

all through the village where she had walked about, the thought occurred to her to ask the priest's help. She told him to let his people know that whoever would find the trinket and restore it should have a reward. The good pastor replied: "No, madam, no reward is needed: they would be surprised at it and it would spoil their native honesty. In these mountains the people are still simple and unspoiled. I shall ask them to look for it, and doubtless they will succeed, but, please, no reward! It would be an evil!"

Two days after the brooch was found by a little shepherd boy and brought to the priest, who returned it to the lady.

This latter contented herself by dropping an offering into St. Anthony's box, which was in the little village church, but how in her heart of hearts she admired the simple honesty of those plain, rough mountaineers as she compared them with the city throngs and their struggle for more, always more!—Alas! if only the world could return somewhat to its primitive simplicity.

#### NOT ELIGIBLE.

"Of course, madam, I would not be expected to light the fire?"

"Certainly not," replied the mistress.

"Nor to sweep the floors?"

"Certainly not."

"Nor to attend to the door?"

"Of course not."

"Nor to wait at table?"

"No. I want none of these things," said madam, with her sweetest smile. "The only thing I require a servant for is to look at her, and for this you are far too plain."

#### MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

A squad of men was engaged at rifle practice at a certain coast town in Scotland.

A farmer and his man were at the same time carting sand from the beach at the back of and underneath the target at which the riflemen were firing.

The bullets were supposed to be quite safe, but a stray bullet caught the man in the leg.

He dropped to the ground, exclaiming: "I'm shot!"

The farmer hurriedly scrambled up the bank, and, frantically waving his hands to the party, shouted: "Hey, lads, stop that shootin', will ye? Ye've shot the man, and it might have been the horse."

#### THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

He stood amid the blaze and splendor of his magnificent mansion, and in his hand he held the portrait of a beautiful woman. His face was pale and haggard, and his lips moved convulsively.

What was this mystery? Was this the picture of his departed wife?

No.

Was it the portrait of his dead but dearly remembered daughter?

No.

What, then, was the cause of his haggard face?

Was it not the same portrait that two minutes ago had fallen from its nail, and raised a lump as big as a hen's egg on his head?

It was.

#### SMILE RAISERS.

"You must confine yourself to a light diet," said the doctor, gravely.

"No fear," said John junior. "I knew a man who died through putting himself too much on a light diet."

"Really?" said the doctor.

"Yes, he ate the phosphorous ends off matches."

"You love my daughter?" said the father.

"Love her," he exclaimed, passionately. "Why, I would die for her. For one soft glance from those sweet eyes I would hurl myself from yonder cliff and perish—a bruised mass upon the rocks two hundred feet below."

The old man shook his head. "I'm something of a liar myself," he said, "and one is enough for a small family like mine."

"Yes, it's a splendid house," said the possible purchaser, "but I'm told it's haunted."

"Haunted!" ejaculated the pushful house agent, rubbing his hands and grinning in oily fashion. "Why, so it is; but you need have no fear, sir. I attend to that personally, and this particular ghost is really well trained. It never appears unless the tenant refuses to pay his rent."

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## SCIENCE SIFTINGS

(By "VOLT.")

### Why Waste Wind?

"There is," says *La Science et la Vie*, "in the bosom of the atmosphere an enormous force capable of being captured, transformed into motor force, and utilised for the needs of industry. This power is the wind. At a time when all combustibles habitually employed are so rare and costly, the utilisation of the wind appears doubly interesting by reason of the prodigious force which it represents, and the absolute freedom of this force. It is true that the wind is irregular. It does not blow every day at the same speed. Sometimes this speed does not exceed more than one or two metres to the second, sometimes it attains 20 or 25 metres. For this reason its use would necessarily be confined. Nevertheless, it would be sufficiently great to interest a good number of organisations, industrial or agricultural, which until now have depended on coal (now so precious), and which can perfectly accommodate themselves to the intermittent motor force produced by the wind. The smaller industries and farming would derive from the utilisation of the wind important advantages for grinding, air compression, electricity, charging of accumulators, elevation of water in reservoirs, etc. . . . briefly, everything which does not require an absolutely constant motor force. The variability in intensity which constitutes the only inconvenience of the wind is otherwise largely compensated by the material advantages which one obtains in using it." Some idea as to the practical working of dynamos driven by wind-power is contained in the following description from the *Scientific American*, which says that, according to H. C. Vogt, certain "mills had sails 100ft in diameter and an area of 3930 square feet. With a mean wind velocity of 24ft a second, 20 h.p. was obtained. Power is transmitted from the main shaft by a series of cog wheels with the spokes in tension; rope and chain gearing were found not to answer. By means of gearing, the speed of the main shaft, 12½ revolutions a minute, is increased to 1500 revolutions a minute for the dynamo."

### Air Camouflage.

The bold, impetuous nature of the airman has asserted itself in the startling colors with which most fighting "scouts" are painted. At first, aeroplanes were painted with a view to camouflaging them. The top sides of the planes were decorated with an irregular pattern of brown and green, which mingled easily with the dull mosaic of the fields below, and so hid, to a certain extent, the machine from the eyes of hostile airmen flying higher, while the lower planes were painted pale blue or silver in order that machines or anti-aircraft gunners below might not readily see them. This is still done to a certain extent, but bolder spirits have realised the psychological law that there may be greater safety in making yourself awfully conspicuous and conspicuously awful than in trying to escape attention with a quiet, drab appearance. The result has been that many machines now have a more brilliant appearance than any revue poster or Futurist landscape. Bright blue and gold, scarlet and emerald, black and lemon, mustard and mauve, they flaunt themselves before a startled enemy. Some squadrons, such as Richt-hofen's famous "circus," are decked with one particular hue, and all who draw near realise with what they have to deal. Most individually-famous airmen have had their machines painted in a particular way in order to terrify enemy machines, and also that their reports may be checked by other airmen, for in the mad excitement of an air fight it is not easy to distinguish one machine from another. Observers on the ground also can distinguish the colors of different machines in a fight and can make a report on the success of a machine with a particular color design. Another cause of the coloring is that it gives the pilot a chance to assert his individuality and to get away from uniform ideas. Dragons, death's-heads, clutching hands, lightning streaks, nicknames, emblems, mascots, and the faces of music-hall stars are also painted on machines. Some are quite works of art, and have been painted by professional artists who happen to be attached as officers or mechanics to the squadron. The psychological value is very great. A squadron of vivid scarlet machines must receive great encouragement from their similarity of decoration, while the color assists them greatly in distinguishing friends from enemies. The fact that the name of his sweetheart is painted on the nose of his machine may give new strength to a flagging pilot who has perhaps been wounded. Pride in his machine is a very creditable quality in an airman, and if he decorates it himself it has for him far more personality than if it had merely a number.—Paul Bewsher, in the *Daily Mail*.

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