

AN OLD TIME BREAKFAST.

What One Visitor Was Treated to at Washington's Home.

The diary of Manasse Cutler, the founder of Ohio and the author of the ordinance of 1787, gives an account of a visit he made to Mount Vernon two years after General Washington's death. We say "General" Washington, for that was what Mrs. Washington was pleased to call him—a copy for all those good women whose husbands have won them honor on the field of war.

Mr. Cutler says it was the desire of their party to arrive at Mount Vernon in time for breakfast (7 o'clock) with Mrs. Washington, but the bad roads and worse horses detained them, so they did not reach there until about 10, which Mrs. Washington regretted, but she said, "Breakfast would be ready in a few minutes." The diary goes on to say:

"In a short time she arose and desired us to walk into another room, where a table was elegantly spread with ham, cold corned beef, cold fowl, red herring and cold mutton, the dishes ornamented with sprigs of parsley and other vegetables from the garden. At the head of the table was the tea and coffee equipage, where she seated herself and sent the tea and coffee to the company."

The point of interest is that breakfast menu—five kinds of meat decked with sprigs of parsley and accompanied with divers vegetables. Isn't there an appetizing array and doesn't the heart long for just such a scene? Of course the mere feeders, the fellows that hanker for hot things, may not think so, but the very mention of cold ham, cold chicken, cold mutton and cold corned beef all in the same breath is an appeal to a conscientious appetite that is unresisting. And that was a breakfast of the long ago.

Most generous providers these well to do people in the early days! How good everything must have tasted! That roast chicken and roast mutton and that—great tender clean chunks of it, that he would not dare say which was best, for each was best. Compare it with our latter day breakfasts—a roll and an egg and a cup of coffee! Of course we like our way, but that is possibly because these are degenerate days.—Ohio State Journal.

HE WAS SCARED.

Why the Drummer Made Record Time Out of Pittsburgh.

"I am not a man to brag," said the Cincinnati drummer, "but I feel that I can honestly say that I was never real scared but one time in my life, and that happened a year ago."

When asked in a casual way to back up his statement with particulars, he continued:

"I was at a hotel in Pittsburg. I had a room on the third floor, and in coming out of it on an occasion I bumped against a man who was passing. I was feeling in ugly mood that day and when the bump came I shot off my mouth at the stranger. He replied in kind, and I suddenly shot out my left and caught him on the point of the chin and dropped him like a log."

"And you thought you had killed him?"

"No. He lay there and snored like a seal, and I went downstairs and told the clerk he had better see to him. Three minutes later I had twenty different men around me begging me to fly for my life."

"But why?"

"Because I had knocked out a middleweight prize fighter who had won over thirty battles. Gee whizz, but when they told me who the chap was my knees gave under me, my mouth got dry as cotton, and I didn't stop for my grip. I was dusting across the river within ten minutes, and I didn't feel safe for the next three days. Lordy, but think of it—a dry goods drummer who had never had a glove on knocking out a champion middleweight! Did I run? Well, I made record time, all right."—Chicago News.

A Little Mrs. Malaprop.

Bessie Green, a tot of seven, likes to use unusual words. In this she is a constant source of amusement to her relatives, with whom she frequently corresponds. On one occasion, while confined to the hospital, she received this note from her aunt:

I am delighted to hear that the crisis is past and that you are now convalescent. Yours, with affection, AUNTIE.

A few days later the aunt received a brief reply.

Dear Auntie—I have been very ill, but the nurse says she is delightful to tell you that I am now convalescent. Yours, with infection, BESSIE.

His Part.

Moggs was returning to the clubhouse when Wilson met him.

"Well, how did you get on today?" queried Wilson.

"I never saw better golf," said Moggs. "My opponent got away every drive, he hit every brassie clean, he approached up to the hole perfectly, and he never missed a putt."

"How much were you beaten by?"

"Beaten! I wasn't beaten. I won!" —Pearson's Weekly.

Johnny's Definition.

"What is the meaning of the word tantalizing?" asked his teacher.

"Please, ma'am," spoke up little Johnny Holcomb, "it means a circus procession passing the school and the scholars not allowed to look out."

Genius is a combination of aspiration and inspiration.—Irish Proverb.

THE COCOA TREE.

This Evergreen Is Found Everywhere in the Tropics.

The cocoa tree is an evergreen and grows to a height of from fifteen to twenty-five feet, its leaves being bright and smooth, somewhat resembling the foliage of a rubber plant. It is very low branching, and the blossoms are small and pink. The blossoms and pods not only spring from the branches, but often from the trunk itself. The fruit is a yellowish pod about the size of a cucumber and is filled with seeds, all strung together in a pulpy, pinkish mass. It is from these seeds or beans, each about the size of a chestnut, that the chocolate and cocoa of commerce are manufactured. The trees bear from the fourth to the thirtieth year, and it is not unusual to see on the same tree buds, flowers and fruit.

When ripe the pods are gathered by the native women and are allowed to lie on the ground for a day or two, after which they are opened. The pulp containing the beans then ferments for about a week, the astringent qualities of the beans being much modified and their flavor improved.

After being thoroughly dried the beans are packed in hundred pound bags for shipment. When received by the manufacturer they are carefully picked over for quality, assorted and roasted. The nibs, as the roasted beans with the shells removed are called, are then fed into a hopper and ground between stones similar to an old fashioned flour mill. The grinding process, coupled with the friction of the stones, which produce a temperature of some 120 degrees, changes the solid nibs (without the addition of anything) into a thick, heavy liquid. This is technically termed "chocolate liquor" and is sold to confectioners.

This same liquor, subjected to hydraulic pressure, with the resulting separation into a clear oil, gives the cocoa butter of commerce. The remaining pressate when powdered forms drinking cocoa. The chocolate liquor solidified becomes cooking chocolate, and, with sugar, vanilla and spices added, it is sold as "sweet" or "eating" chocolate.

BEATING THE LAW.

Sunday Travelers and Inns and Taverns in Scotland.

There is a law in Scotland generous to travelers. That law grants them the privilege of all taverns and inns during prohibition hours. Thus if you arrive in Edinburgh on a Sunday, having traveled, say, from Glasgow, your innkeeper is bound to serve you with any sort of alcoholic refreshment, albeit the native of Auld Reekie must fret and starve his Sabbath away on ginger ale, memories and the aural promise of tomorrow. But the law is merciful. He that hath journeyed three miles is a traveler within the meaning of the act.

Consequently there is a vast array of travelers leaving Edinburgh on foot, on coaches, pony carriages, etc., for the trains run not.

They all seek to constitute themselves as travelers. Just within the three mile limit, as far as Edinburgh is concerned, lies the historic village of Corstorphine.

A traveler arrives from Edinburgh. He knocks at the door of the village inn. He is wearied by his long walk. He is in sore straits.

The door is opened timidly, cautiously, and a voice is heard, "Who is it?"

"A traveler," is the weary answer.

"Whaur do ye come from?"

"I come from Edinburgh," is the answer.

"Then ye canna come in. It's against the law."

The door is banged ruthlessly. The traveler thinks awhile. Your Scotsman thinks slowly, but very surely.

After deliberation he knocks again. The formula is gone through.

"Whaur do ye come from?"

"Frae Leith," answers the traveler quickly.

"Then ye may come in. Why did ye nae tell the truth at first?"

Dixie's Land.

The phrase "Dixie" or "Dixie's Land" is supposed to be derived from one Dixy, a kind hearted slave owner on Manhattan Island in the latter part of the eighteenth century. His treatment of his negroes caused them to regard his plantation ("Dixie's") as little short of an earthly paradise, and when any of the slaves were taken away from their old home they were always pining for "Dixie's" and singing and talking of its joys. When slavery moved southward, the same ideal of "Dixie's" was taken along, and in the course of time, its origin being forgotten, it was applied to the southern homes of the negroes.—New York American.

Lighting Up.

"Ever notice," asked a salesman for a grocery house that makes a business of supplying the big New York hotels, "that if you stroll uptown and look at any of the big hotels you will see them all pretty well lighted up? Plenty of rooms occupied apparently. Well, that's sometimes a bluff. The help has orders to light up a number of the front rooms every evening just so that the hotel won't look like a graveyard." —New York Sun.

Hottentot Women.

Among the Hottentots women hold a better position than they do anywhere else in Africa. "The married woman," says one traveler, "reigns supreme mistress. Her husband cannot without her permission take a bit of meat or a drop

of milk." Generally "they rank much above the average of the negro races." —London Spectator.

PAID FOR THE BATHS.

Exciting Hotel Incident in Bar Harbor's Early Days.

"In the prehistoric days at Bar Harbor," said a Boston man, "before the dress suit had cast its blighting shadow there and when Rodlek's and the 'fish pond' were the center of all the gaiety, life was pleasant, even though many of the conveniences which we now demand were wholly lacking. Rodlek's was a barn of a place with no elevator and innocent of electric bells. One man in imminent need of ice water once obtained it, however, by going into the hall and yelling 'Murder!' at the top of his lungs. He gathered together most of the hotel guests and finally got the ice water of his soul's desire, but his success did not seem to establish a precedent.

"The fire department was, so to speak, in embryo. In the Rodlek at the head of each stairway there used to stand a large hoghead of water for use in an emergency, and thereby hangs the tale I am about to tell you.

"Late of an evening there entered the deserted 'fish pond' a young man whose fixed and glassy eye and wandering smile betrayed what his evening's occupation had been. In order to settle any lingering doubt as to his condition, however, he proceeded to emit a series of blood curdling shrieks, which called forth a hasty and emphatic protest from the night clerk, who on advancing upon the inebriated one was promptly laid low by a right hander. The night force in an angry array promptly went to the succor of the night clerk, whereas his assailant retreated upstairs, closely followed by his pursuers.

"Reaching the landing, he espied the hoghead of water, which he promptly heaved down the stairway upon his opponents, who, drenched by the water and carried off their feet by the butt itself, in a wild state of rage renewed the attack, only to be treated to the same dose on the second flight of stairs and yet again on the third, at which point, his ammunition being exhausted, they captured and got even with the belligerent one.

"In the morning great was the anger and loud the lamentations of Herr Rodlek at the state of his stairway and the damaged condition of his night force, but he who had accomplished the outrage, rich in this world's goods, from one of which he was made to separate for divers ruined carpets, sundry abrasions and for giving five men three baths apiece at \$1 a bath, the regular rate at that time in Bar Harbor."

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