



CHAPTER XIV.

Meanwhile Willie Snow had been hanging awkwardly in the rear, not decided whether to return to Hampton or stay and see the affair out. He walked a few paces downhill, and at once encountered Gracious Me. Willie felt as if some gigantic toad stood face to face with him.

"She ain't much, sir," he said, indicating Vanity with his thumb. "Your good lady and me's been instrumental in finding her out."

There he stood, with his swollen face and yellow eyes and greasy attire, touching his cap for reward, and looking such a model of shambling infamy that Willie's face turned crimson with shame.

"Look here!" Willie cried furiously, "if you ever dare to speak to me again—I'll—"

Gracious Me made no reply, for, reading the wrath in Willie Snow's countenance, he hastily concluded that his time was at hand and disappeared round the corner with remarkable rapidity, looking more like a thief than a man.

Now, for the first time, Willie observed that a stranger was loitering about with an air something like his own—as of a man undecided whether to go or stay. As this man eyed Willie curiously and seemed anxious to speak, Willie, who, above all things, wished to avoid Vanity, turned about to the stranger.

"Do you know anything of this extraordinary affair?"

"My firm has reason to know a good deal," the man answered. "We have lost property to the value of five thousand three hundred pounds in connection with it."

"Five thousand three hundred?" Willie echoed, aghast. "What a sum of money, to be sure! Tell me, how is this young person connected with it? She is not the thief?"

"There, sir," the small man answered, speaking, it seemed, for the detective police force and the plundered firm, "you have us. Up to last week we knew very little. At this present moment we are practically in the dark. If it had not been for a cat's-eye we should have had no light on the subject at all."

Willie Snow was quite staggered at this.

"I see that cat's eye," continued the little man, dropping his voice to an awful whisper, "see it in a shop window near College Green, Bristol, set in diamonds."

Light broke upon Willie. The cat's-eye was a precious stone, but as we are not great people for jewelry near Hampton, he had never heard the gem mentioned before.

"Near College Green, Bristol, sir. I was looking in the window, as you might be, thinking of nothing at all, and I saw a stone which I seemed to recognize. I looked at it, and as sure as I am standing in my shoes that eye seemed to wink at me. I looked deeper; there was the identical face far down. Then, say I, 'Land at last!' We followed it up, and here we are."

"But surely," Willie said, wondering what the answer would be, "you do not connect the young lady with that?"

"That is the mystery, sir. This young lady and her father have been for some time traveling about, or, rather, going from place to place. The father, so far as can be discovered, is a quiet, good old man—fond of his church, they say, when he can get there; and he has been known to ask such and such a ministry was improving. Staidly, respectable old gentleman. And his daughter seems fond of him, too."

"Well," Willie said impatiently, "what next?"

"Why, sir, wherever these two go—at least, wherever they have gone up to this time—a man has been observed to be connected with them, coming to their house at night—never seen by day—but evidently upon most intimate terms. This man has been at last identified as a burglar and worse than a burglar; and the police believe that the eye of the eye of one of the most important discoveries that have been made for years. In fact, England will ring with it—at least so they say."

"Look here," said Willie, seeing that the detective moved forward; "they are going into the farm. I must see this matter out."

And in a strange sort of way, much like a walking funeral, the party moved on toward Tumbledown Farm.

CHAPTER XV.

It was now plain that the detectives had taken such precautions that the escape of any one from the farm was an impossibility. Another officer in plain clothes had joined, and the two men were to be seen approaching the farm, carelessly as it seemed, but they, too, were there on business.

All this time Vanity showed no agitation. She led the way with her swift, fearless step, and the detective looked at her with an admiration he could not conceal. The more sure he was that his man lay in the house, the more he admired the girl's daring.

More like a walking funeral than ever, the party stopped as they got up to the door. Somehow Willie Snow felt a sickening at heart as he saw the officers had hemmed the place in, and how serious and determined they seemed, as if the business might be death to one or other of the party.

"Andrew," the stout man said to the companion at his side, "you and I walk in. Now, miss, I go first; you second if you please; and this gentleman third."

Easy he and easy she. If the pair had been footmen with silk legs and powdered hair, and she my lady, Miss Vanity could not have treated them with a more haughty indifference. And so they walked into the parlor, Willie following, like a man in a dream.

There sat the old gentleman, with a tumbler of water beside him, and a newspaper spread open on the table, and he gazing out the window and pronouncing them to himself, as I have noticed deaf people sometimes do. He looked up at the party with great curiosity, and he called out:

"Who are these people?"

Vanity went to his side, and replied, in that high voice in which we speak to the deaf.

"No one of consequence, father; it is only the landlady."

The old man scrutinized the party with a penetrating air.

"He must be a good landlord, if he comes to see about repairs before he is asked to."

The detective passed out of the room, and Andrew with him.

Now, for the first time, Vanity seemed

to observe that Willie Snow was in the room, and she dealt him rather an imperious look, which made him very uncomfortable.

"Why you come in here, I don't know," she said. "As you are here now, you must stay till the others have gone."

Willie stood feeling as he had never felt in his life before; but he could not utter a word, and Vanity returned to her father's side.

The tramping of feet was heard overhead, as of men going from room to room, and two or three times there was a heavy sound of furniture being dragged over the floor.

In a few minutes the heavy downward tread of the detectives was heard on the stairs, and the two men re-entered the room, the chief looking puzzled and disappointed.

"I have made a mistake, miss," he said to Vanity. "In fact, I have been misinformed. I hope you will admit that I have tried to make the job as pleasant as I could."

The detective, after one more moment of troubled irresolution, was about to leave, when his eyes were arrested by something which caused his whole face to light up.

The room was papered, and right behind the chair in which the old Hardware sat was what seemed, at the first glance, to be a door, so neatly arranged amidst a drowsy pattern that it was almost invisible.

In an instant the detective guessed that there was a closet in the wall. He walked straight up to old Hardware.

"Now, old gentleman, 'found out' is the word. Get up, if you please."

All the old man meant was that the old man should make way for him to examine the closet. But in this he made a fatal mistake. The closet, after all, existed only in his own imagination, and the clumsy wooden partition, which suggested the idea, was a partition, and nothing more.

There stood before the astonished and misinformed detective, and in an instant the mystery was revealed indeed. Suddenly the aged, decrepit figure sprang up with the energy of a lion. He tore off his cap, and with that and his spectacles and a wig and beard artfully made in one piece, he looked like a figure from a play. The group Vanity's father, indeed, but not the tottering gray-beard that Vanity's father was supposed to be. A man of forty-five or fifty, tall and handsome, of powerful build, whose face glared with rage and defiance.

Such was the transformed figure which leaped out of the disguise. And Willie could see even in this face, whose every feature was tense with defiance and animosity, a fierce outline of the irresistible force which, in the daughter, had taken shape as entrancing beauty. Father and daughter, they stood face to face, and the other figures for the moment seemed to sink into the background. Hardware concentrated all the rage of his expression upon his daughter, who seemed ready to swoon with terror.

With his own father's face, and the proof of his own father's confession, that his own daughter had betrayed him. Drawing a revolver from his breast, he pointed it at Vanity, and with a terrible cry, discharged it into her side. The poor young woman stood erect one moment, gazing at him with a fixed almost as dreadful as his own; and as if he would answer the look, called out:

"You have not deceived me with all your pretense! You sold me, you sold me! Take your reward!"

He leaped across the ground, and dashed to the door which led upstairs.

CHAPTER XVI.

What followed was dreadful indeed. Hardware flung out the detectives with a fury which caused these two strong men to fall back like weakly boys. A narrow way was made for them, and they went off, and these stairs were shut off from the room by a wooden door. The fugitive opened this door, sprang through, and shut it upon himself with a crash; and they heard a bolt drawn.

The chief ran outside, and shouted to the watchers to get them to look after the windows, and then he set them to work to break open the staircase door. The big man hurled himself at it, and the old wood gave way with a crash, and through the splintered panels the way upstairs lay open. Above stood Hardware, holding in one hand a lighted candle and a revolver, and in the other a huge drinking glass.

"Come down here!" the detective shouted. "If you were fifty men you can't escape. Drop the pistol, and don't put a finger upon your neck for the sake of another quarter-hour by yourself in that room."

Hardware answered with a roar of laughter.

"Come down!" he cried. "No, thank you. I am master here. Come up, you. You are narrow, and you are broad enough. Still, if I take care, I may miss you; and I may miss your wife a widow; come along and try."

The detective was meditating how he could break his way through, or whether he could coax his man down, when Hardware, having drained his tumbler, hurled it savagely at the officer. Quick as the detective was, he saved himself only by a hair's breadth as it whirled upon the floor.

"Your health for forty years!" roared Hardware, with his diabolical laugh, "and after that your lifetime! Walk upstairs and have a chat with the old man!"

In the moment while the officer drew back Hardware must have carried out his awful scheme, for when the detective looked up the stairs again was raging flame. Hardware had deluged the place with paraffin, or some other inflammable liquid of his, and had set the whole on fire. At the top he stood as before, looking now like some gigantic fiend.

"Come up to the madman's room!" he yelled again. "Hot flame, cold lead! I'm ready! Up to the madman's room!"

Another roar of laughter came from above, and then they heard another loud cry, and the meaning of which was evident to the next instant. Hardware must have thrown a great glass vessel down the stairs, filled with paraffin, for immediately after the crash a stream of liquid flame ran out into the room. Another crash came, and now the room began to swim in fire.

Until this moment, no one thought of wounded Vanity; and there she lay on the ground. But now the flame, running across the floor, had just set her to her dress, when the detective caught her in his arms and dragged her out of the house.

And we wonder were they in the little garden, than Hardware flung upon the window and glared out upon the group with a face from which every expression except triumph, defiance and hatred had vanished. He held his revolver in his hand.

"Five chambers!" he shouted out. "And only one wanted within door. Which shall I have first?"

He glared round wildly, and saw Gracious Me, and his face lit up with a diabolical recognition.

"Ah, my friend! my little friend Peeping Tom! Why not begin with Peeping Tom? Let the ugliest in the company be helped first."

He pointed his revolver at wretched Gracious Me, who was too frightened to run away, and fell on his knees pleading for life with fearful energy. Crack went the pistol, and down, without a sound, dropped little Gracious Me; and then, from the angle of the house, they heard a yell of rage from Hardware, for, in that instant, his other victims had got out of reach; and the smoke began to roll out in volumes, and in less time than it takes to pen these lines the whole of old Tumbledown Farm was in flames. Hardware's plans were all laid long before. It was plain that the man was resolved never to be taken alive.

Within the most profound silence prevailed. None was able to tell whether or not Hardware had fired another shot. He may have done so, but the last that was ever seen or known of him was when he discharged his revolver at Gracious Me. The detectives made some pretense of trying to enter the burning house, but they soon abandoned the attempt. Willie Snow dashed down the hill to Hampton for assistance, but what was assistance good for? Why, in ten minutes somebody whispered with ashen lips that the fire was going out!

(To be continued.)

AN UNENVIABLE LOT.

The Life of a Missionary in China Far from Pleasant.

The lot of the missionary in China, particularly the zealous minister of the gospel, who wanders away from the beaten paths and into new territory, is far from pleasant. It is a most dangerous proceeding, for in the localities of the recent massacres the minds of the ignorant Chinese have been poisoned by the reports circulated by designing officials, and a portion of the population is decidedly opposed to the presence of the Christians.

All sorts of stories are told of the cruelties practiced by the missionaries and every little while this hatred, fanned to a flame, breaks out and several missionaries and their families are persecuted. Sometimes they escape with their lives and only their property is destroyed, but it is not infrequently happens that there is considerable loss of life, as in the recent cases. Then there is a great hue and cry and the United States government and other powers are denounced for not sending a fleet of warships to the scene, regardless of the fact that the scene of the disturbances are always hundreds of miles inland, far from the coast and navigable rivers. To send a land force would only mean the addition of so many more victims to the already long list.

For the United States to send a force of men to the locality where the last massacre occurred would be about as reasonable as it would have been for the King of Italy to have ordered a force to march from New York to Colorado, where there were a number of Italians killed by a mob a few months since.

The missionaries are themselves largely to blame for being in such an exposed position. The Chinese government has repeatedly warned them to work only in partially civilized regions where they can be properly protected. But the progressive missionary does not want his field of labor limited in the East, and the consequences are that many of them have gone into a territory peopled largely by savages, who, although they are under the rule of the Emperor of China, pay him but slight allegiance. These savages are continually breaking out into riotous proceedings and the life of the officials is made very wearisome, especially since it means that the victory is likely to be short of his raiment and also his head, should any missionaries be killed and the country from whence they came make a very great noise over the affair.

Impartial.

A remarkable instance of the impartial administration of justice is said to have occurred some years ago in a court of Texas, when a young Mexican, charged with having stolen a pistol, was arraigned. He proved beyond all doubt that the pistol was his own, and that it had been in his possession long before the alleged theft occurred.

The case went to the jury at 12 o'clock, the usual hour of adjournment, and the jury, who did not wish to be kept until the court opened again at 3 o'clock, hurried to give in their verdict.

The foreman, who had been reclining in a peaceful attitude suggestive of slumber during the hearing, turned to his companions, saying:

"Well, boys, what do you think? Hadn't we better give him two years?"

"All right," responded a jurymen.

"Put him through, or the judge will adjourn."

"Go ahead," said another. "We don't want to stay here until 3 o'clock. Hurry up!"

"But is he guilty?" queried a thoughtful old gentleman.

"Well," exclaimed the foreman, after a stare of astonishment at this view of the matter, "if you think he ain't guilty, let's clear him!"

A verdict of "Not guilty" was speedily rendered, and the jurymen cheerfully repaired to the noon meal.

Men as Lovers.

If only men would realize that the material side is what we girls care the least for," writes Miss Lillian Bell in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Pray don't think, just because you have built up Colonial houses, and have our clothes made for us, and never allow butchers' bills to annoy us, that you have done your whole duty by us. It never occurs to most of us, who have these dear American men for lovers and husbands, that we could ever really get cold or hungry. You would have a fit if you thought anybody belonging to you didn't have all the clothes they wanted and the best material efforts. But you think it is a huge joke when we say that we are mentally cold, and hungry a good deal of the time, and that you are a storehouse with all that we need, right within your hearts and heads, only you won't give it to us."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Free Cuba will be prosperous and progressive Cuba. Spanish Cuba is never likely to be either prosperous or progressive, sentimentally observes the New York World.

A chorus of 4,000 voices is now in process of organization at Washington to form the leading musical feature of the National Christian Endeavor Convention there in July. This chorus is to be known as "The '96 Convention Chorus."

Newspaperdom is fairly well represented in the United States Congress—by those engaged in making law as well by those whose duty it is to report the proceedings of the lawmakers. There are twenty-seven editors, nine who have been engaged in the profession at one time, and four others who followed the printer's calling in former days.

As soon as it seemed likely that the newly discovered Röntgen rays might prove to be of value to the medical profession experiments were begun by many physicians and photographers with a view to determining the uses and limitations of the rays in surgery. The results in many cases have shown that the profession will reap great benefit from the X rays, especially in the direction of surgical diagnosis.

The French Government's new budget shows that a step has been taken in the direction of State socialism. Six hundred thousand francs have been voted to societies for the sick and aged, and 400,000 to societies for the relief of children. This foots up a million francs, the same sum voted to the missions that will represent France at the coronation of the Czar, as the previous vote of 975,000 francs has been increased.

The followers of Menekle, King of Shoa, while not so large as the force Zulus are about the toughest warriors in the world. They do not know physical fear. A New York Press writer has seen a man jab a burnt stick several inches in his flesh without wincing. This apparent insensibility to pain is accompanied with a religious frenzy in battle that renders the soldiers unconscious of bodily harm. They have no fear of death and their happiness is to kill.

A curious application of the Röntgen rays has been made in France by Professor Bugnet, of Rouen, and the chemist, M. Giscard. They took true and false diamonds for the experiment, and obtained entirely different results. When the rays were applied to the false diamonds only indistinct images appeared on the photographic plates. The real diamonds, however, allowed the rays to pass, and as a result, much darker pictures were produced on the plates. Thus a certain method of discovering the quality of diamonds is assured.

The attempt of the Italians to get possession of Abyssinia is not colonization at all, even if it succeeds, but conquest. It may not succeed. The population is only about three or four millions, but when a population of that size puts 100,000 fairly armed troops into the field in their own country, they're hard to beat. The Abyssinians live in the mountains and love liberty. The height of their land keeps them cool and healthy, even under the equatorial sun. They are racially mixed. Some of them are descended from the old Coptic kings and from the Phoenicians, who once ruled all the Mediterranean. Others are the ordinary Ethiopians.

According to the New York Times, which prints a partial list of them, with the names of their owners, the number of their occupants and their street numbers, so far as they have any right to have such a number, there are about 2,500 rear tenements in New York city, occupied by over 50,000 people. These, says City and State, are peculiar breeding places of disease and crime. The law now forbids the building of any more of these rear or back lot houses, but the real problem is how to get rid of those now in existence. They are a terrible menace to the health and well-being, physical and moral, of the great city wherein they are found.

"A good many of the ignorant country people in Spain," says the Boston Transcript, "are very much more courteous to Americans than to English people, for the curious reason that they consider them subject also to the crown of Spain. It has been found in out-of-the-way villages near Gibraltar especially, where the English occupation of that fort is still looked upon as a temporary and offensive intrusion of foreigners on Spanish soil, that the whole tone of the people will change when it is found that a tourist is not English but American. 'Ah, I have a brother in Havana,' a grim-browed villager will say, with an infection that implies that his American interlocutor must of necessity be from Cuba too."

Never let your passions get the better of your judgment. The following story will explain the propriety of this advice: A German farmer took a load of potatoes to the city to sell them. The jobbers offered him seven cents a bushel. That made him mad. So he drove down to the river front, backed his wagon into the water, pulled out the back board and dumped the whole load into the stream. Now, while this relieved the farmer of his wrath, it also relieved his team of their load, and made it unnecessary to haul the potatoes back many miles to his farm, the act of depositing vegetable matter in the river was in violation of a city ordinance. The farmer was arrested and fined \$15 and costs, and went home a wiser man.

Dr. W. H. Dall, a member of the party of scientific men recently sent to Alaska to investigate the mineral resources of the country, has prepared a report on the subject, which will soon be published by the Geological Survey. Dr. Dall says that many valuable and extensive seams of coal exist about the harbors in Cook's inlet and elsewhere, so that it is easy to mine enough to run a steamer in a few minutes. The Alaskan coal is what is known as the brown variety. Its color is not brown, but when scratched it exhibits a brown streak. The finer qualities of this coal are much like anthracite.

cite and the broken edges are brilliant. The difference between the brown coal and the anthracite is that the former has a larger per cent. of volatile matter. Dr. Dall says that there is a great field for a mining company, for the cost of transportation from the mines to the steamers would be very small on account of the nearness of the mines to the coast.

The seventy-two races inhabiting the world communicate with each other in 3,004 different tongues, and confess to about 1,000 religions. The number of men and women is very nearly equal, the average longevity of both sexes being only thirty-eight years, about one-third of the population dying before the age of seventeen. Moreover, according to the most careful computation, only one person in 100,000 of both sexes attains the age of one hundred years, and only 6 to 7 in 100 the age of sixty. The total population of the earth is estimated at about 1,200,000,000 souls, of whom 32,214,000 die annually—i. e., an average of 98,848 a day, 4,020 an hour, and 67 a minute. The annual number of births, on the other hand, is estimated at 36,792,000—i. e., an average of 100,800 a day, 4,200 an hour, and 70 a minute. Generally, taking the entire world, married people live longer than single, and those who have to work hard for their living longer than those who do not, while also the average rate of longevity is higher among civilized than uncivilized races. Further, people of large physique live longer than those of small, but those of middle size beat both.

The amount of money handled by the Post Office Department in its money order business last year amounted to nearly \$25,000,000. The Government allowed postmasters fees aggregating \$450,000 on domestic and \$3,000 on international business, and their incidental expenses were \$148,000. The Government lost \$14,000 through lost remittances and burglaries and \$18,000 through bad debts. And still the money order business paid a net profit of \$812,000. Twenty-two million people bought domestic money orders, and nearly a million people bought international money orders. The people of New York State shipped \$13,000,000 through the Post Office department the people of Pennsylvania, \$10,000,000; the people of the United States shipped more than \$4,500,000 to England through the Post Office department; and more than \$2,500,000 to Germany. Altogether the people of this country sent nearly \$13,000,000 abroad by postal order, and received less than \$6,000,000 through the same channel. But it is worthy of note that we sent nearly a million dollars less abroad last year than we did two years before.

PIRACY STILL EXISTS.

In the Chinese Seas the Old Trade Has Many Followers.

In the Malay Peninsula piracy has decreased considerably since the expedition of twenty years ago, but Perak, Selangore and Ramoh still distinguish themselves now and again by a little undisciplined business of this kind. In China the two great hotbeds of buccannery are the places which have been celebrated in this direction for centuries—Amoy and Canton.

The Amoy dialect proper, who speak the Amoy dialect, and live in the walled city, are very quiet, peaceable and orderly and have a pronounced antipathy for fighting, whether on sea or shore. But back of Amoy is the mountainous district of Tongan. It is connected with the ocean by many arms of the sea. Its soil is sterile and its resources are very few; its people, like all mountaineers, are this, muscular, brave and resolute. Even to-day they preserve a semi-independence of a military nature.

These are the gentlemen who make their living by piracy. They are the men of Canton have learned wisdom by experience. They no longer cruise the wide seas, attacking any craft that may come along. There are too many gunboats patrolling the coast—too many rifled guns and too many yard arms. Law and order, in the past half-century, have shot, hanged, drowned, blown up or burned at least 100,000 followers of the "black flag." To-day the work is done upon a smaller, but a far shrewder and safer, basis.

They keep spies at various places in their neighborhood, who report to headquarters whenever some junk is about to leave that has a rich cargo or carries a large amount of money. Along with this goes the information of who commands the boat, how large a crew it carries and how it is armed. The pirates then plan to intercept the craft in some river or arm of the sea, or else in some shoal water near the coast, where there is no chance of meeting a gunboat, and where, after the robbery, they will have a safe means of escape.

Their calculations are carefully made but come out right only once in four or five times. It may be that a foreign or Chinese gunboat suddenly appears upon the scene. It may be that the junk they are after goes past their rendezvous with a European steamer or a river launch, or mayhap the prospective victim is delayed by adverse winds and tides, and so does not appear at the time and place figured upon. When they do make a capture they are not so brutal and cruel as in the old days. For the rest, any one who knows China and the Chinese will not need to be told that the booty is easily disposed of without risks or questions asked.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Marked Penny Turns Up.

In 1858 C. P. Bateman, then living in Minerva, Ky., cut his initials on a 25-cent piece and carried it for a pocket-piece for a year or two. Then he came back with it. Last week Capt. Monroe Bateman, of Columbia, Mo., a brother of C. P. Bateman, received the 25-cent piece in change from a neighbor living in that place. He is sure it is his brother's old pocket piece, because he remembers when the letters were cut in the coin, and various peculiarities about their form and position.

She Saw Napoleon.

A Polish woman, 104 years old, who saw the march of Napoleon and his army into Russia in 1812, and the terrible retreat of the survivors, is living at Shaniokin, Penn. She is very feeble, and came near being burned to death last week, when her house caught fire.

ISLAM'S HOLY COAT.

Relic Which is Exhibited to the Faithful Once Every Century.

The Holy Coat of Mohamet, which is exhibited for the adornment of the faithful once every hundred years, according to the tradition was presented by the Prophet to a Yemen dervish, Wasol-Karani, as a token of gratitude for his services in discovering the use and preparation of coffee, is a kind of "chukva," or robe, with flowing sleeves somewhat similar to Western dressing gowns, which is worn in the Levant by those whom foreigners are accustomed to designate as Turks of the old school. It is needless to add that the color is green—the hue above all others sacred to the Prophet. The extent to which the garment is venerated by all true believers may be estimated by the fact that the principal and most cherished title of the Sultan is that of "Hadum-ul-Haremeh," or Guardian of the Holy Relic. The latter was brought to Constantinople by Sultan Selim I, along with the keys of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, from Cairo, where they had been preserved until that time in the keeping of the Caliphs. The shrine in which it was placed by the Sultan Selim, and where it has remained ever since until this day, is within the precincts of the Imperial Treasury at Gulchane.

It was thither that the present Sultan of Turkey betook himself in state recently. He was seated alone on the back seat of his carriage, and facing him was old Osman Ghazi Pacha, the hero of Plevna. Alighting at the Bab-ul-Saida, or Sublime Porte, he, with his own hands, unlocked, by means of a massive golden key, the silver grating or cage which protects the Holy of Holies from intrusion by the profane. With another key of the same precious metal, he proceeded to open a huge cupboard or box composed of the purest and most massive gold, and to extract therefrom a bundle, which he placed on a silver table of great value. One by one the Sultan removed the forty outer cloths in which the Holy Coat was wrapped up, until the last but one was reached. That latter consisted of some thin, transparent kind of gauze, and is left intact; for no mortal eye may behold or human lips touch the sacred relic unshrunk. Reverently, and with every token of the utmost veneration, the Sultan bent and kissed the dingy looking bundle, his example being followed by the Shiek-ul-Islam, the Grand Vizier and the various chief dignitaries of the realm, according to their rank, during which time the verses of the Koran were chanted by the plebeians.

Subsequently all the men withdrew, and under the guidance of his Highness, Yaver Aga, the grand eunuch of the Imperial seraglio, the Valide Sultan, or mother Empress, along with the various wives of the monarch and princesses of the family, appeared upon the scene and likewise paid their respects to the Holy Coat. As soon as they had closed their devotions and departed, the Sultan carefully wrapped up the bundle again in the nine-and-thirty wrappers which he had removed, after which he replaced it in its golden cupboard, locked it, as well as its silver cage or grating, and returned to his palace at Yildiz Kiosk between a double line of troops, who kept a path open through the vast multitude of people for the Imperial procession. In the evening the Sultan sent to all those who had been present at this ceremony small white cambric handkerchiefs with the verses of the Koran embroidered on them, which had been specially consecrated at Mecca for the purpose.

Besides this, splendid presents were made by the Padishah to the Shiek-ul-Islam, the prime of the Turkish Church, and also to Yaver Aga, a coal black and gigantic negro, who is addressed as "Your Highness" and ranks with the Grand Vizier and bears the title of "Dar ul-Sadr Aghasshi," which, rendered in English, means, "whose post is behind the door of the sanctuary of bliss." The Grand Vizier and the Ministers also received tokens of Imperial good will in the shape of jewelry and decorations.—New York Tribune.

But His Whiskers.

William Sells has deserted the circus business to go into the theatrical business. He now manages a New York theater, but he likes to tell of the old show days. He had in those days a partner known familiarly as "Jim" Hamilton. Hamilton had a black, bushy beard—hair that would have driven Paderewski into seclusion—and a general intellectual air. One night some one suggested that Hamilton would look better if he would shave off his whiskers. Sells, who knew of Hamilton's fondness for his whiskers, offered to bet \$25 that Hamilton wouldn't shave. Hamilton, who was present, replied, "I will take that bet." He did, and a barber was sent for. Hamilton submitted quietly to the operation. Then he asked gently if Sells would bet \$50 he wouldn't have his hair cut. Sells said he would. Hamilton took it, and then had his hair trimmed until he looked like a convict. When he got all through he said, musingly: "I have been intending to shave and clip my hair but this makes it easier." Sells did not hear until later that it was all a put-up job, and that Hamilton had a habit of letting his hair and beard grow to such proportions just to get some one to bet him that he wouldn't shave.—New York Tribune.

Fed by Hawks.

A group of men in a Washington hotel the other night were talking about lazy people, when one told an anecdote that broke up the meeting. The relator, observes the Star, said that a family of his acquaintance living in southern Indiana subsist upon fish entirely. A stream runs through the little farm upon which they reside, and fish hawks are plentiful. The boys of the household keep close watch for fishhawk nests, and catch the birds before they are able to fly. Then these chicks are raised in a happy-go-lucky sort of way until the older birds of the flock train them how to fish.

The hawks are let loose and the boys lay in the grass by the side of the stream watching them. When a hawk catches a fish, the prey is taken from the bird, which, however, is allowed to eat all it wants when the day's fishing is over. They have enough hawks to keep fish on hand sufficient to supply them with food, and to sell a few, by which their scant clothing can be replenished. Not one of the family ever attempts work of any kind, and they are supported entirely by the hawks.

FLORIDA'S COCOANUT GROVES.

A New Industry Spreading in the Land of Flowers.

Residents on Biscayne Bay realize more fully every year the immense value of the coconut tree, not only as an ornament, but as being of practical value as well, consequently numbers of trees have been planted within the last year all along the bay front, from Lemon City to south of Coconut Grove, which place takes its name from the suggestive growth that beautifies its water front. The trees at Miami, along the river mouth and bay shore, are said to be the oldest in the State, and are by far the handsomest, their slender, worn boles and feathery tops showing to advantage above and among smaller, less distinctive growth. On most of the new places along the shores these trees have been planted, and in a few years will greatly augment the beauty of this part of Florida.

Hundreds of acres of land suitable for coconut culture are to be found in South Dade County, contiguous to Biscayne, owned by the canal company, the railroad, the Boston Land Company, or by individuals. In addition to these is the great Perrine grant of 25,000 acres, now being taken up by squatters, who will soon have a chance to make homestead entry of their claims. Coconut plantations started now would within the next six years begin to pay handsomely, requiring less time than oranges, but little more than lemons, pineapples or bananas. While they are growing and coming into bearing, the owner can temporarily operate a small truck farm, or else conduct a business in lawn, or a fish plant at some convenient point, in the certainty that within a specified length of time he will have an ample income from his coconuts, which he can either manufacture into oil on his own plant or else ship the nuts in bulk to the butter, oil, cream, candle or soap manufacturers. The industry is so far very small, but it looks like it will grow rapidly, including the key, ample opportunity may be found for successful experiment. The age limit of a coconut has never been discovered.

They have been known to bear for 200 years. In this climate, where they have never been hurt by cold, where everything is conducive to growth and bearing, and where choice lands are to be had at reasonable rates, the industry certainly thrives and pays. In addition to the citrus fruits, pineapples, guavas, truck and sponges, the Biscayne Bay region may yet become the great coconut-producing center of the world, wresting from Ceylon its long-time championship.

The coconut tree, with its nuts, "cloth" fibre, leaves and vegetable oil, is claimed by many as the "most useful tree to man," and an enumeration of its useful products almost substantiates the claim. The fibre is manufactured into matting, ropes or cloth, and the hull of the nut is made into cellulose. A peculiar "cloth," or husk, grows around the trunk of the young tree, somewhat resembling burlap, of which useful and ornamental articles are made—mats, fancy toilet and traveling articles