

THE LADY LIFE LOVED.

This is the garden; but never a bloom—
Violet—poppy, flame-rod;
The stars are like wandering ghosts in
the gloom—
The Lady they loved—she is dead!
She drank the wild wine of the poppies
fall deep
And the midnight-mad mocking birds
sang her to sleep.
This is the portal: Start not at a sound—
Tis the heart beating fast for Time fled.
No lips to be kissed now; no brow to be
crowded:
The Lady they loved—she is dead!
She passed from Fate's prison—its bolts
and its bars—
And died with her beautiful face to the
stars.
And I seem like a child that has lost the
home-way,
And the shadows are phantoms of dread.
And the wind and the stars and the fly-
ing clouds say:
"The Lady of Love—she is dead!"
And the ships hear the harbor bells over
the foam,
But my life has no light and my heart
has no home. —F. L. Stanton.

TUNNELING THE HUDSON.

Shafts Sunk and Tubes Started on Both Sides of the River
Summer dwellers who are accus-
tomed to believe that all the won-
ders of the world are included within
the boundaries of Greater New York
will find in the huge new shaft lead-
ing down to the Pennsylvania Rail-
road tunnel under the Hudson a
subterranean wonder rivaling the
Mammoth Cave or the underground
mysteries of Luray Cavern. This
shaft, sunk at the outer edge of the
Tenderloin, at Eleventh avenue and
Thirty-second street, descends for 65
feet through solid rock, and at this
level forms the point of departure
for the twin tunnels under the Hud-
son.
To the visitor who peers nervously
over the mouth of this great open-
ing, 60 feet long and 40 feet broad,
and sees faint lights flashing below
or hears confused murmurs of under-
ground activity, this pit seems to re-
semble an entrance to Plutonian re-
gions rather than the commonplace
creation of engineers, planned to fur-
nish an entrance to the new tunnel.
To the more daring, who tempt for-
tune by descending the narrow
wooden steps that lead vaguely down
into the damp darkness below, the
experience is worth the semblance
of danger incident to making it.
Halfway down the stairway turns,
and here is the boundary between
the upper and lower world. At this
point the mouth of the shaft, fram-
ing a narrow picture of cloud fleck-
ed sky, resembles strikingly the op-
en dome of the Pantheon at Rome;
beyond and beneath the journey is
made in ever-increasing darkness.
But at the foot of the shaft imagi-
nation and sentiment end; here the
visitor meets the practical and sees
the hand of the engineer. Straight
before him as he reaches the bottom
level are two ragged arches, heven in
solid stone, and through them two
narrow gauge tracks vanish into
darkness, carrying tiny cars laden
with rock blasted 200 feet beyond,
for the work has already marched
this far toward the Jersey shore.
These rough arches, smoothed and
lined, will one day make the pass-
age way for the great tubes. Al-
ready the engineers are at work pre-
paring to equip the shaft with ele-
vators, and in a short time material
and workmen alike will be lowered
and raised, and the wooden steps
will lose their usefulness.
"Straight across the river, not
more than a mile away, is another
shaft, identical in general charac-
ter to that at Eleventh avenue and
Thirty-second street. On that side
of the river also the two tubes have
been started, and for a few feet the
work has gone under the solid rock.
These two shafts are the lungs of
the tunnels. Through these the
hundreds of workmen, who will
gradually join those already at work
will breathe. Through them also
will be raised, by elevators, soon to
be put in, all the stone blasted out
of the tunnels. Some months later
the workmen descending through
these shafts, one in Manhattan, one
in Weehawken, will meet far under
the Hudson, and then the tunnels
will be completed. —New York Tri-
bune.

COD FISHING ON THE BANKS.

Large Fish Are Deep Down In The Water.
It has been surmised that the fish-
ery on the new Foundland banks,
which has just begun, would be un-
usually profitable, because of the
phenomenally high price of cod liv-
er oil last winter. But the Norwe-
gian season, which is earlier than
the one here, must have been very
favorable, as the market price of oil
it has run down until now it is quot-
ed as being only one-fifth higher
than it was this time last year. How-
ever, stocks of fish are low the world
over, and there will be a larger fleet
than ever off the banks and at the
old places along the coast for the
next month or two. The great deal-
ing and curing concerns are all en-
larging their "flakes," or outdoor
drying scaffolds, to meet the increas-
ed harvest, which may reasonably be
expected to be brought in by the
large number of boats fitted out
this year.
Just now the fishing is exception-
ally laborious because of the great
depth at which the cod are found.
The best fish are found far down—
great, large flaked, thick fleshed,
small-paunched fellows. They are
drawn up by main strength, but are
usually dead, or nearly so, by the
time they are hauled to the surface,
owing to the difference in the pres-
sure of the water. Their tremend-
ous gills show what prodigious
quantities of water they have to
breathe out to obtain their air sup-
ply at the great depth at which they
live. It is probably also that they
derive nourishment from minute
marine organisms they strain out of
the water as it pours through their
gills.
Some of the men believe that these
great cod are of a different
variety from the smaller ones com-
monly caught in shallower water.
They are not dainty feeders by any
means. On the smaller boats the
bait is not always very well preserv-
ed—ends of meat, chopped dogfish
young devilfish and other odds and
ends found in the pound nets. But
the big fellow takes it all the same
and when the location is well chosen
come up heaving and panting every
time the hook is thrown out. Their
omnivorous voracity is almost in-
credible. Bits of leather, marlin-
spikes, iron bolts, a ball of twine,
leaden soundings, plummet, hoofs
of deer, and among the curious
things which dissection shows some
of them to have gathered in.—Mon-
tréal Gazette.

Piles Upon Top of Piles

Piles upon top of piles of people
have the Piles, and DeWitt's Witch
Hazel Salve cures them. There are
many different kinds of Piles, but if
you get the genuine and original
Witch Hazel Salve made by E. C.
DeWitt & Co., of Chicago, a cure is
certain. H. A. Tisvold, of Sumner-
ton, S. C., says, "I had piles 20
years and DeWitt's Salve cured me
after everything else failed." Sold
by T. E. Zimmerman, Druggist.

A Very Hard Luck Story.

Here is a remarkable story of con-
tinued hard luck in the case of R.
D. Dukes, a farmer. Within a short
space of time a lot of things hap-
pened to him. He lost his crops;
cholera killed most of his hogs; a
shed fell and killed two of his cows;
his wife was thrown from a buggy
and hurt so badly that she went on
crutches for months, and she was
just beginning to walk again when
she was burned to death by an ex-
ploding lamp; Mr. Duke also was
seriously burned in the fire; then he
injured his knees and had to go on
crutches; then he was badly burn-
ed again in a prairie fire; a few
weeks later his mother died, and
last Sunday his house burned up,
with all its contents.—Beloit, (Kan)
Gazette.

A Husband's Meanness

"Jones says he doesn't believe the
dodo is extinct and"—
"That's right! It hasn't been
half an hour since I told you mamma
was coming to visit us and now you
are throwing out slurring insinua-
tions. You're a brute!"—Houston
Post.

HE HAS ANTS ON ICE.

New Orleans Man Says They Live In His
Refrigerator.
"There is a very popular belief
that the small ant cannot stand
much cold," said a man who lives in
the upper part of New Orleans, "but
the idea is entirely wrong. There
may have been a time when the ant
could not endure low temperatures,
but that time has passed, if it ever
existed. The fact is that the ant
seems to rather like the cold, if I
may judge from experience at my
own home. They have for some
time been in the habit of making
the icebox their headquarters. They
simply live there. It is the one
favorite spot with them. Nor are
they the least bit inclined to shun
the ice. Up to very recently I had
thought that the ant was in the hab-
it of burrowing deep into the ground
in order to escape the rigors of the
winter. But there is nothing in
this old idea. Why, they are so
fond of cold things that they use
the ice in my refrigerator as a sort
of skating place. They spend the
day skating around on the ice, and
even at night I find some of
them fooling around as if they had
some important task to complete
before the sun came up. What tem-
perature can an ant stand? That's
what I would like to know. From
the ease and manifest comfort they
displayed while rambling over the
ice at my place I would judge that
that zero would not daunt them to
any considerable extent. I would
suppose they have educated them-
selves up to the point where they
can endure the cold without much
suffering. It may be due to the ex-
igencies of the struggle for existence
one of the things necessary in the
ceaseless fight for life. But what-
ever the cause of it, you can put the
ant down as being able to stand
more cold than the average human
being."—New Orleans Times-Dem-
ocrat.

Cats Useful In Many Ways

Very few persons stop to think
what an important position cats hold
in the economy of nature. In some
parts of the country, notably in
Southern California, it is absolutely
necessary to have cats to successfully
rears cattle. The cows feed on a red
clover, which makes a superior qual-
ity of beef. This clover grew very
sparsely until it was discovered that
one farmer who had raised a large
number of tabby cats always had
fine clover fields. Investigation
proved that the cats killed the field
mice, which killed the wild bees,
which fertilized the clover seed by
carrying the pollen from flower to
flower, thus causing the seeds to
sprout thickly every year. Now
all the farmers have cats.

The Way They Do.

Head of Bureau—I suppose you
know something of the duties of the
office.
Applicant—Oh, yes. They are to
come late, go home early and do as
little as possible while you are here.
"Quite satisfactory; you must
have held public office before."—
Boston Transcript.

Kept To His Line

Patience—Yes, Bob Brief, the
able counselor, proposed to me last
night in true legal style.
Patience—And that smacking noise
we heard later?
Patience—Oh, he was just sum-
ming up.—Yonkers Statesman

OAK APPLES.

Forms of a Disease Propagated by a
Minute Gallfly.
The little brown balls popularly
known as "oak apples," which may of-
ten be seen growing in clusters upon
oak twigs, are not fruit, as some sup-
pose, but forms of a disease which re-
sults from the attacks of a minute
gallfly (cynipid). This little insect, a
distant cousin of wasps and bees, is
provided with a complicated piercing
ovipositor in her tail, by means of
which she makes little holes in the
tender shoots of the oak, laying an egg
in each, and at the same time introduc-
ing a drop of irritant fluid.
The substance of the shoot is thus
stimulated to unnatural growth and
produces an oak apple or "gall," which
may be regarded as a sort of vegetable
tumor and serves as a home for the
grub which hatches out of the egg.
This can easily be seen by cutting
open a young gall, but in an old one
the insect has escaped by driving a
tunnel to the outside.
The oak is infested by many other
kinds of gall. Some are tufted, others
look like currants, and others again
are the little brown "oak spangles"
seen on the undersides of the leaves.
Each kind of gallfly leads to the pro-
duction of a different kind of gall.—
London Answers.

BOWER BUILDERS.

Birds That Construct Gaudy Homes For
Their Own Enjoyment.
There are five different bower birds—
three in Australia, the regent, the satin
and the spotted; one in the Papuan Is-
lands, the catbird, and one in New
Guinea. Their brilliant plumage is
golden yellow, glossy black or spotted
brown, often with a rose tinted color.
Their bowers are in no sense nests,
but miniature gardens, adapted for en-
joyment and courtship and set in the
open of the sun. A pavement of equal
sized pebbles is arranged, and num-
bered twigs are thrust firmly between
them in two parallel rows, inclined to
each other, inclosing an avenue about
a yard long and several inches wide.
To decorate this arbor gay feathers,
ruddy berries, pearly shells, bleached
bones, even watches, knives and other
glittering objects, are tastefully placed
in and around the entrance.
The New Guinea bird, still more of a
gardener, constructs a miniature coiled
summer house, with internal gallery.
Before this is a meadow of moss, kept
free from grass, dust and leaves, on
which bright flowers and fruit are dail-
y offered by the enamored male bird
to his mate.

RIVAL MUSICIANS.

The Earliest International Band
Contest Was Held In 1720.
The earliest record of an interna-
tional band contest is of one held in
the year 1720 between the bands of
Handel and Buononcini, a gifted Ital-
ian composer, who by his friends and
admirers was declared to be infinitely
superior to the German master. The
king headed the partisans of the Ger-
man and the Prince of Wales those of
the Italian artist. The controversy has
been perpetuated in the lines of John
Byron, a popular poet of his day:
Some say, compared to Buononcini,
That Myhrer Handel's but a niny.
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee.

An international band contest on a
much larger scale was held in connec-
tion with the Paris exhibition of 1887,
in which dotted bands from Austria,
Bavaria, Baden, Belgium, France, Hol-
land, Spain and Russia competed in
the presence of 30,000 visitors. Russia
took the first prize, closely followed by
France and Austria.—London Standard.

Simonde's Delay.

"Why should we expect religion,"
says Sir John Lubbock, "to solve ques-
tions with reference to the origin and
destiny of the universe? We do not
expect the most elaborate treatise to
tell us the origin of electricity or of
heat. Natural history throws no light
on the origin of life. Has Bibliology
ever professed to explain existence?
Simonde was asked at Syracuse by
Hiero who or what God was, when he
requested a day's time to think of his
answer. On subsequent days he al-
ways doubled the time required for de-
liberation, and when Hiero inquired
the reason he replied that the longer
he considered the subject the more ob-
scure it appeared."

The Seychelles Islands.

The Seychelles islands form an archi-
pelago of 114 islands and are situated
about 1,400 miles east of Aden and
1,000 miles from Zanzibar. They rise
steeply out of the sea, culminating in
the island of Mahe, which is about 3,000
feet above the level of the ocean and is
nearly the center of the group. All
the islands are of coral growth. The
houses are built of a species of massive
coral known as square blocks which
glisten like white marble.

His Reason.

Judge—You let the burglar go to ar-
rest an automobilist? Policeman—
Yes. The automobilist pays a fine and
adds to the resources of the state. The
burglar goes to prison, and the state
has to pay for his keep.—Fliegende
Blätter.

Her Victim.

Nell—You are simply making a fool
of young Mr. Saphedde. Belle—Oh,
well, I'm probably only saving some
other girl the trouble.—Philadelphia
Record.

To His Credit.

He—So you are under the impression
that I am a woman hater of the worst
kind? She—No, of the best sort. You
say you never intend to marry.—Puck.

CHURCHES AND OUTLAWS.

Ancient Laws That Gave Shelter and
Protection to Criminals.
In early times, when life and prop-
erty were accounted cheap unless de-
fended sword in hand, the church of-
fered shelter and sanctuary to those
who had occasion to fear the arm of
the law. In the middle ages whoever
crossed the threshold of a church was
considered under divine protection and
could not be arrested, while several
churches and cathedrals still preserve
the knockers used by those who had
fled thither for shelter and claimed ad-
mittance. In some buildings the fugi-
tive from justice sat upon a chair or
stool, and the register of a church in
Durham, England, covering a period
extending from the year 1464 to the
year 1524, included, besides other
crimes, 195 murders and homicides, in
which 283 persons seeking protection
were concerned. To attempt to violate
sanctuary by force was in those days
a very serious matter, and when the
outlaw decided to save his life by leav-
ing the realm he did so in the follow-
ing manner: "When a robber, murderer
or other evil doer shall fly into any
church upon his confession of felony
the coroner shall cause the abjuration
to be made thus: Let the felon be
brought to the church door and there
be assigned unto him a port, near or
far off, and a time appointed to him to
go out of the realm, so that in going
toward that port he carry a cross in
his hand, and that he go not out of the
king's highway, neither on the right
hand nor on the left, but that he keep
it always until he shall be gone out of
the land, and that he shall not return
without special grace of our lord the
king."

PERSONAL NOMENCLATURE.

Ancient Names and the Modern Sys-
tem of Surnames.
Neither Hebrews, Egyptians, Assy-
rians, Babylonians, Persians nor Greeks
had surnames, and in the earliest peri-
od of their history the same may be
said of the Romans. In course of time,
however, every Roman citizen had
three names—the praenomen, or per-
sonal name; the nomen, or name of the
gens or clan, and the cognomen, or
family name, as Publius Cornelius Sci-
pio Africanus.
It is impossible to state with any de-
gree of certainty when the modern
system of personal nomenclature be-
came general. It has been stated that
the practice of surnames began in Nor-
mandy and extended to England after
the Norman conquest, but a document
in the Cottonian MSS, quoted in Tur-
ner's "History of the Anglo-Saxons"
contains reference to Hwita Hatto, a
keeper of bees in Hildesheim; to Hatto
Hatte, his daughter, mother of Wul-
signe the Shooter, and Lulle Hatte, sis-
ter of Wulsigne. The date of these re-
cords of the Hattes is not to be ascer-
tained, but they were certainly written
before the year 1006. So far as anti-
quarians have been able to discover,
Hatto is the first surname whose exist-
ence can be traced in England. It is
not improbable that the founder of the
Hatto family was so called because of
some unusual or noticeable headgear
that he was in the habit of wearing.

Ancient Ventrioloquism.

Ventrioloquism was undoubtedly
known both to the Jews and to the
Egyptians. It was used by many per-
sons for purposes of deception. The
wizards who employed it declared that
their "familiar spirit" resided in the
abdomen, whence the voice was sup-
posed to proceed. The Old Testament
Scriptures abound with denunciations
both of persons who had these fami-
liar spirits and of those who vent-
ured to seek their advice and assistance.
They were treated as though they were
in familiar intercourse with the evil
one and according to Jewish law re-
ceived no mercy. Instances, however,
are very frequent in much later his-
tory of deception being successfully
practiced by persons having this pecu-
liar gift.

Carlyle's Picture of Rogers.

Carlyle gives this striking picture of
Samuel Rogers, the poet: "I saw Rog-
ers while ago at dinner with gentle-
man, a half frozen, old, sardonic Whig
gentleman; no hair at all, but one of the
whitest bare scalps; blue eyes, shrewd,
sad and cruel; toothless, horseshoe
mouth drawn up to the very nose;
slow, croaking, sarcastic insight, per-
fect breeding—staircases where you
are welcomed even with flummery; in-
ternally a Bluebeard's chamber, where
none but the proprietor enters!"

Still One.

"Hello, Bill, old man! Well, well! I
haven't seen you since the old days,
when we used to run around together."
"No, Jack. Ah, those old days! What
a fool I used to be then!"
"I tell you, I'm glad to see you. You
haven't changed a bit, old man."
—Philadelphia Press.

His Long Wait.

Tommy—Oh, but a great man he was
smoked. Datsy—My dear boy, if you
will only wait until you are great be-
fore you smoke I shall not complain.—
New Yorker.

Not Her Role.

Edith—Why did you refuse him?
Ethel—He has a pet. Edith—But he
can blot it out. Ethel—Perhaps, but he
can't use me for a blotter.—Woman's
Journal.

The man who makes hay while the
sun shines is in a position to lend
money to the fellow who writes poetry
about it.—Philadelphia Record.

THE WORK OF NOVICES.

Inventions That Have Worked Won-
ders In Glassmaking.
In 1827 a carpenter of Sandwich,
Mass., wanting a piece of glass of a
particular size and shape, conceived
the idea that the molten metal could be
pressed into any form, much the same
as lead might be, writes William E.
Stewart in the Cosmopolitan. Up to
that time all glassware had been
blown either offhand or in a mold, and
considerable skill was required, and
the process was slow. The glass man-
ufacturers laughed at the carpenter,
but he went ahead and built a press,
and now the United States is the
greatest pressed glassware country in
the world.
In 1890 a novice in the plate glass in-
dustry, Henry Fieckner of Pittsburg,
whose only knowledge of glass had
been acquired in a window glass fac-
tory, invented an annealing "lehr," the
most important single improvement
ever introduced in plate glass man-
ufacture. In three hours by the lehr the
same work is done which under the old
kilm system required three days.
About the same year Phillip Argobast
of Pittsburg, also a novice in glass-
making, invented a process by which
bottles and jars may be made entirely
by machinery, the costly blow oven
process being avoided and the expense
of bottle making reduced one-half.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

The Way Two Englishmen Captured
Four Hundred Prisoners.
Toward the close of the peninsula
war 400 prisoners were captured by
John Colborne, afterward Field Mar-
shal Lord Seaton. Colborne, who was
wounded at Talavera, had been dis-
abled for some time, but in 1813 he
was in active service again, and when
Wellington's army crossed the frontier
into France he performed what was in-
deed the most amazing feat of his ca-
reer.
When riding, with no comrade but
the famous Sir Henry Smith, separated
from his column, he saw 400 French
soldiers passing along a ravine below
him. "The only way was to put a
good face on the matter," he wrote.
"So I went up to them, desiring them
to surrender. The officer, thinking, of
course, the column was behind me, sur-
rendered his sword, saying theatrically,
"Je vous rends cette épée, qui a bien
fait son devoir." (I surrender this
sword, which has done its duty well.)
The 400 followed his example." Sir
Henry Smith used to declare that he
had never seen such cool presence of
mind as Colborne displayed on this oc-
casion.

ANCIENT MIRRORS.

The Old Egyptians Made Theirs of
Highly Polished Metal.
Wilkinson shows that we are in-
debted for our mirrors to the ancient
Egyptians. At first they were made
of metal, so well compounded and pol-
ished that some recently dug up from
Thebes have regained a wonderful lus-
ter after burial for thousands of years.
Oval in shape, they were fastened to
carved wooden handles. References
are made to such looking glasses in
Exodus and Job. The Greeks and Ro-
mans made similar mirrors of silver.
Pliny says that the earliest glass
mirrors were made of black volcanic
glass. Through the middle ages glass
backed with thin metallic sheets came
into use, and "bullseyes," or glass
globes into which while hot a metallic
mixture was blown for backing.
At Murano, near Venice, in the thir-
teenth century, the republic protected
the trade and jealously guarded its
secrets, securing a lucrative business for
a century and a half. Mirrors were
then made from cylinders of glass flat-
tened on stone, carefully polished, be-
veled at the edges and silvered by an
amalgam.

Ruined His Stomach For Science.

One of the most singular things
about the great nervous specialist, Dr.
Brown-Sequard, was the way in which
he saved his nerves for science, but in-
jured his stomach for the same cause.
Throughout his life he was opposed to
the use of tobacco. "I never smoke,"
he once said, "because I have seen the
most evident proofs of the injurious
effects of tobacco on the nervous sys-
tem." But his desire to investigate the
contents of his own stomach, by swal-
lowing sponges to which a thread was
tied and pulling them up to examine
the gastric juice which they had ab-
sorbed brought on a rare affection
known as myrcism, or rumination,
which compelled him to masticate his
food a second time.

Colored Clothes and Health.

The health value of colored clothes
is infinitely superior to that of sable
fabrics. You will find more microbes
to the square inch on dark than on
light garments. Black arrests the
health giving rays of the sun. It is
strange that Mme. la Mode should turn
out to be only the high priestess of
health in disguise and that the mi-
crobes of Mayfair and the bacilli of Bel-
grovia should be more afraid of a but-
terfly of fashion than of a sable coated
doctor of medicine.—Chic.

The Way of Servants.

Subbubs—I see Cushman has an-
nounced himself as a candidate for
governor. Citizen—Yes; he declares it
is his "great ambition to be the ser-
vant of the people." Subbubs—Serv-
ant? What! Doesn't he mean to keep
the place if he gets it?—Philadelphia
Ledger.

Whist.

She—Do you really enjoy whist, Mr.
Finesse? He—No I enjoy it? Not at
all, madam; not at all. I play a dis-
tinctly scientific game.—Boston Tran-
script.

SMILING AND SELLING.

There Are Times When the Two Do
Not Blend Successfully.
"If you cannot learn to smile you
cannot learn to sell," says an exchange.
Now, we are willing to agree that a
happy disposition is a very essential
quality for a salesman to have. But,
taken literally, the statement is not
true. Perhaps 85 per cent of success-
ful salesmen sell goods with a smile
and find that it pays. But, on the other
hand, there are 15 per cent or more,
who scarcely ever indulge in a smile
while waiting on customers.
Take, for example, some of the women
who make up the highest class of
city trade—the kind that drives up to
a shop in a swell turnout, enters like
a queen, snubs the floorwalker, seats
herself in a comfortable seat and looks
around impatiently to be waited on. If
you know much about selling this class
of trade you know that if you smile
benignly and perhaps remark about
the beautiful weather you will receive
a frigid stare from the customer that
will make you shake. In most of the
stores where this class of trade is cat-
ered to you will find salesmen who are
expert at handling it. They sell even-
ing slippers, carrying boots, riding
boots, leggings, etc., with a cold polite-
ness that would drive away an ordi-
nary shopper.
There are times and places for every-
thing, and the time and place not to
smile are in a shoe store when one of
the human icebergs which inhabit the
Four Hundred swishes in to buy \$40 or
\$50 worth of footwear—that is, if you
expect to sell to her.—Shoe Trade Jour-
nal.

MUSIC IN COURT.

Occasions When Melody Decided
Questions at Law.
On one occasion all who were pres-
ent in the court of justice at Berlin
had the great pleasure of listening to
a free performance by Professor Joachim,
the famous violinist. It appeared from
the evidence that a dealer in musical
instruments was charged with cheat-
ing a customer by representing that a
violin which he offered for sale at
\$12.25 was an instrument that could be
played. The great professor was called
in as an expert witness, and, taking
up the impugned instrument, he pro-
ceeded to play upon it. Under his
magic fingers it really sounded like a
violin, but in a few moments, much to
the regret of his listeners, the maestro
laid the instrument down with an evi-
dent air of contempt. But he had se-
cured the accused's acquittal.
The great tenor Mario once had to
give a free exhibition of his magnif-
icent vocal power in court in order to
gain freedom for himself. He had
been arrested in Madrid on mistake for
a mischievous political agitator and in
vain proclaimed his identity to the
powers that be. Finally he was told
that if he really was the famous sing-
er his voice was a certain means of
convincing the court of the truth of
his claim. For seven or eight min-
utes Mario held all within hearing
spellbound, and he was then allowed
to take his departure, with profuse
apologies for his arrest and detention.
—Chicago Tribune.

Straw For Hats a Century Ago.

In the early part of the last century
there were fewer factories in this
country than now, and many things were
made by hand which today are the
work of machinery. This was especial-
ly true of the braid for straw hats.
Rye straw was commonly used, al-
though wheat was also in demand. But
the rye straw had longer stems and
was more easily handled.
In driving along the country roads, in
Massachusetts particularly, late in the
summer one would see great bundles
of the straw hanging on the fences to
dry. When the sun and wind had
done their share of the work, it was
placed in casks where sulphur was
burning until it was bleached to a pale
yellow. Then it was split into narrow
widths suitable for braiding.—St. Nich-
olas.

The Making of Character.

The order of the world is moral in
every fiber. Men may do what they
please within certain limits, and be-
cause they do what they please society
seems to be in a state of moral chaos,
but every word and deed reacts in-
stantly on the man, and this reaction
is so inevitable that since time began
not one violation of any law of life has
escaped the penalty. He has paid
the price of his word or his deed on
the instant in its reaction upon his
character. God does not punish men.
They punish themselves in their own
natures and in the work of their hands.
—Hamilton Right Mable.

To Keep Roses Fresh.

Fill the vase or pitcher with very
warm water, and as each rose is in-
serted cut off the tip of the stem with
scissors under the water so that no air
may reach the freshly cut stem. Do
this every morning, leaving the flowers
to cool in the same water until the
next day, when repeat the process. All
hard stemmed flowers can be kept
fresh in the same way.—Ladies' Home
Journal.

Inventive Genius.

"Women have no originality, no in-
ventive genius."
"Nonsense! I have seen my stenog-
rapher make a memorandum with a bat-
on on a cake of soap when she had no
paper handy."

It is a good thing to remember when
accepting favors that the time is liable
to come when they will be thrown up
to you.—Atheion Globe.

Modesty should be the virtue of
those who possess no other.—Mather-
berg.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
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