

WIRELESS EXPLOSION OF MINES

A New and Curious Application of Electricity to War Purposes in a London Exhibition.

The latest wonder of wireless telegraphy, says the Golden Penny, of London, is the explosion of a submarine mine by electrical waves from a transmitter used in wireless telegraphy. In a showcase in one part of a building is placed an automatic transmitter, which is insulated. A storage battery of four cells is placed in the lower part of the case, which feeds the primary of a four inch spark coil, the current from the battery first passing through an automatic circuit breaker.

This automatic circuit breaker is so arranged that it will make and break the circuit in the same manner as a telegraph operator would when manipulating his Morse key in the act of calling. In this way it will be seen that the sparks from the secondary of the coil are intermittent, and their duration is governed by the length of time during which the automatic circuit breaker allows the circuit to be closed while making the dots and dashes. Immediately in front of the induction coil is placed the improved oscillator, which consists of two solid brass balls about four inches in diameter, mounted so that the distance between them is adjustable.

Outside these balls are placed two smaller balls about an inch and a half in diameter attached to sliding brass rods, on the outer end of which are other balls one inch in diameter, so that the distance between the large and the small balls can be easily adjusted. The secondary terminals of the coil are connected to binding posts on the base of the oscillator. The distance between the balls being properly adjusted and the current turned on from the battery, the sound of the secondary sparks passing between the balls can quite easily be recognized as the

DOTS AND DASHES OF THE SIGNAL.

In another part of the building, directly opposite and about two hundred feet distant, is placed the receiver, which consists of a Clarke coherer relay and receiving instrument which has a large six inch vibrating bell connected up in the local circuit, in addition to the telegraph sounder. This six inch bell is continually ringing out the Morse signals, and by holding down the hammer of the bell the sounder can be distinctly heard repeating the same call.

In the centre of a garden is placed a large tank of water and a miniature war ship is placed in this tank and floated over a submarine mine, which is connected to a coherer relay and battery placed immediately outside of the tank. One terminal of the coherer is connected to earth, and the other to an insulated wire rising about ten feet in the air.

When the time comes for exploding the mine under the ship, the oscillator is stopped and connection made at the tank between the coherer and the vibrating bell which is used for testing purposes. The oscillator is now started for an instant, to see if the bell at the tank rings, thus proving that the coherer is in proper adjustment.

The bell is now disconnected and connection made to the submarine mine instead, and at a signal from an attendant the man at the transmitter again presses the button, which throws the current into the oscillator. The coherer completes the local circuit and the mine instantly explodes, breaking the war ship into splinters and throwing it high in the air. Of course, it is understood that the mine is provided with an ordinary electrical fuse.

UNABLE TO WALK.

A Distressing Malady Cured by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

From the Hartland, N.B., Advertiser.

Right in our own village is reported another of the remarkable cures that make Dr. Williams' Pink Pills so popular throughout the land. The case is that of Mrs. E. W. Millar. The Advertiser interviewed her husband, who was glad to relate the circumstances for publication, that others might read and have a remedy put into their hands, as it were. "For five years," said Mr. Millar, my wife was unable to walk without aid. One physician diagnosed her case as coming from a spinal affection. Other doctors called the malady nervous prostration. Whatever the trouble was, she was weak and nervous. Her limbs had no strength and could not support her body. There was also a terrible weakness in her back. Three months ago she could not walk, but as a last resort, after trying many medicines, she began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Improvement was noted in a few days, and a few weeks have done wonders in restoring her health. To-day she can walk without assistance. You can imagine her delight as well as my own. We owe her recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I recommend them for any case of nervous weakness or general debility.

Mr. Millar is part owner and manager of one of our lumber mills and is well known throughout the country. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

A HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.

By MARGARET LEE.

Author of *Divorce—A Brooklyn Bachelor—Lover and Wife—Etc.*

"What did he say to that?"
"That if I really accepted such a theory it must be a great comfort to me."
"Another sneer."
"Yes."

"What's that fellow's name?"
"Oh, never mind; he graduated this year with all the honors, so he won't disturb your peace of mind. Father grew quite interested in him—listened to his dissertations and helped him out in his researches."
"Your father is a public benefactor."
"He is in sympathy with young people. I hear him shutting his doors, which means we are ready for a start."

When Everett was handing Rose from the carriage, a gentleman who had been loitering in the hotel parlor came forward to meet the party. He was delighted to greet his old friends, but it was very evident that this beautiful girl absorbed his attention. He devoted himself to her for the rest of the day, and warmly urged her acceptance of the invitation to Newport, declaring that if she would go he would also. Rose was very quiet, but perfectly firm in her refusal. She offered neither reasons nor excuses, and to the amazement of Mrs. Everett, her father and grandmother declined to interfere in the matter.
"She can do as she pleases," said Mr. Minturn.
"She has never been away from us," said Mrs. Minturn, "not even for one night."

Everett watched the group with suppressed delight, but remained silent. He drove home with the Minturns in the moonlight, thus avoiding a family dispute, which he thoroughly despised. "How much longer do you propose staying?" asked Mr. Everett, turning to his wife, and glancing at the girls, who, arm-in-arm, paced the long piazza.

"Oh, we leave here on Monday. Dear me! I was sure of taking that girl with us."
"Martha, I gave you credit for some common sense. Why the devil should the girl go to Newport? Isn't a bird in hand worth two in the bush? There isn't a more attractive fellow than Larry to be found anywhere, and I say it from positive observation and without partiality. He has two strong points, he is manly and he is not egotistical—that is, not offensively so. His foreign experience has taught him that mere youth doesn't include everything worth knowing or having in this world. You see, he is 'hand in glove' with three generations. Well, so far as I am concerned, Martha, he'll be damned lucky if he marries Miss Minturn. By jove! She's the prettiest creature I've seen for years!"

"Pshaw! You men are all alike! One would think there was nothing in the world like physical beauty."
"I wish there was more of it in the world, and particularly in our family. I see no reason in your disappointment. You sent the lad here, didn't you?"
"I know I did."

"And Minturn tells me that, so far as his judgment and experience can be depended upon, Larry is going to pass with fine results. Why don't you rejoice in the prospect of having your desire? Three months ago, you were nearly crazy because the boy failed in his examination; and now you are angry because, boy like, he is finding inspiration in the society of an honest, warm-hearted girl. Why, she has been doing me good all this afternoon. I haven't felt so young and light-hearted for years!"

"Yes, you seem to have lost your head."
"And I wish I could prolong the sensation, for my head has been going back on me for some time."
"Better stay here and make love to Miss Minturn."

"I wish I could! Perhaps you can persuade her to visit us in town, next winter."
"After to-day's experience? She is entirely too independent for my taste."
"The liberty is in the air here. Upon my word, I feel as if I were going to sleep to-night! Why, Martha, I haven't had a real night's rest for weeks, not for weeks. Just imagine a sound dreamless sleep!"
"Oh, you think too much about stocks."
"Perhaps I do."

"Why don't you forget them for a while and enjoy what is about you."
"I wish I could. I think I'll walk towards the hill there; the night air is like a tonic."
"You'll meet Larry on his return. Perhaps he'll confide in you. I would like to know if he is serious, or only having a harmless flirtation."
"Martha, I don't believe in harmless flirtations. They leave callous spots behind. Don't you think we had better leave this matter to the young people? There are some blossoms that it doesn't do to touch. There are a few sacred things left in this world, I am thankful to believe. This is one of them. Now we won't meddle or make."

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Everett started on his walk, slowly and at first absorbed in thought. Then the beauty of the night began to possess his senses. The air was fragrant with new-mown hay, the breeze cooled his brow; he raised his hat and let it fan his head. The great moon seemed closer to earth than usual; the tiny wild-flowers exhaled sweet odors as he passed. He found himself halting to bend and examine them and recall their names. A field of honey-laden red clover brought up to him vivid recollections of his childhood. He leaned on the fence and indulged in

retrospect.

He was a child again, playing on the grass of the old Battery Park, gathering clover heads for his nurse to tie in wreaths and bunches. She always wanted long stems for the purpose. He laughed out as he thought of her stout figure seated on the bench, her red bandana wound over her hair, her large gold ear-rings swinging, her teeth shining as she directed and warned him. The walk close to the sea-wall was his choice. She would hold one hand and let him touch the great posts and swing the heavy chains with the other. To lean against these chains was his delight; there he watched the water as the waves swept in and receded. He had the sound of their lapping in his ears, and the sharp noise of the katydid, that he could hear yet never see. Then came a vision of his fair young mother, in scarf and bonnet and sweeping skirts, opening the heavy iron gate and advancing with smiling face to meet him. It was so strange; he could almost feel her touch, her kisses, her influence. Yet nearly half a century had passed since then. How real, how lovely were those memories! It was like returning to enchanted ground to recall them. He remembered old Castle Garden when concerts and fairs were held there. He used to climb on the seats, and look through round glasses fixed in the circular wall. What wondrous scenes were before him! He could not understand why it was that when he went outside to look for these strange places and people he saw only the bay, boats and sky that he was quite familiar with. Child as he was, his mother had taken him to hear Jenny Lind sing there. He recalled the scene; a tall, fair woman, standing alone on the great stage; a sweet, high voice filling the air with melody. He saw again the crowded boxes, heard the tumults of applause. He came out from the lights and the heated air into the starry night, where the lines of carriages and the burning torches greatly impressed him.

Mr. Everett roused himself and pursued his walk. "I don't understand it," he said to himself. "My youth has all come back to me; the effect, I suppose, of meeting the Minturns—the association of ideas, no doubt. However, my head is certainly better; the tension is relieved."

He reached the fence that enclosed a two-story cottage within a pretty flower-garden, and had a view of a room in which a man, evidently belated sat eating his supper, and a woman listened to his adventures and nursed a baby. In the stillness the voices were distinct:

"Well, John, we can manage on twenty-five dollars a month very well indeed. You needn't be one bit downhearted."
Mr. Everett halted involuntarily.
"But, Mattie, he won't allow me an hour in the week to work here."
"We can get the work done, John. Father is able to help me, and so long as we are all well there is nothing to fret about. Bless him! his little heart! Now laugh at papa. He mustn't grumble with such a jolly boy to come home to every night."
"Mattie, you've lots of pluck. I didn't know how to tell you that the mill was closed and all hands idle."
"He'll guess it, John. But you have found work, and something good may happen for the others."
"I hope so. Let me have him while you clear up."

There was a rattle of dishes, then a man whistled a lively air, and Mr. Everett walked on in meditation. Looking back, he noticed at an upper window of the little house an elderly man who leaned on the sill and solemnly smoked a pipe.

"The father," thought Mr. Everett. "Twenty-five dollars a month—six and a quarter a week—to support four human beings!"
His way led through fields of golden grain ready for the harvest, and, while stopping to enjoy the sight, he heard footsteps and a young voice singing.

"Litoria! Litoria!"
"Swe-de-le-we-dum-bum."
Larry was approaching, his light overcoat on his shoulder, his hat pushed back, his eyes shining from meditations of an agreeable order.

"Hello! Out for a walk, father, or a sleeping draught of pure air?"
"Both. I suppose this is a healthy place. How do you sleep here?"
"Like a top! I am off the moment my head touches the pillow."
"So? How delightful! Do you attribute it to the air especially?"

"Well, out-door exercise has something to do with it, and freedom from anxiety still more. You see, I am feeling that I understand myself and my subject. There is a great deal in knowing what you need and how to obtain it."
"I quite agree with you."
"Am I walking too fast for you?"
"No. By the way Larry, are you all right in regard to money? Any debts that should be paid? You know it is cheaper to pay as you go."

"I owe some money, yes. But no one troubles me. You are good for it, you see. If I go to college next year, I am going to have things in better shape. I'll pay my honest indebtedness first."
"Now, I'm not finding fault, my boy. I have been through college."
"I know it; you are too easy with me."

"Let me be the best judge of that, Larry. You must realize that your welfare is my chief interest in life. No one stands as near to you as I do, for this reason: I have experienced your desires. It is not so very long since

I was a young fellow myself."
"I like to think of you as young still, father. Mrs. Minturn was speaking about you. She says you look so well."
"I can return the compliment. Robert is like a boy."
"He is a jolly fellow!"

"I suppose they lead a tranquil existence here. No worries and excitements to keep the brain in a whirl from morning till night and from night until morning. I tell you, Larry, if I don't get some rest soon, something will give way. It must! Nature can't stand this strain!"
"Father, why don't you buy a place just here, settle down among these sincere people, who have always known you, and enjoy life?"
"Impossible! I have too much business to direct, too many interests depending on my attention to it."
"Haven't you enough to retire upon?"
"Probably, if it were properly nursed. My dear boy, what would your mother and Mollie say to such a proposition? Why, they would think they were buried alive in a place like this. They are not happy unless surrounded by people who take similar views of existence. They live to see and be seen—to vie with their friends in laying out money on the merest luxuries. They don't care where I get the money, so long as my checks are cashed. They must have amusement and change, constant variety. To be honest with you, Larry, I am nothing but a money-making machine in human guise. I join clubs, but I sit in them thinking only of money—how to get it; how to distribute it so as to water all my plants, as it were; and keeping them alive and vigorous taxes all my ingenuity and strength. This is to be a good financier."

"And you have no real comfort?"
"Well, it is the penalty for being ambitious."
"But how will it end?"
"God knows! I'll die in harness, and some stranger will wind up the concern."

"Well, it isn't just! Let me talk to mother and coax her into settling down here and letting you have a nice time."
"Larry, you can have carte-blanche to buy here if you can persuade your mother into leaving her New York house. Why, my dear fellow, she has dreams that would astonish you. You know Mollie has not much beauty. Now your mother hopes to buy rank for her."

"I hope not!"
"So do I, but I can read the signs of the times. With nothing to do, women become restless, dissatisfied, ambitious," he sighed. "Your mother doesn't regard me."
"You have some rights, father. Let us put our heads together and try to obtain them."
"You are very good, dear boy. I fear it is too late in the day. You see, I have my pet schemes."

"But father, what do you want with all this wealth? We can't eat it, or drink it or wear it. The effort to amass it is wearing you out."
"Yes, it eats into a man's brain."
"It's all a mistake! Father, think out a sensible change of method. I wish you could have heard Mrs. Minturn talking about you. She remembers you ever since you were born. She was describing you to us this evening. You were the loveliest baby and little fellow she ever saw. Do you remember when nice people lived quite near the Battery and sent their children there to play?"
"Perfectly."
"Great Scott!"

Mr. Everett laughed heartily.
"It does seem absurd, I admit; but it is true."
"Mrs. Minturn told us about Niblo's Garden. She used to take you there with her own children to see some great French pantomimists."
"The Ravens. Yes, indeed! They were wonderful, wonderful! There were four brothers, and their acting was inimitable. So she was speaking of my boyhood! We had merry times then."

"She described the fire-works in the Garden."
"Yes; fancy a garden where the Metropolitan Hotel stands! There were benches, and the exhibition came first. Then we went into the theatre. There was a tight-rope performance given before the play. I tell you those were great evenings to a child; and Mrs. Minturn always thought of me."
"She described meeting you when a lad on your way to school, with your books under your arm. You were so handsome. She used to stop the carriage, and felt so happy when you would drive a little way with her."
"Yes, I remember. I went to Professor Anthony's Grammar School then. Union Square was the centre, and Fourteenth street was the Sunday promenade."

"She says that in those days a man with one hundred dollars was pointed out as a wonder."
"It wouldn't buy a house and lot now. One can hardly realize the growth of the city, the increase of wealth. It takes away one's breath just to think of it."
"Do you believe people are any happier now, when they demand so much more in the way of luxury?"

"I think that at my age my father was a very much happier man than I am to-day. He lived with his family about him, and they were contented with ordinary domestic pleasures. I have a hundred thousand, where he had ten thousand; but, my boy, the whole secret lies in the fact that the sure possession of wealth brings ambition. That opens new worlds to us. We want to conquer them. But happiness vanishes. The hollow attractions of the outside world appear so beautiful that we lose our little bit of the real bone of comfort while grasping after the shadow. I often think of the possibilities of an old-fashioned home. But, Larry, you may have moral strength sufficient to stem this tide of luxury and insincerity. It is not so much the waste of money that I regret—that can be replaced; it is the frittering away of one's affections on people who do not want them, while those who could appreciate them go heart hungry."

"I understand you—concentration is

strength."
"I think so. A channel is more than shallow waters."

To Be Continued.

FLASHES OF FUN.

He—A woman, you know, is as old as she looks. She—How dreadful! Because a man has wheels it does not follow that he is noted for his graceful carriage.
Little Clarence—Father, what is the difference between firmness and obstinacy? Father—Merely a matter of sex, my son.

The man I marry, said the Blonde Widow, must be a hero. He will be, remarked the Savage Bachelor.
Bill—In what respect does Spain excel all other nations? Jill—Why, Spain has the finest submarine navy in the world.

Clara—When I was out on my wheel this morning I cracked my enamel quite badly. Maud—You must learn not to smile.
My husband is plain-spoken; he calls a spade a spade. So does mine; but I must decline to repeat what he calls the lawn mower.

I have noticed, said the Cumminsville sage, that the man with the narrowest mind is prone to make the broadest assertions.
But yours is such a narrow life, said the summer boarder. O, I dunno, said the farmer. It's spread out over 320 acres.

She, in business for herself.—Do you think you can learn to love me? He, a deputy sheriff.—Oh, some day I may have an attachment for you.
Composer—Did you hear the torment and despair in my tone poem, "Tantalus," that I just played you? Listener.—No; but I noticed them on the faces of the audience.

Do you find my son prompt and punctual, Mr. Grindley? I never had a young man in my employ, who, at the close of business hours, could get out of the office with less delay.
I have heard that she walks in her sleep, said the gossip. Indeed! returned Mrs. Parvenue scornfully. So common, isn't it? I should think she would ride.

I know what keeps mamma so long, said little Frances, by way of explaining her mother's continued absence to a caller. What is it, dear? She said she'd be back soon.
Brown—I made an awful fool of myself this morning. Mrs. Brown—I don't see any occasion for making a fuss over it. It isn't the first time. Brown—it is the first time since I married.

Observer—Do you think that you can ever learn to ride a wheel? Beginner—Indeed I do. After the difficulties I have surmounted in getting one, I feel competent to accomplish anything.
This is the parlor, eh? tentatively remarked the real estate agent, who was looking over the house; "Yes," replied old man Kiddier; but I usually call it the court-room—I've got seven daughters, you know.

I suppose there are many problems which Polar explorers seek to solve? said the unscientific man. Yes, replied the intrepid traveler, a great many. What is the most important one? Getting back.
Anxious Mother—How is it that you have so much trouble with your housekeeping? You told me your wife could cook. Adult Son—She can. Then what is the matter? She won't.

First burglar—Why, what's the matter? Have you been in a railway accident? Second burglar—Oh, no, but I broke into a house where a woman was sitting up waiting for her husband and she mistook me for him.
Edwin—You would not take that uncle of mine to be a sensitive plant at all, would you? Reginald—He certainly does not look it. Edwin—Well, he is. Attempt to touch him and he closes up immediately.

Kitty—Yes, there's no denying that Charley Touter is a fascinating fellow; but you know they say he is inclined to be fast? Netty—Nonsense! It took him a good hour last night to get out of the house from the time he started.
Nervous Passenger—Captain, what would be the result if the steamer should strike an iceberg while we are plunging through this fog? Captain of Steamship—The iceberg would move right along, madam, just as if nothing had happened.

Foundation of a Theory—Watts—I see that a German scientist asserts that the memory is stronger in summer than in winter. Potts—I guess he wrote that after hearing some old fellow talking about the hot summers of forty years ago.
Farmer Whiffletree—You say you want a job and would work for a cent a minute? Why, that is sixty cents an hour, six dollars a day, thirty-six dollars a week, a hundred and— Weary Willie, faintly.—Hold on, dere, boss! Call it half a cent a minute den. I only want ter do five cents' worth.

Farmer Honk—Your nephew that went to college has kinder got cured of his retirin' disposition, ain't he? Farmer Grayneck—Wal, he is at least cured of all disposition to retire at a reasonable hour at night, but, on the other hand he is a good deal more retirin', as you might call it in the mornin', than before—in fact, he usually stays retired till about 10 o'clock.