

BOOK COVERS:

38 of the Cloth For Them is Made From Cotton Fabric.

All of the cloth used in the binding of books is made from cotton fabric, yet one would not say so on seeing the finished product. Some of it looks exactly like coarse linen. Other styles have an appearance of the finest kind of silk, while others have various sorts of finishes that look like leather, canvas, watered silk and a thousand different designs.

When the cloth comes from the mills it is treated in various ways to prepare it for the dyeing process, which is the most important. Different kinds of dyes are used in the different grades, and after this is done it is ready for the color machines.

These are really the same sort of machines that calico is made on. They are built of great steel rolls or cams that are heated to a high temperature by means of live steam passing through them constantly. The cloth passes through boxes filled with the aniline color that is expected to be colored with. This is mixed with a starch paste and is spread evenly all through the cloth.

The latter then continues through the steam heated cans and is finally rolled up at the back of the machine in a heavy roll of the desired color. The different finishes are given as the cloth passes through the color machines. The cloth is passed through very heavy and massive steel rolls which have been engraved with the design that is wanted. Fine lines running diagonally across the cloth will give a silk effect, and there are many other impressions that may be stamped on in this way.—Springfield Union.

Whittier's Barbara Fritchelle.

It is the poet's treatment of "Stonewall" Jackson that has given greatest offense and has caused the friends of that gallant gentleman to denounce the whole story as a myth and either to deny Barbara's existence in toto or to question her loyalty. There is no ground for either. Barbara Fritchelle perhaps never saw "Stonewall" Jackson. At least she did not see him ride past her house on that "cool September morn." Not because she was bedridden on that day, as has been asserted. Mrs. Abbott, who went down to invite her aunt to come and spend the day with her, falling to induce her to leave the house, remained and watched with her the "dust brown ranks" as they passed. Jackson on reaching Market street rode with his staff two squares to the north to pay his respects to the Presbyterian minister, Dr. Ross, on Second street, and then rejoined his troops by riding through Mill alley and reaching Patrick street about half a square to the west of Barbara Fritchelle's house. Of this a member of that staff, himself a gallant son of Maryland, has again and again testified. The poet Whittier received his material from Mrs. Southworth of Georgetown, D. C., and used but little license in working them up, as the letter written to him and quoted in full in his "Life" well shows.

Careful of the Thermometer.

In a certain village not very long ago a benevolent doctor offered to give a thermometer to every cottage, carefully explaining its use. Soon after their arrival a district visitor entered one house where the new thermometer hung proudly in the middle of the room dangling at the end of a string. The visitor complimented the owner upon it and inquired if she remembered the instructions.

"Aye, that I do," was the reply. "I hangs on there, and I watches on until it gets above 60."

"Quite right, Mrs. —," said the lady, much pleased that the directions given had taken root. "And what do you do when it gets above 60?"

"Why, then," was the unlooked for answer, "I takes on down from the nail and puts it in the garden and cools un down a bit!"—London Tit-Bits.

Naval Encouragement.

Admiral Watson always prohibited swearing on the vessel where he happened to be, and if any luckless officer enforced an order from the bridge with an oath he was called upon for a private interview with his superior. But another matter in his squadron troubled the admiral. His was the flagship, and yet her men were sometimes the last to finish the execution of a command to carry out a maneuver. One day when the seamen were behind in getting down from the rigging he called a captain to him.

"Why is it," he asked, "that here on the flagship, where we ought to be the quickest, the men are behind the other ships?"

While the officer was seeking for an inoffensive reply a volley of oaths came floating across the water from the captain of the nearest ship.

"Well, you see, admiral, our men don't get the right kind of encouragement, sir."—Exchange.

Ireland's Wonderful Lines.

Whether or not Ireland is the finest country in the world for growing flax, it is beyond dispute the finest in the world for bleaching linen, an operation which requires from six to eight weeks, according to the nature and weight of the fabric. Nowhere else can the snow white finished fabric be turned out to rival the Irish bleach. France, Belgium, Germany and the United States have all entered into competition and retired unsuccessful. The quality of the water, the climate and the inherited experience of the Irish bleachers must all contribute to the result, which has had abundant practical demonstration that Ireland now occupies and has always occupied the first place in the whole world for bleaching and finishing linen.

Precocious In Spots.

Robby—Do I have to go to school, mother?
Mother—Of course, Robby.
Robby—Why, mother, I heard you tell father last night that I knew entirely too much.—Detroit Free Press.

Figures It Out.

John—When may a knothole be said to be not whole?
John—When are you talking about?
John—The answer is: "When only a part of the knot is not."

POLLY LARKIN

"I have been to a mother's meeting to-day, Polly, and the subject for discussion was, 'What shall we do with our boys?' First one mother, then another, gave her opinion, and each of them had a grain of good in her method; but when it came to Mrs. B—, who is known far and wide as the most devoted mother and with the best beloved and most lovable children for miles around, every word she uttered was good advice and listened to with interest, her hearers heartily concurring in all she had to say, except Mrs. H—, who remarked tartly, 'The good old Bible is my authority, and it says decidedly and plainly enough for most people, 'Thou shalt not have any other God before me,' and again, 'Train up a child in the way he should go,' and 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.' I follow all three of these commands to the letter as nearly as I can. I don't believe in fondling and making over my children, for that is where parents make a mistake and proceed to make idols of them, and it spoils them as well. I lay down the law and expect them to obey, and if they don't they know punishment is coming. If my children turn out badly I will be through no fault of mine, for I have refrained from making idols of them and I have not spared the rod, as each and all of them, from the oldest down to the baby can testify." She said this in a tone of resignation that made me indignant, for we all know there is not a more cowed and narrow-minded family of children in the whole town than Mrs. H—'. They all look unhappy and hardly dare open their mouths when in their mother's presence. The only time I ever saw them thaw out and act naturally was one evening at a social, when their mother, for some reason or other, was detained at home. It was a pleasure to watch them. They were among the last to leave, and one of the girls remarked as she started for home that she never had such a good time in her life. It is no wonder that two of her boys ran away from home to seek their fortunes. I am sure they found peace and comfort that had been strangely lacking in their own home. Mrs. H— undoubtedly thinks she is doing the right thing in following the instructions to the letter in bringing up her family. She, at any rate, has succeeded in covering them completely and making the submissive ones almost as narrow-minded as herself.

"On the other hand, look at Mrs. B—'s family. They are a welcome addition to any gathering, perfect little ladies and gentlemen; always at their ease, ready to do their part when it comes to entertaining, and know the proper thing to do and at the right time. They don't appear forward, either, only just natural. They are bright and attractive and sought after by their friends, who are legion. Mrs. B— gave the whole keynote to her success in raising her family when she said, 'Make home happy for the boys make it the dearest and most attractive place on earth for the entire family, for therein lies the secret of holding them together. Encourage them, boys and girls, to make a confidant of you, and never be too tired or too busy to listen to them; but should it happen that you are unable to give them the time, then set an hour in which they can come and confide their troubles to you and make it a rule never to betray their confidence, never make light of what they have to tell you or hold it up to ridicule, for the latter has driven many a boy confidant from his mother's side, and she doubtless is unconscious that by her own act she has caused this always to be deplored estrangement. Knowing the evils of the corner grocery, where men of all descriptions congregate to drink, possibly carry on their games of cards, playing for stakes, telling stories and using language that no decent boy should hear, I made up my mind early in my married life that the home should be made so attractive that they would not think of the corner grocery as a place of amusement, or any other place for that matter. They are naturally dislike anything that is coarse and do not seek companions who possess these traits, yet on more than one occasion my boys have come to me to see if they might bring a certain boy home with them who had never had any home training and really no chance in life for self-improvement. The last request they made of this kind my youngest boy said, 'He's not like any of us, mama, for he's never had a chance, and I would just like to let him see what a nice home is like and that it does not pay to be rough and use bad words. All he knows about a home is that it is a place to eat and sleep in and then get out of as quick as he can.' My boy had his way. He brought his friend and I found all the lovely qualities of this boy lying dormant; he had had nothing in his life to bring them out. My boy's home life was a revelation to him. I have encouraged him to come to the house and he has readily taken up with the better side of life and dropped the coarse vein that fairly shocked us all at first. I am proud to think that my youngest boy, whom I naturally expected the least from, should see the diamond beneath the rough and unpolished surface."

It does not do very much good to look for the jug after a fellow is paralyzed.

What are we going to do with our two oldest boys? We have forbidden them playing cards, smoking and the like, but not long ago we were informed on good authority that they were practicing both secretly. My husband took steps to find out the truth of the matter before he said a word, and then he punished them both severely. They cried and promised him to do better, but still we worry about them.

"You should have tried my husband's plan in regard to breaking the boys from smoking and playing cards. If there is one thing we are both a unit in disagreeing it is that twin evil, smoking and card-playing. My husband discovered the boys one day playing cards with some friends in the barn loft and smoking. He never let them know he had seen them but stole quietly down and came to the house to talk it over with me. We decided it would never do to punish them, for that would only drive them from home to play. He was more hurt at their deceiving him than he was at their indulging in the two vices he abhorred. Finally we decided to introduce playing cards in the home, and their father was to join them in the games and keep them playing every night until they got sick of cards. The boys were completely taken aback when that night at supper their father remarked that he had changed his mind about their playing cards and he had brought home a pack and proposed that they have a game. He heaped coals of fire on their heads by telling them how much he appreciated their having carried out his wishes in the past and leaving cards alone because they knew he disliked them when other boys were playing all around them. How the poor little fellows did twist and turn in their chairs and grow red in the face, but neither one had the courage to confess their shortcomings. That night he explained all the cards to the boys, and told them the name of each, then they commenced to play and kept it up until 12 o'clock. The next night it was for a week, then it began to grow tiresome, but still their father was enthusiastic over the game; he never got tired. Then one night he brought home some cigarettes and told the boys he had no objection to their learning to smoke, provided they smoked at home. The cigarettes had been doctored for the occasion. Their father insisted on their smoking the whole pack, and they went at it in earnest. Before they were through they were the sickest boys you ever saw, and some way or other they seemed to combine the two together, and to this day they cannot abate cigarettes or cards and cannot be induced to touch them. It was far more effectual than any punishment could have been. But Mrs. H— has not told us how she makes her home so attractive to the boys."

BRIEF REVIEW.

Faking at Kennel Shows.

If the British Kennel Club will now enforce the rule which it has recently made, says Outing, disqualifying dogs that are "faked," a much needed reform will be instituted. Faking, which means preparing dogs for exhibition by trimming or dyeing, or plucking, has become so universal in England and so cleverly done that it is very hard to say just where it begins and ends. The serious feature of the practice is, of course, its harmful effect upon the standard of the breed concerned. It stands to reason that "faking" does not advance the breed, and that if second grade specimens are awarded blue ribbons through the clever "faking" of their owners the breed, in due course, becomes distinctly lowered. Trimming, or plucking, or dyeing does not prevent the puppies of the faked animal from inheriting the faults which were covered up for the delusion of the bench show judges.

Six monster apples gathered at Fulham, Norfolk, England, measured thirteen inches in circumference and weighed together three pounds and two ounces.

In a cemetery at Middlebury, Vt., is a stone erected by a widow for her loving husband bearing this inscription: "Rest in peace—until we meet again."

Endeavors are being made to amalgamate the Austrian, French and Swiss Alpine clubs for the purpose of securing more control over the guides.

Authorities of British Columbia have established traveling libraries for the benefit of the numerous lumber and mining camps in the province.

A little enthusiasm greases one's elbows and lubricates the whole mental machinery.

It does not do very much good to look for the jug after a fellow is paralyzed.

OLD CITY OF MEXICO

CURIOUS LEGENDS THAT FLOURISH IN THE ANCIENT TOWN.

Its Picturesque Streets, With Their quaint Customs and Traditions and Singular Names.—The Story of the Street of the Raven.

Every old city has its legends, its stories, its peculiar customs and its characteristic quarters. Of all the cities in the new world, Mexico has clustered within it more of legend, history, tradition and quaint customs and people than any other. Almost every street has its story, and these stories cover all the gamut of the picturesque, the horrible, the sentimental and the pathetic.

In its early history the City of Mexico was divided into wards, or quarters, each one of which was the special home of some trade or profession. There was the street or quarter of the shoemakers, the streets of the silversmiths, of the hatters, of the saddle makers, of the butchers, of the watchmakers, of the silk merchants, of the wine sellers and so on. There was even the street of the coffin makers. Many of these old names still exist, though the caste-like character of the streets has somewhat changed. One of the most fashionable streets of the city is "Plateros," the street of the silversmiths. Even today there are more jewelry shops on this street than any other kind of business, and here still are to be found the most fashionable jewelry and art curio stores of the city.

The street of the coffin makers still exists and is now very appropriately known as the Street of Death. It is a narrow lane, running the length of only one block.

Cinco de Mayo (5th of May) street was named in commemoration of the decisive advantage gained by Mexican troops over the French, which took place upon that date. This naming of streets, parks and public places after the heroes and events of Spanish history. One end of Cinco de Mayo street enters the Zocalo, the principal square of the city. The Zocalo has seen many historic happenings. There in olden times was the great temple of the Aztecs, which, with its accompanying base or pyramid, larger than St. Peter's at Rome, the largest church building in the world. There, too, was the palace of Montezuma, in fact, two palaces, both noted, one the old, in which were quartered Cortez and his officers, a building whose vast size excited the admiration of even the Spaniards themselves, used as they were to the vast structures of the Moors of their day, which still existed in Spain in all their splendor.

On the Zocalo, too, is the Cathedral of Mexico, the third largest church building in the world, which occupied 100 years in building. On this public square the common people believed for a long time that the ghost of the unfortunate Aztec emperor, Montezuma, wandered at night lamenting the loss of empire and the destruction of his people. Even today the lumber folk believe that a tunnel connects the cathedral with the castle of Chapultepec, the presidential residence, three and a half miles away, at the end of the Paseo de la Reforma, one of the finest and noblest public drives in the world.

One of the historic streets of Mexico is Mariscala. This faces the north side of the Alameda, the largest and most fashionable park of the city. It was along this street that the army of Cortez, the great conqueror of Mexico, passed on the "bloody night" when he drove from the city by the Aztecs. On this street, too, occurred some of the most desperate fighting on that terrible night. There the Spaniards were able to do nothing against the tiger-like ferocity and fanaticism of the Aztecs.

On the opposite side of the Alameda is Avenida Juarez, named after the great Mexican reformer, who had freed the country from the grinding rule of the church. This is a wide, well paved street and on account of its width and its central location is the scene of all the public processions, especially those of a civic character. This street is a continuation of the great public drive, the Paseo de la Reforma.

Many of the streets have very curious names. For instance, there are the Street of the Lost Child, the Street of Peace, the Street of the Arts, that of the Wood Owls, the Deer, Sorrow, the Sad Indian, the Holy Ghost, of Christ, of Jesus, of the Sanctified Virgin, of the Purified Virgin, of Death and the Lane of the Hat. All of these have stories connected with them. Many of the streets have names that sound impious to northern ears. But there is no more thought of impiety in naming them than there is in calling a boy Jesus. The Street of the Holy Ghost was originally the Street of the Church of the Holy Ghost. So on with the other streets bearing sacred names. 'Tis curious, incongruous use of sacred names that is so frequently noted in Mexico.

The streets of Mexico commemorate the names of many famous rulers. They also record the names of desperate characters. There is the Street of Don Juan Manuel, who committed murder in defense of his own honor, which he believed his wife had trifled with. His report says that the house where he lived was haunted and for very many years it remained empty because no one dared to live in it.

There is also the Street of the Raven, where it is said there lived an old man who had sold his soul to the devil. Here he lived with a raven which the common people believed was the devil in disguise. One day the old man and the bird disappeared in the course of a terrible thunderstorm, leaving behind them only a few feathers and a suspicious smell of brimstone. So the street was called after the raven because the people did not wish to take the name of the devil in vain.—Modern Mexico.

As to Mobs.

You can't punish a mob unless you punish it while it is a mob. A man is not the same man while he is in a mob as he is while he is an individual, and this is one reason why it is so difficult ever to punish and individual for what he did as a part of a mob. This distinction is not fanciful; it is a real difference, and public sentiment and prosecuting officers and juries recognize it, whether they know it or not. For this reason it is generally useless to hope for the punishment of men after a mob has dispersed.—World's Work.

THE ORIGIN OF COFFEE.

Why the Berry Defies Production in the United States.—The legend runs that it was first found growing wild in Arabia. Hadji Omar, a dervish, discovered it in 1285, 617 years ago. He was dying of hunger in the wilderness, when, finding some small round berries, he tried to eat them, but they were bitter. He tried roasting them, and these he finally stepped in some water held in the hollow of his hand and found the decoction as refreshing as if he had partaken of solid food. He hurried back to Mecca, from which he had been banished, and, inviting the wise men to partake of his discovery, they were so well pleased with it that they made him a saint.

The story is told that coffee was introduced into the West Indies in 1723 by Chirac, a French physician, who gave a Norman gentleman of the name of De Cleux, a captain of infantry on his way to Martinique, a single plant. The sea voyage was a stormy one, the vessel was driven out of her course, and drinking water became so scarce that he found the decoction as refreshing as if he had partaken of solid food. He hurried back to Mecca, from which he had been banished, and, inviting the wise men to partake of his discovery, they were so well pleased with it that they made him a saint.

The coffee tree is an evergreen shrub, growing in its natural state to a height of fourteen to eighteen feet. It is usually kept trimmed, however, for convenience in picking the berries, which grow along the branches close to the leaves and resemble in shape and color ordinary cherries. The tree cannot be grown above the frost line, neither can it be successfully grown in the tropics. The most successful climate for production is that found at an altitude of about 4000 feet. Anything much above this is in danger of frost, which is fatal to the tree, and when coffee is grown much below this it requires artificial shade, which materially increases the cost of production and does not produce as marketable berries. It is owing to this particular requirement that coffee has never been successfully produced in the United States.—Success.

MAKING BREAD.

Biscuits and rolls require a hotter oven than bread.

Bread should rise to twice its original quantity before it is ready to bake. The sponge should be set at night if the baking is to be done in the morning; otherwise set it early in the morning.

Bread and biscuits should rise in a moderately warm place, for if too cold it will be heavy or if too hot it is likely to sour.

Milk is preferable for mixing. In some cases the quantity used will have to be varied a little, as some flour will absorb more moisture than others.

A good sponge can be made of one pint of sifted flour, one cake of compressed yeast dissolved in a cupful of warm water and liquid enough to make a batter. It should be left to rise till light.—Exchange.

At the Theater.

One of the most annoying things in the world is to go to the theater and sit back of a man who has been to see the play and insists upon telling his companion all about the performance and what's coming next. The other night at one of the local playhouses a man was greatly annoyed by the occupant of the seat in front of him talking in a loud voice about what was going to happen on the stage. Finally, when the talk became incessant, he exclaimed:

"What an infernal nuisance!"

The man in front turned around and said in a threatening voice:

"Do you refer to me, sir?"

"No, indeed," replied the man in the row behind. "I was simply saying what I thought of the actors. They are making so much noise that I can't hear one-half of your interesting and valuable conversation!"—Philadelphia Press.

As She Understood It.

A pretty frock checked country girl entered one of our large department stores. It was bargain day, and the crowd was greater than usual. She had wandered about from floor to floor, a little bewildered at the magnitude of the establishment, the largest she had ever seen.

Seeing her, a doorwalker approached and said, "Is anybody waiting on you?"

"Yes, sir," said the girl, blushing to the roots of her flaxen hair. "He's outside; he wouldn't come in."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sex Peculiarities.

A man will run as fast as he can to cross a railroad track in front of a train. Then he will watch it till it goes out of sight. Then he will walk leisurely away. He seems to be all right and probably is. That is a man.

A woman in a street car will open a satchel and take out a purse, take out a dime and close the purse, open the satchel, put in the purse, close the satchel and lock both ends. Then she will give the dime to the conductor, who will give her a nickel back. Then she will open the satchel and take out the purse, put in the nickel, close the purse, close the satchel and lock both ends. Then she will feel for the buckle at the back of her belt.—Kansas City Journal.

Wagner and Thirteen.

In the life of Richard Wagner the number thirteen played a curious part. He was born in 1813, the numerals of which added together, are equal to thirteen, and he received a name the letters of which when added to those of his family name are also equal to thirteen. Moreover, he finished "Tannhauser" on April 13, 1860, and it was performed for the first time on March 13, 1861. Twenty-two years later he died, and again the mystical number was dominant, for he passed away on Feb. 13, 1883.

NEW SHORT STORIES

Lipton's Cheese Ad.

"I remember very distinctly," said an old gentleman in the Waldorf-Astoria to a New York Press man, "the first time I had Lipton's Cheese. I was a schoolboy together. Then I went to Elton and lost track of him. I studied law, and when I returned to Glasgow Tom had hung out his shingle as a green grocer in an obscure street. He was competing with well established firms and for three years plodded along almost unnoticed and with only a small number of customers. But one day the Glasgow papers bore an advertisement something like this:

"Thomas Lipton will sell at market price good cheeses filled with coin of the kingdom. The cheeses have been prepared especially and are laden with treasuries, sixpences, shillings, half-sovereigns and sovereigns." "This astonishing announcement attracted a lot of attention, and the little shop of Lipton, green grocer, was besieged. He sold his cheese by the pound and in each slice one was quite sure to find at least a silver coin. What a trade he drew! He sold cheese by the thousands of pounds. It cost him a goodly penny, too, because he gave away in this fashion about £500. But Lipton was established. For years he was known as 'Cheese Lipton,' and each Christmas he would conceive some brilliant scheme along lines that appealed to the public."

McKinley's Good Nature.

The late President McKinley's relations with the newspaper correspondents were almost always cordial, and he never seemed half so anxious to keep them aloof as his attendants were. One of his last vacations as president was taken in the Adirondacks. Thiffler went a newspaper photographer on the speculation that he might possibly get some snapshots of the chief executive in his hours of ease. For two or three

The Cow and the Ox in India.

Few people traveling in India can fail to notice the part played, whether in the flesh or its representation, by the cow and the ox. Sacred cattle wander unmolested and unmolested through the streets of the cities, more especially in the south, generally decorated with garlands of flowers; stone "nandis," the bulls of Siva, keep guard before his temples and round his tanks; they are portrayed in fresco or in carving on the walls of many a rock cavern. Oxen turn mills, plow the land, are drawers and carriers of water and, above all, are invaluable for drawing loads. Cattle, as is well known, are by Hindoos held in great and superstitious reverence. Ganges water poured over a cow's tail being equivalent to the kissing of the sacred book, the Ved, is an omen. Yet, unfortunately, the draft ox often receives very rough treatment at his driver's hands. So long as the animal's life is not taken his treatment counts as nothing among these people who regard the brutes as sacred.

Sudden Lapse of Memory.

"I'm sorry," said the passenger with the nose glasses, "I was standing on the front platform when the car hit the wagon. It was all the fault of the blamed driver. He started to cross the track when the car was just ten feet away. The motorman shut off the power and put on the brakes, but he couldn't stop in time. Some of these foul drivers are always doing that sort of thing. It would serve 'em right!" Here a policeman with a notebook came along.

"Did you see how this happened?" he asked.

"Me?" said the man with the nose glasses. "Gosh, no! I don't know a thing about it!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Doubting Father.

Mr. George Manville Fenn was in the Reform club one afternoon, says a London Journal, when he noticed that an old gentleman, a friend of his, was looking rather perturbed, so he inquired if there was anything the matter. "Well," said the old gentleman, "the fact is my son has got a play coming out tonight, and I fear it will be a ghastly failure. He can write pretty little plays when he likes, but this one he has written is a non-sensical sort of a thing, and I'm sure it won't do at all. However, I suppose I must go and see it." The son's name was William S. Gilbert, and the play was "Trial by Jury."

Cloves.

"Cloves," said a physician, "make an excellent and handy remedy for nausea, for the headache due to train rides and for slight attacks of seasickness. I went abroad last year, and on the boat the first day I began to feel the approaches of seasickness. I took a clove every hour all the rest of the day, and it did not return again. My wife is much given to indigestion, particularly when she eats pastry, but experience has taught her that she may now eat pastry with impunity provided that she smears her clove now and then for several hours after the meal."

Sick Herrings.

"Why," said a youngster to his elder brother, "do herrings have so many more illnesses than other fish?" "Who says they do?" asked the fourth addressed.

"Why, this book says that thousands upon thousands of them are cured every year."

Silence Is Golden.

"Of course," said the beginner, "to be successful in politics one must know how to speak."

"Better still," replied the old hand, "he must know how not to speak."—Exchange.

TO MOW DOWN YANKEES

The Chain Shot Cannon That Was Invented by a Georgian. A double barreled cannon designed to sweep down whole regiments of Union soldiers is one of the relics of the civil war and is perhaps the only "shooting iron" of the kind in the world. It immediately after war was declared an iron worker named John Gilleland, then employed in one of the Athens foundries, decided that he could make a cannon with two barrels which should be more effective than a dozen of the usual kind. The death dealing invention was to be charged with iron balls of a nonexplosive nature, to which was to be attached a long stout chain, so that when the two barrels were fired simultaneously the balls and chain would mow down men by companies.

The cannon was cast. When it was entirely finished the inventor invited a number of his friends to a pine thicket on a hill on the outskirts of the city to see it work. The double barreled thing was placed in position on the hillside and a heavy charge of powder rammed home in each barrel and the chained balls loaded on top of this. The inventor's friends kept at a safe distance, and he applied the fuse. One charge of powder and ball "went off," but the other didn't. As the heavy ball shot out it carried with it the chain to the full length, ripping and carving around, over and under the pine saplings, rocks and mud, tearing up small trees and earth, and finally came circling back to the cannon which held the other ball with chain attached. The inventor was struck on one arm by the ball, now nearly spent, and knocked senseless, while friends feared to go near, supposing that the other barrel might take a notion to discharge. It was some time before the discharged ball lay motionless near the upturned cannon. The inventor's arm was shattered, making amputation necessary.

This was the first and last trial of the cannon which was to mow down the Yankees. Mr. Gilleland lost hope and interest with his arm, and the cannon was permitted to remain on the hill for many months, but was finally carted into the city, where for years it did most effective duty in celebrating elections and Christmas day. By and by the old piece dealer was missed from its place near the old city hall, and no one seemed to know what had become of it. Finally, after diligent search, it was found in a junk shop. From this place it was resurrected, and the city council made an appropriation sufficient to have it mounted and placed near the Confederate monument, immediately opposite the government building.



HE INVITED THE PHOTOGRAPHER TO COME ALONG.