SALUTING A SNEEZER

A CUSTOM THAT BELONGS TO EVERY NATION AND CLIME.

There Are Many and Varied Answers to the Question, Why Do We Do It? That Was Asked by Pliny Some Nineteen Centuries Ago.

"Why do we salute the sneezer?" asked Pliny nineteen centuries ago. We still ask the question, and one wonders if Pliny could collect so many ingenious replies as the ana of the twentieth century furnish.

In Caxton's 1483 edition of "The Golden Legende" is an account of a pestilence in Rome in the time of Gregory the Great, from which many died suddenly. "In this manere, sometyme snesying they deyed, so that when any persone was herd snesying, anone they that were by said to hym, God helpe you, or Cryst helpe, and yet endureth the custome." As Pope Gregory reigned in the sixth century Pliny's query far antedates the explanation in "The Golden Legende."

In the Buddhist Scriptures, dating at least 250 B. C., it is related that Buddha, when preaching one day to his disciples, sneezed, whereupon all exclaimed: "May the Blessed Lord live! May the welcome one live!" thus seriously interrupting the discourse. Buddha said, "Tell me, when a person sneezes, if the bystanders say, 'May you live,' will he live the longer or die the sooner for it?" "Certainly not, lord." So he forbade them to say it. But the people took offense because the priests did not thus salute them, and Buddha revoked his command.

The Talmudic tradition is that the custom dates from Jacob. Before his time man did not die of disease, but when his appointed time was come he sneezed once and was dead. Jacob petitioned for exemption from this law, and his prayer was granted on condition that among all nations a sneeze should be hallowed by the words, "God bless you."

The Greeks traced the custom back to the myth of Prometheus, who made an image of clay and wished to give it life. From the sun he stole a reedful of rays, and, hastening back to his statue, he placed the reed under its nostrils, producing a sneeze—a phenomenon we may at any time produce by standing in the sun. At this sign of life in his creation Prometheus ejaculated a blessing and a prayer for its preservation, and this response to a sneeze has been handed down through all generations.

Also in the story of the Shunamite child restored to life by the prophet Elisha do we find the idea that this convulsive effort of nature is the first sign of life. "The child sneezed seven times, and the child opened his eyes." According to Scottish folklore, a newborn child is under the fairy spells until it sneezes. Aristotle mentions the practice of physicians who, when death seems near, give medicines to induce sneezing, hoping thereby to arouse the failing faculties. Aristotle seems to have given much attention to omens of sneezing. He says a sneeze on the right hand brings good fortune; on the left hand it betokens ill.

In the Odyssey, when Penelope calls on the absent Ulysses to punish wrong:

Telemachus then sneezed aloud.
The smiling queen the happy omen blessed,
"So may these impious fall by fate oppressed."

St. Augustine records that when the ancients arose in the morning if they sneezed while putting on their shoes they immediately went back to bed again in order to get up more auspiciously and so escape misfortunes likely to occur during the day. If a Hindoo sneezes while performing his morning ablutions in the Ganges he touches his forehead, nose, chin and cheeks with the tips of his fingers and recommences his prayers from the very beginning. In illness sneezing is considered a good omen, a sign of returning health. Howell in 1659 said, "He that hath sneezed twice, turn him out of the hospital." Among the ancients if any one sneezed directly after dinner a dish was brought back and tasted to avert misfortune.

The custom of saluting belongs to every nation and clime. In Ethiopia when the king sneezed those about him saluted so loudly that they were heard and echoed through the whole city. In 1542 De Soto had an interview in Florida with a cacique who during conversation happened to sneeze. All his attendants bowed their heads, opened and closed their arms and saluted the prince with "May the sun guard you, shine on you, defend you, prosper you," and similar phrases. An Italian child's primer of 1553 says, "Being prompt in saluting any one who may sneeze and returning thanks to any who on such an occasion may have wished you well."

An epigram in the Greek anthology shows it was customary to say "God bless you." The ancient Romans said "Salve." The modern Roman of the lower class says, "Figli maschi" (May you have male children). The north Germans say, "Your good health;" in Vienna, "God be with you;" in Ireland the peasant says, "God bless your honor," "Long life to your honor." The Russian form is "To your good health" or "How do you do?" English folklore is full of rhymes about sneezing on certain days. In Devonshire they say:

Sneeze on Sunday morning fasting,
You'll enjoy your own true love everlasting.

This is but one of the many that are in use all over the land.

A Letter From Europe.

Mrs. Struckoll—Paw, Emmy writes that the most interestin' thing she's seen in the hull trip is the Sphinx; says she just loves it. Mr. Struckoll—Well, you write to Emmy to buy it an' fetch it home with her. Like to see one of them darn things myself!—Brooklyn Life.

The Ascent of Tree Sap.

The problem of the ascent of sap in trees, an English botanist points out, is yet unsolved. It appears that in the highest trees the total pressure would be nearly 100 atmospheres, and as we cannot suppose that leaves can exert so intense osmotic suction, the only theory at all probable is that the living cells exert some sort of pumping action in the wood.

The Disappearance Of Miss Griswold

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

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It was past midnight when the doorbell rang with insistent din, rousing me from a reverie which bordered close upon dreamland. A few moments later when the maid entered the study in breathless haste I saw that she was followed by another, who, unable to restrain his eagerness, had obtruded his presence without waiting for formal announcement.

He was a medium sized man, well dressed, prosperous looking and wild eyed. Some great commotion stirred him so that his manner was abrupt and precipitous.

"Mr. Purdue?" he exclaimed interrogatively, approaching close to my

"I WANT YOU TO FIND MY DAUGHTER."

seat. "I'm Mr. Griswold—Henry Griswold of — Fifth avenue."

I rose and motioned him to a seat, but he continued standing.

"I'm in great trouble, and I've come to you for help. The police are helpless and hopeless. They're no better than amateurs."

"Pardon me," I interrupted sharply, "but if the case is so serious no time can be lost in emotional weakness. What is it you want of me?"

"I want you to find my daughter—Helen Griswold. You know her?"

"I've heard of her," I responded. "But I did not know that she was lost."

"No, no; of course not," the broken hearted banker and father continued. "We kept it from the papers. The police advised it. But now—now"—

I handed him a glass of brandy and waited for it to quiet and strengthen his nerves. I warned him to be brief and coherent in his story so that I should not be misled.

"There is little enough to tell," he said finally. "Two nights ago a party of us visited Chinatown. It was a fool expedition headed by Bromley. He said he knew all the joints and opium dens and that a night of slumming would be amusing. Well, we went down to Mott street and visited all of the Chinese joints, restaurants and theaters. It was a bore to me, but the young people enjoyed it."

"How many were in the party?" I asked, mentally jotting down notes.

"Only six of us—my wife and daughter, Bromley and Henry Valentine and his sister Jennie. They were all eager to see everything, and they dragged me around until midnight. The last we visited was a disreputable place kept by Sing Tung. It was a queer joint, filled with strange Chinese idols and divided into many compartments by silk draperies and paper partitions. Bromley said the owner was a wealthy Chinaman and one of the highbinders, whatever that means.

"I didn't take much stock in his talk until—until it happened."

"What happened?" I asked to recall the man to his story after a few moments in which he sobbed again.

"She—she—my daughter disappeared," he moaned, "right under our eyes. She was spirited away. A noise outside had attracted our attention to the window. Helen was tired and remained seated a few feet back of us. When we turned she was gone. We hunted for her and threatened the Chinamen, but they knew nothing about her. They refused to tell anything. We got desperate, and while Bromley ran for the police the rest of us searched the house, tearing down the draperies and upsetting the pictures and idols. But it was no use. Helen had been spirited away, and—and"—

I waited patiently and motioned for him to continue.

"And the police were no more successful," the banker added.

With some difficulty I calmed the man sufficiently to get a few further necessary details from him and then dismissed him.

It must have been twenty minutes later when the "Chinese puzzle," as I facetiously had to term it, was slowly unfolding itself that I was disturbed by the maid's sudden appearance again.

"A Chinaman, sir, wishes to see you," she announced.

A stout, well fed oriental appeared. He was dressed in his native costume, but a glance showed me that he was a man of wealth and influence among his people. I was still further surprised when he addressed me in good English.

"I come to you, Mr. Purdue, to help me in a great trouble," he explained, after a low bow. "I am a man of influence among my people and they respect me. I have wealth and will reward you. I must clear my name of all dishonor. The police, they not believe me, but I know you will. They suspect me and they hound me. They follow me here and watch me all the time. I know not what to do unless you help me."

"What is it they suspect you of?" I asked quietly. "But, first, your name and address."

"It is Sing Tung, and there is my place of business. I am a merchant and respectable."

I took the proffered card with a little involuntary start. Was it a coincidence or a well defined oriental plan for the man who was suspected of spiriting away Helen Griswold in his own establishment to seek my professional assistance within half an hour after the outraged father had called upon me?

"Be seated a moment," I said, wishing time to study the situation.

With oriental calmness he related in substance the story of the mysterious disappearance of Helen Griswold as told to me twenty minutes before by her father. The only difference was in the ending.

This was as follows: "When the noise outside attracted their attention I walked to the window, too, and looked out. Then I heard some one ask, 'Where's Helen?' I turned then to look. The beautiful girl was gone. We all looked for her, but she was nowhere. They accused me of taking her away, and the police threatened me. What can I do? I know nothing about it. I come to you for help."

I felt that the man was lying, but I refrained from saying so. By taking his case I might be able to get some light on the subject.

Half an hour later Sing Tung guided me to his home. The place was already in the hands of the police and the house was practically guarded and watched on every side.

It had been an ordinary dilapidated brick building constructed in the days when Dutchmen dwelt in the neighborhood of Mott street as the fashionable section of New York, but strange and wondrous changes and transformations had been made in the house during successive ages of occupation.

Sing Tung, with evident innocence, showed me all of the secret places of the house, explaining in elaborate detail the uses to which the different rooms were put.

"How many Chinamen were in the house the night of the disappearance?" I asked Sing Tung casually.

"One besides myself—Wing Tung, my son—and he's held at police headquarters."

"Where was he standing when Miss Griswold disappeared?"

"He was upstairs in the back room. He came down when he heard the noise. He was looking for his cloak."

"Did he find it?"

This question was asked merely to keep the Chinaman talking while I could study his face.

"No; the cloak was gone. It was nowhere in the house."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Shoe That Altered History.

After the fall of Anne Boleyn the pope prepared overtures of reconciliation so favorable to King Henry VIII. that he determined to accept them. A representative was sent from Rome with the dispatches, and when within a day's journey from Calais his horse cast a shoe and fell lame. As it was a favorite, the messenger determined to wait a day that the poor animal might rest and recover. Next day the journey was resumed, but on the day that London was reached Henry had been married to Jane Seymour, a Protestant. Anne had been beheaded, and all hope of reconciliation with the papacy was at an end. The cast shoe had thus changed the bent of English church history.

He Lasted Well.

They were in the family portrait section of the gallery, and it seemed to Miss Golightly that her English visitor was deeply impressed.

"Yes, these are all my ancestors," she said proudly. "Now, this is my great-great-grandfather, when he was a young man, of course. Isn't he handsome? My grandfather used to tell my mother that his grandfather—that's this one—was a splendid looking man as long as he lived and as popular with women as with men because he was such a hero.

"Brave? I guess he was! Why, he never fought in a battle that he didn't lose an arm or a leg or something from being right in front of everybody! He was in twenty-three engagements!"

How a Great Actor Lived.

Charles Mathews, one day previous to the period of his publicly proclaimed dire bankruptcy, invited a friend to dine with him. The walnuts were washed down by some rare sherry. "That's a delicious wine," his friend exclaimed. "It must have cost you a lot of money." "It didn't cost me anything that I know of," the flighty comedian answered, with a shrug. "You had it given to you, then?" the friend suggested. "Oh, no," answered Mathews; "I bought it from Ellis, in Bond street!" "But he will charge you something for it?" the friend exclaimed in astonishment. "I believe he does write something down in a book," Charles retorted gravely. "Let's have another glass, my boy."

How John Hay Regarded Critics.

John Hay was chatting about his literary experiences with an intimate friend when the latter asked:

"John, what feature or phase of this writing business has impressed you the most?"

"Well," was the reply, and the speaker's eyes twinkled mischievously, "so far as I am concerned, it's the things that the critics fish out of a fellow's printed stuff that he never put there. But I suppose that critics, like the rest of us, have to show excuses for living."—Success Magazine.

The Truth About Vanity.

When one comes to think of it, vanity may be defined as an appreciation of the beautiful, which impels us to make ourselves as beautiful as it is possible to be. It appears also on analysis that a desire to make oneself better is a confession of the need of being beautified, so that the girl or the man who titivates may have a less conceit than those who go about content with themselves as they are, ugly, probably, for it so often happens that Providence denying beauty denies also the appreciation of it in other things and persons.—Black and White.

He Didn't Travel.

Warden—Now, we try to give our prisoners work of the kind they are accustomed to. Prisoner—That suits me. I was a traveling salesman.—Cleveland Leader.

NEW SHORT STORIES

A Vote That Got Away.

When the late Melbourne H. Ford made his run for congress he overlooked nothing that he thought would improve his chances of election. One of his moves was the taking of an orchestra to a meeting held in one of the small towns near Grand Rapids.

This generous departure may have won him several votes, but it unquestionably lost him one. Every village has its character, and the one there was Uncle Ike.

Whenever that orchestra broke forth Uncle Ike fastened a fierce glance upon the bass drummer. During the or-

UNCLE IKE WORKED HIS JAWS VIGOROUSLY

deal the paws of the village character worked like those of a buck rabbit eating cabbage and his white beard of the spinach pattern waved furiously in unison. Next morning one of those who had watched the actions of Uncle Ike drew him out on the subject, keeping in mind that he played the bass drum in the local "sheepskin" band and that jealousy seems an inseparable part of the musical temperament.

"I suppose that you'll vote for Ford, Uncle Ike?"

"Then you better hire some smarter feller to do your supposin'. No man kin have my support that wastes his own money like it was water."

"What do you mean, Uncle Ike?"

"Well, you hain't no musicianer, but I'd like to know what sense there was in payin' out money fur haulin' that bass drum and the man with it clean out here. He didn't hit the durned thing more'n four times, and he was out o' tune every doggone hit."—Detroit Free Press.

Jefferson's Thoughtfulness.

Maclyn Arbuckle, who is appearing this season in Henry W. Savage's production of "The County Chairman," relates an incident of Joe Jefferson which shows his kindly nature and that indifference to the little worries of life which probably had much to do with preserving him to such a ripe old age. "I was playing with Mr. Jefferson in 'Rip,'" said Mr. Arbuckle, "and in Philadelphia, I think it was, where Rip began his ascent of the mountain for his long sleep, we noticed every night that the wooden steps creaked terribly, enough so at times to destroy the illusion that he was climbing up a 'mountain.' I said to him one night: 'Governor, doesn't it annoy you having that creaking? Why don't you speak to the house manager and have it remedied?'

"'No, no, my boy,' he replied. 'It doesn't worry me. And, besides, if I complained it might cost some poor "grip" his position.'"—Harper's Weekly.

Takes the Discard.

Miss Caroline Powell of Boston is the only woman wood engraver in America. Miss Powell was a pupil of Timothy Cole, and at a dinner recently she said of her master:

"Mr. Cole had a horror of stingy persons. He was continually railing against such people, continually pointing out to us glaring examples of meanness and greed.

"He said one day that he had heard that morning of the meanest woman in the world.

"She called before breakfast at the house of a neighbor of his and said:

"'Madam, I see that you have advertised in the papers for a cook.'

"'Yes, I have,' returned the other, 'but surely you are not after the place?'

"'No,' said the stranger, 'but I only live two blocks away from you, and since I need a cook myself I thought you might send to me all the applicants you reject.'"—Kansas City Journal.

One of Tom Reed's Stories.

The late Thomas B. Reed used to tell the following: Dr. Reed of Indianapolis, who was in congress at one time, was opening the Sunday morning service at his church with the usual prayer. While he was in the midst of the prayer a stranger entered the church and took a seat far back.

Dr. Reed was praying in a low note and the man in the rear, after straining his ears for awhile, called out: "Pray louder, Dr. Reed. I can't hear you."

Dr. Reed paused, opened his eyes and turned them round till they rested on the man in the rear. Then he said: "I was not addressing you, sir. I was speaking to God."—Bretton Woods Bugle.

Luck or Good Management.

"I heard Crabbe say he had never had such luck in his business as he's having now, but I didn't understand whether it was good luck or bad."

"Oh, he meant bad luck, of course! If it were good luck he wouldn't speak of it as 'luck' at all."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"If you had a spark of genius," he began crossly to his typewriter.

"I wouldn't be here," she interrupted. And no more was said.—Chicago Record-Herald.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Alaska's Charms.

"When I tell my friends that in Alaska during the months of June, July and August we have almost continual sunlight and that it never gets dark in the summer months they invariably ask when we sleep," said F. A. Cross, a merchant from Council, Alaska. "Well, we sleep whenever we have the opportunity. Very few of us have a regular time of going to bed and arising except the miners, who work in shifts and have to be more methodical.

"In the winter there is practically nothing doing, and the few people who stay there can sleep all they desire. But when spring opens up business flourishes. Every one has to work all he possibly can, because the summer is very short and a great deal has to be accomplished to make up for the stagnation during the winter months.

"We have wonderful summers at Council, as it never gets very warm or cold. Several times, though, I have seen the thermometer register 90 degrees. The verdure and the brush grow with a rapidity that is astonishing in the warm months. Plants grow so rapidly that we can raise berries and the hardier vegetables before frost sets in."—Portland Oregonian.

Some Coffees In Disguise.

In an article on "Coffee Craft" in the October issue of the Technical World Magazine Albert E. Ganz says:

"According to United States statistics there were imported into the United States in the six years 1897 to 1902, both inclusive, 5,173,500,000 pounds of coffee, of which Brazil alone sent us 3,903,000,000—that is, a little over 75 per cent of the total importation. During the same six years we received from Arabia (Aden; Masterson, United States consul) 19,500,000 pounds of 'Mocha' and from the Dutch and British East Indies, as well as from the Netherlands, there came 117,500,000 pounds of 'Java,' so that of 'Java and Mocha' we actually had in those six years a little over 137,000,000 pounds.

"'Java and Mocha' is the most popular brand of coffee in the United States. It is perfectly safe to say that the grocers of the country sold the people of this country during the six years mentioned a minimum of 3,500,000,000 pounds of 'Java and Mocha' in spite of the incontrovertible fact that we had but 137,000,000 pounds of that commodity at our disposal."—New York Press.

Great Fire In London Predicted.

"Within the next few years, I tell you, there will be another great fire, attended by loss of life, in the city of London." This is the prophecy which Edward Atkinson made to one of our representatives.

As regards the mechanical appliances employed by the London fire brigade, Mr. Atkinson gave it as his opinion that we are far behind the United States. "Your appliances are mere toys," he remarked. "I read of your having an engine which can throw a jet of 500 gallons a minute, but that is not enough. I have not seen a single standpipe in any street here. In America the standpipe runs to the highest floor of the loftiest building and is so constructed that the engine on its arrival can be connected without a minute's delay. No hose is needed, and water is thrown on to every floor. We do not have, as you do, a few such jets of water thrown from the ground level."—St. James' Gazette.

Another Mythical Epigram.

All the historic sayings of eminent persons have the same fate. They turn out to be mythical. When Marshal MacMahon stormed the Malakoff redoubt at Sevastopol he said, "J'y suis, j'y reste." And this phrase enjoyed a second period of glory when he became president of the French republic and was supposed to have rather an uneasy position. But now, after all these years, a witness who was at the Malakoff denies the story. MacMahon did actually say to his staff, "J'y suis," but then his terseness forsook him, and he added words which may be translated thus: "I warn you that I shall not withdraw, so you had better take your measures accordingly." A plain, soldierly directness, but how commonplace.—London Chronicle.

Novel Ball Dress.

A woman recently attended a ball in Bermuda gowned in a dress completely covered with postage stamps. There were 30,000 in all, and they were arranged according to colors in several artistic formations. The most striking decoration was a large spread eagle made entirely from brown Colombian stamps which rested proudly on the breast. The stamps came from almost every country in the world. A picture hat, also covered with stamps, completed the outfit.

Eyes Drop Out, but Sight Remains.

A man in Berlin awoke recently in terrible pain and found his left eye on the pillow. With the assistance of his family he put it back, but has to hold his head erect while on the street for fear it will drop out again. The right eye fell out soon after the first acquired the falling trick, and now the poor fellow fears that some time he will literally lose his eyes. His sight is as good as it ever was. The case has been brought before the Berlin Medical association.

True Democracy.

Five American millionaires were staying at Claridge's hotel last week, and it is worth noting, as showing how the republican spirit is no mere empty form, that one whose fortune is estimated at £20,000,000 treated one who had only £10,000,000 as his equal and was seen more than once to converse with him.—London Punch.

Apparently They Did.

Friend—Did the lawyers get you confused? Ex-Witness—Did they get me confused? Why, I testified that Jones lived next door to me, but I couldn't remember the street number.—Puck.

Zigzag Heredity.

"Whom do your two little boys resemble, Mrs. Flitter?"

"Well, the homely boy looks like his father and acts like me, and the pretty one looks like me and acts like his father."—Life.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Sayings of Little Tots.

Bobby, who accompanied his mother to church, was given a nickel to drop in the collection plate. After doing so he remarked in an audible whisper:

"Say, mamma, the conductor didn't ring it up!"

Johnny—Sister knew you was going to call this evening, didn't she?

Sapleigh—Why do you think so?

Johnny—Because I heard her tell mamma she was going to set the parlor clock an hour ahead.

Margie—Mamma, I know why God made snakes.

Mamma—Why, dear?

Margie—When he got through makin' the world it was full of holes, so he made snakes to fill up the holes.—Detroit Tribune.

A Wholesale Warning.

Two farmers were driving on the highway when an automobile horn sounded around the bend.

"Means rough weather, Si, when wild geese honk so low," said one.

"Z-l-p-p z-r-r-r-honk-honk!" as they both went skyward. On reaching the ground the same granger remarked:

"Gee whiz, Si, what a flock!"—New York World.

Getting Direct Action.

Beryl (at the phone)—The idea of sending a kiss by telephone! Do you suppose I want to be kissed on my ear?

Jasper (at the other end of the wire)—Well, can't you put the receiver to your lips for a moment? There!—Chicago Tribune.

It Was Busy.

"See the meter, please?" brusquely asked the representative of the gas company.

"Well," replied the little woman, with a satirical twinkle in her eye, "it's pretty busy, but I suppose you can see it for a moment."—Judge.

Stern Logic.

He—So your father thought I wanted to marry you for your money. What did you say?

She—I persuaded him that you didn't, and then he said if that was the case you hadn't any sense.

A Desired Change.

"How would you like to hear your children crying for bread, sir?" importuned the beggar.

"I'd welcome the change," said the man, hurrying on. "They're forever crying for candy now."—Yonkers Statesman.

Sure Thing.

"Bragg tells me he got mixed up in a scrap yesterday."

"Did he get the best of it?"

"Of course. Otherwise he wouldn't have said anything about it."—Philadelphia Press.

Howwid of Her.

Belle—Where did you learn to golf, Bertie?

Bertie—Wight heah at th' club. Why?

Belle—Oh, nothing; only I thought it might have been at a correspondence school.—Puck.

Imagination.

"Who is the most imaginative poet you know?"

"Skrauler. He refers to his verses as poems."—Cleveland Leader.

An Unkind Suggestion.

Gerald—An idea has struck me.

Geraldine—Aren't you afraid of concussion of the brain?—New York Press.

Two Opinions.

"When Julia smiles," the lover sang.
"She makes me glad indeed.
The day, though dark, to me is bright;
No sunshine do I need.
Her smile is like a song of joy
That thrills me through and through.
When Julia smiles so pleased am I
I don't know what to do."

"When Julia smiles," her father said,
"I'm never tickled much.
She never smiles at me, you see,
Except to make a touch.
To me her visage in repose
Is prettier by far,
For Julia's smile means hats and clothes
And—oh, well, there you are!"
—Kansas City Times.

Vanity.

"Biggins cannot be called vain. He dislikes to have his picture taken."

"He is so vain," said Mr. Knox, "that he has given up hope of getting a picture that will do him justice."—Washington Star.

Feminine Charity.

He—What a lovely complexion Miss Pinkleigh has!

She—Yes. But it's a wonder she doesn't get painter's colic.—Chicago News.

The First Business Woman.

We don't generally associate the Bible with business matters, but if you were told to name the first business woman mentioned in the Bible what would you say?

It was Pharaoh's daughter, because she took a prophet out of water.—New York Times.

There should be as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty as a man for his prosperity, both being equally subject to change.—Pope.

THE LOST ARTS.

Many Abandoned Because New Knowledge Makes Them Useless.

Not as much as we used to, but occasionally even yet, one hears of some wonder accomplished by the ancients which cannot be done now.

Not so many years ago it was quite commonly asserted that modern workmen could not quarry or, having quarried, could not handle stones as large as the monoliths of Egypt, and the writer has heard a public speaker of note assert that it would be impossible to handle with modern implements such large stones as were used in the pyramids or to join them as perfectly as they are joined there. Yet, when occasion arose, larger stones than any of the larger monoliths themselves were transported not only to the sea, but across it, and erected in England, France and America, and there are individuals today who might, if they chose, cause the transportation to and erection in this country of the largest pyramids or build new ones ten times larger and more durable. Pyramids are not being generally built nowadays because they are not in line with the trend of modern ambition; that's all.

It is very doubtful if a "Damascus blade" would stand half as severe usage as a modern band saw blade or even as much as the spring of a forty cent clock, while the ornamentations of those wondrous blades, so far as the mechanical execution is concerned, can be excelled by apprentices and amateurs of today.

Of the "lost art" of hardening copper little is heard of late years, though one occasionally hears a wiseling from the wilds wish that he knew how to do it as well as the ancients, and while it is perhaps regrettable that he doesn't his ignorance is his own fault.

Many arts and devices have been abandoned because new knowledge has made them useless, and time spent in rediscovering them would be worse than wasted. The modern youth had much better spend his time studying the art of his contemporaries than that which is "lost."—Scientific American.

DIVERS' PARALYSIS.

This Disease Affects Its Victims Only Out of Water.

"Divers' paralysis," said the second mate, "proves homeopathy to be a fact. Homeopathy says that like cures like. For instance, if you have a fever take something that produces a fever, and you will recover. Well, divers' paralysis backs up this claim.

"The disease afflicts the pearl divers of Ceylon and the sponge divers of the Mediterranean. It attacks only the best men, the ones who go down deepest and stay longest, and it is supposed to be caused by the swift changes from one pressure of water to another that the diver undergoes when he pops up to the surface.

"This paralysis makes the diver quite helpless out of water. Yet under water it disappears altogether. The water causes divers' paralysis. The water in a truly homeopathic manner takes every vestige of the disease away.

"To the oyster beds of Ceylon and to the sponge fisheries of the Mediterranean many of the best divers are carried like infants. Helpless as logs, they lie in a row on the decks in the sunshine till their turn comes to descend. Then in Ceylon the pearl diver is carried to the boat's edge. He sits there, his hands on his knees, as if lost in thought (he is getting his breath), and suddenly—pop—he rolls awkwardly into the water. And the instant he disappears all his agility returns to him, and as easily as a boy would dive five feet after a white stone he dives over a hundred feet after the hidden pearls.

"With the paralyzed sponge diver it is the same story. Only, since he holds a heavy stone in his arms to bear him down to the bottom, he must be carried to the boat's side and dropped over bodily.

"These paralytics are like fish—awkward, helpless, flopping hideously about the deck, but the moment you toss them overboard away they dart, quick, graceful, dolphin-like."—New York Herald.

IN COLONIAL DAYS.

The First Iron Mines and Flour Mills In Virginia.

In 1619 the London company, the proprietors of the colony of Virginia, sent over a Mr. King and 150 skilled ironworkers to erect furnaces on Falling creek. These men came chiefly from Warwickshire and Staffordshire and when once in Virginia named the village that grew up about their iron works Warwick.

Mr. King soon dropped out of the enterprise, and a Captain Bluett superintended the erection of the works. But his career was a short one, after which John Berkeley, son of Sir John Berkeley, a nobleman of much distinction, succeeded to the superintendency of the establishment and conducted it ably until one day—March 22, 1622—the Indians, under Opitchapan, a brother of Powhatan, surprised the village and murdered Berkeley and 150 men and women.

In 1700 mills were built upon the ruins of the iron furnace. In those mills was ground the first flour exported from America, much of it going to South America. From that time on Warwick grew rapidly until it became an important manufacturing and shipping village, as it was at the head of navigation.

Shortly before the outbreak of the Revolutionary war Colonel Archibald Cary acquired possession of the vast estate known as Ampthill, that lay on the James river and inland along Falling creek for a distance. The estate was named after one in England.

Colonel Cary was chairman of the committee that drafted the first bill of rights and state constitution in America, that of Virginia. When the war broke out he took an active part in the military operations of his country in the south.

Tarleton, the British general, sailed up the James river and burned Warwick and Colonel Cary's mills on Falling creek.

The old Ampthill house occupied by Colonel Cary at the time is still standing, and the present owners are descendants of the Cary family.—Scientific American.