BANDON RECORDER.

White Wax.

The white wax exported from China is made by the curious method of using insects in its production. These insects are found in brown pea shaped excrescences or galls attached to an evergreen tree called the "insect tree." The galls are gathered in May and carried in headlong flight to the market towns by bearers, who travel at night so that the heat may not force the insects to emerge during the journey.

They are then placed on the "wax tree," which is a stump varying from 3 to 12 feet in height, with numerous branches rising from the top, similar to the pollard willow.

The wax insects are made into small packets of 20 or 30 galls, which are inclosed in a leaf of the wood oil tree, fastened together with rice straw. These packets are suspended close to the branches under which they hang. On emerging from the galls the insects creep rapidly up the branches, to which they attach themselves and begin forming a coating of wax that in about three months attains a thickness of almost a quarter of an inch.

The branches are then cut off, and after removing as much of the wax as possible by hand they are put in a kettle of hot water, when the remaining wax floats on the surface and the insects finish their term of usefulness by going to the bottom.

Formation of Dew.

Ground a little below the surface is always warmer than the air above it. So long as the surface of the ground is above the dew point vapor must rise and pass from the earth into the air.

The moist air so formed will mingle with the air above it, and its moisture will be condensed, forming dew wherever it comes in contact with a surface cooled below the dew point. In fact, dew rises from the ground.

But how is the dew formed on bodies high up in the air?

Dew does not rise in particles, as it was once considered to fall in particles like fine rain. It rises in vapor. Some is caught by what is on the surface of the earth, but the rest ascends in vapor form until it comes in contact with a much colder surface to condense it into moisture.

The vapor does now flow upward in a uniform stream, but is mixed in the air by eddies and wind currents and carried to bodies far from where it rose. In fact, dew may be deposited, even though the country for many miles all around be dry and incapable of yielding any vapor. In such cases the supply of vapor to form that dew would depend on the evaporation of the dew and on what was wafted over by the winds.

When Mrs. Gilbert Lost Her Spectacles.

The only time I resented newspaper chatter was when I had my spectacles stolen. They were snatched from my belt, the case I wore there being torn away. I spoke of it to Mr. Dorney, and the story went round the theater. Somehow the reporters got hold of it, and they made a great to do about it. It was really too bad of them. I felt it the more because I had managed to keep a much more serious theft an absolute secret. That was at the time when so much fun was being made of the "robbery of jewels" form of theatrical advertisement. I had a very valuable pair of earrings taken from my pocket most cleverly, and I was on my way to play for a charity too! However, I kept my loss quite to myself. And then to be brought before a sympathetic public as the loser of a pair of spectacles!—From "The Stage Reminiscences of Mrs. Gilbert" in Scribner's.

An Interesting Link.

One curious incident in the siege of Badajos may be related. The day after the assault two Spanish ladies, the younger a beautiful girl of 14, appealed for help to two officers of the rifles, who were passing through one of the streets of the town. Their dresses were torn, their ears, from which rings had been roughly snatched, were bleeding, and to escape outrage or death they cast themselves on the protection of the first British officers they met. One of the officers was Captain Harry Smith of the rifles. Two years later he married the girl he had saved in a scene so wild. Captain Harry Smith in after years served at the Cape as Sir Harry, and this Spanish girl, as Lady Smith, gave her name to the historic town which Sir George White defended with such stubborn valor.—"Wellington's Men."

The French Cavalry at Sedan.

Both banks of the Givonne were in German hands; so was Balan, a small village nearer to Sedan than Bazeilles, and soon after 1 o'clock no fewer than 426 German guns were hailing shells into the French army, which stood in close formations within a space measuring less than two miles in breadth or depth. Out of this terrible cauldron of defeated troops about this time rode the French cavalry in a heroic endeavor to turn the fortunes of the day and retrieve the honor of France.

General Marguerite, called by some "the star of his arm," was struck in the face by a bullet while riding out to reconnoiter the ground before he charged. He now handed over the cavalry command to De Gallifet, who for the second time on that tremendous day led the flower of French cavalry against the enemy and for the space of half an hour charged the German ranks again and again on the hillsides north of Sedan.

But the courage of the gallant horsemen was all in vain. The arme blanche was unequally matched against the breechloading rifle held in steady hands, and no effort of the French cavalry could withstand the slowly tightening grasp of that fiery circle.—Chambers' Journal.

Fair Sized.

"No," said the retired showman, "I won't say that we had the biggest giant that ever happened, but it is a solemn fact what I am going to tell you. This giant had a penchance, or whatever you call it, for trying new styles of whiskers."

"M-hm."

"Well, when he wanted a new style laid out he had to send for a landscape gardener."—Indianapolis Press

POLLY LARKIN

Did it ever occur to you how many good friends one chance acquaintance can bring to you? You meet a stranger; seemingly there is nothing in common between you, when some remark will open up the way for a friendly chat and you find that there is a bond of sympathy you never dreamed of. What is it? Tastes in common? Yes, partly. A desire to gratify some cherished ambition and rise to heights you have dreamed of and yet not dared to whisper it in your own household for fear they would smile at your conceit and pronounce it pure folly? Yes, for here you have found a kindred spirit, one who has dared to share the same aspirations, and you have read the doubts and fears, joy and hope in each other's lives like it was an open book. In each other both have found a friend, and a bond of sympathy has been welded so fast that it can never be broken. But there is another charm in this chance acquaintance. You discover that he has come from the same part of the country that you had long ago claimed as home. Then the tide of memory rolls back. Did they know this one and that one and the other one? Persons you had long ago forgotten rise up before you. The sealed book of your memory is wide open now. Ordinary events of little moment come to mind. Did you know this one and that one? What has become of them? etc., until a whole evening's conversation has been made up of interrogation points, with a few exclamation points thrown in. The world is not so large, after all! This person that you had never met before knows scores of your oldtime friends and can tell you more of their success and wanderings than you had ever dreamed of. You feel like you had known this new friend for years, and no matter where the wheel of destiny in its mad whirl may send him, you will always be interested in his welfare.

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Speaking of the wheel of destiny reminds me of the fact, as one little chatterbox said the other day, that "we are all creatures of circumstance." The wheel of destiny took a turn for Polly, recently, and I found myself located in one of the most beautiful spots on God's footstool—the charming Olema Valley, set down like a gem in the surrounding hills. No matter which way you turn, be it north, south, east or west, a perfect picture greets you. The velvety patches of grass and grain, as green as an emerald, the myriads of flowers and densely wooded hills spread out like a grand panorama before you. The cosy Nelson Hotel, that is known far and wide by summer sojourners for the genuine hospitality of the Nelson brothers and their clever sister, is overgrown by beautiful roses, the white buds and blossoms of the Lemarque and the wealth of flowers of the cloth of gold shading the large, roomy porch and throwing out a fragrance that will last long after the visit to this lovely retreat has become a dream of the past. Here the linnets, with their ruby caps and little red breasts, are holding high carnival and making the welkin ring with their roundelay. It is all so still after the noise and confusion of the great, bustling city that is never quiet, for by the time the last car has rolled into the carhouse the heavy milk and produce wagons begin to rumble into the city, rattling over the rough pavements in a way that is torture to those who cannot sleep, or to the sick and feeble. The great quiet is though something had stopped suddenly, like the machinery of a great factory. You are almost bewildered by the silence that seems to have settled down in this peaceful little valley, and yet you would not have it different if you could, for this charming retreat is truly the valley of rest Away with dull care and forget trials and disappointments and vexations of spirit, for such disquieting thoughts are not in keeping with the place. Later on the sound of laughter and merry repartee will ring through the halls and porches, for it will be crowded as of yore with summer visitors and sojourners of a few hours as they wend their way to the camps and cottages at Inverness, Bolinas, Willow Camp, Bear Valley, etc., through fern and vine clad banks and forest trees. It is all so beautiful and restful, and the only drawback is that all those you are interested in could not have the same pleasure. A visit to this delightful valley would be a boon to invalids and those suffering from overwork and nervousness. It would give them a new lease on life and put a new song in their hearts.

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Polly saw a girl of about twenty summers do a very unkind act the other day, and if a miracle does not happen she will live in the shadow of regret, which is but a mockery when that alone,is left us. This girl for the last four years has, off and on, sung in the Tivoli choruses and in concert halls or cheap theaters. Her pictures, taken at the time she commenced her stage career, show her to be a modest, refined and very pretty girl. Now she is a bold girl with all the soft, girlish or womanly features gone. She has only her mother, sick and failing rapidly with consumption, meanwhile supporting herself with her needle. She is a fine seamstress, but should never have to raise the tiny little piece of steel again. The daughter made between fifty and sixty dollars a month with her stage work and posing as a ballet girl, etc., in studios, but never did she contribute so much as a dollar for her mother's comfort. All of her money was spent in costumes and dinners where champagne flowed like water after her work was done at the theater or music hall. It is only a question of a few weeks—not months—until death will relieve the poor mother's sufferings, yet this heartless girl rushed into her mother's presence with the news that she was going to New York with a company for an indefinite length of time. The mother plead with her not to leave her, but she turned a deaf ear and hurriedly stage dresses for her! She sent up yards of gaudy silk and billows of lace, and the mother, not able to speak above a whisper, left her bed to undertake a task that the strongest would shrink from. Seeing that her mother could not possibly finish them she got her two assistants. Not a needle did she take in her hand, but simply tried on the garments when necessary, packed her trunk and walked the floor impatiently, hurrying them up and accusing them of being too slow. The expressman stood waiting while the mother, with trembling fingers, put in the last stitches in the gaudy red silk costume, and with bright, hectic spots burning in her thin cheeks, and her eyes swimming in tears, turned to say good-bye to the ungrateful daughter. "Don't be foolish, ma, I'll write to you," and she was off, leaving a hasty kiss—the mockery of an affection she did not feel. She knew that she was leaving her alone in the world, and that the chances were she would never see her mother again, yet she was perfectly indifferent and the chances are she will feel relieved when death has placed the seal of silence on her lips so she can't know of her daughter's career and was constantly begging her to give up the stage. Retribution is sure to follow such heartlessness, and Polly wonders what this girl's future will be!

BRIEF REVIEW.

American Precious Stones.

It was reported the other day that Professor C. H. Shaw had found in Arizona a necklace of turquoises of rare size and beauty which is supposed to have belonged to some very important personage who lived ages ago. A mining newspaper, commenting on this find, says that turquoise mining in New Mexico is one of the oldest industries of the country, but the output is quite limited. The turquoise output is usually more valuable than that of any other precious stone found in this country, but the output is worth only from $40,000 to $50,000 a year. Some of the stones are used by jewelers, but most of them find their way into mineral cabinets and museums. The mining of precious stones in our country has never been a large industry, and the annual product is worth only about $100,000 a year.

Bank of England's "Birds of Paradise."

"Have you seen our 'Birds of Paradise?'" the visitor to the Bank of England is sure to be asked, says a writer in the Criterion, and then, perhaps, the host will tell you the tale of the old north country farmer—a typical Yorkshire tyke—who came to the bank one day and asked to have a note for £20,000 cashed. "That's a large sum," said the bank official, mentally contrasting the farmer's appearance with his request; "only two notes of that denomination have been issued." "Yes," said the farmer, in the dialect characteristic of his county, "and I have the other one at home." And so it proved.

Utilizing Waste in America.

In an intensely interesting report of the trade of Chicago—and those who want to know what American "push" means and American competition portends should study it—Consul Wyndham thus deals with the profitable byproducts of the animals that meet their death by hundreds of thousands in the slaughtering houses. "From the horns are made mouthpieces for pipes, combs, buttons and fertilizers; from the skulls, hoofs and knuckles, glue and fertilizers; from the hoofs, buttons, knife handles and cynide of potassium.

The trustees of Harvard University have purchased about 400 acres of land in New Hampshire, to be used as a camp where surveying and railroading will be taught during the summer months. The land is near Center Harbor and borders upon Squam Lake. The land is especially adapted for topographic and hydrographic work. During the first summer the students will probably live in tents, but a house will be built to serve as dining-room and kitchen.

In consequence of emigration there is a greater preponderance of women in Norway than in almost any other country in Europe. The census of 1891 showed that there was an excess of women over men of almost 70,000, while in 1876 this excess only amounted to 43,000.

The purely agricultural villages of Great Britain are slowly but steadily becoming depopulated. At the same time the big cities and urban districts in the manufacturing localities continue to increase in population.

New York has a unique organization in "A Fifteen Minute Club." It is composed of newspaper men. They meet every night at 10 o'clock sharp and promptly adjourn at 10:15. Its objects are purely social; no set papers or speeches are delivered.

Richard Redhead, who wrote the tune for which "Rock of Ages" is usually sung, is dead. He was for years organist of St. Mary's Church, Paddington, since 1864.

Chicago is not only the greatest cattle sheep and hog market in the world, but it now leads all creation as a horse market.

CIVIL WAR CHARGES.

THE ASSAULTS AT GETTYSBURG AND KENESAW MOUNTAIN.

A Veteran's Opinion of the Two Brilliant and Daring Dashes—A Lieutenant's Report on Tired Mules With Ravenous Appetites.

"Shortly after the battle of Chickamauga," said Captain Fitch, "I was appointed chief quartermaster of the signal corps of the department of the Cumberland, stationed at Chattanooga. On taking account of the quartermaster's stores I found that I was in need of some light wagons to be used in the mountainous country, and the only way to get them was to go to Nashville and have them made, so I went to Nashville and had five light wagons made by the quartermaster's department. When I got back to Chattanooga with the wagons, I put a citizen teamster in charge of the wagons and mules.

"The teamster, being a green hand, did not know that mules would eat anything within their reach and innocently tied them to the wheels of the wagons. Not long after that I got an order to be ready to march, and on going out to inspect my outfit I found that the mules had eaten the spokes of the wheels nearly off, so that the wagons were ready to fall down of their own accord. As I could not use them I had no recourse but to drop them from my returns, and, being obliged to assign a reason for so dropping them, I gave the true one—viz, 'Eaten by mules.'

"Shortly afterward I got a letter from the quartermaster general sarcastically inquiring if Lieutenant Fitch had observed whether the mules had eaten the tires or not. I replied that I presumed they had, as they seemed to be thoroughly tired the next day. The quartermaster general wrote back, 'Any further trifling with this department on the part of Lieutenant Fitch will probably result in his being retired to private life.' Thereupon I dropped the subject, but my first report was correct."

"At Chickamauga," said the major, "Longstreet's men ran over our headquarters teams. Every mule in one of the teams went down, and the wagon stood an obstruction in the road. Five minutes later every mule was on its feet, and a wounded teamster yelled at them to pull out. They started without more ado, swept along the road after our broken regiments and, turning at just the right point, came into our new lines and stopped where the headquarters flag had been stuck in the ground. The driver reported later and drove into Chattanooga.

"One of these mules the night before had pulled the blanket off our division commander, had run over the lines of soldiers sleeping in close battle order, had raided the Confederate pickets and had returned to our bivouac under a furious fire. The men of the brigade took a solemn vow to shoot the mischievous mule at daylight, but when daylight came they had other things to look after, and the mule was forgotten until he came in at the head of the team attached to the headquarters wagon. Then the boys who had witnessed the charge and the escape of the driverless team counted the mule's deviltry as nothing."

"That charge of Longstreet, by the way," said the colonel, "was one of the great charges of the war, and it was as successful as any as a breaker of lines. Of course we think of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg in a class to itself, but I have often wondered whether the Union assault on the Confederate position at Kenesaw mountain June 27, 1864, should not be put in the list with the Confederate charge at Gettysburg. Pickett's charge was of course the more spectacular, and the assaulting force was more perfect. But while it broke the Union line at one point it was beaten back in disastrous retreat.

"The direct assault on the fortified line on Kenesaw was made by three brigades, no better troops than Pickett's Virginians, but it must be remembered that while they failed to pierce the Confederate line they held their position and did not retreat. Their loss was correspondingly as heavy as Pickett's at Gettysburg. Sherman's idea was to show his own army as well as the Confederate army that he could make a frontal attack. If the assault had been made and the assaulting column had retired, as did Pickett's column at Gettysburg, the effect on the army would not have been as it was when the regiments dug in their position not more than 30 paces from the Confederate parapets.

"The attack failed except in that it was an illustration of the spirit of the Union troops in assault. Lee's purpose at Gettysburg was undoubtedly to drive Pickett's 16,000 men like a wedge through the Union lines. The failure of the attempt led to the retreat of the whole Confederate army. Sherman's purpose at Kenesaw was to capture the Confederate fortifications. The attack led to the retreat not of Sherman's army, but of the Confederate army, and I have always held that the ground over which the Union regiments of that day swept forward is quite as worthy of being marked as the ground over which McCook's, Harker's and Mitchell's brigades as is the ground at Gettysburg by the men of Pickett's brigades."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Their Loyal Answer.

On one of Queen Victoria's earliest visits to London she observed to her friend, the then Earl of Albemarle, "I wonder if my good people of London are as glad to see me as I am to see them."

He pointed to the letters V. R. woven into the decorations and said, "Your majesty can see their loyal cockney answer, 'Ve are.'"

The little Norfolkshire town of Walton may well be described as the home of patriarchs, for there reside eight persons who have lived under five English monarchs—George III, George IV, William IV, Queen Victoria and King Edward VII. In addition there are eight other residents who are octogenarians, and the 16 form an aggregate of 1,300 years.

Twice a year, in the first week in April and October, the Chinese carry food to their dead.

RIDING ON AN AVALANCHE.

Down a Steep Canyon Without a Bruise or a Scar.

Few mountaineers go far enough into the avalanche regions to see much of them, and fewer still know the thrilling exhilaration of riding on them, says John Muir in The Atlantic. In all my wild mountaineering I have enjoyed only one avalanche ride, and the start was so sudden and the end came so soon I thought but little of the danger that goes with this sort of travel, though one thinks fast at such times.

One calm, bright morning in Yosemite, after a hearty storm had given three or four feet of fresh snow to the mountains, being eager to see as many avalanches as possible and gain wide views of the peaks and forests arrayed in their new robes before the sunshine had time to change or rearrange them, I set out early to climb by a side canyon to the top of a commanding ridge a little over 3,000 feet above the valley. But I was not to get top views of any sort that day, but instead of these something quite different, for deep trampling near the canyon head where the snow was strained started an avalanche, and I was swished back down to the foot of the canyon as if by enchantment. The plodding, wallowing ascent of about a mile had taken all day, the undoing descent perhaps about a minute.

When the snow suddenly gave way, I instinctively threw myself on my back and spread my arms to try to keep from sinking. Fortunately, though the grade of the canyon was steep, it was not interrupted by step levels or precipices big enough to cause outbounding or free plunging. On no part of the rush was I buried. I was only moderately imbedded on the surface or a little below it and covered with a hissing back streaming veil, and as the whole mass beneath or about me joined in the flight I felt no friction, though tossed here and there and lurched from side to side, and when the torrent wedged and came to rest I found myself on the top of the crumpled pile, without a single bruise or scar.

Hawthorne says that steam has spiritualized travel, notwithstanding the smoke, friction, smells and clatter of boat and rail riding. This flight in a milky way of snow flowers was the most spiritual of all my travels, and after many years the mere thought of it is still an exhilaration.

CURIOUS PRIVILEGES.

Some of the Prerogatives Which Embassadors May Exercise.

A curious privilege of an embassador is that he and he alone when dismissed may turn his back to the sovereign to whose court he is accredited. The mode of procedure is as follows:

When the embassador's audience is over, he waits to be dismissed by the sovereign. When dismissed, the embassador bows, retires three paces, bows again, retires another three paces, bows a third time, turns on his heels and walks to the folding doors. But it is felt that more polite methods should obtain when the reigning sovereign is a woman. To turn his back to her is to be discourteous, to walk backward is to resign a privilege. The embassador retires sideways, like a crab. He keeps one eye on the sovereign and with the other tries to see the door. He thus shows politeness to the sovereign and at the same time retains one of his privileges. As the embassador is usually an old gentleman, often short sighted, he sometimes fails to reach the door and comes in collision with the wall.

Another privilege of embassadors is the right of being ushered into the royal presence through folding doors, both of which must be flung wide open. No one except an embassador can claim this privilege. The most any nonembassadorial person can expect is that one of the leaves shall be opened to him. The reasons for this privilege is not known. There are certain irreverent suggestions that have been made, but we prefer to be silent with regard to them.

Another privilege, capable of causing great inconvenience, is the embassador's right of admission to the sovereign at any hour of the day or night. Thus the minister representing some little bankrupt state could go down to Windsor and demand an audience at 4 o'clock in the morning. The audience would have to be granted, though it could be delayed by the exercise of ingenuity.—Chambers' Journal.

The True Mission of Luxury.

No luxury is justifiable that ends in simple enjoyment. It must be turned to good account by adding to our powers of usefulness. If we enjoy reading, art or music, we must see to it that we become more useful thereby. If we enjoy outdoor life, are we anxious for parks and pleasure grounds for the people? If we revel in art or music, do we long that picture galleries be thrown open or good music be attainable by all? Do we strive whenever possible to share our luxuries, whatever they may be, with those less favored, or are we satisfied with our own enjoyment as an end instead of using it as a means to bettering the lives of others also? Truthful answers to those questions will speedily tell us also whether our especial luxuries are building up character and life or whether they are the means of lowering the one and narrowing the other.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The imperial family of Russia possesses the most valuable collection of precious stones of any reigning house in the world.

The favorite theatrical play in India is the presentation of the exploits of some god.

The Leicester (England) town council has decided to make a grant to the municipal forward movement to enable that body to provide boxes of plants for the window sills of the poorer cottages of the borough.

The Dahomey (?) government has passed and the king sanctioned a law establishing the secret ballot system at parliamentary elections. The Radical party is agitating for an extension of the law whereby this system may be used at all elections, whether political or municipal.

INDIAN MAPLE SUGAR

THE RED MAN TAUGHT THE WHITE MAN TO MAKE THE DAINTY.

Its Manufacture Was Practiced by All Northern Indians and Was Known to Those Living as Far South as Florida and Texas.

Very few of the people to whom maple sugar is an entirely familiar and commonplace thing are aware of the fact that the method of making sugar was taught to the white people by the Indians and that they made sugar long before the discovery of America. This is only one of the many things that the white people learned from the Indians. Others were the weaving of cotton, the cultivation of Indian corn and the use of tobacco.

Some of the early writers tell us that the French were the first to make this sugar and that they learned how to make it from the Indian women. The sap was collected in a rude way, a gash being cut in the tree, and into this a stick was thrust, down which the freely flowing sap dripped into a vessel of birch bark or a gourd or into wooden troughs hollowed out by fire or the ax. Then into larger wooden troughs full of the sap redhot stones were thrown, just as in old times they used to be thrown into the water in which food was boiled, and by constantly throwing in hot stones and taking out those that had become cool the sap was boiled and evaporated, and at length sirup was made, which later became sugar.

This manufacture of the sugar was not confined to any one tribe, but was practiced by all northern Indians and was known to those living as far south as Florida and Texas. Among the sugar making tribes a special festival was held, which was called the maple dance, which was undoubtedly a religious festival in the nature of a prayer or propitiatory ceremony, asking for an abundant flow of sap and for good fortune in collecting it.

Among many if not all the Indians inhabiting the northern United States maple sugar was not merely a luxury, something eaten because it was toothsome, but was actually an important part of their support. Mixed with pounded, parched corn, it was put up in small quantities and was a concentrated form of nutriment not much less valuable in respect to its quality of support than the pemmican which was used almost down to our own times.

Among all the older writers who had much familiarity with the customs of the Indians accounts are given of the manufacture of sugar, and this custom was so general that among many tribes the month in which the sap ran best was called the sugar month. By the Iroquois the name Ratirontaks, meaning tree eaters, was applied to the Algonquin tribes, and an eminent authority, Dr. Brinton, has suggested that they were probably "so called from their love of the product of the sugar maple." On the other hand, A. F. Chamberlain has very plausibly said "that it is hardly likely that the Iroquois distinguished other tribes by this term, if its origin be as suggested, since they themselves were sugar makers and eaters."

A more probable origin of the word is that given by Schoolcraft, in substance as follows: "Ratirontaks, whence Adirondacks, was applied chiefly to the Montagnais tribes, north of the St. Lawrence, and was a derisive term indicating a well known habit of these tribes of eating the inner bark of trees in winter when food was scarce or when on war excursions."

This habit of eating the inner bark of trees was, as is well known, common to many tribes of Indians, both those who inhabit the country where the sugar maple grows and also those in other parts of the country where the maple is unknown.

On the western prairies sugar was made also from the box elder, which trees were tapped by the Indians and the sap boiled down for sugar, and today the Cheyenne Indians tell us that it was from this tree that they derived all the sugar that they had until the arrival of the white man on the plains something more than 50 years ago.

It is interesting to observe that in many tribes today the word for sugar is precisely the word which they applied to the product of the maple tree before they knew the white man's sugar. It is interesting also to see that among many tribes the general term for sugar means wood or tree water—that is to say, tree sap. This is true of the Omahas and Poncas, according to J. O. Dorsey, and also of the Kansas, Osage and Iowa, Winnebago, Tuscarora and Pawnee. The Cheyennes, on the other hand, call it box elder water. A. F. Chamberlain, who has gone with great care into the question of the meaning of the words which designate the maple tree and its product, is disposed to believe that the name of the maple means the tree—in other words, the real or actual tree or the tree which stands above all others.—Forest and Stream.

Gaudy Acoustics.

"How are the acoustics of that theater?"

"The what?"

"Acoustic properties."

"Oh, ah, yes; the acoustic properties. Why, it struck me they were rather gaudy."—Exchange.

Usually the Case.

Little Waldo—Papa, what is a library?

Mr. Reeder—A library, my son, is a large number of books which a man loans to friends.—Harper's Bazar.

Tea was cultivated in China 2,700 years before the Christian era and that country was first used as a beverage.

Turkey has made arrangements for more German officers to serve with her army in order to effect certain reorganizations. Their previous successes at Damascus and Tripoli were conspicuous.

The governor of St. Helena, in his annual report, expresses the belief that when the new barracks are finished it will pay a small company to erect a plant for lighting Ladder hill and the town by electric light worked by windmills. There is always a steady wind from the southeast traders, only nine days having been calm in 1900.

A CHINESE CLASSIC.

COMRADES IN WARTIME.

How say we have no clothes?
One plaid for both will do.
Let but the king, in raising men,
Our spears and pikes renew;
We'll fight as one, we two!

How say we have no clothes?
One skirt our limbs shall hide.
Let but the king, in raising men,
Halberd and lance provide;
We'll do it, side by side.

How say we have no clothes?
My kirtle thou shalt wear.
Let but the king, in raising men,
Armor and arms prepare;
The toils of war we'll share.
—Book World.

RIVER BOATS IN RUSSIA.

Nearly Every Known Means of Locomotion Is In Use.

Everywhere up the Volga and its hundred tributaries ascend the iron barges of the Caspian sea oil fleet, while through the canals to St. Petersburg alone pass annually during the 215 days of free navigation thousands of steamers and barges bearing millions of tons of freight. Every known means of locomotion is used, from men who, like oxen, tramp the towpaths, hauling the smaller barges, to powerful tugs that creep along by means of an endless chain laid in the bed of the canals and minor rivers, dragging after them at snail pace great caravans of heavy barges.

From the greater streams immense craft nearly 400 feet long, 15 feet in depth, carrying 6,000 tons of freight, drift down to the Caspian, where they are broken to pieces to be used as firewood on the steamers going up stream. In all there are 8,000 miles of navigable waterways in the valley of the Volga, or if the streams which float the giant rafts that form so large a part of the traffic of the rivers are included the mileage is increased to nearly 15,000, or as much as that of the valley of the Mississippi.

Fifty thousand rafts are floated down the Volga annually, many of them 160 feet long by 7 thick, and this gives but a faint idea of the real traffic of the river, for in addition there are 10,000,000 tons of produce passing up and down the river during the open season. Much of this centers at Nijni Novgorod. To this famous market steamers and barges come from all parts of Russia, bringing goods to be sold at the great annual fair, over $200,000,000 worth of merchandise changing hands in a few weeks. Thirty thousand craft, including rafts, are required for this traffic. They come from as far north as Archangel, as far east as the Urals, from Astrakhan in the south, St. Petersburg and Moscow to the west, while great caravans of ships of the desert arrive daily from all parts of Asia.—Engineering Magazine.

Didn't Cut His Corners.

A writer in the Boston Transcript gives this reminiscence of the Rev. Dr. Elijah Kellogg of Harpswell, Me.: "One Sunday before his sermon the doctor announced from his pulpit: 'The widow Jones' grass is getting pretty long. I shall be there with my scythe, rake and pitchfork at 4 o'clock tomorrow morning, and I hope every male member of the congregation will be there too.'

"The next morning they were all there and among them Captain Griggs, six feet two in his stockings, with a weight of nearly 250 pounds. 'Parson,' said he as they were working up the field near each other, 'I'm goin to cut your corners this mornin.'

"Now, Dr. Kellogg was a little man, weighing scarcely more than 130 pounds, but he knew how to handle a scythe, and, as he told me, with a little shrug of his shoulders, 'he didn't cut my corners that morning.' More than that, the man who had thought he could beat the parson at mowing dropped under a tree exhausted from working with such a pacemaker."

The Worst Paved City.

Moscow is probably the worst paved city in the world. Great cobblestones driven by hand into a loose bed of sand form a roadway which is always dusty in summer and muddy in autumn, and in many of the roads there is no attempt at a roadway of any kind. The streets are badly watered and cleaned.

The city is regarded by the Russians as "the holy city," probably because of the large number of monasteries it contains. It was once the capital of the empire and still enjoys the distinction of being considered the capital of the interior, but there does not seem to be any particular desire on the part of the authorities to make it more worthy of its title.

Dry Rot In the Pulpit.

The "unkindest cut of all" among unintentional sayings capable of a satirical application was that of an old pew opener in a southern county. She was in attendance on the rector, the church wardens and a city architect down with a view to church restoration. Said the architect, poking the woodwork with his cane, "There's a great deal of dry rot in these pews, Mr. Rector." Before the latter could reply the old woman cut in with, "But, law, sir, it ain't nothink to what there is in the pulpit."—Chambers' Journal.

A Big One.

An octopus which had been in a fight with some other monster once drifted ashore on the Malay peninsula. He had feelers, or arms, which were from 12 to 17 feet long and weighed altogether 550 pounds. It was calculated that he was big enough and strong enough to drag a two ton fishing boat under the surface by main strength.

The inhabitants of Palmyra get all their salt by dipping buckets into the neighboring salt lake and allowing the water to evaporate.

Would Know Later.

Patient—Now, doctor, what's the matter with me, anyway?

The Head Consulting Physician—My dear sir, do you suppose that if we knew what was the matter with you we would have decided to hold a post mortem?—Harper's Bazar.

During the last year the average age of all the Quakers who died in Great Britain and Ireland was a little over 61 years and 7 months. The returns also show a very low mortality rate among Quaker children.