



A MARVEL OF THE MAILLS.

Great Distances That Letters Travel at Small Expense.

If a man should start from New York and travel northward to Alaska, then down the coast to California and take ship to Manila and follow the lines of travel to Hongkong, to Singapore, to Canton, to Tokyo, to Vladivostok, to St. Petersburg, to Vienna, to London, to South Africa and finally to South America, touching on the way at several Pacific and south Atlantic islands and thence back to his starting point, he could travel a distance several times greater than the circumference of the globe. If he ordered his mail forwarded to him and left correct addresses behind at each place the letters would dutifully follow him and finally be delivered to him in New York a few days after his own arrival there.

All that he would have to pay extra for this remarkable journey of his mail would be a dollar or two in tolls, which would represent the charges for forwarding exacted by some of the countries through which it passed. There are in the post office department at Washington the envelope of a letter which traveled in this way 150,000 miles and another which came safely through a trip of 125,000 miles.—St. Nicholas.

A Case of Kidnaping.

The pretty baby had fallen asleep in her perambulator in front of her father's house on a fashionable street. The nurse was nowhere to be seen. A shabbily dressed man, clad in black, looked at all the windows and saw that the blinds were drawn. It was the afternoon hour, when wealthy New York likes to drive in the park.

"Ah!" he exclaimed as he crept stealthily toward the sleeping child. "If I can only catch her before she wakes—so pretty, so peaceful! I know her father will be only too glad to pay my price."

In two seconds he stood before the baby carriage, drew a black box from beneath his coat and snapped a rubber bulb directly in the baby's face. Then he put the black box beneath his coat and walked away with a smile of supreme satisfaction.

"Gee!" he exclaimed. "Such luck! Daddy will pay \$3 for a dozen of those photographs; sure thing!"—New York Times.

Oliver Cromwell.

Newburg priory claims the distinction of sheltering the remains of Oliver Cromwell. After the protector's death on his lucky day, Sept. 3, his body was embalmed and, after lying in state for some time, was interred with regal pomp in Westminster abbey. After the restoration his body, along with those of Ireton and Bradshaw, was exhumed and hanged on the gibbet at Tyburn. The heads, so the story goes, were struck off and placed on the top of Westminster hall, while the bodies were buried beneath the gallows. On the other hand, it is said that another body was substituted for that of Cromwell and that the protector was buried secretly on the Hambleton hills. At all events, at the top of Newburg priory there is a narrow room, one end of which is occupied by a mass of stonework built into the wall. Here, it is said, the remains of Oliver Cromwell rest.

The Lead Pencil.

The name lead pencil is a misnomer made correct by custom. The so called leads of a pencil are in reality a mixture of graphite and clay. Graphite is a word derived from the Greek, meaning "to write." It is a native mineral carbon of black color and brilliant metallic luster. To the touch it feels smooth, somewhat like soapstone, and it breaks in a very flaky manner under a very light blow. It is so soft it will leave a trace on paper. It is sometimes called plumbago and has still another name—black lead—from which, of course, we get the name lead pencil. Graphite is found in the oldest rock formations, and deposits are to be found in various parts of the world, the most famous being those at Altal, in Siberia, and at Ticonderoga, N. Y., in this country.

The Postman's Knock.

The British postal service may be slower than the American, but it has its humors. The story is told that in one of the remotest districts of Oxfordshire—which contains some inaccessible and primitive villages—there has long been a sub-postmaster with a wooden leg. In performing his delivery of letters he drove a donkey cart. But he found it difficult to get up and down. So it has been his custom to take with him a tin bucket full of large stones. These he hurled one by one with steady aim at the doors of his neighbors as occasion demanded. That was the postman's knock.

A Fair Question.

A hypochondriac who visited Sir Conan Doyle in the days when he was a practicing physician complained of "a very bad side." He told his story in great detail, says the London Chronicle. He put his hand above his waist line and said: "I get a sharp pain here, doctor, whenever I touch my head." "Why on earth, then, do you touch your head?" Dr. Doyle asked mildly, but dryly.

CANADIAN INDIANS.

An Old Trader Gives Evidence to Their Unvarying Honesty.

Says a man who has had some twenty years of experience in trading with Canadian Indians, "In all my woods life I have never known but one Indian liar." A cache, or provision station, is left unattended with perfect safety, for on the entirety of its stock may depend the life of many a man.

He who leaves provisions must find them on his return, for he may reach them starving, and the length of his out journey may depend on his certainty of relief at this point on his journey. So men passing touch not his board, for some day they may be in the same case.

"One comes unexpectedly upon a birch hanging from a tree limb," says the old trader, "or a whole bunch of snowshoes depending beneath the fans of a spruce or a tangle of steel traps thrust into the crevice of a tree root or a supply of pork and flour swathed like an Egyptian mummy lying in state on a high bier. These things we have passed as reverently as symbols of a people's trust in its kind."

"The same sort of honesty holds in regard to smaller things. I have never hesitated to leave in my camp firearms, fishing rods, utensils valuable from a woods point of view, even a watch or money. Not only have I never lost anything in that manner, but once an Indian lad followed me some miles after the morning's start to restore to me half a dozen trout flies I had accidentally left behind."

Origin of a Holiday.

The second week in August, if not one of great historical importance in old Amsterdam, is certainly one of martyrdom for the nervous and sensitive. An ancient custom prevails according to which the juveniles of the town are allowed to beat their drums for several hours during a whole week while parading the exchange. The story goes that about 200 years ago a plot was formed to blow up the exchange, but a small boy, happening to let his ball roll under the vaulted foundation of the building, discovered the barrels of powder which were to do the wrecking. So it was decided to reward the lad, and, on his being asked what he would like, the urchin said that he wished to be allowed to play at soldiers with his companions round the building, all being armed with drums, and to make as much noise as they liked during several hours of the day for one week every year. This custom is kept up, and, as all manner of instruments are called upon to represent a drum, tin kettles and saucepan lids not excepted, the din is something to be remembered.

Redundant.

Joseph was an excellent cook, but he was not what might be called an accomplished literary man. At the same time he conceived the idea that a cookery book from his pen would fill a long felt want. He set to work; but, feeling that perhaps he had made some mistakes in composition, he submitted the work to a prominent literary critic, who promised to go through the work and correct it where necessary.

After a day or two he brought it back. "Yes," he said; "it's all right so far as I can see, but I rather fancy you've been a little superfluous in your recipe for lemon pudding."

"Have I? How's that?" "Well, you see, you say here, 'Then sit on a hot stove and stir constantly.' Now, I really do not see how any one is going to sit on a hot stove without stirring constantly, so I think you can do without that sentence, don't you know?"

Hugo and His Disciple.

A young man, an admirer of the great poet, attended one of Victor Hugo's receptions, became engaged in argument and lost his temper. Hugo solemnly rebuked him, and he subsided. Presently the guests retired. One of them, however, had forgotten his umbrella and returned to get it. Looking through an open door from the vestibule, he perceived the young man on his knees before the poet, sobbing out his apologies for his disrespect, while Victor Hugo, with almost regal dignity, extended his hand to him and bade him rise.

Solid Virtue.

Youth has its own criteria by which to judge things which its elders assess by other standards. Henry had just come into his mother's kitchen, where she was rolling pie crust. "Making pies, mother?" "Yes, dear."

"Say, mother, your pies taste all right, but why don't you make some like Mrs. Thompson gives me and Billy? You can take a piece in your hand and walk all round the yard eating it, and it won't break."

Bridal Customs in Spain.

In Spain a bride has no girl attendants to stand at the altar with her, but instead a "madrina," or godmother; neither does she have a wedding cake or any festive going away after the ceremony. The wedding pair depart quietly to their new home, where they remain until the following day, when they start on their honeymoon. Before departing they pay a formal visit to their respective relatives.

LET THE YAWN COME.

A Good One Is a Splendid Thing For the Whole Body.

A good, wide, open mouthed yawn is a splendid thing for the whole body. A yawn is nature's demand for rest. Some people think they only yawn because they are sleepy. But this is not so. You yawn because you are tired. You may be sleepy also, but that is not the real cause of your yawning. You are sleepy because you are tired, and you yawn because you are tired.

Whenever you feel like yawning just yawn. Don't try to suppress it because you think it is impolite to yawn. Put your hand over your mouth if you want to, but let the yawn come. And if you are where you can stretch at the same time that you yawn just stretch and yawn. This is nature's way of stretching and relaxing the muscles.

Don't be afraid to open your mouth wide and yawn and stretch whenever you feel like it. Indeed, if you are very tired, but do not feel like yawning, there is nothing that will rest you so quickly as to sit on a straight back chair and, lifting your feet from the floor, push them out in front of you as far as possible, stretch the arms, put the head back, open the mouth wide and make yourself yawn.

Those tense nerves will relax, the contracted muscles will stretch and the whole body will be rested. Do this two or three times when you are tired, and see what it will do for you.

Origin of the Bowery.

Even many active New Yorkers do not know how the Bowery came by its name, according to the Pittsburg Dispatch, which thus proceeds to their enlightenment: No less a person than the famous old one legged Governor Peter Stuyvesant was responsible for it.

When the city of New Amsterdam sprang into existence many farmers from Holland came over to seek their fortune in the new world, among them old Peter. They settled outside the town and proceeded to develop the land by clearing away the woods and planting it with grain, fruit trees and ornamental shrubs they had brought with them. Peter Stuyvesant called his residence and grounds the Bowwerie, and the lane connecting it with New Amsterdam became known as Bouwerie lane, the settlement itself taking the name of Bouwerie village.

Stuyvesant's farm extended from the junction of what is now Third and Fourth avenues to Seventeenth street and eastward to Second avenue, where at the corner of Tenth street his home was located.

Laugh and Grow Fat.

"Laugh and grow fat" is an old saying, and there is more than a little truth in it, asserts a doctor. "The convulsive movements which we call laughter exert a very real effect upon the bodily framework. They cause the arteries to dilate, so that they carry more blood to the tissues of the body and the heart to beat more rapidly, so that the flow of the blood through the vessels is hastened. In other words, laughter promotes the very best conditions for an increase of the vital processes; the tissues take up more nutritive material and the waste products are more promptly removed. A good laugh sends an increased flow of blood to the brain; this immediately causes that instrument of thought to work better, with the result that gloomy forebodings are sent packing."

Words and Ideas.

Definite words are necessary for the expression of definite ideas; hence scientific terms have to be employed. A term has one definite meaning which does not change with time. The rush of affairs drifts words from their original meanings, as ships drag their anchors in a gale, but terms sheltered from common use hold to their moorings forever. The word "let," for example, has drifted in 200 years from meaning "hinder" until now it means "permit," but the term "biseccr" has remained unaltered in significance for centuries.—Engineering Record.

Children and Play.

Play distinguishes the higher from the lower animals, and it signifies possibility of education. Fishes do not play at all, the lower mammals can hardly be taught to play, and birds are entirely devoid of the instinct. But the kitten and the lamb are essentially playing animals. The human young, however, are the true players, and in reality it is play that develops them into manhood. "Chüdrän," says Dr. Hutchinson, "are born little amorphous bundles of possibilities and are played into shape."

A Doubtful Prospect.

"Dat wuz mighty poor comfort dey give Br'er Thomas on his sick bed," said Brother Dickey. "What dey tell him?" "Preacher tol' him dey wuz a bright prospect ahead of him." "En what he say ter dat?" "Tol' 'em dat what wuz a-worryin' er him—it wuz so bright it wuz blazin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

His Financial Interest.

"I understand Jigson has a financial interest in the concern he is with." "Yes, they owe him six months' salary."

DANGER IN SODA SIPHONS.

They May Explode and Cause Injury to Those Who May Be Near.

Do you know that the siphon bottle ordinarily used for vichy, soda water and other effervescent drinks is usually charged with a pressure of from 120 to 160 pounds to the square inch? The danger likely to result from an explosion of one of these little household articles is by no means inconsiderable, and yet the average person handles a siphon as though it were the most harmless thing in the world.

There are two or three things to remember in handling siphons: Never keep your siphons near the range, for the unusual heat is more likely than anything else to cause an explosion. Don't subject the bottle to any sudden change of temperature whatever. For instance, if you keep your siphons in the ice box—and that is the best and safest place for them—don't grasp the glass part of the bottle with your warm hand, for the sudden change of temperature is apt to cause an explosion. The best way to carry a siphon at all times is by the metal top at the head of the bottle. It is needless to say the greatest care should be taken not to drop a siphon, for an explosion is the inevitable result. When empty, the siphon is, of course, quite harmless.

That these bottles are considered a great source of danger is evidenced by the fact that the courts inevitably hold the bottlers strictly liable for all damages resulting from the explosion of one of them if even the slightest defect in the manufacture of the bottle can be shown.—Washington Times.

Feared a Separation.

Her father had read her the parable of the sheep and the goats at the day of judgment. She made no comment, but that night a sound of weeping came from her room. Her mother went as consoler.

"Why are you crying, dear?" "About the goats. Oh, I'm so afraid I'm a goat."

"Why, no, dearie. You are a sweet little lamb, and if you should die tonight you would go straight to heaven." With this and like assurance she was finally pacified.

The next night the same performance was repeated, and again her mother inquired the reason.

"It's the goats. I'm afraid about the goats." "Didn't I tell you, dear, that you were a little lamb?"

"Oh," she sobbed, "I'm not crying about myself, but I'm 'fraid you may be a goat!"—Brooklyn Life.

She Guessed Right.

"Did the spiritualistic medium tell you anything that was true?" asked the willing believer eagerly.

"Oh, yes," replied the hard headed individual.

"And that was?"

"That I spent my money foolishly, which was right. You see, I had paid to hear her tell me that."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Prodigality of Life in Ancient Egypt.

The reckless prodigality with which in ancient Egypt the upper classes squandered away the labor and lives of the people is perfectly startling. In this respect, as the monuments yet remaining abundantly prove, they stand alone and without a rival. We may form some idea of the almost incredible waste when we hear that 2,000 men were occupied for three years in carrying a single stone from Elephantine to Sais, that the canal of the Red sea alone cost the lives of 120,000 Egyptians and that to build one of the pyramids required the labor of 360,000 men for twenty years.

Easy.

In the temporary absence of the beauty editor this question was handed by mistake to the sporting editor:

"How shall one get rid of superfluous hairs on the upper lip?"

"That's easy," he wrote in reply. "Push the young man away."—Chicago Tribune.

That Was All.

Mr. McCorkle—This statue you speak of was an equestrian one, was it?

Mrs. McCorkle—No; it was just a man on horseback.—Detroit Free Press.

Not to Be Mastered.

W.—They tell me, professor, that you have mastered all the modern tongues, Professor—All but two—my wife's and her mother's!

His Trouble.

"Have any buzzing in your ears?" asked the doctor, who was trying to diagnose the case.

"No," replied Mr. Henpeck, "not except when I have to stay in the house."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Family Diplomacy.

"I turn all my bills over to my wife." "Does she have the money?" "No, the nerve."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame.

Dragging Pains

2825 Koeley St.,
Chicago, Ill., Oct., 2, 1902.

I suffered with falling and congestion of the womb, with severe pains through the groins. I suffered terribly at the time of menstruation, had blinding headaches and rushing of blood to the brain. What to try I knew not, for it seemed that I had tried all and failed, but I had never tried Wine of Cardui, that blessed remedy for sick women. I found it pleasant to take and soon knew that I had the right medicine. New blood seemed to course through my veins and after using eleven bottles I was a well woman.

Mauds Bush

Mrs. Bush is now in perfect health because she took Wine of Cardui for menstrual disorders, bearing down pains and blinding headaches when all other remedies failed to bring her relief. Any sufferer may secure health by taking Wine of Cardui in her home. The first bottle convinces the patient she is on the road to health.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

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