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A Fair Deceiver

I.

"I know you won't mind, Edith, will you? I feel dreadful about going, but it's a matter of such importance to Cecil. His aunt is a perfect crank, and she arranges a list of visits that must be carried out like the commands of Royalty. You see, I haven't a head for dates, and I never realized we were booked to go away the day after your arrival. But it will only be for two days, dearest; and you see how impossible it is for me to get out of it."

Doris Fenn rattled on, and Edith tried to conceal her dismay. It was disheartening to have looked forward to two pleasant weeks with an old school-friend at her charming country home, only to be greeted with the intelligence that her hostess was obliged to go away to visit her husband's aunt, and that she was to be left alone in a strange house.

"You will have Mary and cook to look after you, and you can go out on the lake, and everybody has promised to call, so you can't get lonely. And, besides, it is only for two days, Edith. I'll be back on Thursday morning, and then we'll enjoy the rest of your visit together. Next week Cecil's cousin from Dublin, whom I've never seen, but who Cecil says is a dear fellow, is coming to stay with us, and I hope you will like him."

When Doris had departed with her husband, Edith made up her mind to make the best of things. She settled herself in the hammock with a book, prepared to enjoy a long, lazy afternoon. Perhaps she dozed off, though she said she never could sleep in the daytime, for, after finishing a chapter, her next consciousness was of someone—a man—jumping out of a trap, in all probability coming to call.

With alacrity Edith tumbled out of the hammoc and realizing her dishevelled ap, aranco, ran into the hall, where she collided with Mary, the maid.

"There's a man coming up the steps. Say I'm out, or indisposed, or——" she whispered excitedly. Then finding she was cut off from the stairs, which were directly in front of the open doorway, she retreated behind the curtain of the sitting-room.

"Mrs. Fenn?" asked a pleasant voice. And then came Mary's reply:

"Mrs. Fenn isn't home, sir. She's gone away."

"Gone away?" repeated the voice, in some astonishment. "Oh, no! You tell her it is Mr. Fenn's Cousin Ronald, from Dublin. Now, trot along, my good girl. Don't stand in the doorway. I've come to stay, and I might as well tell you I saw Mrs. Fenn disappear into the house as I came up the steps, so you'll oblige me by taking my card to your mistress."

By this time he was in the hall, and Edith, finding that she was trapped, came slowly from behind her place of concealment.

He looked up, and made a step forward.

"Cousin Doris, I'm sorry I burst in upon you in this fashion. I know you didn't expect me till next week, but I found I could get away earlier, so I determined to take you and Cecil by surprise."

He was tall and good-looking, and Edith found that, in spite of her embarrassment, she was smiling up at him, and that really she did not mind.

"I am not your cousin——" she began, hastening to correct his mistake.

"Of course you're not, but I feel as if I'd like to call you Cousin Doris. You see, we've never had any girls in our family, and I've always envied fellows who had sisters. That's why I want to make the most of our relationship. You won't mind, will your?"

Edith laughed. He would not allow her to set him right.

"But——" she tried to tell him again.

He interrupted her.

"My portmanteau is still outside. The man is waiting to carry it up, and I'm so hot and dusty that I'd like to take a dip in the lake before dinner."

Edith gave it up. After all, if he took her for Doris, it would put them both at their ease; while by stating the truth, she would only embarrass him and complicate her own position.

"Your room is right at the head of the stairs."

She thanked the Fates that Doris had mentioned that Cecil's cousin was to occupy the yellow room.

"Thanks. You're awfully good, cousin Doris. And, by the way, what time does Brian get home?"

Edith hesitated.

"He's away. He won't be back until Thursday."

Of course, she had to explain the matter to the servants; but both Mary and the cook listened with disfavor, and it took all of her most persuasive eloquence to get them to abet her in her plan.

II.

Ronald was waiting when she came down to dinner, and he took her in with a glance of approval.

"You London girls, somehow, seem different from those in the country, and I know we are going to be great friends, Cousin Doris!" he said.

Edith hoped so, with a shade less enthusiam.

Then Mary announced dinner.

To Edith's relief, the evening passed off quietly. After dinner they went out on the lake, and thus missed some callers. Edith told herself that luck was on her side when she heard the news from Mary, and she gave a sigh of relief that there was only one day more of deception to be faced.

They sat in the garden, and Ronald smoked cigarettes and talked of himself and his affairs.

When it was over, Edith admitted that it had really passed off better than she had any right to expect, and she retired with little qualms of conscience.

"He himself said it would not be proper if he were not Cousin Ronald to my Cousin Doris, and I think he will enjoy the joke when he finds it out," was her concluding argument.

The next morning passed rapidly, as he had many photographs to show her, and he talked entertainingly of what he had seen.

Just before luncheon Edith heard carriage-wheels, and, glancing in the direction of the road, perceived a smart trap turning in at the gate. She sprang nervously to her feet, upsetting the pile of photographs.

"Cousin Ronald, please take these views away; and would you mind staying upstairs? The girl who is coming to call is an awful bore, and she'll never leave if she finds you here. Oh, do go; and let me get rid of her soon!"

And Ronald, after a moment's thought, gathered up his photos and went into the house.

The carriage stopped, and a groom jumped down and went to the horse's head. The girl got out and came up the steps, at the head of which stood Edith, smiling broadly.

"How d'ye do? Awfully nice of you to call!" she murmured, holding out her hand.

The girl seated herself, and eyed her hostess furtively. Her manner was strangely ill at ease.

"My name is Brooker——" she began.

"And mine is Wells. How funny!" And Edith to her own horror, began to giggle.

Miss Brooker forcer a smile.

"Mrs. Fenn is our nearest neighbor, and she asked me to call. She feared you might be lonely." There was a pause, and Miss Brooker glanced curiously at a gunmetal cigarette-case lying on the settee. "We would be so glad to have you dine with us to-night, informally."

The invitation was given with less warmth than Miss Brooker had intended before she caught sight of the cigarette-case.

Edith, who had noted the pause, and followed her visitor's gaze, reached out her hand carelessly, picked up the offending case, and laughed.

"Pray don't think I smoke, Miss Brooker; but I carry some dyspepsia tablets in this." She slipped in into her pocket. "You are awfully kind to ask me to dine with you, and I should enjoy it very much, but the fact is—the fact is, I am dieting. I can't eat anything but the lightest food, and the doctor has forbidden me to be up later than nine o'clock."

Miss Brooker made a movement to rise.

"I am sorry. You don't look like a dyspeptic," she said. Edith's cheeks were flaming. "And I feel as if I would like to do something for Doris's friend, but you won't let me."

Suddenly Ronald began to whistle, and Miss Brooker rose stiffly.

"That's the carpenter," volunteered Edith deperately; "and, as it isn't my house, I don't like to tell him he mustn't whistle."

Miss Brooker made no reply, but held out her hand, and, with a curt good-morning, stepped into her carriage and drove off.

Edith was on the verge of tears.

"What must she think of me? I never knew one lie could lead to so many!" she murmured wearily, as she went indoors to call Ronald.

After dinner they sat on the verandah, and he brought out his mandolin and played for her. Suddenly he stopped.

"Have you a sister?" he asked.

"No."

"I was just thinking what a lucky fellow Cecil was, and I was wishing you had a sister."

There was a pause. Ronald was telling himself he had no right to be so interested in his cousin's wife, and Edith was wondering what he would say when he found out the truth.

The next morning Ronald did not whistle as he passed under her window on his way to the lake. When he took his seat opposite to her at the breakfast-table he said:

"I find I must go away to-day."

"Go away! Without seeing Cecil?"

"I'll see him in town. But I've suddenly remembered something I must do at once."

"Cecil will be so disappointed." There was real regret in her voice.

"I can't stay. It's impossible!" he groaned.

The red mounted quickly to Edith's cheeks. She must put an end to the masquerade soon.

"You don't——" she began. But he faced her, cool and self-contained.

"Don't—don't make it harder for me!" he said bitterly. "I ought to have known the cousinship wouldn't go down."

Suddenly there was a stir outside, and the door flew open, to admit Doris and her husband.

"Edith, what does this mean?" cried little Mrs. Fenn. "We drove up to the back door so as not to disturb you, and we find you entertaining a young man at breakfast. Please unravel the mystery. I'm dying of curiosity. Why, Cecil, is he your Cousin Ronald? I'm so glad!"

Ronald, who was still shaking Cecil's hand warmly, listened, and tried to take it all in.

"Ronald, I hope Edith has been a good hostess. It's rather irregular but you seem to have got on famously. Cecil, you haven't spoken to Edith."

Cecil dropped his cousin's hand, but Ronald sprang forward to intercept the delayed greeting.

"Then you're not Cecil's wife! You're not Cousin Doris!" he cried, seizing her two hands in his and holding them tightly.

Edith tried in vain to free herself; her face was scarlet.

"Let me explain. You wouldn't let me the other day. You forced the relationship upon me," she said.

Ronald smiled broadly.

"Then I'm not going away, and I don't care if you haven't a sister!" he cried cheerfully.

"Of course you're not going away!" interrupted Cecil. "But will one of you kindly explain what it all means?"

Then Edith told the story of the last two days.—London Answers.

THE SORE THROAT.

And the Precautions It Should Suggest.

Of all common complaints, to which both old and young are subject, a sore throat, as it is generally called, is one of the most ordinary. But there are many varieties of sore throat and it may be of interest to deal briefly with those kinds commonly met with.

Acute pharyngitis—simple sore throat—often follows after catching cold or after exposure to cold, or it may be constitutional—such in connection with gout or rheumatism. In this case the throat appears to be red and more or less dry, while the tonsils and uvula are often a good deal swollen.

The patient, as a rule, endeavors to cough; he has a continual desire to clear the throat, owing to a dry tickling feeling there.

A considerable amount of pain follows the effort to swallow food or drink. There is also some slight rise of temperature and feverish feeling at the onset of the trouble, as well as stiffness of the neck and slight deafness.

This kind of sore throat rarely lasts more than a few days, and an aperient of Epsom salts at the commencement with a few inhalations of steam from a bowl of hot water and avoidance of cold and draughts, will soon make the patient quite well again.

A frequent sequel to this, but attendant generally on neglect in treatment, is the form of chronic pharyngitis that follows several different attacks of the acute form.

Among clergymen, costermongers, pubic speakers and others who have to strain their voices, as well as among those who smoke or drink to excess, it is very often met with.

HERE THE BEST ADVICE

is to avoid the exciting cause, giving rest to the voice and abstaining from tobacco and alcohol; gargles and sprays to the throat only give temporary relief.

Acute tonsilitis, or inflammation of the tonsils, is a common form of sore throat among young adults.

Wet, cold and bad sanitary surroundings—bad smells, etc.,—are frequent cause. The attack commences, as a rule, with a chilly feeling, accompanied by pains in the back and limbs, while the temperature is considerably raised, reaching 102 degrees or higher; there is severe headache and great pain in the throat, more especially on swallowing.

On examination the tongue is seen to be very furred, and the breath is very offensive; the tonsils are red and swollen and have small, creamy white spots on their surface.

As this form of sore throat is very catching and may attack all the inmates of a house, it calls for energetic treatment, isolation of the patient being imperatively demanded.

The great danger here is that diphtheria in its early stages may be mistaken for it; therefore, if there is the slightest doubt, a physician should at once see the patient, especialy if the white spots on the tonsils increase in size, connect or spread to other parts of the throat. The treatment should be as follows:

Entire rest in bed, with a milk diet. A thick piece of flannel, wrung out of ice-cold water, placed round the neck, will often give great relief.

A dose of Epsom Salts should be given, and the throat gargled frequently with a solution of chlorate of potash (eight grains to the ounce of water), added to a little glycerine.

Later on, when the inflammation is subsiding doses of quinine and iron and other tonics should be used and a more generous diet adopted. A change of air during late convalescence is very beneficial.

A CONVICT'S WEDDING.

A man who had just been sentenced at Geneva for two years' imprisonment for assault, was by the clemency of the court, allowed to marry before settling down to the prosaic realities of hard labor. On the wedding morning, therefore, the convict-bridegroom duly handcuffed, was escorted from prison to the offices of the magistrate, where the civil ceremony took place, two prison warders in uniform standing by as witnesses. After that this curious bridal party adjourned to the house of the newly-wedded pair and sat down to a sumptuous repast. The day passed in feasting and song, the bridegroom evidently having made up his mind to make as much hay as possible during his brief glimpse of sunshine. The only skeletons at the feast were the uniformed representatives of the law, who, however, seem to have made their presence as little irksome as was consistent with the due performance of their rather anxious duties.

When a man is his own worst enemy, he is apt to love his enemies.

About the ....House

So many simple yet dainty stitches may be turned by nimble fingers into exquisite trimmings with but little trouble and still less expense that I often wonder why a greater number do not take advantage of the fact, writes a correspondent. Handiwork for decorative purposes has been of more or less prominence since long before Cleopatra graced her feast to Caesar in an exquisitely embroidered veil, but much of the hand wrought work has taken the form of elegant and costly granitures, and consequently been an unthought of luxury to all but the wealthy.

Now the simpler stitches are coming to the front, and for waists or children's clothes nothing is more suitable. Besides the home touch gives to the article an individuality which not even the most expensive braids of the shops can supply.

We are all familiar with the decorative possibilities of the various briar and herringbone stitches, but the old well-known buttonhole stitch has been slighted. It is capable of very tasteful effects if given the opportunity. Try it in parallel rows, the stitches gradually lengthening and then growing shorter again, five to each point, and the points of the two rows almost touching. The outer edges keep straight and even, and between the two rows place French knots, not tiny ones, but of generous size. On a cream or brown dress use red floss for the buttonholing and golden yellow for the knots. For red, black and yellow or brown and yellow are good, or two shades of green.

Another equally pretty trimming is formed of rows of disks not more than a quarter of an inch in diameter set between parallel rows of plain narrow buttonholing. The owner of a black silk coat ornamented after this manner has recently become a target for compliments without number on her originality and workmanship. She used a three-quarter-inch black ribbon as the basis of her needlework. The edges were treated with buttonholing an eighth of an inch deep of a rich creamy silk floss, soft twisted but not too fine. The disks formed a row between, green, blue and cream color following each other in succession. The disks were embroidered straight across all in the same direction. Each was then outlined in one of the other colors; the green in blue; the blue in cream; and the cream in green. This ornamented ribbon was then used in the form of bands on the coat. Pastel shades on a cream ground would be charming, or on darker material the tints found in autumn foliage would work up admirably.

This the old-time cross stitch is another fad of our grandmothers which has forged to the front again. Band trimming and all manner of conventional designs are carried out in this simple stitch with highly gratifying results. The beauty of this work rests largely on placing the tiny crosses in exactly the same direction throughout the design. This work is best adapted to the canvas weaves. Any material woven in small squares can be utilized, or the work can be done over cotton canvas, and the threads of the canvas drawn out after the stitches are in place.

Any pattern used in bead weaving can be converted into a cross stitch design by substituting crosses for beads. Or, if one has a favorite embroidery design it can be turned into a cross stitch pattern in this way: Trace the outline of the design on paper. With a ruler divide all the space into squares the size you wish to make the crosses. Now fill the forms of flowers with crosses, one to each square, following the outline as nearly as possible. You can then count the crosses necessary to carry out the design in any given direction.

A FEW HINTS FOR WIVES.

Don't make the evening repast a confessional for household troubles. Your husband has troubles of his own. You may be one of them.

Don't be the last to acknowledge his merits. Men love flattery as women do finery.

Don't put him on the fire escape to smoke. Suppose the draperies do get full of the fumes. Some day you may hunger for the smell of them.

Don't wear a chip on your shoulder. An ounce of forgiveness is worth a pound of pride. Give it. You can have your way when he is not looking.

Don't be ashamed to proclaim your love for him. Tell him often, and demand a response. It gives him something to think about.

Don't antagonize his men friends. They may be better than they look.

Don't travel wide apart, or the chains will cut. The only way not to feel them is to keep close together.

Don't cook unless you know how. When his digestion goes, reform administration is dead.

Don't ask him for money; make him offer it. You know the way. If you do not, you should. Something in a man's constitutional make-up rebels when he is asked to part with his money. Men shirk the things that are expected of them; but they will give freely of time, money, and labor when accredited with not only the thing done, but the impulse that prompts it. Men are generous enough, but they like large portions of glory.

Be prudent and as thrifty as you can. Men are attracted by ethereal means, but held by material methods. Wise economy, however, requires great tact. There is no economy in that course which leaves your linens limp, your personality shoddy, or your home regime conducted on poor-house rations.

Don't listen to outside criticism, whether of friends or relatives-in-law.

Don't attach too much importance to those little tiffs which may be the result of outside worries or indigestion. Make allowances for his being human. Give him the benefit of every doubt. If you put a pint man in a quart measure he will grow up to it.

Don't condemn these rules the first time they fail. They are good. The only question is, Are we good enough to persevere with them until we get results?

Let's begin to court him "all new from the beginning" Let's blot out the ugly interim of cruel words and acts, and offer him wholesome good-fellowship. Let's have a talk, and pledge ourselves to keep the peace until we come to an understanding. And then let's away with false pride that has gained us no end but to widen the breach, and drag a net for him, as we did in the pre-nuptial days when we wore our best gowns and bore our best temper, and said tender things that scattered the cause of dispute.

Suppose he is in the wrong—we promised to help bear his burdens; why not share his fault with him? There is all the world against us on the other side of the front door; let's fight to win. The ammunition may be costly, but the spoils will compensate.

HELPFUL HINTS.

To close a small leak in a tin vessel in use, sift into it a handful of cornmeal. It swells and soon closes the aperture.

Buckwheat flour will absorb oil; when spilled on the carpet there is really nothing to fear if one pours over it plenty of buckwheat (wheat will answer) to entirely cover the spot. In a few hours the flour will be moistened by the oil and it may be swept up and fresh put on. Even a third time may be necessary, but it will remove the oil so thoroughly that the spot may not be discovered.

A tidy housewife suggests that it is best to cope with a spot of grease on a bodice or waistcoat while it—the spot—is still fresh. Spots of all kinds, not less than stains, are much harder to get out when old than fresh, she remarks. Spots caused by food tend to spread and sink in If one wipes off all that will come with a clean napkin the minute the accident occurs and then embraces the first opportunity to pour benzine or naphtha over it and rub it with a piece of the goods one can often succeed in removing it altogether.

LONG CHASE ENDED.

The Way Freight Cars Become "Derelicts."

"Railway tracers have some queer experiences," remarked an official recently. "I recall a rather amusing incident in which a C.P.R. tracer was mixed up. A box car had been missing for over two years, and he was commissioned to go out into the highways and by-ways and institute a search.

"Well, he started out, and by picking up a clue here and a trace there he was led right down into the Southern States. Here there was a herring drawn across the scent, and he got disheartened clear through. It would have phased Lecoq, or even Sherlock Holmes, to locate that missing box-car, and he was just a plain, practical man, who knew his business from A to Z, so he started for home again, feeling a bit down in the mouth, but knowing he had done all he could, and that there was no use in wasting any more time over that box-car.

"As I was saying, he was on his train going home when, as luck would have it, he happened to look out of the window. He just caught flying glimpse of a couple of numbers on a car as his train shot past it, but that look was enough to decide him to get off at the next station and go back on the trail of the car he had seen. You see, the figures he had observed were part of the number he was looking for in the derelict box-car. He had only slightest idea of the figure scheme and he itched to follow up that car and investigate. It was something of a forlorn hope at best, but you know the adage of the drowning man and the straw.

"Well, sir, when he lighted on that car he found it wasn't a car at all. Sounds paradoxical, but it's true. It had been transformed into a workmen's shanty. The trucks had been boarded up some on the outside, so that only the figures he had seen from his train as he shot past were visible. That's rather a striking case of how fortune sometimes turns a winning trick for a mean, when neither his brains nor his perseverance will help him out. Of course, the car itself was useless, but he recovered its equivalent in cash from the line that had appropriated it.

"To be a good car tracer a man must be something of a detective. A car once it gets on another railway's lines is nothing more than a derelict. It leads a chequered career, and there is no hole or corner in the country in which it is not liable to turn up. It is simply the plaything of railway men's whims. It may find its way back to its own lines and be once more entered on the list, or it may get superannuated and languish in some out of the way place, and the company to which it belongs never hear of it again."

LITERARY PRODUCTION.

Books Printed Since the Invention of Printing.

Paul Otlet, the secretary of the Brussels International Bibliographical Institute, estimates the number of printed books since the invention of printing to January, 1900, at 12,163,000 separate works, and the number of periodicals at between fifteen and eighteen millions.

For the following years Otlet adopts 200,000 as a yearly average. This seems rather high, and the figures of this table, which would make 150,000 a year a good average, seem more reliable:

1436-1536	42,000
1536-1636	575,000
1636-1736	1,225,000
1736-1822	1,839,000
1822-1887	6,500,000
1887-1898	1,782,000
1899	150,000
1900	150,000
1901	150,000
1902	150,000
1903	150,000
Total	12,713,000

To the year 1904, therefore, upward of 12,500,000 separate works have appeared in the world, which figures, however, include new editions and translations.

In point of number of output, Germany and German-Austria, collectively, yearly lead the world. Then follow France, Italy, England, the United States and the Netherlands. Germany leads the world in book production, and the United States the world in the production of periodical literature.

Of all the games of chance matrimony is the most hazardous.

"Did little Jim enjoy that children's party?" "I think so. He wasn't hungry until next afternoon at four o'clock."

BARNACLES COST MUCH

CONSTANT WAR IS WAGED AGAINST THEM.

Some Retard Progress, While Others Burrow in the Fabric.

Besides providing a favorite dish for epicures, and occasional typhoid scares, the succulent oyster is one of the mariner's greatest enemies. Yet it is not the worst. That place of dishonor belongs to the barnacle, a most prolific crustacean which, attaching itself to objects by its head, kicks its food into its mouth with its feet; while the mussel, and many kinds of seaweed, the zoophyte — a member of the sponge family—and similar inhabitants of the sea, are well in the running.

In the fight against these small but terrible enemies enough money is expended annually to support a navy. Almost every dock and shipping company employ a large staff of men who do nothing else from one year's end to another but remove these shellfish and sea plants and repair the damages done by them. For there is not an iron-bottomed vessel afloat, from the smallest barque to the heaviest battleship in his Majesty's navy, that does not suffer more or less severely from their persistent destructiveness.

And how do these crustaceans and molluscs do

THEIR FEARFUL WORK?

Simply by clinging to the bottom or immersed portion of a ship's hull. This they do in millions, so soon as one layer has covered the submerged surface another layer is forming on the top, and so on till a thickness of a foot or two is rapidly attained. In nautical parlance, this is termed "fouling."

A first blush, this fouling would not appear of very great consequence to a leviation of the ocean, but consider what it involves.

In the first place, between two vessels of exactly the same size and power, one of whose hull is clean and the other is foul, there is a vast difference in speed.

Every captain of a ship that has not been cleaned for more than three months knows that his rate of traveling will diminish by at least two knots per hour.

It is not exactly due to the tons of fouling matter that adhere to the ship's bottom, but rather to the resistance offered to the waves, that is responsible for this great loss of speed. To see officially what this difference actually was, the British Government some years ago experimented with the frigate "Achilles."

LOWERED THREE KNOTS.

Before laying up in Chatham harbor her speed, on trial, was found to be just over seventeen knots an hour. At the end of nine months it was as much as she could do to cover fourteen knots in the same time, a difference entirely brought about by the barnacles and other things adhering to her hull.

To huge vessels the diminished speed of course means an enormous consumption of coal that, were fouling impossible, might be considerably reduced, and as all liners burn from 400 to 500 tons per day, it is easy to understand that thousands of pounds would be saved by this alone.

Then there is increased wear and tear of machinery, passengers and crew have to be fed and attended to for a longer time, while there is also greater risk of the vessel breaking down. Thus it will be seen that if the barnacle and its relatives could be prevented from fouling the bottoms of ships, owners would benefit annually by many millions.

But in removing the fouling matter a great amount of time, ingenuity, and expenditure are also involved. Every six months all vessels of any size, certainly every ocean greyhound, have to lay up in dry dock for the

CLEANING AND PAINTING

of their hulls.

Less than thirty years ago this took fourteen days to accomplish, but to-day, in consequence of a ship's time being considerably more valuable, and, thanks to the better anti-fouling fluids with which every vessel has of necessity to be coated, shellfish do not adhere to anything like the same extent, and the whole process is usually finished in about three days, the cleaners working night and day.

At the Royal Albert and Victoria docks a staff of 200 men are employed by the dock company to do nothing else but scrape, clean, and paint the hulls of ships fouled by shellfish, while many shipping companies employ men exclusively for their own vessels. The P. and O. Company, to quote only one instance spend more than $35,000 a year in this way alone. For the same purpose the British Government spends an average of $20,000 twice a year on every ironclad.

The quantity of shellfish and seaweed thus removed from a ship's bottom is simply astonishing. Ten to twenty tons is by no means uncommon even to-day after a vessel has spent perhaps no longer than six months away from dock.

Seaweed, of innumerable varieties, too, is another constant source of fouling, when once it has obtained a hold, it grows exceedingly thick and of extraordinary length. The kind which grows in the form of grass has often been cut from a vessel's hull quite three feet in length.

There is yet another terrible enemy of the mariner to be exposed — and that is the shipworm. It can bore its way through the hardest oak as easily as through the softest pine, and even the toughest knots offer no resistance. Teak, alone of all timber, is proof against its attacks.

But not only vessels suffer, every pier and every piece of harbor woodwork round our coast, and that of the entire world, is attacked and destroyed by these tiny animals.

HARDLY CHEMICAL.

Teacher (to class in chemistry)—"What does sea-water contain besides the sodium of chloride that we have mentioned?"

Smith minor (promptly)—"Herrings for breakfast, sir."

An old woman met a well-to-do and humorous Irishman, and said: "Kind sir, could you give a copper to a poor old woman who is short of breath?" The Irishman gave her a quarter, with the remark: "There you are, my good woman. Now, don't take any more, for, begorra, ye may be short of breath, but what ye do have of it is mighty strong."

SALT WATER EXPERIMENT

THE REMEDY WAS WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

People of Hastings, England, Thought They Had a Panacea for Civic Ills.

While very much is heard of the success that attends municipal ownership in English and Scotch cities, very little is heard of its failures. The most notable failure in this new method of supplying utilities to the people and of doing public work by public machinery is that of the great salt water experiment which recently ended in economic disaster for several coast cities in England. It was not long ago that some alert genius in the town of Hastings conceived the daring and original idea of "harnessing the ocean" to sprinkle the streets of that city. So simple was the plan and so obvious was its desirability that the municipal fathers of Hastings proceeded without delay to put it into effect. Of course, the execution of the plan was quite expensive. An entire new plant for pumping and maining was necessary, but expense is no object when the public pays the bills, especially when the public is vastly benefited by the expenditure. And in this case there was manifest a double desirability inasmuch as a large revenue to the city was clearly in sight. Why not extend the pipe system generally, so that anyone who desired it could have his salt water dip in his own private bathroom? It was an alluring prospects, and the plans went through with a rush.

ADVANTAGES APPARENT.

News of the salt water system in Hastings spread rapidly and a number of coast towns took advantage of the example and were presently equipped with pumps and pipes in plenty. The system seemed to be the very acme of desirability and perfectibility. Numerous advantages not thought of before were discovered as soon as it was put into actual practice. Sea salt is known to have considerable antiseptic power, and its presence in all the streets had a most salubrious effect on the general hygienic state of the town. This, in connection with the fact that everybody who could afford it had private sea water bathing facilities, wrought a two-fold good effect on the general health. Again, the salt, being highly hygroscopic, or water absorbing, the general humidity was reduced. Still again it was found that as the salt accumulated on the surface of the streets it formed a hard and neatly rounded roadbed. Lastly—and possibly the most desirable feature of the entire affair—the revenue to the city from private consumption was vastly larger than even the most urgent advocates of the plan had looked for. In one word, the system proved itself to be an unqualified success, no matter how its most fastidious critic was disposed to look at it. The genius in Hastings who originated the idea became quite popular and was praised as a positive benefactor to his kind. So much for the bright side of the picture. Now for the dark.

SALT, SALT EVERYWHERE.

All students of chemistry know that common salt possesses the property of deliquescence, which is another name for the taking up of water from the air. Salt takes up water from the air—that is, it becomes wet. When there is very little humidity in the air salt remains comparatively dry; when there is much water in the air it becomes quite wet. Now upon dry days the salt on the streets of our English coast towns became dry and was blown about by the winds. It settled on the goods in shops, worked its way into the most remote corners of cloth and clothes, settled upon fruits and vegetables, upon carpets and furniture, and, in short, it did precisely what fine dust will do. But, unfortunately, it was deliquescent, and, unlike dust, it took up water from the air and became wet, thereby making havoc of values in almost every kind of commodity upon which it had settled.

But this was only part of the trouble. The flying salt not only ruined the clothes people wore, but it got into eyes and mouths, which is not the most pleasant thing imaginable by any means. It clung to the wheels of carriages, destroying the paint thereon, and was dashed wet against the bodies of the carriages, eating away the varnish and the color there. It formed crystalline layers on boots and shoes and declined to be removed even with the aid of spatulas and knives. And if no more could be said of it, it was by this time precived to be a positive public nuisance.

Alas! Not half has been said of it yet. For this omnipresent and pestiferous salt, not content with working above ground, must creep carry on its depredations in the dark and underground. For it was found that it corroded the pipes through which it was distributed, causing leaks without number and without warning of when and where they were about to occur. Families awoke to find their houses deluged with sea water. People could not sit down to a meal without dread of interruption from a gushet of the salubrious sea, where as the sudden bursting of large street mains was the occasion of several deaths before relief could be had from headquarters.

NUTS FOR PESSIMISTS.

Now the worst of pessimists could not ask for more in the quantity and quality of this public curse. And yet the tale is not all told. There was yet another and a life-destroying effect from the salt water system which, if it did not kill men, at least killed much that was very dear to men—namely their trees and shrubbery. The leakage from the pipes seeped through the earth, and attacking the roots of vegetation destroyed all the greenery in these salt-cursed cities of the English coast. Grass, flowers, trees, vines, all plants that drew their nourishment from the wet earth were fed upon salt solution, wilted, drooped and died.

All these effects were felt simultaneously. They did not occur precisely one after the other. A little time was required for the salt to permeate above and below ground, to a reasonable extent before it began to make itself the most conspicuous fact in the life of these communities. Its pall fell all at once. It was a long time coming, but it came. It covered everybody and made everybody perfectly miserable in mind and body. And as nobody in particular could make a fortune out of it, it was forthwith lifted and put away forever.

The salt water system has been the most disastrous experiment tried by the municipal ownership-governed towns of England and the suggestion has been made that these towns would have been in a pretty fix had they given a twenty-five-year franchise to a London company to supply them with the blessings of "ocean water harnessed to your hand."

LUXURY FOR DOMESTICS.

The most extraordinary luxury in the way of servants' accommodation prevails at Bryanston, England, the huge palace built by Norman Shaw for Lord Portman, where every department possesses its own private sitting room, and where the housemaids, laundry-maids and kitchen-maids all have their separate apartments distinct from those of the upper servants.

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