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No Worthless Leaves.

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In the Net.

He was awakened by a chorus of birds. He tried to move and could not. Then, opening his eyes, and lifting his head a little, he looked out on a dewy sun-swept landscape, rejoicing in all the gladness of a summer morning in the country. The sickening sense of his condition returned upon him, and he was about to thrust his head out farther to find, if possible, where he was, when he heard voices talking. Quietly restraining his former position he listened.

It was a fresh, girlish voice that spoke, with laughter between the words, and the rough voice of an old woman answered. They were quite near and the driver of the cart exchanged a salutation with them. They must have almost passed, when the girl spoke again.

"See, Chiara, there is a man asleep under the hedges, and, see—one of his hands is all red."

The bitterness of death swept over Bruno's soul. He seemed to be floating on a great tide that tossed him to and fro, and stifled him.

Gasp for breath, he lifted his face after a minute and looked out. Rosa and Chiara were at some distance, just entering the gates of the Villa Frattina. He had believed that he was going towards Albano; and instead of that he had gone into the very jaws of the lion!

All the frolic of his first flight possessed him again. Extricating himself from his hiding place he dropped out into the road, tossed his pipe to the river, and plunged into the path which Marco and Vittorio had taken the day before. At first he ran, then he advanced more warily, avoiding the cautions of the guardians, and making for a wooded ravine not far distant. He had reached it, and was about to sit down, when he saw the old woman, who had been face to face with him, utter a faint scream, and dropped a bundle of green herbs she had in her apron.

Bruno turned from her without a sound, and fled in another direction. He knew presently that he was not far from the highway, but it was impossible to turn back. A great wheat field was near and he slipped into the arms of the guardians, and making for a wooded ravine not far distant. He had reached it, and was about to sit down, when he saw the old woman, who had been face to face with him, utter a faint scream, and dropped a bundle of green herbs she had in her apron.

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There was a sound of men's voices, but they were quiet and far away. Someone was singing a vintage song. Not yet!

He lay down, stretched at length, to feel the coolness of the earth, and to feel the sun for a little while longer. Ah! why had he left home? There was safety, a thousand hiding places, and friends at hand who were bound to protect him. He saw now what a fatal error he had made in leaving home, and he knew not how to remedy it, even if he could have escaped into some other town. Why had he not run into the palace itself for protection?

He had his story all ready to tell. They were always prepared, and no event could be unforeseen to them. He was prepared, then, for any accident should happen to Vittorio, or certain others. Of course, it meant that Vittorio or one of the others might be attacked and killed, and he might be forced to defend himself.

How red the poppies were! How horribly they smiled down at him, and all the ground about him. And his hands—there, to wipe them; but Dives himself could not have found a drop of water there, and the stains would cling. And presently there was a sound, faint and far, no sound of voice or step of man or foot of bird, but most like a faint, intermittent whistling of wind in the rigging of a ship at sea, when the spirals of the air go before a tempest. It was sharp and thin, and it came from right and left and from before him. Bruno raised himself on his hands and knees and gazed about, but saw nothing.

The field was large, and they were yet far away. There were five sickles. He could count them in the sultry sunset, and they were in a semicircle about him. At the other side was a path and open spaces, with probably no nook to hide in.

The sun went up and hung in the meridian, and the reapers stopped. Still he had not seen them. Could they reap all the afternoon and not reach him? He stayed there on his hands and knees, like a beast, and waited. The sun slanted toward the west a little, blinding down with its long rays. The reapers began again, and he crawled inch by inch away from the crowd of them.

How he hated the daylight with them! He could hear the clatter of their sickles, and the rustle of their hands, and the sound of their feet. He was swimming with the heat, and with hunger and thirst, too; but he did not think of that. He could hear the severed handfuls of wheat drop on the pile, and fancied that he could see dark blotches of human forms through the yellow darkness.

"Oh, God!" he muttered, and crawled away, carefully parting the wheat-stalks, that they might not see the tops move as they came steadily toward him with their five crooked blades. Who knew but that it was Marco's revenge that they should hear him in this step by step, till they should reach and kill him with their sickles, that he could hear whispering and hissing nearer every moment?

The sun declined and changed from gold to orange, and from orange to red. He could hear distinctly now the clatter of the blades, each drop of the handful of grain, and now and then a word or a cough, and the figures of the men were seen in glimpses. As he crawled on the sweat of his torment fell upon the ground.

And by and by other dark shapes, showing through the wheat before him, terrified him anew, till he knew that he was being surrounded by the reapers. He pushed the red of the wheat-pines that ran along beside the path.

The crimson of the sunlight deepened; soft shadows rose from the ground, pushed the red of the wheat-pines and faded into the air.

And now Bruno could see the forms of his pursuers, the clattering of the steel, quick and curved. He crawled to the tree directly before him, peeped out, and saw that the land was nearly level, and that the reapers were on the path, and that there was a cabin not far away.

He was looking to look out, to see the path, to look up to the cabin, which he knew would be just above him; and to see how far he was from the highway, but he dared not. The vines did not grow thickly enough; the wheat was golden, the light was rose, and his head was black—so black! And how did he know but that the knife was waiting for it to be thrust out?

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He crept close to the tree and looked at the vine full of unripe grapes. They cast a merciful shadow over him. All day long he had been before the reapers—how horrible it was, like a nightmare, to fly on one's knees—and this was the first touch of mercy that had reached him. It felt like a warm blanket.

At the other side of the path were vine-jars and thin set, and a small wheat field that had all been reaped. An old woman was going about, gathering up the scattered stalks, and casting them on a yellow wall of wheat that stretched along the field.

It was the woman he had met in the morning, and he remembered her face. He watched her, wondering if she would betray him. She must know that he was somewhere in the neighborhood, and he feared that she would tell. Then he turned his head back, and he saw someone inside. Then he turned his head back, and he saw someone inside.

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and may sicken or develop ill-temper. Put up a bird-house, and, if possible, have a few of your own birds to fill it—but the robins, bluebirds, orioles, warblers and wrens. One of the benefits that come from a friendship with animals with the growth of friendship, ship and civility in your children. Teach them to love these dependents, to guard their rights, to protect them from abuse, to discover their many relations to our own species."

Two Kinds, Observation and Electro Contact, Are Used.

The Way in Which They Are Planted and Methods by Which They Are Exploded—Uses of the Signal and the Firing Electrical Current.

In fortifying a harbor against attack by an enemy's fleet, British engineers would use today submarine mines of two general classes—the "observation" and the "electro contact." The observation mine, so called because the action is direct, is an observer or operator stationed on shore, in a convex end of cylinder of Staffordshire plate three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness, measuring 34 inches in length and about 39 inches in diameter. Within the cylinder and surrounded by an air chamber is a core, composed of 22 separate copper cases, containing in all 500 pounds of wet gun cotton. The central case of the 22 is arranged to receive the "primer," a little box holding two detonators, or fuses, imbedded in dry gun cotton, from which electric wires pass to the insulator at the mouth of the mine.

For harbor defense the engineers would lay observation mines in groups of at least six, placed in a mathematically straight line at intervals of 180 feet, and preferably in about 50 feet of water. One main electric cable, starting from the operator's station on shore, would connect with and govern each mine of the six, reaching it by a fork or branch running to its insulator. This main cable would be close to the harbor bed, but the mines themselves, whose buoyancy is considerable, would float 12 feet or more above, each anchored by a stout steel wire mooring rope to a wrought iron sinker of 500 pounds weight, disk shaped, with a concave lower surface to keep the sinker steady and upright.

At 60 feet from the outer and inner ends of the mine line mark buoys would be set to guide the eye of the shore operator, while various other buoys would be scattered nearby, the field in order to mystify the enemy.

For the operator's station the two great requirements are a clear sweep of vision over the minefields and invisibility. A little cavern in a hillside or an embankment and disguised with bushes, vines or whatever is the common foliage of the spot is the ideal arrangement, but if necessity forces the selection of flat and barren ground a hut may be rendered inconspicuous by a coat of paint of the color of the earth about it. Here the observer sits, his glass trained on the two range buoys of his special group of mines and his battery of firing key within easy reach. As the enemy's ship or ships cross his sight line he presses the key, and in an almost incalculably small fraction of a second the whole group of mines is exploded. The flat area of each individual mine of "observation" type covers a circle 60 feet in diameter. Reckoning with the breadth of beam of the average warship as a factor, it then appears that the series of six will clear a channel about 720 feet broad of any vessels unfortunate enough to be there.

The "electro contact" differs from the observation mine in that it is meant to explode on actual contact with the ship's bottom, not at some distance beneath. It is used in deeper water than is the other variety and is fitted with a much heavier charge, since 75 pounds of gun cotton detonated against the hull of the strongest vessel built is quite sufficient to disable it or to destroy it. This mine, like the species previously described, is contained in a convex end of iron cylinder, its charge, as in the former case, packed in a nest of copper boxes, the central box holding the primer in with its two detonators and their electric wire connection. One "lock" of the wire necessary to complete the firing circuit runs, however, not directly to its detonator, but to the top of the mine as it lies about, containing an ingenious contrivance called a circuit closer. The mine cannot explode until the circuit closer comes into action, and the circuit closer will not act when struck by the hull of a ship.

Electro contact mines are commonly laid in several connected groups of three. Each individual in each trio has its own electric cable, about 100 yards in length, the three cables converge at their lower ends to enter a "disconnector box." The disconnector in turn sends down a single 200 yard cable to a "multiple junction box," within which it meets similar cables from the disconnector of all three other trios in the series, and with them is joined to a main cable running to the battery in the operator's station on shore. The operator has it in his power to put the whole series instantly out of play and to reactivate it as instantly to service, and by means of the disconnector's own trio which having been exploded, has become an incumbrance to the rest may be cut out of the circuit.

A ground mine, like the observation mine, is laid in relatively shallow water—a depth of 60 feet by choice—and has a cable connection with an operator's battery on shore. Attached by cable to the mine is a float buoy, the touch of a ship's hull on the buoy sufficient to detonate the mine. This powerful force is put in action at night or at any time when the enemy's ships alone are expected to be in the harbor. On all other occasions the current is maintained at a very low ebb, when a pressure on the buoy would not fire the mine, but would merely telegraph a signal to the shore station, indicating to the observer there which particular buoy had been struck. The change from signal current to firing current may be made in an instant, so that in the event of a harbor engagement between friendly and hostile fleets a home vessel may be allowed to pass unscathed over the mine, while the enemy's ship, touching the buoy immediately afterward, will be wrecked on the spot. The ground mine is not, however, dependent for its explosive power on the cutting of a ship's wire, the buoy. The shore operator may explode it at will whenever, in his opinion, occasion arises, but it is always difficult to tell exactly what point on the range line a crossing vessel occupies, and few that reason the mines are laid in groups of three, all three to be fired simultaneously in case of "judgment action."

The great desideratum in efficient action.

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CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

The Fac-simile Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.
Appears on Every Wrapper.

ing," says a recent authority, "is not so much perfection in construction as absolute secrecy in the plan of laying. If the plan of the mine's position is kept secret, they constitute a far more efficient protection to a harbor than any amount of forts and guns. . . . An opposing fleet might easily bring itself to attack a flotilla of torpedo vessels, but it would hesitate very seriously before risking its vitals over a minefield."—Catherine Prentice in New York Post.

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