

FAIRIES OF CORNWALL.

Superstitions That Still Live in This Corner of England.

Cornwall, that corner of Britain that has resisted modernism, made a strong appeal to the imagination of Katherine Lee Bates, and she writes of it in her "From Greta Green to Land's End." In Cornwall, as in Ireland, the fairy is still in possession and folk lore is almost a religion.

"The sprizans, lurking about the castris and cromlechs, where they keep guard over buried treasure, could better be spared. They are such thievish and mischievous trolls, with such extraordinary strength in their ugly bits of bodies, it is more likely they are the diminished ghosts of the old giants. The pliskies are nearly as bad, as any bewildered traveler who has been plisky led into a bog could testify. The only sure protection against their tricks is to wear your garments inside out."

"Many a Cornish farmer has found a fine young horse all sweated and spent in the morning, his mane knotted into fairy stirrups, showing plainly how some score of the pliskies had been riding him overnight. And many a Cornish miner, deep down in the earth, has felt his hair rise on his head as he heard the 'tap, tap, tap' of the knockers, souls of long imprisoned Jews sent here by Roman emperors to work the tin mines of Cornwall."

HIS WEAK SPOT.

The Thought That Made the Nervy Man Lose His Composure.

"Speaking of nerve," said a Massachusetts congressman, "there generally is a weak spot in the most colossal variety, if it only can be found. In this connection I remember my grandfather used to tell a good story."

"Some forty or fifty years ago a longshoreman's eating place in Boston was the resort also of truckmen and other teamsters whose business brought them out early in the morning."

"One gray November morning about 5 o'clock a stranger entered this place and took his seat among the habitués. He ordered a substantial breakfast and ate it slowly and with evident enjoyment. Then he took his hat down from the peg on the wall and started to go. As he got abreast of the cashier's desk, behind which stood the proprietor, he slowed up."

"Much 'bliged,' he said genially. "So long!" "The proprietor had a good many rough customers to deal with, and his pistol was handy. In a second it was out and the man covered. Then he demanded the price of the breakfast."

"The man, apparently unmoved, looked at the snooting iron with curiosity. It was a queer, clumsy affair of ancient date, and it was evident that he had never seen its like before. Suddenly his expression of curiosity changed to one of apprehension, even terror, and he drew back a step."

"Is—that a stomach pump? he faltered. "This story has a happy ending," the congressman concluded. "The man kept his breakfast!"—Boston Post.

Chinese Torture.

The laceration of the Chinese in devising punishment for offenders surpasses that of the most cruel people of the middle ages. Some time ago a boy was kidnapped from a village about thirty miles from Chinkiang and brought to that city to be sold. The kidnapers were arrested and returned to the village, where the people dug a hole in the ground, like a grave, about three feet deep, covered the bottom and sides with unslaked lime, placed the offender, with his hands and feet tied, upon the lime and covered his body with the same material. Then they filled the hole full of water, and as the lime slacked he was roasted alive and his body consumed.

The Good Old Days.

The richest man in King Charles II's England could not get so good a dinner as tens of thousands will sit down to today. Cattle were of a far poorer breed, vegetables were few and bad and the commonest conveniences of the table were unknown. Fish knives, for instance, are hardly considered an extravagant luxury, but Mr. Gladstone could remember when they were not to be found on any table.—London Telegraph.

Meals and Brains.

We give too much thought to our meals, for instance. They need contriving, and it is pleasant to have them set temptingly upon a table on which fresh flowers are arranged and to eat them in a room wherein there is not a speck of dust, but it is not right that our bodies should be fed at the expense of our souls or that the dust should be taken from every ledge in our house and left to gather thickly in our brains.—Reader Magazine.

Frank About It.

Shoe Store Salesman—What size would you like, madam? Miss Larjun—'I'd like a No. 2, but there's no use talking about that. You may as well show me your No. 5's.—London Telegraph.

WHEN SHE GIVES UP.

The Frenchwoman of Years Degrades into a Dowdy.

The French have a neat phrase for the woman who, growing old, throws off, with the follies of middle age, all pretensions to toilet, charm or good looks. They say, in a word, that she has abdicated.

But when the Parisian queen abdicates she does it in no half-hearted manner. Her dowdiness is a thing to make elegant elderly American women stand aghast. The British matron of mature years is a dangerous siren compared with her French prototype. From being a plump, silver-voiced enchantress she changes to an unwieldy mass of flesh, with a baritone voice, a small bonnet twinkling with jet placed far back on her parted and scraped hair and with black clothes of nameless fashion and depressing dinginess.

This elderly Frenchwoman may be a dowager duchess from the Faubourg or the cherished spouse of your grocer. The type is the same. The fact is that the French are an eminently practical, not to say material, race, and the Frenchwoman is the very embodiment of these national idiosyncrasies.

"What is the use," they would argue, "of running up bills for dresses and what not when there is no chance of any longer pleasing? Why not enjoy the pleasures of the table, even if your waist assumes alarming proportions, when they are the only pleasures left? Why try to speak in dulcet tones when, as everybody knows, it is the grand-mother who has always the final word in the French family and, whatever the timbre of her voice, her family will be sure to listen to it?"

This frank acceptance of old age and all that it implies is not without its advantages, and, at any rate, you are spared in Parisian society the spectacle that is too familiar in other lands of grandmothers still dancing in spangled tulle.—London Sketch.

THE CAPTAIN'S PLAN.

His Rule For Fighting Seakickness Didn't Work Both Ways.

A young woman who recently made a trip to Europe decided to consult the captain of the ship as to the best preventive for seasickness. Having armed herself with a letter of introduction to the officer, she waited until the ship had cleared Sandy Hook, says a writer in the Bohemian, and then approached him. She described her fears and begged for a remedy.

"My dear lady," replied the captain with an amused smile, "you will not be troubled with any illness if you will do what I tell you. Most ladies confine themselves to their staterooms and thereby incur the very thing they fear. Now, if you will stay on deck, get all the fresh air you can, walk up and down, take good physical care of yourself and try not to think of trouble you will never be seasick."

The lady thanked him. She followed the directions faithfully, and when the ship ran into the tail end of a heavy northwest gale she never felt a qualm. She appeared regularly at meals and enjoyed herself thoroughly.

As the gale was abating she thought her that it was due the captain that she should thank him for his good advice and, approaching the deck steward, entrusted him with a message asking for an interview. In due time the steward returned, saying that the captain was unable to grant her an interview.

"Why not?" she questioned. "Why won't he see me?" "Captain's compliments, miss," said the steward, "but he's suffering with a bit of seasickness which 'as lasted two days now, an' he ain't in shape to talk to you."

Saluting the Quarter Deck.

One of the oldest customs in the navy and one that is often puzzling to the landsman is that of "saluting the quarter deck." Many have the hazy idea that the national colors are its object and that it is merely a naval fad. While to a certain extent it is a fad, it is one of hoary antiquity, being a survival of the days when a crucifix was placed on the stern of a ship and was always saluted as a matter of course. When the crucifix was taken away the old feeling still remained, and men continued to salute the place where it had been. The younger generation imitated their elders, and the salute became a habit and continues until this day.—Los Angeles Times.

A Cold Night in China.

One of the facts that ineffaceably cut into my memory during my first winter in Newchwang was the finding on one morning about New Year's time thirty-five masses of ice, each mass having been a living man at 10 o'clock the preceding night. The thermometer was a good bit below zero. The men had just left the opium dens, where they had been enjoying themselves. The keen air sent them to sleep, and they never wakened.—North China Herald.

Why He Mourned.

O'Flanagan came home one night with a deep band of black crape around his hat. "Why, Mike," exclaimed his wife, "what are ye wearin' that mournful thing for?" "I'm wearin' it for yer first husband," replied Mike firmly. "I'm sorry he's dead."—Everybody's Magazine.

What Piety Is.

In the course of a discussion on hygiene in one of the medical societies a speaker in illustrating his remarks said, "Many a man thinks he is pious when he is only bilious."—New York Cross.

WE SHORTEN OUR LIVES.

Human Beings Should Live at Least a Hundred Years.

Every man who dies before he is a hundred years old does so because he has neglected the laws of health. I believe the time will come when men will commonly live to be 150 years old. But to do this they must be born right and be taught matters of health with their A B C's.

A majority of the people of America lose about thirty years of life through carelessness. The British matron of mature years is a dangerous siren compared with her French prototype. From being a plump, silver-voiced enchantress she changes to an unwieldy mass of flesh, with a baritone voice, a small bonnet twinkling with jet placed far back on her parted and scraped hair and with black clothes of nameless fashion and depressing dinginess.

Generally the coffee is opened for the first time when the child marries. The coffee for the reception or marriage feast is made from the leavies, and, according to precedent, this must be the first time the sack is opened. After the coffee is made for the wedding feast the sack is carefully closed and sent to the new home of the young bride and bridegroom have started life with coffee they have started life under very hopeful conditions. Few as one necessity is concerned. Few people know that the older the parched grain of coffee is the better the flavor. Like wine, it grows with age, and that which is over twenty years mellowing under proper conditions will bring from \$1.50 to \$3 a pound from consumers. The giving of pounds of green coffee is a common practice in the coffee belt. Friends exchange these gifts and compare results. When one cannot afford to give a sack of coffee, it frequently is the case that ten pounds of the best green grain are packed in a fancy case and bestowed on a newly born child, with directions that it must not be opened until the wedding day.

In thus specializing each is apt to neglect the routine work for all the muscles that nature demands to keep up the physique. Had each of these performers or geniuses done his stint of work on a farm, raising the food he consumed, he would have been less skilled in his vocation, but possessed of vastly better health. And all would live out not only their full seventy, but a round hundred or more of years.—Charles H. Cochrane in Metropolitan Magazine.

OUR FIRST PRESIDENT.

The Average American Knows Very Little About Washington.

Born Feb. 22, 1732; died Dec. 14, 1799; fought Indians; time and place a little vague. Was he not with Braddock? Married a widow named Martha; was commander all through our Revolution; was our first president and had two terms; wrote a farewell address; knew Lafayette and Thomas Jefferson; crossed the Delaware at Trenton just before Christmas and surprised the Hessians; beat Cornwallis at Yorktown and was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

These are all public facts. What does the reader know of Washington the man? More than likely it will be as follows:

Cut down a cherry tree with a hatchet; owned up to having done so, saying, "Father, I cannot tell a lie"; threw a stone very far across some river; climbed up the side of the Natural Bridge and cut his initials; worked hard at school; was steady; was very good all the time, and everybody looked up to him; of course very brave, of course very wise and a great patriot; was one of the greatest men in all history; was tall, strong; wore those knee breeches of colonial days and a wig; looked stern; would probably lecture you and tell you to be virtuous and you would be happy. Such, if I mistake not, is the reader's vision of Washington as a man—cold, austere, unemotional, without passions, grand, not merely greater than human, simply not human at all—a sort of marble statue. A figure to prize, to be proud of as an American, a figure to revere, but not a character to love, to be drawn to, to feel any kinship with—in a word, immortal, yet not living.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Preservation of Caste.

It is well known how carefully, apparently at least, the Hindus are to preserve their caste from contamination with anything of a lower order. In towns where Hindus and Mussulmans, followers of Mohammed, live side by side the sellers of drinking water supply the liquid through little perforations, one for each religion. The drinker is thus supposed to be ignorant of the caste of the man who supplies the water and his own caste is consequently unbroken.

From Hand to Mouth.

"I'll never speak to him again!" exclaimed the dark young woman. "He called me his queen and asked if he might kiss my hand. I said yes, and—after that he kissed me on the lips without asking." "I suppose," said the light young woman, "he followed along the line of least resistance."

Melancholy Milk.

"Haven't you any milk that is more cheerful than this?" queried the new boarder as he poured some of the liquid into his coffee. "Why, what do you mean by that?" queried the landlady. "Oh, nothing," rejoined the new boarder; "only this milk seems to have the blues."

Mean of Her.

"Everybody says baby is very like me," said young Mrs. Papley fondly. "Yes, the cute little thing," remarked Miss Diggs. "What fat ankles she has!"—Philadelphia Press.

Evading the Issue.

"Did you break this dish, Mary?" "No'm; I only dropped it.—St. Louis Times.

COFFEE AS A WEDDING GIFT.

A Custom Which is General in Coffee Growing Countries.

"We have a custom in the coffee raising countries," said a high Brazilian official, "which is unknown in other parts of the world. When a child is born in the coffee country a sack of the best grain is set aside as a part of the inheritance to be received on attaining its majority. Usually the sack is the gift from some close friend or relative, and it is regarded as a success as if it were a gift of gold or bonds. No stress would induce a Brazilian parent to use coffee which was not the birth gift of a child. As a rule, the sack is sealed with the private seal of the owner and bears a card giving all particulars about the variety of grain, its age on being sacked and the birth of the child to whom it is given and other details, which are very interesting when the gift is due."

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FIRST AMERICAN GLASS.

Made at a Factory Built by a Boston Man in New Hampshire.

The first American glass factory was erected in the town of Temple, N. H. Washington in his diary speaks of glass being made in New Haven, Conn., in the year 1789.

One would suppose by the language he uses that he considers it a new and quite extraordinary affair. It was nine years previous to this and during the very war whose issue first enabled the country to commence its own manufacturing that Robert Hewes of Boston began to carry out the project which he had long conceived, but had hitherto found impracticable if not impossible under English rule, that of making glass in America for America.

In 1789 Mr. Hewes selected a site for his factory secure from the British forces (his glassblowers were Hessians and Waldeckers, soldiers who had deserted from the British army), and he must have had an eye for the beautiful in nature. He chose a spot on the north slope of Kilder mountain, near its base. To the northwest Mount Monadnock rears its granite crown, standing like a giant sentinel; to the north and running east are the Temple mountains, bold and precipitous; to the east a beautiful valley holds in its embrace the towns of Wilton, Milford and Nashua, while to the northeast Joe English hill and the Uncaneerucks mountains conceal the city of Manchester.

The place is now reached by a two mile walk over an old road, long a stranger to travel other than by grazing cows and nature loving tourists. The stonework about the opens and the foundations of the building are all that now remain to remind us that here was another example of the American people's struggle for independence.—Crockery and Glass Journal.

Commoners Not Wanted.

No commoner, however distinguished, however great his worldwide fame as scientist, artist or musician, can hope to belong to the German imperial circle unless he be first dowered by his emperor with the magic patent of nobility. No wife or daughter of a great millionaire, however honorable the source of the husband's or father's wealth, can dream of being presented to the empress. The Prussian nobility form a caste entirely apart from the rest of society, and Berlin, socially speaking is composed of many different worlds, none of which mingles with the other.—London M. A. P.

Saving Himself.

The owner of an estate had the misfortune to get a charge of shot in his legs from the double barreled gun of an inexperienced sportsman. The keeper hastened to his master. "You're not dead, are you?" "You're not dead, are you?" he cried. "Of course I am not, you fool!" said the squire, rising. "Well, sir, not seeing you get up after you were shot, I thought you must be dead." "Get up after I was shot—not I!" responded the squire. "If I had got up, the idiot would have given me his other barrel!"—London Scraps.

Very Thick.

"I wonder why Damon and Pythias were such great friends?" queried the young lady who writes type between meals. "They were like a couple of girl chums, I guess," rejoined the bachelor with the ingrowing hair. "Got so thick they couldn't see through each other."—Chicago News.

He who doubts his ability to win has already fallen behind in the race.—Exchange.

A Tramp's One Chance.

[Original.]

I am a tramp. I've always been a tramp, and I suppose I'll always be a tramp. I had a chance once to be something better, or supposed I had, but I didn't avail myself of it. The reason I didn't was because I couldn't. Anyway if I had succeeded in making a new start I doubt if I'd have kept up the effort. There are people fitted for statesmen, soldiers, business—professional men, sailors, roustabouts, servants and tramps. I was made for a tramp.

The chance I refer to was this: I was in my traveling carriage one day—I mean on the truck under a railway car—when I espied a paper that had been caught in a crevice. It looked like a bank bill, and its denomination appeared to be a dollar. I couldn't reach it till the train stopped, and I was afraid it would become detached before that. I was half an hour looking at it, wondering all the while how it got there. It had probably been dropped by some one, most likely at a station, had been sucked up when the train was in motion and got lodged in the crevice, the sides of which had been compressed from some cause or other to hold it.

As soon as the train came to a stop I reached for it. What was my astonishment to find that the "1" I had been looking at was followed by three noughts. I was the possessor of a thousand dollar bill. No sooner had I become conscious of my good fortune than I crumpled it in my fist and made for a field near the station at which the train had stopped. Seeing a barn, I went to it, climbed into the mow and, reclining on the hay, thought what I should do with my find.

I spent a whole afternoon thinking. We tramps take a lot of pleasure in thinking, just as other people take pleasure in acting. The tramp to enjoy his profession should be a castle builder. The afternoon I spent conjuring up fortunes obtained with my thousand dollars was the happiest in my life. I would go to the city, buy out a little shop, be economical and industrious, enlarge my business, make money, invest it and in time become a multimillionaire. Then I would travel inside instead of under coaches and see a bigger world than I could see tramping in America.

It wouldn't do for one that all the world could see was a tramp to offer a thousand dollar bill for a railroad ticket. The agent couldn't change it if he would. So I tramped to the city. When I got there I thought the first thing for me to do would be to fix myself up. Going into a mammoth store where they sold clothing, I asked to see a suit about my size. The clerk went away and came back with a spick and span fellow—a sort of floor walker, I reckon—who hummed and hawed and said that goods were only sold there for cash. I pulled out my bill and showed it to him, asking if he could change it. He looked at it dumfounded and said he'd see. He went back to the office and—I slid out. I could see by the look in his eye that he'd gone to call a policeman.

What I was suffering from most about that time was a vacant stomach. I went to a restaurant and took a seat at a table. None of the waiters came near me, but presently the proprietor did and asked me if I hadn't got into the wrong place. What could I do—ask him if he'd give me a meal on a thousand dollar bill? Not much. I told him I had thought the place was taken; sorry I'd intruded. And I went out.

Somehow I didn't see where I was going to begin. Besides, I couldn't be an all-fired while finding out, for I had no place but the park to sleep and not a crust to put in me. You see, I wasn't used to city life. If I tried to buy out a shop or rent one and buy a stock of goods to put in it the moment I showed my bill the gentlemanly owner would ask me to sit down while he got the change and would telephone the police. I went about trying to get some one to give me a meal, but city servants are not used to beggars, except those who beg for money, and they all shut the door in my face.

Finally when I was nearly starved I struck a little house, where my ring was answered by a girl about nineteen years old. That girl was either a fool or she was altogether out of place in this world. I never struck such a green hue even in the country. She took me in and gave me what she had to eat, then sat down and talked to me, looking all the while out of her sympathetic eyes at me to cheer me up. She must have known that misery loves company. She told me that she was in love with a young fellow who wasn't getting along very well and was going to lose his position. Her employer wanted \$1,000 in his business and was going to take in another clerk with that amount and make a partner of him.

"Is that all he wants?" I says. "Could you get married if your feller had \$1,000?" "Of course we could." "Well, \$1,000 isn't much. I reckon I can spare you that in return for your meal and your kindness and confidence."

I pulled out my bill and gave it to her, and before her eyes got down from their big focus so as to see me I'd gone out and away.

In less than an hour I was in the country and at home, tramping as I've always tramped, because that's the life that suits me. But I've had many a good time in a haymow thinking of the comfort my bill was to that grass green girl. ALEXANDER ELY.

A Message by Telephone.

[Original.]

I had had a hard day with an obstinate case of a patient whom I had pulled through with much difficulty and was preparing for bed, hoping that I would be allowed to sleep till morning, when there was a ring at my telephone.

"Are you Dr. Murdock?" came a child's voice. "Yes." "I'm—I couldn't make out the name."

"Who?" "Again the name was a jumble. "Speak louder," I said. "I don't dare. They'll hear me." "Well, what is it? Why do you telephone me?"

"You're our family doctor, I've called you up for mother often. This afternoon I was passing a carriage standing by the sidewalk. Two men pushed me in it and carried me off. Come here and get me out."

"Where?" "I don't know." "Can't you tell me something about it?"

"I saw Washington street on a lamp-post. The next street sign I saw was Burnet."

"Repeat that." "Burnet." "All right. Go on."

"We didn't turn out of Burnet. I kept looking at the street names, and after we crossed Chestnut— "That was the last word I got. I called again and again without any reply, only the buzzing common in telephones. It occurred to me at once that a child—I couldn't tell from the voice whether it was a boy or girl—had been kidnapped and had got hold of a telephone only to be stopped in time to prevent my getting definite information. I called up police headquarters and told my story, and after a few minutes' consultation among them they requested me to go with them for a search. A carriage containing three men in plain clothes soon drove up to the house, and we started for Washington street, turning thence into Burnet and, crossing Chestnut, stopped to survey the locality.

Meanwhile we had come to the conclusion that the kidnapers must have taken the child to a house of good class since it contained a telephone. The houses near where we stopped were fine residences. It was the month of August, and, while there were lights in most of them, one had evidently been closed. A policeman walked around it and reported that a ray of light came through a crack in an upper story. I was requested to ring the bell and ask if a doctor had been called for. I rang, but received no reply. Again and again I pushed the button, and at last the door was opened, and a woman stood in the opening. I asked her if a doctor had been called for, and she said no.

The policeman in charge of the squad was with me, carrying my bag of medicines. He pushed into the vestibule.

"Shall I strike a light, doctor?" he asked. And without waiting for a reply he lit the hall gas jet. We saw that the woman was old and of forbidding appearance.

"Say," said the policeman, "we've been telephoned that there's a child sick in this house, and the doctor must see him."

At the mention of the child and the telephone the woman drew a long breath. This was enough for the policeman. He ordered the house surrounded and, directing the woman to follow, went upstairs to a bedroom, where he found a telephone. I went with them.

"I thought so," he said at seeing the phone. Taking up the receiver, he called up the nearest police station and in a few minutes a couple more men reported. Then commenced a searching of the premises. We soon came upon a man in bed, who was routed out, and both he and the woman were taken along with us. We went from garret to cellar without finding anything. We were looking about in the laundry when it occurred to one of the men to raise the lid of a stationary wash tub. It was fastened. The man called upon the old woman for something to pry it open with. She turned pale. Two men grasped the cover and lifted it.

There, lying in the tub, was a boy about six years old. He was insensible, having been given an anesthetic to prevent his crying out. I recognized Eddie Thornton, the child of one of my clients.

I took measures to revive the boy, and he soon came to his senses. The man and woman, on being questioned, said they had never suspected that a boy of six would know how to use a telephone, though they had forgotten the phone when they put him where it was. The woman heard him, as she supposed, talking to himself, but, suspecting that he might be up to some mischief, rushed into the room and took away the receiver.

I went upstairs, telephoned the boy's parents, who were in a frightful condition of mind, and told them the news. Then I drove Eddie home.

Since this episode I have recommended all parents to accustom their children as soon as possible to the use of the telephone. Eddie, a remarkably precocious child, had been instructed with the instrument ever since its introduction into the house. His mother had permitted him to order supplies for her, and since she was an invalid, having frequent occasion for my services, the child remembered my number, which was composed of but two figures. C. R. WILSON.