



CHAPTER I.

A spoiled beauty—spoiled by a devotion and love such as fall to the lot of few women—Lady Rooden did not know the meaning of the word "care." She was only seventeen when Sir Charles Rooden wooed and won her; and from that time she had surrounded her with such loving care that her lot among women was quite exceptional. Few knew such unalloyed happiness as she enjoyed. At times a fleeting regret that she had no son to succeed her husband would cross her mind; but even that regret was softened when she remembered how deeply he loved their little daughter.

The Roodens of Rood Abbey had been for many generations owners of that fair and fertile domain. The estate, which was situated in one of the most beautiful of the Midland Counties, was singularly favored by nature, and not the least of its charms was the bright flashing river Leir, smooth and peaceful in places, spanned here and there by rustic bridges and widens in its course until it developed into the broad, deep reach in front of the Abbey itself.

Sir Charles Rooden, the ideal of an English landlord—handsome, brave, generous, and a true lover of all out-door and manly sports—was still young when he fell in love with one of the most beautiful girls of her day, Laura Milroy, the only daughter of the Earl of Milroy. In his blind idolatry he never perceived that she was vain or selfish, that she was shallow at heart; he discerned in her only the attributes of a good and noble woman, and he loved her implicitly. His wife was the center of his hopes and plans, the one object of his care and worship; and next to her in his affection came his little daughter, whom, because of her beautiful face and sweet serious eyes—eyes in which dwelt a sweet brooding seriousness—they named Angela.

Angela had reached her twelfth year when her first great sorrow fell upon her. A sweeter, fairer maiden it would hardly have been possible to find. To those who knew how frail and uncertain human love is, there was something almost pitiful in the devotion of the child to her father. The blow, when it did fall, was therefore all the more terrible to her. For there came a day, bright and sunny, full of perfume and sweetness and song, when Sir Charles Rooden left home in the morning with laughing, jesting words on his lips and was carried back in the evening dead.

The evening was as fair as the morning. The wind stirred the lilacs and the long laburnum-tresses gently in the garden below; nature seemed to be resting in the peaceful calm that had settled over all.

"I wonder what it is, Angela," said Lady Rooden. "A crowd seems to be moving and coming in this direction. They are carrying something. What can it be?"

"I do not see, papa," said the child, "whom nothing else interested, and they grew silent as the tall trees and the windings of the river hid the crowd from their view."

"I wish papa would come," cried the child, presently; and then, after a few minutes, there was a sound of tramping footsteps, of hurried, hushed voices, and the old butler came hastily on to the terrace.

"My lady, my lady, come in quickly!" he cried. "Do not look toward the river! Come in!"

Lady Rooden turned to him in wonder. "What?" she gasped, her face growing white and rigid.

"My master was found in the river, my lady!" Jarvis replied, wringing his hands. "In the river? Found in the river, do you say? Then he is dead?"

"He is dead, my lady, and they are bringing him home," answered the man. With a wild cry Lady Rooden flew from the house down to the avenue, where she met the men bearing the lifeless body of her husband. When she saw his dead face, she fell, with a low anguished cry, to the ground, and was carried back home senseless.

It was not until the first shock was over that any one thought of the child. They found her lying near the window of the room, in an agony of grief which no words of comfort could abate.

The mystery surrounding Sir Charles Rooden's death was never solved. Whether he had attempted to cross the river where it was shallowest, and had been carried away by the force of the current, or whether his horse had become restive and dashed into the water, no one ever knew. No one had seen the baronet; no one came forward to say that they had met him on that day. That it was an accident ever ago agreed, but how it occurred there was no living witness to tell.

How deeply the genial, generous master of Rood was mourned was shown by the assemblage of rich and poor who came to pay a last tribute of respect to a neighbor and friend.

In his will Sir Charles had not forgotten any of his faithful old servants or any of the charities he had supported. Yet to those who listened to the reading of the document there seemed to be something strange in it. It was strange that no income had been settled on the daughter for whom he had always such unbounded affection; strange that no dowry had been left to her; strange that not one farthing of what must ultimately be a large fortune should reach her until her mother's death; strange that so vast a fortune should be left to the absolute disposal of a beautiful young widow; no restriction was placed upon her; there was no forfeiture of money if she married again. The only thing she could not do was to part with property belonging in way to house or estate. She could not sell a picture or a tree; everything was to descend to Angela just as she had received it.

"A strange will!" the listeners agreed, but it only showed the implicit trust Sir Charles had in his wife.

Lady Rooden was a little surprised herself. She had not expected such unreserved generosity, and she had certainly thought that provision would have been made for Angela. She caught the child in her arms, and kissed the fair young face in a passion of tears.

dreamed of what want of money and the desire to obtain it would do for them in the future. On that bright May morning, among the hyacinths in the sunlight, no warning came to them of the shape the future was to take.

Every one seemed to be talking of Lady Rooden and her daughter that evening. Captain Vance went to his club, the Royal, and found they were the topic of conversation there. Nothing so interesting, nothing so strange, had been discussed for some time—a mother beautiful and fair as her own most beautiful child; a child in grace and comeliness the rival of her own mother. The discussion was at its height when Wynyard entered the smoking-room.

"I think all London has gone crazy about the new beauties," he remarked. "Ashton," he continued, turning to one of his most intimate friends, "you were at the Embassy ball last evening. Did you see them?"

"Yes; they were both there—Lady Rooden and her daughter." "Which is the belle?" asked Wynyard. "I could not tell you. I have never seen two women so perfect."

"The comparison of a rose and a rosebud is weak. No one would believe them to be mother and daughter; they are like younger and elder sister—the daughter so slim and graceful, the mother tall and stately. There is not such another pair in London."

"Should you think there was any prospect of the mother remarrying?" asked Wynyard. "Yes, I should think it is almost certain; and I think I can guess who the man who will marry her."

"Who is he?" asked the ex-Captain, anxiously. "The one who flatters her most," laughed Mr. Ashton; "he will be the one to win her. That is her ladyship's weak side."

Neither billiards nor cards had any charm for Vance Wynyard that evening; he was unusually thoughtful and engrossed. If he sighed at times, it was because memory brought to him vividly the beautiful, sorrowful face of Gladys Rane.

(To be continued.)

BLUE LAWS IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

Imposed Severe Punishments for the Most Trivial Offences.

The legislature of the Isle of Man is called the house of keys, and was formerly a judicial body, whose duty it was to interpret the laws—to unlock their mysteries. Anyone bold enough and ill-advised enough to slander the house of keys was liable to a fine of \$50 and the loss of both his ears. Two deacons were appointed to execute the laws, which before 1417 were uncodified and were known as breast laws, being imparted to the deacons in secret, and by them kept within the secrecy of their own breasts so long as they chose, or during the whole service, though they were empowered to impart and explain to the people so much of them as should at any time seem expedient.

Some of the laws as recorded after the codification are extremely quaint. Here is one which recalls to mind the narrow bound and primitive way of life of the Manxmen. Nowhere else surely would the greater crime be regarded as the less—merely because in the nature of things it could result, despite the intention of the thief, only in an enforced loan—and the lesser crime being man-stealing is the greater.

"If a man steal a horse or an ox it is no felony, for the offender cannot hide them; but if he steal a capon or a pig he shall be hanged."

"In the case of theft," another law declares, "if it amount to the value of sixpence halfpenny, shall be a felony to death to the offender; and under that value to be whipped or set upon a wooden horse ordered for such offenders."

A rather ingenious law, designed to check the breaking of pledges by untrustworthy servants who might have an opportunity to get improved wages, decrees that any servant hiring with two masters must give his labor to the first man he is promised to and his wages to the second; should the offense be repeated, the culprit is to be set in the stocks and whipped.

The arms of the Isle of Man, which, though it sounds like an Irish bull to say so, are legs—three legs bent at the knee, and apparently kicking outward from a common center in the midst of a shield—have provoked a number of jocular descriptions, of which the best declares that one leg spurs Ireland, one kicks at Scotland and the third kneels to England. The feeling thus typified appears certainly to exist toward the two former countries, if we are to judge by the following laws, never repealed, though, it is needless to add, never in our day enforced:

"Irish women loitering and not working are to be commanded forth of the Isle with as much convenient speed as may be." Why Irish women especially is not explained; perhaps they accompanied their husbands—the "spoons" came over for harvesting—and made themselves obnoxious as beggars.

The other law is at least fairer in appearance, since it does not discriminate in the matter of sex, but it is no more hospitable. It enjoins "That all Scots avoid the land with the next vessel that goeth to Scotland, upon pain of forfeiting their goods, and their body to prison."—Green Bag.

A Swift French Vessel.

Probably the swiftest vessel in the world has recently been built in France. This extraordinary craft is the seagoing torpedo vessel constructed in Havre by the well-known house of Augustin Normand, the contract requiring that it should maintain a speed of from twenty-nine to thirty knots for an hour under usual steam. At its trial trip, it seems, this vessel, the Forban, ran a distance of more than thirty-one knots in an hour, this being equivalent to about thirty-five miles, probably the greatest distance ever covered by a seagoing ship in sixty minutes—powerful engines being necessary, of course, to drive the vessel through the water at such a rapid rate.

On this score, therefore, the statement is not surprising that, although the displacement of the craft is only about 150 English tons, it carries engines of 3,250 horse power.—*Revue Industrielle*.

The ancients had no marks of punctuation; all their letters were of the same size, no distinction being made between those which began a sentence or proper name and other letters. There was no separation of the words, or even of the sentences, and hence much difficulty has arisen in construing many passages in the writings of the ancient historians.

FOR THE YOUNG FORKS.

A VEXED QUESTION.

I went in the schoolroom, one morning; My two little girls were there, And over their attires bending, Each with a puzzled air.

Mary glanced up as I entered, And said, with an anxious look; "Mama, perhaps you can help us; It says here, in this book,

"That we bought Louisiana From the French. Now that seems queer;

For Nellie and I don't understand How they could send it here."

"Whoever brought the land over Must have taken so many trips, Nell says they put it in baskets; But I think it must have been ships."—*Ellie Johnson Kerr in St. Nicholas*.

SIX DONKEYS AND SEVEN.

In Turkey professional story-tellers go about gaily dressed in waistcoat and baggy trousers of saudy colors trimmed with gold and amuse the people with their stories. Often they sit in the restaurants and public squares and as they talk they shrug their shoulders, gesticulate and make faces to impress their hearers. This is one of the fables that a famous story-teller relates:

One day a wealthy man called upon Nasarini Hodja to ask him how much he would charge to educate his son.

"Three hundred piasters," said the Hodja.

"That is well said," exclaimed Nasarini, "but if you buy six donkeys with your 300 piasters instead of educating your son you will be master of seven donkeys, including your son."

MENTAL EPIDEMICS PAST AND PRESENT.

In looking back to the medieval ages we find them to be times in which abnormal social phenomena were displayed on a grand scale—times teeming with mobs, riots, revolts; with blind movements of vast human masses; with terrible epidemics that ravaged Europe from end to end. They were ages peculiar for the strange, striking fact that whole cities, extensive provinces, great countries, were stricken by one disease. Men went mad in packs, by the thousands.

An obscure individual in some remote country place had fits of hysterics, and soon all Europe was wriggling and struggling in convulsions of hysterical insanity. The dark ages were strange, peculiar—so, at least, do they appear to us, who consider ourselves vastly superior to the poor, ignorant medieval peasant, burgher, knight, with their superstitions, religious fervor, and recurrent epidemic insanities. I am afraid, however, that a similar fate may overtake us. May not a future historian look back to our own times with dismay, and perhaps with horror?

"He will represent our age as dark and cruel—an age of the blind, senseless Napoleonic wars, of great commercial panics, industrial crises, Black Fridays, and mobs and crazes of all sorts and descriptions."

HOW THE PIGS GOT THE PLUMS.

Once lived on a farm in the western part of Illinois. My father owned a great many fruit trees, but the finest fruit on the farm grew on a plum tree which stood in the center of a small meadow, in which a few of the hogs went to run. There were a few other trees in the meadow, and altogether it made a very nice place to be on a warm day.

One morning when the plums were at their best my mother gave me a small basket and asked me to go down to the tree and fill it. The tree was loaded with the bright red plums, and I soon filled my basket, and then sat down on the grass under a large shady tree to eat some of the delicious fruit.

Soon I heard a gruff "Ugh! Ugh!" followed by the falling of a perfect shower of plums from the tree. Quick by turning, I saw six large hogs standing under the tree quietly munching the fruit and racking the pits between their teeth.

Having consumed all the plums on the ground, one old hog, that seemed to be the leader, went up to the tree, and giving another "Ugh! Ugh!" rubbed his body against the trunk of the tree, and shook down another supply.

I watched this performance for some time, and then informed my father about it. It is needless to say the plums were promptly turned out of the meadow.—*Chicago Record*.

CANINE FRIEND IN NEED.

"Talk about the sagacity of dogs," remarked Jenkins, as he scornfully surveyed the records of the good deeds done by canines in general. "Why, I saw something the other day which beats the world—something which, in addition to proving the reasoning power of dogs, showed also that some of them at least possess a great capacity for affection for their own kind. A friend of mine uptown owns several dogs, among the lot being a magnificent greyhound and a diminutive spaniel, the two dogs, notwithstanding the disparity in size, being warm friends. The other day the dog-catcher was making the rounds, and as usual, missing the cur who corralling the animals which are well taken care of. It happened that my friend's front gate had been left open, and the two dogs mentioned escaped to the street just as the wagon turned the corner. There was a great cry on the part of the catchers, who grasped their nets and made a scramble for the little spaniel, not seeming to like the idea of tackling the big hound. The poor little spaniel realized her danger and attempted to escape. She flew like one possessed in every direction, only to be headed off by the men with the nets and a score of small boys. She finally halted, panting, in the middle of the

WHERE PIES ARE MADE.

An Establishment That Turns Them Out by the Thousand.

"If you want to see something interesting," he said, "come with me. It will make your mouth water if you have a taste for the sweets, and in addition it will give you an insight into a business that has reached immense proportions within the last ten years." Down this street, and up the next, and up a long flight of stairs, to a office where the lucky number of thirteen misses were at work. This was the initial how to the largest pie factory in the whole of Gotham, and for that matter the entire country. Here it is that an average of 18,000 pies are turned out every day of the week except Friday, when the figures go over the 20,000 mark, because of the demands for Sunday. Pies, little and big, and in all conditions of preparation, are to be seen here, and the average office boy or down-town "clerk" would imagine himself in pie heaven were he to get upon the ground.

Ask the most experienced housewife, and she will readily testify to the statement that it is no easy matter to make a first-class pie. Pie making is easy with the young bride only. Still, in this big factory spoken of, it really does seem a simple affair—the putting together of fruit and dough—because the workmen go through the performance in Empire State Express order; but it is practice and experience with them rather than personal pleasure. To make a pie correctly, as well as digestively, it is necessary to resort to four processes.

Take, for instance, a mince pie. The work of preparing the filling is the first undertaking, and then in regular order come the task of making the crust, filling the pie and baking it. Contrary to some ideas, it is essential to the welfare of the aforesaid pie that the meat required be of a superior kind. The meat obtained, it is consigned to an immense steam-jacketed copper kettle that has the capacity of a medium sized barrel.

In this way it is cooked, and then entrusted to the beneficent grace of an enormous chopping machine, that does its work as finely as a projectile from a twelve-inch gun might do with a wood-saw. Next come for attention the beef suet, apples, citron, currents, spices, and finally the brandy, and these are mixed with the mince meat by another machine, and are sent to the filler. While the mince meat is being mixed with the other mixture, another force of men are preparing the crust. This force of men work before an immense trough, and are rigged out in clothes of immaculate white, with bare arms as powdered with flour as the hair on their heads. The trough is partly filled with flour, and shortening or lard is worked into it by the white workmen. Water that has been specially worked into the mixture is in the trough, and the whole operation takes on quite a dough-like appearance.

This dough is taken to another force of men, who roll it out into thin slices and place it on tin plates. This operation is perhaps the quickest of any of the processes. The men go through the mountain of dough like wind through a sand hill. Quicker than it takes to tell, the white-covered tens are delivered to the fillers, and no army of old toppers ever filled in as rapidly as they do. All use a long-handled dipper which has a capacity just sufficient to fill one pie. With this dipper in one hand and the dough-covered tin plate in the other, the filler in dips the dipper into the barrel of filling alongside of him, raises it in the air and with a graceful movement of his wrist turns it into the waiting plate. This accomplished, everything is ready for the filling again. Again the wheel turns, and another army of baked pies is presented and removed. This is continued hour after hour so long as the demand lasts. An average of about 1,000 pies are baked hourly over this oven. The pie factory is a great institution, and must be seen to be appreciated.

Now that we have supposed Punch to have had a wife, and also supposed her name to have been Judy, what more natural than for this amiable couple, now and then, to have a bit of a breeze? They lived a wandering life, and like other people in their station, took a little liquor to raise their spirits. After the effect was over, feeling a little peevish, they fell to calling each other hard names, and hard blows followed. So this is their whole history.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Czar's Melancholy.

The Czar is said to have recently become so taciturn as to produce a painful effect on those about him. During his sojourn with the Danish royal family he has been daily observed by a person who has a country seat in the neighborhood of the castle, and who has sent an account of his impressions to the Berliner Tageblatt. "One has never heard him indulge in a hearty laugh," he says, "and his smile is melancholy and tired. I have often seen him lately walking in the castle park, dressed in his thick brown suit—which, however, does not conceal his extremely delicate physique. He was always accompanied by one of his relations, most often by the Princess of Wales or her daughter Princess Victoria; but he himself spoke very little and was apparently always engaged with his own thoughts, and only half heard what was said to him, while his fingers were incessantly passed through his thin beard. He walked with his head bent, his eyes cast on the ground, and he carelessly raised his soft felt hat without looking up when some few passers-by stood still and greeted him."—*St. James's Gazette*.

The Longevity of Trees.

America does not seem as favorable to the longevity of trees as are many parts of the Old World. It is said that pines in the north of Europe are known to have endured for nearly 500 years. In Bavaria there is a larch which is known to be 225. Many oaks in Germany are known to be over 200 years old, and many over 200 years. Of other trees individuals are known that have reached the ages set opposite to them: Ash, 170 years; birch, 160 to 200 years; aspen, 220 years; mountain maple, 225 years; elm, 130 years, and red alder, 145 years.

In our country there are few that are more than mere remnants. Most of Bartram's trees are gone wholly or are fading. The famous cypress has yet a few green branches. The fine silver fir on the Johnson estate in Germantown, which figured in the early issues of the Horticulturist, and often elsewhere, is entirely dead now, though less than 100 years old.—*Meehan's Monthly*.

The simple remedy for a creaking door is to apply a little sweet oil with a feather to the hinges.

WILL RAISE ELEPHANTS.

Novel and Extensive Enterprise Projected in California.

Lewis Sells, one of the proprietors of Forepaugh & Sells Bros.' Circus, owns 500 acres in Merced, Cal., and the firm is trying to obtain 500 more acres to add to them.

Instead of raising fruit, says the San Francisco "Call," they will raise animals. They have come to the conclusion that the climate of California is advantageous for that purpose, and in view of that fact are endeavoring to get animals properly cared here. The firm has a man in England, George O. Starr, engaged in securing animals. He has been an extensive traveler in South Africa, East India and throughout the world, having made forty-two trips between America and Europe. His whole time is devoted to securing animals. The firm already has a big stock.

First there is a pair of hippopotami. There are two or three pairs of lions of the African and Asiatic variety; there are fourteen elephants, there are one pair of llamas, seven camels, all sorts of antelopes, leopards, one pair of tigers (Royal Bengal), one pair of zebras, one eland, one pair of nyghaus, seven kangaroos, and specimens of all kinds of wild animals.

The elephants will be placed in a retreat representing as near as possible an African jungle. They are the most sensitive of all the animals. There will be large cages built for the lions and tiger, the floors of which will be the ground, and in these cages there will be compartments made of trees and tropical plants, so that aside from the confinement of the grated cages the conditions will be almost identical with their native haunts.

In a field indeed by a sixteen-foot high fence will be the places for the elands, nyghaus, niger and other antelopes, and in another the zebras, llamas and camels will be raised where they will be broken to work in harness and to bear packs similar to the work done by these animals in their native country.

It is expected that the camel ranch will be a most profitable part of the enterprise. Camels breed in captivity even better than in their wild state, and will be invaluable for use in sections of the country where water is scarce, and where it is impossible to drive mules or where a railroad cannot be built. It is expected that the development of mining in the desert sections of this country will give employment to large numbers of camels, and the demand for them will be undoubtedly very great.

A whole flock of kangaroos will be turned loose, and they will range if within ten years California will become as noted for kangaroos as Australia is at this time.

Tropical birds will be another feature. A large amphitheater will be erected, covered with glass, in which the birds will be turned loose.

A large artificial lake will be made, the water for which will be supplied from the Hoffman-Crocker irrigating system, and the pair of hippopotami will be placed in it, where they will be undisturbed for months at a time.

Over 1,000 acres of land will be used and natives will look after the work who understand the habits and characteristics of the animals. It is expected that the zoological gardens in a menagerie of the entire world from this only zoological breeding ranch on earth, and it will be the means of advertising California more than anything yet introduced. Agents will be sent to every part of the civilized world to represent this enterprise and to sell and train new animals.

Oil Fuel for War Ships.

A writer in a recent number of the *Naval Review* remarks that all the great naval powers have been experimenting with petroleum fuel. In 1893 many of the Italian war ships carried a supply of asphalt to be used as an adjunct to their ordinary fuel supply, while many of the torpedo-boats were fitted to use it exclusively. England is stated to have made the most progress in this line, while Russia, to whom the matter is of special importance, owing to her enormous supplies of petroleum, comes second. The advantages of the liquid, it is stated, comprise a reduction in the weight and volume of combustible required for a given horsepower in the engines, and an increased radius of action is thus obtained. The oil can, moreover, be stored at least partially below water line, out of the way of shells. There is no fear of spontaneous combustion of the oil, such as occasionally occurs with coal, and being free from sulphur, the oil is not likely to deteriorate the boiler shell tubes. The operation of firing so arduous with coal becomes extremely easy with petroleum, and once the draught is properly adjusted, there is no stream of telltale flame from the funnels of the boat. The furnace doors can be kept closed, thus avoiding the rush of cold air to the boiler, which occurs every time fresh coal is placed on the furnace grate. The operation of "coaling," if one may use the term, becomes also extremely simple, and can be carried out successfully in mid-ocean and in rough weather. The evaporative power of the oil is, weight for weight, superior to that of coal and in practice 15,200 pounds of water have been evaporated from heat at a wages Greenhalgh, with one pound of oil, that theoretically due being a burnt 20.5 pounds.

"Some of our chief authorities on power appear to be of the opinion that liquid fuel is likely to displace coal in the near future over a large area," says the *Iron and Trades Review*. "The residue of the distillation of petroleum or shale oil, known by the name of gas oil, and asphalt, is successfully used on more than seventy-two locomotives on the *Yolga* railway. In England there has recently been constructed a torpedo boat of about eighty-six tons displacement. She has a double bottom divided up into eight water-tight compartments, which are used as tanks or bunkers for the oil, and which hold from fifteen tons to sixteen tons. As these compartments are empty of the liquid fuel they are filled with water, so that the draught and stability of the boat remains always the same. This boat's engines are ordinary triple-expansion. The boiler is of the ordinary locomotive type, with the special fittings necessary for liquid-fuel burning. It is fitted with thirty-one oil jets, which are fed by a Worthington pump, which draws the fuel from the double bottom and delivers it into a cylindrical tank, where it is put under air pressure. It has been claimed that the results of all trials up to the present time have been to show that there are only two ways of burning liquid fuel, viz., either by means of atomizers or large powers or gasifiers for small powers. Of course, in England, where coal is cheap, and oil or petroleum so relatively dear, we could hardly expect the latter to make such headway as in Russia or the Balkan states."

Clocks of Savages.

Neither clock nor timepiece is to be found in Liberia. The reckoning of time is made entirely by the movement and position of the sun, which rises at 6 A. M. and sets at 6 P. M. almost to the minute all the year round, and at noon is vertically overhead. The islanders of the South Pacific have no clocks, but make an ingenious and reliable time-marker of their own. They take the kernels from the nuts of the candle tree and wash and string them on the rib of a palm leaf. The first or top kernel is then lighted. All of the kernels are of the same size and substance, and each will burn a certain number of minutes and then set fire to the next one below. The natives divide pieces of black cloth to regular intervals along the string to mark the divisions of time.

Among the natives of Singar, in the Malay archipelago, another peculiar device is used. Two bottles are placed neck and neck, and sand is put in one of them, which pours itself into the other every half hour, when the bottles are reversed. There is a line near by, marked with some small rods, and worked with notches from one to twelve.

Curious Eggshells.

Among the things of curious interest at the University of Chicago is a vase containing the remains of egg shells. These shells once contained hard bodied eggs, which were preserved by having bitumen poured over them and were placed in the tombs for the sustenance of the dead during their journey to the other world. The shells are several thousand years old.

Her Six Sons Are Policemen.

There is an old lady named Skeats living in London who has six sons on the police force, all of whom have over twenty-four years' service to their credit. Mrs. Skeats has had but one daughter, and she has evinced the family trait by marrying a London police man.