directions, are "teams" of six or eight men, carting metal, bars and sheets on iron trucks, and if the observer does not look sharp while watching this man-power transportation, he will find himself in the way of a locomotive crane, bustling noisily about on a winding track, picking up tons of metal in one part of the yards and depositing the load in some other location a few minutes later, as easily as a boy might handle a stick of stovewood.

Looming high in the air are to be seen the massive hulls of numbers of vessels—battle ships, merchantmen, pleasure yachts—as yet unlaunched and in various stages of construction, which fairly swarm inside, outside, above and below, with striving workmen. Sitting low in the water, between broad, long piers, are one or two fighting boats, which by and by will take their places in the list of American naval triumphs.

After a while, details of the place begin to unfold themselves to the stranger. He sees that despite the apparent chaos, there is really order everywhere. There is no aimless running to and fro, there is no confusion. Over there is the boiler shop; near it the blacksmith shop, the pattern shop, the machine shop, and so on.

It is in these shops that many of the yard's mechanical wonders are to be seen, but whoever is asked concerning the most interesting machines is sure to direct the visitor to "Atlas," the great floating derrick.

"This machine," says Mr. Buell, of the executive staff, "cost more money than all the capital invested in the Cramp yards forty years ago. It is the largest in the world, and it can handle 125 tons, the equivalent of two good sized locomotives. With the maximum weight at the end of the arm, the displacement of the 'Atlas' is 1,563 tons, or as much as a fair-sized coasting steamer. The height of the mast is 116 feet 7 1-2 inches. The 'net hoist' is 50 feet 4 inches, and the swing of the boom is 36 feet, all of which is needed in shipping the boilers of such battleships as the Iowa, with a beam of 72 feet. The 'Atlas' took an 80 ton boiler for the Minneapolis from the wharf, transported it 100 feet, and put it exactly in place in just twenty-seven minutes. No single appliance in the yard saves as much labor or gives such satisfactory returns as this."

If there is any place in the United States where the prospects of American shipbuilding are carefully studied, it is at Cramps', but if there is any expectation there that the industry is about to boom no one will acknowledge it, nor will he admit the probability—hardly the possibility—of a practical four-day ship at Cramps'.

"Undoubtedly a ship able to cross the Atlantic in four days could be built," a recent inquirer from The Press was told, "but it would take such a vast amount of money for construction and operation that it would surely be a losing venture, since its cargo capacity would be almost nothing, owing to the great quantity of coal it would have to carry. It is doubtful whether the present marine engine and boiler can ever be improved so as to economize coal consumption sufficiently to greatly increase the practical speed of steamships over present standards.

"Electricity as power for ships? We see no way to utilize it. As used, electricity is not a power, only a method of transmission. We use it to operate some of our machines, but we make the power by steam and transmit it by wire instead of belts or shafts. A steam plant for the generation of electricity on shipboard would be as expensive, as heavy and as great a coal consumer as a modern marine engine, and in addition, there would have to be electric motors to turn the screws. Ocean trolley lines are out of the question, and there would be insuperable objections to the storage battery, even if it had been brought to a reasonable degree of perfection, which it has not."

Regarding the probable influence of the building of the Nicaragua Canal and the new "canal era" generally on American ship building, it is said that little is expected from that direction at Cramps'.

"Ship building and ship owning will never become dominant interests in America," it was said further, "until more money can be made out of such ventures than manufacturing and general improvement. The United States will hardly enter the list seriously as a world's carrier until its territory is so crowded that it must seek outlets for its products and employment for its capital other than self development. That will not be in my day nor in yours. When it does come, there will be a tremendous contest of some kind between John Bull and Uncle Sam, for Great Britain could not exist without its shipping, and the fittest will survive."

WOOD MADE FIREPROOF.

Successful Test With a Fire-Resisting Compound.

A successful test was made recently in New York of a new electric fireproof compound which injected into wood it is claimed renders it fire-resisting, and which has recently been adopted by order of the Secretary of the Navy in the construction of the war vessels of this government.

The object of the experiments was to determined the value of the compound when applied to building work. The test was witnessed by Superintendent Stevenson Constable, of the New York Department of Buildings, who at its conclusion expressed himself guardedly as surprised at the ability of the materials so treated to resist a tremendous heat.

The test was conducted under the supervision of Howard Constable, brother of the Building Superintendent. Mr. Constable has caused to be erected in the open lot bounded by Broadway, Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth streets two model wooden stairways, enclosed and winding in their course like those of the ordinary tenement. These stairways were built so that their wooden frames or houses were in close juxtaposition. The frames were ten feet high, by six broad and about six feet in depth.

The stairways were in all particulars exactly similar, each having strings, treads, risers, lathing underneath, wainscot, balusters and rail. Each frame was provided with a door, attached to the side with heavy iron hinges. The stairs were covered with matting, and the handsome ash balasters were highly polished.

The only difference between the stairways was that one was treated with the electric fire resisting compound, while the other was not. The test consisted in building fires under each, in much the same way as the recently detected "firebugs" proceeded. The same quantity of shavings and kindling wood was placed under both stairways, and then the structure was saturated with kerosene oil.

The untreated building blazed up in a minute into a solid column of flame. The wind, sitting as it did from the west, blew this flame over upon the adjoining structure which had been treated with the new compound. The bonfire under the stairway of the latter blazed away cheerfully, but the wood did not ignite. In fifteen minutes the untreated was a mass of live coal, while the other was simply carbonized under the fierce heat to which it had been subjected in the close contact with the roaring furnace at its side.

The Secretary of the Navy, upon the recommendation of the Board of Naval Engineers and Constructors of the United States, ordered that all vessels built for the government in future should be constructed as to the wood used of materials which had been treated with this fireproof compound. Existing war vessels are to be remodelled, so as to conform to this regulation.

COUNTRY OF CAVES.

Another Mammoth One Found Near Brookhaven, Ky.

Mr. Hugo Sultan, of New York, who is an enthusiastic naturalist, was in Cincinnati a few days ago en route home from Kentucky, says the Cincinnati Times.

During this trip, he, in company with Professor Gordon Curry, dean of the College of Pharmacy, of Louisville, and a botanist of considerable note, spent a day in the neighborhood of Rockhaven, a Kentucky village about thirty miles from Louisville, on the Louisville, St. Louis and Toledo railroad, in search of rare insects and plants. While on this search, near Rockhaven, climbing hills and crossing dales, they discovered what proved to be the mouth of a cave heretofore unknown, and which is reached only after a hard climb by a steep hillside. The mouth is in the side of the hill and is so small that to enter it is necessary to crawl, but the opening soon grows larger, until finally it is a dome. The cave is over three miles long, and is filled with stalactites and stalagmites.

Mr. Sultan is very enthusiastic over the discovery. He said: "The cave is one of the prettiest I have ever seen in my life. It is fully three miles long, as near as I can judge, and we found many beautiful stalactites and stalagmites in all processes of formation. Prof. Curry found lakes of the calcareous matter from which they are formed, and some of the half formed stalactites were as beautiful as any I ever saw in my life. About half way in the cave, or a mile and a half from the mouth, he found an underground river, which wound across the rooms in a zigzag course.

"The water was as clear as crystal, and very cold, being of a temperature of about 40 degrees, or near the freezing point. We were greatly surprised to find that it was as cold as ice water, while the temperature of the cave was as warm as 60 degrees. In some places the water was four or five feet deep, while in other places it widened out into little pools. We waded the stream and went to the end of the cave, or as far as we could see that it extended.

"It was after we had crossed the river that I found that which interested me even more than the discovery and exploration of the cave. This find consisted of some very rare insects of the beetle species, whose technical name is Anopthamus tenuis. I have never seen any of their kind anywhere else. They have no eyes, and nature seems to have made no provisions in them for those organs. They are a small insect, and nest in the crevices between the rocks of the chambers. The only way in which I could get them from these crevices was by dashing water against the walls of the cave.

A Winged Kentucky Snake.

Jackson Watson, the well known Parksville merchant, has discovered a new specimen of the serpent family. While hunting in the knobs back of Parksville, Ky., yesterday, his attention, writes a correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, was attracted by a peculiar whirring sound in the air near him. Quickly turning his head he was amazed at the sight of a snake flying through the top of the bushes along the roadside. Mr. Watson being an experienced hunter, was not so overcome by fright or astonishment that he could not fire his gun.

Taking careful and deliberate aim he fired at the monstrosity with a load of bird shot. It fell. Hastening to the spot Watson found that he had not killed, but simply wounded the thing, which had somewhat recovered its power of locomotion and had begun to wriggle away in true serpentine fashion. Mr. Watson grabbed a forked stick near at hand and succeeded in capturing his prize, which is now the wonder of the village of Parksville.

Robert Smith, who lives near the ground on which the snake was killed, says the snake was about eighteen inches in length and near an inch and a half through its thickest part. It appears to be of the black snake variety, and aside from its wings bore no other peculiar marks. The wings were attached on each side and about midway of its body, and were somewhat of the color and construction of the wings of a bat.

A Substitute for Glass.

A Boston company is bringing out a new product called translucent fabric. It is of wire cloth, covered with a semi-transparent, impervious metal. It is maintained that it will withstand a temperature of 800 degrees Fahrenheit, without igniting, and it is waterproof. Its weight is only one-seventh to one-tenth that of ordinary skylight glass.

An Amphibious Vehicle.

Among the novelties in inventions, it is announced that a man has constructed a vehicle that goes equally well on land and water. It is said to be capable of a speed of a hundred miles an hour on a good highway and two-thirds of that distance on water. Specially constructed roads at least fifty feet in width would be required, and the surface must be very level and smooth. Curves are an inconvenience, although if very long and not at all abrupt, they might be tolerated. This conveyance would certainly be a novel sight charging along at the rate of a hundred miles an hour on land, then plunging suddenly into the water and driving through it at a speed hitherto unknown to ocean racers. As a matter of fact this is not a specially new idea. Long ago a plan was made for a vehicle of this sort. It was made somewhat on the principle of a flat boat, the entire bottom being covered with a series of paddle wheels resembling those of the ordinary side wheeler, but smaller, and running the entire distance of the boat from side to side. These wheels were strong enough to support the weight of the car or boat, whatever it might be called, on the land, having on the axles wheel shaped attachments with a tire on which the wheels turned. These tires were about a foot apart, and the space between them was filled in with the flat paddle-shaped sections. Running along smoothly on the sea beach, this unwieldy creature could be turned so as to slide into the water, the same motion propelling it as was used to drive it over the land.

Terrapin Farming.

An enterprising citizen of Fulton, Fla., Mr. Hole, is the pioneer in a new industry for that State—diamond-back terrapin farming. In his pen, built in the water, he has 1,000 terrapin and next year hopes to have five times that number. The Florida terrapin are of the same species as the Maryland terrapin. There is said to be no difference in the taste of the precious morsels, but there is a great difference in the price paid for them. While Florida terrapin bring only $20, those taken from the waters of Chesapeake Bay sell at from $36 to $60 a dozen. Even at $20 a dozen, however, Mr. Hole expects to make the business a paying one. The great difficulty to be encountered in supplying the demand is the unusual ability of the terrapin to hide themselves. They are easiest caught in the hatching season, when they make tracks in the sand to and from the nest; but this is the closed season, and the law provides a heavy penalty for violation. In the open season terrapin are captured in nets. Mr. Hole says that terrapin possess a fatal curiosity. If there are terrapin in a creek, all you have to do is to rap on the boat, and their little black heads will bob to the surface. Then the dragnet is called into play, and the terrapin are bagged.

Child Finds a $1,000 Draft.

At Steven's Point, Wis., Little Mabel Ennor, while cleaning her doll's house a day or two ago, found in an old mathematical treatise a $1,000 draft on the Adams Express Company.

The draft was obtained by her grandfather, Thomas Woodward, in 1851, in San Francisco, and is payable at sight in Chicago through the private banking firm of G. H. Smith & Co.

Mr. Woodward was an eccentric Englishman, at one time a member of the British House of Commons. He made a fortune in California during the gold craze in '49, but had a profound distrust of banks, and several times lost large sums of money by secreting them in odd places.

The draft is still good, despite its age and the stains of time. It will be taken to Chicago next week and presented to the officers of the Adams Express Company for payment by Judge Cate, attorney for Mrs. Woodward.

A Horrible Tragedy.

A horrible tragedy took place not long since in a menagerie at Lyons. A clerk had the entree of the menagerie, and was on friendly terms with the staff of the show. He made up his mind to be photographed in the central lions' cage, and went to the menagerie without the knowledge of the proprietor in order to carry out his intention. He entered the cage, which was, of course, empty, and while the photographer was getting ready his camera he approached the neighboring cage, in which an enormous lion, named Romulus, lay sleeping. He did all he could to excite the animal through the bars, and while pressing against the partition inadvertently opened the trap door which separated the two cages. The lion bounded through the opening, and, springing upon the unfortunate clerk, seized his head in its mouth, crushing it terribly. The young fellow was killed almost instantaneously.

A Trolley Car in Flames.

Fire companies often have peculiar duties, but it is doubtful if any of them ever had a more singular task than on a recent Monday evening. An alarm was turned in at Broad and Fairmount avenues, opposite the Park Theater, in Philadelphia, and the engines soon came racing to the spot. On their arrival they found that it was not the theater on fire, but a large decorated trolley car, the bunting and decorations being ablaze. This unusual spectacle soon drew a very large number of people, who waited around until a single engine played on the car and extinguished the fire.

Fancy velvets, velours and velveteens will also be features of the autumn and winter. Velvets printed in Indian fine patterns, green, dark blue, crimson and a deep orange, are to be used with the cloth gowns quite profusely for accessories. Mandarin yellow will have a place also, but in smaller quantities, as a little make a great show, but judiciously used looks very well in combination with the dark blues and greens, peeping out among the many lapels and folds.

LILLIPUTIAN OXEN.

Less Than Thirty Inches in Height.

One of the greatest curiosities among the domestic animals of Ceylon is a breed of cattle known to the zoologists as the "sacred running oxen." They are the dwarfs of the whole ox family, the largest specimens of the species never exceeding thirty inches, or two and a half feet in height. One sent to the Marquis of Canterbury in the year 1891, and which is still living and believed to be somewhere near ten years of age, is only twenty-two inches high and weighs but 109½ pounds. In Ceylon they are used for making quick trips across the country with express matter and other light loads, and it is said that four of them can pull a driver of a two-wheeled cart and a 200 pound load of miscellaneous matter sixty to seventy miles a day. They keep up a constant swinging trot or run, and have been known to travel 100 miles in a day and night without either feed or water. No one knows anything concerning the origin of this peculiar breed of miniature cattle. They have been known on the island of Ceylon and in other Buddhistic countries for more than a thousand years. One story told to account for their origin is to the effect that they were originally cattle of the ordinary height and bulk; that a Buddhist priest was once imprisoned in a stone building, one-half of which was used for a cattle stable. During the night he managed to dislodge one of the stones in his prison wall. The stone in question was exactly two feet square.

It was almost daylight when this apostle of Buddha felt the air rush through the opening he had made and realized that he was all but free. He knew that he would be unable to get out of the enemy's country on foot, so he prayed that he might be provided with a beast of burden that would safely carry him to the homes of the followers of Buddha. No sooner had he done this than one of the large oxen which had been quietly feeding in a stall at his side walked leisurely to the thirty-inch square opening and miraculously passed through it. The priest followed and mounted the now sacredly dwarfed beast and was soon safe in his own country. Since that time, so the story goes, there has been a breed of "sacred running oxen" in Ceylon, which never grow too tall to pass through an opening the size of that made in the prison wall by Buddha's representative on the back of the first of the famous dwarfed oxen.

Wildcat Whipped By Tabbies.

A wildcat was killed in Farmer Ephraim Staynor's barn, at Wheeler's Farms, Conn., one night recently, in rather a remarkable way. Mr. Staynor has a family of nine pure Maltese cats, of which he has always been very proud. People from all over this region have heard of their rat killing accomplishments, and tried to buy some of the kittens, but he would never part with one. They are of an unusually short legged, heavily built breed, and though not large, are extremely strong. They seem to fear nothing, and two or three good sized prowling dogs have been killed by them within the last year, and a farm hand who kicked one was set upon by the whole family of cats and barely escaped total blindness, receiving very severe injuries about the face and arms. Rats, mice, weasels, and skunks have been practically extinct within the limits of the Staynor farm since the arrival of these fierce pussies.

They live in the barn, granary and stables, and never come into the house. The hired man, Patrick Nolan, hearing a fearful disturbance in the cowstable about twilight, ran in, pitchfork in hand, to see what was the matter. He merely took one look around the stable door, and seeing a big wildcat crouched in the furthest corner ready for a spring, he slammed the door and ran to the house. Mr. Staynor's wife and son Ben were the only ones at home, and the latter got his revolver and proceeded to the stable. There he found the savage lynx engaged in mortal combat with the whole tribe of Maltese. The snarls, spittings, hissings and growls were frightful, he says, and when the wild cat saw him she attempted to leap for the door. He closed it all but an inch, thrust his revolver through the opening and waited for a chance to shoot. When he got it he hit only one ear of the beast, but that was fatal, for when the great cat raised her head a moment to see whence the blow came, Dinah, the old mother Maltese, sprang in and curled around her neck, sinking two rows of teeth in the jugular vein. A second of fierce struggle, of vain attempt to fling off the tame puss, and then the wild one gave up the ghost. She weighed fifty-one pounds, and is the biggest wildcat ever taken in this vicinity.

Praise for the Oyster.

An eminent French scientist has some very pleasant things to say of the oyster, and it is an agreeable thought that the anticipations of enjoyment with the beginning of the season will not be marred by fears of infection and disease. M. Chatin says that he has often pointed out richness of oysters in bromine, iodine and fluorine. Instead of being, as popular notions have it, a sea scavenger, the oyster is a very careful and dainty feeder, and as an article of food is so rich in phosphorus that it is of great value to persons who are in need of this substance. The Portuguese oysters are the richest of all in phosphorus. Each of them contains very nearly one-twelfth of a grain of phosphorus. Ordinary oysters have about one-third of this amount. These mollusks are equally rich in iron, their brown color being due to diatoms. A great number of infusoria on which the oyster feeds are filled with these diatoms, which are so rich in iron that the ash from burning them is of a deep red color. M. Gautier remarked that all sea food is very rich in phosphorus in the organic state. Thus cod liver oil contains phosphoglyceric acid, besides its alkaloid. M. Le Roy de Mericourt stated that he had a long time ago indicated the services rendered by oysters in the alimentation of per-attacked with chronic diarrhœa in tropical countries.