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PROFESSIONAL BRETHREN.

By George E. Walsh.

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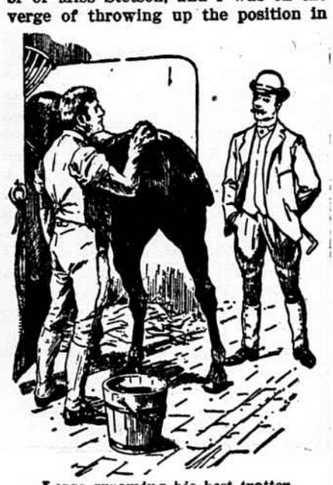
CHAPTER IV.

MY new master was indulgent to a degree, and my duties were not at all irksome. I showed some ignorance in grooming the horses, but John took pleasure in exhibiting his superior knowledge by showing me just what to do. I must have been an apt pupil, for he nodded approval every time I attempted to do the work according to his directions. But I was not cut out for menial labor. It was the anticipation of finding out more about Charles Goddard, my new master and companion in crime, that had first tempted me to accept such a position as groom.

I soon found out, however, that he had skillfully banished me from his presence. He never appeared around the barn, and so far as seeing him was concerned I might as well have been a hundred miles away. He went out riding every day, but John hitched up the horses and drove up to the front of the house, where shrubbery and trees hid them from view.

I stayed in my place five days without catching a glimpse of my master or of Miss Stetson, and I was on the verge of throwing up the position in



I was grooming his best trotter.

disgust when events took a different turn. On the morning of the sixth day Mr. Goddard appeared at the stable door where I was grooming his best trotter and took me by surprise.

"William, are you accustomed to driving?" he asked me before I had a chance to greet him with a good morning.

It was the first time we had met alone since that eventful night when we had robbed the Stetson mansion, and I was a little concerned to see if he would show any sign of recognition. His parting injunction had been that we should not know each other again unless we met under conditions similar to our first encounter. A glance at his face showed that he was still determined upon pursuing the same course even when we were alone.

I would not be outdone in keeping an honorable agreement, and I answered him accordingly.

"Yes, sir; I have driven good horses a little."

"Well, John is going to take the gray stallion to the city, and I want you to hitch up the team and drive me over to Miss Stetson's at 10 o'clock sharp."

"Yes, sir. I'll be there on time."

He hesitated a moment, looking straight at my clothes. I divined his meaning.

"I can put on John's clothes," I said. "We're about the same size, and they will fit."

"All right. That will solve the problem. I will depend on you to be there in time."

He walked hurriedly out of the barn, flecking the dust from his neatly fitting trousers with a riding whip. His figure was almost as perfect as the setting of his face, and I unintentionally fell to admiring it. He was every inch a gentleman, and the mystery of his strange double life was intensified. What reason had he to rob a house in the dead of night and that house belonging to a woman he loved?

Then it occurred to me that he had been searching for some papers or articles that concerned his welfare and that the robbery of the silverware was only an incidental feature of the night's work. The goods were probably taken out to cover up his tracks, to give the impression that some ordinary burglar had done the work. Satisfied with this solution of the mystery, I determined to stay in my position as groom for some time longer, hoping that events might reveal more to me and give me a chance in time of assisting Mr. Goddard in his trouble, for the truth was I had taken a strong liking to him and wished to be near him.

Promptly at 10 o'clock I rattled up to the house with the team and waited for my master (I did not consider it lowering to call him that), who soon appeared on the piazza dressed with immaculate taste. His face was a trifle paler than I had ever seen it before, but otherwise he was unchanged.

I liked the new duties assigned to me and looked forward with considerable interest to the outcome of the ride. I would at least have an opportunity to study the two together.

He dismounted at the front door of the Stetson house and lightly ran up the steps, taking two at a time. He was gone about fifteen minutes, during which time I studied the house and the various windows which opened upon rooms in which I must have been.

Miss Stetson appeared more beautiful than ever that morning, confirming my first impression. She noticed me with a slight inclination of the head. Then the two took their seats, and I drove them down the old country road in the opposite direction from the city.

For a time they remained silent, but after we had covered a mile they began to converse in monosyllables. This in time yielded to more animated conversation, conducted in an undertone that made hearing very difficult. I have always prided myself upon my good hearing, and it is due to the acuteness of this sense that I caught any of the conversation. As they became wrapped up in their talk they unconsciously raised their voices a trifle. As near as I could hear the important part of their conversation was as follows:

"I wish Dr. Squires would leave that old haunted house," Miss Stetson was saying. "It makes me feel cold and clammy every time I pass it, and what must it be to live in it all the time!"

"Probably very disagreeable, especially to one of your temperament," Mr. Goddard replied quietly.

"Or to one of your nature," she answered, with a rising intonation of her voice.

"But Dr. Squires does not seem to mind it," he added, unmoved. "I have offered to let him have a room in my house, but he prefers to stay where he is. He says he cannot pursue his investigations so well anywhere else."

"What are his studies and investigations? He is so mysterious about them that my curiosity is excited."

"Ask him, and he will probably tell you."

"I have, but he always puts me off—tells me to wait until some day when he is ready to announce his discovery to the world. Then he will tell me the first one."

"A great honor to you, I am sure, but I should demand to be let into the secret now."

There was a little irony in his voice which no one could mistake.

"Why do you not aspire to the same honor?" she asked in sharp, piqued tones. "I understand that you are just as ignorant of his secrets as I am."

"Yes, I am. I know nothing about his studies. He never lets me go beyond his office, which is on the ground floor in front, but then there is no special reason why he should take me into his secrets."

"Isn't he a friend of yours, and didn't you bring him here?"

"I brought him here, but not as a friend. I understood that he was skilled in certain lines, and I brought him here as a medical adviser. I am responsible for nothing more than that."

"You talk very differently from what you did six months ago. There was nothing too good for you to say about him."

"I'm saying nothing against him now. I merely disclaim responsibility for him except as a medical adviser."

"I do not think he needs you as a sponsor for his character," was the sharp rejoinder.

"Probably not."

The quietness of the reply added fuel to the fire, and the silence which followed was no indication of their feelings. I dropped the whip purposely on the seat back of me, and in turning to pick it up I caught a momentary glimpse of their faces. They were both pale, and they were gazing intently at the scenery on opposite sides of the carriage.

During the rest of the ride very little conversation was carried on between them, and I had ample time to think and reflect. The result of my cogitations was that I determined to pay Dr. Squires a visit and see what I could discover of his secret studies and investigations. Following the natural bent of my mind, I of course decided to make the visit in the dead of night and unannounced. Something more than ghosts and spirits would be required to keep me off the premises where there was any chance of making a good haul or of discovering any secrets that might be turned to good account later.

CHAPTER V.

IT was nearly a week after this ride before I could decide upon a night favorable for a visit to Dr. Squires. It is a poor burglar who fails to make careful preparations before attempting to enter a house, and long experience in my business has made me extremely cautious. I never undertake a job without due consideration of all details. A sneak thief may go around from house to house in an aimless sort of manner and enter the first one that is not properly barred, but not so with a professional.

John always sent me off to exercise the horses on the few days when Mr. Goddard did not use them, and I employed these spare moments to acquaint myself with the surrounding country. I passed Dr. Squires' house several times in the course of the next few days, examining the premises with a critical eye.

I found that the house was located some distance back from the main highway and that it was nearly concealed from view by shade and fruit trees. A small grove of woods backed up to it on one side and an open pasture field bordered it on two other sides. The easiest and safest approach to it, I conceived, was from the wood side.

The house itself was an old fashioned flat roofed mansion sadly in need of paint and general repairs. It was gloomy enough to drive almost anybody away from it after dusk, and I did not wonder that strange stories of ghosts and spirits had been gossiped around by the country people. If I had been a superstitious person, I should have selected the house as the last one to rob. It was probably this idea that had influenced the doctor in taking it for his workshop. He was pretty safe in assuming that nobody would disturb him in that lonely retreat.

I obtained leave to go to the city on Friday afternoon, and I told John not to worry if I did not appear until the following morning. I had friends in the city who might detain me over night.

About 4 o'clock I left the barn and started presumably to walk to the city. John offered to drive me half way down if I would wait until after supper, but the afternoon was so fine I preferred the walk.

Two miles down the road I found that I was perfectly concealed from view of every house, and I quietly slipped over the fence into the woods. This piece of woods I knew backed up to Dr. Squires' house. I concealed the bundle, which I pretended that I wanted to take to the city with me, taking enough tools from it first to answer all my present purposes.

As I approached the edge of the woods I moved with great caution. I did not know how many servants the doctor had, although John had assured me that he had only one, a copper colored Indian who was more foreign looking than his master. This servant never associated with anybody else and was either deaf and dumb or unable to speak English.

He was a sort of faithful watchdog, I judged, whom the doctor had befriended and who would in consequence give up his life for him if necessary. I had met such zealous manservants before, and my experience had always been that they are exceedingly troublesome. I therefore used extra precaution.

While yet some distance from the house I climbed up into the leafy branches of one of the large trees and, pulling the foliage to one side, scanned the house intently through a pair of strong fieldglasses. By their aid I could note everything that was going on outside the house and could almost see objects inside the windows.

The only advantage I obtained from this was a clearer idea of the most vulnerable points of the house and also the way to escape from the premises in the event of an alarm. I saw the servant go about his duties, and later I secured my first glimpse of the doctor. He was a dark bearded, thickset, well proportioned man, and one who would prove a bold and powerful antagonist. More than this I could not say until I found myself at closer quarters with him.

I remained in my treetop position until well after dark, watching everything that occurred around the house. Then I descended to the ground, ate a few pieces of cold meat and bread, drank a little wine and threw myself on the dry leaves to sleep. There was no danger of being discovered in the woods, and I needed the rest and sleep to prepare me for the night's work.

It was shortly after midnight when I opened my eyes again. Habit had made it a second nature with me to awaken at this hour, and I had no fear of oversleeping myself when I first closed my eyes. I crawled through the underbrush toward the fence which divided the doctor's land from the grove, and then waited and listened. The house was perfectly dark, and everything was calm and peaceful.

I had thought of dogs, but had failed to see any around in the afternoon through my glasses. However, to make sure of it I imitated the cry and snarl of a cat—a noise that always brings watchdogs away from their post of duty. If the dogs were inside the house, I would find that out later. But I really saw no reason why dogs should be kept on the place.

Satisfied that the coast was clear, I made my way toward the house, keeping well in the shadow of the trees. Then I made a close examination of the windows and doors. They were locked with old fashioned catches and re-enforced with nails. I selected the doctor's study as the place least likely to be occupied.

With a diamond cutter I took a piece of the glass pane out, making an opening large enough to insert the hand. I worked so carefully that the diamond point scarcely made any of the grating noise so common when one operates with cheap cutters. This one had been made specially for me, and it was perfect in every detail.

As I took the piece of glass out and deposited it on the floor of the piazza I listened intently for a few moments to see if my operations had disturbed anybody. Then I applied my ear to the hole in the pane to catch the breathing of any watchdog.

Nothing could be heard of an alarming character, and so I proceeded to unfasten the window and to open it.

Now, if I had been in the city or the house had been a modern one, I should never have thought of opening that window without searching for a burglar alarm, but out in the country, miles away from any assistance and in such an antique house, I did not see the value of a burglar alarm and consequently never once gave it consideration.

I discovered my mistake in an instant, however. I had not raised the window half an inch when there were a ringing of bells and an electric buzzing all through the house that made me turn pale. An amateur might have thought that all the ghosts and spirits of the dead had suddenly come to life again, but I was too familiar with that sound to be deceived.

I was off the piazza in half a minute. Quick as I was, however, a flash of light in the windows of the house beat me. The alarm had lighted every electric light in the rooms, and the old mansion was in a brilliant blaze.

Even at this critical moment, when all my faculties should have been alert, I made another mistake. Instead of seeking safety in the woods as fast as my legs would carry me I waited to see further developments. Would the doctor and his servant come out and search for me? I laughed softly to myself at the idea. Certainly they could not expect assistance from another house inside of half an hour. Then what was the burglar alarm for? To frighten robbers away; that was all, I concluded.

But I changed my mind a moment later when I heard the quick patter of steps that I knew did not belong to human beings. Two black objects came rushing down the lawn from the barn, and in the semidarkness I made out two enormous Dane hounds. The object of the burglar alarm flashed across my mind in an instant.

The electric wire that had started the bells to ringing had also released the watchdogs, and they were now upon me.

As if by instinct they rushed upon the piazza, catching the scent almost immediately. But in that instant I had turned and fled toward the woods, my only place of safety. Could I reach the woods and climb a tree before they caught up to me?

This question flashed through my mind, but I could not answer it. I already heard their feet behind me, striking the ground with heavy patters as they loped rapidly across the intervening space.

The blood seemed to rush to my head, and for an instant I thought of death. I had never been cornered quite so completely before. I gathered up my strength for a final effort and cleared the fence with a bound, but as I leaped upward the foremost Dane made a tremendous lope and cleared the top rail of the fence in fine style.

We both landed on the other side, but the force of the hound's leap carried him several feet over my head. Before he could turn upon me I had cocked my revolver, and as he made a savage dive toward me I exploded it full in his face. The range was so short that the explosion must have partly stunned him, for he rolled over and kicked a few times and then lay quite still.

But I had no time to prepare for the second one. As if angered by the sight

He sprang upon me with a snarl.

of his dead mate he sprang upon me with a snarl that I can remember to this day. The great red, foam flecked jaws were close to my face, and I drew back with a helpless shudder. I could have yelled in fear then if professional pride had not tied my tongue. I bowed to receive my fate, determined, however, to sell my life dearly.

But before the white teeth could close upon me I saw a flash of something over the hound's head; it seemed to my dazed mind like a fork of lightning. It made a curve downward and then disappeared, but it had left its mark behind. I felt great spurts of hot blood pouring from the Dane's throat on my hands and face, while the brute rolled over with an angry growl.

I jumped to my feet and saw facing me, with the bloody knife in his hand, Mr. Goddard. For an instant I was speechless and almost helpless, but his warning voice brought me to my senses.

"You have only a few minutes to escape. They are coming. Run!"

I heard footsteps on the lawn back of us, and, remembering the athletic form of the doctor and his faithful bodyguard, I obeyed the words of my master and hurried from the spot, but when I turned to look for my deliverer I found that he had disappeared too.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Sledge Dogs.

Apart from the great use that the sledge dogs were to us for pulling purposes, they made wonderful companions in the solitude of the far south. Already early in the expedition I had presented to each of the members a dog, and a great affection arose between the masters and their dumb companions. Members often retired to some quiet corner, petting their favorite dogs. The lives, the struggles and the sufferings of the dogs helped to take the members out of themselves and thus assisted materially the common welfare of our small community. In the cold time the dogs killed each other. Suddenly the whole pack of 70 seemed to agree upon killing one of their number. For days they watched for an opportunity, and the unfortunate and doomed dog seemed at once to realize that sentence of death had been passed. He sought refuge with us and would never go far away from camp until one day for a moment he might forget himself. The dogs would then rush upon him and tear him into pieces. —National Review.

Miscellaneous Reading.

SEVEN YEARS TO DIG CANAL.

30,000 Men Ought to Finish the Ditch In That Period.

"With good luck we ought to finish the Panama canal in seven years," said a high government authority officially interested in the enterprise recently. "The task may require as much as ten years for its completion. It depends largely upon the health of the laborers employed. An epidemic of bubonic plague or cholera might put us back a good deal.

"Such a misfortune is exactly what we shall take most pains to avoid, however. We shall control everything on the strip, which will be in future, to all intents and purposes, a part of the United States; and our first care will be to fix matters as we want them in a sanitary way. We shall clean up things just as we did in Cuba, establishing proper drainage, insuring plentiful supplies of pure water and making cleanliness compulsory in the towns along the route of the canal. The French company has a fine hospital that cost over a million dollars which will be transferred to us with the rest of its property.

"We shall employ about 30,000 workmen on the canal as soon as we get things fairly started, and this army of laborers will be drawn mainly from Jamaica and other West Indian islands. It has been urged that we might utilize a few thousands of our southern Negroes on the job, but such a plan would not be likely to work satisfactorily. Colored folks from the cotton states might suffer from the climate of the tropics and they are not accustomed to live as cheaply and simply as the darkies of the West Indies.

"Probably the work will be given out to contractors, who will hire the requisite workmen at 50 or 60 cents a day, which is about what labor is worth in that part of the world. The contractors will give bond to the island governments to care for the Negroes properly and return them at the end of a specified time. The laborers will be fetched to the port of Colon by steamers, disembarked and assigned in gangs, under gang bosses, to various points along the line of the canal. Work will be carried on in all parts of the ditch simultaneously in order to bring the enterprise to completion as quickly as possible.

"It should be realized that the problem presented by the Panama canal is altogether different from that which would have demanded solution in Nicaragua. If the latter route had been chosen the work would have had to begin with the clearing away of forests and the grubbing of stumps—in short, the opening of a virgin tract of country, with a multitude of difficulties to be overcome as a preliminary to the excavation of the ditch. At Panama, on the other hand, everything is cleaned up; the canal is already half dug—accurately speaking, about 30 per cent. of the necessary digging has been accomplished—and we have only to take up the task where the French people have left off.

"We are thus enabled to start at once and without the long delay which would have been unavoidable in Nicaragua. Even the machinery and other apparatus—much of it, at all events—is on hand. As yet it is impossible to say what the machinery is worth; our experts did not take it into account in their estimate of the value of the French company's property and all of it will have to be overhauled and examined. A great deal of it is antiquated, undoubtedly, but much of it is good stuff.

"There are a great many locomotives, nearly all of them brand new—I think not less than forty-five or fifty—which are valuable assets and represent a lot of money. Then there is a great number of machines, such as steam shovels and dredges, for excavating and carriers for removing earth. There are thousands of dumpcars and miles on miles of portable railway tracks, which can be picked up from one place and laid down off-handed in another.

"Xerxes once employed a million soldiers in the making of a canal, but those were days when digging was done by hand with spade and pickaxe. In these modern times such work is accomplished by machinery. Steam shovels pick up the earth, which is conveyed by trolley carriers to cars and transported with the help of locomotives to convenient places, where it is dumped. Where rock has to be removed blasting is done, of course; but fortunately there is very little rock to be excavated along the Panama route.

"Necessarily a great deal of expensive machinery will have to be purchased. Much of the apparatus now on hand must go to the scrap heap to be replaced with the newest and most-up-to-date machines. With American energy and unlimited funds behind the enterprise the digging of the canal will be carried forward with great rapidity. It is even now in progress, in a sort of fashion, about 1,500 laborers in the employ of the French company being engaged on the work.

"The estimated cost of completing the ditch is $144,000,000. It will be forty-seven miles in length, though the isthmus is only forty miles wide, the route traversed being far from straight. The bottom width of the canal will be 150 feet, its width at the top varying with the formation. Where it passes through rock, of course, its sides will be steeper than where the banks are of earth. The depth of the water will be 35 feet throughout, so as to allow for the passage of the largest freight steamers, and there will be five twin locks built of solid masonry.

The deepest cut to be made will not be much over 300 feet above sea level at the highest point. By the help of the locks ships will be lifted up the requisite 90 feet on one side of the isthmus and lowered again to the level of the ocean on the other side. The locks will be twins in order that, when one of them needs repairs navigation may not be interrupted.

"It is estimated that about 5,000,000 tons of freight will pass through the canal during the first year after it is opened and that there will be a steady increase in the traffic thereafter. Tolls will be low—not more than $1 a ton, I should say. Uncle Sam will not be anxious to make money out of the enterprise; and it is hardly necessary to say that everything about this great public work will be done on a scale of liberality. Every modern improvement will be introduced—even to the lighting of the ditch throughout its entire length with electricity furnished by waterpower."—Washington Letter.

THE RUSH FOR DAMAGES.

Queer Offers Made to the Claim Agent of a Railroad.

"The first thing some people think about when they hear of a railroad disaster is to sue the railroad company," said a claim attorney in one of the big corporations in New York. "The other morning when I got to my office a man was waiting to see me. When I asked him his business he said:

"'I want damages.'

"I replied, 'For what?'

"Then he explained to me that there had been a wreck on our road and that a relative of his had been injured. It was the first I had heard of the wreck. This man had come over from where the accident occurred and got to my office ahead of me and told me the news. I explained to him how he must proceed.

"'How much do I get if my relative dies?' he asked.

"I told him I could not go into that, and suggested that it would be time for him to think of that when the time came. He said that he had heard that somebody got $100,000 damages out of a railroad company for killing a man. I told him that was no criterion.

"'At all events,' I said, 'your friend is not dead yet, and you should be thankful for that.'

"'Yes,' he replied, 'I reckon you are right about that, but $100,000 is a good deal of money.'

"Of course, he was an exception, but he wasn't a marker to a man who came in and asked how much the company would be willing to settle for a pair of torn trousers. He amused me. I asked how his trousers came to be torn. He said he didn't exactly know. The first he noticed about them was when he was coming over on a ferryboat; he felt kind o' chilly. I suggested that he might have torn them on the ferry-boat.

"'Maybe I did,' he replied, 'but it looks more like I had been in a collision,' and he proceeded to make his exhibit. Still amused I suggested that he might sue the ferry-boat company first.

"'I thought about that,' he replied, 'but my lawyer in Jersey said ferryboats didn't pay as much as railroads.'

"I suggested to him that he might sue the ferry-boat company first, and if he didn't get what he thought he ought to have, then he could sue the railroad company.

"'That's a good idea,' he replied. 'How much do I owe you?'

"That was a novelty I had never encountered in the settlement of a claim. But I was enjoying the situation. I replied that I guessed I would have to charge him about $50.

"'All right,' he answered, 'if I beat the company you can deduct the amount of your bill from the damages I will get.'

"That was also a novel proposition and as my business was rather pressing I told him I would see him later, and he went out, saying that he would let me know after he had seen his other lawyer. A claim agent's office isn't the dullest place in the world."—New York Sun.

Descendants of Pocahontas.

In the February issue of the Twin Territories there is a very interesting article relating to the descendants of Pocahontas. As ought to be generally known, this young daughter of Powhattan, after saving Capt. Smith from the fury of her father, was baptized and married John Rolfe, an Englishman. By him she was taken to England, where, as the account states, "the wild flower, transplanted from her native heath to the moisture laden atmosphere of England, wilted and died on March 17, 1617, at Gravesend, England, in the nineteenth year of her age—a mere girl, almost a child, at her death."

This child-wife bore one son, Thomas, who was brought back and grew to manhood in Virginia. He had a daughter who married a Bolling, of a prominent English family, and a granddaughter of this Bolling married a Randolph, and one of their sons was the famous "John Randolph, of Roanoke," and other members of that noted Virginia family. Through another member of this same family descended Thomas Jefferson and Gen. Robert E. Lee. They were not of the Pocahontas stock, but were related by marriage and descent to the daughter of old King Powhattan.

And so we find that this "wild flower" of the Virginia forests became the progenitor either by direct descent or by intermarriages, of some of the most famous people of a state famous for its great men. Probably there is not another instance in American history to match it. There have been doubts and disputes as to whether Pocahontas really saved the life of Capt. Smith, but there is no room for doubting the records of her marriage, nor of her descendants. These at least are authentic history, and prove beyond cavil that many a proud name in Virginia is in some way descended from the Indian girl whose name and history have filled many a story of both facts and fiction.—Montgomery Advertiser.

THE EXPRESS TRAIN.

[Two long and two short whistles are the signal for a crossing, and are most familiar sounds to travelers and all within hearing of railroad trains.]

I.

I hear a faint sound far away—
Two long, and two short notes at play,
As soft and sweet as silver flute,
The locomotive's first salute
"T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot toot!"

II.

I hear again the tuneful sound,
Now waking woodland echoes round,
The locomotive seems to say
"We are coming-coming, clear the way;"
"T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot toot!"

III.

And now a rumbling noise I hear,
And clouds of smoke and steam appear,
The locomotive seems to shout;
"We are coming fast. Look out! Look out!
"T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot toot!"

IV.

And now I hear a brazen bell
That lifts aloud a warning knell,
The engine now begins to yell
Like frantic fiend escaped from hell:
"T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot toot!"

V.

'Mid hissing steam and deafening roar
I hear that awful sound once more;
"Keep back, keep back. Don't cross the track!
For love of life, stand back, stand back!
"T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot toot!"

VI.

With clanging bell and clattering steel
And flaming breath and flashing wheel,
The lightning train goes crashing by,
Like fiery bolt from stormy sky,
"T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot toot!"

VII.

A whirlwind follows on behind,
With clouds of dust our eyes are blind;
Yet from the curves around the hill
Is heard that engine whistle shrill,
"T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot toot!"

VIII.

Again, a faint sound far away—
Two long, and two short notes at play—
The locomotive's farewell call;
"We are chasing time, God speed us all"—
"T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot toot!"

EVER-BURNING LAMPS.

One Lighted One Thousand Years Ago Just Going Out In England.

Towneley Hall and Park have been in the possession of the Towneley family ever since the reign of King Alfred, that is to say, for more than one thousand years, and have a distinct claim to celebrity, for it is to be feared that the famous lamp of Towneley chapel was the last of the so-called ever-burning lamps in England. At the beginning of the last century there was some half a dozen known to fame still alight, and which had been burning for centuries, while at the time of the reformation and the dissolution of the monasteries by King Henry VIII, there were many hundreds of them that had been burning without interruption from the time of the Norman conquest.

Doubtless these perpetual lamps were a remnant of that form of pagan worship known as the everlasting fire, which was kept alight by guardians, both male and female, the latter known as vestals, and who were punishable with death if they allowed the fire to go out. How much importance was attached even after the reformation and well on into the seventeenth century, in Europe to these ever-burning lamps is demonstrated by the fact that some of the greatest scientists of those days devoted both much time and labor to the discovery of some species of illuminant that would burn forever. Many works have been written about the matter by French, Italian and English writers, some of whom vouch for the most extraordinary details on the subject. Thus, for instance, it is solemnly asserted that at the opening of the tomb of Tulia, the daughter of Cicero, in Rome, in the Via Appia, in the sixteenth century, a lamp was found burning there, which, if the story authenticated by the records at the Vatican, and bearing the signature of Pope Paul III, are to be believed, must have been burning for more than 1,500 years.

Bailey, in his English dictionary of 1730, tells that at the dissolution of the monasteries in the time of Henry VIII there was a lamp found that had been burning more than 1,200 years; that is to say, since the second century of the Christian era, and declared that this lamp was in his days to be seen at the Museum of Rarities at Leyden, in Holland. Shakespeare, in his address of Percies, refers to "ever-burning lamps," and Spenser, too, alludes to "lamps which never go out." From a purely antiquarian point of view, therefore, it must be a source of great regret that the owners should permit the extinction of a lamp which, according to tradition, had been burning without interruption since the days of King Alfred, that is to say, for more than one thousand years, in the chapel on the Towneley estate.—Science Siftings.

TOUCHING EDITORIAL APPEAL.—Bring us taters, sweet or Irish, bring us chickens, young or old; bring us eggs, or pork, or sorghum; bring us silver bring us gold; bring us copper, bring us greenbacks; bring us fodder, corn or hay; bring us fruit of all descriptions, bring us corn meal any day. Bring us beans, or oats, or pumpkins; bring us butter, lard or flour; or anything that's good to stay our hunger e'en an hour. For the larder's getting empty, and the cash is running low; and our paper bills must soon be, for the paper's got to go. Our store bills must be settled, and the kids must go to school; and our trousers seem more threadbare, as the weather 'gins to cool. So bring us anything you have to eat, or trade or wear; or pay a bill, or go on trade, or help to put us square. We need you kind assistance to help us pull through until railroad 'gins to build, for till then we feel quite blue. The times are dull, and we are short and need a little raise; so come to our assistance and you'll receive the praise. So pay for advertising, subscriptions and the like, and keep the enterprise from want and going on a strike. We'll raise our voice and howl for you and sing your praise, long, if you'll only rustle in the grub and bring it good and strong.—Dodd City, Ark., Appeal.