BUSINESS NOTICE.

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The "Miramichi Advance," having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick, and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec, in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address,

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GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

Degrees in Which Professional Jealousy Exists.

An Italian philosopher (says the British Medical Journal), who has made inquiries into "the psychology of occupation," has constructed the varying degrees in which professional jealousy exists.

The lowest place in the scale is assigned to architects; next above them come clergymen, advocates, and military officers.

Then follow professors of science and literature, journalists, authors, doctors and actors.

The British Medical Journal, in noting the fact that doctors hold a bad eminence in the scale of jealousy quuotes the view of this same philosopher (Signor Ferianni), who says that doctors display that mean vice by affecting to regard each other as quacks.

Ferrianni thinks that the comparatively slight tendency to jealousy which he notes in architects and advocates is to be explained by "the precision and truth of their studies."

The British Medical Journal admits that barristers are, as a rule less jealous of each other than doctors, but thinks the reason due to the fact that their personal feelings are but little engaged in the collisions which occur between them.

Mr. Justjoined—"What on earth are you trying to do?" Mrs. Justjoined—"I was reading about cooking by electricity, so I hung the chops on the electric bell, and I've been pushing the button for half an hour, but it doesn't seem to work."

The address slip pasted on the top of this paper is a date on it. If the date of the paper is later than that is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper without paying for it. See Publisher's announcement.

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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THE.... HAUNTED 'BUS

I.

It was raining heavily when I jumped on to my regular homeward-bound 'bus. The conductor knew me, and I ventured, with the freedom of an old acquaintance, to wish him "Good-evening!" Though not of a jovial disposition, his attitude towards me as a "regular" had always been one of restrained geniality, and I was therefore surprised when at my greeting he started, glanced insolently over his shoulder, and retorted, "Drop it!" retreating hurriedly to his back step. As we neared the end of the journey, the conductor, as by a sudden impulse, came up to me.

"Begging your pardon, sir," he said, in a low voice, "I was wishful to apologize for what must have seemed rudeness. I ain't myself to-night. I never am this night."

"Do you mean on January 20th?" "Ah!" He nodded, and seemed to twitch all over. "Are you in a hurry to-night?" he added.

I was not in a hurry.

"If you'll wait for me when we gets in, I'll explain," he said.

So it came to pass that we were soon seated at a small table in the Clare Arms saloon, and the conductor unburdened himself.

"Do you remember some years ago what they called the 'Great Omnibus Mystery'?"

I nodded. It was the only case on record of a murder in an omnibus.

"I'm the only man that knows the true history of that crime—and the sequel. I was conductor of that 'bus."

He took a long pull at his cigar, and launched into his tale.

"It was January 20th, four years ago," he began. "I was on the last down 'bus that night. Just after we started a snowstorm came on. The horses could hardly get along, and the consequence was that as we turned out of Oxbridge Street into Granary Street we were absolutely empty. We'd gone about halfway up the street, when I heard quick footsteps in the snow behind me, and, looking round, I saw a young woman come running up and jump on to the step. She stood there for a moment looking over her shoulder, and I noticed that she was very pale, and had a sort of frightened look on her face. She was breathing fast after her run, and her hat and shoulders were all white with snow.

"She sat down in the left-hand corner-seat by the door. Her hand trembled as she gave me a penny. I noticed her so particularly, she being the only fare. She was a nice-looking young woman, very dark, and I judged her to be a foreigner. She said 'Butcher Street' when she paid her fare, and went on staring back along the dark street and the white road. Presently I went up on top to see that the tarpaulins were straight on the seats, and to have a word with old Bill, my driver. I stopped talking to him for some time. When I went down the stair again the young woman was leaning back in her corner with her eyes shut.

"'Butcher Street!' I says. But she didn't stir.

"I tapped her on the shoulder, and the 'bus gave a little lurch just then and she came off the seat to the floor like a bundle. There was a big red stain on her white blouse, and she was quite dead."

Evidently the horror of that awful moment was on him still. He shivered miserably.

"There was an inquest, of course. She was identified as a young French-woman working in a big dressmaker's in Deal Street. But beyond the fact that she was called Marie Dooray, or some such name, and that she'd been in London a few weeks, no one knew much about her. The medical evidence showed she'd been stabbed to the heart.

"It wasn't an altogether pleasant business for me—that inquest. Anyway, they couldn't possibly suspect me o' the murder, and, as the coroner said, I left the room without a shadow of a ghost of a suspicion. My theory is that the murderer came creeping up behind the 'bus, jumped on the step, and stabbed her, and was off again in half a second.

"They brought it in the usual thing—'Wilful Murder against some Person unknown'—and after a few days the whole affair was forgotten. It was just about three months after the murder that I began to be strangely uneasy, and I couldn't give any reason for it. And at last the truth dawned on me. The 'bus was haunted.

'I don't expect you to believe me. But I'd like you to hear the rest. It began one cold day in April, when two ladies hailed me in Pond Street. I glanced over my shoulder into the 'bus, with my hand on the bell, and called, 'Only room for one inside!' They shook their heads at that, and were turning away, when a gent inside the 'bus said, 'Room for two, conductor.' I looked again, and sure enough there was another empty seat between the gent that had spoken and a dark, foreign-looking man. I was puzzled.

"A week or two later, on a warm, sunny evening, we were pretty full, it being about six o'clock. A young fellow with a pipe in his mouth hopped on to the step in Oxbridge Street. 'I think we're full on top,' I said, 'but I'll have a look.' I went up a few steps, glanced round, and came down to him. 'Full outside!' I told him. 'I'm sure I saw one empty place,' he said. 'You'd better go and find it!' I said, a bit gruff. He passed me and climbed up. And he didn't come down again.

After a minute I followed him, and sure enough he was sitting on the hindmost seat.

"'I told you so,' he said.

"'Sorry,' I said. 'I made a mistake.'

"'That's all right!' he said. 'We all make mistakes sometimes.'

"He said it cheery-like, and turned to the man next him as he spoke; but he only grunted. He was dark, foreign-looking man, and I wondered where I'd seen him before.

II.

"Well, that being the second time I'd made the mistake, I began to have that feeling of uneasiness I mentioned just now. I was extra careful in counting after that; but I had a sort of feeling that it would happen again. It did—just the same sort of way, and about the same time in the evening. When my mistake was pointed out to me this time I had a sort of shock. I rubbed my eyes, and I stared into the 'bus, and my eyes met another pair, that seemed to scowl at me. They belonged to a dark, foreign-looking man. And like a flash it came to me that he was always there when my mistakes happened. And I knew then, from the way my mind jumped back like lightning to that January 20th, that this was the murderer."

"Rather a sudden conclusion to jump at," I remarked.

"Maybe!" he retorted. "But I knew it. I didn't imagine it or suspect it; I knew it."

"What did you do?" I asked

"Do? What could I do? I stared at him and he scowled at me, and presently he got off the 'bus. But I watched for him after that. I saw him several times afterwards, at intervals of a week or so, but he never seemed to want to get on my 'bus. He would look up as we passed and scowl at me, and walk on. And then I knew he knew."

"Knew what?" I interrupted.

"Knew I knew!" he answered impatiently. "Once he got on while I was collecting fares on top, without our seeing one another, and when I got down again it was five minutes before I could get my tickets to agree with the passengers. There was always one too many on the 'bus. And then I recognized him, and counted again till I got 'em right."

"How long did this state of things last?" I asked.

"For months," he replied. "Sometimes I'd not notice anything for several weeks, and would begin to feel more easy in my mind. Then one day, quite unexpected like, I'd have the old sensation of there being one more on the 'bus than there ought to be, and as sure as I felt that I'd spot the dark, foreign-looking man.

"And so it went on. A few weeks' quiet, and then another repetition of the old sensation, with that foreigner glaring at me, and the empty seat near him, that wasn't altogether empty. At first I think he avoided my 'bus, but I believe that later he waited for it out of a kind of bravado. And I, knowing what I knew, could do nothing, only wait for I didn't know what. It came—what I was waiting for. Oh, it came right enough! For a year went by, and it was January 20th again.

"It was a pouring wet night, very much like it is to-night. We were full inside almost from the start, but not a single outside fare. I was very absent-minded and occupied that evening, thinking of what had happened a year ago, and of what I'd been through since, when a man, with his streaming umbrella over his head and his coat-collar turned up, jumped on the step.

"'Full inside, sir!' I said.

"He muttered something low, and stumbled by me up the stairs. As he passed me I looked sharply round. I could have sworn I heard the swish of a woman's skirt behind him on the step, and something like a cold wind brushed my face.

"I don't know how I got through collecting the fares inside. My brain was whirling, and I had cold tricklings down my back. I kept calling myself a fool; but I had to wait a minute before I could screw up pluck to go up on top.

"Of course, it was him—the dark foreigner. I'd expected that, and I recognized him, in spite of the darkness and his coat-collar. What I hadn't expected was the woman. She was sitting next him on the same seat in the pouring rain. And her hat and shoulders were white with snow!

"It was all like a very awful but very distinct dream. Just we three on the top of the 'bus, and the driver's hat shining in front. I was in a dazed sort of state, I suppose, when I said, 'Fares, please!' He gave me a penny, and, hardly knowing what I was doing, I said, 'Is the young woman with you?' He gave a sort of jump. 'What are you talking about?' he said. 'What young woman?' I began to laugh sort o' hysterical. This one,' I said. And I laid my hand on his shoulder.

"At the touch he was on his feet, with a horrible hoarse kind of cry.

"'Marie!' he said. And again, 'Marie!'

"He stumbled out from the seat, and the woman with the snow on her hat rose, too, and faced him. He backed from her towards the stairs, still calling 'Marie!' and she followed him. He staggered back farther, and she stretched out her hand and touched him. He gave an awful yell, and jerked away, and the rail caught him beyond the knees, and he went over backwards on to the shining black asphalt. And I was alone on the 'bus, with old Bill, the driver, twisting round and shouting to me to know what all the row was about. But I only sat on a seat and laughed. They tell me I laughed for an hour. I don't remember."

"And the man," I said—"the foreigner?"

"The doctor at the inquest said, 'Neck broken,'" he answered shortly.

"And you?"

"I? I didn't say anything. I was at home in bed. Bill, the driver, gave evidence of having seen the man stumble and fall over the rail, and said he thought he was drunk, and they decided to do without adjourning for my attendance. But I know what I think."

He leaned forward and spoke impressively.

"In my opinion, he was dead before he touched the ground. Fear was his complaint—blind, shrieking, paralysing fear!"

He stood up and buttoned his coat.

"Good-night, sir!" he said abruptly.

"Good-night, and thank you!" I returned.

"Thank you, sir!" he said slowly. "You've listened, and you haven't laughed.

Laughed? No; and I didn't laugh in bed that night, when a young woman with snow on her hat and shoulders sat perched on the rail till morning. Laugh indeed!—London Answers.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Prominent People.

The German Emperor possesses a cane which belonged to Frederick the Great, who always carried it on his many battlefields. Frederick died in his arm-chair, having refused to take to his bed when dying and he held this cane in his hand at the moment of his death.

Mlle. Delna, the finest contralto in France, was discovered by Saint-Saens, and he looks upon the day when he heard the prima donna for the first time singing a music-hall ditty as she washed up her dishes at a village inn near Paris as the happiest one in his life.

The Countess of Darnley is one of the few Australian peeresses. She met her husband under most romantic circumstances. The Hon. Ivo Bligh, as he then was, took a cricket team to Australia in 1882, and while playing a match in the Melbourne Club grounds cut his hand. The attendant borrowed a lady's handkerchief to bind it up, and Mr. Bligh insisted upon thanking this lady for her kindness. She is the present Countess of Darnley.

Pete Gulefi, one of the chief leaders of the Macedonian rebels, took an oath when he was a boy that in later life he would go to the mountains and devote himself to the liberation of Macedonia. Some of his schoolfellows took the same vow, and are now members of his band.

So keen is the German Emperor on his younger sons obtaining a thorough knowledge of warfare that he insists that some portion of their day shall be devoted to playing at soldiers. The youngsters receive periodical instructions to build fortifications of earth and mud, and the result of their labors is criticised by a military expert. The Crown Prince, by the way, is skilled as a carpenter, while the Kaiser himself, having been taught to design buildings as a youth, is capable of following the profession of an architect.

For a good many distinguished men it must be a curious experience to look back on the modest ambition of their earlier days. A correspondent, for instance, reminds us of what it was that Mr. Chamberlain, in days long forgotten, desired to have written on his tombstone. When he first stood as a candidate for the Birmingham Town Council he publicly declared that his ambition would be amply satisfied if, "when his epitaph came to be written it could be said of him that he planted trees in our streets and abolished the kidney pavements."

Sir Thomas Nagliten Fitgerald, whose daughter is about to be married to Commander Lumsden, is a dapper little Irishman who has been surgeon-in-ordinary to a succession of Victorian Viceroys, and who stands easily at the head of his profession in Melbourne. His private hospital on the summit of Melbourne's western hill is one of the landmarks of the city, and while his income from his private practice is said to reach the huge sum of $250,000 a year, he devotes no small amount of time to gratuitous work among the poor. He is quite a leader in society, and still drives a coach and four at nearly seventy years of age.

Maxim Gorki, the Russian novelist, having been asked a few days ago by his publisher to write his own biography, sat down, took a pen, and wrote: "1878: I was apprenticed to a shoemaker. 1879: I was apprenticed to a designer. 1880: Scullion on board a racket-boat. 1883: I worked for a baker. 1884: I became a porter. 1885: Baker. 1886: Chorister in a troupe of strolling opera-players. 1887: I sold apples in the streets. 1888: I attempted to commit suicide. 1890: Copyist in a lawyer's office. 1891: I crossed Russia on foot. 1892: I was a laborer in the workshops of a railway. In the same year I published my first story."

Like many other boys who have risen to eminence, Lord Charles Beresford was the despair of both his parents and teachers. On his thirteenth birthday the choice of a calling was put before young Beresford by his father asking him whether he would enter the Army or the Navy or take up orders. "Well," he concluded, "what is it to be?" "The Navy," was Beresford's immediate reply. "And why the Navy, boy?" pursued the father. "I'd like to be an admiral, like Nelson." "Pshaw! Like Nelson! Why Nelson?" "Because I want to." "But even if you were to join the Navy, why do you think you will ever become an admiral?" "Because I mean to," was the curt and emphatic reply.

Enjoy the pleasures of life when you have a chance, or when you get ready to enjoy them you may find them missing.

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About the ....House

RECIPES OF THE TABLE.

Orange Cream Sponge Cake.—Mix by sifting three teaspoonfuls of baking powder with one and a half cups of flour. In separate dish beat three eggs until light; add one and a half cups of white sugar, one half cup of water, and grated rind of half an orange. For the cream use half a pint of milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of corn starch, one tablespoonful of flour, and beat other ingredients together. Add to milk and boil till thick. Flavor with grated rind of remaining half of orange; spread between layers.

Spanish Sandwiches.—Cut white bread in strips three and a half inches long and an inch wide. Butter slightly and spread with cottage cheese, mixed with a little cream. Pepper and salt.

Chocolate Bavarian Cream.—A refreshing dessert for a hot day is Bavarian cream with chocolate, and its manufacture is quite simple. Boil together a pint of cream, or rich milk, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; when nearly cool, flavor with vanilla, and add the yolks of four eggs well beaten, and two sticks of chocolate which have been dissolved in a little hot water. When it has become quite cold stir in a pint of cream which has been whipped to a stiff froth. Put in a mould and set on the ice until wanted.

Perfectly delicious for afternoon tea, or for a "high tea," are gateaux aux pistaches, or pistache cakes. Beat up five ounces each of butter and fine sugar, six ounces of flour, and three eggs well beaten, adding the flour and eggs alternately. Bake this mixture in a shallow tin. When quite cold cut it into rounds with a large pastry cutter; cover these rounds with apricot or peach marmalade, and pile each above the other. Cover the last layer with a little of the marmalade and then sprinkle very thickly with blanched pistachio nuts. Fill the centre with whipped cream, strew it with nuts, and garnish the base with little heaps of the cream and nuts.

Tapioca Pudding.—Cover three tablespoonfuls tapioca with water; let it stand over night; add one quart of milk, a small piece of butter, a little salt, and boil; beat the yolks of three eggs with a cup of sugar and boil the whole to a thick custard; flavor with vanilla. Take from the fire and cover with the whites of the eggs beaten with a little sugar. Cover the whole with a plate that the heat of the pudding may cook the meringue.

Lemon Pudding.—One cup of rice after it is boiled; one pint of milk; half a cup of sugar; the yolks of three eggs, the grated rind of one lemon, a small piece of butter. Bake thirty minutes; stir while baking. Make a meringue of the whites of the eggs, half a cup of sugar and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. When pudding is done spread meringue over it and return to the oven to brown a trifle.

Suet Pudding.—One cup of molasses; one of sweet milk; one of suet chopped fine or a half cup of melted butter; one cup of raisins; half a cup of currants, two and a half cups of flour, half a teaspoonful of soda. Mix well and add salt and spice to taste. Steam two hours. Serve with a fluid sauce.

A Simple Dessert.—One of the best family desserts can be made of apples and stale bread: Peel ten good-sized apples, core and slice them, and stew them to a pulp with sugar enough to sweeten them. Meantime thickly butter the sides and bottom of an oval earthen baking dish, and press all around them crumbs from the inside of a loaf of bread, having them nearly an inch thick; when the apple is done mix with a tablespoonful of butter and one egg beaten. Put the apple into the dish without disturbing the crumbs. Over the surface put an inch thick layer of crumbs dotted with a few bits of butter and bake the pudding until the crumbs at the sides are brown. Turn a platter, just large enough to enclose the dish within its rim over the pudding dish, quickly turn both upside down, so that the pudding will slip out on the platter, dust it with powdered sugar, and serve it hot.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Chloride of lime should be scattered at least once a week under sinks and in all those places where sewer gas is liable to lurk.

When the rubber rollers of your wringer become sticky, as they very often do after wringing flannel, rub with kerosene and wipe dry and they will be nice and smooth.

Put 1 qt. sauerkraut in a baking dish and cover the top with bacon sliced very thin. Bake about half an hour, or until it is well browned on the top and sides.

When cleaning a fowl, use a teaspoon of soda to 1 qt. of warm water, also a cloth, and you will see the necessity of the washing.

If you spill ink on your carpet, apply at once fresh skimmed milk, rubbing well with a cloth until the stain disappears. Then sponge off with clear water and cover with a paper until dry.

A pancake turner is very convenient for lifting poached eggs from the water, or to take fried eggs from the frying-pan.

Cheese, beans, peas, eggs, meats, and milk are rich in nitrogen; rice, wheat, oats, corn, barley, peas beans and potatoes, in starch; cheese, meats, eggs and milk in fats; vegetables, fruits, radishes and condiments in salts, acids and flavors.

A steak, to retain its juices, should be cooked in the quickest manner possible consistent with safety from burning, and not seasoned until placed upon the table.

Warmed-over meats fill the stomach and seem to satisfy hunger, but they do not contribute to vital energy or maintain the purity of the blood as do meats that have not been cooked to death. Economy may compel us to utilize them, but we should strike to avoid cooking so much that it must be warmed over more than once.

Where milk is not to be had, or there is but little to use, cornstarch may take its place in pudding sauces, white saucel etc., especially if butter and eggs are used. Mix the cornstarch—two tablespoonfuls—with a little cold water; cook it by adding a pint of hot water, letting it cook thoroughly, then when a little cool, beat in one egg, thoroughly beaten. Return to the fire for a minute or two, then season with salt, a lump of butter, or whatever seasoning you prefer—chopped parsley is good. This makes a white sauce good to serve with boiled onions, warmed over veal, dried beef or salt fish, like cod-fish or finnan haddie, or with the addition of sugar and the juice of a lemon, and lemon extract, makes a fairly good pudding-sauce.

When sofa pillows that are filled with down or feathers lose their elasticity and become hard and slightly matted, they can be restored to their original condition by simply hanging them out of doors for the day. Down quilts can be given new life in the same way, and feather beds left out of doors all day will resemble the softest down. Do not hang feathers in the sun, for an oil exudes from them which causes a decided odor, and is apt to discolor the covering. Articles stuffed with down can be hung directly in the sun for a few hours.

A window seat both pretty and serviceable may be made with a frame 5 feet long by 18 inches wide. Use four legs, which can be bought at a furniture store for 12½ cents each. Fit the legs into the corners of the frame and nail strips of board across the bottom of this frame. Fasten old bed springs solidly to these, with stout cord, and cover with any durable material such as jute or sacking. Pad with excelsior, and cover the whole with any preferred upholstering goods. Colored or stamped jute can be purchased for 15 cents a yard, and is particularly satisfactory and inexpensive for this purpose. Finish with a cord and you will not regret the slight amount of money and labor spent in its construction.

SEA WATER IS HYGIENIC.

Sewers Flushed With It and Streets Sprinkled.

Several years ago the city council of Hastings, England, tried the experiment of employing sea water for watering the streets and flushing the sewers, and their example was soon followed by the local authorities of a number of other towns on the coast. The wastefulness, not to say folly, of using for such purposes water that had at considerable labor and expense been filtered to the highest attainable degree of purity seemed obvious, and though, of course, it involved the installation of a separate system of pumping station, mains and hydrants, the fact that the supply was inexhaustible and itself cost absolutely nothing was so evident that it was strange that this source had been neglected so long.

The sanitary and economic results seemed more than to justify the innovation, for, to say nothing of its slightly antiseptic action, the hygroscopic property of the salt caused the effects of each watering to last for a much longer time, and the surface of the roadway was believed by some to be more compact and cohesive than when fresh water was employed. Besides the retrenchment the new system presented a direct source of revenue in the demand by many private householders for a salt water service to their bathrooms so that they might enjoy the luxury of sea-bathing at home.

But a few years' experience has unfortunately brought about no small disillusionment: the owners of carriages complain of the destructive action of the salt mud on the varnish and paint, and the tradesmen complain of the injury inflicted on goods of all kinds by the salt dust and its subsequent deliquescence. Lastly, the users themselves, the local authorities and their customers, have discovered that the salt water exerts such a corrosive and generally destructive action on metal pipes and fittings that the number of persons contracting, for a domestic supply has fallen from 200 to two, and the leakage from the joints of the street mains has caused the death of the trees planted in the best streets and promenades, so that the engineer to the corporation that had been the pioneer in the movement finds himself compelled, in an exhaustive report of its experience, to admit that the system has proved a complete failure.

LOVE THEIR KING AND QUEEN

The Romans Are Stanch Friends of Their Sovereigns.

The Romans are quite ready to believe all the good possible of their king and queen, but are brought very little into real contact with them. In the summer it is different, however. Then their majesties mix among the people as much as possible, and try to learn their point of view, while maintaining their own incognito. Recently they were motoring, and were suddenly overtaken by a very severe storm, go-sips the Pall Mall Gazette. They, together with Gen. Brusati, who accompanied them, took refuge in the nearest house, which proved to be that of a public school teacher. They were most cordially received, being taken for some gentlefolks from Turin.

Night closed in, and still the storm maintained its fury, so that they were invited to partake of the simple dinner of the household, which they did with such mutual pleasure that the schoolmaster declared that the king might have been a professor, he talked so cleverely; and the king said that not many men had the brain of his host. They parted with mutual expressions of pleasure.

The day following a much grander personage than his master presented himself at the schoolmaster's house, saying he had been sent by their majesties to thank him for the hospitality received, and to deliver several parcels. It was only then the simple man understood to whom he had given shelter.

The queen is always looking for ways to benefit others. One day, from a terrace of the castle, she saw some men cutting hay, and immediately ordered wine and food to be taken to them. Later she descended for a walk and, passing near the spot, stopped to speak to the mowers. They were very much affected, and, as they had nothing to offer her majesty, one old man stooped and, picking a wild flower, presented it to his queen, "In the name of all of us."

"That man called me a liar, a cad, a scoundrel, and a puppy. Would you advise me to fight for that?" "By all means. There's nothing nobler in this world, young man, than fighting for the truth."

A man may be won by flattery; he can be retained only by cookery.

NEW SMOKELESS POWDER

IT IS CALLED VELOXITE AND IS VERY EFFICIENT.

Inventions of Col. Wm. Hope, a Veteran of the Crimean War.

One of the few surviving Crimean veterans, Colonel William Hope, has invented a new smokeless powder, which he calls "veloxite," and which he claims to be both simpler in manufacture and more efficient than any yet introduced.

The Colonel has been at feud with the War Office for many years—a fact which recent revelations incline one to consider rather in his favor. He has much to tell of the scandalous way in which inventors who desire to benefit their country are treated in the Pall Mall. He claims to have invented the shrapnel shell with time fuse, which is now universally used as the best man-killing projectile, and to have produced a more efficient system of making big guns and armour-piercing shot than any yet adopted—which the War Office has stubbornly refused to acknowledge!

TOOK OUT PATENT IN 1884.

It was in 1884 when he took out a patent for improvements in gunpowder, that Colonel Hope began the series of experiments which have now resulted in the production of "veloxite." For the last ten years he has practically lived in the laboratory which he constructed out of the top floor of his house in Fulham. He has made about 10,000 carefully recorded and calculated experiments, in which he has tested powders made of almost every substance containing carbon and hydrogen, and has used nearly every possible oxidizing agent in combination with them. Once he blew himself up and was blind and deaf for a week; but fortunately no ill-effects persisted.

A SAFE EXPLOSIVE.

"From the first," he says, "I was determined to eschew all dangerous and unstable substances, such as sulphur, phosphorus, the chlorates, and the nitro-compounds of which cordite and most smokeless powders are composed. Thus I have at last succeeded in producing "veloxite," as I call it, which is made of two simple and stable substances, which can be bought anywhere in large quantities and at a low price. Its flashing point is about 1,200 degrees Fahrenheit—double that of black powder, and more than three times that of cordite and all nitro-powders."

Here Colonel Hope produced some of his new propellant, in white discs like peppermint lozenges, and showed that a dully red hot poker would not set it off. When the poker was further heated it flamed with a rapid, smokeless, and suddenly extinguished brilliance. The only products of combustion are carbonic acid gas and water vapor, so that it is absolutely smokeless—at the most a puff of steam might be visible.

The ingredients of this propellant are such that no chemical change can take place in or between them until the powder is detonated, nor can variation or climatic conditions affect it. Its efficiency, as shown by experiments conducted by the well known firm of Kirkcaldy, is about 73 per cent. greater than that of "R.F.G." powder as made at Waltham Abbey.

EFFECT OF "VELOXITE."

Most important of all, the effect of "veloxite" when ignited in a gun-barrel is singularly mild and equable; it produces a steady and increasing pressure on the projectile which diminishes before the shot leaves the barrel. The diagram of resulting pressure is as nearly as possible a straight line parallel to the axis of the gun, instead of a sharply rising and slowly falling curve.

Many of these good qualities have been proved by labratory tests; it remains to submit "veloxite" to the searching test of practical use under the conditions demanded in war and sport. If it fulfils its inventor's expectations and passes this examination—which ought to be once taken in hand by the War Office as well as by private enterprise—we have little hesitation in saying that "veloxite," with its speed and simplicity of manufacture—it can be made and used in a single day—its stability of composition and its steadiness of propelling effect, allowing much heavier charges to be used than can be the case with existing equable powders, ought to be the propellant of the future.

GROW YOUNG WITH AGE.

Three Reasons Why People Grow Old.

Next to air and food in the human economy comes exercise. We may may have plenty of fresh air, and a proper allowance of the right kind of food, and yet, without helpful exercise, these will not avail to keep the body in good condition.

In answer to the question, "Why do we grow old?" a medical writer gives these three reasons: "We do not get enough physical exercise in the open air, we are poisoned by microbes which the scientists have not succeeded in destroying, and we are depressed by fear of death."

Of the three reasons it will be noted that he gives the place of first importance to lack of exercise. There is nothing else which can take the place of physical activity as a preserver of youth and energy.

"Grow younger as you grow older by cultivating a moderate love of good, healthful, honest sport," is sound advice. Walking, running, jumping, rowing, playing golf, tennis, or croquet, or any other mild form of exercise in the open air keeps the muscles supple and prevents the joints from stiffening, fills the lungs with life-giving oxygen, and keeps the blood from becoming sluggish or the liver torpid. In short, it is exercise that keeps the body in tune and "up to concert pitch," just as exercise keeps the voice or musical instrument in perfect tune.

A girl may believe in luck during her engagement, but after marriage—well, that's another story.

Cassidy (at the wake)—'Tis very natural he looks. Casey—Aye! Shure he looks for all the wurld loike a loive man layin' there dead.

In a successful matrimonial firm the husband isn't a "full" partner.

Doctor (feeling Sandy's pulse in bed)—"What do you drink?" Sandy (with brightening face)—"Oh, I'm not particular, doctor! Anything you've got with ye."

DIRECTS RUSSIA'S ARMY

GEN. KOUROPATKIN IS A GALLANT SOLDIER.

Has Made a Glorious Record in Every Russian War Since 1866.

General Alexeiff Nicholavitch Kouropatkin, who has just been appointed to the supreme military command of the Russian forces in the Far East, has since 1898 been Minister of War in the Russian Empire. He was educated in the theory of arms at the best of the Russian military schools, trained to practice under the greatest of modern Russian warriors, General Mikhael Skobeleff, made a glorious record in every important Russian war since 1866, and worked hit way up from sub-lieutenant in that year to the command of the army in 1897. His executive abilities have been put to the severest and most successful tests in the governorship of the Trans-Caspain district, and in the oberous office which is occupied at present, and he has worn more decorations than any one breast could wear at any one time.

Like most Russian officers, he comes from the ancient nobility. For centuries his family has played a leading part in the local government of Pskoff, where their ancestral estates are situated.

Here he was born on March 17, 1848. After completing the courses of the Cadet Corps School and of the Imperial Military College in St. Petersburg, he obtained a commission as sub-lieutenant in the Turkestan Rifles. He was than only eighteen.

The various tribes and nations which occupied the vast territory, then known simply as Turkestan, were in a condision of will disorder, and were united only in a common hatred for the Christians.

CAPTURE OF SAMARCAND.

In June, 1864, an expedition under General Chernaieff had been sent into that portion of what is now West Turkestan, which lay just across the then borders of Asiatic Russia. Tashkend had fallen in June, 1865. Just before Kouropatkin's arrival on the scene the important victory of Irjan had been won by 8,000 Russians, over 40,000 Bokharans, under their Emir. Kouropatkin participated in all the subsequent hostilities which culminated in the capture of Samarcand, the Emir's capital. A treaty was concluded, which left Bokhara politically free, but transferred Samarcand to Russia.

Kouropatkin returned to St. Petersburg with the rank of lieutenant, to continue his military studies in the Academy of the General Staff. In 1871, as the most brilliant graduate of the academy, he was sent abroad to study military conditions in various European countries. In France President MacMahon invited him to take part in the manoeuvres at Metz. Here he displayed such strategic ability that he was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, being the first Russian to win that distinction. He was in Algiers with the French general Laverdeau in 1874, and there accumulated the materials for his first book, "Algeria," which was published in 1877.

CHIEF OF STAFF.

In 1876 he was back again in Turkestan, assisting Geoeral Skobeleff in the conquest of Khokand. This province was annexed by Russia under the new name of Ferghana. Skobeleff was appointed governor, with Kouropatkin as his chief of staff.

War with Turkey broke out on April 24, 1877. Skobeleff and Kouropatkin were summoned back to Russia. Constantinople was to be taken. Between Russian and Constantinople lay three great bariers—the river Danube, the Turkish strongholds in Bulgaria and the Balkan Mountains, which form the natural boundary between Bulgaria and Roumelia.

The Russians now pressed forward to the very suburbs of Constantinople. On March 3, 1878, peace was concluded at San Stefano. Only the intervention of the other powers, and notably England, had prevented Russia from capturing Constantinople.

SUBDUED THE TURCOMANS.

With the proclamation of peace Kouropatkin, now raised to the grade of colonel, returned to St. Petersburg where he was appointed Asiatic director of the general staff and joint professor of military statistics in the academy. Again trouble broke out in Turkestan. Russia still smarting at the memory of England's interference in Turkey, conceived the idea of making those troubles a pretext for conquering the entire territory and thundering at the very gates of India. The British public, catching some rumor of this plan, was aroused. Lord Salisbury pooh, poohed their fears.

"The Turcoman barrier," he insisted, "will last during our lifetime, at least. Russia cannot conquer the Turcomans."

So did not think General Tergoukasoff, commander of the Russian forces in Central Asia. Consulted by Czar Alexander II. as to how long it would take to reduce the Turcomans to submission, he replied, "Three years."

"That is too long," said the Czar. He recalled Tergoukasoff and put Skobeleff in his place. Skabeleff, of course, secured Kouropatkin for his chief of staff. In less than three months these two performed the feat, which Tergoukasoff had said would take three years, and Lord Salisbury a lifetime.

For his services he was promoted to the rank of major-general. From 1883 to 1890 he was engaged on the general staff, and especially in the work of reorganizing the Russian army.

On March 27, 1890, he was appointed Governor of the trans-Caspian district, and commander, and completed by peaceful means the work which he had begun by conquest. He succeeded in pacifying the Turcoman hordes who formerly roamed unchecked over the wilds of Central Asia; he introduced modern inventions into the villages and cities, opened schools everywhere, built railways and manned them with Russian officials. Finally, on Jan. 1, 1898, he became Minister of War of the Russian Empire.

THEIR VERDICT.

"Fetch in the body," ordered the foreman of a Texas coroner's jury.

The body was laid before them. The jury made a careful examination and questioned the attending surgeon.

"Whar was he shot?"

"Square through the heart."

"Dead in the centre o' the heart?"

"Right in the centre."

"Who shot him?"

"Jake Daniels."

A dozen witnesses declared that Jake fired the shot, and Jake himself admitted it. The jury consulted softly for some time.

"Well, gentlemen of the jury," said the coroner, "what's your verdict?"

"Waal, *fedge*," answered the foreman, "we've come to the conclusion that Jake Daniels is the dandiest shot in these parts— don't you forget it."

One way light of your troubles is t your unreceipted bills.