

Holdenhurst Hall

WALTER BLOOMFIELD

CHAPTER XV. FATHER AND SON.

"O Ernest, my own dear boy, look up and speak to me like yourself," said my father, holding my hand and looking down upon me with an expression of deep solicitude upon his kindly face.

I pressed my father's hand and regarded him steadfastly, but made no reply, feeling painfully weak and ill.

"Please don't irritate my patient, Mr. Trueman. With quietude, in a day or two he will be as well as ever," said a voice at my side, which I recognized as belonging to Dr. Thurlow.

For a few seconds it was difficult to realize my surroundings, familiar though they were. Yes, this was my room, and I was lying in my own bed. That was our housekeeper, sitting by the clear, low fire; and the sunlight, which the drawn curtains subdued but could not exclude, seemed to denote midday.

With a great effort I suddenly sat upright. "Leave me with my father," I cried; "I want to talk with him."

"Not now, not now," answered the doctor; "another time will do for that. You must rest."

"No; now, now," I exclaimed, with great excitement. "Father, send these people away."

"My dear boy, be calm. I know all that you would tell me, and care nothing about it. My only anxiety is to have you well again."

"No, no; you do not know. I must tell you now."

"Ernest, my boy, for my sake don't excite yourself. I say again, I know all that you would tell me. For two days and nights you have talked of nothing else."

"Impossible! Two days and two nights! What do you mean?"

"I think you had better withdraw for a few hours, Mr. Trueman," said Dr. Thurlow; "your presence disturbs my patient."

My father relinquished his grasp of my hand and moved reluctantly towards the door.

"Don't leave me, father," I implored, stretching my arms out towards him; and he at once returned to me. "Tell me, what day is this?"

"Wednesday," I repeated stupidly.

"Wednesday," my father says to-day is Wednesday. Then all is lost, and I lay back again on my pillow.

"Yes, to-day is Wednesday," corroborated Dr. Thurlow, gently putting back the hair from my forehead with his hand; "and before Wednesday comes again, I hope to see you on your pony, galloping past my house in your usual style. But you are mistaken in thinking that all is lost; on the contrary, nothing is lost. There have been no thieves here."

A long silence ensued, during which I lay quite still, my face towards my father, who had seated himself by the side of the fire. That two days and nights had elapsed since I went down into the crypt extinguished my last ray of hope of obtaining the sequins, and my normal calmness, to which I had been a stranger from the hour of reading my ancestor's Record, began to reassert itself. At last the housekeeper rose from her chair and noiselessly quitted the room. She was soon afterwards followed by Dr. Thurlow, who whispered a few words to my father, and then departed on tip-toe.

My wished-for opportunity had now arrived, but I was careful not to lose it by too great precipitancy. Recent events having taught me some policy, and I therefore allowed several minutes to elapse before I spoke.

"How was it that I came to be here? The last thing I remember is being in the crypt on Monday night, not long after my return from London. What has been the matter with me? Don't fear to tell me. I am nearly, if not quite, well, and it will relieve my mind to know."

"But Dr. Thurlow has just impressed upon me that I am not to talk to you of that; he says it will distress you."

"It is only natural that he should think so; but he is wrong. If he only knew what I know, he would not have given you such advice. See, I am calm and rational. Do please tell me."

"There is really very little to tell, and it is hard to refuse you anything. You must not let Dr. Thurlow know that I have disobeyed him. On Monday night, or rather very early on Tuesday morning, John came into my room in a great fright and woke me up. I thought the old man was mad, and for a little while in my sleepy state could make nothing of his rapid utterances and violent gesticulations; but at last he got me to understand that he had been unable to sleep, having heard strange noises in the house which induced him to go down stairs to see if all was right. He found the door of the stillroom open, and also the door which leads to the crypt. The old man had the courage to descend into the crypt, where he was horrified to find you lying, as he supposed, dead. He came up to me, as I have said, and as soon as I could make out his story, I went with him down to the crypt, and together we brought you up here. You were bleeding from a wound at the back of your head, and quite senseless. Everybody in the house was alarmed, and one of the women fetched Dr. Thurlow. At first we thought you had been struck by a burglar; but Dr. Thurlow disproved that by your wound, which he has shown was caused by a fall. Why you went into the crypt we know; but exactly how you came to fall as you did you must tell us, if you can, when you get quite well."

"Why was it I went into the crypt, do you think?"

"We suppose you heard the same

circumstance, and remained still and quiet while he sat by my bed and read his ancestor's Record. At last he laid aside the book with a sigh, and rising from his chair paced about the room thoughtfully. After some minutes he suddenly paused before me, saying—

"I wish you were well enough to accompany me to the crypt."

I assured my father of my ability to do so without danger or even inconvenience, and was about to get up when he stopped me.

"Not until Dr. Thurlow has seen you again, and then only with his consent."

"What nonsense!" I exclaimed, springing out of bed. "Because I have been disappointed and have knocked my head on a stone pavement you want to make an invalid of me. Surely two days is enough to spend in bed talking nonsense, especially at such a time as this, when there is so much to do and consider!" and despite my father's protests I hastened to dress myself, assuming a smile and talking cheerfully all the while. But the performance cost me a tremendous effort, for I felt wretchedly weak and ill.

"Well, I suppose it must be so, then," consented my father, when he perceived that my obstinacy was not to be overcome; "it will be best to make a careful examination of the place before your uncle comes."

"Before my uncle comes?" I echoed.

"Is uncle Sam coming?"

"Yes; to-morrow morning. I telegraphed to him yesterday, informing him of your accident, and he replied that he would come down on Thursday."

"Ah!" I said, "he little knows what a story we have to tell him!"

"I hope he does not, I am sure," said my father sadly.

"How strangely you talk, father. Surely you don't mean to imply that your brother has directly or indirectly stolen those sequins out of your house? I would stake my life upon uncle Sam's honor; and as for his wealth, liberality and ability, you would not easily match them in another man."

To my inexpressible surprise and pain, my father ignored my question, merely remarking that he hoped no harm might come of my going down into the crypt, and that I must certainly be back in my room again before Dr. Thurlow returned.

It was an hour past noon when we entered the crypt, my father walking first holding a lamp, for the place was as dark by day as by night. After pausing for a moment to observe a crimson stain which marked the spot where I had fallen, we proceeded at once to the Abbot's Cell—for my father, when he assisted in bringing me up out of the crypt, and again when he went there with Dr. Thurlow to explain to him in what circumstances I had been found, had not penetrated so far.

The crypt's store of surprises was not yet exhausted, whatever might be the case with its sequins, for walking up to the Abbot's Cell I saw with astonishment that it was closed by the brick screen as when my attention was first called to it. The bricks had been carefully replaced one upon another precisely as I had found them on Monday night, or if there was any difference, they were built up somewhat more neatly; for notwithstanding the aid of my father, it took longer to effect an entry into the cell than when I was unassisted. On reaching the interior we found that the candle and matches had been taken away, and the empty chest upon which I had seen them was placed with the other empty chests. All else in the cell was unchanged.

My father spoke few words during this investigation, and appeared greatly depressed, though, so far as I could make out he cared but little for the loss he had sustained. He agreed with me (for indeed the evidences of it were undeniable) that the contents of the chests had been abstracted quite recently—probably only a few days before.

We left the crypt as we had entered it, my father locking the door after him and putting the key into his pocket. Coming out of the stillroom into the hall we noticed that the front door was opened as widely as possible and that eight strong men were with much difficulty bringing in upon rollers an immense steel safe of enormous weight, the secure receptacle for our family papers which uncle Sam had promised to my father.

To be continued.

A Revolutionary Mailbox.

Among the treasures held by the Antiquarian Society in Portsmouth, N. H., there is an old box the history of which is given on a label which it bears.

The box is of tin, painted green, and shows signs of much usage, which is not surprising when one considers that it carried the United States mail between Portsmouth and Boston during the Revolution. It is about nine inches long, four and one-half inches wide, and a little more than that in height. It was carried on horseback by Captain John Noble, otherwise known as Deacon Noble, who was post rider until 1783.

This box contained all the mail, and made every week one round trip—occupying three days in the journey—from Portsmouth to Boston the first of the week, and three days at the end of the week from Boston to Portsmouth. The distance between the two places is a little more than fifty miles.

The mailbox is somewhat battered and the paint faded and scraped, but there is no doubt that in case need arose the stout little box could even now serve as it did in the time of the country's peril.—Youth's Companion.

A Guard on Bicycles.

President Loubet is well protected. His secret guard consists of twelve men, under the orders of a Police Commissioner. These men watch constantly over his person. When he receives they mingle with the guests close by him and when he goes out, they follow him and have orders never to lose him an instant from view. When he drives they accompany him on bicycles and it is only then that they can be recognized. This guard of thirteen men alone costs the State the nice little sum of 75,000 francs a year.

New Ideas in TOILETTES

New York City. — Dark blue and white polka dot dimity is used for this comfortable house sacque with ecru lace for trimming. It is shaped to the



MISSIE'S DRESSING SACQUE.

figure with under-arm gores and fitted backs, a smooth adjustment being maintained under the arms and over the hips. The neck is cut slightly low and square, finished with band of lace. The full fronts are gathered at the upper edge and arranged on the lace, falling in long, loose folds over the bust. In some sacques ribbon is run through a casing or beading at the neck and tied in a bow, the fullness being adjusted in this manner.

The lower edge of the sacque is turned up in a deep hem. The sleeves are shaped with inside seams only, and have comfortable fullness on the shoulders. They are gathered a short distance from the lower edge and drawn close to the arm with a band of lace. The sleeve below this forms a ruffle that flares prettily over the arm. Sacques in this style may be made of thin wash fabrics, lawn, swiss or mercerized cotton, with lace and ribbon for trimming. It is also appropriate for albatross, French flannel, challie or

soft stuffs by lace or chiffon or by the deft treatment of artistic trimmings, applique, etc.

The New Coats.

The coats of all the costumes designed for early autumn, says Harper's Bazar, are made long enough to come more than half-way down the skirt, and the short jacket of last year and the year before is quite out of date. And yet, to show how capricious is fashion, an immensely smart little coat is on the old-fashioned reefer style, double-breasted and curved in at the sides. From all present indications the autumn and winter will not show any more definitely marked lines than did last year.

Absence of Artificial Lustre.

Prunellas, soleils, poplins and similar lustrous materials are now quite passé. A panne finish recently introduced has met with scant favor. All the best seems to be decidedly toward stuffs with an entire absence of artificial lustre.

Plain Materials Favored.

Plain materials are far and away in the lead for autumn wear. Fancy dress weaves have entirely given place to art in dressmaking in the fashion world these days.

The Vogue of Moire.

The vogue of moire, revived last spring, will continue throughout the autumn and winter. Moire Velour will also come in for a share of this popularity.

Hopsack Weaves.

Hopsack weaves in solid colors are to be much worn by ultra-stylish women for knockabout street gowns.

When Long Coats Are Too Warm.

At this season of the year, when long coats are too warm for general wear, short reeferers are considered quite comfortable garments for little folk when



FANCY WAIST AND FIVE-GORED SKIRT.

wash silk. To make the sacque for a miss of fourteen years will require two and a half yards of twenty-seven-inch material.

A Stylish Toilet.

White voile is used for the stylish toilet shown in the large drawing, with saffron lace and black velvet ribbon for trimming. White is the color par excellence for dress occasions this season, and many lovely silk and wool fabrics are developed in this cool, airy color.

The waist is made over a glove-fitted featherboned lining that closes in the centre front. The back is plain across the shoulders and drawn close to the belt, where the fullness is arranged in tiny pleats. A smooth adjustment is maintained under the arms. The front plastron is included in the right shoulder and neck, seams fastening invisibly on the left. The full fronts are tucked from the yoke to belt, and open to display the plastron to the waist line. Narrow revers of lace finish the upper part of the full fronts.

A transparent lace collar completes the neck. The sleeve is tucked from shoulder to elbow and forms a puff below the tucks that are gathered and arranged on a deep-pointed lace cuff.

The skirt is shaped with five well-proportioned gores, fitted smoothly around the waist without darts. The fullness in the centre back is arranged in two underlying pleats that are pressed flatly. The skirt closes invisibly under these pleats.

One or two flounces may be used as preferred. The illustration shows two circular flounces that are trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon and flare widely around the bottom. A band of lace finishes the upper edge of the flounce.

To make the waist in the medium size will require one and a half yards of forty-four-inch material with one yard of all-over-lace.

To make the skirt in the medium size will require five and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material.

The mornings and evenings are cool enough to require some slight protection. No lining is required, the seams being prettily bound with narrow ribbons in self-colors.

This reefer is simply adjusted with shoulder and under-arm seams, fitted smoothly on the shoulders and flaring in box effect at the lower edge.

It closes in front with large pearl buttons and buttonholes worked through the scallops on the edges. A broad cape collar extends over the shoulders in a becoming manner and the turnover collar is scalloped to correspond.

The lower edge of the jacket is scalloped, also the flaring cuffs that complete the sleeves. These are shaped with upper and under portions and have slight fullness on the shoulders. Fancy feather stitching in a contrast-



CHILD'S REEFER.

ing color provides an attractive finish to the edges.

To make the reefer for a child two years old will require one and a half yards of twenty-seven-inch material.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR OCTOBER 5.

Subject: Joshua Encouraged, Josh. 1: 1-11—Golden Text, Josh. 1: 9—Memory Verses, 8, 9—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

1. "Now." This indicates a close connection with what precedes. It is quite probable that the book of Joshua originally began with the last chapter of Deuteronomy. "After the death." After the thirty days' mourning were over. "The servant of the Lord." This was the official title of Moses, as invested with a special mission to make known the will of God, and conferred great honor and authority. "The Lord spake." The Lord did not speak with Joshua face to face as He did with Moses, but probably through the high priest. Num. 27: 15-22. "Joshua." His name was originally Hoshes, Salvation, or Help. To this was added afterwards the prefix "Jeh," Jehovah, and his name became Jehoshua, shortened into Joshua—Salvation from Jehovah. This name in the Greek is Jesus, and in Acts 7: 45 and Heb. 4: 8 Joshua is called Jesus. Moses the "lawgiver" led Israel to the border, Joshua the prototype of Jesus brought them over. Joshua was born in the land of Goshen, Egypt. He was a descendant of Joseph, through Ephraim. At this time he was about eighty-four years of age. He was distinguished for his courage, faith and piety. "Son of Nun." Nothing is known of Nun only that he was of the tribe of Ephraim. "Moses' minister." It was customary for great prophets to be thus attended by ministers or servants. Thus had Joshua been trained in the best possible school. Moses was the servant of Jehovah and Joshua the minister of Moses. A servant is less honorable than a minister, but it is unspeakably greater to be Jehovah's servant than the minister of the greatest earthly potentate.

2. "This Jordan." Called the "descender" because of its rapid descent of a thousand feet between the sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea. It is one of the most powerful rivers in the world. It has many turnings and windings so that although the distance between the two seas is only sixty miles, yet the river traverses a distance of at least two hundred miles. During the distance there are twenty-seven large cataracts, besides a great many smaller ones; thus on it goes a foaming torrent plunging down into the "Sea of Salt" where the waters are brackish and scalding. It is sometimes deep and at other times shallow enough to be forded. "All this people." According to the second census (Num. 26: 31) the warriors, men over twenty years of age, numbered 603,720, besides 23,000 Levites. This justifies an estimate of not less than 2,000,000 people altogether.

3. "Your foot shall tread." The entire land was before them, and it depended upon their courage and faith how much of it they possessed.

4. "From the wilderness." The boundaries of the land are here defined. "This Lebanon." A double range of mountains which formed the northern boundary. "Euphrates." The eastern boundary. This was the largest, the longest and the most important of the rivers of western Asia. "Hittites." A tribe of Canaanites living in the southern part of the promised land. They were the most powerful tribe in Canaan and the especial terror of the ten spies. Gen. 15: 16. This was an important promise. Ye shall possess the land of even the dreaded Hittites. "Great sea." The Mediterranean. Called "great" in comparison with the seas of Canaan. It is 2500 miles long and 1200 miles in its greatest width, and has an average depth of over half a mile. "Averaging depth." Meaning that this is the western boundary. "Your coast." This was a larger territory than the Hebrews ever possessed, except for a short time during the reigns of David and Solomon.

5. "Not any man." etc. What a promise is this! He was to have victory in every conflict. But the divine promise implies a condition. See vs. 7-9. "I will be with thee." Joshua needed no other ally, but he needed these great promises. A crisis had arrived in the history of the nation, and he knew that Jehovah alone could bring them into their promised inheritance. "Not fail thee." I. God's presence gives constant victory. Any man may conquer who fights with the Lord on His side. 2. God's presence is given irrespective of ability or social condition. God walks with all who fear Him, the poor, the needy, the persecuted, the down-trodden. 3. God's presence once given will remain with us forever, unless we disobey Him.

6. "Be strong." etc. Better, "be strong and firm." It denotes strength of hand and arm to lay hold of and retain anything within one's grasp; and firmness in the knees, and ability to maintain one's position against the attack of foes. The expression occurs with increasing emphasis four times in this chapter, and is rather a command than an exhortation. "Shalt thou divide." See R. V. The Lord shows Joshua that "he is the link in the chain which unites glorious and fulfillment," that "all the glorious possibilities of his nation hinge upon his own personal valor and fidelity." Joshua was to use all his military skill, and avail himself of the utmost of all the means, natural and providential, placed within his reach. God will not help them who refuse to help themselves.

7. "All the law." All the moral, ceremonial and political precepts given from Jehovah to the hand of Moses. Joshua is admonished that the law must be strictly and carefully observed, if the great work to which he has been called was to be successfully accomplished. He was to carry out its provisions to the letter. "To the right....to the left." Perfect obedience is represented by a straight line, and a course of sin by a crooked way. "Mayest prosper." There is no rest or lasting prosperity outside of a perfect obedience to all of God's commandments.

8. "Book of the law." Moses had already written the law, and he was to diligently study it and meditate upon it, and their lives were to be governed according to its precepts.

9. "Thy God is with thee." As the soldier's valor is stimulated by the eye of his captain, so a vivid realization of the presence of God is a safeguard against fearfulness and discouragement.

10. "Officers of the people." These were the leaders of the army whose offices embraced various duties. It seems to have been a part of their work to act as heralds and to prepare the tribes for action.

11. "Prepare your victuals." The word denotes food obtained in hunting. Although the Jews were not hunters, and several days after this, yet the supernatural supply probably began to decrease as the natural supply increased. God never works miracles as a premium to indolence.

Desolation in Venezuela.

Herbert W. Bowen, the United States Minister to Venezuela, has forwarded to the State Department a letter addressed to him by the Rev. T. S. Pond, an American missionary in Venezuela, relative to the widespread poverty of the people of that country. Mr. Pond says that during his residence of five years in Caracas he has never before in any circumstances of peace, known anything to compare to the present widespread and hopeless poverty. This, he says, is largely due to the utter paralysis of enterprises, foreign and domestic, since the present civil conflict began four years ago. The rural districts he describes as being stripped bare and in a state of desolation. In consequence of this, crowds of starving people are rapidly invading Caracas. Mr. Pond says that the families of Caracas can obtain only one meal a day and hundreds cannot get even that, and the price of the necessities of life is high and still rising.

Says He Saw a White Moose.

M. A. Cushing, of Boston, says he has seen a white moose. White deer have been seen occasionally in the Maine woods at rare intervals during the last fifty years, but to the knowledge of Mr. Cushing has never been heard of. Mr. Cushing ran across one in the tangled spruce thickets near Chair-Buck Mountain, in Maine, a few days ago. The moose was a full-grown bull, and in color was a dusty white.

The Religious Life

READING FOR THE QUIET HOUR WHEN THE SOUL INVITES ITSELF.

Poem: A Vacant Chair—Prayer to Be Answered Must Spring From a Pure Motive—Every Grace of the Spirit Must Be Purchased by Sacrifice.

Though twain, our lives for years ran on as one; But now I sit beside her vacant chair, And wonder if it's true that she is gone, Or if I'm dreaming in some stifling air.

I might persuade myself it is a dream; But, when I look across the table there, To ask her thought on some engaging theme, My eyes fall on her lonely vacant chair.

But as I sit composed and think of her, And try to pray, "Thy will, O God, be done," The air so still about me seems to stir, And something tells me I am not alone.

I feel what must be truth I cannot prove, For, lo! she me upward look, and not de-spair.

I cannot fathom Him, but "God is love,"—A star of hope shines o'er her vacant chair.

The mortal body cannot love and trust, 'Tis soul that loves, and soul is more than dust.

And, though the body moulders back to dust, Love lives on forevermore with God. —E. A. Coil, in Christian Register.

Unanswered Prayers.

There is a sense in which all prayers are answered either by obtaining the object sought or by securing something far better adapted to their best interests, and thus to the ultimate end of all true prayer—the eternal happiness through unbroken goodness.

All prayers will be answered when they accord with wisdom, unselfishness and the highest good.

God answers every petition literally under the present order of things would make infinite wisdom the slave of human caprice, absolute holiness a partner in human folly, and boundless compassion the author of endless evil.

Prayers are sometimes unanswered because of the character and tendency of the objects sought. Men, like children, frequently crave those things which would injure them. They pray for riches, both here and hereafter. Like Elijah under the juniper tree, they pray for that which falls far below the highest good, and like Paul, with his thorn in the flesh, we too often seek ease rather than strength. It is better to have to groan to bear burdens than to be weak and free from burdens.

Prayers sometimes remain unanswered because they spring from wrong motives. The soul must be purified by sacrifice. Prayer in the case of Simon Magus was ignored, because it sought the mere gratification of worldly pride.

The farmer who prays to save himself from labor will never secure a harvest. Let any man who may call upon God until doomsday without avail unless they obey the divine "Go forward!" Maliciousness will find no aid or comfort in prayer. The man who would of Jesus is the true standard of acceptable prayer.

Sometimes answers are sought in vain because divine methods of answering are rejected. There is no use praying for rain without clouds. If one prays for a disposition of sweet sympathy he may be compelled to accept the breaking power of sorrow.

There is a divine method in every natural and spiritual realm. Every grace of the spirit must be purchased by sacrifice. The chisel and the mallet are instruments by which beauty clothes the marble. Purity often comes only by fire.

The greatest attainments come at the greatest cost. The pebbles are smooth and symmetrical by the crashing of the floods on the shore; Joseph's troubles paved the way to Joseph's throne. Through a prison window John Bunyan saw the triumphs of his pilgrim. True prayer must accept the price of its answer.

Pray to see Europe and you must accept the ocean voyage. Pray for physical power and you must accept discipline. Pray for spiritual power and you must accept self-sacrifice.

Prayer is sometimes unanswered because of nonobservance of the conditions of true prayer. A purpose to do the will of God is the fundamental requirement in prayer. Without this prayer is not heard. God listens to man's voice when man listens to God's voice. It must also be addressed to the Father in the name of the only acceptable One—His Son, Jesus Christ.

Prayer in his own name and went out with fallen countenance. Abel came through the lamb of atonement and was accepted.

The motion of human prayer to be effective must be seconded by the Holy Spirit. When prayer is prompted by the Holy Spirit, accompanied by simple, childlike confidence, offered in the name of the Saviour, from a pure motive, and the petitioner is willing to accept the wise, just and merciful will of God, it will be heard in heaven and granted by infinite love.—The Rev. J. D. Leek.

Impatience.

Impatience is a dangerous quality. It constantly places your self-interest in peril. Moreover, it makes unhappy circumstances more unhappy still. You can't rebel against your surroundings with a complaining heart without rendering yourself more miserable. You can't improve your life over calmly and impartially and you will find that where you have been at odds with your lot you have made that lot so much the worse and more difficult to bear. The bitter experience and made the best of it you would have reaped the benefits otherwise impossible. It is equally true that where you have been impatient of speech you have had cause for regret, while a curbed tongue has been cause for rejoicing. When you have been silent you have done better than when you have spoken. A bitter word suppresses strengthens the character, while a reckless utterance in like a bomb, whose sure to injure if it does not kill the friendship.—G. H. Hepworth.

Weeping Leads to Prayer.

The late Newman Hall applied Christ's parable of "The Sower" in these words: "We weep because of seed that falls on stony ground, where the strong sun of temptation burns up the plants which have sprung from the seed. And we weep because we are like the seed that falls where thorns spring up and choke it. But such weeping leads to praying, and praying brings fresh showers of divine grace. And with the showers hope revives and the words of promise are remembered."

Killed 166 Whales.

A great whale hunt took place at Pillsbury in the State of Iceland, on a recent Saturday. When a ship that day a school of herring whales was reported approaching the coast the entire fishing population put to sea aboard of everything that would float. They drove the whales ashore and slaughtered 166 of them. The longest whale measured thirty-five feet.

A Veteran Teacher.

Master Capen, of the Boston Latin School, has just completed a record of fifty years' continuous service as teacher in one institution. He is seventy-nine years old, and is popularly known to thousands of pupils and ex-pupils of the school as "Cap" Capen.

An Air Mail Service.

A postal pneumatic tube service between New York and Brooklyn was ordered.