BLINDFOLDED

By Earle Ashley Walcott

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SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with snake eyes, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform—but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Wilton leaves Giles in their room, with instruction to await his return. Lightly has he gone than Giles is startled by a cry of "Help." Dudley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the puzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him, Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Horton who makes a confident of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who are after him. He is told that "Dicky" Nahl is a traitor, playing both hands in the game. Dudley gets his first knowledge of Decker, who is Knapp's enemy on the Board. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is stricken by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. He is provided with four guards, Brown, Barkhouse, Fitzpugh and Porter. He learns there is to be no trouble about money as all expenses will be paid, the hire of the guards being paid by one "Richmond." The body of Henry Wilton is committed to the vault. Dudley responds to a note and visits Mother Horton in company with Policeman Corson. Giles Dudley again visits the Knapp home. He is charmed by Luella and bored by Mrs. Bowser. Slumming tour through Chinatown is planned. The trip to Chinatown. Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrill. Luella is dumbfounded when she and Dudley see her father coming from an opium den. Luella and Dudley are cut off from the rest of the party and imprisoned in a hallway behind an iron-bound door. Three Chinese ruffians approach the imprisoned couple. A battle ensues. One is knocked down. Giles begins firing. Tim Terrill is seen in the mob. A newsboy forms a mob is checked by shots from Giles' revolver. Policeman Corson breaks down the door with an ax and the couple is rescued. Luella thanks Giles Dudley for saving her life. Dudley appears at the office with no traces of the previous night's debauch.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

At this Eppner gave a blast like a cornet, and, waving his arms frantically plunged into a small-sized riot. I had entrusted him with 5,000 shares of Crown and Diamond to be sold for the best price possible, and he was feeding the opposition judiciously. The price wavered for a moment, but rallied and reached 66.

At this I signaled to Wallbridge, and with another bellow he started an opposition riot on the other side of the room from Eppner, and fed Crown Diamond in lumps to the howling forces of the Decker combination. The battle was raging furiously.

There was a final rally of the Decker forces, and the call closed with Crown Diamond at 63. I had sold 12,000 shares.

I was pleased at the result. Doddridge Knapp had intrusted me with the shares with the remark: "I paid 50 for 'em and they're not worth a tinker's dam. I got an inside look at the mine when I was in Virginia City. Feed Decker all he'll take at 60. He's been fooled on the thing, and I reckon he'll buy a good lot of them at that."

I had sold Doddridge Knapp's entire lot of the stock at an average of over 65, had netted him a profit of $15 a share, and had, for a second purpose, served the plan of campaign by drawing the enemy's resources to the defense of Crown Diamond and weakening, by so much, his power of operating elsewhere.

By the time Omega was reached I had the plans full in hand.

The assault on Crown Diamond had caused a nervous feeling all along the line, and under rumors of a bear raid there had been a drop of several points.

Omega felt the result of the nervousness and depression, and opened at 75.

There was a moment's buzz—the quiet of a crowd expectant of great events. Then Wallbridge charged into the throng with a roar. I could not distinguish his words, but I knew that he was carrying out my order to drop 5,000 shares on the market.

At his cry there was an answering roar, and the scene upon the floor turned to a riot. How the market was going I could only guess. At Wallbridge's onset I saw Lattimer and Eppner make a dive for him and then separate, following other shouting, screaming madmen who pirouetted about the floor and tried to save themselves from a mobbing. I heard 70 shouted from one direction, but could not make out whether it set the price of the stock or not. The din was too confusing for me to follow the course of events.

At last Wallbridge staggered up to the rail, flushed, collarless, and panting for breath, with his hat a hopeless wreck.

"I sold down to 71—averaging 73, I guess—and she's piling in fit to break the floor," he gasped.

"Did Lattimer and Eppner get your stock?" I could not help asking.

"They got about 3,000 of it. Rosenheim got the rest."

I remembered Rosenheim as the agent of Decker, and sighed. But Lattimer and Eppner were busy, and I had hopes.

"Where is it now?" I asked.

"Sixty-nine and a half."

I meditated an instant whether to use my authority to throw another 5,000 shares on the market. But I caught sight of Decker opposite, pale, hawk-like, just seizing an envelope from a messenger. He tore it open, and though his face changed not a line, I felt by a mysterious instinct that it brought assurance of the aid he sought.

"Buy every share you can get," I said promptly. "Don't get in the way of Lattimer or Eppner. Put on steam, too."

A moment later the clamor grew louder and the excitement increased. I heard shouts of 75, 78, 80 and 85. Decker's men had entered into the bidding with energy. The sinews of war had been recruited, and it was a battle for the possession of every block of stock.

Thus far I had followed closely the plan laid down for me by Doddridge Knapp, and the course of the market had agreed with the outlines of his prophecy. But now it was going up faster than he had expected. Yet I could do nothing but buy. I dared not set bounds to the bidding. I could only grip the railing and wait for the end of the call.

At last it came, and "Omega, one hundred and five and three-quarters," was the closing quotation. I feverishly took the totals of my purchases from the brokers and gave the checks to bind them. Then I hastily made my way through the excited throngs that blocked the entrance to the Exchange, brought thither by the exciting news of "a boom in Omega," and hurried to the office.

Doddridge Knapp had not yet come, and I consumed myself with impatience for ten minutes till I heard his key in the lock and he entered with a calm smile on his face.

"UM — THE PRICE WENT UP PRETTY FAST"

I gave him my memoranda and tried to read his face as he studied them.

"You did a good job with Crown Diamond," he grunted approvingly.

"Thanks," I returned. "I thought it wasn't bad for a stock that was not worth mentioning. And here is 7,600 shares of Omega bought and 5,000 sold. That scheme worked pretty well. We made 2,500 by it. Um—the price went up pretty fast."

The King of the Street looked sourly at the figures before him. "You ought to have got more stock," he growled.

"This was a shock to my self-congratulation over my success, and I gave an inquiring "Yes?"

"As I figure it out," he said, "somebody else got 7,000 shares and odd. There were over 15,000 shares sold in your Board."

I murmured that I had done my best.

"Yes, yes; I suppose so," said my employer. "But we need more."

"How much?" I asked.

"I've got a little over 48,000 shares," he said slowly, "and I must have near 60,000. It looks as though I'd have to fight for them."

"Well, Decker isn't any better off than you," I said consolingly.

"He's ten or fifteen thousand shares worse off than I am."

"And he's put a fortune into Crown Diamond, and is pretty well loaded with Confidence."

"True, my boy."

"And so," I argued, "he must be nearer the bottom of his sack than you are."

"Very good, Wilton," said the King of the Street with a quizzical look. "But you've left one thing out. You don't happen to know that the directors of the El Dorado Bank had a secret meeting last night and decided to back Decker for all they are worth."

"Rather a rash proceeding," I suggested.

"Well, he had three millions of their money in his scheme, so I reckon they thought the tail might as well follow the hide," explained my employer.

"The only thing to do then is to get a bank yourself," I returned.

Doddridge Knapp's lips closed, and a trace of a frown was on his brows.

"Well, this isn't business," he said. "Now here is what I want," he continued. And he gave directions for the buying at the afternoon session.

"Now, not over 125," was his parting injunction. "You may not get much—I don't think you will—though I have a scheme that may bring a reaction."

Doddridge Knapp's scheme for a reaction must have been one of the kind that goes off backward, for Omega jumped skyward on the afternoon call, and closed at 130. And I had been able to get a scant 1,500 shares when the call was over.

"I did better than you," said Doddridge Knapp, when I explained to him the course of the session. "I found a nest of 2,500 and gathered them in at 120. But that's all right. You've done well enough—as well as I expected."

"And still 8,000 to get," I said.

"Nearly."

"Well, we'll get them in due time, I suppose," I said cheerfully.

"We'll have 'em by Monday noon, or we won't have 'em at all," growled Doddridge Knapp.

"How's that?"

"You seem to have forgotten, young man, that the stock transfer books of the Omega Company close on Monday at 2 o'clock," he said as the door closed behind him.

As I had never heard this interesting piece of information before, I could not in strictness be said to have forgotten it.

CHAPTER XX.
Making Progress.

"You really don't mean it," said Luella severely, "and it's very wrong to say what you don't mean."

"In society?" I asked blandly. "I'm afraid you're a heretic, Miss Knapp."

"But we're not in society,—not just now, that is to say. We're just friends talking together, and you're not to say what you don't mean just for the sake of pleasing my vanity."

"Well, if we're just friends talking together—" said I, looking up in her face. I was seated on the footstool before her, and it was very charming to look at her face, so I stopped at that.

"Yes," said Luella, bending forward in her interest.

Before I could reply, Mrs. Knapp's voice was in my ear, and Mrs. Knapp's figure was in the archway of the alcove.

"Oh, you are here," she said. "I thought I heard your voices. Luella, your father wants to see you a minute. And how do you do, Mr. Wilton?"

I greeted Mrs. Knapp cordially, though I wished that she had delayed her appearance, and looked regretfully after Luella.

"I want to thank you for your heroism the other evening," she said.

"Oh, it was nothing," I answered lightly. "Any one would have done the same."

"Perhaps—but none the less we are all very grateful. If I had only suspected that anything of the kind could have happened, I should never have allowed them to go."

I felt rebellously glad that she had not suspected.

"I blame myself for it all," I bowed. "It was very careless of me."

"I'm afraid so, after all the warning you have had," said Mrs. Knapp.

"But as it turned out, no harm was done," I said cheerfully.

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Knapp absently. Then she spoke with sudden attention. "Do you think your enemies followed you there?"

I was taken aback with the vision of the Wolf figure in the grimy passage, a fiend in the intoxication of opium, and stammered for a reply.

"My snake-eyed friend made himself a little familiar, I'm afraid," I admitted.

"It is dreadful that these dangers should follow you everywhere," said Mrs. Knapp with feeling. "You must be careful."

"I have developed eyes in the back of my head," I said, smiling at her concern.

"I fear you need more than that. Now tell me how it all happened, just as you saw it. I'm afraid Luella was a little too hysterical to give a true account of it."

I gave her the story of the scene in the passage, with a few judicious emandations. I thought it hardly worth while to mention Doddridge Knapp's appearance, or a few other items that were more precious to me than to anybody else.

When I had done, Mrs. Knapp sighed.

"There must be an end of this some day," she said.

"I hope the day isn't far off," I confessed, "unless it should happen to be the day the coroner is called on to take a particular interest in my person."

Mrs. Knapp shuddered.

"Oh no, no—not that way."

Then after a pause, she continued: "Would you not rather attack your dangers at once, and have them over, than to wait for them to seek you?"

I felt a trifle uneasy at this speech. There seemed to be a suggestion in it that I could end the whole matter by marching on my enemies and coming to decisive battle. I wished I knew what she was driving at and how it was to be done before I answered.

"I haven't felt any particular disposition to hunt them up," I confessed, "but if I could cut off all the heads of the hydra at once it would be worth while. Anything for peace and quiet, you know."

Mrs. Knapp smiled.

"Well, there is no use challenging your fate. There is no need for you to act, unless the boy is in danger."

"Oh, no, none at all," I replied unblushingly.

"And we'll hope that he will be kept safe until the danger has passed."

I hoped so devoutly, and said as much. After a few more words I took advantage of the lull to excuse myself and make a dive into the next room where I espied Luella.

"Yes, you may sit down here," she said carelessly. "I want to be amused."

I was not at all certain that I was flattered to be considered amusing, but I was willing to stay on any terms, so we fell into animated conversation on nothing and everything. In the midst of this entertaining situation I discovered that Mrs. Knapp was watching us, and her face showed no easy state of mind. As I caught her eye she moved away, and a minute later Mr. Carter appeared with,—

"Excuse me, Miss Knapp, but your mother would like to see you. She and my wife have some conspiracy on hand."

I was pleased to see that Luella did not take the interruption gratefully, but she surrendered her place to Mr. Carter, who talked about the weather with a fertility of commonplaces that excited my admiration. But as even the weather has its limits as a subject of interest and the hour grew late I suppressed a yawn and sought the ladies to take my leave.

"Oh, must you go?" said Luella, rising. And, leaving Mrs. Carter to her mother, she walked with me to the hall as though she would speak with me.

But once more alone, with only the hum of voices from the reception-room as company, she fell silent, and I could think of nothing to say.

"It's very good of you to come," she said hesitatingly.

My mind went back to that other evening when I had left the door in humiliation and bitterness of spirit. Perhaps she, too, was thinking of the time.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STYLISH JACKET SUIT

Though extremely simple in cut and outline, this attractive little jacket suit, developed in white Irish linen, will fill all needs for the midsummer calling costume or church gown, or in fact any occasion where a suit is just out of place. The jacket is a semi-fitted model, with side-front and side-back seams running from the shoulders downward, and giving the long graceful lines to the figure, which are such a prominent feature of this season's styles. The model is a collarless one with wide odd-shaped medallions of Battenberg lace in all each side of the front and back, and at the lower part of the flowing sleeves; the latter finished with an edging of similar lace. A cotton passementerie ornament crosses the front and holds the jacket in position. The skirt is a five-gored model which is equally appropriate to wear as a separate garment, as well as part of an entire costume. It fits smoothly over the hips, without plaits, tucks or fullness of any description, and falls in a full flare around the foot. Two narrow bands set on as trimming about five inches apart are made of strips of the material the wide insertion of the Battenberg lace being set between these bands. Both the insertion and bands may be omitted if desired.

For 36 bust the jacket requires four and three-quarters yards of material 20 inches wide, two and a quarter yards 36 inches wide, two and an eighth yards 42 inches wide, or one and five-eighths yard 54 inches wide.

For 26 waist the skirt requires nine yards of material 20 inches wide, four and three-quarters yards 36 inches wide, four yards 42 inches wide, or three and three-eighths yards 54 inches wide; one yard 20 inches wide, half yard 36 or 42 inches wide, or three-eighths yard 54 inches wide extra for bias bands, and three and a half yards of insertion to trim.

TO WEAR UNDER SHEATH SKIRT.

Silk Knickerbockers Appropriate with the New Costume.

The shops have already brought out all kinds of silk knickerbockers for the new sheath skirt. Some are lined with albatross, some are of taffeta, unlined, others are of old brocades lined with china silk.

They are perfectly fitted at hips and waist line and are held around the knee with an elastic band.

While the majority never use them for this purpose, they promise to be quite popular for all manner of outdoor wear under short cloth skirts.

When these are worn for outings it is not necessary to wear any other pieces of underwear except the undershirt under the corset, and the corset cover under the shirtwaist.

LIGHT AND DAINTY.

This hat is extremely dainty, being made of lace, dotted light blue ribbon and pink roses.

Hankerchiefs as well as parasols are often bordered.

Light-Weight Baggage.

In packing a suit case to carry around as required it is a great help to remember that light-weight clothes will make a lighter case. A kimono of china silk will be a feather's weight and take up small space, and for dress occasions all that is needed will be a gown of soft dark silk that will not show wrinkles from much folding into the compass of a suit case. Two waists may be worn with this skirt, one more elaborate than the other; several blouses to wear with your walking suit, and the usual accessories. White Japanese cotton crepe is good material to make vases of, as they will not require ironing and can be laundered in one's room in the evening, hung over a chair back and will be dry by morning. An umbrella is a necessity and may be strapped to the suit case when not in use. White or light yellow or ecru doeskin gloves give a smart finish to a traveling costume. They have the merit of being easily laundered when soiled, they dry soft, and in wearing these the hands are well protected from the soft consequent upon traveling.—Vogue.

NEATNESS GREAT TIME SAVER.

Also Considerably Lessens Wear and Tear on the Nerves.

It is a big boon to be born orderly, it means such a saving in wear and tear on one's nerves.

There are some people who have the desire for neatness, but lack in its execution. They can put to rights, but not keep it up.

It is easier to be born slovenly than one with a wish for orderliness allied to the habit of misplacing.

That place for everything rule is a good one—if you don't forget the place.

The woman who can find her belongings even in the dark is the one to tie to—provided she doesn't achieve her neatness by nagging and everlasting primpiness.

That some girls' bureau drawers have a cyclone-struck look may not argue a lack of orderliness so much as an overpressure of affairs. It is not easy when every minute counts to put things back in the exact spot where they should go.

As the bump of order is the greatest time saver known, it is well, however, for the busy girl to make strenuous efforts to acquire it. It may take an extra minute to put things where they belong, but time is often rescheduled by hours when it comes to hunting them where they don't belong.

Orderliness is a good business asset; the girl who can put her fingers on notebook at an instant's notice, who is not on a perpetual hunt for pencil, eraser and other daily necessities, who has learned to classify her papers for easy finding, rarely makes a failure of her career.

Good Sunburn Remedy.

Try this formula: 1½ pints of orange flower water, ½ pint of elder flower water, 2 fluid ounces of tincture of benzoin, ½ fluid ounce of cologne water, 4 grains of camphor, 60 grains of ferrous sulphate, ¼ ounce of citric acid. Shake well before using.

Face Touching Up.

At present the fashionable woman uses cosmetics with freedom, though with great discretion and great cleverness. Never does she appear by sunlight at out-of-door functions with anything approaching the suggestion of "paint." Yet equally would it be impossible for her to appear at the opera or in the glare of a big ballroom without a pencilling of brows and lips, a modelling of cheeks and nostrils and earlobes and a whitening of arms, that bring her physical points in line and coloring into harmony with the vastness of her environment and the brilliancy of the lighting. Recently it has been the fashion in Europe to preserve a pallid face, but of late, with the return of the Greek figure, of apparently unfettered limbs and unbound waist, of virginal braids and smoods and ingenue coiffures, the fancy has been to allow the roses to bloom in the cheeks.—Vogue.

Woolen Underwear Best.

Nearly all medical men in the West Indies advise the wearing of thin woolen and not cotton underwear. Many persons wear "cholera belts," made of flannel.

CONTRADICTIONS SEEN IN MAN.

Shady Walks of Life Often Parallel Paths of Higher Aims.

My old friend J. W. Edmonds says: "Does it seem strange to you that the shady walks of life should so often run parallel with the path of higher aims, such as art, literature and the like? Here we have 'Paddy the Pig' with a posthumous gilding of a reputed love of flowers and poetry. As to this dual instinct, we have as an authority of appeal Bret Harte, who recognized the existence of such a peculiar human trait in his portrayal of the characters of Jack Hamlin and John Oakhurst. Then we have the Hon. Dick Canfield as a living example. What's the secret of nature in this respect? My own theory is that men of normal mold, whose occupations force them steadily into one groove, must seek their diversions in a diametrically opposite channel."

Edmonds touches a soft spot. The "Wicked Gibbs" was a lover of art, and much appreciated by J. Pierpont Morgan. Edmund Clarence Stedman was a clerk and a banker. He was an imitator of Samuel Rogers, the original mixer of finance and poesy. Rogers was a millionaire banker—a very Croesus. He could draw unlimited checks alike on the Bank of England and on the treasury of the Muses. At the same time, Rogers was the ugliest man in England. His home was such a palace of arts as Morgan would envy, and try to improve on, and the only ungainly thing in it was Rogers himself. Morgan never laid claim to beauty. He is richer than Rogers was, and his art collection will be the grandest on earth if he lives ten years longer.

Rogers' most prized possessions were two small pieces of paper in gold frames. One of them was a bank of England note for £1,000,000 ($5,000,000), and the other the original receipt of John Milton for £5 ($25), the sum he received for the copyright of "Paradise Lost" from Simmonds, the bookseller. The bank note was one of the only four which were ever struck from a plate that was afterward destroyed. The Rothschilds had one impression. Mr. Coutts had another, the Bank of England still has the third. Rogers, as I have said, had the fourth. It hung in his parlor within anyone's reach, but valueless to all except its owner. No one ever thought of stealing it, because it would have been only an much waste paper, but Rogers' touch could have converted it into a shower of gold.—Victor Smith, in New York Press.

Neglect of Wounded.

The German army is looked upon as the model army and the greatest military machine in the world, but in many points the Germans are far behind other powers, especially in this fact noticeable in their treatment. First should say, neglect, of their own killed and wounded in the field. On many occasions the killed have been left for days unburied, and in many instances the bodies have not been buried at all, but left to bleach in the sun and become food for vultures. In the operations in the Karras mountains against Jacob Morenga, the Hottentot outposts fired on the advancing Germans, killing one man and wounding an officer and two men. The column continued to advance, the wounded being left behind with only two men to protect them from the enemy, and it was not until 24 hours later that the wounded were brought into camp. Had the Germans been fighting a civilized power, leaving the wounded behind on the field would not have mattered much, as they would have been well treated had they fallen into the enemy's hands, but with the Hottentots it is altogether different, as they would have slaughtered unmercifully any German who fell into their hands.—Army and Navy Life.

Almost Too Much.

After James A. Rector had run the 100-yard dash in 9 2-5 seconds at Charlottesville, Va., in the Southern Intercollegiate races, thereby going the distance one-tenth of a second faster than any other human being has ever been credited with running it, he received hundreds of congratulatory telegrams from loyal University of Virginia alumni from all parts of the country. Among them was one from his father, who now lives at Hot Springs, Ark., but who was born in Virginia. The paternal telegram read as follows: "May your head keep pace with your heels in the race of life." Rector read and reread the telegram, and then handed it to "Pop" Lannigan, his trainer. The latter perused it with great care. "Well," he exclaimed, "you could give Solomon a handicap and beat him in a walk if it did."

Grand Collection.

"Yes, sah," said the old colonel, "the prohibition law sho' did go into effect down in Georgia, sah."

"That so, colonel?" responded the Chicago friend. "Well, I suppose you had a great number of wire corkscrews left over."

"I did that, sah. I had them by the bushel."

"And did you throw them away, colonel?"

"Oh, no; I stretched them out and made a wire fence and a lightning rod, sah."

Cat's Long Journey in a Bureau.

A tiny Maltese cat has completed a trip from Holland, Mich, a distance of 2,500 miles, in a drawer of a bureau wrapped in sacking and shipped by slow freight. When freight hands opened the bureau the cat jumped out, and, although lean and thin from its long trip without food or water, was apparently as good as ever and displayed a keen appetite.—Los Angeles Examiner.

A Reason Now.

"Oh, Arizona will be admitted all right," said the gentleman from that territory.

"Been turned down pretty regularly, hasn't it?"

"Don't let that worry you. They'll need the name for a battleship now."

Most Fitting.

"What official title would properly apply to the head of a criminal society?"

"The leader couldn't properly be the head; he would have to be a vice-president."

A Word for the Dandies.

Fine Clothes and Brave Hearts a Most Effective Combination.

One is sorry for the dandies of our day, because, though their clothes fit ever so well, and are ever so fresh, custom prescribes a dark or subfusk hue, and no lace, no velvet (above all, not on coat collars); no slashes, puffs and vandykings; no pearls and gold; no gules and azure. The common trousers are shapeless things, and, for perfection, you need two pairs every day. Genius is stunted, display is checked, and, though you may wear brilliant hose with knickerbockers in the country, glorious waistcoats are rarely seen except in the windows of tailors' shops at Oxford and Cambridge. The dandy can only cultivate immaculate neatness and perfection of fit. Our officers at Ladysmith, when the place was relieved, looked like skeletons, but were as spruce and neat, I have been told, as ever they showed in the park. They cultivated self-respect, like Stendhal, the celebrated novelist, who was said to have been the only man that shaved every day in the dreadful winter retreat from Moscow. This is the dandyism which we admire, the perfection of personal self-respect exhibited in Julius Cæsar, Claverhouse and Montrose, combing his lovelocks, like the Three Hundred of Thermopylae, on the morning of his shameful death. He went to the gibbet "like a bridegroom to his bride." History, and "the human heart by which we live," have an immortal tenderness for the great, the wise, the brave, who have died dandies as they lived, gallant hearts and stately gentlemen.—Century Magazine.

Lost in the Telephone.

Henry Abraham has calculated the maximum effectiveness of the telepone for a sound of given pitch and a current of measured intensity. The result shows that there is great room for improvement in this respect. Notwithstanding the apparent extreme sensitiveness of the best telephones, they are, after all, surprisingly ineffective, since they transmit to the ear in the form of sound-waves less than a thousandth part of the energy received from the line.