

POLITENESS PAYS.

One Young Englishman Has Taught the Lesson and Never Forgot It.

"There's nothing in it." How I do detest that phrase!" remarked a grave looking, middle aged man.

"What! courteous to him? Why, there's nothing in it." "See here, boys," continued the grave looking man.

"One day an elderly party, who looked to me then like a book peddler, for he had on a real shabby tile, and was, if not slovenly, very carelessly dressed, stepped in and asked for the boss.

"So sure was I of the new berth that I had resigned from the old one and awaited with some anxiety, certainly, but considerable confidence, for the interview with the governor, for all applicants for a position in the bank must personally pass that august official.

"Take this," he said, "and begin a new life with what you tell me you have saved; it will enable you to get to Canada or Australia. Your letters of recommendation will do as well there as here, and I will give you one myself. Let this be a letter to you and others. Never judge any one by their outward appearance."

Curious Unclaimed Deposits. It is not undeserving of notice that in a schedule to the annual parliamentary return, issued by the supreme court of judicature (England), is given a list of unclaimed boxes and other miscellaneous effects deposited in the Bank of England, belonging to suitors or their representatives.

A bag of clipped money, in Jones vs. Lloyd, August, 1726; a box containing small articles of jewelry; a sealed envelope containing a promissory note for £400 in favor of John Spilman; a paper marked "George Colman, Will"; a debenture dated 1739; Bouvier vs. Jacques, plate, etc.; Salm Kyrburg vs. Pomansky, said to contain bills of exchange for 25,000 francs; E. A. Williams, deceased, plate, jewelry and presentation plate; Lousada's estate, diamond brooch bequeathed to wife of G. A. Lousada; Joshua Blackburn, a person of unsound mind, plate and jewelry (six wooden and four tin boxes); Wade Gery vs. Handley, heirlooms (two boxes).—Chambers' Journal.

Read Thoroughly. Savage Lander said, in his savage way, that no person should ever have more than five books on hand. He said that when you had read a book thoroughly you had better give it away, and that it was idle to keep around you so many monuments of unfinished reading as most men had in the books of their libraries.

Not Cash Down. Good Minister—I am glad to find you bear up so well under affliction, Mrs. De Trade. I did not hope to find you so cheerful after your husband's failure.

An Unexpected Compliment. City Editor (to reporter)—Perkins, I don't think you'll ever make an editorial writer.

A Great Mind. "That man has a wonderful memory."

"How does he show it?" "He never leaves his rubbers in a restaurant."—Puck.

Up in the Attic. "Did you sit in the stallion the opera?" "No, I was 'way up stairs, in the par-adi."—Puck.

CHA NO YU IN JAPAN.

AN ANCIENT METHOD OF BREWING THE CUP THAT CHEERS.

The Ceremonial Tea, an Old Japanese Custom, Still Observed with Scrupulous Precision and Great Enthusiasm—An American Lady's Experience.

A social custom of the olden time that is now kept up with something of the reverence that attaches itself to personal relics is the cha no yu, or ceremonial tea.

Cha no yu survives now as a charming relic of the past, and every Japanese of the higher classes has more or less skill in performing the rites, and notes the host's movements with the closest attention when any one makes tea after the ceremonial rules in their presence.

DINING AT A CLUB HOUSE. It was apparent that I rose early in the estimation of a Japanese gentleman when I asked him for the address of a master of cha no yu. He assured me that a great artist in that line could be found at the Hoishigakka club, of which he was a member, and so the evening on which we should dine at the club house with him and his wife and meet the master of the ceremonies, the Hoishigakka club is closed off from the temple grounds by high hedges, and a grand oak tree that stands at its entrance, and could be easily missed if not known and looked for.

In the tea room proper we took our seats on the mats, and the master who was to act as host began the rites. A closed kettle of water, resting in the small fireplace sunken in the floor was all that the room contained, besides a kakemono and a vase of flowers in a recess. The master, with the greatest solemnity, brought in a box containing charcoal and implements for making the fire; retired and brought in a bowl of sand. With a deliberation and an exactness acquired only by a lifetime of practice, he went through the process of removing the water kettle, dredging the fresh sand, laying in charcoal, sprinkling incense, dusting the edges of the fire place, and setting back the water kettle.

A LESSON IN CHA NO YU. During the interval, while the fresh charcoal caught fire and the water boiled, we dined. While the last trays were removed, we stepped to the tiny veranda and looked out upon the moonlight garden, and the room was made ready for the continuance of the cha no yu. The master sat meditatively before the simmering kettle like some benevolent Buddha about to perform the rites, a tiny bamboo dipper, a bowl, a silk bag, and a thing like a shaving brush, but made of finely split bamboo, lying before him. With all the seriousness in the world, he produced a square of purple silk from his girle, folded, stroked, and snapped it just so, took up the little brocade bag and deliberately untied its silk cords and revealed a little tea caddy about three inches high, of ancient brown earthenware.

The master made some magician's passes over the top of the tea caddy to remove the invisible and impalpable dust, carefully rubbed a straight ivory spoon and laid it down, wiped the bowl with a shawl of white cloth elaborately folded beforehand, and then the tea making really began. We were watching closely, and the faces of our Japanese friends were glowing with pleasure at seeing the perfect movements of the master. It would require columns to tell to a critical Japanese just how the master crooked his finger, removed the lid of the kettle, rinsed the bowl and the bamboo whisk, and did much that we hardly suspected as being studied or a part of the set programme. In general outline he put a few tiny spoonfuls of powdered tea in the bowl, poured on the boiling water and beat the mixture to a froth with a bamboo whisk. The bowl was then offered round to us as a loving cup, and each took a sip of the thick, green like drink that tasted like the greenest of green tea and quinine mixed. The powdered tea is made of the choicest young leaves of the tea plant, dried immediately after picking, and ground to a powder as fine as flour, and is used only for ceremonial tea drinkings. In an equally delicate and elaborate manner the master rinsed out his tea bowl and whisk, covered up his tea caddy and set his things away, and we, bowing our heads to the mats three times, rose upon our feet, that had been asleep for the whole hour that the solemn process was in operation.—Ruhama's Tokio Letter in Globe-Democrat.

Left Feet Are Larger. "The left foot, please," said a sixth avenue shoe dealer, as a customer was about to test the size of a pair of shoes by trying one upon his right foot. "You see," explained the dealer, "the left foot is larger than the right. Everybody to whom I make this statement is surprised, for people believe that in case of a foot ailment, for example, the right is the larger. Observation has convinced me, however, that while the right hand is larger than the left, the left foot is larger than the right."—New York Sun.

THE MAKING OF CIDER.

BYGONE DAYS OF THE STONE TROUGH AND ROLLER.

Methods of the Massachusetts Farmer of a Hundred Years Ago—Primitive Press and the "Cheese"—Wooden Cylinders for Grinding—Modern Inventions.

There are some interesting facts in connection with the cider industry of the state which at the opening of the present century was a primitive business among the farmers. The fruit of which the cider was made at that time was the wild, natural apples, mostly sour and deficient of flavor. The cider was a harsh, sour drink, even as it ran from the press. The cider drinker of those days lived to a great age. As time went on, grafting was discovered; that many of the wild trees were grafted to more palatable fruit, and later on budding came into use. Then an experienced buidner could change hundreds of small nursery seedlings in one day to any desirable variety. At this day, there are not more than ten or a dozen varieties of apples with which it is advisable to plant an orchard. Those choice varieties are choice because they possess the requisites for success to the planter; namely, quality, productiveness, vigor, growth and color pleasing to the eye of the consumer.

THE OLD FASHIONED MILL. Here is a description of a cider mill of a well to do farmer 100 years ago. The first thing was a circular stone trough about 80 feet in diameter. The inside stones, which were set up edgewise, were about 18 inches in height, and the outside stones were 2 feet in height. The space between the stones was filled with clay, pounded in hard to prevent leaking. The width of the bottom of the trench was about 15 inches. A post was set in the center of the circle, and from that post extended a shaft of wood, which served as the axis of a stone cylinder made to turn in the circular trough. This cylinder was 4 feet long and about 8 inches in diameter. At the end of the shaft, outside the trench, a horse was hitched. The animal, by walking around the stone, jammed under the cylinder the apples that were placed in the trough. A man or a smart boy had his hands full to keep the horse going and to poke the apples under the stone, as they had a tendency to slide up the sides of the circular trough. In six hours a horse and man could mash about thirty bushels of apples. If the horse did not get the blind stagers from walking in so small a circle. After the grinding the finest portion of the pomace was shoveled into a tub and slid on two timbers to the press. A thick layer of straw was laid on the bottom of the press, with the ends reaching over a frame the size of the intended cheese. They a layer of mashed apple was laid on, and the straw was bent over the edge of the layer of apples, the form lifted up, then a layer of straw and so on until the cheese was at the desired height. The press was outdoors, with a roof over the top. The press was set high enough above the ground to allow a tub to be set under the vat to receive the juice.

"PIGGIN" AND STRAINER. The juice was bailed from the tub by a vessel called a "piggin," a wooden measure like a peck measure of today, with a wooden handle attached. The strainer and funnel consisted of a bucket of about two gallons capacity, with a wooden tub fastened on the bottom to piece in the bung-hole. That bucket was filled with straw for a strainer.

After six or eight hours of pressing the cheese would be quite compact; then the screws were raised and the sides of the cheese were cut, down with a broadax. Two or three buckets of water were then poured upon the cheese, and then the screws were forced down for all they would stand. The result of all labor was about two and one-half gallons of juice from a bushel of apples, and, being exposed so much and so long to the atmosphere, was oxidized to a dark brown color, which was supposed at that time (and is today by some people) to be the only criterion of its quality.

After the "piggin" of making cider, were the rollers, the rollers, and one in diameter, were used. These stood edgewise, with fluted edges, each into fitted into the other with a sweep on the top. The cylinders were driven by horse power, and the horse walked in a circle of 15 feet. Each time he traveled 60 feet the "mats," as they were called, revolved once around. The matted apples adhered to them so that a person had to scrape the pomace from the revolving nuts opposite the bepper.

ABOUT 1850 a Salem man invented a high speed roller, that revolutionally and revolve at a speed of 1,000 revolutions per minute. It was about one foot in length and the same in diameter. That did away with scraping off the pomace. The bar on the top of the cylinder held the apples from crowding. That contrivance would grind fifty bushels in about three hours if the vat was set for fine work.

LATER INVENTIONS. About this time iron rollers came into use and took the place of the wooden ones, and iron rollers were attached to them. In the morning, the rollers put on the rollers in the morning, would be ready to start off in the next morning, providing one or six hours were spent by two men pulling on the screws.

During the last war power presses began to be invented, first screw, then handle jointed, similar to Franklin's printing press. They required great care to prevent the cheese from sliding.

With these presses came the cloths and frames. The cloths are called cider cloths. They are three tapered and twisted very hard, with the desired space between each thread. Frames of tartan were used between each cloth holding the pomace, and they were about four inches apart. After the pressure was taken off the layer of pomace was about one inch in thickness. In 1850 a four screw press was invented with three screws up and the same down that would drain a cheese in thirty minutes. The cylinders are intended to make 2,000 revolutions per minute. At that speed it will average 100 bushels in thirty minutes. The improved mills of the present time are too costly for the average farmer to own. Only those near a dense population and who are able to buy apples of their neighbors can afford to maintain a plant to work two months in the year and be idle ten months.—Boston Globe.

BEFORE YOU CONSULT A PHYSICIAN

Consult common sense, and if you make an attempt to think once, the process will be less painful the next time you try. It will lead you to the irresistible conclusion that things and institutions and professions are not necessarily good because established in the remote past. They did not know everything in those days. They are monuments of ignorance with their faces turned to the past and their backs to the future.

My mother was taken with a gripe last spring in its most violent form, which rapidly developed into consumption. She had a most terrible cough, raised phlegm constantly, and we despaired of her recovery. We sent for my brother in California, as we did not know how long she might live. When we realized her condition we sent for Dr. Jordan, and at once began giving her his prescription. In two weeks she was out of bed, greatly to the surprise of every one who was acquainted with the case. In two months she is better than she has been in two years. This and other experiences with the Histogenetic Medicine convince us that it is the only medicine to use. Any one wishing to know more of this case may inquire of Mrs. L. Tuck, 713 Sutter Street.

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