

HERE

The behavior of the gun referred to in our table is not exceptional may be quoted the following results, which obtained under similar conditions of test, in this instance was throughout the eye just peeping over the position which was rendered natural shape of the stock.

A Similar Test with Another Gun, taking natural aim throughout.

RIGHT BARREL.		LEFT BARREL.	
Position of circle.	Position of circle.	Position of circle.	Position of circle.
40 yds. Laterally.	40 yds. Laterally.	40 yds. Laterally.	40 yds. Laterally.
12.160 4in. low	12.160 4in. low	12.160 4in. low	12.160 4in. low
11.196 7in. low	11.196 7in. low	11.196 7in. low	11.196 7in. low
10.232 10in. low	10.232 10in. low	10.232 10in. low	10.232 10in. low
9.268 13in. low	9.268 13in. low	9.268 13in. low	9.268 13in. low
8.304 16in. low	8.304 16in. low	8.304 16in. low	8.304 16in. low
7.340 19in. low	7.340 19in. low	7.340 19in. low	7.340 19in. low
6.376 22in. low	6.376 22in. low	6.376 22in. low	6.376 22in. low
5.412 25in. low	5.412 25in. low	5.412 25in. low	5.412 25in. low
4.448 28in. low	4.448 28in. low	4.448 28in. low	4.448 28in. low
3.484 31in. low	3.484 31in. low	3.484 31in. low	3.484 31in. low
2.520 34in. low	2.520 34in. low	2.520 34in. low	2.520 34in. low
1.556 37in. low	1.556 37in. low	1.556 37in. low	1.556 37in. low
0.592 40in. low	0.592 40in. low	0.592 40in. low	0.592 40in. low

barrels evidently shot at least 6 in. yards. This seems a small fraction of the total killing circle, and yet the apparent patterns suggested that the bulk of the target was very decidedly beneath the spot at. The left barrel shot as nearly true as regards lateral deviation, but experience is needed before an opinion can be expressed as to whether the right barrel should be considered regular or irregular. The 3 in. throw of the right barrel is fairly consistent, and makes a shooter a little inclined to miss birds crossing from left to right. This would naturally be emphasized by the fact that the right barrel is shooting in the opposite direction, where the proper aim would be diminished by the same amount of lateral and vertical deviations which have been dealt with in the case of the left barrel, or otherwise, the allowable differences of the behavior of the two barrels has been made to say. Certain testing is better conducted on a selected circle than by aiming at a target previously drawn, but the record is complete unless the position of the circle to the spot aimed at is defined for each barrel. The regular adoption of this system of testing will lead to the automatic accumulation of statistics, which cannot fail to prove of great value as time goes on.

RITY OF THE TRANSPARENT BLOUSE

The course of an article on the dress of the girls, which appears in the July issue of The Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine, the editor says:

Just allude to a style of dress that is far more objectionable than anything I have seen before, and that is the transparent blouse which permits the onlooker to study the make of a girl's underwear. Of this style of blouse is by no means peculiar to the office girl; it is worn by girls of all grades of society—and all of them. I speak quite plainly: Is it nice or repulsive to a girl to give opportunity to all and sundry who may come into her office—possession for the most part, and not necessarily gentlemen at that—to study the make of her underwear, which she has decorated by adding colored ribbons that are very attractive to the eye when white might be noticed? The girl who dresses in this style is fast losing one of the greatest assets of her girlishhood—her personal reputation. Men have a saying among themselves, "It would be well to bear in mind: The girl who wears the blouse, the commoner the girl who wears the most hardened men of the world will be the way girls appear in offices and public vehicles in these vulgarly suggestive days."

A FOOLISH SUPERSTITION

What is the reason," asks Josef Hofmann, in the Ladies' Home Journal, "for this foolish and out-of-date superstition that music is studied better abroad than in America?"

"I have personally known," continues the pianist, "not fewer than five American pianists who have struggled here for many years without gaining that high recognition they deserve. And now? Now they are in various capitals of Europe, receiving the highest fees that were ever paid for their services; and they receive these high fees as American students who through their parents. That the indifference of their countrymen proved to be of advantage to them, but how ought those to be regarded who do not keep them here? The wrong is irreparable in that these men do not think of going to America except as visitors. The American students and lovers of good music should see to it that such capable teachers should remain here. The emigration to Europe of our music should cease."

Now, Pat, would you sooner lose your money or your life? "Why, me loife, yer honor; I want me money for me old self."

"Have you any nice fresh farmers' eggs?" asked a precise old lady at a grocery shop. "Madam," replied the practical assistant, "we have some very good hens' eggs." "Look three to try."

The Spider's Web

It is only if we get up early that we see cobwebs in their full beauty. We must be up betimes if we mean to catch these silvery webs while their gossamer is still intact and their delicate designs not yet spoiled by the little wind that is sure to spring up when once the day has come. We must be weather-wise, too, if our heroism of early rising in wintry weather is to meet with its reward, and we can tell a little over night, for a still dampish evening usually means a still, misty morning. The beauty and visibility of the cobwebs so depend on atmospheric conditions, and unless there is the cold dampness in the air there will not be the rows of minute silvery bells on the cobwebs which emphasize and make the strands visible and which are in reality infinitesimal drops of moisture.

The webs are so fascinating in their early unspoiled beauty, for no two are alike. Each has had its own architect, who seems to have made a special fraction of his own particular conditions and most cunningly used every natural advantage that came in his way. Then there are the distinct different kinds, two very obvious ones seen in any garden are the ones that remind us of tatted dollies, a circle, or portion of a circle with lines radiating called the Orbicularia. Another, the thin closely woven sheet of web suspended among branches, called the Reticularia, which must take a lot of spinning.

Our old childish idea of the spider spinning his own thread is rather knocked on the head when we learn about the silk glands, and how the silk issues from many papillae and is united into one strong thread. The hinder legs of the spider have this work to do, and if we watch when the spinning is going on, we shall see how busy they are, but it is the third claw in particular that is used for this purpose of arranging the web and uniting the different lines into one thread. It has been noticed that those spiders which spin the most exquisite webs (Eperidies) have this claw very much developed, and in those spiders who hunt their prey instead of spinning snares, this leg is entirely absent.

Sometimes, too, as children, we have wound the strands of a web and wondered if something could not be made of such beautiful fine silken thread. About one hundred and sixty years ago a Frenchman named Le Bon had the same idea and actually succeeded in weaving stockings and gloves from it, but no cultivation of spiders for this purpose has ever succeeded, though it has once or twice been tried, because the spider itself is such a voracious and cannibalistic creature.

Altogether the spider itself is not an attractive character, and even his beautiful web loses a little of our admiration when we realize it is, after all, nothing but a cunningly woven snare. In it sits a cruel and relentless beast of prey, waiting to see its victim entangled and ready to dart out, bind him with fresh ropes and devour him. Also, its domestic traits do not show it in a much better light. In the courting season, unless the male spider be as big and as strong as the female, there will always be a tragic fate hanging over his head. If he fail in any way to please his exacting mistress, she very quickly and effectually disposes of him by eating him up! And, as in nearly all the species of spiders the male is inferior to the female in strength and size, one shudders to think how often this gruesome domestic drama is acted. There is, however, one ray of hope for the poor male, he is more active and more agile than her he woos, so let us trust he sometimes puts discretion before chivalry and does not scorn to run away!

In her motherly instincts, too, the spider is anything but old-fashioned. She does not allow her young to be much trouble. In the case of the garden spider (Araneus), the eggs are laid in a cocoon, which is suspended somewhere near her web and about which she troubles no more. However, one must own that most spiders are a little more concerned for their offspring and carry them about on their backs till they are big enough to fend for themselves.

We have sometimes wondered what the strands of gossamer are that float down onto our noses from apparently nowhere, and have sometimes wondered if they were spun by some particular species of spider that did not trouble to form them into a web. Sometimes the air is full of them and we see them lying, like a white film, on bushes and trees. We learn, however, it is a youthful sport of young spiders of different species. On fine autumn mornings they climb to the tops of fences and bushes and emit a thread or tuft of threads which soon become strong enough to bear them, and on which they sit and let the wind carry them to great heights. Lucky young spiders! How we envy them their youthful sport. Would that we too could manufacture a flying machine so easily and inexpensively, how gladly would we float off to great heights on fine autumn mornings!

After all, the worst has some redeeming trait, and with the spider it is certainly his gift of spinning and the beauty of his webs will help us not to judge him too harshly.

Not a few learned scientists have given years of their lives to the scientific study of spiders, and have produced weighty tomes embodying the results of their researches. To the scientist, of course, the spider has scientific value, as has many another uninteresting creature and natural phenomenon; but the housewife has not yet been trained to learn of their domestic efficiency nor to appreciate their housely advantages. Perhaps this state of af-

airs may never be brought about; but it is most unwise to announce results in the world of science, for very many times what seemed definite conclusions have been swept to one side by some brilliant discovery or some unexpected conclusion.

I have not, however, thought to write of the scientific aspects of the spider, but simply to draw attention to the real beauty of many of his webs. These are often more than charming and more than ingenious. The student of Nature may well pause for a moment in his scientific studies, and enjoy, if he can, the ethereal but real beauty of these wonderful nature-creations. It will be time well spent and thoroughly enjoyable.—Carine Cadby.

ABDUL HAMID IN CAPTIVITY

Abdul Hamid, ex-sultan of Turkey, is said to be getting gradually accustomed to his captivity. He sees fewer murderers among his paid attendants, sleeps better and takes the keenest interest in the newspapers, which he has read to him each day by his favorite wife. As may be imagined, his majesty is not a bit delighted over the glowing accounts of his brother's virtues and brilliant plans. Sometimes the details are more than he can stand and he gets into a dreadful passion, usually winding up the "seance" by boxing his wife's ears and tearing up the newspaper. "Why is it," he once furiously exclaimed, "that the people like my brother when they hate me?" Terror no longer reigns among his attendants, and Abdul Hamid sometimes receives very frank replies. On this occasion Fethy Bey spoke up. "Because the people do not like what you like, and like what you do not." A few days later the ex-sultan was complaining to Fethy Bey that his only distraction was the newspapers and when they were finished he had nothing to amuse himself with. His guardian suggested that he should write the memoirs of his reign. "You are constantly saying that you have been cruelly misjudged, and that you have done only good by Turkey," remarked Fethy. "Write your memories and perhaps people will then understand how they misjudged you." The other admitted that this was an excellent idea, but unfortunately he had not the necessary notes and papers to compile them. All these had been left behind in his hasty flight from Yildiz Kiosk. "But after all," added the dethroned monarch sadly, "I am sure that the historians will vindicate me, and even if the Turkish historians do not do so I am certain that the foreign historians will do me justice."

Abdul as Carpenter

Having abandoned the idea of becoming an author, Abdul Hamid has fallen back on his old hobby—carpentering. A small room at Villa Allatini has been fitted up for that purpose and a full set of joiners tools ordered from a Parisian factory. Though he has taken eleven wives to Saloniki, he rarely sees any of them, excepting the mother of his son, Emil Effendi. The sultanas find their days very long. To break the monotony of their existence they asked to be allowed to read the newspapers. But their crusty master would not even permit this distraction. "What do you want with newspapers?" he inquired. "They are not for you to read." To prevent any disobedience his majesty sees to it that the papers are burned as soon as he finishes them. The young son, Hamid Ekdini, is also chafing under his captivity.

Treasures of Yildiz Kiosk

Like the dethroned shah, Abdul Hamid is making a desperate struggle to retain his fortune, and declares that his brother's partisans have not heard the last word about the treasures of Yildiz Kiosk. It seems that the inventory of this palace, commenced a few days after the new Sultan's accession, has just been completed. The work was considerably delayed by the reticence of the two eunuchs, who still have a fear that Abdul Hamid may be reinstated, to reveal the treasures and their hiding places. Only a few days ago a most valuable collection of ivory was discovered under the ex-Sultan's Arab temple. In a subterranean passage not far from this were discovered fifteen tin biscuit boxes filled with uncut gems. Carefully concealed in Abdul's workshop were two caskets containing bank notes valued at about 300,000 Turkish pounds. Three safes containing gold, silver and jewels were discovered in the so-called "tacheoda," or stone room. An old valise accidentally stumbled over in a heap of rubbish was found to contain valuable jewellery and 136,000 Turkish pounds of stocks. Shares and deposits mounting up to several millions were also discovered in a couple of large iron safes standing in one of his majesty's numerous bedrooms.

INSOMNIA CURE

"A friend once told me of a sure cure for sleeplessness. Eat a pint of peanuts and drink two or three glasses of milk before going to bed, said he, and I'll warrant you'll be asleep within half an hour. I did as he suggested. My friend was right. I did go to sleep very soon after my retirement. Then a friend with his head under his arm came along and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. I was negotiating with him, when the dragon on which I was riding slipped out of his skin and left me floating in mid-air. While I was considering how I should get down, a bull with two heads peered over the edge of the wall and said he would haul me up if I would first climb up and rig

a windlass for him. So as I was sliding down the mountainside the brakeman came in, and I asked him when the train would reach my station. 'We passed your station four hundred years ago,' he said, calmly folding the train up and slipping it into his vest pocket. At this juncture the clown bounded into the ring and pulled the centerpole out of the ground, lifting the tent and all the people in it up, while I stood on the earth below watching myself go out of sight among the clouds above. Then I awoke, and found I had been asleep almost ten minutes."—China Mail.

BOY CHOIRS SURPASS WOMEN'S

Boy choirs versus choirs composed of women are discussed in favor of the former by A. Madeley Richardson, Mus. Doc., in an article entitled "Church Music Today and Tomorrow," which appears in an English journal called The Guardian. Dr. Richardson explains that the reason for his preference lies in the fact that the incompleteness of a boy's life and the immaturity of his experience enables his voice to convey in a more convincing way the lessons that religion aims to teach.

Matapas, the Avenger

(By Henry Dubois.)

When in Paris I often spent the evening with my friend, Pierre Helis, and on such occasions we would often talk far into the night. Nothing, indeed, interested me more than a talk with him, for his knowledge of many things was extraordinary, and recently he had been very much interested in occultism.

The last time I visited him he appeared to be almost mentally unbalanced. He did not hear me coming, and when I slapped him on the shoulder and said, "Good evening," he was greatly startled, and looked at me with an expression in his eyes I had never seen before. It was quite a few moments before he was himself again.

"Pardon me, dear friend, if I appear impolite, but really I have some excuse for doing so. Because of something that happened

forgotten, but there are times when I see myself as I stood looking across the wall into the wonderful garden of the queen, where far more beautiful than all the flowers seemed to me she who walked there under the big fans of peacock feathers stayed by black slaves.

"But I was only Heli, son of the Chief Chalchol, and she was the first of the favorites of Matapa, the son of the queen—his most precious property.

"Then came the day when the great tournament was fought inside the palace wall. In the centre box sat the queen and the son, and behind them stood the women of the court, and among them Mira, the favorite of Matapa, and among them Mira, the other young men, swinging my lance in the air, my eyes sought her's and she saw me. The fight began, and still I saw only her. Is it that she was looking at me, and a desire to distinguish myself above all others filled my heart. I rode out all alone, swinging my lance and shouting, 'Who will fight me?'

"Then came forth Mokaka, the terror of his enemies on the battlefield, Matapa's right-hand man. Nobody dared meet him, but I, Heli, Chalchol's son, knocked him from his horse and was honored as a hero.

"I jumped from my saddle and cut off his head and showed it to the people, and in front of the queen's seat I stopped and threw my bloody booty at the feet of Mira. 'For you, Mira!' I shouted.

"Many were the days I stood at the garden wall and saw Mira walking on the path. I felt she knew I was there.

"I was generous with the keepers of the garden gate, and one day I talked to her. She saw that I adored her, and soon she learned to love me.

"Then came a time full of stolen happiness. Her ways bewitched me. Blessed be she forever for the happiness she gave me. Often when the veil of night was covering the city we met in the holy garden at the river, but the stolen happiness was not enough for us. We thirsted to own each other fully, and I arranged everything for our flight.

"My boat was lying among the rushes. I felt my way to our meeting place in the darkness and my hands met Mira's.

"Mira pressed tightly against me as we turned to go. Then I saw dark figures around us and knew that all was over. Matapa had taken his revenge. But I caught hold of a man, and with my hand in his beard, I turned his face toward the moonlight. It was Matapa I had in my hand, and before any one could stop me I cut his throat with my knife. But in his dying eyes I read the hatred that survives death.

"I remember but dimly what followed—how Mira and I expiated our crime on the blood-covered stone in front of the temple—but the memory of her love has remained with me during these thousands of years. I know the day is coming when we shall meet once more, and then I shall not have to be satisfied with her image, as now."

Pierre Helis sat motionless for a long time, covering his face with his hands, then he straightened himself up and looked at me.

"Thus it was that yesterday brought this terror, this dread of the mysterious to me. I had been out for a walk, trying to shake off this unreasonable fear which had been over me all day. When I returned here I met a man who stared at me as he passed. I had a sensation of pain. I felt I had met him before, but who he was and where we had met I did not know. His eyes seemed to follow me. Everywhere I saw them staring at me.

"After dinner my memory fought a hard struggle to recall him. I was no longer here, but where I used to live, and suddenly I saw his image distinctly. I knew him, and felt that he was here to take revenge."

Pierre Helis was silent, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. He took from the table a visiting card and handed it to me.

"While I was out today the maid received this card from a gentleman, who insisted on seeing me. Look at it," he said.

On the card I read:
M. PHOCI DE MATAPAS,
Zambesi, Afrique.

I felt strangely, but tried to calm him. The whole thing was merely a strange coincidence. It only made him irritated, and at last he asked me to leave him alone.

The next day I read in an evening paper that Pierre Helis had been murdered under peculiar circumstances. Nobody knew when and how the murder had been done.

The maid had found Pierre Helis in his library with his throat cut, crushing in his hand a visiting card similar to the one lying on his desk.

No one has ever been able to find the slightest trace of any person named Phoci de Matapas.

MARK GETS HIS OWN BACK

Mark Twain once desired to borrow a book from a neighbor of his, but was told that, though he might refer to it in the library with pleasure, the books were never allowed to leave the house. Not long after the neighbor asked Mark Twain to lend him his lawn sprinkler. He was informed that the latter never allowed the sprinkler to leave his own garden, but that he was quite welcome to make use of it, if he liked, on the lawn of the humorist.



—From The Ladies' Field.
LONG COAT AND MUFF OF SEAL-MUSQUASH AND SKUNK

Referring to the management of choirs in general, Dr. Richardson commends the motto of "Lead, dont's drive." He would have the choir given as much freedom and self-government as consistent with discipline. In regard to the future of church music, he states that the subjects which will now be studied with more care and better results are: Monotony, the rendering of inflected responses, and chanting. The principles of chanting, the writer says, depend upon the original principles of singing itself, and vocal music traces its origin quite obviously to the natural inflections of the voice in speaking.

"Chanting," he says, "should be perfectly free and flexible. In the future," concludes Dr. Richardson, "the music presented by church musicians will be more and more deserving of appreciation. Its distinguishing marks will be earnestness, straightforwardness of purpose, and thoroughness. By these means it will become a greater power for good and a greater and stronger ally of religion."

Dr. Richardson is now in Baltimore as Miles Farrow's successor.

It is related that a woman who visited the British Museum recently said to an attendant: "I have been looking about for a skull of Oliver Cromwell. Have you no skull of Cromwell here?" "No, madam," the attendant answered. "How very odd!" she exclaimed, "they have a fine one in the museum at Oxford!"

Hotel Servant—"The man of the top floor complains that the roof leaked so badly last night that he was soaked through and through." Landlord—"Is that so? Well, just charge him in the bill with an extra shower bath."

yesterday, I have today tried to look into my future by astrological calculations, and the result was not encouraging. Some accident is going to happen; I do not know what, nor do I know how to avoid it. We human beings are too weak to struggle against the hidden powers.

"I hardly dare tell you. I see you think I am sick or out of my mind, but you are mistaken. I hear and see things which are hidden to your eyes and ears. From my own experience I now know that sometimes the veil is lifted so that we live over again the life we lived perhaps thousands of years ago.

"I shall tell you what I have experienced myself, and you will forgive my absent-mindedness before when I tell you that not only have I lived over again a previous life, but a man from that time has come back to life as the enemy he was to me thousands of years ago.

"As you know, I have never known my parents. They both died before I grew up. But from my earliest youth my whole mind was occupied with the past. It was like a strong magnet which drew me with irresistible power, and my whole life has been spent trying to establish a connection between past and present.

"And now I have succeeded. There are times when a strange power closes my eyes, and when my mind fits through time and space across the threshold of centuries long gone by, and I see myself as I lived then.

"I see a broad, dark river, and high upon the holy mountain the temple of the sun, in which my forefathers prayed to their gods, and I hear vaguely the confused noises of the throng. 'Nobody now knows the dead city's name or location; its grandeur and splendor are long