

# The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon

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## OLD RUSSIAN CHURCH

Interesting Ruins Found at Fort Ross, California.

Structure Was Built by Members of Russian-American Fur Company Expedition in 1813 and Used for Place of Worship.

San Francisco.—At Fort Ross, California, some fifty miles north of San Francisco, there are the very interesting remains of what was once a church of the Holy Orthodox religion—as the members of the Eastern or Greek church call their faith. It was in 1809 that an expedition of the Russian-American Fur company came south from Sitka, and made a settlement at Bodega Bay, which they called Port Rumiantsov. Two years later they chose a position for their main post about twenty miles farther north, a little beyond the Russian river, which they called the Slavianska. At this point, which they named Ros, or Rus, they built a fort with watchtowers and mounted 40 cannon.

The settlement was ostensibly only a peaceful trading post and a center for sealing operations. There was no reason, however, in the character of the Indian inhabitants of the region, for a post of such strength, and it seems probable that the company intended to hold the territory as a Russian colony, and by gradual settlement farther south, to offer an effective challenge to the claims of Spain to the coast region north of San Francisco. The fort was built of heavy redwood timbers. It was about one hundred yards square and contained the quarters of the officers and men, workshops, warehouses, granaries, a windmill, and, of course, bathhouses. The population varied between two hundred and four hundred, inclusive of some Aleuts who were employed in the sealing and sea-otter industry. The fur business grew to be large and very profitable. Sir George Simpson, the governor of the Hudson Bay company, who visited Fort Ross in 1841, reported that up to that time no less than eighty thousand seal and otter skins had been taken and marketed by the Russian-American company. In 1813 the Russians built a church, and there the gorgeous ritual of the Greek Catholic church was conducted until the close of the Russian occupation.

That came in 1842. There was constant friction between the Russians and the Spanish and Mexican governments. In 1824 the Russian government bound itself, by the treaty of London, not to acquire territory on the Pacific coast south of 54 degrees 40 minutes latitude. So there was nothing for the fur company to do but to seek a purchaser for the settlement. After the Hudson Bay company had refused to buy the property, it was sold in 1840 to "Captain" Sutter, who lives in California history as the owner of Sutter's mill, where gold was first discovered in 1848.

He paid \$30,000 for the buildings and other effects at Fort Ross and four smaller settlements in the neighborhood. In 1842 the Russians sailed away for Sitka. Four years later California passed from Mexico to the United States.

There are few relics of the Russian occupation still to be seen at Fort Ross. The commander's house still stands, and parts of the stockade can yet be seen. The church was in fair condition until the great earthquake of 1906, which threw the roof, with its quaint cupola and belfry, to the ground. But even then the massive timbers, fastened with hand-wrought bolts and spikes, held together.

Nothing New to Operator. "We should be patient and forbearing toward our fellowman," said the ready-made philosopher; "generous, forgiving and eager to assist." "Humph!" exclaimed the telephone operator; "you've got to be all that and more in order to hold this situation."

Literally. "Isn't that girl's talk killing?" "She sure does murder the king's English."

MRS. WILLIAMS' LONG SICKNESS Yields To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Elkhart, Ind.—"I suffered for four years from chronic inflammation, female weakness, pain and irregularities. The pains in my sides were increased by walking or standing on my feet and I had such awful bearing down feelings, was depressed in spirits and became thin and pale with dull, heavy eyes. I had six doctors from whom I received only temporary relief. I decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial and after taking a few boxes, I was cured. I have now used the remedies for four months and cannot express my thanks for what they have done for me. 'If these lines will be of any benefit you have my permission to publish them.'—MRS. SADIE WILLIAMS, 45 James Street, Elkhart, Indiana.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for being the most successful remedy for all the most distressing ailments of women. Thousands of testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact. If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., 235 Central Street, Lynn, Mass., for a free trial. Your letter will be opened and answered by a woman who has held in strict confidence.

Onion Face is Near. Springfield, Mass.—An onion famine threatens the nation. Reserves in the Connecticut valley, the country's chief source of supply, have dwindled to a few hundred carloads and prices have bounded skyward.

Safeblowers Obligated. Stockton, Cal.—"Don't blow the safe. Here's the combination." A note bearing these words was found by cracksmen when they entered the plumbing establishment of Paul & Henry, in the business district. They followed directions and made away with \$850.

There's no sense in having a \$300 safe wrecked when there is only \$250 in it," a member of the firm explained subsequently.

Makes a Comparison. Philadelphia.—Bishop Kinsolving of northern Brazil, in contrasting the home life of George Washington to that in Newport and Reno, declared that the homes of rich society people today "exude a noxious miasma of poison."

## ALL EQUAL IN THE DANCE

Craze for the Tango Surely Has Levelled Distinctions That Once Prevailed in "Society."

A well-known New York millionaire and his wife went to trottery on afternoon with the idea of doing a little incognito dancing. One of the professional partners approached. "May I have the pleasure?" he said. The lady was gracious and she whirled off into a lively one-step. When the number was over the rich man's wife complimented the professional on his dancing.

"Thank you, Mrs. Blank," he murmured, calling her by her real name. The husband pricked up his ears. "How the deuce did you know who I was?" he asked.

"You don't remember me?" said the professional cavalier, straightening his beautifully tailored figure. "I was your chauffeur two years ago."

RINGWORM SPREAD ON HAND. R. F. D. No. 2, Box 67, Ellijay, Ga.—"My son's ringworm began on the back of his hand. A fiery red spot came about as large as a dime and it would itch so badly he would scratch it till it bled. It began to spread but it went all over his hand. He was just screaming every time I went to wash it. The nail came off on the middle finger."

"I used — and it got worse all the time. The trouble lasted two or three months. Then I sent and got some Cuticura Soap and Ointment and began to use them. I would wash my hand with the Cuticura Soap and dry it good and apply the Cuticura Ointment. Relief was found in two or three days and the ringworm was cured in two weeks after using Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) Joe E. Jan, Jan. 4, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

The Fortunate Mr. V. There is a theatrical magnate in New York who is up on the needs of the tired business man, but a little shy on general education. In his office they were discussing the prevalent hard times—theatrical and otherwise. "Well," he said, "there's one guy in this town that I envy. He's busy all the time. Everywhere I go I see people using his machines." "Who's that?" inquired one of the company. "Why, this guy, Vacuum, that makes all them patent cleaners!"

## DRINK LOTS OF WATER TO FLUSH THE KIDNEYS

Eat Less Meat and Take Salts for Backache or Bladder Trouble—Neutralize Acids.

Uric acid in excess irritates the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish, ache, and feel lumpy or lead. The uric becomes cloudy, the bladder is irritated, and you may be obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night. When the kidneys clog you must help them flush out the body's urinous waste or you'll feel a real sick person shortly. At first you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, you suffer from backache, sick headache, dizziness, stomach gets sour, tongue coated and you feel rheumatic twinges when the weather is bad.

Get less meat, drink lots of water; also get from any pharmacist four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity, also to neutralize the acids in urines, so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus making bladder troubles disappear. Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active. Druggists here say they sell lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.—Adv.

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The Murgatroyds go back to old Henry, straight as a plummet. "Gad, what Vivian doesn't know about British aristocracy isn't worth knowing. She looked it up the time they tried to convince her she ought to marry the duke. But she's fond of Hetty. She says she's a darling. She's right: Hetty is too good for me."



He Blinked in Astonishment.

he'll have to interrupt them. Perhaps it is just as well, for your sake," she said tauntingly.

He grinned, but it was a sickly effort.

"You're the one to spoil anything of that sort," he said, with some asperity.

"Certainly," he said with so much meaning in the word that she flushed. Hetty and Booth came into view at that instant. The painter was laying a soft, filmy scarf over the girl's bare shoulders as he followed close behind her.

"Hello!" he cried, catching sight of Wrangell. "That's late, old chap. I was expecting you for the last hour. How are you?"

He came up with a frank, genuine smile of pleasure on his lips, his hand extended. Leslie rose to the occasion. His self-esteem was larger than his grievance. He shook Booth's hand heartily, almost exuberantly.

"Didn't want to disturb you, Brandy," he cried, cheerily. "Besides, Sara wouldn't let me." He then passed on to the next subject, which was Sara's hair. "You've had that done, haven't you?" he asked, looking at her hair.

"You must not kiss it again, Mr. Wrangell," she said in a low, intense voice. Then she passed him by and hurried up the stairs, without so much as a glance over her shoulder.

He blinked in astonishment. All of a sudden there swept over him the unique sensation of eyness—most unique in him. He had never been ashamed before in all his life. Now he was curiously conscious of having overstepped the bounds, and for the first time to be shown his place by a girl. This to him, who had had no scruples about boundary lines.

All through the luncheon he was voluble and gay. There was a bright spot in his cheek, however, that betrayed him to Sara, who already suspected the temper of his thoughts. He talked aeroplane without cessation, directing most of his conversation to Booth, yet thrilled with pleasure each time Hetty laughed at his sallies. He was beginning to feel like a half-back schoolboy in her presence, a most deplorable state of affairs he had to admit.

"If you hate the trains so much, and your automobile is out of whack, why don't you try violinpiano down from the Metropolitan tower?" demanded Booth in response to his lugubrious wall against the beastly lurch of having to go about in railway coaches with a lot of red-eyed, nose-blowing people who hadn't got used to their spring underwear yet.

"Sinister suggestion, I must say,"

"What the devil was there to laugh at, Brandy?" he demanded of his friend after the women had left them together on the porch a few minutes later. Hetty had gone upstairs with Mrs. Wrangell, her arm clasped tightly about the older woman's waist.

"I dare say she was thinking about you falling a mile or two," said Booth pleasantly.

But he was perplexed.

CHAPTER X. What Proposes.

The young men cooled their heels for an hour before word was brought down to them that Mrs. Wrangell begged to be excused for the afternoon on account of a severe headache. Miss Castleton was with her, but would be down later on. Meanwhile they were to make themselves at home, and so on and so forth.

Booth took his departure, leaving Leslie in sole possession of the porch. He was restless, nervous, excited; half-afraid to stay there and face Hetty with the proposal he was determined to make, and wholly afraid to forsake the porch and run the risk of being asked together if she came down as signified. Several things disturbed him. One was Hetty's deplorable failure to hang on his words as he had fondly expected her to do; and then there was that very disquieting laugh of Sara's. A hundred times over he repeated to himself that sickening question: "What the devil was there to laugh at?" and no answer suggested itself. He was decidedly cross about it.

Another hour passed. His heels were quite cool by this time, but his blood was boiling. This was a deuce of a way to treat a fellow who had gone to the trouble to come all the way out in a stuffy train, by Jove, it was! With considerable asperity he rang for a servant and commanded him to fetch a time table, and to be quick about it, as there might be a train leaving before he could get back if it took him as long to find it as it took other people to remember their obligations. His sarcasm failed to impress Murray, who said he thought there was a schedule in Mrs. Wrangell's room, and he'd get it as soon as the way was clear, if Mr. Wrangell didn't mind waiting.

"If I minded waiting," snapped Leslie, "I wouldn't be here now."

As the footman was leaving, Sara's automobile whirled up to the portico.

"Who is going out, Murray?" he called in surprise.

"Miss Castleton, sir. For the air, sir."

"The deuce you say!" gasped the harassed Mr. Wrangell. It was a pretty little fish!

Hetty appeared a few minutes later, attired for motoring.

"Oh, there you are," she said, spying him. "I am going for a spin. Want to come along?" He swallowed hard. The ends of his mustache described a pair of absolutely horizontal exclamation points. "If you don't mind being encumbered," he remarked sourly.

"I don't in the least mind," said she sweetly.

"Where are you going?" he asked without much enthusiasm. He wasn't to be caught appearing eager, not he. Besides, it wasn't anything to be flippant about.

"Yonder," she said, with a liberal sweep of her arm, taking in the whole landscape. "And be home in time to dress for dinner," she added, as if to relieve his mind.

"Good Lord!" he groaned, "do we have to eat again?"

"We have to dress for it, at least," she replied.

"Will you," he exclaimed, and ambled off to secure a cap and coat.

"Sara has planned for a run to Lenox tomorrow if it doesn't rain," she informed him on his return.

"Oh," he said, staring. "Booth gets a day off on the portrait, then?"

"Being Sunday," he smiled. "We knock off on Sundays and bank holidays. But, after all, he doesn't really get a holiday. He is to go with us poor fellow."

Smokeless Destroyers. The United States navy department aims to develop to perfection the smokeless torpedo boat—destroyer, just as the navy of all the other nations are trying to do; but a recent test gave results most gratifying to the officials. It was shown during the annual speed tests of the third and fourth groups, including ten vessels.

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the deep sea."

She Was No Easy Mark. Martha is seven, and has shown more than ordinary childish aversion to learning lessons, being washed, and having curls made smooth and yet less than the average doll's hair-fates.

One day upon her return from school she was questioned as to what she had learned from her teacher this time. She cried, flashing eyes and an indignant teacher told me today that the Children of Israel wall the Red Sea and not get themselves wet one single bit.

CHALLIS WRANGELL IS FOUND MURDERED IN a road house near New York. Mrs. Wrangell is surrounded by a mob of idle, idle bodies. A young woman who accompanied Wrangell to the inn and subsequently disappeared, is suspected. Mrs. Wrangell starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding snow storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrangell. The girl had done her service in riding the mob of the man who thought she loved her deeply had caused her great sorrow. Mrs. Wrangell determines to shield the girl and takes her to her own home. Mrs. Wrangell hears the story of Hetty Castleton's life, except that portion that relates to Wrangell. This and the story of the tragedy she forbids the girl ever to tell. She offers her home, friendship and security from peril on account of the absence of a year in Europe. Leslie Wrangell, brother of Challis, makes himself useful to Sara and becomes greatly interested in Hetty. Sara sees in Leslie's infatuation possibility for revenge on the Wrangells and resolves for the wrongs she suffered at the hands of Challis Wrangell to be avenged. She decides to paint a picture of Wrangell, which she confesses to Sara that he is madly in love with Hetty. Sara and Hetty, both have a haunting feeling that he has seen Hetty before. Looking through a portfolio of pictures by an unknown English artist he finds one of Hetty. He speaks to her about it. He shows her a picture of Hetty Glynn, an English actress, who resembles her very much.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued. Leslie was coming out on an evening train. Booth, in commenting on this, again remarked a sharp change in Hetty's manner. They had been conversing somewhat boisterously up to the moment he mentioned Leslie's impending visit. In a flash her manner changed. A quick but unmistakable frown succeeded her smiles, and for some reason she suddenly relaxed into a state of reserve that was little short of sultry. He was puzzled as he had been before.

The day was hot. Sara volunteered to take him home in the motor. An errand in the village was the excuse she gave for riding over with him. Heretofore she had sent him over alone with the chauffeur.

She looked very handsome, very tempting, as she came down to the car.

"By Jove," he said to himself, "she is wonderful!" He handed her into the car with the grace of a courtier, and she smiled upon him serenely, as a princess might have smiled in the days when knight-hood was in flower.

When she sat him down at his little garden gate, he put the question that had been seething in his mind all the way down the shady stretch they had traversed.

"Have you ever seen Hetty Glynn, the English actress?" Sara was always prepared. She knew the question would come when least expected.

"Oh, yes," she replied, with interest. "Have you noticed the resemblance? They are as like as two peas in a pod. Isn't it extraordinary?"

"It was a bit staggering," she had never seen Hetty Glynn," he replied.

"Oh? You have seen photographs of her?" she inquired casually.

"What has become of her?" he asked, ignoring her question. "Is she still on the stage?"

"Heaven knows," she replied lightly.

"Miss Castleton and I were speaking of her last night. We were together the last time I saw her. Who knows?"

"It's All Tommy-Rot," He Growled.

## SYNOPSIS.

The motor met him at the station and Sara was waiting for him in the cool, awning-covered verandah as he drove up. There was a sudden, disinterested look in his face. She was stretched out comfortably, lazily, in a great chaise-loungé, her black little slippers peeping out at him with perfect abandonment.

"Hello," he said shortly. She gave him her hand. "Sorry I couldn't get out last night." He shook her hand rather ungraciously.

"We missed you," she said. "Pull up a chair. I was never so lazy as now. Dear me, I am afraid I'll get stout and gross."

"Spring fever," he announced. He was plainly out of sorts. "I'll stand if you don't mind. Beatty's tressome, sitting in a hot, stuffy train."

He took a couple of turns across the porch, his eyes shifting in the eager, annoyed manner of one who seeks for something that, in the correct order of things, ought to be plainly visible.

"Please sit down, Leslie. You make me nervous, trumping about like that. We can't go in for half an hour or more."

"Can't go in?" he demanded, stopping before her. He began to pull at his little mustache.

"No. Hetty's posing. They won't permit even me to disturb them."

He glared. With a final, dramatic twist he gave over jerking at his mustache, and grabbed up a chair, which he put down beside her with a vehemence that spoke plainer than words.

"I say," he began, scowling in the direction of the doorway, "how long is he going to be at this silly job?"

"Silly job? Why, it is to be a masterpiece," she cried.

"I asked you how long?"

"Oh, how can I tell? Weeks, perhaps. One can't put a genius."

"It's all Tommy-Rot," He Growled.

## HAD SOMETHING LEFT OVER

Senator Was Wondering Just How He Would Employ the Remnant of His Salary Left.

Senator John K. Shields of Tennessee is a homelover and likes his own fireside better than the gilded glories of a gaudy hospitality. On his big plantation out in his state he has a large, colonial mansion surrounded by several hundred acres of fine land on which he pastures cattle, ponies and goats.

But when he came to the capital and sought to get a house suitable for his ladies and penates, he found it a difficult task. An energetic real estate agent motored him and his wife from one house to another, each time the price rising skyward for the rent.

Now, the senator receives \$7,000 a year, and if he pays out much for rent he will have to be pretty economical in his food and clothing.

So he and Mrs. Shields tramped over houses of all kinds for days. At last the agent got them cornered in a house big enough to house a

regiment and ornate enough to suit the Shah of Persia. He took them over it from top to bottom and at last stood up before them in the handsome library.

"What is the rent?" asked the senator, who was mightily pleased with the place.

"Only \$5,000 a year."

Senator Shields went over to a window and stood for a time in deep thought.

"Well, sir, what is it that is puzzling you?" inquired the agent.

"Nothing much," remarked Shields. "I was only thinking what I would do with the other five hundred of my salary."

Too Dangerous. Dr. Alexis Carrel, the famous surgeon of the Rockefeller institute in New York, said the other day of an experiment that he deemed dangerous:

"An experiment of that nature reminds me of the Cinnamon carder. A Cinnamon carder shot a dove by accident. He wanted to show the

owner how it happened, and in doing so shot him. When the police came to arrest him he attempted to show them how he had shot the owner, and in doing so shot a constable. Later, in showing the coroner how he had shot the constable, he shot the coroner."

## EARTH WORM OF MUCH VALUE

Humble Assistant of Agriculturist Has Not Hitherto Been Given the Credit It Deserves.

That the earth worm has some purpose in life, aside from acting as fish bait, chicken feed or even being mangled in the interests of science, is now admitted by the observers who have been studying him in his relations to the world he inhabits. They discover that he is a drain digger and practical lighting engineer.

At any rate it is now definitely established that his holes in damp soil materially assist in carrying off the surplus moisture and admit light, two things which go far towards making that soil productive for the farmer.

Furthermore, in digging these holes the earth worm brings the dirt to the surface in a finely pulverized condition. It is a rich loam and thus prepared is extremely fertile.

Of course a single worm is incapable of depositing a considerable amount of such soil, but, as there

ground, the scientist figures that the daily deposit by earth worm excavation amounts to 50 pounds for every acre which they inhabit. This scattered over the leaves and mold already ready there has a distinct fertilizing value, which, in conjunction with the effect of light and drainage already mentioned, would seem to entitle the earth worm to a respect which he has not hitherto enjoyed.

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