

Where "Catgut" is Made. Probably but a small percentage of the fishermen who use files string with fine (translucent "catgut" are aware that the almost unbreakable substance that holds the hooks against the fiercest struggles of the struck fish comes from silk worms.

The principal centre of the manufacture of this kind of catgut is the Island of Procida, in the Bay of Naples, but most of the silk worms employed are raised near Torre Annunziata, on the foot of Vesuvius. The caterpillars are killed just as they are about to begin the spinning of cocoons, the silk glands are removed and subjected to a process of pickling, which is a secret of the trade, and afterward the threads are carefully drawn out by skilled workers, mostly women. The length of the thread varies from a foot to nearly twenty inches.—Scientific American.

#### Dogs and the Earthquake.

The recent earthquake was most distinctly felt in Calabria, numbers of residents being awakened by the swaying of the houses and the rattling of the window and doors. The seismograph at the Helvetic Observatory recorded the shock at 3:55 A. M., and it lasted seconds. This was the most violent actually felt in years of recent years.

Strangely, the numerous

parish dogs who infest the city and its surroundings were greatly perturbed at the unusual condition of things and scampered off toward the desert howling piteously all the way, returning thence only toward nightfall.—Pall Mall Gazette.

#### Signaling With a Cross.

Persons who cannot write use their names are required to write a substitute in the sign of the cross (X). And, similarly, kings and nobles used the same sign, but not so ornately. It was used by those who could not as a symbol that the person making it pledged himself by his Christian faith to the truth of the matter to which he affixed the cross. Hence, although people now write or subscribe their names, they are still said to sign.

## THE MARRIAGE OF CAPT. KETTLE

### A ROMANCE OF THE SEA

BY C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE

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CHAPTER XVIII.—On his return from the search of the Norman Towers, Captain Kettle finds that Sir George Chesterman, his old master, has been beguiled to visit the Berber castle in the Atlas mountains. By invitation of the sultan, he is to be entertained at the court of the sultan.

CHAPTER XIX.—Captain Kettle recognizes the danger into which they have unwittingly fallen and starts in pursuit of Sir George. Shaken, however, when he tells her he will take her to wife, she bows and says that she never leave him strong.

(Now go on with the story.)

### CHAPTER XXI.

The Captain Disposes.

CAPTAIN KETTLE left that he could not afford to match, and, after the day had passed, explored the slopes in the dark. The cut was only a trice over four feet wide, so he could easily keep a hand on each wall, and having all of a sailor's distrust for navigation in strange waters, he always took careful sounding with his advance foot, and assured himself that the floor was in place, before putting weight on it. If Captain Kettle had tried to climb the hundred-foot vertical fissure to the well-shaft he would have been met at the upper end (although, of course, he did not know this) by a solid door of three-inch oak, held down by perhaps a foot of the gravel which flooded one of the courtyards of the fortress.

But at the foot of this vertical shaft he was, therefore, the foot-holds, and resounding his breath; and while encased in these easy movements, fancied he felt a sharp pain in the neighborhood of his left ear.

His right ear was facing the incline up which he had ascended, and his left ear (as he had imagined in the dark) was close to the solid rock, in order that there should be no doubt about it, he wettet a finger and held it up. The finger chilled and distended on the left side. There was a draft, and there another passage somewhere.

He lighted one of his precious matches, and disengaged the entrance to the farther set of inclines which the saint had never mentioned, and (as it turned out) had never heard of. And it was up these solid walls, and not climbing up, Captain Kettle made his entrance into the secret of the place, into the full small of an active cow stable, and made swift passage to the rear. Moonlight glimmered in through a narrow slit, and he grasped the elementary fact that the stable held another building above its sturdy arches.

His eyes, after their long training in the black darkness of the inclines, acted readily in this gentle gloom. He made quick circuit of the walls and found a door, opened it, and saw a street; peered up, and down that, discovered it to be empty, and then ran out to the opposite wall and looked upward. High up, a hundred feet above the cow stable, and narrow and shadowed. None of the windows was glazed, and most were in darkness.

"Below, I suppose they would call it in the basement. They got troublesome, and I had to put them aside, where where they could not catch me. I was disengaged, was for a moment, and my people here had gathered that Chesterman was shouting threats and insults at me, they'd have killed him and his sister out of hand, I can't get them to understand that I looked upon as a holy man, and the people here would consider it a mere act of piety to knock the head off any that annoyed me."

"Holy man! You! I'll handle you better, your people in a way I wouldn't handle a yellow dog. If I could get you into the big house for its main entrance, I'll get you in. I'll get you out. This is the sort of rescue actually felt in years of recent years.

Strangely, the numerous parish dogs who infest the city and its surroundings were greatly perturbed at the unusual condition of things and scampered off toward the desert howling piteously all the way, returning thence only toward nightfall.—Pall Mall Gazette.

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where are my owner and his sister?" "In their rooms." "Free and at liberty?" "Yes," said the kaid. "Yes, said Miss Dubbs.

Captain Kettle's boot shot out and crashed into the kaid's ribs with a regular Cape Horn's mate's kick. "Lie to me, you swine, and I'll stone you in every slot in your body. Where are their rooms?"

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where where they could not catch me. I was disengaged, was for a moment,

and my people here had gathered that Chesterman was shouting threats and insults at me, they'd have killed him and his sister out of hand, I can't get them to understand that I looked upon as a holy man, and the people here would consider it a mere act of piety to knock the head off any that annoyed me."

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of China had walked in to pay an evening call.

Miss Chesterman, it was clear, was on the verge of a demonstration. The affair, it is true, had gone mad, and the kaid had, in fact, been horribly frightened (and with very good cause); but her passion for Captain Kettle was still hot, and she had it in her to have thrown wild arms of gratitude round his neck, and hailed him as her world and her preserver.

But the sight of that acid, little, precise man with the red beard and the dogged, off-on his terrier, and something she caught in the eye of her fellow-woman caused her to recoil, and fall off the kaid's soft-restraining. Miss Dubbs might be in mortal danger, but her employer's shrewd vision she was glorious with triumph.

"Sir," said Captain Kettle to Sir George, "gather that this swine of a saint has been misbehaving himself. That being the case, I take it you will care to stay longer under his roof."

Sir George Chesterman laughed merrily. "So great is my distaste for his hospitality that I'd give all I possess to be back once among the friendly cockle-shells on the Wapping docks. But I suppose one might as well wish to be in the moon. How the world did you get here, Skipper?"

"Walked, sir. It struck me that I might be useful to you, as owner. So I came. Suppose we ride back to the coast, and then the circuitous one by Kettle had travelled; and when day began to show in the higher layers of the atmosphere they were already among the lower slopes of the foothills."

"I don't know whether you are asleep, sir," said the kaid.

"I'm not."

"Then perhaps you are a little dull in your hearing. But there's pretty heavy riding ahead of us."

"Are you so far from the surf on the beach? I think you're off the coast. There is that a thing this man Berber is, that is all I know. But there's all right. You know I'm used to picking up sheep sounds."

"You're right; you're good ears. I suppose it means that your men are attacking my steamerboat. Well, Mr. Todd will attend to them efficiently. But by James! I can't afford to miss more of the scrap. Here you tell your drivers to hurry these stock-horses."

The saint called an order. "By the way, you all have been working you all along. They live on the coast here. There are Moors among them, and from the Sufi tribes and Arabs of the deserts to the South, with a few Twarecks thrown in, and perhaps here and there a Berber, who has been chucked out of my place for misbehavior. They have been led for very hard, and very dangerous work, and I'm sure you'll learn it with satisfaction; they'd just as soon cut my throat as yours."

"I hear you say it."

The saint turned to face his persecutor, and placed a lean small hand on the camel's hump, which thrashed and wavered between them.

"Look here, Captain Kettle," he said, "I have the pleasure of telling you that most of our meeting, and I'm free to own, it's检测到 you quite as much. But for the time being I want to propose a truce."

"I don't see cause for it."

"Man, hear sense. I don't care two straws whether you are killed in the next half-hour, or whether you are not. I don't care much if I am knocked on the head myself. But for the women, I do care. I am, I won't put it that way. We both of us are very fond of one of them, and the fate of women who get into the hands of those howling devils down there is too awful to think about."

"With your escort to help we may get through, though I admit it's a thinchance. But if you insist on keeping me cooped up in my cubbyhole, the escort will be to inquire directly who I am. You know, I'm a discredited person, I've got a reputation of being in the thick of it when there's a skirmish going, and their curiosity on the matter will be natural enough. When they do begin to put in their questions, I suppose you'll shoot me out of hand, and proceed to well what would be very interesting as a side issue, but it doesn't strike me as the best way of looking after the ladies' interests."

"Sir George," Kettle admitted, "and he's my owner, by James! It strikes me, I've come very near neglecting duty."

It was a bitter pill to have a home truth like his thrown against him by Sidi Bergash. But Captain Kettle always had an exact sense of fairness. He thought a moment, and then he held out a hand. "I thank you, Mr. Bergash," he said simply, "for reminding me of what's my duty. May I ask if you're open to accepting employment?"

The Berber chief saw the point and laughed. "As commander of your escort? I'll take it. My people have been mercenary soldiers and on for some three thousand years and more, and although this will be my first bit of hired service, there is no reason why I should kick at the tribal custom. The only thing left to settle is, I think, fidelity. We merchants guarantee fidelity, of course, but I don't know if it's in the same way as in forthcoming regularly. But when that stops, then we hold ourselves free to chop round and burn under another flag."

"Pay?" repeated Captain Kettle and pulled vexedly at his red torpedoes beard.

"Why not? You serve Sir George for pay yourself, I suppose?"

"I do. But you! You quite took me in with your tales of gold-dust and the rest of it. I never dreamt

you were out for your ten or four teen pounds a month."

Again the kaid laughed. "Pardon me, but your ideas are so eminently British. You think that hard cash is the cure and the end of all my people's ills. I think through all my people's solidering through all the centuries, I never heard they served for money. Some of them—the slingers especially—like the men of the Balearic Islands, took wine and women for their pay; others asked for ornaments for their friends at home, and some went as mercenaries for the sheer sport of the thing. Look for myself!" the blue eyes looked keenly, and it surprised you to hear that I am like an islander of the Balearics."

"Yes," said Kettle with a happy dash of memory. "They fought for a fee of women and wine, but also they fought naked. Now you are clothed; you've been to college at Cambridge, and you aren't going to bargain like a naked savage."

"Touché," said the kaid, throwing up a slim finger to his head.

"And, curse your impudence, there's my Winchester to beat time with. Here, make this earthquake of a camel heave to, and let's taste God's air again from the top of horses. I'm choked in this blanketed-topped hansom. Now you're reminded you're a white man, the thing's all simple and why you couldn't have done it before, and said me all this bother and language beats me."

"A man must be a fool sometimes, I suppose," said the kaid shortly, "and the other was my day. Take this black horse: he's my own, and you'll like him. I'll ride that bay. If it comes to a charge, I need hardly say, don't go at it headlong. Chesterman, Captain Kettle and I have both come to the conclusion that we've been behaving like a pair of idiots, and so we've arranged to ride level through what's ahead. I'm sure you'll be delighted to join, and give your old seamanship a chance."

(To be Continued.)

### Various Signs and Customs of Spilling Salt Appear as Magical Agents—Many Paintings of "The Last Supper" Show the Salt Cellar Overturned—Proverbs of Many Countries Founded on Superstitions.

long been known as a wondrously powerful agent in magic. Perhaps that is why children are advised to put out a bird's nest in order to catch it. The inhabitants of Lancaster County believe that a boy may be cured of homesickness by placing salt in the hem of his trousers and making him look up the chimney.

In India the natives rub salt and wine on scorpion bites, believing that this application will banish the demons of pain.

In Bavaria and the Ukraine, a doctor asks whether a child has been the victim of enchantment, the mother looks its forehead; and if she can distinguish a saline flavor, she is convinced that her offspring has been under the influence of the evil eye.

But salt does not appear in folklore only as a magical agent. Being one of the principal savors of food it is often mentioned in proverbs. In the Spanish proverbs of Andalusia, "salt" is synonymous with gracefulness and charm of manner, and you cannot address your sweet-heart more flatteringly than to call her "the salt-box of my love." The phrase, "May you be well salted," is also current in Spain as an expression of affectionate regard. "Cum grano salis" suggests the use of the ever-expected grain of common sense while listening to some exaggerated story.

Marco Polo tells us that in Tibet pieces of salt were used as currency.



as is the case in the Soudan at the present day.

The esteem with which salt is regarded is not unanimous, however. About the year 1830 there appeared in England a volume entitled "Dives with the following title: "Salt, the forbidden fruit or food; and the chief cause of diseases of body and mind of man and animals, as taught by the ancient Egyptian priests and wise men and by scriptures, in accordance with the author's experience of many years."