JOY OF CREATING.

Put Your Heart In Your Work, No Matter What it May Be.

While every man who makes a living is not a genius, yet the real joy of creating can belong to each of us in just as real a way. If we will turn to the business of and school work the sense of making something we get the about necessary out of it. When we fill any task with ourselves we make something.

A girl says: "I made the room tidy," which in her house she put something of herself into the drudgery room and so beautified it. After she had made it tidy it reflected something of herself. It raised some idea of order such as she put in her own mind. A boy says: "I made a good recitation in school yesterday," and he is right for, although the lesson was already there, it had to wait for him to come along and make it a reality.

So it is everywhere. Making anything means an inward loss, simple the loss that we bring out something that did not exist before and that that something is in some degree like the maker of it. We get out what we put in. If any one wants to be miserable the surest way is first to do things without putting his whole heart and self into them. Think of the mere outside of the tasks and they are not worth doing. But once put yourself into them and all that is changed.—St. Nicholas.

A LEGAL LEGEND.

The Tale of a Telling Comparison in an Oriental Court.

When Abdel-Hakk was poor, as he was one day traveling across a weary plain, he came to the house of the Widow Zeilah, who was also poor, but when he made known his hunger she set before him two hard boiled eggs, all the food there was in her house.

Later, when Abdel-Hakk lived in Marrakesh and was very rich, Meloth, the lawyer, dwelling nigh, persuaded the Widow Zeilah to sue him for the eggs, not for the eggs alone, for this might have been her chickens which in time would have so multiplied that the whole fortune of Abdel-Hakk would not have paid for them. When the case came to trial the rich man was not in court.

"Why is the defendant not here?" demanded the judge.

"My client," said counsel for the defense, "he is much in new boiled beans."

"Boiled beans?"

"Boiled beans, my lord."

"Is he hurt?"

"He is very sick, my lord. Sometimes if hard boiled eggs can be hatched boiled beans will grow."

The suit was promptly dismissed, with costs to the plaintiff.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Wonderful Escape.

Elizabeth, filed in assassinate King Louis Philippe of France in July 1835. The attempt was made on the shies of the national guard in the Boulevard du Temple. There came a crash and a rush of bullets. Louis Philippe's arm was grazed, his horse was struck in the neck, Marshal Mortier fell dead and about thirteen other people were killed and thirty wounded. Fieschi had taken the upper floors of a house several weeks before and there mixed up an organ frame four feet by three feet six inches, supported on four posts of oak and itself supporting twenty-five gun barrels fixed in grooves at various angles so as to command an area of twenty five feet in length and ten feet in height. When he fired the train of powder that set off his battery the king would have been killed if four barrels had not burst and two missed fire.

Sorrows of Authorship.

"Paradise Lost" brought Milton only a paltry £5 worth $25 of our money.

Hawthorne for twenty years continued to be so near his own words, "the obscurest man of letters in America." "There is not much market for our wares," he said at another time.

Thoreau is an interesting example. A few hundred copies of his "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers" were printed, but very few of these were sold. Of a considerable number were given away by the author. The remainder were returned to him and were stored in his attic. He grimly observed: "I have not a library of 900 volumes, the greater portion of which I myself have written."—New York Press.

Railway Station Library.

In the refreshment room of a Sussex (England) railway station the traveler may see a small rack of books. If he is sufficiently curious to look he will discover from a written label that the books are the property of the vicar of the town, who places them at the disposal of any passenger who likes to take a volume away, the only condition being that he shall return the volume to its place on his return or post it to the vicar.

His Part.

Magistrate (to witness)—I understand that you overheard the quarrel between the defendant and his wife? Witness—Yes, sir. Magistrate—Tell the court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing. Witness—He seemed to be doin' the listenin'.

Pretty Bad.

Wife—Tom, I wish you wouldn't play poker. I don't even like the name of the game. Hub—Why not? Wife—It suggests "playing with fire."—Boston Transcript.

It is easy to learn something about everything, but difficult to learn everything about anything.—Emerson.

GORGEOUS CHORISTERS.

Boy Singers of the Private Chapel In St. James' Palace.

There are ten boys in London who every Sunday and on state occasions wear suits of clothes that in each instance cost something like $250. The suits thus expensively and brilliantly attired are the choristers belonging to the king's private chapel in St. James' palace. When arrayed in their state suits they are truly a gorgeous sight.

Scarlet cloth is the foundation of this costume. Bands of royal purple between rows of bearly gold lace are the adornments. Old lace ruffles are worn at the neck and wrists. These ruffles are so valuable and so difficult to replace that they are worn only on the most special occasions. At other times white lawn bands take their place. The boys must take great care of their suits, which must endure three years. The "undress" suits are replaced every eight months.

This fact is one of the historical traditions of Great Britain and many of its old time customs, including the dress of the boys, are retained to this day. The choir has numbered among its members such distinguished musicians as Sir Arthur Sullivan, Edward Lloyd, Sir John Goss and Dr. E. J. Hopkins.

It is the right of the head boy to demand a guinea as "spur money" from any stranger entering the chapel treading upon it. It is said that when Arthur Sullivan was head boy the Duke of Wellington would always come spurred to the chapel, in order that he might have the pleasure of paying the forfeit to his favorite chorister.—Harper's Weekly.

UNITY OF LIFE.

Cells of Animals and Plants Alike and Governed by Same Laws.

Protoplasm, the literal translation of which means "the first that made," was the name given by a German scientist in 1840 to the slimy, granular, semifluid contents of vegetable cells.

It looks like the white of an egg, and it can be analyzed into four chemical elements—carbon, oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen. It is now recognized as the fundamental basis for all life. The smallest portion of it possessing all the properties which in time would have so multiplied that the whole fortune of Abdel-Hakk would not have paid for them. When the case came to trial the rich man was not in court.

"Why is the defendant not here?" demanded the judge.

"My client," said counsel for the defense, "he is much in new boiled beans."

"Boiled beans?"

"Boiled beans, my lord."

"Is he hurt?"

"He is very sick, my lord. Sometimes if hard boiled eggs can be hatched boiled beans will grow."

The suit was promptly dismissed, with costs to the plaintiff.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Wonderful Escape.

Fieschi fired in assassinate King Louis Philippe of France in July 1835. The attempt was made on the shies of the national guard in the Boulevard du Temple. There came a crash and a rush of bullets. Louis Philippe's arm was grazed, his horse was struck in the neck, Marshal Mortier fell dead and about thirteen other people were killed and thirty wounded. Fieschi had taken the upper floors of a house several weeks before and there mixed up an organ frame four feet by three feet six inches, supported on four posts of oak and itself supporting twenty-five gun barrels fixed in grooves at various angles so as to command an area of twenty five feet in length and ten feet in height. When he fired the train of powder that set off his battery the king would have been killed if four barrels had not burst and two missed fire.

Sorrows of Authorship.

"Paradise Lost" brought Milton only a paltry £5 worth $25 of our money.

Hawthorne for twenty years continued to be so near his own words, "the obscurest man of letters in America." "There is not much market for our wares," he said at another time.

Thoreau is an interesting example. A few hundred copies of his "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers" were printed, but very few of these were sold. Of a considerable number were given away by the author. The remainder were returned to him and were stored in his attic. He grimly observed: "I have not a library of 900 volumes, the greater portion of which I myself have written."—New York Press.

Railway Station Library.

In the refreshment room of a Sussex (England) railway station the traveler may see a small rack of books. If he is sufficiently curious to look he will discover from a written label that the books are the property of the vicar of the town, who places them at the disposal of any passenger who likes to take a volume away, the only condition being that he shall return the volume to its place on his return or post it to the vicar.

His Part.

Magistrate (to witness)—I understand that you overheard the quarrel between the defendant and his wife? Witness—Yes, sir. Magistrate—Tell the court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing. Witness—He seemed to be doin' the listenin'.

Pretty Bad.

Wife—Tom, I wish you wouldn't play poker. I don't even like the name of the game. Hub—Why not? Wife—It suggests "playing with fire."—Boston Transcript.

It is easy to learn something about everything, but difficult to learn everything about anything.—Emerson.

NO CASTE AT OXFORD.

Duke's Son and Cook's Son Shared Alike in Sports and Studies.

Actually there is no university or college in America at which distinctions of birth or wealth count for less than they do at Oxford. There was once a time when there existed a class of "gentlemen commoners." John Ruskin, I believe, was one of them, who enjoyed special privileges and exemptions.

But that peculiarity has long since been swept away. Not only are the requirements for graduation identical for all comers, but the social life within each college of the university is open on equal terms to every one on the roll. "Duke's son" and "cook's son" share alike in sports and studies, and it is personal qualities alone that determine the position an undergraduate holds among his contemporaries.

The late F. W. Walker, for many years so successful as high master of St. Paul's school, was once interviewed by the rather snobbish mother of an intended pupil. "Of course," she said, "you are very particular about the parents of the boys you admit to your school." "Not at all, madam," was his reply. "As long as your son behaves decently and attends to his work we shall not ask any questions about his parents."

The head of any college at Oxford or Cambridge might have given a similar answer.—London Cor. New York Post.

SILVER PLATING.

An Accident Pointed the Way to the Original Process.

In 1742 Thomas Bolsover, a cutlery of Sheffield, England, discovered the art of silver plating. He was repairing the handle of a knife in which both copper and silver were used. Accidentally the two metals were fused together. Based upon this observation, he developed the new process.

Upon a thick bond of copper he placed a thinner sheet of silver. The whole was then heated in a reverberatory furnace until the edges of the silver sheet were observed to begin to fuse. The two bands were then removed from the furnace, carefully rolled and pounded, cleaned and rolled to the desired thickness. The result was a plate of copper more or less thick covered with silver on one side. This was the first Sheffield plate. The idea spread rapidly, the demand for the new ware grew and the art became a lucrative one. Later the process was improved, silver was deposited on copper by electricity, and finally the process was perfected by the use of steam.—Popular Mechanics.

Best Use of the Horse Shoe.

"The best use to be made of a horse shoe," said a practical farmer, "is to employ it for a door step. Nail it firmly on the door sill, with the two points of the horse shoe pointing up. With its protection the door will last much longer than it would without it. Before nailing up the door sill drive a horse nail or two into the bottom. This is lucky, of course. Without it horse shoe is useless. Most of us think the horse shoe, with its points, is a weapon only. It is a weapon secondarily, but primarily it is a magic trowel, a trowel from whose end, as the bees come and hunt up, a wonderful preserving fluid drips."

Destroying Money.

Public money is nothing but a promise to pay so much coin. If you destroy a five dollar note, for instance, you simply release the government of the debt which issued the note from the payment of the $5 in gold which the note called for. Of course, there is no law against destroying your own money, but you are not punishable in any manner for destroying the note if it is your own. There is no penalty for mutilating gold or silver coin if you keep it in your own possession, but as you have thereby destroyed a considerable part of its value you must not try to pass it at par after the mutilation.

Flame and Wire Gauze.

To Sir Humphry Davy belongs the credit of discovering that the flame of burning gas will not pass through wire gauze having 784 meshes to the square inch. This contention may be tested by bringing a flame in contact with similar gauze, when it will be found that the flame will not go through the meshes. This is owing to the cooling action of the wire, which tends to reduce the temperature of the flame below the ignition point, the unburned gas passing harmlessly through. Of course if the gauze becomes overheated the flame is able to get through.

Almost a Threat.

Police Inspector—Haven't I often instructed you that you are not to allow the public to pick the flowers in these parks? Park Keeper—Yes; that is my wife, who used to be your cook. Perhaps you will try to make her stop.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

A Curious Word.

There is a word in the English language the first two letters of which signify the male, the first three a female, the first four a great man and ten when a great woman. The word is "heroine."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Very Necessary.

Hewett—I expect to leave footprints on the sands of time. Jewett—It takes sand to do it.—Woman's Home Companion.

All must respect those who respect themselves.—Schopenhauer.

THE PRESIDENT'S MAIL.

How the Great Mass of Correspondence Is Handled Daily.

The president's mail is of such proportions that he cannot, like the business man, read all his letters as a part of the morning's routine. By a carefully developed system, however, the contents of the White House mail are in substance laid before him each day.

The work of doing this falls upon a corps of confidential clerks, who open the letters and give them a first reading. Then they are carefully sorted. Many of them, of course, need not go to the president at all, since they are simply recommendations for office. These, after courteous acknowledgment, are referred to the proper departments and placed on file until they may be taken up for consideration.

Many of the president's letters are purely formal or contain requests for something which cannot be granted. These the clerks answer and the president's secretary signs. The requests for charity are so many that a special "form" has been drawn up for answering them.

Such communications as the president ought to see are carefully briefed—that is, a slip is pinned at the top of each letter, and on this is a typewritten synopsis of its contents, telling who the writer is and what he has to present. Frequently the president is sufficiently interested by the brief to cause him to read the whole letter. Sometimes the communication is referred to a cabinet officer, in which case the slip is retained at the White House and filed.

When a large number of persons write on the same subject the letters are bunched and the brief at the top gives the names of those who present one argument and in another list the persons who offer a different view.—New York Press.

VARIETY OF THE BIBLE.

Vivid Descriptions, History and Stories of Adventure.

One of the striking things about the Bible as a single piece of literature is the variety of its literary forms, sufficient indeed to appeal to the most widely different tastes. There are extended examples of the short story all through the historical books, such as the absorbingly interesting account of Joseph and his brothers and afterward that of a position next to Pharaoh himself, and the intensely realistic story of Paul's experiences, and a score of well-written stories of adventure.

The poetical books, some of those short stories being in part constitute a gift of most intimate and heartening kind and spiritual history. Worked in between lines of the historical books we find the start of many a "prose poem," as delightful as any of which definable literature can present. The Book of Esther, though not in form a drama, has a plot of dramatic power, in which Haman, who is caused to commit suicide, is the victim of his own resources.

At the end stands that wonderful Apocalypse, which is at once an inspiration and a mystery, full of beauty and rich cadences. Interspersed among all the narratives are delightfully suggestive descriptions, sometimes presenting to us the simple life of the shepherd, again the luxurious surroundings of Ahasuerus' court. It is not strange, therefore, that the Bible makes a strong intellectual appeal to lovers of literature and to men of untrained tastes.—Edgar F. Shannon in Sewanee Review.

Sea Gypsies.

In the archipelago of Mergui, off the coast of lower Burma, live the "sea gypsies." Instead of carts they own covered boats, in which, with their families, dogs, cats, chickens and pets, they float about on the sea and wander from island to island. By day they fish or harpoon turtles or dive for pearl oysters, and at night they seek the shelter of the land. Only in very bad weather do they seek employment on shore. They seem to have solved the housing problem in a manner perfectly satisfactory to themselves and pay no rent or rates to any man.—New York Press.

Nero and Big Noses.

Nero never liked a person with a large nose. He flippantly told the sorrowing relatives of Plautus—whom, it is alleged, he killed—that it was only on inspecting the corpse that he discovered that Plautus had so large a nose and if it had been pointed out before he would have certainly spared his life. "Life with such a nose," coolly added Nero, "would have been ample penance for any crime."

Her Opportunity.

Wife—I had better take that hat for 45 shillings. Husband—But I've only got £2 with me now. I'll have to owe them the odd 5 shillings. Wife—Oh, then, I'll take this one for 3 guineas. Five shillings is too insignificant a sum to owe.—London Telegraph.

The Settlement Worker.

Hoax—I thought you said he was a settlement worker? Joax—He is. Hoax—Why, he tells me he's a bill collector. Joax—Well?—Philadelphia Record.

Must Be Elastic.

John—There is a stiff breeze coming round the corner. Sim—It can't be so very stiff if it can turn the corner.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Advice is the proper time for saying what is just.—Greek Proverb.

ALASKA'S "SILENT CITY."

Wonderful Mirage That Is Said to Have Been Photographed.

One of the best stories regarding a mirage is that told in Alaska concerning the appearance of a city in the sky. This "silent city" is said to have actually been photographed, and, though there are skeptics, enough people claim to have seen it to make the story interesting.

The first account of this "city of silence" was told by a prospector named Willoughby. He was a miner in California and went to Alaska, where he settled in the vicinity of Muir glacier. In fact, it was Willoughby who piloted Professor Muir when he ascended the immense ice field which now bears the scientist's name. Willoughby always told the story of this city which appeared in the sky with much earnestness, and he carried a photograph which he said he took after several visits to the spot whence the vision could be seen.

When Willoughby first went to Alaska natives told him that at certain times of the year when the days were longest and the atmospheric conditions right they saw suspended in the heavens a town with streets, houses and many different kinds of buildings. So impressed was he that he engaged the Indians to take him to the place where the city could be seen, and in their canoes traveled to the spot.

After several attempts Willoughby at length saw this "silent city," as the natives called it. He said that the atmosphere was so clear that mountains many miles away seemed near and that as he gazed the outlines of a city gradually assumed shape, and building after building came to view. He distinctly saw tall office buildings, churches and spires, houses and everything indication that the city was inhabited; but, though he saw it several times, he could never detect a human being. A haze of light seemed to cover all. As he gazed the vision faded and gradually receded. So convinced was he that he was looking at the mirage of an actual city that he made records to show that he had been on the exact spot whence the picture in the sky could be seen.

Willoughby's photograph was crude, but enough could be discerned to lead persons to assert that it was a view of Bristol, England, many thousand miles away. Willoughby told his story in 1886 or thereabouts. Since then several persons have said that they saw the mirage. In every instance the mirage was surrounded by a haze of light which poured a soft glow on roof and walls.—New York Sun.

Jenny Lind Hated Us.

Jenny Lind hated the Americans. She abhorred the very sight of Barnum, who, she said, "established his foot on her as he did the big giant or any other of his constructions."

"Ah!" said I, "you must not forget how you were idolized and appreciated in America. Even as a child I can remember how they worshiped Jenny Lind."

"Worshiped or not," she answered sharply, "I was nothing more than a show in a showman's hands. I can never forget that."—From "The Courts of Memory," by Mme. Lindenstone.

Wholesale Favors.

The young man entered the president's office and stood first on one foot and then on the other. He dropped his hat, handkerchief and umbrella. Altogether he was in a highly developed state of nervousness.

"Well, well!" said the employer. "Out with it!"

"I have come, sir," said the young man, and then began to stammer.

"Well, speak up! Have you come to ask for the hand of my daughter or a raise in salary?"

"If you please, sir," stammered the young man, "it's both."—Exchange.

Dead or Alive.

Two Irishmen were working on the roof of a building one day when one made a misstep and fell to the ground. The other leaned over and called, "Are yez dead or alive, Mike?"

"Ol'm alive," said Mike feebly.

"Sure you're such a liar Ol don't know whether to believe yez or not."

"Well, then, Ol must be dead," said Mike, "for yez would never dare to call me a liar if Ol wor alive."—Philadelphia Record.

Simply a Bad Actor.

The Lady—How did you come to be thrown out of employment? The Thespian—'Tis a sad but soon told tale, madam. An ape-like audience threw ancient eggs at muh; a mangy and mercenary manger threw muh down a flight of stairs; a dull witted doorman threw muh out into the street, and a twice cursed taxicab threw muh twenty feet. Thus it was, lady.—Judge.

Evolution.

"Of course you believe in evolution?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Comrox. "My own recollections of early days in the west remind me that many a sixty horsepower limousine can trace its financial ancestry back to a 'prairie schooner.'"—Washington Star.

The Main Difference.

"What is the real difference between mushrooms and toadstools?"

"One is a feast and the other is a funeral."—Baltimore American.

Merely Fiction.

Minerva—Isn't it strange, mother, that all the heroines in novels marry poor men? Mater—Yes, my dear, but that is fiction.—Judge.

Every being that can love can do something. This let him do.—Knight.

GLASS IS PECULIAR.

It Has a Number of Curious and Contradictory Qualities.

Glass is one of the most interesting as well as one of the most peculiar things in the world. It has curious, contradictory qualities, and many astonishing phenomena are connected with it. Brittle and breakable as it is, yet it exceeds almost all other bodies in elasticity.

If two glass balls are made to strike each other at a given force the balls, by virtue of their elasticity, will rebound nearly equal to their original impetus. Connected with its brittleness are some very singular facts.

Take a hollow sphere with a hole in it, stop the hole with the finger, so as to prevent the external and internal air from communicating, and the sphere will fly to pieces by the mere heat of the hand. Vessels made of glass could have been suddenly cooled possess the curious property of being able to resist hard blows given to them from without, but will be instantly shivered by a small particle of flint dropped into their cavities. This property seems to depend upon the comparative thickness of the bottom; the thicker the bottom is the more certainty of breakage in this experiment. Some of these vessels, it is stated, have resisted the stroke of a mallet given with sufficient force to drive a nail into wood, and heavy bodies, such as iron, bits of wood, jagged stone, etc., have been cast into them from a height of two or three feet without any effect, yet a fragment of flint not larger than a pea dropped from a height of three inches has made them fly.

ELIZA WAS GENEROUS.

Her Munificent Offer For an Original Five Act Tragedy.

People are likely to look back on nineteenth century upon the past in the days of modern progress. When we hear what the most prolific of present day novelists receives a word as to what the weekly royalties of any well known playwrights are we say the literary profession has come into its own. Some dark look to the contrasting idea that Milton received £5 for the first copyright of "Paradise Lost," an sale in twelve years containing a total of 1500 lines, but that was over two centuries ago. He received £10 for "The Raven." That may be dismissed with the statement that poetry never paid.

The modern way of making money by literature is even more recent than is generally thought. Alexander Hay of Cromarty, one of the best known bookish and collectors of the middle ages, has a letter in his collection of autographs that proves this point.

This letter, dated from Kew, begins with a stinging address to Alexander Pope for his issues of Homer, the Dunciad, and he adds that when he and Pope had it is above rules for the social people.

Cheapside House, Boston, May 17, 1[illegible]

E. Thompson Jr., Charlestown, Mass.

Sir—I send an original five act tragedy, the feature to be a farthing, except the publication of it, the money out to be all the copy money, the gain to be equally with the author for which if I live I will give E. 10 sterling.

ELIZA LESLAN.

—Boston Post.

American Leaf Colors.

It has been observed that the leaves of American trees, such as maples, scarlet oaks and so forth, which at home exhibit splendid colors in the autumn, fall below their reputation in this regard when transplanted to England or on the continent of Europe. An English observer who has been studying the causes of the autumn hues of trees thinks the superiority of our woodlands arises from the soft and mild yet sunny climatic conditions prevailing here in the fall. Ever and it is added is rarely dressed with an Indian summer. When the climatic conditions permit the leaves to retain considerable vitality in the autumn the colored pigment is normally developed, hence the glorious forests of the United States.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Regulating Price of Books.

The price of books was once a matter for legislation in England. An act of 1534, which seems never to have been repealed, provides that any complaint regarding the price of books should be considered by "the lord chamberlain, the lord treasurer and the justices or any two of these," and that these dignitaries should have power and authority to reform and redress the enhancing of the prices of printed books and to limit the prices of the books and the offenders should lose and forfeit for every book by them sold whereof the price be enhanced the sum of 3s. 4d.—London Mail.

She Didn't Do It.

The family jar waxed fiercer.

"You talk about my being to blame for our marrying!" shrilly exclaimed Mrs. Vick Seun. "John Henry, did I hunt you out and then make love to you?"

"No!" he snorted. "But you could have given me the glassy eye and sent me about my business, and you didn't do it, madam—you didn't do it!"—Chicago Tribune.

Capital Punishment.

"Mamma, did you love to dirt when you were young?"

"I am afraid I did, dear."

"And were you ever punished for it, mamma?"

"Cruelly, dear. I married your father."—Paris Rire.

The hours we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition.—Goldsmith.