

YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY.

L. M. GRIST & SONS, Publishers.

A Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural, and Commercial Interests of the People.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1902.

NO. 74.

THE LADY OF LYNN.

By SIR WALTER BESANT.

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CHAPTER XIII.

A RESPIRE.

IT WAS as one who carries a respite for a man already in the cart and on his way to Tyburn, or I was as one who himself receives a respite on the way to Tyburn, for if the charges in those letters were true there could be no doubt as to the result of an inquiry. Nor could there be any doubt that Lord Fyngdale in such a case would refuse an inquiry. I ran, therefore, as if everything depended on my speed, and I arrived breathless.

Molly was alone, walking about the garden restlessly. The sun was now set, but the glow of the sky lingered, and her face was flushed in the western light. "Jack," she cried, "I thought we had parted this afternoon! What has happened? You have been running. What is it?"

"A good deal has happened, Molly. For one thing, you will not be married tomorrow morning."

"Why not? Is my lord ill?"

"Not that I know of, but you will not be married tomorrow morning."

"You talk in riddles, Jack."

"Would you like to put off the wedding, Molly?"

"Alas, if I could put it off altogether! I am downhearted over it, Jack. It weighs me down like lead. But there is no escape."

"I think I have in my pocket a means of escape—a respite at least—unless there are worse laws in the world than those we have at Lynn."

"Lairs at Lynn, Jack? Who are they? Oh, Jack, what has happened?"

I sat down on a garden bench. "Molly," I said, "you hold the private character of Lord Fyngdale in the highest esteem, do you not?"

"There is no better man living. This makes me ashamed of being so loath to marry him."

"Well, but, Molly, consider. Who has bestowed this fine character upon his lordship?"

"Everybody who knows him—Sam Semple for one. He is never weary of singing the praises of his patron."

"He is a grateful soul and, on his own account, a pillar of religion. I will show you presently what an ornament he is to religion. Who else?"

"The Rev. Benjamin Purden, once his tutor. Surely he ought to know."

"Surely. Nobody ought to know better. I will show you presently how admirable a witness to character this reverend divine must be esteemed."

"There is Sir Harry Malynes, who assured us that his lordship is thought to be too virtuous for the world of fashion."

"He is himself, like the parson, a fine judge of character. Is that all?"

"No. The Lady Anastasia herself spoke to me of his nobility."

"She has also spoken to me of other things. See here, Molly," I lugged out the two letters. "What I have here contain the characters of all these excellent persons—the latest scandals about them, their reputations and their practices."

"But, Jack, what scandals? What reputations?"

"You shall see, Molly. Oh, the allegations may be false, one and all. For what I know Sam may have the wings of an archangel, and Mr. Purden may be already overripe for the new Jerusalem. But you shall read."

I offered her the letters. "No," she said. "Read them in yourself."

"The first, then, is from my father's first cousin, Zackary Pentecoste, a bookseller in Little Britain, which is a part of London. He is, I believe, a respectable, God-fearing man. You will observe that he does not vouch for the truth of his information."

I then read at length the letter which you have already heard.

"What do you think, Molly?"

"I don't know what to think. Is the world so wicked?"

"Here is another letter, concerning the Rev. Benjamin Purden. Observe that this is another and an independent witness." So I read the second letter, which you have also heard.

"What do you think of this worthy gentleman, Molly?"

"Oh, Jack, I am overwhelmed! Tell me more, what it means!"

"Well, Molly, you have seen the vicar taste a glass of wine. He will roll it in the glass; he will hold it to the light, admiring the color; he will inhale the fragrance; he will drink it slowly, little by little, sipping the contents, and he will not take more than a single glass or two at the most. In the same time Tom Rising would have gulped down a whole bottle. One man wants to gratify many senses; the other seeks only to get drunk as quickly as he can. So, I take it, with the forbidden pleasures of the world. One man may cultivate his taste; the other may be satisfied with the coarse and plentiful debauchery. This is not, however, talk for honest folk like you and me."

"Go on with your story, Jack. Never mind the different ways of wickedness."

"Well, he heard of an heiress. She belonged to a town remote from fashion—a town of simple merchants and sailors. She was very rich; much richer than he at first believed."

"Who told him about this heiress?"

"A creature called Sam Semple, whom the captain once cudgeled. Why, Molly, it is revenge. In return for the cudgeling he would place you and your fortune in the hands of a man who would bring misery upon you and ruin on your fortune. Heavens, how the thing works out! And it happened just in the nick of time that a spring was found in the town—a spring whose medicinal properties—Ha! I jumped to my feet."

"Molly, who found that spring? Sam Semple. Who wrote to the doctor about it? Sam Semple. Who spread abroad a report that the physicians of London were sending their patients to Lynn? Sam Semple. How many patients have come to us from London? None, save and except only the party of those who came secretly in his lordship's train to sling his praises and to work his wicked will. Why, Molly— I burst into a laugh, for now I understand, as one sometimes does understand, suddenly and without proof other than the rapid conclusion, the full meaning of the whole."

"Molly, I say, there has never been any medicinal spring here at all. The doctor's well is but common spring water. There are no cures. The whole business is a plan, a bite, an invention of Sam Semple!"

"Jack, have a care. How can that be when the doctor has a long list of cures?"

"I know it, but I do know that Sam Semple invented the spa in order to bring this invasion of sharpers and gamblers and heiress hunters. Oh, what a liar he is! What revenge!"

"This letter I folded, sealed, addressed and dropped into my pocket. Then I bade Molly good night, entreated her to be thankful for her escape and so left her with a light heart. Verily it seemed as if the address of the last two months had been wholly and suddenly lifted, and on my way back to the Crown I passed the Lady Anastasia's lodging just as her chair was brought to the house. I opened the door for her and stood in hand."

"Why, it is Jack!" she cried. "It is the sailor Jack, the constant lover. Have you anything more to tell me?"

"Only that Molly will not keep that appointment of tomorrow evening."

"Oh, that interesting appointment in St. Nicholas's church. May a body ask why the ceremony has been postponed?"

"Things have been disclosed at the last moment, fortunately in time."

"What things, and by whom?"

"By letter. It is stated as a fact well known that Lord Fyngdale is nothing better than a ruined rake and a notorious gambler."

"Indeed! The excellent Lord Fyngdale! Impossible! Quite impossible! The illustrious example of so many virtues! The explanations will be, I am sure, complete and satisfactory. Ruined; a rake; a notorious gambler! What next will the world say? Does his lordship know of this discovery? Did you not? Well, my friend, I am much obliged to you for telling me. You are quite sure Molly will not be there? Very good of you to tell me. For my own part I start for London quite early—at 5 o'clock. Goodby, Jack!"

Then I went into the Crown, where I learned that the captain had been reading another letter containing accusations as bad as those in the other two.

So we fell to talking over the business, and it was resolved that the captain should demand explanations by letter, that he should refuse to receive the villain Sam Semple or his lordship and that the vicar should, if necessary, proceed to London and there learn what he could concerning the past history and the present reputation of the noble squire. Meantime I said no more about the intended marriage at St. Nicholas's church and the abandonment of the plan. As things turned out, it would have been far better had I told the captain and had we both planted ourselves as sentinels at the door, so as to be quite sure that Molly did not go forth at 6 in the morning.

That evening, after leaving me, Lady Anastasia sent a note to Lord Fyngdale. "I am leaving Lynn early tomorrow morning. I expect to be in London in two days. Shall write to Molly."

"But afterward, Jack? What shall we do afterward? If he is innocent, he will take offense. If not—"

"If you were engaged to marry a young merchant, Molly, or to a skipper, or you heard rumors of bankruptcy, drink or evil courses, what would you do?"

"I would tell him that I had heard such and such about him, and I should ask for explanations."

"Then do exactly the same with Lord Fyngdale. He is bound to inquire. Why, the vicar himself says that he would, if necessary, in order to ascertain the truth, travel all the way to London, there to learn the foundations, if any, for these charges, and afterward into Gloucestershire, where his country mansion stands, to learn on the spot what the tenants and the people of the country know of him."

"But suppose he refuses explanations. He is too proud to be called to account."

"Then send him packing. Lord or no lord, proud or humble, if he furnishes explanations, if these things are untrue, then—why, then you will consider what to do. But, Molly, I do not believe that any explanations will be forthcoming and that your noble lover will carry it off to the end with the same lofty pride and cold mien."

"Let us go into the parlor, Jack. There are the captain's writing materials. Help me to say what is proper. Oh, is it possible? Can I believe it? Are these things true? That proud man, raised above his fellows by his virtues and his rank and his principles! Jack, he risked his life for me!"

"Ask no more questions, Molly. We must have explanations. Let us write the letter."

It was Molly's first letter—the only letter, perhaps, that she will ever write in all her life. Certainly she had never written one before, nor has she ever written one since. Like most housewives, her writing is only wanted for household accounts, recipes for puddings and pies and the labeling of her bottles and jars. I have the letter before me at this moment. It is written in a large, sprawling hand, and the spelling is not such as would satisfy my father.

Naturally she looked to me for advice. I had written many letters to my owners and to foreign merchants about cargoes, and the like, and was therefore able to advise the composition of a letter which should be justly expressed and to the point:

"Honored Lord—This is from me at the present moment in my guardian's parlor—writing parlor when I as mate of the ship should have written port of harbor. It is to inform you that intelligence has been brought by letters from London and Cambridge. Touching the matters referred to in these letters, I have to report for your satisfaction that they call your lordship in round terms a gambler and a ruined rake and your companions at the rickety old Beau and the colonel—simple rogues, common cheats and sharpers. Shall not, therefore, meet your lordship at the church tomorrow morning as instructed. Awaiting your lordship's explanations and commands, your most obedient, humble servant."

"MOLLY."

"TO BE CONTINUED."

"In consequence of an increase in the price of German coal sent to Switzerland, that country is now being supplied with American coal."

"Los Angeles claims to have a greater stretch of attractive ocean beach in its vicinity than any other American city."

Miscellaneous Reading.

A BLACK TYRANT'S TREASURE.

Hope of Finding It Springs Eternal in Hayti.

According to tradition in the West Indies, the buried treasure of Captain Kidd is small in value compared with that which was hidden by the Black Napoleon of Hayti. As there are men who hope to find Kidd's ill-gotten gains, there are others who dig on the chance of discovering Christophe's millions. Popular report numbers these at fifteen and makes them, in great part, of Spanish coins of gold and silver. Kidd, both as a collector of wealth and a destroyer of life, was a tyro in comparison with Christophe. Kidd, at times, had bowels of compassion, though they were shrunken. King Henri I of Hayti knew not such a word as pity.

Christophe was born a slave on one of the English islands of the West Indies. Though not of large frame, he had great physical strength. He also had a furious temper, but this he was taught with whips and irons to govern. The monotony of existence under the Union Jack palled upon him to such an extent before he was full grown that he ran away. His mecca was Hayti. Slavery had been abolished there and the fame of Toussaint L'Ouverture had spread widely among blacks as well as whites. After the capture through treachery of L'Ouverture by Gen. Leclerc, of the French army of occupation, Christophe attached himself to the fortunes of Dessalines. His bravery and cunning as a guerrilla attracted attention while his monstrous cruelty was overlooked by those of his own side. Dessalines, also a black and ex-slave, gave Christophe high commands and trusted him as close as one Haytian ever trusts another.

Unlike many of his countrymen, Christophe was highly charged with energy. As a slave he envied those who indulged in a daily alea; as a freeman he slept little and never when others were awake.

When Dessalines had himself crowned as emperor in 1804, the thought occurred to Christophe that he could rule a people as easily as command a regiment. It required all his tact to escape the suspicious attention of Dessalines. As an emperor the latter played the part of jury, judge and executioner, and from his decision there was no appeal, except a successful cry to arms. This cry was heard in Hayti in 1806, and while its echoes were still young the first black emperor of Hayti was ready for burial.

There was no time to be lost in securing a grip upon the direction of affairs and none was lost by Christophe. His command was well drilled for Haytian troops and had boundless confidence in its chief. By threatening and cajoling he increased his little army until he was strong enough to proclaim himself ruler of the northern part of Hayti. In the southern part the Spanish residents made a brave fight. The war was prolonged for four years, but among the Spaniards there was no leader of the calibre of Christophe and they capitulated finally.

Upon those who remained on the island Christophe practiced the most savage cruelties. He had an insatiable lust for gold, as well as power, and it was from the Spaniards that he wrenched the foundation and even the bulk of an enormous fortune. Full of suspicion and trusting none except, perhaps, his wife, he decided to build a fortress in which he could intrench himself in time of danger; also a palace which would rival the royal palaces of Europe. Under his direction Sans Souci was built, and, though in ruinous condition today, is beautiful still. But the great monument of his power, energy and savagery is La Ferriere, a huge fortress perched on a mountain top and accessible only by a steep and difficult trail.

Before the first stone of La Ferriere was laid Christophe had himself proclaimed King of Hayti, under the title of Henri I. As a ruler he was ruthless. Some of his projects were magnificent, but wholly out of proportion to the size of his kingdom or the wealth of his people.

This wealth, however, it was his design to possess himself. He levied and collected taxes and these were so graded that no man was asked to pay more than he possessed, or the king thought fit. No man might labor for himself undone. Thousands of tons of stone in huge blocks were needed for La Ferriere. They were provided, though each block cost a life. Hills were levelled and ravines were filled to the tops. Steadily and not slowly grew the frowning walls of La Ferriere. There was no water on the mountain top from which La Ferriere frowned. A well was dug deep into its heart and from an ice-cold source water gushed. The garison was safe from thirst.

Dungeons many, deep, dark, were constructed. Of these the bottle-necked dungeons were built upon specifications provided by Christophe. There are four of these bottle-necked dungeons in a row. The fall to the bottom of the first is fifteen feet, the second twenty feet, the third thirty feet, while the bottom of the fourth is in the heart of the mountain. The latter is a sepulchre filled with the bones of those who perished under the rule of Christophe, otherwise Henri I.

It is estimated that in the building and equipping of La Ferriere 30,000 lives were sacrificed. Those who built it received no pay and had the privilege of "finding themselves." The work was equivalent to a quick shrift. Three hundred pieces of ordnance were pulled up the mountain and mounted. Many of these are in place today. In Christophe's day it took a regiment a full day to drag a 32-pounder up the mountain-side.

Christophe had a sense of humor as

black as his complexion. He was at luncheon one day when he noticed a company of soldiers tugging at a gun. There were a hundred men in the company. Leaving the table he sent for the officer in command. In his softest manner he inquired why the men were so slow at their work. The gun was heavy, said the officer. He was told to parade his men. He did so. "Let every fourth man step to the front," said Christophe. The order was obeyed. He then ordered that those who had stepped to the front be shot. They were shot. "You are now seventy-five," said Christophe in his sulkiest tones to the survivors, "Let me see you pull the gun up." The seventy tried and failed. Once more they were paraded. Every third man stepped to the front in answer to Christophe's low command. They were shot. "You are now fifty men," he said; "let me see you pull the gun in place." With the desperation of despair the fifty men strained at the ropes and succeeded in their task. "I thought you could do it," said Christophe with a smile. Then he ordered the fifty men shot. They were shot and he resumed his luncheon.

He was walking on the battlements one day with a young man toward whom he had shown some kindness. "How far is it to the bottom?" he asked of his young companion, looking over the edge, which bordered a precipice. "Two thousand feet, sir," was the answer. "Let me see you jump over," said Christophe. The young man sprang into space. From the sides of the precipice grew some sturdy bushes and from top to bottom there were strong and elastic creepers. In some of these bushes the young man's body, as by a miracle, was caught. With wonderful agility he made his way to the bottom, then climbed the mountain trail, and, appearing before Christophe, torn, bleeding and breathless, murmured: "Your bidding has been done, sir."

"Let me see you do it again," said Christophe. Only one miracle was performed that day and he did not return.

When Christophe heard of a subject who had money he sent for him. If he failed to produce as much as was expected, he was thrown over the battlements or dropped into a bottle-necked dungeon. When a majority of his subjects had given all they possessed to the Black Napoleon and his gains amounted to many millions, he had them buried, it is said, by some of his most trusted guards. In a short time the guards were seen no more. They disappeared one by one, "on secret missions," Christophe said. The Haytiens were long suffering, but they rose at last. Christophe was in his Palace of Sans Souci when he heard of the revolt. He called his guards, gave them money, which was not his custom, and told them to slay and spare not. Had he been able to accompany them he might have won one more battle, so great was the fear inspired by his presence. But he had been stricken with paralysis, for which he took baths of rum and pepper. His wife and daughter were with him when word was brought that his guards had joined the insurgents. He found strength to hobble into a vacant apartment of his palace. There he put a pistol to his head and pulled the trigger. His body was carried to La Ferriere by his wife and daughter and buried in the fortress, where, it is said, his millions lie hid.

The guard at La Ferriere is changed at short intervals to this day, that they may not find Christophe's millions. Official and unofficial digging for the buried treasure has been carried on from the day of Christophe's death until the present.

Some years ago a rumor flashed through the island that the treasure had been discovered. It was during the term of President Hippolyte. A young man appeared at one of the gaming tables at Cape Haytien and paid his losses in old Spanish doubloons. He gambled, lost and paid with the aid of one to whom money is dross. His manners and his money attracted much attention. The Haytiens are a born gossip and tales of Christophe's millions are so ripe that many were quick to suggest that the stranger had a tag to some purpose. The tale was borne to Hippolyte. The president sent for the stranger.

"Confide in me and become a general," said Hippolyte. In his suavest fashion the stranger said that he had nothing to confide. This was exasperating, but Hippolyte kept his temper and control and maintained a friendly attitude. For many days entertaining the stranger, who seemed quite at ease, finally Hippolyte grew tired of playing the gentleman-host and threatened the stranger betook himself to silence. The stranger betook himself to silence. He was thrown into prison. His jailer practiced arts upon him which were calculated to open his mouth and his coffers. They failed to extract a confession or a fortune. The prisoner was set at liberty and followed by spies day and night. He disappeared as mysteriously as he had come.

In spite of the Haytien government and the attempts of thousands of private adventurers to find the buried treasure of the Black Napoleon, there is much of La Ferriere that remains unsearched. There are dungeons and gloomy passages into which even threats of death fail to drive the soldiers who are ever on guard there. There are thick and rusty iron doors, the creaking of which sends shivers through the poor wretches who open them to the few visitors whose strength and nerves are of a quality to carry them along the steep and tangled path that leads to the fortress. That Christophe possessed great wealth when he killed himself is no matter of doubt. There is no record that he smuggled it out of the country to a land of more stable government than his own, for he had too little faith in human nature to trust his fortune in other hands and in his day countries of stable government were less numerous than they are now.

—New York Sun.

SILK CULTURE IN THE SOUTH.

Experiments in North Carolina—National Encouragement.

The work of Gerald McCarthy, the biologist of the department of agriculture of North Carolina, with the silk worm is attracting widespread attention. He declares that silk culture may be made practical and commercially profitable in the United States, and that he has already started it off in his state. In fact, encouragement is given to Mr. McCarthy by the national government appropriating \$10,000 for a new series of silkworm experiments, although several years ago, Dr. L. O. Howard of the Federal department of agriculture declared that the silk growing industry could not be made to pay here. Yet Biologist McCarthy has imported silk-worm seed from Italy and distributed it as widely as possible among the farmers' wives of North Carolina. Nearly 190 women and children he interested altogether and induced to make the experiment. But a very small percentage, he reports, failed in the work.

Over his name and under the authority of the North Carolina department of agriculture there has recently gone out a circular to all these farms, directing them to send on to the department in Raleigh all the silk each has, that a manufacturer who is about to erect a reeling plant has agreed to buy it all. These cocoons were to have reached the department by September 1. No price is spoken of in the circular, but Mr. McCarthy says the figures will be fair and profitable. He calculates that when the industry is developed North Carolina can produce \$2,000,000 worth annually of silk cocoons.

Bradstreet's and other publications speak very doubtfully of the experiment, as they call it. But it is a fact known to a great many that silk was produced successfully in Georgia during the war between the states. It was not only produced in the raw state, but it was reeled off, put on the old-fashioned hand looms and woven into cloth, out of which handsome dresses were made, retaining their natural rich old gold color. The hand that indites these lines worked many an hour helping to convert the cocoon into "sewing silk" and into fishing lines. The worms were fed on mulberry leaves. Given a sufficient quantity of the latter and there need be no concern about producing silk in this state. The experiment has already been made.

Up to within a few years ago (if not now) Mr. C. E. Zipperer, of Lowndes county supplied all that region round about with a very superior fishing line, made by his own hand out of silk produced by him.—Macon Telegraph.

NEGROES' PHYSICAL CHANGE.

Extraordinary Deterioration in Body and Mind Since the War.

Tuberculosis has, in recent years, become so prevalent among the Negroes as to justify the belief that it may soon be the veritable scourge of the race. The susceptibility of Negroes to consumption has apparently undergone a most remarkable change within the last thirty or forty years. During the days of slavery the disease was so seldom found among them that they were considered immune to it. In fact, some of the older writers took the stand squarely, and asserted that consumption was unknown to the race. From being thus so rare as to be almost unknown, it has, in a single generation, become so prevalent and so fatal that now more Negroes in the South are dying of tuberculosis than of any other disease. While it exists among all classes, it is in the densely populated quarters of towns and cities, where they live in overcrowded and poorly ventilated houses, that it is found to be most frequent. In institutions where large numbers are more or less closely confined, the ravages of this disease are becoming truly alarming.

The following quotation from a paper on the "Future of the Colored Race in the United States," published some years ago, by Dr. Eugene Corson, is interesting in this connection. He says, "All the information which I have been able to obtain has satisfied me that the race was a healthy one, even healthier in the main than the whites. Since the war things have been reversed: the colored race as a race is not a healthy and robust one; their vitality is in a state of unstable equilibrium; liable from any undue strain to give way." Statistics from institutions, having both white and colored patients, will show that the latter is less able to resist the onslaught of disease. Dr. Mitchell, the superintendent of the Mississippi State Insane hospital, in his last report says: "There is one great difference between the races as regards mortality, and although our treatment, both dietetic and medicinal, is the same, our loss from deaths among the colored far exceeds that sustained by the whites."

Turning from the physical condition of the Negro, let us now investigate the mental stability of the race. Since 1860 the Negroes in this section, and the same is true of the south generally, have undergone such a change in their tendency to the development of mortal diseases as is shown by no other people in a similarly short period of time in the whole history of mankind. I will take the statistics of our own state, Georgia, a typical southern state, as they will probably be of more interest to this society than would those of the whole United States. In forty years the total Negro population in the state has been a little more than doubled, while the number of insane has increased twenty fold. No other such rapid and radical change in the mental stability of a race is recorded in history. This outbreak of insanity becomes still more remarkable when we consider that for generations prior to 1860 the colored people had been free from mental diseases. It has developed, therefore,

without the slightest hereditary taint. I cannot leave this subject without calling attention to one or more danger which is threatening the Negro at this time; that is, the drug habit—New York Medical Record.

WHEN BRIDGES BREATHE.

How Iron Expands in Summer and Contracts in Winter.

Though to speak of bridges breathing appears passing strange, nevertheless, inanimate structures are never still for a moment during the living day. The Britannia bridge, for instance, which is 400 feet long under normal circumstances, is from half to 3 inches longer at 3 p. m., than it is at 12 hours later, according to the amount of sunshine it is subjected to, which draws it sometimes an inch upward if the heat strikes the top of the tube, or to one side when the sun increases its temperature laterally, though the heaviest train will only bend it half an inch at any time. In like manner intense cold will cause a bridge to shrink more appreciably.

To show how intense the cold must have been, we have only to point out that Southwark bridge over the Thames, which, however, is only about one ninth the length of Brooklyn bridge, only rose in the centre to the amount of 1½ inches for 50 degrees rise in temperature. To allow for expansion or contraction the bulder of the Clifton suspension bridge provided the ends of the roadway with hinged flaps 8 feet long, which allow of perfect freedom of movement; and the makers of the tower bridge, which is about 2½ inches longer in the summer than in the winter, made a similar allowance.

After the choir of Bristol Cathedral was covered with sheet lead in 1851, it was discovered two years later that, notwithstanding the fact that the length of the covering was 60 feet, and its depth 18½ feet, it had crawled down bodily for 18 inches, drawing out nails from the rafters in its course which had been driven in to arrest its progress. The explanation of the movement lies in the fact that the lead naturally expanded more freely downward than upward when subjected to the sun's heat, and that when it contracted at night it drew its upper edge after it, in preference to climbing up to it.

The Eiffel tower, like the Britannia bridge, is ever on the move, either upward or downward, according to the temperature, the summit of the tower, so it is said, entailing an extra climb of five inches when the temperature is high than in the cool of the day, while in winter it is 8 inches shorter than at midsummer. Even the white marble obelisk dedicated to Washington, which was erected at a cost of \$293,000 rears its head 555 feet in height on the bank of the Potomac, is not proof against the power of the sun, and is said to increase its height by 2 inches and to bend slightly on a hot day.

With regard to the latter movement, a copper wire 174 feet long, carrying a plummet suspended in a vessel of water, renders perceptible the slight bend of the shaft caused by the rays of the sun pouring on one side only, though the inclination of the apex of the monument amounts to but a few hundredths of an inch toward the north each day at noon throughout the summer.

The railway line is a very powerful respirator. Probably every Answerite has noticed the gap between each rail. In winter the chink will be over a quarter of an inch in width, but in summer it will be quite closed up. During one of the frequent civil wars incidental to South America one of the belligerents conceived a unique idea of train wrecking. During the night he drove steel wedges tightly into these gaps for a considerable distance. The heat of the sun next day caused the rails to breathe heavily, but as they could not expand longitudinally they twisted themselves clean out of the chairs which clamped them to the sleepers and the railway was rendered completely useless for traffic.

A battleship is over 6 inches longer in summer than in winter, and an iron-clad in the tropics is nearly a foot longer than her sister ship in a more northern sea. One of the most powerful breathing materials employed for engineering work is concrete. The aqueduct for the conveyance of the water for London, extending from Bell Wier to Hampton, a distance of about eight and three-quarters miles, is provided with what are technically termed expansion joints, at intervals of 30 feet to enable the material to breathe.

ROOSEVELT AND THE TRUSTS.—Wm. J. Bryan evidently takes but little stock in President Roosevelt's anti-trust speeches. In the last issue of The Commoner he has this to say:

"A Republican must be dull indeed if he cannot discover from the president's recent speeches that he has come to an agreement with the trust magnates. Those who are looking for strenuousness along that line will not find it in his public utterances. They are weak and puerile."

"Instead of a warrior leading his men up San Juan Hill, we see the politician anxious for a renomination and afraid either to ignore the subject or to deal with it firmly and aggressively. It was quite certain in his Minneapolis speech, delivered before President McKinley's assassination, that he expected the administration to have a pro-trust candidate, and that he (Roosevelt) expected to make his fight against the trusts as a candidate of the anti-monopolists of his party, but after he was suddenly ushered into the White House and given a chance to shackle cunning, he has been apologizing for, rather than denouncing trusts, and in his speeches shows more moral than the people injure themselves morally in hating the trusts than they are hurt by the trusts."