

—By D. W. H.

remember that one of the dishes was devilled sausages.

At the hotel I said good night to the ladies and went to the newspaper office. Having performed certain du-

Then we returned to the hotel and sought my couch. I called to mind that I had seen a book in the library of the castle's History of England, and as I didn't feel disposed to slumber I read it till I was tired. I then went to my work. Finally I felt into the arms of the drowsy god. I might have been awakened by a peep of dawn, when I was awakened by a force knocked at the door of my chamber.

"Get up; the hotel's all on fire," was the alarming reply.

I slipped out of bed. Through the transom could be reflected a red gleam, and there was much smoke in the room. I opened the door and rushed into the passage. It was filled with smoke, through which ever and anon a burst of fire was seen. I rushed into the corridor for a moment and then died off. I tried to find the stairs. I groped about the walls, and then I saw the walls as I proceeded. The walls were already hot. The air was suffocating. I tried to open the door. I cried, "Fire! Fire!" with difficulty. Presently I came to a door and pushed. It opened. I saw a room, and I rushed up to my feet and ran toward a window. As I did so I saw a white smoke rising on the floor, I stooped and felt with my hands in the darkness and then—"Oh! horror! I'm trapped!" I cried in agony. "Is this you, Miss Reynolds?" I had not dared to call Miss Reynolds by name. I was in a predicament. I knew in the imperfect light that there was who lay at my feet. I never bethought myself of the possibility of my own death.

A voice in agonizing, stifling accents responded: "Yes. Oh! Save me! Save me!"

Evidently the girl had risen to fly and, overpowered by the smoke, had

in my arms. She was by no means lightweight, but I was young and strong and she was not very strong. I had the strength. A fitful flash of light illuminated room for a moment and I saw the woman in the hall nightgown. Her face was pale as death and her mouth streamed over my chest. I staggered and she lurched the other way. I picked me again, but I refused the door to the last. The smoke was denser than before, but as I lifted occasionally I could see the woman in the hall, tottering along the corridor apparently searching for something. All tried to articulate, but I could not hear. I passed into the corridor with my load and I searched for another flash to illuminate the hall before I could reach the stairs. At this moment a large figure loomed out of the gloom, I saw a woman in a nightgown, and a woman, but it was deep and sepulchral.

"Drop her!" I said, "She's dead. Carry me out." Then I saw that the newcomer was Mrs. Pusey.

I obeyed, as I thought, till I got to the door, upon which the girl's body crashed and seized the other woman. She staggered and I saw her face for me to lift. I did my best, I tried till my sinews cracked with the exertion, but I could not move a mountain of lead. I could not budge her.

"You can't lift you," I told her at last.

"You?"

"How dare you insult me!" she screamed. Mr. Pusey were here, and you could not see him. I said, "Take that—and that—and that!" She struck me three times across the face and I felt the stones as they cut into my flesh and then the hot blood coursed down my face and I was made.

"You!" she laughed insanely. "You think you're good-looking. You pride yourself on your manly beauty. On that fat, nut? I've marked you for life. I'll mark you for life. I'll mark you and forever after you'll be referred to as the 'Scarfed Man'."

"You?" I cried with difficulty. "Don't think you can treat

"As you do your little Pusey. Give me a good thrashing," she said, and, with the aid of her resistance, buried my feet in it until they met and shook it as if it were a sack of flour. "I don't want to eat you!" I cried. "I'll begin with your ears and then I'll eat you and throw to the wild beasts."

The woman was frightened and faltered. "I'll do anything," she said, "I am prepared to save myself by flight. I passed along the hall as I went shouting for help, but the door was closed and the stifling smoke would permit. Presently I heard hoarse voices as if in response to my cry. I was about to turn back when my ears the noise of many feet hurrying along the corridor. The footsteps of a man came. I saw a light and I picked up a map say. Then there came a crash as if something had given 'way' and I saw a bright light. I was about to open my eyes when I saw a bright light flashed in my eyes. I opened them wide, and wider still, and I saw a bright light. I was about to rise. I was lying on my bed, and I saw the room were the nightwatchman, and I saw the guests. Some bore lighted candles and others coal oil lamps. Two or three were carrying buckets. I saw the porter had a pail of water prepared to dash it upon a conflagration. I saw the nightwatchman, and I saw the ladies and Mrs. Pusey tiptoeing

"Saved you," said the watchman. "You ought to be hushed or yessed out of here. You're making a noise. Nothing. You don't want to save. You want a poundin'; that's what you want. You want a poundin' on the head and the neck. I am not Missie dead and Mrs. Pendergast. I am a watchman. I feel my face. There were no women around here. What does it mean?" I asked.

"It means," said the watchman, "that there are no women here; and that you have to treat the whole house for 'arrest' and the nightmare."

Intruders turned away with a gesture of disgust. The watchman, who had an office in the hotel, and who had been hastily summoned, came to the door and said:

"What did you have for supper?"
"Devilled sausages," I replied.
"Good night!" said the doctor, and
the next moment I was alone.

It was now Sunday morning, and, as
the first day of the new year, I was
dressed. I sallied forth, and after a
light breakfast, for which it may be
remembered that I had no money, I
strolled along Douglas street to St.
John's church. In 1850 was com-
pleted the first building of the church,
brought to England in 1840 by the
ship, consigned to Bishop Halls. The
foundation having been previously put
into the ground, the building was the
corner stone with appropriate cere-
monies, and in a few weeks the edifice was
ready for occupancy. The building was
various parts requiring only to be put to-
gether. I believe every interior finish
including pews, altar rails, etc., came
from the States. The building was
not, the building and fittings were

After church I had the hardihood to return to the St. Nicholas, and on the way to my room I encountered the first of the "tongue" and "leg" guests I met. The proprietors were very nice and sympathetic and were inclined to "let it go" when I told them a great joke on me that a few mugs of beer would atone for; but the ladies were uncompromising. They had heard that I had "gone" into the "big heads" that my excitement arose from an overcharge of strong drink; and although I had been in the city for several weeks, I was not afterwards asked to their receptions, nor was I ever given an opportunity to explain. Naturally I said, "Dick never," telling the ladies about me; for he suddenly became a great personage with the ladies, and I was sure to be asked about him everywhere, and through them learning all the secrets of the confidential man. I was, however, the first which he promptly reported to the American consul, Mr. Francis. How I was treated by Mr. Dick will appear in a later chapter.

Bituminous shale is estimated to cover 50,000 sq. mi. in the United States and to an average depth of 30 ft. The newly patented process of Otto Oppel, a Kentucky chemist, is expected to produce from this waste material a good quality of gas and oil, and to supply these for industrial purposes at a cost much less than that of the coal gas now used. The process will yield also valuable by-products, including silicate and sulphate of aluminas, ammonia, sulphate of iron, paraffin and phosphoric acid.

A long weather cycle of about 35 years seems to appear in the British Isles. Archibald concludes that a dry period has just passed, and that the years 1900-1902 will be years of unusually high water, orange rainfall and low barometer, and two bushels per acre deficiency in wheat yield.

House of sand, as substantial granite, are offered by the new process of Mr. L. P. Ford, of Grestford, England. A mixture of sand and quicklime in suitable proportions is forced into a very strong steel mould, which is placed in a box, from which the air is pumped, when hot water is admitted. The heat and pressure of the water slacking lime and steam mould the materials into a rock, having 50 per cent of the strength of granite. This building stone, ready for use in eight hours, is very durable, and its cost is low. Bricks by this process costing little more than half as much as the ordinary.

The changes of color of leaves in autumn are found by Dr. Keegan, an English investigator, to depend on the mineral matters, especially the silica and lime. Leaves that become red contain less silica than those that become yellow or brown have more than ten per cent. The mineral matters seem to flow to the dying leaf in quantity proportionate to the decay of its vitality, and the American climate sustains the vitality of the leaf to a degree not possible in England, where the lustrous summer is rare.

“Look here, you can't be so angry,” said Jim, “that is really the most important part of my plan.”

“Well, let's have the story,” and handing Jim a cigarette, I said: “You are doing very busy, no doubt, but it seems funny, very funny.”

“I must know,” I must know that recently a lot of coal has been discovered in these here parts. But people, especially the coal barons, are very suspicious of investing capital, owing probably to the great unrest lately throughout the country. So I have been thinking that there have been opened they have been going badly. Anyway, it struck me that if I turned you into an American, sir, and gave out that you had no end of capital and were going about searching for coal, you would be able to get some regarding your real profession if you were occasionally to open that there bag.”

“That's a very good idea,” said I, “a great idea,” and “that wretched bag contains coal, Jim, you are a trump.” But, unfortunately, I was wrong. We showed up and he was shot as spies. Never mind, my friend, you have saved the situation, and we must face it.

So we two journeyed on, Jim producing the coal-sack whenever the eye of suspicion glanced upon us. Thus we were

enue stamp.

Unable without arrest to arrive at the front just in the nick of time to see the final fight in the streets of Plovdiv.

The war, it may be remembered, was a struggle between the King of the Kingdom of Milan, for no particular reason more than having a nice little army at his disposal and an aggressive tendency, and a King of the Kingdom of the Kingdom of Russia, who hated the ruling Prince of Bulgaria, marching into that country one day to take it over and to establish his frontiers. The fight first occurred in the Dragoman defile, when, a fog coming on, the forward scouts of the Serbian army fired into the upper ranks of the Bulgarians, warned in time by this foreshadowing the Serbian army was driven back, and the Bulgarians, whence it came in a much less orderly manner. The Serbs re-crossed their frontiers and the Bulgarians re-crossed the defensive. At Plovdiv the made their last stand, and at the bayonet point they were driven back on Nisnev. The King

Pilot was cleared

was the best to go, then came the wounded, then followed the army, with the Bulgars hard on their heels; and Prince Alexander of Battenburg would have carried out his threat of eating King Milan's breakfast in Nisch the following morning but for Austrian intervention. So ended the Servo-Bulgarian war of 1886.

The winter had begun to set in with all the severity usual in this part of the world. Of a night the thermometer would fall to 40 degrees below zero. The Serbian sentries on outpost duty on the snowy uplands of the Balkans were frozen to death in appalling numbers. I was, therefore, very pleased to



the letter shoot.

resolved to continue my journey and chance it. Something might turn up to my advantage. I had no other alternative, and I might yet be in time. In the old days there was much more entertainment than there is now at Aden, but less than in the present time. Every evening there would be a dance on deck, some music, and a few games of cards or billiards, officiating at the piano. In the Red Sea of nights we would leave our quarters and go down to the deck to consider the stars, the fairer sex, as a compromise to the feelings of Mrs. Grundy, and play cards on the deck. There were no zareba of deck-chairs. Occasional pillow fights would take place between the ladies, and the men would have their innocent fun and amusement, and in the early morning tea and coffee were served on the deck. The day after our departure from Aden, the officers of deck chairs by the gentlemen, before the former retired for the bath periods.

On arriving at Aden I found to my great relief that the Viceroy had been deceived through a slight indisposition of the Viceroy's health, and therefore would not start for Bur-

leaving her hour before the Victory—don't miss it.

“I was not. Within an hour myself and kit were safely on board the Diamond Harbor train to meet the little steamer. The captain of the steamer was a curious proceeding to try and get on board in those days. First of all, the passengers were ordered to get on board. Then there was no landing stage—small row-boats by stalwart sailors. Then the small craft came out and the steamer was taken up as the steamer was sighted. On hearing us she slowed down, but never stopped, and we were taken up by a small boat waiting on her port side, and we were hatched on to her bulwarks and towed along by a rope. Then the small boat was hoisted on board. Then our baggage was hauled up. The small boats were then unrigged, and the Crossing the Bay of Bengal a hurricane came up, and for a day and a night it was raining, so

terrible was the sea and so heavy laden was the ship. It was an experience I shall always remember, for the squall came upon us as quick as a flash. From brilliant sunshine a darkness fell upon us like the blackest of nights. Thunderous seas broke over us from all quarters, and for hours we expected funnel, masts, spars, and all deck gear to be swept into the boiling ocean.

The Viceroy's ship was also delayed by the storm, and I succeeded in landing

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SCIENTISTS IN SOLLENT

[illegible]

uses of sand, as substitutes, are offered by the new process. L. P. Ford, of Gresham, Ore., says: "A mixture of sand and granite, in suitable proportions is forced into a strong steel mould, which is placed in a box, from which the sand is pumped, when hot water is poured in. The heat and pressure of the steam moulding the sand into a rock, having 50 per cent of the strength of granite. The material is ready for use in eight hours, is very durable, and its cost is reduced by this process costing little more than half as much as the ordinary method."

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The mineral matters contained in the dying leaf in quantity due to the decay of its life, and the American climate sustains the life of the leaf to a degree which in England, where the humidity is rare.

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gaudy grip-sack, which I found was carefully deposited with the rest of my baggage in the room.

"It's yours, sir," said the Unbelagred Jim. "I procured it for you in Belgrade. It's a part of our scheme," smiled he, "and I'm sure of our scheme! What scheme?" said I.

"Why, getting to the front, of course, sir."

"Do you mean to tell me that that ugly, inartistic receptacle or its contents has anything to do with me getting to the front? Now, be sensible, Jim. What do you mean? And be quick."

enough without arrest—to arrive at the front just in the nick of time to see the final fight in the streets of Plovdiv.

The war, it may be remembered, was a war of aggressive tendency, and a reassuring wink from the Czar of Russia, who hated the ruling Prince of Bulgaria, marching into that country one day in 1913, was the signal for the King of the Serbs to start the fight. The fight first occurred in the Dragoonade, when, a fog coming on, the Serbs, who were in the Dragoonade, fired into their own supports, and the Bulgarians, warned in time by this, fired back, and the Serbian army force, compelling the Bulgarians to retreat, whence it came in a much less orderly manner. The Serbs re-crossed their arms and the Bulgarians re-crossed the defensive. At Plovdiv they made their

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the letter shoot.

Well, I thought, "I've got a good luck for me, I rather poor for the representative of Her Most Gracious Majesty, but I shall be able to do it." I had but little anxiety now. I felt the my old luck was still standing by me. I had been advised in London. I found that the train would be straight on I should reach the capital on the very morning of the departure of Lord Dunsany. I was not to be late. I did not wait for the passenger boat, but by permission of the general captain was taken in a private boat. I was the only man on the main tender. When I arrived at the bottom of that shoot I felt that the tender that in name was the "Onondaga" was the "Onondaga" hurried to the railway station, and after sending a telegram to the Viceroys's secretary, I went to the railway station. If possible, to go on with the Viceregal party, I was just in the nick of time. I was the only man on the main tender. The days and nights were hot on that

ward sikh in the gorgeous liverly of the Indian Viceroy's establishment, was awaiting me at the terminus with a large sealed letter. I hurriedly tore open the envelope and rapidly glanced at its contents. It was short, but anything but sweet. It set forth the following: "Mr. Villiers was unable to take on being compelled to refuse, because of numerous applications, his Indian brother-correspondents, and could make no exception in his case. But if Mr. Villiers traveled to Rangoon by mail, he would be arriving at the same time, and would be able to assist him."

On the back of the not, in pencil, was the following: "There's a British India

terrible was the sea and so heavy laden was the ship. It was an experience I shall always remember, for the squall came upon us as quick as a flash. From brilliant sunshine a darkness fell upon us like the blackest of nights. Thunderous seas broke over us from all quarters, and for hours we expected funnel, masts, spars, and all deck gear to be swept into the boiling ocean.

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(Continued on Page Seven.)

vel use of postage stamps

Blunt was cleared with the bayonet.

Sent down the letter shoot

(Continued on Page Seven.)