

BANDON RECORDER

...the Tom's Cabin" and the South. Possibly the most general conception of the old life at the south held by the rest of the country is that drawn from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a work which, whatever its truth in detail—and there was doubtless much truth—yet by reason of its omissions and its grouping contained even more untruth as a correct picture of a civilization, says Thomas Nelson Page in The Atlantic. As an argument against the evils inherent in slavery it was unanswerable; as a presentation of the life it undertook to mirror it was rather a piece of emotional fiction, infused with the spirit of an able and sincere but only partially informed partisan, than a correct reflection. It served a purpose far beyond the dream and possibly even the intention of its author. It did much to hasten the overthrow of slavery. It did no less to stain the reputation of the south and obscure what was worthy and fine in its life. From that time the people of the south were regarded, outside its own border, much—as, shall we say, China is regarded today—as one of the effete peoples, and an obstacle in the path of advance and possibly among many as an object of righteous spoil.

A Formidable Meal.

Sometimes the names given to different varieties of plants and vegetables are confusing, not to say startling. It sounds as if one had indulged in a most aesthetic meal to say, "I have just eaten an early rose." But when one remembers that Early Rose is the name of a popular variety of potato, the aesthetic vanishes. Potatoes seem to be especially liable to have names bestowed on them which have a most "unedible" sound.

Two women on a bicycle four became hungry, and there was no inn in sight, but there was a farmhouse near by, and an old man was pottering about in the adjacent potato patch. To him they appealed for food. He promised to do what he could, saying that, at any rate, he could assure them of good potatoes, as he had every variety in his garden. The women enjoyed the meal and especially commended the potatoes.

"Yes," said the farmer, "you have not done so badly. You have eaten two Schoolmasters, two Blacksmiths, four Kidneys and a couple of White Elephants."

A Tarantula's Jump.

"There are strange sights in Porto Rico," said a returned traveler. "Tarantulas are one of them," he continued, "and you should see a tarantula jump! One of them went through a marvelous performance, with myself and a dog for spectators. The dog's barking awoke me early one morning, and I slipped into my shoes and ran out. Spot—that's the dog's name—was making frantic plunges at an enormous tarantula, as big as my palm and its legs covering as much ground as a soup plate. Its wicked black eyes made me creep.

"All of a sudden the thing shrank up like a sponge and jumped for the dog. I give you my word, it jumped fifteen feet if it was an inch. Twice the dog ran under the spider's jump—fact. Others were watching by this time, and they all saw it. Usually, though, he just side stepped a bit.

"I broke up little pieces of a branch of a tree and hurled them at the tarantula. My aim was just good enough to stir him up. At first he kept jumping away from us, but Spot always herded him back again. Then he jumped straight for us. At last a lucky spot kicked him over the rocks. First of all, you must know that a man in love is the biggest sort of a fool and says things that make him almost wild when he hears them in after life. I realized it, and from the very beginning of our courtship I kept a photograph in the room, and every speech he made was duly recorded. Now, whenever my husband gets a little bit obstreperous I just turn out a record or so. Heavens, how he does rave! But he can't deny it. They always will, though, if you don't have proof positive."

"Thank you," gratefully murmured the engaged girl. "I'll get a photograph this very day."

Origin of Ice Cream Soda.

According to a Wisconsin legend, ice cream soda had its origin in Milwaukee, the town that made lager beer famous. A confectioner whose trade was among the wealthy used to make a good, rich soda water by adding to it, when drawn, pure cream. His trade rapidly increased, and one night when he had a crowd to serve he ran out of cream. In desperation he used a small quantity of ice cream to give the drink the proper rich consistency, and what resulted is history.—Beverages.

The Eight Hour Day.

The eight hour day is not such a new thing. On April 2, 1792, the town of Partridgefield, Mass., now Peru, voted to grant \$150 for repairing highways in said town, to be worked out 2 thirds in June next, at 3s 6d per day, and the other third in September at 3s per day. Eight hours in a day to be deemed a Day's Work."

Meat in Norway.

You don't see fresh meat in Norway any more frequently than in Japan. There is an abundance of ham, bacon and other cured meats and odd things like reindeer's tongues and hanches from polar bears sent down from the arctic, but very little beefsteak, roast beef or mutton.—Chicago Herald.

The etiquette that makes us do an insincere act in an etiquette to be avoided. Honesty of action is the foundation of the finest manners.—Ladies Home Journal.

Polly Larkin

The boy that whistles on the way is to be trusted. He is never plotting and scheming and concocting some plan in his silent, moody way that will bring unhappiness to those who love him. Whenever I hear a boy being scolded for whistling merrily in his own happy, noisy fashion, I feel like telling them of a little incident that touched and made an impression on Polly some time since. A young man lay dying of consumption. It was of the slow, lingering kind that gives the victim time for reflection, painful thought it may be sometimes. In the next room he heard his little nephew whistling an air of one of the catchy songs of the day, and his sister scolding and threatening to punish him if he did not stop being so noisy. The sick man turned wearily in his bed and looked wistfully at the watcher sitting beside him. "I wish she wouldn't do that. Why doesn't she let him whistle in peace and be happy in his own fashion so long as he is innocent of any wrong-doing. If she persists she will drive him into the street, where he can be free to do what he likes, and no one will be nagging at him all the time. I have warned her over and over again about always picking at the boy and making his life miserable. I've been less than kind to the family. Why doesn't she heed it. He's never plotting mischief when he's whistling, you can rest assured of that."

"I tell her to try and remember that 'still waters run deep.' I was one of the still water kind. I was held up as a model of propriety and goodness, and it is a wonder my brother did not hate me. He was always a fellow, rollicking, good-natured fellow, invariably in for all the fun he could get, and the leader in all the games, etc. He whistled from morning until night. Whistled when he was dressing, whistled on the way to church, and was called down for it on more than one occasion, and if he happened to be detained at night everybody knew when Ned was coming home, for away off in the distance would come the sound of Ned's whistle that was always enough in itself to drive away the blues. Ned was sadly fogged every now and then for his noisy ways, but before the sting of the punishment was hardly gone he was whistling and trying to forget that he had been disgraced by a punishment. Ned always considered it a disgrace to be punished, and when I look back at it now, I wonder why he was ever chastised, for a better boy never lived than our Ned. Well, as I said before, Ned whistled merrily on the way, even catching the notes of the meadow larks and orioles, and it was never appreciated, but I was held up to the boy, who never saw the day he could not look anybody in the eye without flinching, as a model of propriety and good manners. I was always the perfect gentleman, and could not do anything in the eyes of my adoring parents that was not proper and worthy of emulation. I was deceitful at heart all the time and really never showed myself in my true light. I received the praise showered upon me at home and abroad as though I deserved it, and yet in my own heart I knew I was a deceiver of the worst kind. I was at the head of many a scrape, concocted the whole thing, when I knew Ned or somebody else would have to stand the blame for it. Some way or other no one ever thought of connecting me with them, and if I happened to be caught in any escapade one was kind enough to say, 'the little gentleman was there trying to act as peace-maker, or dissuade them from their purpose.' Ned knew differently scores of times, but he would not give me away and took the unmerciful scolding or chastisement, as the case might be, and never uttered a word to exonerate himself. Coward that I was, I let him do it."

Dear old Ned went whistling merrily on the way in spite of all the injustice that had been done him nearly all his life. He was a joy and comfort to all when they quit trying to reform him. No one was so quick to do a kind act and anticipated the wishes of mother, father, and everybody else as well. He was never too tired to lend a helping hand, and everybody imposed upon him. To look in Ned's honest eyes you would know there was nothing hidden, but his life was like an open book. Ned went whistling on the way and everybody loved and respected him, and when the call for volunteers came for soldiers to go to Manila, our Ned was one of the first to enlist. He died doing his duty, and came home among the silent passengers. I was one of the 'still waters run deep' kind. I shrieked the call of my country, and watched Ned march away without hardly a pang, but I never dreamed he would never come back except in his coffin. Yes, I shrieked just as I had always done through life. I am paying the penalty for my mispent life now, dying by inches. I went the pace that kills at a rapid rate. I should be a lasting and terrible example to my sister. Her boy is like Ned. Let him whistle and go through life making music for others. Look in my pocket-book and you will find three little verses that applied to our Ned:

No deeds of fame enshrined his name,
No laurel wreath or bay,
And yet he made earth happier;
He whistled on the way!

And even grief found sweet relief,
Hope shed a brighter ray,
And hearts he knew not blessed him
For whistling on the way!

And when from life's dark shadows
He wrote above this line of love,
"He whistled on the way!"

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In Ireland during the last decade the Presbyterians lost in membership 34,000, the Episcopalians 29,000, the Catholics 413,000, while the Methodists and Jews increased.

A SALE OF WARTS.

One Juvenile Transaction That Seemed to Confirm a Theory.

"This theory," said the traveling man, "that warts will go away when you stop thinking about them may have something in it, and I am inclined to have faith in it, and I know from actual observation that warts can be transferred and will give you the case in point."

"I was buying a newspaper when I noticed that the hands of the newsboy were covered with warts. His stand was within a block of my house, but I am away so much the little fellow did not know me by name. I said to him: 'You should get some one to charm away those warts,' that being the method of getting rid of them when I was a boy."

"They ain't mine now," he said. "I sold them last week to Teddie Stearns, and they'll all go to him."

"Now, Teddie Stearns is my own boy, and I did not like to think of his smooth, chubby hands being disfigured with warts, and we did not live in a wart atmosphere. They belong more exclusively to the barefoot boy with cheek of tan conditions. I had been such myself. When I went home, I called my boy to me and looked with some anxiety at his hands. They were as clean and white as a girl's."

"What is it, papa?" he asked curiously.

"I am looking for warts,"

"Oh, and he drew a long, delighted breath, 'there ain't any yet, but they're sure to come, for I bought them from 'Carrotty Mike' for a pin. He says I'm sure to get 'em. Ain't you glad?'"

"Glad! I could have cried, and I believe his mother did cry. But that blessed little cub said he wouldn't be a tenderfoot, and he would have warts. I read the riot act to him and went away for a month's trip, and when I came back he was as proud as Punch. His hands had grown a crop of warts that discolored anything I ever saw in that line. I hunted up 'Carrotty Mike,' and would you believe it, there wasn't a wart on his hands! He had transferred them all to my boy."—Chicago Record-Herald.

CULLINGS FROM FICTION.

The man who knows a woman knows the world.—A Summer Hymnal.

The people who help us most are those who make light of our achievements and have faith in our possibilities.—Sir Christopher.

For things never come quite right in this world. The threads seem to slip out of our hands as we are going to tie the knot.—Sister Teresa.

There's nothing like marrying a man if you want to know him better, other than his acquaintance with other people afterward, you know.—A Little Gray Sheep.

BRIEF REVIEW.

Type Printing Telegraph.

The Baudot multiplex type-printing telegraph is said to be operating very successfully on the Berlin-Paris telegraph line. The whole telegraph business between Berlin and Paris, which heretofore required five telegraph lines, can now be easily done over one by the means of the Baudot system. The operation is said to be influenced by minor interruptions of the conduit. The work for the operators is not more arduous than with the Hughes apparatus. Consul-General Guenther of Frankfurt, Germany, says the new success in quick and multiplex telegraphy will create a peculiar situation for the administration of the telegraph service. If the Baudot system be introduced all over Germany, and, in addition, if the quick telegraph of Pollak and Virag be utilized for newspaper telegrams, and if Professor Slaby succeeds in applying his discoveries concerning multiplex telegraph to ordinary wires, it will then be only a question of a short time when the existing business will hardly keep all the lines busy.

India Exports Coal.

The enterprise of Calcutta merchants, who are working with the railroad company in the development of the Bengal coal fields, is borne out by recent statistics, says a London newspaper. It appears that four years ago the total exports amounted to 212,273 tons, Ceylon taking quite half of the output and the Straits Settlements 85,290 tons. In that year France, who is always a ready buyer of steam coal, purchased a consignment for testing purposes, and a small cargo of the same grade of coal came to this country to be scientifically examined.

The largest nugget of gold ever unearthed anywhere free from quartz, of which there is any record, was that taken out by the Byer & Hamilton mine, Hill End, New South Wales. It was imbedded in a thick wall of blue slate 250 feet from the surface. It weighed 640 pounds and was 57 inches long, 30 inches wide, and averaged 4 inches in thickness. It was valued at \$248,000.

Statistics show that if all the Protestants in America and England gave a penny a day their gifts in pennies would amount to \$400,000,000. Allowing \$1000 for each missionary, this would amount to 400,000 missionaries in the field annually.

Stamp collectors will be interested to know that Greece has issued a new set of postage stamps, differing considerably from the older ones.

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FOLLOWED THE LEADER.

A Case Where Naval Cadets Turned Discipline into a Joke.

Among other good stories told by Cyrus Townsend Brady in his "Under Topp's and Tent's," published by Scribner, is this:

It is related that a large number of naval cadets were negligent in following the service in the chapel, which was after the ritual of the Episcopal church. An incautious officer in charge on Sunday morning made a little address to the church party on the subject, saying he supposed that some of them erred through ignorance, but if they would observe him carefully and do as he did—in military parlance, follow the motions of the commanding officer—they would not go wrong.

Word was passed quietly through the battalion. They marched into the church. The officer in charge took his place in the front pew, settled himself in his seat and calmly blew his nose. Three hundred noses were blown simultaneously with a vehemence that was startling. The officer looked around and blushed violently from great surprise. Three hundred heads "followed the motions of the commanding officer." Six hundred cheeks violently tried to blush, a hard thing to do for a midshipman to do, and so on through the service.

The man could not stir without inhaled limitation. He finally confined himself strictly to the prescribed ritual of the service, looking neither to the right nor to the left, not daring to raise a finger or breathe out of the ordinary course. This enterprise also was a startling success.

The cadets received other instructions later in the day from a furious officer who sternly resented their innocent statements that they did not know which was ritual and which was not and that he had not instructed them that blowing his nose stood on a different plane from saying his prayers. It was a huge joke everywhere.

BEE AND HIVE.

If the hive rests on the ground, it will be too damp.

It will pay to use foundations by filling all frames full.

Set the hive a little above the ground to admit of a circulation of air.

From 9 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m. includes the hours of successful operating with bees.

Procure new blood in the apiary. Inbreeding is as objectionable with bees as with live stock.

It is necessary to unite all weak colonies that will be unable to build up into strong stocks.

Care should be taken to save all young brood and the brood combs of those containing brood.

On account of it being the only material that can be depended upon to stay pine is the best material for hives.

Combs should not be left in empty hives about the apiary. That is the worst place they can be left, as moths are always to be found near the bees and are sure to infest the combs.

One advantage in closed end frames is that a hive full of combs may be handled as though it were a single piece instead of a collection of loose pieces, thus saving work, worry and time.

If the bees cannot conveniently enter the hives during the sudden changes of cool weather, quite a number will be lost; hence care should be taken to have the entrances arranged so that the bees can enter readily.

Knobs on Trees.

In the bark of our forest trees are contained a multitude of latent buds, which are developed and grow under certain favorable conditions. Some trees possess this property in a remarkable degree, and often, when the other parts are killed down by frost, the property of pushing out these latent buds into growth preserves the life of the plant. These buds, having once begun to grow, adhere to the woody layer at their base and push out their points through the bark toward the light.

The buds then unfold and develop leaves, which elaborate the sap carried up the small shoot. Once elaborated it descends by the bark, when it reaches the base or inner bark. Here it is arrested, so to speak, and deposited between the outside and inner layer of bark, as can be learned on examining specimens on the trees in the woods almost anywhere.

Moss Taxes.

In the matter of taxation the Isle of Man is unique. There is no income tax, no succession duties chargeable against the estates of deceased persons, no highway or turnpike tolls. Roads are maintained by the revenue from two sources—a small tax upon every wheel and shod hoof and a levy upon every male inhabitant, who must give a day's work on the road or its equivalent in cash. There are no stamp duties on receipts, checks, promissory notes, etc.; in fact, stamps are used only for postage.—London Standard.

Bathing in Salt Lake.

"Salt lake is a remarkable sheet of water in many ways, and bathing in it possesses features which are unique," says a Utah man. "It is very invigorating and refreshing, to be sure, but it takes some time to become accustomed to the extraordinary buoyancy of the water. It is quite impossible to sink or to drown in the lake, but many people have been killed by the water. When there is a breeze and spray is dashed upon bathers, the water is so densely impregnated with salt that the liquid portion evaporates very quickly and leaves a deposit of salt on the skin. On several occasions people have drifted out while bathing or been wrecked and thrown overboard and afterward found dead on top of the water, choked to death by the accumulation of salt in their mouths and nostrils."

Keeping Vegetables.

Vegetables should never be put into the cellar, as many of them contain acids which will absorb the poison of the ground air, and if eaten will prove very unhealthy, and if allowed to remain will rapidly decompose and fill the air which is breathed from the upper rooms with a poison that will undoubtedly cause much mischief. Potatoes should not be exposed to the sun, but kept in some dry place where the light and air can always strike them.

NATURE'S MISTAKES.

SOME THAT MEN CONSIDER TO BE OF REMARKABLE VALUE.

Paradoxical as it may appear, the perfection of a gem is largely due to some imperfection in its make. Some little mistake made in the laboratory of nature produces a defective stone which is perfection itself from the lapidary's point of view. Ninety-nine out of every hundred emeralds dug from the mine are almost white and of little value, but the hundredth one is of a rich velvety green and, if without other flaws than its color, sells for \$300 a carat or 240 times as much as its colorless brother. The reason of the rich color which gives the emerald its value is that nature, in making the stone, put in too much oxide of chromium, just as the cook sometimes gets too much saleratus in the biscuits. The standard of perfection in the laboratory of nature is the colorless emerald, and her deep green ones are some of her failures; failures which, nevertheless, delight mankind, however much they may despise nature. You could buy a ton of oxide of chromium for the price which half a grain of it gives to a cheap and common crystal.

When nature makes mistakes in manufacturing diamonds, the results are equally remarkable. Her standard for a diamond is a pure white stone, but sometimes a foreign substance gets into the crucible, and the result is a red or blue diamond. A fine white brilliant of one carat can be bought for \$125, but a blue stone of that size would be even greater value, a red stone of fifteen grains having been sold for \$5,000. Yet the little particle of foreign material which nature carelessly fell into the mixture when she was making that stone down in the heart of some primeval volcano is of less value than a grain of common salt and only got there by mistake.

Nature manufactures in her laboratory a material called spinel. You can buy a block of spinel as large as you can carry for a few dollars. Sometimes in making spinel small quantities of chromic acid get into the material and color it a deep red. The pieces so colored nature rejects as spoiled in the making and throws them in the dust bin, from which men dig them out and call them rubies. A ruby of thirty-two carats recently sold for \$52,000. Yet the material of the cheap spinel and the valuable ruby are practically the same, save for that small fraction of chromic acid which got into the ruby by mistake.

When nature starts out to manufacture opals, she endeavors to make them without any cracks in them. In this she seldom succeeds, coming nearest to perfection in the Mexican opals, which have few cracks in them and therefore little luster. The fiery glow of the oriental opal and the play of light in the depths of that exquisite stone are due entirely to the numberless cracks which seem the surface of the gem. It must give nature a poor opinion of mankind when she sees him selling the Mexican opals, which are nearly perfect, for 12 cents a carat and paying \$25 a carat for her failures, the cracked fire opal of the east.

Not only in gems, but in many other things, does nature make mistakes and failures, the results of which are highly valued by man. The chank shell, a shell much like the conch shell of these shores, is one of the commonest shells on the beaches of India, and millions of them are gathered and burned for the lime that is in them. Yet in a town near Kandy, Ceylon, are two chank shells which hold the place of honor in a shrine covered with gold, and no amount of money could buy them from their guardian priests. Their value consists in the fact that nature was not quite herself the morning she fabricated these shells and gave a right handed twist to them instead of a left handed one, such as has been given to all other chank shells, so far as man knows, since the beginning.

Baron Rothschild once paid \$300 a dozen for some Schloss Johannisberg wine, and it is admitted that, taking everything into consideration, it was not an exorbitant price. Yet the wine of the same year from the vineyard directly adjoining the Schlossberg vineyard, on the same bank of the Rhine, a vineyard whose soil is, to all appearances, the same, only brought \$5 a dozen. And there is no special secret about the manufacture of Schlossberg wine or about the variety of grape used. Its great value comes from a little joke of nature. In the soil of the Schlossberg vineyard there is an infinitesimal amount of a certain salt which is found in the soil of no other vineyard. The admixture is so slight that no chemist has ever been able to imitate it, yet it is worth many thousands a year to the owner of the vineyard.

When Gold Looks Green.

Gold can be beaten out so thin that it allows light to pass through it. In which case, though it still appears brilliant yellow by reflected light, it is green as viewed by transmission—that is, by the light that passes through it. This curious effect can easily be observed by laying a piece of gold leaf upon a plate of glass and holding it between the eye and the light, when the gold will appear semitransparent and of a leek green color.

His Prize.

An amusing story, which may perhaps be entirely true, is told of a short-sighted but energetic member of the Russian secret police.

He was walking through a little frequented street of St. Petersburg one night when he spied high up on a lamp-post a placard.

"Aha!" he said to himself, scenting mischief on the instant and alert for action. "That's one of those incendiary notices about his majesty the czar! It must come down at once!"

With some difficulty, being of a stout build, he succeeded in climbing the post and dislodging the placard. He bore it to the ground, and there, peering at it by the light of the lamp, he read two Russian words, the English equivalent of which is the well known legend "Wer Paint."—Youth's Companion.

Willow to Take Chances.

"So you're going to marry Mike?" said the mistress inquiringly.

"Yes, mum."

"Are you sure you are not making a mistake?"

"Well," returned the cook thoughtfully, "he's not the best man in the world, to be sure, but if I have him go how kin I be sure of gittin' another wan? I've been thinkin' about it, an' it looks to me like it's right an' proper to take what ye kin get when ye kin git it. Them that holds off for the big prize has been known to lose the little wans. I think I'll take Mike."—Chicago Post.

Child Baptism in Early Days.

The following facts, the early court records of York county, Me., were given verbatim at Ithaca: "At a general court held at Saco Sept. 17, 1640, it is ordered by the court that the Worshipful Thomas Georges and Edward Godfrey, counsellors for this province, shall order all the inhabitants from Piscataquis to Kennebec, which shall have any children unbaptized as soon as any minister is settled in any of their plantations, they bring their said children to baptism, and if any shall refuse to submit to the said order that the party so refusing shall be summoned to answer their contempt at the next general court to be holden in this province."—Lewiston Journal.

The Usual Way.

"Do you expect to realize a fortune from your latest invention?" asked the capitalist.

"No," said the inventor, "I don't really expect to. I had some hopes, but I suppose it will be the usual programme. I'll imagine the fortune and some one else will realize it."—Washington Star.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A sentinel angel sitting high in glory. Heard this shrill wail ring out from purgatory: "Have mercy, mighty angel; hear my story!"

"I loved, and, blind with passionate love, I fell. Love brought me down to death and death to hell. For God is just, and death for sin is well."

"I do not rage against his high decree. Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be. But for my love on earth who mourns for me."

"Great Spirit, let me see my love again. And comfort him one hour, and I will gain To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel: "Nay! Repeat That wail now! Look! The dial finger's bent Down to the last hour of thy punishment!"

But still she wailed: "I pray thee, let me go! I cannot rise to peace and leave him so. Oh, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates ground suddenly ajar, And upward, joyous, like a rising star, She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing, And like a wounded bird his pinions trailing, The fluttered back, with broken hearted wailing.

She sobbed: "I found him by the summer sea. Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee. She curled his hair and kissed him. 'Woe is me!'"

She wept: "Now let my punishment begin! I have been blind and foolish. Let me in To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered: "Nay, sad soul; go higher! To be deceived in your true heart's desire! Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"

—John Hay.

DYNAMITE AND MINERS.

Long Immunity From Accident Results in Contempt of Danger.

"After a miner had handled dynamite for eight or ten years without a serious mishap it is a good idea to put him to doing something else about the works," said a gentleman of this city who has had a great deal of experience with high explosives. "The chances are a hundred to one that his long immunity from accident has given him such a contempt for danger that he is an unconscious menace to everybody on the premises. He will do things that not only imperil his own life, but the lives of all his comrades. To give you an illustration, once I had an old Cornishman at work at a mine in which I was interested and had entrusted him with a general supervision of all the blasting. He had been handling dynamite for twenty years or more and was justly regarded as an expert. During that entire period he had never had an accident worth speaking of, and by degrees the care and vigilance that were responsible for his excellent record had worn away until he was beginning to entertain the delusion, common to old hands, that the danger of the stuff was very much exaggerated.

"One day I was passing through a cut where some blasting had been going on and noticed the old Cornishman hammering a drill into what seemed to be a boring in the rock. I asked him what he was doing, and he told me coolly there was a cartridge in the hole that had failed to explode and he was 'just knockin' out the tamplin' to reprim it.' I was horrified, for at every blow he was liable to explode the dynamite, and I ordered him sternly to stop and never repeat such a performance. The proper method would have been to have drilled a new hole near by and exploded the first charge with a second blast. He obeyed sullenly, grumbling to himself, and less than a month afterward was blown up while doing exactly the same thing. He lost his left arm at the shoulder, his left eye and part of his left ear. He also lost his contempt for dynamite, and when he finally emerged from the hospital I gave him back his former job. I never had a more scrupulously careful employee than he was from that time on. It seems a brutal thing to say, but there is nothing that does an old dynamite hand as much good as to get blown up once or twice."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Parental Economy.

"Papa," said Dicky, "all the other boys are going to have torpedoes or firecrackers or something for the Fourth of July. Can't I have anything at all?"

"Dicky," said Mr. Stinjevy, beckoning mysteriously, "come with me, and I'll show you something."

He took him out to the summer kitchen and showed him a large package, neatly folded and tied with a string.

"There," he said, "are all the paper bags that have been brought into the house for a whole year from grocery stores and other places. I have had your mother save them for you. Every one of them will make as much noise as a firecracker if you fill it with air and pop it right."

It was not exactly what Dicky had set his heart on, but it was all the Fourth of July he got.—Youth's Companion.

Willow to Take Chances.

"So you're going to marry Mike?" said the mistress inquiringly.

"Yes, mum."

"Are you sure you are not making a mistake?"

"Well," returned the cook thoughtfully, "he's not the best man in the world, to be sure, but if I have him go how kin I be sure of gittin' another wan? I've been thinkin' about it, an' it looks to me like it's right an' proper to take what ye kin get when ye kin git it. Them that holds off for the big prize has been known to lose the little wans. I think I'll take Mike."—Chicago Post.

Child Baptism in Early Days.

The following facts, the early court records of York county, Me., were given verbatim at Ithaca: "At a general court held at Saco Sept. 17, 1640, it is ordered by the court that the Worshipful Thomas Georges and Edward Godfrey, counsellors for this province, shall order all the inhabitants from Piscataquis to Kennebec, which shall have any children unbaptized as soon as any minister is settled in any of their plantations, they bring their said children to baptism, and if any shall refuse to submit to the said order that the party so refusing shall be summoned to answer their contempt at the next general court to be holden in this province."—Lewiston Journal.

The Usual Way.

"Do you expect to realize a fortune from your latest invention?" asked the capitalist.

"No," said the inventor, "I don't really expect to. I had some hopes, but I suppose it will be the usual programme. I'll imagine the fortune and some one else will realize it."—Washington Star.