IMPURE FOODS.

Tricks of the Trades Recorded by a Diarist of 1783.

"The pure food question is as old," said an antiquary, "as the hills."

He took down a volume bound in gray calf.

"This is the diary," he said, "of Heinrich Cruger, born in Amsterdam in 1724; died in New York in 1870. Listen to the pure food kick that Henry put up in 1783."

The antiquary read:

"Monday, 18th October—If I would drink water I must quaff the mawkish contents of a cursed open aqueduct, exposed to all manner of defilement and impregnated with all the filth of the town.

"As for the intoxicating potion sold as wine, it is a vile, unpalatable and pernicious sophistication, balderdashed with cider, corn-spirit and the juice of aloes.

"The bread is a deleterious paste, mixed up with chalk, alum and bone ashes, insipid to the taste and destructive to the constitution.

"The table beer, guiltless of hops or malt, is vapid and nauseous. The tallowy, rancid mass called butter is manufactured of candle grease and kitchen stuff. The fresh eggs were fresh once.

"The greens are boiled with brass halfpence in order to improve their color, while the pickles, though very inviting to the eye, are often insupportably rank to the taste, the reason being that in their case also the housewife has boiled a shilling's worth or two of halfpence or a pound brass weight in the vinegar."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE MORNING WAKING.

Getting Up Exercises That Will Put the Brain In Order.

The difficulty most people experience in getting up in the morning can be easily overcome by a simple operation, according to a medical authority. After the night's long rest the brain is laden with somewhat impure blood, and the lymph vessels which remove waste matter are overfull and sluggish. This is why we all crave another ten minutes in bed and why most people are so morose at breakfast. Very slowly the brain gets rid of the matters which interfere with its vigorous action, but the process can be expedited.

If the finger tips are placed against the neck just under the ear and moved swiftly down to the front of the shoulder along the course of the jugular vein, the used up blood is drawn away and room left for a fresh supply. This should be done twice at each side of the neck. Then the hands should be placed on the back of the neck just under the skull and moved downward as far as possible. This clears out the lymph vessels and effectually prevents swollen glands, from which so many people suffer.

After two brisk rubs of the lymph vessels return to the jugular veins and then back to the glands, half a dozen or eight times, until the operation will be found far better than a cup of coffee, and whenever the brain is dull through congestion this massage will be equally effective.—Pearson's.

Miss, Mrs. and Mistress.

"Miss" is an abbreviation of "mistress," which, as an English law dictionary explains, is the proper style of the wife of an esquire or a gentleman. By Dr. Johnson's time it had become "the term of honor to a young girl." In the earliest part of the eighteenth century, however, it was used respectfully of girls below the age of ten alone. After that age "miss" was rude, implying giddiness of behavior. In Smollett's writings an unmarried woman of mature years and her maid are both "Mrs." It is certain that "miss" has grown older, so to speak, while "master" has become confined to boys.

Danger In Linoleum Making.

In the manufacture of linoleum no unprotected lights are allowed in the mixing department. This is on account of the great danger of exploding the cork dust floating in the air. An additional danger in linoleum making is that the mixture of cement and cork dust has the unpleasant property of spontaneously igniting if left in a warm place. It is therefore customary to mix the material a sackful at a time in order to reduce the risks of an explosion.

A Figure of Speech.

"Dad," inquired Freddy, "what is a 'figure of speech?'"

"Where's your mother?" asked dad cautiously.

"She's downstairs," answered the boy.

"Well, then," began dad, "a figure of speech, my son, is a woman."—Harper's Weekly.

A Paradox of Poets.

"Poets have always had scanty encouragement."

"Yes," answered the sad eyed youth with inky fingers. "The idea seems to be that poetry is something everybody ought to read and nobody ought to write."—Washington Star.

She Helped.

Rayner—It took nerve, didn't it, to break yourself of the habit of smoking at your age? Shyne—It did, you bet! But my wife—er—has plenty of that.—Chicago Tribune.

Love.

Sillicus—How can a man tell when he is really in love? Cynicus—He can't tell till it's too late.—Philadelphia Record.

Comfort is but a homely name for happiness.—North.

HE WON HIS CASE.

An Incident That Illustrates the Shrewdness of Ben Butler.

A number of years ago General Benjamin F. Butler was a guest of friends in Brooklyn. During his visit he noted the rule of the street railway companies compelling conductors to register fares as soon as passengers entered the cars and before the fares were actually collected. Two or three years afterward he represented the plaintiff in a damage suit for $15,000 in which a Brooklyn street railway company was the defendant. The principal witness for the company was the conductor of the car on which the accident occurred, and his testimony was so strong as to make things look bad for Butler's client. But Butler recalled the unusual rule he had remarked years before, and on cross examination he said:

"Your company requires you to ring up fares as soon as passengers enter the car, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Suppose a passenger boards your car and then finds he is on the wrong line. Do you state that fact to your superiors, and do they make allowance on your returns for that fare?"

"No. I lose the nickel."

"Do you mean to say the company won't take your word for 5 cents?"

"No, they won't."

"Yet," said the shrewd veteran, turning to the jury, "the company asks you to take this conductor's word for $15,000."

Butler's client received a verdict.—Brooklyn Eagle.

HOW TO REPEL A DOG.

Letter Carrier Had a Remedy For Vicious Curs.

"No one comes in contact with all sorts of dogs more than the letter carrier," said the man in gray as the interviewer trudged along beside him. "Take it outside the business districts and every other family has a dog. Many of them I pay no attention to, but about one out of five aches to get his teeth into my legs at first sight. It is a part of my duty to teach such curs a lifelong lesson."

"Do you kick them?" was asked.

"That would be foolish. I carry here in my side pocket about a quarter of a pound of dry fine cut tobacco. You see it is almost as fine as snuff. The dog that means to bite you won't come charging down with a roar. He sneaks up behind and gives a jump in. I am ready for it. Without seeming to be watching. I know where he is, and at the right moment he gets the tobacco dust in his eyes. Then there is a circus. That dog goes through such a performance as you never witnessed, and his owner, man or woman, indulges in all sorts of threats. I deliver the mail and say nothing and go on. The dog's eyes are sore for a fortnight, and if he afterward meets me on the street he will drop his tail and make a bolt for home. It's a lesson he never forgets, and I believe it also increases his owner's respect for Uncle Sam's uniform."—Chicago News.

Indians With Blue Eyes.

One of the mysteries of Mexico is presented by the Maya Indians, who inhabit the Sierra Madre mountains in the lower part of Sonora. They have fair skins, blue eyes and light hair, and students of ethnology have always been puzzled to account for them. There is a tradition, however, that these Indians are the descendants of the crew and passengers of a Swedish vessel wrecked on the Mexican coast centuries before Columbus discovered the new world, but this tradition is founded on nothing more substantial than a folklore tale current among them that their ancestors came over the big salt water hundreds of moons ago.

An Ancient Prayer.

Old John Ward, who was pilloried by Pope in the "Dunciad" and who actually stood in the pillory in the year 1727, when he was said to have been worth £200,000, was nevertheless a pious man. He had large estates in London and Essex and did not omit to pray for their welfare in the following manner: "O Lord, I beseech thee to preserve the two counties of Middlesex and Essex from fire and earthquake, and as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire I beg of thee likewise to have an eye of compassion on that county, and, for the rest of the counties, deal with them as thou pleaseth."

The Vulgar One.

Cornhill Magazine tells of an Englishwoman of high station who bewailed to a friend the loss by death of a somewhat ill bred but extremely wealthy neighbor who had been very liberal in his help to her country charities. "Mr. X. is dead," said she. "He was so good and kind and helpful to me in all sorts of ways. He was so vulgar, poor, dear fellow, we could not know him in London, but we shall meet in heaven."

Odd Coincidence.

Not many years since a pastor in New York state read in his pulpit this portion of a hymn:

Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord shall take me home,
And I shall see his face—

Just then he was stricken with paralysis and died in a few moments. Thirty-three years before in the same pulpit another pastor was reading the very same stanza when he, too, was stricken and died.—Scrap Book.

Advertisement.

"Why do you allow yourself to be posted at your club?"

"Well," answered the easy going youth, "it's a large club and a swell one, and no one would know I was a member of it unless I got posted now and then."—Washington Star.

FRANKLIN'S KITE.

The Philosopher's Famous Experiment as Described by Himself.

The famous kite experiment is described by Franklin in a letter dated Oct. 19, 1752: "Make a small cross of light sticks of cedar, the arms so long as to reach to the four corners of a large, thin silk handkerchief when extended. Tie the corners of the handkerchief to the extremities of the cross, so you have the body of a kite, which, being properly accommodated with a tail, loop and string, will rise in the air like those made of paper, but being made of silk is better fitted to bear the wet and wind of a thunder gust without tearing. To the top of the upright stick of the cross is to be fixed a very sharp pointed wire rising a foot or more above the wood. To the end of the twine next the hand is to be tied a silk ribbon, and where the silk and twine join a key may be fastened. This kite is to be raised when a thunder gust appears to be coming on, and the person who holds the string must stand within a door or window or under some cover, so that the silk ribbon may not be wet, and care must be taken that the twine does not touch the frame of the door or window. As soon as the thunderclouds come over the kite the pointed wire will draw the electric fire from them, and the kite, with all the twine, will be electrified and stand out every way and be attracted by an approaching finger. And when the rain has wet the kite and twine you will find the electric fire stream out plentifully from the key on the approach of your knuckle."

OLD TIME THEATERS.

The Way House and Stage Were Lighted In Garrick's Time.

It must have often struck people when reading of the performances in the eighteenth century how it was that the lightning was contrived. The power of oil lamps was limited enough. Theaters like Drury Lane and Covent Garden were of enormous size. There were no footlights, at least until about the middle of the eighteenth century, and they were the humble "floats," dim enough. Yet there was ample light to observe expression and play of features, so necessary in interpreting the fine old comedies of character. Nowadays the stage is one blaze. It is literally bathed and suffused in light. There are no shadows, and yet it might be said the amount of necessary light is no more than there used to be and is not nearly as satisfactory. How was it then?

In the theaters of Garrick and earlier days the stage was really lit by four great chandeliers, which hung directly over the heads of the actors from the arch of the proscenium and just outside the curtain. When the play was over, these were lowered slowly, a signal for the audience to depart. These chandeliers furnished a goodly amount of light on a circular zone immediately below them. The actors' faces and figures were lit in the natural way, as the sun would light them, but the rest of the stage was comparatively dark or gloomy.—Blackwood's.

"E Pluribus Unum."

We are indebted to John Adams for our national motto, "E Pluribus Unum." While he was minister to England Sir John Prestwick suggested it to Mr. Adams as a good motto to indicate the union of the colonies. It was submitted to congress and adopted by act of congress June, 1782. The eagle in its beak bears a ribbon on which is the motto. In the early days of its use the eagle bore also in its talons a bundle of thirteen arrows, but when, in 1841, a new seal was made to take the place of the old one, which had become worn, only six arrows were placed in the talons. Whether this change was ordered by law or not is not known. The old Latin motto was in use in England as far back as 1730 on the Gentleman's Magazine.

Roasting Coffee.

In Norway, where superb coffee is made, a bit of butter is added to the beans while they are roasting in the covered shovel used there for that purpose. In France as well a piece of butter the size of a walnut is put with three pounds of the coffee beans, and also a dessertspoonful of powdered sugar. This brings out both flavor and scent and, moreover, gives the slight caramel taste which will be remembered as a pleasing part of French coffee.

The Bloody Meadow.

Tewkesbury, where a famous battle was fought during the war of the roses, is in Gloucestershire at the confluence of the Avon and the Severn and 180 miles from London. The battle was fought on the bloody meadow just outside the modern town, and, according to local tradition, one night in every year on the anniversary of the conflict the adherents of the white and red roses meet and fight the battle over again.—London Academy.

Doesn't Know It All.

"What do you study at school, my little man?"

"I am studying the history of France, sir."

"Indeed. What can you tell me about Charlemagne?"

"Oh, sir, we have only got as far as Adam and Eve."—Paris Journal.

Can't Be Coined.

Gaily—Why don't you cheer up? Every cloud has a silver lining. Dumps—That may all be, but did you ever see anybody that could coin it?—Detroit Free Press.

The London Ladies' Field has discovered that "successful people are usually quite devoid of humor."

FIRED ONLY JOKES.

The Way Judge Thacher Dodged a Challenge to a Duel.

Documents in the Congressional library at Washington show that when the establishment of the mint was under discussion in Washington's time there were some amusing debates in congress concerning the devices the coins should bear. There is one account of a squabble over the design for the silver dollar.

It appears that a member of the house from a southern state bitterly opposed the choice of the eagle on account of its being the "king of birds," and hence neither suitable nor proper to represent a nation whose institutions and interests were wholly inimical to monarchical forms of government.

Judge Thacher in reply had playfully suggested that perhaps a goose might suit the gentleman, as it was rather a humble and republican bird and would also be serviceable in other respects, as the goslings would answer to place upon the dimes.

This reply created considerable merriment, and the irate southerner, considering the humorous rejoinder an insult, sent a challenge to Judge Thacher, who proudly declined it. The bearer, rather astonished, asked, "Will you be branded as a coward?"

"Certainly, if he pleases," replied Thacher. "I always was one, and he knew it, or he would never have risked a challenge."

The affair caused much mirth, but was finally adjusted, cordial relations being restored, the irritable southerner concluding that there was nothing to be gained in fighting one who fired nothing but jokes.—Chicago Chronicle.

THE BRITISH BREAKFAST.

Trying In Its Monotony, Though the Food Is Substantial.

A distinguished author once described an unripe persimmon as a fine incentive to generosity, since we would rather give it to another than eat it ourselves. And perhaps the English breakfast may be likened to the early persimmon.

Monotony is the keynote of the early meal in a British household—not but that the food is good and substantial, but there is a sameness year in and year out about the dishes that is trying indeed to an American. Here is a list of eatables and drinkables made up from the breakfast menu of ten middle class English households and ten purely English hotels:

Porridge, served with sugar and milk; ham and eggs, eggs and bacon, grilled ham, boiled and poached eggs, fried sausages, dried fish (herrings or haddocks), dry toast, white or brown bread and butter, marmalade or jam, tea or coffee.

The man or woman who has been accustomed to break the fast with wheat cakes and maple sirup, followed by grilled bluefish and a juicy porterhouse or pork tenderloin, helped out by freshly ground coffee, cranberry jelly, Virginian honey and a choice of a hundred or more delights in the way of bread and freshly baked cakes, sits down to breakfast in England with a sigh.—From Derrick's British Report.

Knew His Place.

The village carpenter had given so generously of his services and sound advice toward rebuilding the little memorial chapel that when it was completed all the summer people agreed that he should be asked to speak after the luncheon which was to follow the dedication exercises. The day and the carpenter's turn came duly.

"Ladies and gentlemen, dear friends," he began, his good brown face very red indeed, "I am a good deal better fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking."

Then he realized what he had said and sat down amid roars of laughter.—Youth's Companion.

A Curiosity About Eclipses.

The average number of total and partial eclipses in any one year is four, the maximum seven and the minimum two. There is nothing really peculiar in this except the fact that where only two occur they are always both of the sun. There are more solar than lunar eclipses, but the sun being so much larger than the earth or moon the shadow terminates in a point and is visible only along a narrow track, while the lunar obscuration is frequently visible over half a continent.

Where Beggars Ride.

"If wishes were horses beggars would ride," says the old saw. But in Persia beggars actually do ride, although they patronize the humble donkey instead of his more aristocratic brother. How they manage to obtain these useful animals or even to exist themselves passes European comprehension, but the fact remains that they do both.—Wide World Magazine.

Enforcing the Law.

"What are they moving the church for?"

"Well, stranger, I'm mayor of these diggin's, an' I'm fer law enforcement. We've got an ordinance what says no saloon shall be nearer than 300 feet to a church. I gave 'em three days to move the church."—Judge.

Confirmation Strong.

Mrs. McSosh—You brute! Is it possible that you are drunk again? Mr. McSosh—I think I mush be, m' dear. If I washn't, I wouldn't have th' nerve to come home t' you in thish beastly condition o' 'toshication.—Cleveland Leader.

People in this world are so much alike that if you find fault with one you will hit a hundred.—Montreal Star.

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12 quarts Old Port Wine	3.50	1.25
12 quarts Old Sherry Wine	3.50	1.25
12 quarts Old Angelica Wine	3.50	1.25
12 quarts Old Muscat Wine	3.50	1.25
12 quarts Old Madeira Wine	3.50	1.25
12 quarts Sweet Catawba Wine	4.50	1.75
12 quarts Sandusky Port Wine	4.50	1.75
12 quarts Old Tom Gin	8.00	3.00
12 quarts French Cognac	9.00	3.50
12 quarts California Grape Brandy	8.00	3.00
12 quarts Stanford 3A Rye	11.00	4.00
12 quarts Rainier 3A Bourbon	11.00	4.00
12 quarts Monogram O. P. S. Rye or Bourbon	12.00	5.00
12 quarts Rock and Rye	6.00	2.25
12 quarts Peach and Honey	6.00	2.25
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