

Crawford 2353

THE YOUTH'S COMRADE

A CLEAN PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE

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Grandfather's Crazy Mill.

By Jas. Eduard Altgeld.

"A purty cold night," said farmer Goodwin as he drew off his heavy overcoat, and took a seat by the kitchen fire. "I hed ter come reaund by ther old mill road, ter fetch over them butter tubs from deacon Jones'es, and I feel all chilled threw. A cold road thet, and lonely nuff at night time."

"The old mill road!" exclaimed his wife with interest. "Do tell me ef you saw anything onnatral about father's old mill. Queer stories the neighbors tell lately 'bout thet mill, how its haunted and crazy with ghosts. Father was good enough man when he war alive ef he did get ter believing in spirits the last two years he lived, and I don't believe he would be comin' back to that old rickety place now, after these forty years, to scare people half out of their wits."

After thus expressing her opinion, Susan poured her husband a cup of tea to warm him up, and get him to talking, while she set the table for supper.

But Farmer Goodwin shook his head in doubt and replied, "Say, Susan, there's somethin' strange 'bout thet mill. I'm half mind ter b'lieve the old man's come back ter start the mill ter goin' agin, for I heerd strange sonuds inside ez I came up to it to-night. Fust I thought it must be the buzz saw a squeakin', and then I took it fer yer father's shrill voice, ez ef he war talkin' to Joe jest ez he used to do afore he died."



"Mrs. Smith," replied his wife, "said this afternoon thet Mike, her hired boy, dways, on his way home from work in the evening, heard noises and even saw lights flitting around in the mill."

By the time Susan had finished this speech, supper was ready, but a tempting meal of New England baked beans and stewed apple sauce did not drive from Farmer Goodwin's mind the idea that there was something wrong about the old mill.

II

We have not yet described two silent, but attentive listeners, who were present during the whole conversation that ensued. They were the two youngest sons of Farmer Goodwin, and could not have been over fifteen and eighteen years old. They had heard similar ghost stories about the old mill from the lips of Mike himself. Mike was a strong overgrown fellow, always ready to suggest some new feat of daring but never willing to take the lead in its execution.

The next afternoon following this conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin, Mike and the two Goodwin boys met in the barn and talked a great deal about the haunted mill. Mike had often thought that someone ought to climb into the mill at night, and learn, from the inside, what the ghosts were doing in such a strange place. But Mike was not the fellow to do this, for he had had a hundred good opportunities and always ran past it (perhaps to keep warm) on his way home from work. He now had a plan that he was willing to help carry out. It was to set the old mill on fire and burn up every ghost within it. But should he tell the Goodwin boys about it? The property belonged to their parents, and he did not care to be charged with any damages.

But Mike was not a far-sighted fellow, and

thought he could get the Goodwin boys' opinion on his scheme without giving himself away. So Mike began:

"I say now, that old mill that belonged to yer grandfather hez got a ghost in it as sure as I'm alive. Wot would yer folks say ef someone should burn it down some o'these cold nights? I mean some o'those town chaps thet come over this way about every night jest fur sport. A little loss 'twould be to yer folks, hey?"

"Well, I don't know about that," replied Nat, the oldest of these two Goodwin boys. "Father aint much of a hand for machinery and so don't care to run the mill himself, but he has often talked about selling it to help pay off the farm mortgage."

"Sell that old shanty;" rejoined Mike, "who wants to invest in a mill that is already owned and run by the ghost of a wizard? Now ef someone from the village did burn that mill up do yer think yer father would ever find out who did it?"

"I can't answer that," replied Nat, "but I know we can't afford to lose it.

Mike went off laughing, thinking he would never now be suspected of having a hand in the demolition of the old mill. This gave him the courage he wanted to carry out his little scheme, but he thought it would be as well to look up an accomplice on whom he could lay any blame if necessary. He therefore walked into the village and found his old chum Bill Smith, who agreed to help him fire the old mill that very evening. They planned to meet at nine o'clock by the four corners, near the mill, where Mike was to have collected enough shavings and other inflamable materials with which to start a roaring fire.

While Mike was thus busy saturating old chips and rags with kerosine, concealing baskets of shavings behind a rock near the four corners, and making all the other preparations, the Goodwin boys were planning how they might catch their grandfather's ghost and bring him to account for his strange actions. This required more courage than it would take to burn him up, as Mike had planned to do.

The Goodwin boys said nothing to anyone about it, but they were actually going to search the old mill after dark, with no other weapon than their father's lantern. Ghosts, you know, are more afraid of light than of musket or broad-axe.

(To be Continued)

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AFTER A FALLEN STAR.

I saw the star fall, myself, but I should have taken it for a fancy, had not others seen it as well. I was standing near a window at the time. It seemed to fall on the wood hill, but a few miles from my uncle's house.

The next day, after dreaming all night about falling planets, and a new chapter to the science of geology, I went around town in search of friends who would accompany me to the fallen aerolite. Towards afternoon our party was ready, made up of Mr. White, an enthusiast like myself, who had also seen the star light on the wood hill; Peter Smith who had not seen it, but believed nevertheless that it had fallen; his younger brother, who hardly knew whether he had seen it or not, but could think of nothing to prevent a star from falling after it had once decided to do so; and myself.

We were all armed. I carried a hammer; Mr. White a spade; and Peter Smith (the one who had not seen the star fall) carried his father's potato bag that he might bring home a large supply of the costly rock.

Although the path to the hill led us through a rough country, we did not spend much time on the way. Mr. White was always at the head, taking long strides in his excitement.

Panting like a pack of hounds, we soon reached the hill; and now the search began. It was not an easy task, for the greater part of the hill was covered with a young growth of pine and spruce. The young trees lay, in some places, so close together that we had difficulty in proceeding further.

After an hour's fruitless search, I think we should have given up in despair, had it not been for Mr. White, who felt sure that we should soon run upon the stone. He furthermore encouraged us by saying that the discovery would be a valuable one both to ourselves and to science. After this harangue, Peter Smith re-examined his father's bag and we began our search anew, striking off in another direction where the travelling was less impeded.

During the search which followed, Mr. White got separated from the rest of our party. We had almost fogotten about him, when we heard a shrill whistle, followed by a voice which seemed to come from a great distance. We made all haste in the direction from which the sound came, and soon found Mr. White in a little gully, standing beside a huge, round stone of peculiar color. It was about half buried in the soft earth, and all about it were broken twigs which, I thought, had been recently torn trom the trees. I had never before seen a stone like it. Huge crystals of what appeared to be diamonds glistened from every side.

"This certainly is the stone," said Mr. White, nervously digging around it with his spade.

In fifteen minutes we had more of the rock chipped off than we could carry, for the weight of it had ripped out the bottom of Peter's bag. We managed, however, to bring home with us a few specimens. While returning we planned to force a yoke of oxen through the thicket, the next day, and haul into town the entire stone.

When we got back, the first man we met was old Uncle Remus. We told him, in a breath, what we had found and the very place where the stone was.

"Lor'!" said he, "I declar' ef yer aint brought hum a piece o' that Devil's rock. I ain't seen none of it since I war a young lad. Some say it war heaved up thar whin them big glaiziers, as they calls them, from the North Pole come down this way, but my grandmother used to tell me, when I war a boy, that the Devil hisself put it thar fer a door ter his hole, and that that er mica in't is his hundred eyes." Then old Uncle Remus laughed and shook all over till his cane fell out of his hand. But we did not see so much fun in it, just then, and even now, as we look back upon that day, we do not enjoy the joke as Uncle Remus did.

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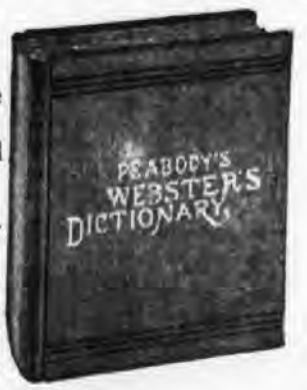
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CHILDREN'S PAGE

A STORY OF

The Largest Piece of Candy in the World

There once lived in the far-off country of Andalusia a wealthy king who became so passionately fond of candy that finally all the town confectioners were unable to keep him supplied. King Melas, for this was his name, was now getting to be an old man, but for all that he had never lost a single sweet tooth, for every day he commenced his breakfast, dinner, and supper with a large bowl of the most tempting confectionary, and closed each meal with as much more.

The truth about it was that when Melas was a very young child his wealthy parents let him do about as he pleased, giving him everything his heart desired, whether it was to be for his good or not. And of course Melas, like all other children, was fond of candy, but unfortunately had a pocket full of money given him every day with which to buy sweet meats.



Now if Melas had occasionally spent a part of his money for candy, and saved the rest, or given it away to the many poor little children whom he met every day on his way from the castle to the confectioners, the appetite for sweet would not have developed into such a frightful abnormity. But instead, a half pound of candy a day was soon followed by a pound, two pounds, five, and more, until we finally behold Melas an old broken-down man, sick with dyspepsia, but still craving, from morning till night, for sugar plums, caramels, molasses kisses, sugar taffy, and a hundred more just such confections.

Melas, at length discouraged with the town candy-makers for being unable to provide him with a sufficient supply of their manufactures, summoned them to meet in convention, to see how this evil, as he expressed it, could be remidied. There consequently appeared at the gathering every candy manufacturer with all his hired help, within a radius of ten miles. Yes, there were present chocolate dippers, molases candy pullers, girls who do nothing but wrap caramels in greasy paper, bon-bon makers and all the rest. But all were powerless to devise some means to satisfy the king, till at length he addressed the assembly himself, presenting a tremendous proposition. He said:

"My good fellow citizens, all your proposed efforts could never begin to satisfy my craving appetite. You must communicate with manufacturers all over this kingdom, with sugar raisers abroad, and with importers who have heavy ships on the sea ladened with sugar. In fact, every man, woman, and child in the land must cooperate with me in this vast scheme I am about to explain to you. I propose to have a castle, large enough for me to dwell in built entirely of sugar. The foundation is to be composed of solid rock-candy, the walls of caramels, laid one upon another by skilful brick-layers, and cemented with chewing gum, the windows of pure barley candy, made perfectly transparent, while the roof is to be tarred with black licoric, of which I am very fond. I cannot possible wait longer then two weeks for this grand building to be erected, and as soon as it is completed I shall move my whole family from the old castle into it."

While his royal highness spoke these words, everybody present held his breath with wonder and dared not offer any objection. This was a royal command and must be respected; so architects were chosen on the spot to draw plans for the new castle, and also various committees to see about buying sugar by the hundreds of tons, to put up large work-houses for the manufacture of all necessary building materials, to erect great stoves and furnaces over which a whole pond of molasses might boil at once, and to make all the other essential arrangements.

The very next day plans began to ripen, for every man in the land offered his services to the king, some bringing team-loads of wood to make the sugar boil, some bringing pick and shovel to prepare the ground for the costly edifice. All were kept busy, for even the women and children brought baskets in which to carry the chocolate bricks to the masons on the wall. And oh my, what a sight it was to behold! Thousands of barrels of sugar, and great hogsheads of molasses were raised on derricks high into the air and dumped into boiling caldrons deep enough to drown an elephant in. And then when the molasses got to boiling well, what a delightful odor spread through the land! It pleased the king so much that he could not wait for the candy to cool, but eat up great gobs of it while it was hot, making it necessary for the workmen to prepare another mess before the corner stone alone could be laid.

In spite of this obstacle,—the king's appetite,—however, the work proceeded well, and by the end of the second week the castle was pronounced complete. According to the king's wishes it had full-sized, transparent windows, and lofty spires, and cupolas rising from the roof, and glistening like diamonds in the sunlight. It could be seen from a great distance, and many a traveller journeyed from foreign lands solely to see this new wonder. But the king was the most pleased of all and, befor the first day of its completion had passed, could hardly keep from breaking off a sugared pinnacle and eating it up just as a child would an icicle hanging to the fence.

Within this crystal, sugar palace, however, were large store rooms filled with candy, and just as long as these lasted Melas did no harm to the new building he and his family were now occupying.

But, in a weeks time, his store rooms became ex-

hausted, and, like a hungry mouse ,he began to gnaw into walls and floors and theraten the very foundations of his new palace. Passers by first noticed that chimneys and turrets were disappearing, and next that the roof was giving away and would let in the rain.

Then came word that Melas was very sick and that the physicians had in vain warned him against eating so many sweet things. It was too late; what had been a slight appetite to Melas in his youth had now grown to be a craving passion that could not be satiated. He felt that he must die if he did not eat, and die he certainly would if he continued to. And this is what happened, for late one afternoon the bells tolled, thus indicating that a great king had passed away.

To-day you may search anywhere, and you will not find a single trace of the candy palace, for hardly was the king laid away under the sod before a shower fell upon the licorice roof, melting it like snow in the springtime, and it finally soaked through the tottering walls and floors, and even penetrated to the lowest foundations. Then it rained harder and carried away in miniature rivers the melted sugar, once so tempting to the eye and palate; and thus vanished from sight the costly palace of King Melas, and the largest piece of candy in the world.

A QUEER DOLLAR.

The other day a party in Peoria, Ill., found three of the most curious dollars that have been seen for some time. They are known as "Sprinkle" dollars, a name given them from their maker, Josiah Sprinkle, who once owned a silver mine in the West.

One day Sprinkle appeared in Washington, the county seat of Mason, then a thriving town, with a buckskin pouch well filled with silver dollars roughly made by his own hand. They were not counterfeits of the United States dollar, but had on one side the stamp of an owl, and on the other a six-pointed star. In weight they were heavier than the United States coin, and they also had the ring of pure silver.

Sprinkle was taken for an honest man by all the store-keepers and had no difficulty in spending the money he had brought down with him. One day, however, the government agents heard that he was making his own coin, and immediately had him arrested. When brought into court he produced a dollar which was found to be of pure silver and worth even more than one-hundred cents. He was therefore set free, but before leaving the room he astonished the defeated officials by taking from his pocket fifty Sprinkle dollars and handing them to his attorney.

This incident happened in the early thirties, and, until the other day, not a Sprinkle dollar has been found for twenty years.

EDUCATIONAL

What Business or Profession Shall I Follow?

An important question that every young man and woman is forced to ask self is, "What business or profession shall I follow?"

Business or profession; it is a mistake to imagine that there can be any essential distinction between the two. Yet he who has the inclination to study, and can offord a college education, too often thinks a higher sphere in life can be attained, greater social distinction enjoyed and a more genteel occupation pursued by preparing for a profession; while he who cares less for study, and cannot afford a college education, often thinks his lot in life must consequently be a more humble one.

Both fall into a sad error. The young man who chooses a profession for social distinction and a genteel occupation is not fitted for any profession.

The question should be, "What am I best fitted to do?—How can I best serve the community in which I live?" Both business and profession, when undertaken merely for selfish ends, sink to the same depths; but when undertaken as the best means for supplying the peculiar wants of the community at large, they both rise to the same heights.

The question should be simply one of utility. "The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker," are all as important factors in society as "the doctor, the lawyer and the Indian chief." Therefore, let no young man be enticed into a profession unless he feels that he can make himself most useful in that calling, for no honest, useful business is below him.

In every walk of life there is a call for painstaking effort, brains, invention. The business man's office should not differ, essentially, from the laboratory. The successful business man, himself, must hold many things in common with Mr. Edison. He may not know anything about mechanics, or the science of electricity, but that matters little. He must have the same spirit of invention.

He must experiment with various methods for conducting his business, many of them being of his own invention, just as Mr. Edison experiments with the electric fluid.

And if, at length, he succeeds, he deserves a high place in the estimation of his fellow men. It may take him many years to do this, and when at length success comes he will have no complicated machine to place on exhibition before the eyes of an admiring world, but nevertheless he has made a great invention, and is worthy of the title "genius." It matters not what business he has succeeded in, provided it is an honest, legitimate business. His success may be made in a small country store as well as in the counting-room of the largest corporation.

(Continued on Last Page.)

—THE—

COLLECTOR'S COLUMN.

TALKING STAMPS.

THE STAMP MAN GIVES US SOME BIG FIGURES.

The other day the stamp man happened in, and entertained us for half an hour with startling facts and stories all about postage stamps. When asked if he thought that stamp collecting was on the increase, he replied that he had never seen anything to equal it. Where a few years ago collectors were counted by the hundreds, to-day they reach into the millions. Once no one but school boys made stamp collections. Now boys and girls, men and women, physicians, lawyers, statesmen, noblemen, all have the stamp craze. Even the newspapers are getting filled up with articles on stamps, the stamp mania, fabulous prices paid for stamps, and so on, until one asks if this thing is ever to come to an end. Well, perhaps so, when the world comes to an end, but from all appearances now, never before then. The stamp man said that Boston was getting about as bad as New York, where stamp auctions are held almost weekly and where stamps often bring a thousand dollars apiece.

Why, in Cambridge, but a few miles from Boston, there lives a rich collector who has nearly nine thousand different postage stamps. It has taken him thirty years to get together this vast collection, but it is worth $25,000. Up in Maine another man has been spending, in the last year or two, $100,000 on his collection. Last winter a large dealer brought over from England a trunk full of stamps valued at $200,000 and sold one-tenth of his stock to this Maine gentleman alone. It is now reported that another English dealer is coming over this winter to get back some of the stamps that have been sold here, and that he expects to return with thousands of the more common stamps, thinking they will rise in value in a few years.

Before the U. S. government established a uniform rate of postage all over the country, offices were established in various places where stamps of different designs were used. These stamps, together with the locals issued in the Confederate States at the time of the war, are now exceedingly rare.

Whoever possesses a Brattleboro local, for instance, has a bit of paper worth $650.

In 1890 there was found, in an old atlas belonging to the Worcester Historical Society, a bunch of rare Milbury locals, one of which was recently sold in N. Y. for more than a thousand dollars. But the rarest stamp in the world is propably the 1c. red British Guiana of 1856, which is priced as high as $5,500.

Stamps that are worthless to-day will, in many cases, be rare in a few years. For this reason many are buying up stamps of the United States, and even the cheaper stamps of Europe, to lay them away until their price increases many times. Men who sell collections now that were made in their boyhood days always get big returns for their investment, and never have difficulty in finding ready purchasers.

The nobility of Europe probably spend the largest amount on their collections. Count Ferrari, an Italian residing in Paris, is said to have the best collection in the world, his stamps being valued at $1,000,000. He employs a dealer whom he recently bought out, solely to care for his collection and purchase for him new stamps.

All this sounds like a fairy tale but it is the truth. Why, many collectors are studying their stamps just as an archaeologist would an old brick found in an Indian grave. They examine the watermarks on the back of their stamps, count the perforations around each specimen, study the incriptions, whether they be in Chinese or Arabic, and even note the quality of paper on which their stamps are printed, lithographed, or engraved.

All these things influence the market value of numerous specimens. When a few months ago the the United States government altered the triangles in the upper corners of the stamps now in use, by making them appear white on a tinted ground, ordinary people did not see any difference in the new design. But the collector saw the change the very day it appeared, and is now saving the old specimens, with the dark triangles, because they were only used a few months, and consequently will be worth more in a few years.

"Yes," said the stamp man, as he buttoned up his ulster and put on his gloves before leaving us, "this stamp craze has come to stay. When there are at least one-hundred men in Boston alone who are willing to pay from $1.00 to $1,000 for a single bit of paper with some gum plastered on the back, and who will give you, often times, more for a stamp than its catalogued value, it does not look as if the stamp business would be given up for the next score of years."

Then our friend made his departure, after promising to call again in a few weeks and keep us posted on all the latest news relating to postage-stamp collecting.

NEW ISSUES OF STAMPS.

Collectors are always on the watch to find out the countries soon to change their current postage stamps for new series, and it will be part of our business to inform them every month of any new changes reported.

During the last few weeks Montenegro, Salvador and Portugal have all discarded their old stamps for new designs, and several other countries are getting ready to follow.

Next March, Greece, in commemoration of the ancient Olympic games then to be restored, will issue an entirely new series of stamps on which will be engraved figures of wrestlers, four-horse charicts, etc., all taken from designs on old coins now in the numismatic museum at Athens.

Interesting Experiments in Chemistry.

CHEMISTRY is a word taken from the Arabic language and means in English, The knowledge of the composition of bodies. By bodies we mean the various kinds of matter of which the world is composed, and the object of chemistry is to teach us something about these different kinds of matter. Dr. Thompson very well defines chemistry as "That science which treats of those events or changes in natural bodies which are not accompanied by sensible motions." The most successful way to study this science is by making experiments with the various chemical elements, but it is not necessary to own a laboratory or to use expensive materials to become a chemical expert.

Below we give a list of simple experiments illustrating the peculiar way that certain substances unite with others, and we have endeavored to describe only such experiments as give the best results and that contain chemicals all of which can be bought at the nearest drug store for a few cents each.

1. The Magic Glasses.

Use three tumblers. Rinse one in a solution of alum and water (dissolve a small pinch of alum in a couple of teaspoonfuls of water), and rinse the second in vinegar, but leave the third untouched.

When this is done all three tumblers look alike, but if you pour into each a little logwood solution, made by boiling over a candle one part of logwood in five times its bulk of water, the contents of the first tumbler will become black, the second will be straw colored, while the third will be red.

For boiling use a tin cover, if nothing else is handy.

2. Red Dye.

Boil together a little alum, twice as much logwood, and about ten times as much water, by bulk, and you will get a red dye, becoming deeper in color as the boiling continues; and pieces of white cloth dipped in this solution become dyed a brilliant red.

3. Lightning.

Wind a sheet of writing paper around a pencil and paste down the edge, thus making, when the pencil is drawn out, a hollow tube open at both ends. Put a little powdered resin in this tube and blow it into the flame of a lamp or candle. A bright flash of light will be seen, resembling lightning. Perform in a dark room.

4. Blue Stars.

Sprinkle a few iron filings over a lighted candle, or better, throw into an open grate, and the effect is very striking.

5. Loud Explosion.

Powder separately a very small quantity of sulphur and twice as much chlorate of potash. Put the two together on some hard substance and strike with a hammer. The explosion following will resemble that of a loud torpedo.

6. Blue from Two Colorlees Solutions.

Dissolve a pinch of prussiate of potash in a tumbler one quarter full of water, and as much sulphate of iron in another tumbler one quarter full of water.

Each solution is colorless until the two are poured together, when the resulting mixture becomes a blue, growing deeper by boiling.

7. Secret Ink.

Write a letter with a clean pen dipped into the solution of prussiate of potash, as above, and when your copy is dry nobody can read it. Now dip the letter into the solution of sulphate of iron and water, and your letter will be written in visable blue lines.

8. Purple.

To make a rich purple from the logwood dye described in experiment 1, add to that dye the blue solution of experiment 6.

9. Blue Changed to White.

Gradually heat, in a tin cover held over a flame, a small piece of sulphate of copper. The chemical is naturally of a bluish color, but the heat soon changes it to white. To instantly restore it to its former color, you have but to pour a drop of water on it.

10. Bright Fire.

Mix a little charcoal with three times as much nitrate of potash and throw the whole into a stove, or better, on an open grate, being careful not to hold your face near the fire. This combination makes a brilliant combustion.

11. Another fire.

Another brilliant combustion is made by throwing powdered charcoal into the fire. After this is done you may intensify the effect by heating the charcoal red hot on a shovel, and then throwing it into the fire, taking care not to stand too near it.

12. How to make Coal Gas.

Buy a penny clay pipe for this experiment. Fill the bowl with small bits of coal and plaster up the the top with clay or putty. Place in the stove over some red coals, letting the stem of the pipe stick out. After a little while light this end of the pipe and it will burn like an ordinary gas jet. This illustrates perfectly the ordinary method of manufacturing gas from coal.

13. Another Bright fire.

To a small quantity of nitrate of potash add a little more than the same bulk of iron filings, and heat the whole in an iron spoon. Throw into the fire.

14. Gunpowder.

Powder separately one part nitrate of potash, one part sulphur, and three parts charcoal. Mix together in very small quantities, taking care not to cause too great a friction. This is common gunpowder, and should be cautiously touched off.

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EDUCATIONAL Continued from Page 5

Therefore, let nobody shun the work he feels he is best fitted to do, under the false notion that it is too insignificant for him, for there is no pursuit in life that is not to-day suffering for the want of some man of strong purpose, lofty ambition, or great genius, to bring it to its highest perfection, and thus make it a more important factor in the development of human progress.

A Toy Bird that will Fly.

All the material required to make this bird can be found in any home.

First, get an old postal card and cut out your bird according to the pattern illustrated. Make him, however, a little larger, say an inch and three quarters in length, and his heigth in proportion.

Next get a wooden stick about a foot long and whittle down one end until it fits into the hole of an empty spool. Cut off the end of the stick, if it projects beyond the top of the spool, but whittle down just enough of the stick to run through the hole in the spool.



Then take three pins and cut each in two in the middle. Throw away the halves with the heads on them, but drive one of the sharp pieces into the end of the stick, and the other two into the end of the spool that is turned up. They must be opposite each other, and so that all three pins will be in one straight line like a row of soldiers.

These pins are to fit into three holes you are now to make in the middle of your bird, as shown in the pattern.

Befor flying him, twist one wing to one side and the other to the other, like an electric fan, and just as you see it in the picture.

To start the bird to flying you next have to wind, from right to left, a string on the spool, and pull it out rapidly to set the spool to spinning. This causes the bird, if first placed on the pins, to go soaring up into the air. If you have him placed up-side down on the pins he will not fly; so do not get discouraged if he does not start on the first trial.

Some Good Tricks.

How often have we found ourselves in a company of young folks who were full enough of fun but too bashful, or indifferent, to enter into any general conversation. It is at such times that some game or trick is just the thing needed to "start the ball to rolling" and make everybody enjoy himself.

A simple, but effective trick that might be used at such a time is to make a coin stick to a door or some other perpendicular surface. When no one is noticing, cut, with your pocket knife, a little nick in a coin, and the sharp end protruding will easily fasten itself to the door, although nobody can see how it is done.

A still better trick is to eat a candle before the eyes of your horror-stricken audience. To do this cut an apple to the exact shape of a piece of candle and in one end insert a small piece of almond, to represent a wick. You can light this almond and it will burn long enough to assure everybody that you have a real, greasy candle. Then blow out the light and you can eat your candle with a real relish.

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NEW SERIES. VOL. I NO. 2

BOSTON, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1896.

35 CENTS A YEAR, POST FREE.

Grandfather's Crazy Mill.

By Jas. Eduard Altgeld.

III. CONCLUDED.

As the village clock struck eight one cold, November evening, two boys were seen striding down the back road past Deacon Jones' farm. One carried a lantern which cast a long beam of light across the road and attracted the attention of the farmers who were quietly resting after their day's work. Some thought the Goodwin boys must be after the doctor to venture out at this time over the old mill road.

After a long walk past these farmhouses the boys entered the woods. In the distance they heard the roaring of the waterfall by the side of grandfather's mill. Very soon they found themselves on the bridge that crossed the stream.

The moon shone out on the water and gleams of reflected light danced up and down over the fall. It shone on the old paddle until the wheel looked as if it had been changed into silver.

The whole place seemed enchanted. But the boys did not mind the dancing moon-light and would have entered the mill at once had they not been startled by a queer sound that came from the mill. It resembled the human voice, and of one in distress. Was it grandfather's voice? The boys were too young to have ever heard grandfather's voice, for grandfather had now been dead forty years.

Should they venture in after this? They concluded it would be just as well to sit down on the door step and get rested before proceeding farther. But they listened a long time and the sound was not repeated, so they finally pushed open the door and stepped in onto the creaking floor. Every step they took seemed to shake the whole building, but they went on. They passed the old-fashioned saw, now too rusty to cut anything, but still standing just as grandfather had left it forty years ago. Leather belts, mouldy with age, hung from rough, wooden pulleys on the ceiling above.

They went down stairs and searched the cellar, but no trace of grandfather's ghost was to be found there. All was quiet below, but on the way up stairs again they heard a distinct voice. Trembling with fear they kept on, not knowing which way to turn, until they found themselves at the top of the old building. They felt sure of meeting grandfather in the garret, for it was from the top of the mill that the sound proceeded.

(Continued on page 2)

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They next saw a feeble light peeking through the cracks in an old partition. Would it be wise to approach it? No, they had better not that night. And so they hastily turned back and ran three steps at a time to reach the door at once.

They were about to go out into the road when they heard a feeble, childish voice cry "Help!"

Why should a ghost ask for help? What help could they give a ghost? Again they heard the cry for help, and at last went boldly in to conquer or die. They were not afraid now. They went behind the partition in the attic and met a sight that aroused all their sympathy. Lying on a bunch of shavings was the form of a sick child. The boys saw at once that it was poor little Teddy the orphan, who had not been seen for some time.

The child was suffering from a wound in the leg and could nct rise to meet his rescuers. They bound up his leg with two pocket handkerchiefs tied together, and gently lifted him up in their arms. Teddy told them, on the way out, that he had been living in the mill for some weeks, but that one day, while climbing over some old timbers, his foot slipped and he fell a great distance, injuring his leg. He had been unable to get down stairs since then, and was almost starving for the want of food.

Before they reached the lower story the boys noticed that the place was filled with smoke. It came pouring up from the cellar and almost choked them. Then they saw a blazing timber ahead of them and had difficulty in passing it. The mill was on fire! There was no time to lose, so they rushed over the shaky floor and reached the door just in time.

Teddy had been found not a minute too soon, for Mike had set the mill on fire and the child would have perished in the flames had it not been for the brave Goodwin boys. The orphan was at once carried to farmer Goodwin's house where he was taken good care of until his wound healed, and ever afterwards lived with his two rescuers.

That night the old mill, of course, burned to the ground, and Mike, like most malfactors, at last got found out and discharged from Mrs. Smith's.

Grandfather's ghost has never since invaded the neighborhood, even in the person of some innocent child, but if he ever does there will be two brave boys ready to face him.

School and Military Expenses.

The great nations of the world, with few exceptions, spend more money on their military forces than on their schools and colleges. In France it costs each inhabitant of the state about seventy-five cents to support the schools for one year, while it costs four dollars per capita to run the army and navy. England pays no more for education and almost as much for war and defense. The Russians pay only about three cents apiece to educate their children, and over two dollars apiece to keep their armies in the field.

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Some Card Tricks.

The man who does the tricks at our church or parlor entertainments gets from the young people of the audience the most applause of any of the performers. He is regarded as some wonderful genius just over from fairyland, endowed with all the magic powers of heaven and earth, instead of a common person like ths rest of us. He always carries a bunch of cards with him, and does some of his best tricks with these.

One trick he likes to amuse us with is to find, in a shuffled pack of cards, a card previously selected by the audience. He allows a person to draw a card and even mark it slightly with a pencil as a guard against any imposition on the part of the conjurer. While this is being done our wizard turns round the pack of cards in his hand so that all the faces of the cards will be upwards except the card on top. Without looking at the selected card he now requests that this be slipped into the pack which he still holds in his hands in such a way that the audience shall see the inverted card on top and think all the cards in the pack are placed up-side down. The selected card is consequently slipped into the pack with its face down so that the performer may not see what card it is. He then shuffles the cards to his heart's content, and after that selects the very card marked. This is easily done for the rest of the cards in the pack are turned the other way.

Another trick is thus performed: The magician asks some one to pick out a card from the pack. This is placed under a large paper cone. The audience is then asked to designate some place into which the card is to pass. Some want the card to be found in one place, some in another. After considerable talking the conjurer agrees to put it in the place first mentioned. We will say it is to be in the room under a certain book. He then moves his hands mysteriourly above the cone, raises it from the table, and shows every one that the card has passed away. Then somebody goes to the book, looks under it, and finds the missing card.

The performer needs a confederate for this trick. The confederate, ready to receive the card, stands concealed behind a screen. A small black thread is attached to a piece of card covered with wax.

The conjurer presses the selected card on the waxed card before placing the cone over it. The confederate then draws out the card from underneath the cone, and after the first one in the audience has selected a place for it to be found in, enters the room by a rear door and puts the card under the book. While he quietly does this the audience are still pointing out places where they wish the card to drop, each one choosing a different spot. They all think the card is still under the cone, and keep their eyes steadily fixed on the table before them, little thinking that the card is already in the chosen spot.

A more simple trick is to read all the cards in a shuffled pack turned up-side down. Facing the audience the performer shuffles the pack of cards, steals a glance at the top one, and places them all behind his back. He then puts the top card at the bottom of the pile, and turns it around so that its back will be against the back of the next lowest card. He then holds up the pack so that the card he has just turned round will face the audience. They naturally think this card is on top of the pack, but it is not. The conjurer now looks wise, and remembering what card it is, calls out its name. Now while he is holding up the pack to the audience he can see the next card before him.

Then placing the pack behind him he takes this second card, turns it around, and puts it over the first card he has just named. Then he again holds the pack before him so that the audience can see the second card, and meanwhile tells them what it is. While doing this he is, of course, still reading the next card, and so on. This trick always perplexes the audience because they think the cards are all placed one way in the pack.

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—THE—

COLLECTOR'S COLUMN.

A Chat with the Stamp Man.

According to agreement the stamp man made us another call, the other day, to talk over events that have recently happened in the stamp world, and to show us a few specimens of rare stamps he had been fortunate enough to get since he last saw us.

One of his lucky purchases was an entire set of the large United States periodical stamps which are now being made by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. These stamps are sent out to the different postmasters all over the United States to be used only in the post offices and attached to records relating to second class mail matter. When the records are complete they are sent to Washington with the periodical stamps attached to them, and there layed away for safe keeping. Therefore these stamps never get into general circulation and are not intended for the collector. Each postmaster is instructed not to sell them to any person, and thus the collector rarely sees one. A few collectors, however, sharper than some of the postmasters up in the country, succeeded in buying the stamps at the post office before the postmasters new that it was an offence against the Government to sell them. Some years ago it was allowable to dispose of these stamps to collectors, and those who purchased them then are now making five-hundred per cent on their investment. Several petitions have recently been sent in to the Post Office Department to again have the periodical stamps on sale at the post office, but as yet the Department has remained unmoved.

Since revenue stamps have been used so extensively in many foreign countries to prepay postage on letters and packages, collectors are reviving their interest in revenue stamps in general. The stamp man tells us that it is a surprising fact to note that as many collectors are interested in the revenue stamps of Peru and Mexico as in those of the United States.

While speaking of United States stamps our friend made some queer remarks about collecting United States stamps exclusively, which seemed, on first hearing, to be almost paradoxical. He said he had advised the collector who did not have a large pocket-book to buy stamps from every part of the world, and to fill his album full, while he thought it better for the rich collector to make a specialty of some one country, such as the United States or Canada, and ignore the stamps from all other parts of the world. It is a fact that you can purchase five-thousand stamps from all over the world for less money than you can a few hundred from the United States. The five-thousand foreign stamps are cheaper to-day, but how about the same five-thousand ten years hence? The yearly catalogue quoting the stamps once used in the old Italian or German States will tell you how prices are mounting every year, so that philatelists who collect everything will some day come out ahead of those who specialize.

Collectors who have no sympathy for Mr. Seebeck, the head of the Union Bank Note Co. of New York, who has, for so many years, received the contracts from the governments of the South aud Central American republics to print stamps for them and to dispose of the same to collectors at a big profit, will be pleased to learn that Ecuador and Honduras have discontinued their contracts with him and have apparently gone out of the business of issuing stamps largely for speculative purposes.

The stamp man wanted to know what we thought of the international stamp which has been discussed so much of late. Last summer a friend of ours wrote a letter to a party in Germany, at the same time asking for a reply. He wished to enclose a five-cent stamp which could be used on the return envelope, but a United States five-cent stamp would not return a letter from Germany. He consequently had to hunt up a dealer who possessed an unused German stamp of the value of five cents, pay a large price for it, and enclose it in his letter. The object of an international stamp is to obviate this difficulty, for it could be purchased at any post office in the Postal Union for its face value. It will not be many years before we shall see such a stamp, for the United States and several other governments are thinking seriously of adopting it.

The stamp man thought he must be going after we had fully expressed our opinions on speculative stamps, specializing, the United States periodical stamps, and the international stamp of the near future, so we let him go on one condition, namely, that he would come again some other day and reveal all his stamp secrets to us.

Stamp News.

We hope to have ready for our March number one of the two following articles:– "Where dealers get their stamps," or, "How to deal in postage stamps." The latter is to be continued through two or three numbers.

W. C. Moore, the post office inspector of Philadelphia, has recently done a good thing for philately by arresting a stamp fraud who, for some weeks, has been writing to various dealers for trial sheets of stamps, and then refusing to pay for the same.

Uruguay has issued a new set of stamps.

The colors on the Cyprus stamps have all been changed.

The American Bank Note Co. receives the contract for several hundred thousand new stamps for Peru.

It is expected that the baby portrait on the stamps of Spain and her colonies will soon be changed.

Interesting Experiments in Chemistry.

CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.

15. To Prove the Presence of Potash.

Pour hot water over wood ashes and filter. The liquid will contain potash as can be proved by dipping a small piece of red litmus test paper into it, for when a liquid contains potash it turns red test-paper blue.

16. To Detect Iron in a Liquid.

Let some nails soak in water for several days. As soon as the prussiate of potash solution of experiment 6 is poured into this it will turn blue.

17. To Detect the Presence of an Acid.

Dip a small piece of blue test paper into a saucer of vinegar (acetic acid) and it will be turned red.

18. To Make a Solid from a Liquid.

Put into a little hot water as much alum as can be dissolved, and wait for the solution to cool and become clear. Now plunge into this a crystal of alum, suspended from a thread, and instantly the whole will be turned to a solid.

COLORED FIRES.

How pyrotechnists make those beautiful, colored fires used for theatrical illuminations, Fourth of July celebrations, etc., is a mystery to most people who pay large prices for the magic powder as it is prepared at the store, and never think that for a small expense the same preparations could be made at home.

Of course one has to use inflamable materials in the manufacture of these fires, but if the following directions are carefully followed there will be no danger from explosion.

To begin with, powder separately all the ingredients given in recipes to follow and the chlorate of potash in very small quantities at a time, avoiding too much friction. Never make a great deal of the powder at once, for several lots can easily be put together if you wish to set off, at any time, a pound or more of the "fire." When cautiously ignited with a fuse, no harm will come from the powder.

The chief danger, however, is in mixing the various materials together. No hard substance, likely to cause any friction, as an iron spoon, for example, should therefore be used for this purpose, but instead, mix with the fingers or a sheet of writing paper folded several times together.

Weigh out the following chemicals into the parts given below. If scales are not handy approximate the weights the best you can, and in most cases, after a little experimenting, you will get good results.

Red Fire.

Mix in parts as follows:

Sulphur, 16; carbonate of strontia, 23; chlorate of potash, 61.

Lilac Fire.

Mix in parts as follows:

Black oxide of copper, 6; dry chalk, 20; sulphur 25; chlorate of potash, 49.

Purple Fire.

Mix in parts as follows:

Sulphur, 16; dry chalk, 23; chlorate of potash, 61.

Violet Fire.

Mix in parts as follows:

Charcoal, 8; sulphur, 10; metallic copper 15; chlorate of potash, 30.

Dark Violet Fire.

Mix in parts as follows:

Alum and carbonate of potash, each 12; sulphur, 16; chlorate of potash, 60.

Blue Fire.

Mix in parts as follows:

Metallic antimony, 1; sulphur, 2; nitrate of potash, 5.

Light-Blue Fire.

Mix in parts as follows:

Sulphur, 16; calcined alum, 23; chlorate of potash, 61.

Dark-Blue Fire.

Mix in parts as follows:

12 Each of calcined alum and carbonate of copper; sulphur, 16; chlorate of potash, 60.

Green Fire.

Mix in parts as follows:

Fine charcoal, 3; chlorate of potash, 8; sulphur, 13; nitrate of baryta, 77.

Another Green Fire.

Mix in parts as follows:

Lampblack, 1; chlorate of potash, 4; sulphur, 6; dry nitrate of baryta, 18.

An Excellent Green Fire.

Mix in parts as follows:

Boracic acid, 10; sulphur, 17; chlorate of potash, 73.

White Fire.

Mix in parts as follows:

Charcoal, 1; sulphur, 24; nitrate of potash, 75.

Yellow Fire.

Mix in parts as follows:

Charcoal, 1½; sulphur, 17½; dried soda, 20; nitrate of potash, 61.

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Lessons in Shorthand.

I.

Shorthand is not a modern invention. In the early Roman days it is probable that the first attempt to shorten the alphabet for the sake of rapid writing was made. Like most first attempts it was very imperfect, and for ages afterwards the true secret of shorthand was not discovered.

About 1835 Mr. Pitman was the first to recognize the fact that a perfect system of rapid writing depends only on the sounds of words, and has nothing to do with words as they are spelled.

Thus the word "plough," for example, should be written as if it were spelled "plow;" "any," like "eny;" and so on. Accordingly, he invented a new system of writing which is used to-day in a number of English and American schools. So far as Pitman's system goes it is excellent, and its representation of consonant sounds is useful and largely correct. Its ambiguity lies in the utter disregard it has for vowel sounds; and scores of teachers since Pitman's time have committed the same error of leaving out every vowel in a word. Their plea for so doing is that vowels are a hindrance to quick work. But rapid writing is after all but one-half of the work a stenographer has to do. He has to transpose his shorthand notes into long-hand, and this is a difficult process where every word is written without its vowel sounds. He has to guess at the meaning of a large part of his hieroglyphics, and if his transposing does not take place soon after he has taken down his shorthand notes, he usually has a sad time of it.

To add to the difficulty thus involved, aspiring shorthand writers have invented hundreds of signs which stand for entire words. There is a whole dictionary of these, but I doubt if anyone has memory enough to learn one-tenth of them. One could as easily commit to memory the Chinese language as to master a whole dictionary of shorthand abbreviations.

Attempts to simplify the shorthand alphabet and yet make it more perfect than under Pitman's system, have only been made during the last few years. A few of these inventors have worked along original lines, but the majority of them are true followers of Pitman. And thus the Pitman system has been so completely transformed, renovated, and confounded with other systems that to-day one stenographer can seldom read the writing of another. There is no universal system of shorthand, any more than there is a universal language. We have the Graham, the Osgoodby, the Thornton, the Munson, the Longley, the Scott-Browne, the Burnz, and the Bishop, all of which follow, more or less, the Pitman system. Besides these there are other distinct systems which, in some places, are used as extensively as Pitman's. Among them should be mentioned Gurney's, Taylor's, and lewis' shorthand.

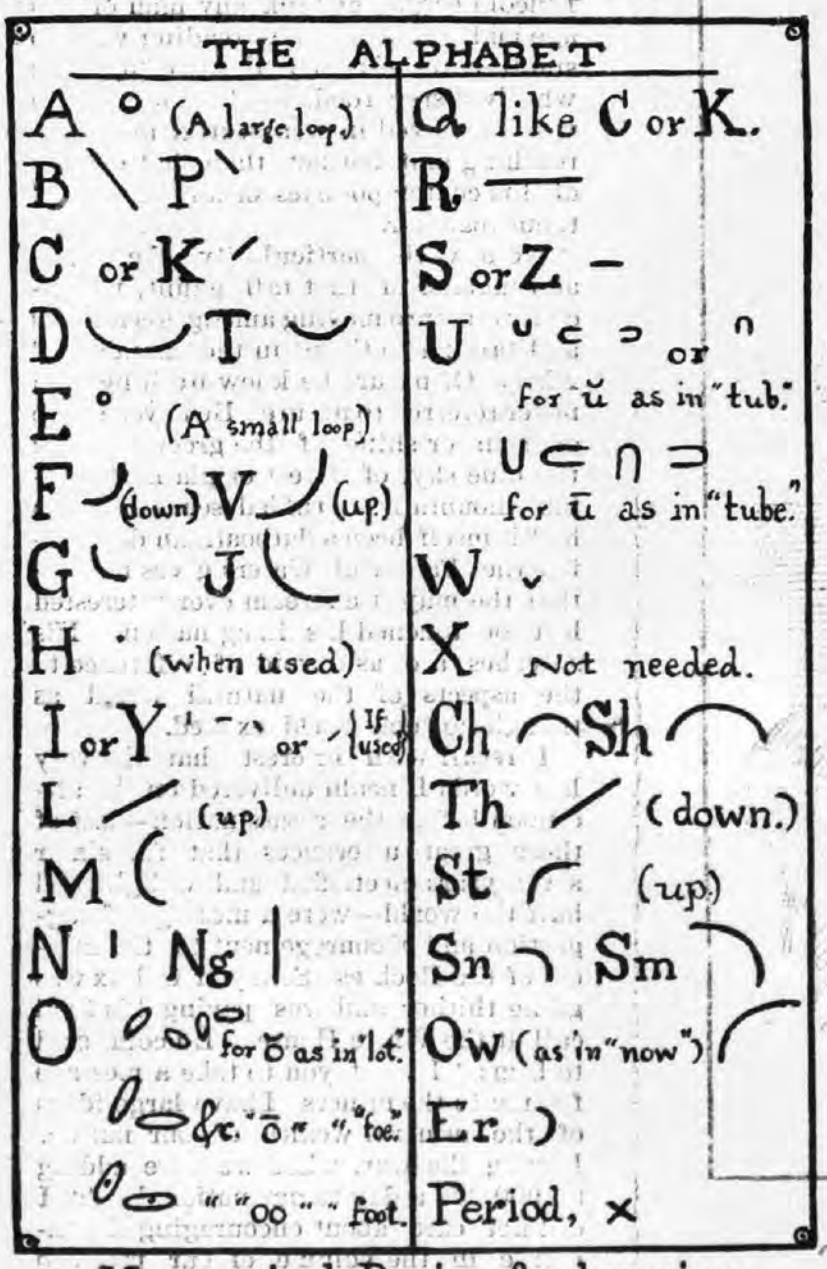
Our new method of shorthand is an original one. In attempting to make it the most complete of any system yet published, we have not made it correspondingly more complex. On the contrary, every stroke has been simplified, and all the shorthand signs reduced to the smallest possible number. These strokes can all be learned by heart in one hour, and after that nothing but pratice is necessary to make anyone a proficient writer. We do not believe in burdening the memory with a long list of shorthand abbreviations which are sure to be forgotten in a week after they are memorized. To make the work as easy as possible we have furthermore invented a mnemonic device which helps one to fix in the memory all the shorthand characters after a single reading. Then with a weeks practice in writing one can begin to take shorthand notes.

If one wishes to take down verbatim reports at a rapid speed, it will take, of course, more than a single week in which to master the system, but in three weeks one ought to learn enough shorthand to fill an office position where simple shorthand notes are all that are required.

The characters employed in this system differ so widely, one from another, that there will be no danger of mixing them up through rapid execution. The followers of Pitman give two sounds to simple characters by using both light and heavy strokes to represent certain consonant sounds. This makes the work more difficult, for in quick note-taking it is next to impossible to distinguish between light and shaded strokes. One has to use a pencil specially prepared for Pitman's system, and to write the light strokes so faintly, for the sake of contrast, that they are likely to get rubbed out before being transposed into longhand. Our system can be written with any pencil or pen made, and without the use of contrasted heavy and faint strokes.

Another advantage we claim is in the use of vowel sounds. Over one-third of the sounds used in common speech are vowel sounds. To omit these means difficult, and often times impossible, transposition after note-taking. For example, if a stenographer writes the word "been" with the vowels omitted, the word can be read "Ben,"

"bun," "born," "bone," etc., as readily as "been." It is only with reference to the context that he can distinguish the proper words, in such a case, and in scores of places the context will not give him the clue. This ambiguity is obviated by using our system which recognizes all the vowel sounds. The signs for the vowels are so easily made, or indicated by position of the consonant strokes, that no time is lost in using them.



Mnemonical Device for learning the Alphabet.

The device is given here only to help you memorize our alphabet. After you have become perfectly familiar with every letter, you will never think of any correlation that exists between the different characters.

To begin with we will consider the vowel sounds. The first two, A and E, are simply round loops. The loop for "a" is larger than that for "e," just as it is in longhand. I is a straight line like the letter I. When I is in the middle of a word it is indicated by joining the following consonant to the middle, not the end, of the consonant which comes before the vowel. The sign for O resembles the letter O elongated. When the sound is short as in the word "short" the sign is small. When long as in the word "hope" it is large. OO, as in "foot," is the large elongated O with a dot in the middle of it.

("Loop" however would be written with a long U and not OO, because the sound of U is the most prominent in such a word.)

U is a hook like the letter itself. A small hook stands for the short sound, as in "tub," and a large hook for the long sound, as in "tube."

B and P are both straight lines slanting to the right, and just as B has two loops to P one, so the line for B is twice the length of that for P.

C is the next nearest letter to B, and the character for C is the next nearest to that for B, only that it is short and slants down towards the left. K has the same sound as C, and therefore the same character.

To think of the sign for D, imagine a D tipped over on its face with the straight line forming its back left out. The same curve, only twice as short, stands for T and resembles the top of the letter T, only that it is curved.

The curve for F is the same that one makes in beginning to write a small letter F in longhand, only that it is written down instead of up. V, which sounds very much like F, resembles it, but is double its size.

G is the next nearest letter to F, and the sign for it is the next nearest to that for F, being the same curve turned to the right instead of the left. J sounds like G and is the same curve on a larger scale.

H is a letter frequently unsounded, and when it is to be pronounced a mere dot will stand for it.

L is a long mark like the small printed letter l, only that it is falling over on its face. It is written up, not down.

M is the first letter in the word moon, and the mark for it looks very much like a half moon.

A short, straight line, such as you would make in starting to draw a capital N is the sign for that letter; and a line twice as long stands for Ng.

Q is never sounded except as K.

R is the first letter in the word "rule," and the character for it is a long, straight line like a rule.

The next nearest letter, S, has the next nearest sign, a horizontal line one-half as long as for R; and Z is given the same sign.

Cut the letter W in two, make it very small and you have its shorthand indication.

X is only sounded as "cs."

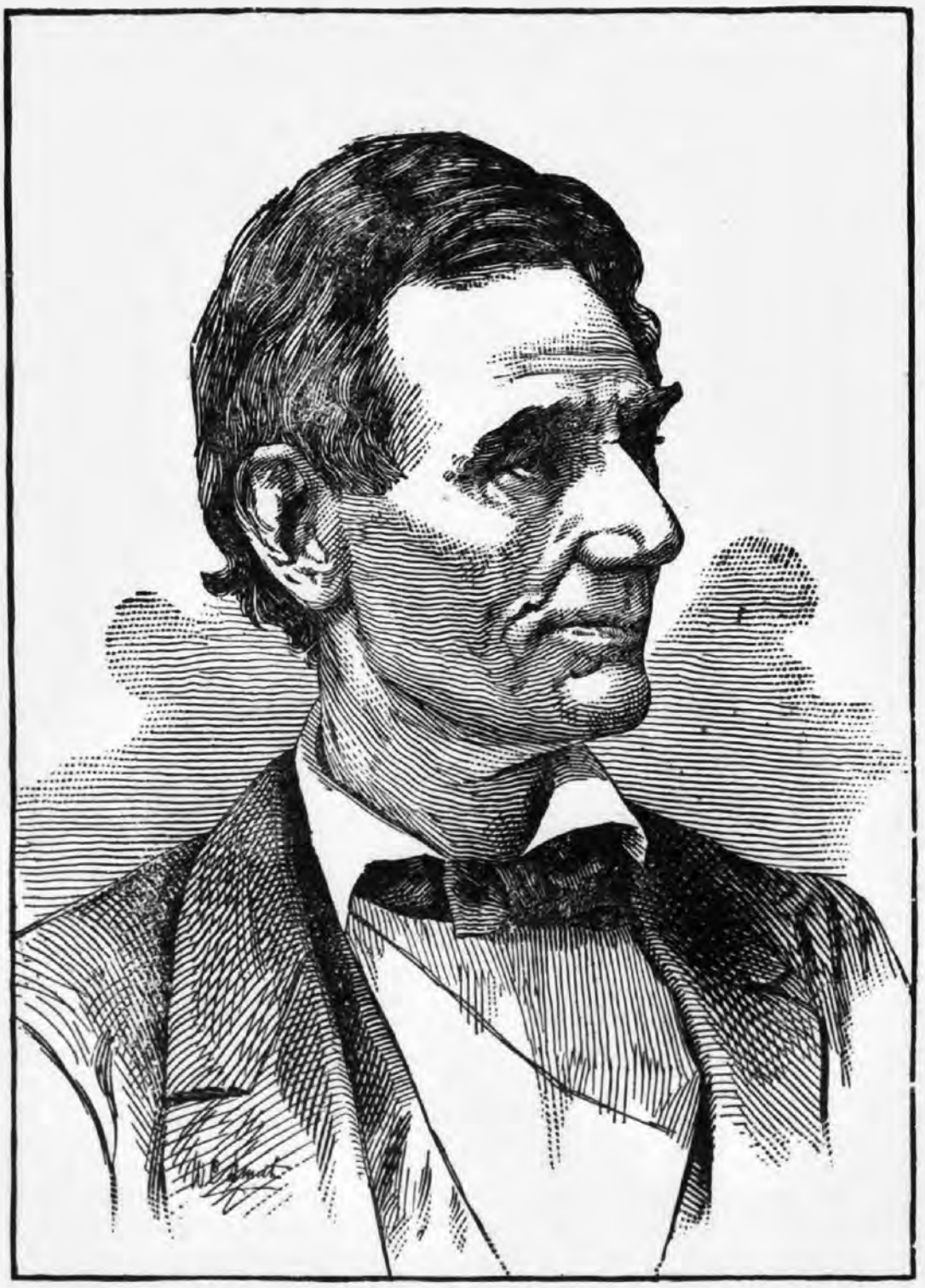
Y sounds like I.

This completes the real alphabet, but as several double consonants are constantly recurring in a great many words we have a few special signs for these.

There are three ending in H. They are Ch, Sh, Th. The letters "ch" form the last half of the word "arch." The character for Ch is therefore a small arch. Sh sounds very much like Ch and is represented by a large arch. Th, occurring frequently in the word "the," "then," etc., has the same sign as L save that it is written down, not up. All the pieces of the arch are found in the compound characters and nowhere else.

To people blessed with a good memory the above comparisons will seem very simple and possibly out of place, but nevertheless the average reader will find them a help in placing the shorthand signs in the memory.

To be Continued.



And now hoping you will write soon and tell us all the news.

Yours as ever
A. Lincoln

AN IMMORTAL MIND.

TRIBUTE OF JOHN CLARK RIDPATH TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

He Was the Greatest Thinker of the Age. His Intellectual Forces Were Always Marshaled In Precise Order—His Reply to Horace Greeley.

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WILLIAM H. HERNDON, the partner and biographer of Lincoln, visiting me one night a short time before his death, and sitting in the chair from which these words are dictated, said: "Lincoln read less and thought more than any other man in America. There is not one great book that he ever read thoroughly. When a boy, he read the Bible, and when of age he read Shakespeare, and he often quoted from both, but he never read either book through. I repeat that he was the poorest reader and the greatest thinker, within his sphere, in America, if not in the world."

The sayer of this was already tremulous with the premonitions of the final catastrophe, but his head was clear, and I could but remember that he had been for a long time more intimate with Lincoln than was ever any other man I believe that Herndon's judgment was good in the matter referred to. Lincoln did think more—and better—than any other man in America. He rose above his age because he was the greatest thinker. In many particulars he was not the highest man. He was not the best. He was not the noblest. He was not the greatest pioneer of freedom. He was not much moved with the sublime enthusiasm of humanity, but he could outthink any man of the age.

The operations of Lincoln's mind were more exact and more certain, more complete and finished, than were those of any other mind in that greatest epoch of our national existence. So much has been said about the matter that I hesitate to enter upon a new analysis or to revise the old analyses of the Lincolnian intellect, but I insist on the main fact and emphasize it—namely, that Lincoln could outthink any man of his age and country. His reading was so small and desultory that it may be wholly disregarded, but his view of the world he lived in was clearer, more far-reaching and distinct than that of any of his contemporaries or any several of them together.

Note with particularity the mode and manner of that tall, gaunt, melancholy creature moving among his fellows and talking to them in the manner of Æsop. Of nature he knew nothing. He never referred to nature. He never spoke of rain or shine, of the green earth or the blue sky, of forest or plain, of distant mountain or ruffled sea. He who had himself been a flatboatman descending the Father of Waters gives no sign that the majestic stream ever interested him or touched his imagination. His speeches are as devoid of reference to the aspects of the natural world as though no such world existed.

I recall with interest that the very last words Lincoln delivered on the afternoon before the assassination—last of those great utterances that for six or seven years electrified and enlightened half the world—were a message of suggestion and encouragement to the miners of the Rockies. Schuyler Colfax was going thither and was paying his final call at the White House. Lincoln said to him: "I want you to take a message for me to the miners. I have large ideas of the mineral wealth of our nation. During the war, when we were adding $2,000,000 a day to our national debt, I did not care about encouraging the increase in the volume of our precious metals, but now that the rebellion is overthrown and we know pretty nearly the amount of our national debt, the more gold and silver we mine makes the payment of that debt so much the easier. Now I am going to encourage that in every possible way. * * * I intend to point the immigrants to the gold and silver that wait for them in the west. Tell the miners from me that I shall promote their interests to the utmost of my ability, because their prosperity is the prosperity of the nation."

These were the last public words of the Immortal, and they were as prophetic and true as the rest. If Lincoln were present today, and in power, the international gold trust would break itself to pieces on the immovable granite of that great and honest nature.

Lincoln has been credited with possessing a vein of poetry. That is not true. He had no imagination, no ideality. The one poem which he is said to have known by heart is a long piece of moralizing doggerel about the folly of pride in such a creature as man. It has in it the precise tone of melancholy and doubt which were the prevailing characteristics of Lincoln's somber sentiments. For that reason he read the poem and committed it. He was a dabbler in

Shakespeare because the aphorisms of that Titanic genius suited him in point and argument. It was not the poetry, but the Shakespearean logic, that he caught at and took. To him Meissonier's "Friedland" would have suggested a story of the Blackhawk war, and Millet's "Angelus" would have brought to mind a joke that he once heard in Indiana.

Poetically considered, Lincoln's mind was as flat as a mustering ground. The æsthetic faculties were wanting. He endured music as a necessity. On the Fourth of July, 1863, being serenaded, he concluded his speech thus: "Recent events bring up glorious names, and particularly prominent ones, but these I will not mention. Having said thus much, I will now take the music." That is, I will take it as medicine! The excursive power did not exist in Lincoln's mind He had no flight. Even in the finest things that he ever said we may perceive that they were intellectually fabricated, woven out of reason in the brain loom, drawn from the subject as with a syllogistic spindle through the hackle of the rule of three.

Lincoln was the mighty wrestler. The man never lived who could throw him on equal ground. Once in his clutches, the strongest antagonist was broken, whirled with his feet to the planets and cast prone. Horace Greeley was no weakling. When he was enraged, the power of the gods was on him. In the high noon of the war he attacked the president and demanded to know his meaning. Would he or would he not abolish slavery? Was he or was he not a friend to freedom? Had the loyal people hoped in vain? Would the administration never do anything? What was the war waged for anyhow? Did the president himself know or did he not know his own meaning? Would he plainly tell the nation what were his purposes and aims? And this is Lincoln's reply:

"If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it. If I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it, and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race I do because I believe it helps to save the Union, and what I forbear I forbear because I do not believe it helps to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe that what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I believe doing more will help the cause."

Since the death of Thucydides there has not, I believe, been written another such paragraph as that! Talleyrand and Burke and Webster all sitting together could not have composed it! It is tougher than wrought steel. The precision of it is equal to the strength, and the cogency to the dispassion. It is well nigh the unapproachable model of all that was ever done in human argument. No phalanx of bayonets ever went so level across the field against the enemy. It is a countercharge that goes over the redan without breaking a step. After that was said there was silence in the cavilers' camp for times and a half time. And the secret of it is simply the strength and clearness of the thought. The homely phrase is only the necessary garb of the immortal thinking.

There are those who speak of the happiness of language, as though men were gifted with words and the power of arranging words without respect to thought. There is no gift of language, but the gift of thought. Clearness of speech and greatness of phraseology are the necessary correlatives of great thinking. The allegation of sublime language without sublime thought in it is preposterous, and the assertion that the thought is great and strong, but that the language is weak and imperfect, is an absurdity. Thought is born in language, and not otherwise. The thinker is he who makes out of the nebulous ideality of the question the convincing and sometimes immortal fabric of speech.

Such was Lincoln's power. He came humbly and patiently to the greatest problems of political and national life in the midst of an epoch of convulsion and cataclysm, and the chaos, passing through his powerful formative faculties, resolved itself into stellar beauty and order. In his intellectual action he was as matter of fact as he was great in comprehension. His mental product was the most inornate in the world. At bottom he regarded it as almost a sin to indulge in a figure of speech; even when his composition seemed of itself to rise from the merely syllogistic basis into flight or fancy he stood back and would not follow.

Coming to the end of his first inaugural, Lincoln reached these words: "In your hands, my fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it." At this point he paused, for he had finished the argument. But Seward thought that there should be an imaginative appeal added to the address. Lincoln assented, but could not do it. He passed the address into the hands of the secretary and asked him for a suggestion, and this is what Seward wrote and appended to the manuscript: "I close. We are not, we must not be, aliens or enemies, but fellow countrymen and brethren. Although passion has strained our bonds of affection too hardly, they must not, I am sure they will not, be broken. The mystic chords which, proceeding from so many battlefields and so many patriot graves, pass through all the hearts and all hearths in this broad continent of ours will yet again harmonize in their ancient music when breathed upon by the guardian angel of our nation."

And this is what the paragraph became after it had passed the alembic of the purifying fires:

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

There is not in the whole history of literature another such illustration of the transforming force of the master mind! The rail splitter took the great scholar's faulty, straggling paragraph and made it immortal—because he was the thinker!

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

To be Continued.

Fancy Bag.

Bags are at the present time in the greatest favor. They are used to hold the purse, handkerchief, scent bottle, etc., when shopping or calling. For theater use nothing can be more convenient



CONVENIENT AND PRETTY.

than a pretty bag to hold opera glasses, fan, scent bottle, bonbonniere, etc., and for ordinary home use to hold small pieces of work they are invaluable. A pretty bag for theater use is of the palest shell pink satin, cut 16 inches wide and 24 inches deep, joined across the bottom and up the side to within 5 inches of the top; the opposite side is cut down 5 inches, and both the pieces left at the top are turned down 2½ inches, and a running slide is put in at the lower edge of the hemmed over part. A piece of pale chartreuse green brocade has the pattern outlined with gold thread and is placed diagonally across one side. The pattern of the brocade is continued in gold embroidery on to the pink satin. The two corners are ornamented with small rosettes of pink ribbon. This would make a very convenient work or shopping bag if carried out in more serviceable colors.

Broom Covers.

A broom cover of cotton flannel in any dark color is a veritable boon to a tired housekeeper. Fit the cover closely over the broom in bag fashion, tying it closely on with a string run in the upper hem. The best colors for these covers are dark gray, red, or any color that does not crock after sweeping off the kitchen floor or any painted or hard wood floor. Go over it with a covered broom, and every particle of dust can be easily taken up and the floor polished almost as bright as if it had been rubbed with a cloth by the hand. A covered broom is valuable for sweeping piazzas as well as for sweeping down walls.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

A FUNNY REGIMENT.

How Tommy Tomkins Played at Soldier When Short of Men.

It is not very easy to play at soldiers when you are short of men, as Tom Tomkins was. But Tom was not easily discouraged. He lived in a lonely part of the country, far away from other houses, so he and his brother James had to make all the fun for themselves. Tom had been to the nearest town and had seen a number of soldiers drawn up in line being drilled by an officer. When he returned home, he determined to form a regiment and be its captain.

"Now, James, you must be the bugler and flagbearer, and we will march round the house and get our soldiers together."

So away they went, James blowing a penny trumpet and waving an old red



"NOW, ATTENTION!"

handkerchief tied to a long stick. But no recruits came, so Fido, the dog, was enlisted and made to follow the flag. This was easily done, as Fido was usually to be found following one of the two boys. Puss was tried, but she objected. Then James got his old wooden horse, and it followed in the rear by means of a piece of string attached to its head. Then all marched into the drillground, and Tom put his soldiers through their drill.

"Now, attention!" Fido took no notice of this order, except to wag his tail. "Stand straight!" was the next command, and Fido rose upon his hind legs and looked at his young master. "Eyes right! Now Master Bugler, your eyes are wrong. March!" And away they went round the house, with trumpet blowing, flag waving, Fido barking and Tom singing a merry tune. They marched so well that Captain Tom promised to take them out again another day.

A Reformed Character.

A badger sat before his hole in meditation deep,
And as he pondered on the past he felt inclined to weep.
"My conduct isn't nice," he said, "and it appears to me
That I might easily behave with less ferocitee.

"I'm far too ready with my claws, and when I meet a friend
The chance encounter in a row is almost sure to end.
Well, well, such wicked strife shall cease; I'll neither scratch nor bite,
And nothing shall induce me to be party to a fight.

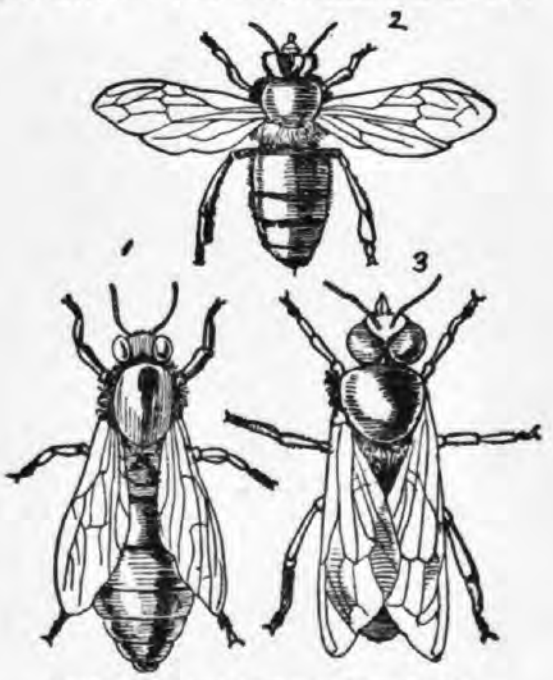
"A lamblike disposition I will henceforth cultivate,
And if a dog should bark at me I won't retaliate.
To totally reform my life is my ambition's sum;
I've been a badger long enough, a goodger I'll become."

A Sensible Bear.

As every one knows, the bear is an animal that lends itself well to being tamed. A Norwegian possessed one which he had trained to accompany him on his journeys by sledge, the creature standing on the back, just like a footman behind a carriage. Bruin had an excellent notion of keeping his balance, for when the sledge gave a lurch to one side, the bear at once threw his weight to the opposite side, and so prevented a capsize. One day it pleased his master to take the animal over the roughest possible ground, merely to test its skill in this respect. The bear, however, was not to be thrown Still, it did not relish the ride, and becoming irritated by the constant joltings and swayings to and fro, it at length brought its owner to his senses by dealing him a sound whack across his back.

A Chat About Bees.

I suppose every reader has read or heard at some time or other a little about beehives and honey making, but they have never perhaps had their attention called to the three kinds of occupants of the beehive The queen bee (Fig. 1) is the mother of the hive, and has many home duties to at-



QUEEN BEE—WORKER BEE—DRONE.

tend to, for all the other bees are her children. As they grow up the worker bees (Fig. 2) become the nurses of their younger brothers and sisters, whose nurseries they build, and whose food they procure, but the male bees or drones (Fig. 3) do nothing for their keep, and so when winter comes they are turned out of the hive. The honey we eat is gathered from flowers by the busy bees during the summer months.

Household Hints.

Gas or lamp globes ought never to be put over the light directly after washing, as, however carefully they are dried, there is sure to be some damp left on them. They should be done quite early in the morning.

To clean decanters, water bottles and cruet casters mix a teaspoonful of small shot in a half teacupful of vinegar, which pour into the article to be cleaned. Shake well and rinse with clean water.

If doughnuts do not take on a golden brown crust as soon as they are dropped into the lard, you may know that it is not hot enough.

THE HOUSEHOLD

CRETONNES IN FAVOR.

Inexpensive Furnishing, but Good Enough For a City Millionaire's House.

Whatever may be said of more expensive furnishing, the pleasing assurance comes from such excellent authority as The Decorator and Furnisher that the good taste and comfort discernible in a bedroom with wall hanging, curtains and cushioning of cretonne or sateen of pleasing design are undeniable and carry with them an effect of respectability that hardly attaches to more costly furnishing. The latest designs in these printed furniture stuffs are mostly in floriated stripes intersected with detached blossoms or bouquets a la pompadour, with all over design of some distinctive flower or bouquets of flowers. An illustration in question in the use of cretonne for wall finish and furnishing is found in the bedroom of a lady in the house of a New York millionaire. Of grounding in pale ecru, the design of this stuff is brought in bouquets of small roses and other flowers of conventionalized colorings. The cretonne, carried up within 18 inches of the ceiling, is headed by a frieze in fresco painting, showing a garland of festoons of the flowers seen on the cretonne, plain gilt molding dividing the hanging from the frieze, a garland of the flowers in fresco also decorating the ceiling, the windows curtained with the cretonne, and the cretonne covering the lounge, a pair of fauteuils and the seats of a couple of side chairs. There is nothing meretricious in furnishing of this description, as there is too often when more expensive materials are employed, and the journal mentioned would like to see cretonnes and their kindred cotton prints more assuredly at the front for upholstery purposes in our country. The range in price for furniture prints is from about 18 to 75 cents per yard, according to quality, the width being from about 24 to 27 inches.

Piano Back Cabinet.

How painfully have the minds of many women been exercised at one time or another by the problem of how to decorate the back of a cottage piano. Draperies do little to soften the uncompromising squareness of its straight lines and much in the way of collecting dust. Moreover, they have become so hackneyed that one longs



for a little relief from their damask or art muslin folds. A looking glass is a doubtful alternative, and jangling china not to be thought of. So that in despair one feels inclined to outrage the laws of acoustics and the dictates of fashion and push the offending piano against the wall.

A most satisfactory answer has at last been given to the vexed question in England by designing a highly ornamental piece of furniture to decorate the back of a piano and transform it into a thing of beauty. The piece of furniture in question is in the form of a drawing room cabinet without a back, and can be made in a variety of styles to suit any room—Chippendale, Louis XVI, Mauresque, etc. It is so compact that it takes up little room, and so lightly made as not to affect the sound. In fact, it can be fixed to the piano or detached from it by a simple arrangement. The illustration will give some idea of this graceful design, which, although provisionally patented by a London firm, is full of suggestions that may be carried out by any clever housewife without fear of infringement.

Browned Oysters on Toast.

Take 2 dozen large oysters, keeping them separate from the juice. Mix smoothly the yoks of 2 eggs with a teaspoonful of flour, bread the oysters, season with salt and pepper, dip them in this mixture of flour and eggs and brown in hot clarified butter. When browned, lift from the frying pan and pour the juice of the oysters into the butter remaining in the pan, thicken with a dessertspoonful of flour smoothly blended with a gill of milk or cream, simmer until it thickens and the flour is cooked. Put in the oysters until thoroughly hot, but do not boil, and pour over slices of toasted French or Vienna bread. This affords a nice dish for luncheon.

Shirred Eggs.

A shirred egg is an egg poached or "set" in the oven. The little individual handled and covered dishes are much daintier, but any kind of a small cup or saucer may be used. Drop a bit of butter in the dish, open in this an egg, which must be beyond reproach, season it and place in the oven until the white begins to set. Remember that the cooking continues a minute after it is taken from the oven. A little minced ham, chicken or tongue, or a spoonful of green peas may be sprinkled over before sending to the able.

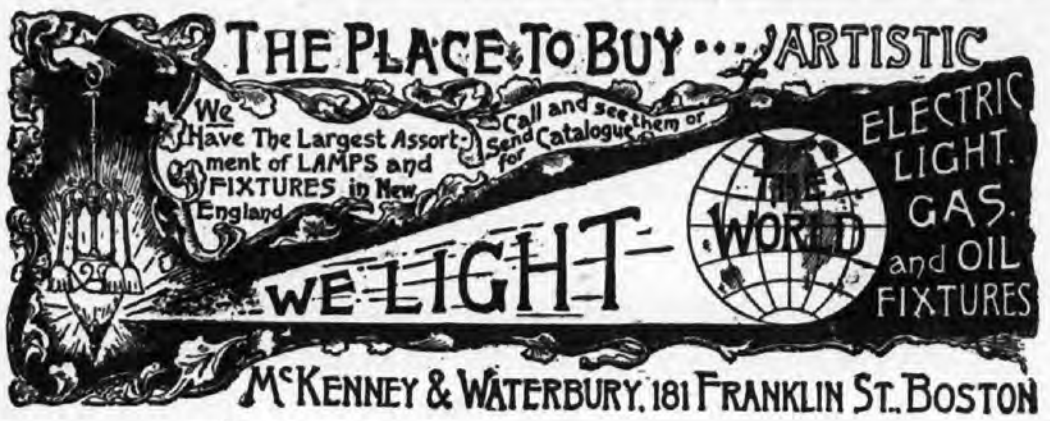
Floral Lamp Shade.

The shade may be made up of cardboard sections, as a cover for a porcelain shade, or may be made on a wire frame with a lining of asbestus. If cardboard is used, the ornamentation may be of



DECORATED LAMP SHADE.

pressed flowers and ferns covered with gauze to protect them from injury. If a wire frame is used, it should be covered with white or ecru silk, on which the flowers should be painted with embroidery dyes. Cover with gauze and trim with lace and ribbon.—Modern Priscilla.



THE PUZZLER

No. 1.—Charade.

I wander o'er the land of dikes,
  Of slow canals and cleanly streets,
And wonder as each figure quaint
  My unaccustomed vision meets—
I speculate at what near time
  The sea its barriers shall burst
And overwhelm the fertile land,
  Which is, as you must know, my FIRST.

If, in a generation past,
  In old arithmetics you reckoned,
Among the "tables" measures there
  You surely would have found my SECOND.

Should not America be proud
  That such a one she claims as son?
A statesman, poet, Christian man,
  The gracious WHOLE combined in one.

No. 2.—Illustrated Rebuses.



1



2



3

—Country Gentleman.

No. 3.—Anagram.

Zeno, a would be poet of the olden times,
'Tis said was marked and seized and jailed
  for making rhymes.
A jury true, on his appeal, did sit betimes
To find where his offense came in the list of
  crimes.

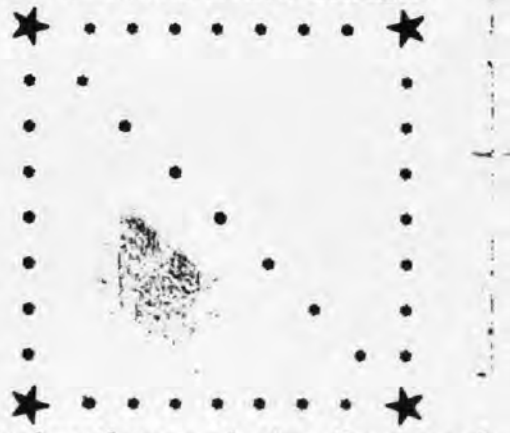
A disputation marked the opening of the case.
Some said they in his lines no sense could trace,
Others declared that ages hence a brighter race
Of men would in his lines find beauty, thought
  and grace.

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The jury all, with faces set as adamant,
A verdict gave that pleased both wise and ignorant.
They said: "'Tis charged that Zeno's rhyme is merest rant;
Our verdict found is this: Zeno can write,
ZENO CAN'T."

No. 4.—Double Hollow Triangle.



The hypothenuse of pine, the name of Arthur's far famed sword. The upper row, one who interprets the meaning. The lower row, ever upward. The left side, a species of rose, the sweet brier. The right side, marked by red letters. The hypothenuse, the left side, the upper row and the lower row all begin with the same letter. The right side begins and ends with the same letter.

No. 5.—Half Squares.

My initials, read downward, form the name of a town in Germany. 1. A cavalry soldier. 2. A boy's name. 3. A girl's name. 4 Part of the leg. 5. A color. 6. A prefix equivalent to in or on. 7. A consonant.

1. Affording food. 2. The pineapple. 3. To toss. 4. To reverse. 5. A song. 6. In like manner. 7. A letter.

No. 6.—A Cage of Birds.

Find the names of birds hidden in the following sentences:

1. I cannot see my neighbor's wall, owing to the height of the trees.
2. Whenever I walk down Whitechapel I candidly confess to a slight feeling of fear.
3. Did you hear a dog howling last night?
4. If ever you should meet an ogre, be sure you treat him with great respect.
5. Does Philip love Rebecca, do you think?
6. If we could find the El Dorado, do you think we should be any the happier?
7. If you are not quick, I tell you, you will lose your train.
8. Here is one parsnip, eleven potatoes and three turnips.
9. What an ugly cur Lewis has with him.
10. Is that action either just or kind?

Odd Epitaphs.

Here lies the body of John Mound,
Lost at sea and never found.

Here lies the body of Jonathan Stout,
Who went in the water and never came out;
Supposed to be floating about.

Here lie the bodies of two sisters dear.
One's buried in Ireland; the other lies here.

FROZEN PERFUME is the best for the toilet. 25 Cents a box. James E. Tucker, 43 Upton St., Boston.

Impurities in the Air.

The air we exhale from our lungs is composed largely of carbonic acid gas. This gas is injurious to animal life, but plants depend partly upon it for nourishment. That is why it is well to have potted plants in the living room, for leaves inhale, as it were, this deadly gas, and thus purify the air for us.

Carbonic acid gas is heavy and fills the lower part of the room before reaching the ceiling. There is a famous cave which is so filled with this gas that a dog, if left in it, soon becomes insensible. The gas, however, does not rise high enough to affect a person standing beside the dog.

Another peculiarity of this gas is that nothing can burn in it. It is an easy matter to illustrate this fact. Procure a wide-mouthed bottle. A horse-radish bottle is what you want. Put into it several teaspoonfuls of baking powder, or some marble dust, made by crushing to a powder any small peice of marble. Over this pour a teaspoonful of hydrochloric acid, or as much sulphuric acid.

Both acids can be purchased at the druggists, and the latter should be bought diluted about fifty per cent. As soon as the acid touches the alkali, you will notice a great sputtering. This is the carbonic acid gas which is now being generated. In a minute the bottle will be full of it, and a lighted taper thrust into it will immediately stop burning. A small lighted candle can be lowered, by means of a string, into the bottle. This will also go out.

We can prove that this gas is heavier than the air by using a pair of scales. Evenly balance an empty bottle on the scales and then pour into it the gas from the horse-radish bottle. I do not mean the powder at the bottom, but simply the gas. This gas is transparent, so that you cannot see it run from one bottle into the other, but in a moment the scales will tip, showing that something heavy has been put on them. It is not difficult to make a pair of balances, good enough to answer your purpose, out of some card board, a block, stick, and a little string. Exercise your ingenuity a trifle and you will be surprised to see how many difficulties can be overcome in the way of procuring chemical apparatus for your experiments.

Paper for Stopping Leaks.

Not only is pulp found useful in the manufacture of pails, wash-basins, shoe leather, and other articles of commercial value, but also as a home substitute for cement.

When mixed with glue and plaster of Paris or Portland cement it is used for stopping up cracks in wood. It will even mend leaks in iron pipes. For this, mix it with hot water to the consistency of thin gruel and add enough plaster of Paris to then make it fairly thick. As the plaster sets quickly it must be used as soon as mixed and only applied to the pipe after the water has been shut off to allow it to harden.

When the crack is large, a piece of cheese cloth first wound round the pipe will prevent any of the plaster from soaking off. On top of the cloth lay enough of the cement to press into the cracks. Over this lay more of it so that quite a ridge will project above the leak.

The pulp, when not in use, should be kept tightly corked in a bottle, to prevent its drying up. Few know the adhesive qualities of this composition.

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THE HIDDEN BOX.

By Wilbur Olmstead.

I.

Carl Judson thought he was the most unfortunate boy alive, and when we know a little of his life's history, and of the last calamity that had befallen him, we shall see why it was natural for him to think so.

When Carl was a very small child his mother died. His father, who was a blacksmith by trade, and a hard-working man for the interests of his family, did not long survive his wife, dying the next year, after a very short sickness. Carl was left an orphan at the age of six, and lived for the next eleven years with a kind aunt who, although a poor woman, did everything possible for the comfort of her nephew. Under her care Carl had grown to be a strong, promising lad of seventeen, such as we find him to-day, but on this particular afternoon he had the bearing of a much older and more serious person. He was on his way back from the little, country graveyard where his dear aunt had just been placed under the sod, and now he felt entirely alone in the world. He no longer knew of any friend or relative to take an interest in him, and thought that he must be his own master from this time on, whether the idea suited him or not. His aunt had left him no property. The house they had lived together in belonged to old Judge Crow, who demanded the rent the first day of every month, and when it was not ready on that day told his tenants that they must pay in twenty-four hours or vacate. It was almost rent day and Carl would be held responsible for the rent. Judge Crow was the wealthiest man in town, having a fortune invested in Western railroad stocks etc., but he was not lenient to the poor. He had retired from the legal profession and spent much of his leisure time in assailing his poor tenants. Carl had always kept out of the way when Judge Crow came for the rent, but it would be necessary for him to meet the judge this time and tell him boldly that the money was not



Carl Judson and little Tom call on Judge Crow.

ready. For during his aunt's sickness the little sum put away for the rent had all gone for medicine and food. Carl did not care to go back to his home and see the little room in which his aunt had passed her last miserable days, so he remained outdoors until it grew dark, and the air got chilly and made him shiver. It was only then that he went into the woodshed and finally into the house and struck a light. How lonely it seemed! He could see no advantage in being one's own master now. There was some bread in the pantry, and on the shelf were several tumblers of jelly which his aunt had kept on hand for company; but his appetite had almost left him, and he preferred to eat his bread without any jelly. After supper he sat down in the kitchen and fell into a deep reverie. The picture of his father came to his mind, and of the old spot where he spent his best days, working for the support of his family. The shop had never been occupied since his father's death, and really belonged to Carl. It was the only piece of property the orphan could lay claim to. but it was an old, tumbled-down affair, and would not bring anything if put up for sale. Carl's grandfather had also been a blacksmith and was the one who built the shop many years ago. The boy had heard his father tell stories about the old man, of how he built a small vessel there, and went on an ocean voyage to the West Indies. And then, after many years, he came back and worked at his trade again, having got enough of the sea. Carl almost had a mind to try a sea-faring life himself for the want of something better to do.

While thus musing the clock struck nine. This was Carl's bed time, but he did not feel like retiring to-night, everything seemed so ghostly and strange about the house. For almost the first time he felt afraid, although he knew there was not a soul in the house to harm him.

The village people must have been a selfish set not to call on him and give him at least a word of encouragement, if not offer him any assistance, at such a sad moment; but they kept away from the house altogether. After the services at the grave had been performed the clergyman had to drive to another town were he was expected to preach in the evening. Had he remained in town, no doubt he would have invited Carl to spend the night at his home. Carl was a neglected boy.

Finally the orphan overcame his fears enough to steal into bed and cover up his head with the blankets. He felt it was the safest place to be in after all. The warm blankets were to him the next best thing to some warm heart, and certainly they made a strong contrast to the cold, selfish world without.

II.

When Carl awoke the next morning, it was because someone was banging away at the front door. Carl stuck his head out of the window and saw a little boy standing on the door step. He told the child to sit down on the fence for a few minutes, promising to be down directly. It did not take Carl long to make his toilet, for his wardrobe was none too large, and besides his clothes were so big that they slipped on easily. When Carl went down stairs he found little Tommy, a boy who did errands for the neighbors, waiting patiently on the fence for him. Tommy had a note from Judge Crow addressed to Carl Judson which, when it was opened, read as follows:—

"Dear Sir;

You are probably aware that to-morrow is rent day. Please see that the rent is ready on the first day of every month while you continue to remain in my house, and oblige,

C. J. Crow."

Carl knew very well that the rent would not be ready on the following day. His poor aunt used to take in sewing, to care for children whose parents were away for the day, and to help folks in a hundred ways to support herself and nephew; and Carl had worked summers in the hay-field and chopped wood in the winter to help also in meeting the expenses. But the wood-chopping business had been dull for a month, and Carl had spent most of his time in taking care of his sick aunt. Then there was the butcher, together with several others, who had not been paid for some time, all of which made Carl feel that he was pretty heavily in debt. He decided to go straight to Judge Crow and explain to him his situation. He did not expect to get any satisfaction from him, but what else could he do? If he were to sell, at public auction, all the household furniture, it would probably not bring enough to pay half the bills, if it paid the auctioneer, and printer for advertising the sale.

Tommy followed Carl to Judge Crow's. He wanted to see what was up and get a chance, if possible, to run another errand for the Judge. The boys found the man of the law feeding a turkey in the door-yard, and were told to go into the kitchen where their case would be considered. When the judge came in he sat down at a table in one corner of the room and forgot to offer chairs to his guests. It did not take Carl long to explain his errand and after he had finished the Judge made a proposition that shocked Carl so much that he was unable to reply for some moments.

Now Judge Crow was in need of a boy to work on the farm. He told Carl that if he would get ready his things and bring them over to his house he might live with him for the present and work on the farm for his board. This, he also proposed, would cancel the debt which Carl owed him for rent. Carl had no desire to work for his board under Judge Crow. He preferred to get less board somewhere else under a more congenial master.

(To be Continued.)

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Secrets of the Conjurer.

THE BLACK ART REVEALED.

A little over a century ago there were those who dared not investigate the secrets of the "black art of sorcery." Such an investigation, as they thought, would reveal the spirit forces of the hidden world, and bring calamity upon their children to the third and fourth generations. Whitchcraft and jugglery were one and the same, and the person who could perform either must be superhuman.

To-day nobody feels alarmed at seeing a trickster borrow a quarter from his pocket and transfer it into that of his neighbor, unless he fears he will never get back the borrowed money. We now see a live rabbit, a dozen eggs, or three-hundred yards of ribbon come out of a man's hat, and sit unmoved throughout the performance. But although it is no longer believed that the conjurer makes use of hidden spiritual forces in performing his marvelous feats of sleight-of-hand, his "black art" still affords us any amount of innocent amusement. He must be a man of strong nerve, and must also have the power of holding one's attention, and of diverting it from one object to another at will, if he is to succeed in his profession. His secrets, when understood, are of the simplest imaginable, but the public, for all that, are slow to discover them.

One of the simplest tricks performed is to take a quarter out of a handkerchief. To do this one needs a ring of about the circumference of the coin. It should also be about as wide as the coin is thick to resemble its shape as closely as possible. Concealing the ring on one finger of your hand you hold a borrowed quarter in the other hand, then show it to the audience, and pretend to transfer it into the hand containing the ring. You do not really transfer the coin, but instead slip it into your pocket while hunting for a handkerchief to cover the quarter. You now cover the ring and allow the audience to feel the quarter they suppose is rolled up inside the handkerchief.

The ring, although it is covered by the handkerchief, can next be slipped onto the finger. You can then shake the handkerchief to show that the coin has passed from it, and afterwards discover it in your pocket.

Another coin trick is to fold a cent in a piece of paper so that when unfolded the coin will have disappeared. Cut a piece of paper about three inches square, and fold it into three equal strips. Then holding an end in each hand fold it the other way into three more strips. This will divide the paper into nine squares each measuring one inch. In the middle square, of course, the coin is put, and the paper then folded over it. Now on the back of this paper is pasted another piece of paper of the same size and folded exactly like the first piece. As the backs of each are pasted together this second piece of paper will not be seen. Taking the folded cent in your hand you cry, "Cent disappear," and then turn it over before laying it down on the table. You now open the second piece of paper and show the audience that the cent is no longer visible. To make it return you only have to invert the bundle again, unfold the first paper, and find the cent as you left it. This seems to be a wonderful trick because nobody suspects that you have two folded pieces of paper glued together.

We will now describe the walking cent. Before you exhibit this trick you must provide yourself with a long, black hair. Attach one end of this to your vest button and stick a small piece of beeswax on the other end. If you wear a dark suit of clothes the hair will not be seen. You borrow a cent from the company, lay it on the table, and stealthily press the wax onto it. Now, by slightly moving the body, the cent will dance about over the table, or on your hand. By slowly moving your hand along, the cent will appear to be moving up your arm. You can give it a bath in a tumbler of water held near the edge of the table by pulling the cent in, and afterwards you may jerk it out of the water without being detected.

To make an egg stand on end give it several violent shakes to break the yolk and cause it to sink into one half of the shell. With a little dexterity the egg can then be made to stand on a flat surface, and even on a looking glass.

Magic pictures, which one moment appear and the next vanish, are made as follows: Procure two pieces of window glass, say three by four inches in dimension, and both of exactly the same size. Cement four small pieces of card between them, one in each corner. The cards keep the two glasses from touching when they are layed one upon the other. Between these glasses is to be poured a liquid, but before this can be done all the edges, save on one side, are to be securely sealed with slaked lime mixed with the white of an egg. Over the edge a strip of parchment is next pasted to make all secure, and between the glasses is then poured the preparation we will now describe. Six ounces of lard and one-half ounce of white wax are dissolved over a slow fire and an ounce of clear linseed oil is added. Only while this is warm can it be poured between the glasses. After you have done this you must seal up the unprotected edge as was done with the other three edges.

Any thin picture, whether a print or a chromo, should now be pasted, face down, against one of the glass plates. As soon as the picture is placed before the fire it becomes visible, but the moment it is taken away from the heat the liquid hardens and the glass appears white.

Now and then it is well to amuse the audience with a joke or two, and the following trick may afford some merriment in the midst of a performance. Borrow two hats, place them on the table before you, and eat a piece of bread after you have done that. Then tell the company that the bread will be found under either hat desired. By placing the chosen hat upon your head you will have fulfilled, to the letter, your promise.

To make a tumbler of water change places with a tumbler of blue ink requires a little knowledge of chemistry, but the trick is a remarkable one. Before the performance commences a pinch of prussiate of potash is dissolved in a tumbler of water, and a wide strip of blue silk is sewed together so that it will fit into another tumbler of water and rest against the sides of the glass. To the audience the second tumbler will appear to be filled with blue ink while the tumbler containing the potash will be clear. Inside a handkerchief you must have concealed another pinch of sulphate of iron, so that when the tumbler of clear water is covered, the powder will fall into the water. The moment the two chemicals come in contact with each other they will color it a deep blue. This, of course, is done under the handkerchief, and meanwhile you cover the second glass with another handkerchief. Now with a stick you strike both glasses and command the water and ink to change places in the tumblers. You then remove the handkerchief from the first glass which is now filled with the blue solution, and also take out the blue silk from the second tumbler at the same time you remove the handkerchief covering that. Both silk and handkerchief can be removed at once, the silk remaining concealed beneath the handkerchief after the latter has been taken from the table. This second glass, then, will be filled with clear water, and the transformation will be complete. As the prussiate of potash is poisonous, it is better to conceal the sulphate of iron in the handkerchief, as I have described, rather than the prussiate of potash.

Prof. Lorento, in his "Amateur Amusements," has described a novel way of finding a borrowed dime in a lemon. A slit is cut in the lemon beforehand, and a dime sewed up in one corner of a good-sized silk handkerchief. A marked dime is borrowed from the audience. While pretending to wrap this one in the handkerchief you conceal it in the palm of your hand. You now ask somebody to hold the handkerchief above his head and tell whether he feels the dime in it. Of course he will feel the one you previously had stitched into your handkerchief, but that will make no difference.

Concluded on page 6.

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Lessons in Shorthand.

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For the remaining few signs we will let you invent your own mnemonical pegs.

Ow, as in "now," (also used for Ough as in "plough," the latter having the same sound) is the first half of the arch made on a large scale, and St the same on a small scale.

Sn is the last half of the arch made small, and Sm the same enlarged.

Er is the half moon again, turned in the opposite direction from the one for M. This completes the entire shorthand alphabet.

Rules of the System.

1. Pay no attention to the spelling of words. Write them only as they are sounded, as "cof" for "cough," etc.
2. Points of punctuation are the same as in longhand except the period, which is a cross.
3. Figures are the same as in longhand, except the cipher which is a period. To write fifty, therefore, make a 5 and put one period after it thus–5. For 5000, 5... and so on.
4. The vowel hooks and loops are made to slant in any direction most suitable for the occasion. That is why several positions are given most of the vowels in our table illustrating the alphabet. These vowels can also be put on any side of a consonant stroke, according to convenience, as you will see by studying the examples to follow.
5. a.) When I is the first letter in a word it is left out, but the omission is indicated by commencing the next consonant in the word high up above the line. (See beginning of second line of Example A.)

b.) When I comes between two consonants the consonant following the vowel is joined to the middle, not the end, of the consonant coming before it. (See last word in Example A. Also rule 10 for ending "ing.")

c.) At the end of a word a very short mark, placed in any direction that will separate it from the preceeding stroke, stands for the vowel I. (See first word in Example B where the Y is used as I.)

6. Short A (as A in "hat,") and long A (as A in "hate,") are simple loops as shown in the alphabet, but the Italian A (as in "father,") sounds so much like R that we use for it the sign for R in place of the loop.
7. When O is the first letter in a word it is left out, but to show that it has been omitted the word is written at a considerable distance from the preceeding word. (See last word in Example B.)
8. All strokes are written Down except those marked "up" in the alphabet.
9. Use a note book with ruled lines in it, and commence every word on the line, extending it above or below, etc., according to the direction of the characters employed. (Rule 5a., however, is an exception to this.)
10. When ING comes at the end of a word a dot underneath that word stands for this sound. (See last word in Example A.)
11. When two similar strokes come together and thus form a single stroke, so that it is impossible to separate them, a break has to be made between them. (See the word "Mars" near the

Concluded on next page.

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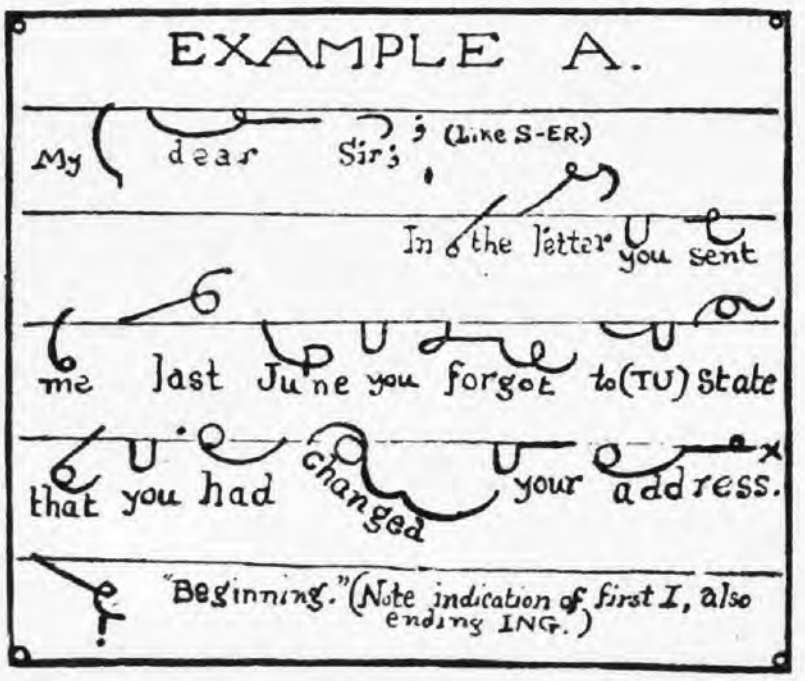


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end of Example B.) When two or more vowel sounds come together use only the one having the more prominent sound of the two. "Beauty" should be written "buti;" "livliest," "livlest;"



etc.

12. Any vowel following W is omitted unless the vowel is the last letter in the word.

When one is able to write a great many examples like the preceeding it is time to abbreviate. Almost every long, familiar word can be abbreviated for the sake of speed. The word "benediction," just for an example, should be written "ben;" "respectfully," "resp;" "consider," "con;" and so on. In fact abbreviate every possible word, even the short ones, when you wish to write very rapidly; but when you do so be sure to re-write your notes in longhand as soon after you have finished your shorthand notes as possible. Otherwise you may get confused when you come to transpose.

There are a number of short words such as "and," "but," "of," etc., which are used repeatedly in every discourse, and which require special signs. For these we will use the old signs of the alphabet, as shown in the following table. Thus, "a," "an," "and" are all written like the single letter A, that is, with a circle, as shown in the alphabet. "But," is a straight line slanting to the right like the sign for B, etc.

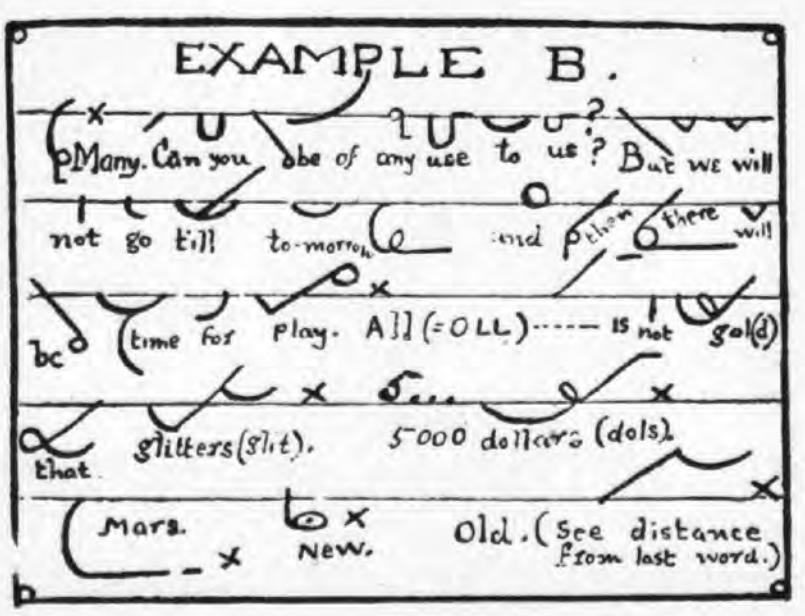


TABLE OF ABBREVIATED WORDS.

A— a, an, and.	R— are.
B— but.	S— so, is.
C— can.	T— to.
F— for.	U— you.
G— go, get.	V— very, of.
H— have, had.	W— we, will.
M— much, many.	sh— should, shall.
N— no, not.	th— therefore, thus.
O— was.	

The rules and suggestions given in this treatise are few and simple, but all that are necessary for understanding every detail of the system. It is important, however, that every rule be thoroughly understood before attempting to write with the Lightning Shorthand.

Odd Paper Money.

The development of the art of printing is nowhere better illustrated than in a collection of American bills covering a wide range of dates from the early Colonial days down to the time of our Civil War.

Colonial bills were of odd shape, being almost as broad as long, and were roughly printed from crude woodcuts. The modern bust was in no way represented on these bills, but instead were depicted elaborate coats of arms, ships, anchors, horses, and even a rabbit gnawing an acorn.

Among the novelties in paper money should be noted the "Wild Cat" issues which were notes of cities and corporations bearing a resemblance to the bank bills of the time. Most of these were dated prior to the Civil War.

Just before the Rebellion, war issues were common both in the North and South. Cities, corporations, and private individuals issued these. Many of them were carelessly printed from set type and illustrated with dogs, casks, skulls, and cider mills.

When we compare the confederate notes with the first paper money issued by the Continental Congress we are amazed to see the advance made in printing and engraving. The Confederate bills of the 1864 issue are particularly well lithographed and engraved, and though worthless now as currency are interesting to the collector of paper money.

SECRETS OF THE CONJURER.

Continued from Page 4.

You now slip your hand into your pocket and push the borrowed dime into the slit in the lemon. Next, you take the lemon from your pocket and place it upon the table so that the slit in it will not be seen.

You tell your audience that you are about to destroy the sense of feeling in the hands of the person holding the handkerchief. After this you again ask him if he feels the coin, and he will tell you that he does. You tell him that he is mistaken, and taking the handkerchief from his hands shake it violently to convince everyone present that the borrowed coin is not there. On cutting the lemon open you will find the missing dime, and the owner will identify it as his own.

—THE—

STAMP COLLECTOR'S COLUMNS.

Stamps Sent Underground.

It may surprise some of the readers of our Stamp Department when we tell them that letters can now be sent from place to place through underground pipes, almost as conveniently as liquids or gases. In Paris, France, there is placed, underneath the city, an elaborate system of pipes which carry letters from one end of Paris to the other in less time than it takes to tell about it. It is done by compressed air. The letters are placed inside of metal boxes which fit tightly into hollow tubes or pipes. The air within these pipes is exhausted by means of air pumps, so that the box passes through a vacuum and is propelled by the pressure of the air behind it.

There are a score or more of sub-stations scattered throughout the city, and all these, at about equal distances from one another, are connected with central stations where the mail is received and re-directed to its proper destination.

The stamps on letters sent through the air tubes bear the inscription "pneumatiques," and sometimes puzzle collectors who take them for revenues.

Not long ago there was some talk of establishing a line of pneumatic tubes in Boston, but the plan did not succeed. Before many years it is not at all improbable that all large cities in the United States will be furnished with air tubes for conducting the mail.

United States Stamps in Europe.

It has often been remarked that United States stamps are cheaper in Europe than in this country. In the main this is true, but it is difficult to explain why it is so. To be sure, foreign collectors do not care so much for United States specimens as do Americans, and therefore leave these stamps on the market; but how does the foreign market get flooded when the demand for United States stamps is so great at home?

The United States periodical and unused due stamps cannot be bought at any post office in this country, and are, for the most part, as rare as unpurchasable here. In Europe, however, they can be bought; and the secret of how they get into circulation there has at last come out. Every collector knows that it is unlawful for postmasters in the United States to dispose of either the due or periodical stamps. Now according to the regulations of the International Postal Union, whose headquarters are at Berne, Switzerland, every country comprised in that union must send seven complete sets of any new stamps issued by it, to each of the other one-hundred and seventy-five countries represented.

Every time the United States government issues a new series of stamps, therefore, about ten thousand unused specimens have to be sent to Berne. It is expected that the officials there will immediately forward these to all the other countries in the Postal Union, but this is not always the case. Where one set is kept for official inspection the remaining six usually get sold to some foreign stamp dealer, who will doubtless dispose of them, in turn, to an American collector. And thus the treasured periodical or due stamp gets into somebody's collection in America, despite the precautions of the post office department. This, however, applies only to unused specimens of United States stamps and does not account for the remarkable number of cancelled stamps of the general issue which can be found any day in London, Paris, and elswhere, for a surprisingly low price.

Another Novelty in the Stamp Business.

There is a party in Charleston, S. C., who advertises to lend money on postage stamps. In his circular he says, "Philatelists often have opportunities to buy stamps very cheaply, but a lack of ready cash prevents them and gives the other fellow an advantage. There's no excuse now, since I am at your service. Only eight per cent. interest, per annum, is charged, and for my services, as appraiser of the stamps, I am paid about five per cent. Loans are made for ninety days only, but they can usually be renewed at expiration."

There is no end to novelties in the stamp line, but a philatelic pawn-shop is the latest fad.

Latest News for Collectors.

We were unable to receive, in time for this month's publication, the articles announced in our February number. Next month we shall commence our prize article on How to Deal in Postage Stamps, and it is to be continued through several numbers. We cannot guarantee to send out any sample copies of our April Edition as our subscription list will be enlarged, and extra numbers will be reserved throughout the month for new subscribers.

The new issue of Salvador has appeared. The stamps are inferior in design to any heretofore engraved by Mr. Seebeck.

India stamps are now being surcharged in black,–Zanzibar, for use in that colony. The set also includes the envelope stamps of India as represented in the cut annexed.



Stamp subjects are frequently appearing in the newspapers all over the land. This shows how the craze is spreading. The Chicago Tribune, perhaps, takes the lead in secularizing this fascinating pursuit.

No less than one hundred and thirty-seven rare St. Louis locals were recently discovered in a court-house cellar at Louisville, Ky. The lucky finders got nearly thirty thousand dollars for these stamps. This is the greatest stamp-find that has occurred for years.

STAMPS! 1000 fine mixed 25c. 100 all diff. 10c. 25 Africa 20c. 30 unused 20c. Agents wanted at 50 p. c. dis.
P. KAMINSKY, 941 Mound St., Milwaukee, Wis.

STAMPS! **105 Old Java** etc., hinge paper, cats., fine **Stamp Album**, all for 5c. Everyone writing to be a new agent gets FREE a beautiful, **Illustrated Stamp Album** and packet of foreign stamps. Bargain cats., illustrated, telling about those **3 bbls.** of **free stamps**, will be sent to anyone. To advertise our paper more extensively, we have started one of the largest stamp concerns on earth. **50 per cent comm. to Agents.**
A. BULLARD & CO., 97 Pembroke St., BOSTON, MASS.

SHORT STORIES About Lincoln.

(Continued from last number.)

LINCOLN, THE CARPENTER.

A Cabinet Made by Him Which Is Still In Existence.

In the days when Abraham Lincoln was a boy on his father's farm in Gentryville, Ind., it was necessary for every settler to know how to handle tools.

Thomas Lincoln, Abraham's father, was probably as skillful a carpenter as any of his neighbors, and he taught his son to handle the saw and plane as well.

There is evidence that Abraham was an apt pupil, for a specimen of his handi



CABINET MADE BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

work is now in the possession of Captain J. W. Wortman of Evansville, Ind. It is a cabinet made of walnut, two feet in height and very well put together. Young Abe probably cut down the tree himself, sawed out the boards with a crosscut saw, planed them by hand and fastened the parts together without the aid of a single iron nail. His father is said to have given some aid in the making of this cabinet, but it was mainly the work of the man who afterward constructed a cabinet of a different kind.

LINCOLN'S MEMORY.

Told Where He Had Put a Whetstone Fifteen Years Before.

It is said that Abraham Lincoln never forgot a face and was never at loss to greet by name any person whom he had ever known. Possibly this may be an exaggeration, but many anecdotes are told which go to prove that the great president did have a wonderful memory.

When he was a comparatively young man and a candidate for the Illinois legislature, he made a personal canvass of his district. While "swinging around the circle" he stopped one day and took dinner with a farmer in Sangamon county.

Years afterward, when Lincoln had become president, a soldier came to call on him at the White House. At the first glance the chief executive said:

"Yes, I remember you. You used to live on the Danville road. I took dinner with you when I was running for the legislature. I recollect that we stood talking together out at the barnyard gate while I sharpened my jackknife."

"Ya-as," drawled the soldier. "You did. But, say, wherever did you put thet whetstone? I looked fer it a dozen times, but I never could find it after the day you used it. We 'lowed as how mebby you took it 'long with you."

"No," said Lincoln, looking serious and pushing away a lot of documents of state from the desk in front of him. "No, I put it on top of that gatepost—that high one."

"Well," exclaimed the visitor, "meb by you did. Couldn't nobody else have put it there, and none of us ever thought to look there fer it."

The soldier was then on his way home, and when he got there the first thing he did was to look for that whetstone. And, sure enough, there it was, just where Lincoln had laid it 15 years before. The honest fellow wrote a letter to the chief magistrate of the nation, telling him that the whetstone had been found and would never be lost again.

ANOTHER LINCOLN STORY.

He Enjoyed Life's Good Things, but Got Few of Them.

Mr. Lincoln was one of the rare talkers who could always point a moral with an adorning tale taken out of his own experience. Everybody has experiences if he only knows it. Most of us are so much in the habit of taking in wisdom and fun through the printed page or the story as another man tells it that we lack the capacity to see it for ourselves.

The story teller is the man who finds his own material. An old southern politician was moralizing thus a few nights ago and eulogizing the man the south used to dislike:

"When Lincoln first came to Washington, I went to see him, so prejudiced against him beforehand that no man with less genius could have overcome it. I left that first interview his friend. No man ever came under the charm of Lincoln's personality without respecting him, and, if allowed, loving him.

"One day, after we had become fairly good friends, I told him of my early prejudice.

"'Mr. Lincoln,' I said, 'I had heard every mean thing on earth about you except one. I never heard that you were too fond of the pleasures of life.' Mr. Lincoln sat for a moment stroking his long cheek thoughtfully, and then he drawled out in his peculiar western voice:

"'That reminds me of something that a boy said to me when I was about 10 years old.

"'Once in awhile my mother used to get some sorghum and some ginger and mix us up a batch of gingerbread. It wasn't often, and it was our biggest treat.

"'One day I smelled it and came into the house to get my share while it was hot. I found she had baked me three gingerbread men, and I took them out under a hickory tree to eat them.

"'There was a family near us that was a little poorer than we were, and their boy came along as I sat down.

"'"Abe," he said, edging close, "gimme a man."

"'I gave him one. He crammed it into his mouth at two bites and looked at me while I bit the legs from my first one.

"'"Abe," he said, "gimme that other'n."

"'I wanted it, but I gave it to him, and as it followed the first one I said:

"'"You seem to like gingerbread?"

"'"Abe," he said earnestly, "I don't s'pose there's anybody on this earth likes gingerbread as well as I do," and drawing a sigh that brought up crumbs, "I don't s'pose there's anybody gets less of it."'"

And the old congressman said Mr. Lincoln looked as though the subject was ended. ANNA LEACH.

Lincoln as a Dancer.

Lincoln made his first appearance in society when he was first sent to Springfield, Ills., as a member of the state legislature. It was not an imposing figure which he cut in a ballroom, but still he was occasionally to be found there. Miss Mary Todd, who afterward became his wife, was the magnet which drew the tall, awkward young man from his den. One evening Lincoln approached Miss Todd and said, in his peculiar idiom:

"Miss Todd, I should like to dance with you the worst way."

The young woman accepted the inevitable and hobbled around the room with him. When she returned to her seat, one of her companions asked mischievously:

"Well, Mary, did he dance with you the worst way?"

"Yes," she answered, "the very worst."

A Curious Fact.

The San Francisco Examiner says that there is one curious fact respecting the animal creation with which one will never become acquainted if he depends on his textbooks for information. It is this: No living representative of the animal kingdom has more than five toes, digits or claws to each foot, hand or limb. The horse is the type of one toed creation, the camel of the two toed, the rhinoceros of the three toed and the hippopotamus of the four toed animal life. The elephant and hundreds of other animals belonging to different orders are of the great five toed tribe.

Louisa M. Alcott.

Louisa May Alcott was born in Germantown, Pa., Nov. 29, 1832. She died March 6, 1888, aged 56 years, in Roxbury, Mass., and was buried in Concord, N. H. Much of the charm of Miss Alcott's numerous stories is drawn from her own life, and the truest of her stories, "Little Women," published in 1868, is the one we love the best. In it we have a picture of the Alcott home at Concord. Jo was Miss Alcott herself.

Furs will look much improved if they are cleaned with bran heated in the oven. Rub the hot bran well into the fur with a piece of flannel, then shake the fur to remove all particles and brush thoroughly.

A medical journal recommends, as a means of saving the eyes from the effects of continuous use in sewing, typesetting, reading, etc., a habit of looking up from the work at short intervals and glancing about the room.

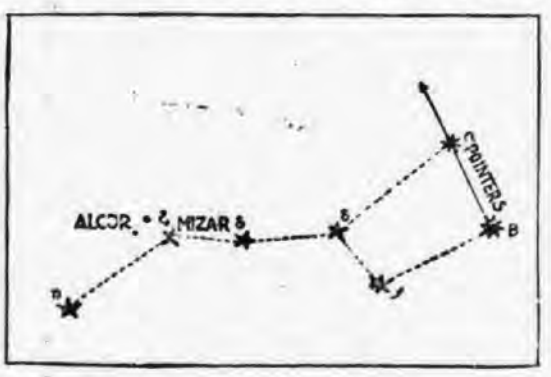


ASTRONOMY WITH AN OPERA GLASS.

A Fair Knowledge of the Stars Can Be Obtained With This Simple Instrument.

Many are deterred from the study of astronomy because they believe it is necessary to make observations with a telescope in order to learn anything. While this is undoubtedly an advantage the most suitable instrument for commencing astronomical studies is within ordinary reach. It is the well known binocular that a sailor uses on board ship, or, if that cannot be had, then a common opera glass will answer nearly as well. Although not as powerful as a telescope, an opera glass enables us to survey a large region of the sky at one glance, while a telescope, generally speaking, only presents a small field of view.

As a little experiment in star gazing with an opera glass a contributor to Popular Science News suggests a glance at Ursa Major, otherwise known as the Great Bear in England, or as the Great Dipper



URSA MAJOR.

in America. Face the north, and if you are not just sure where the north is try a pocket compass. This constellation consists of four bright stars, which form a sort of oblong, while the other three represent the tail. If it is a fine, clear night, count how many stars there are within this oblong. They are all very faint, but on a good night you may perhaps see ten. Next take your opera glass and sweep over the same region, and you will find fully 200, so that the opera glass has in this part of the sky revealed nearly 20 times as many stars as could be seen without its aid. As 6,000 stars can be seen by the eye all over the heavens we may expect that 20 times that number—that is to say, 120,000 stars—could be shown by the opera glass over the entire sky.

Look at the star in the middle of the handle of the Dipper (this handle forms the tail of Ursa Major), and a little attention will show you that the star is double. The larger of these two stars is called Mizar and the smallest Alcor—the Horse and his Rider, as the Arabs say. Your glass will not only show the distance between Alcor and Mizar, but also their difference in color. In the magnifying power of the opera glass Alcor is at some little distance from Mizar, while Mizar itself is split up into two suns, respectively white and pale green, and close together. This is indeed the best double star in the heavens for the beginner to commence his observations upon.

A large number of the double stars are perceptible through a good opera glass, and it will afford many a delightful evening's entertainment to search for them with this simple instrument. In this way we can obtain a fair knowledge of astronomy with regard to the position of the constellations and many wonders of the heavens which cannot be seen with the unaided eye.

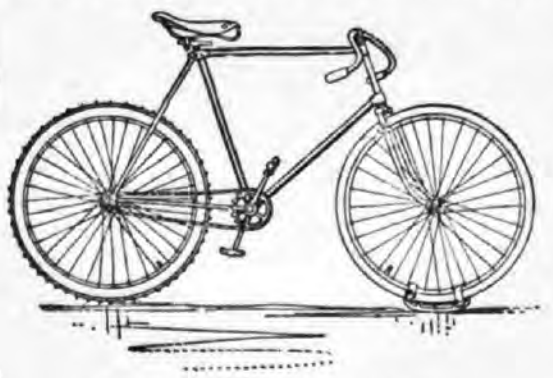
Rapid Gunmaking.

There seems to be reason to suppose that the art of gun manufacture will be revolutionized by the Maxim plan of manufacturing guns from one solid integral forging. In the Maxim system the forging is roughly turned and then annealed in a slow furnace. It is next carefully turned, smooth bored and rifled. Then it is mounted vertically in a special furnace and rotated slowly while a current of cold gas is forced through the bore. The carbon in the gas combines with the steel of the bore, hardening it and improving the quality of the steel. While the gun is redhot the coal gas is shut off and a very large stream of cold oil under high pressure is forced through the bore. This cools the bore and the inside shrinks to its finished dimensions. The outside body of the gun then gradually shrinks upon the cooled interior portion, thus throwing it into the state of high tension which is necessary to enable the gun to resist instantaneously with its whole mass the shock of discharge. It is believed that by this method heavy ordnance can be manufactured in half the time and at half the expense of the present system, says Self Culture.

Cycle, Skate and Snowshoe Attachment.

Various are the devices designed to make the career of the bicycle continuous throughout the year or at least uninterrupted by ice and snow. The "long runner" has become familiar, but what is termed a skate and snowshoe attachment, of which a cut appears in The Referee, presents a more novel aspect.

One of the advantages claimed for it is that it does not injure the machine by



A NEW CYCLE ATTACHMENT.

twisting or bending the forks. Another —and this is its great recommendation to popularity—is convenience. You are never to be unmounted. You can put your skate in your pocket and ride to and from the ice. It takes but a minute to put on the skate. If you are out with your snowshoe and roads get bad or snow scarce, you take your shoe off and ride home on your wheel. The drive hoop on the rear wheel is adjustable to any size tire and stays on the wheel whether on the ground, ice or snow.

Golden Steel.

Human ingenuity is never satisfied. The latest discovery reported is golden steel, made in large quantities at Sheffield, England. It is an amalgam of bronze and aluminium, which has a most beautiful appearance and is very successful for cutlery not requiring a keen edge, such as forks and dessert knives. The new alloy possesses the dual advantage of durability and beauty.

Nature's Noises.

The roar of a waterfall is explained in the constant explosion of hundreds of thousands of bubbles. The impact of water against water is believed to be a comparatively subordinate cause.

Seashells murmur because the vibrations of the air, not otherwise observable, are collected in the shell and by its shape are brought to a focus.

THE MAKING OF SOUPS.

How to Make Soup Stock Which May Be Used In Various Ways.

First comes the making of the stock. When the roast has passed through all its stages for the table, the bones are broken up, to which are added any scraps that may have accumulated, and any chicken or turkey feet may also be added, prepared in the following manner: Scald by pouring boiling water over them; let them stand a moment, then pull off the outer skin by turning it over just as a glove is turned inside out. The skin comes off readily, leaving the legs and feet beautifully white. These are a great addition to any soup stock. Cover these odds and ends with cold water and set the kettle upon the front of the stove until it reaches the boiling point; then move back to where it will just simmer. If allowed to boil hard, the soup will be muddy. Cook until thoroughly done, then take from the fire and skim out the bones—the meat adhering to these will make a nice hash—and set away to cool. Next morning skim off the fat and strain through a sieve. If not perfectly clear, put a piece of cheesecloth in the sieve and run it through again.

Now the stock is ready to be used in various ways, according to the quantity and quality. If it is from lamb, chicken or turkey, it will simply need to be warmed up and seasoned with salt and pepper if desired. Chicken and turkey stock is improved by a celery flavor, which can be given by pieces of celery, or if these are not at hand a sprinkling of celery salt. Macaroni or vermicelli broken in small pieces is also an improvement. Lamb stock is very nice simply seasoned with salt and thickened by a little rice. Beef stock needs more attention to make it palatable.

Some vegetable flavor adds a very appetizing savor, and this is easiest obtained by keeping a package of dried soup vegetables in the pantry. These vegetables are put up by both French and German firms and are equally good. The price is about 35 cents for a good sized package, and as this will last a small family considerably over a year the expense is trifling About a teaspoonful of these dried vegetables will greatly improve the flavor of a flat stock, but if after all these efforts the soup still lacks something weakness is probably the cause, and a teaspoonful or so of some beef extract will doubtless bring it to the desired point. A jar of some standard extract may be kept in the refrigerator for such emergencies. Soup are of course also made from the liquor in which any fresh meat or fowl has been boiled, which is prepared in the same manner.

There is nothing like judicious tasting in soupmaking. By care in the seasoning almost any stock may be made appetizing. An inexperienced servant can be taught to do all the preliminary work, but in order to have soups always tempting see to the seasoning yourself, for therein lies the very root of the matter. But suppose the stock to be quite insufficient for a soup. Then use it as the foundation of a tomato soup. One can of tomatoes to a pint of soup stock is the usual rule, according to Good Housekeeping, from which the foregoing is gleaned.



ABOUT THE WEDDING.

What the Bridegroom Wears—Thanks For Presents—Orange Blossoms and Kisses.

The question oftenest asked about the wedding is, "What shall the bridegroom wear?" It is a positive rule that no man puts on a dress coat until the evening, and no matter how elaborate the bride's toilet may be, the daytime finds him in frock coat and what is known as formal morning dress. It must be remembered that the bridal party no longer have "groomsmen," but instead "ushers." This is of course a mere word difference, but the usage of the right words is an evidence of one's being informed as to all changes in the social world.

Every present requires a note of thanks from the bride. It may be written by her mother or sister if she is very much occupied, but it must be signed with the bride's name. If there is to be a breakfast or reception after the wedding, and some one sends you a present—some one whom you had not expected to ask to the house—an invitation must go to this person. This sounds rather like "for value received," but the giving of gifts is in good society by no means as common as it used to be, and one must be either of the same family or a dear friend to either bride or bridegroom before one can feel that one is entitled to this privilege. Consequently a wedding invitation does not necessitate a present.

In answer to another oft asked question, The Ladies' Home Journal also says that a wedding invitation requires no answer unless there is included an invitation to a sit down breakfast, and then it should be answered as promptly as if it were a dinner invitation. At the same time it must be understood that, though the invitation to the church requires no answer, it is always proper to acknowledge it.

In small places a bride has precedence for three months; in larger cities, where brides are more numerous, for one. During that time she is the guest of honor wherever she may appear, and at dinners is taken in by the host. She may, with propriety, wear her wedding dress, but the orange blossoms must be removed from it and roses or some other flowers substituted. Many dressmakers are now furnishing with the wedding gown a trimming of white roses to take the place of the orange blossoms after the wedding.

Many modest maidens, properly enough, have complained of the indiscriminate kissing to which they have been subjected at their wedding receptions. The best way to get out of this is to suggest to the bridegroom that to the young people he make some tactful remark about the kisses belonging to him, while to the older ones the bride may, with politeness, offer her cheek. Among the French a bride is kissed on the forehead, a greeting we might, with propriety, copy.

How to Make Chocolate.

Mix 8 heaping tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate with enough water to beat it to a smooth paste, taking care that no lumps remain. Put it into a chocolate pot and set it into a kettle of boiling water. Pour in one quart of new milk, with the whites of 1 or 2 eggs, well beaten. Stir the chocolate paste into the scalding milk and let it boil two or three minutes, then stir in the beaten whites and serve it hot.

SUGGESTIONS FOR MUSICIANS.

Little Matters That Make or Mar a Musical Performance.

While at the piano avoid all unnecessary movements. Do not sit with your back to the keyboard at any time, and if possible do not turn your back to your auditors while playing. See that your music is in order upon the rack before beginning to play. It is better not to roll sheet music for carrying, but place it between the lids of a folio.

When one is asked to play or sing, if he intends to comply, it is better taste to proceed at once without hesitation, excuse or preamble. Afterward do not remain at the instrument for further invitation. If the desire for more of your music is sincerely expressed, you will be able to perceive its genuineness and if possible respond.

It is courteous for a gentleman to offer to turn the leaves of music for a lady while she is playing, but to do this well without hindering rather than helping the performer requires no little tact and ease of manner. One should be quite sure that he can follow the music so as to turn at the right instant and without displacing the leaves and embarrassing the player.

Duet playing is very profitable and entertaining practice, but many persons are not successful in the role of accompanist. A dispute often arises over the selection of the parts, primo or secondo, first or second piano. In duet playing one needs to exercise much patience and forbearance and not be disposed to criticise or dictate to the other.

Criticism of another's performance is sometimes beneficial to both the critic and the criticised, but one should be sure that he is thoroughly well qualified to fill the role of critic and to handle his subject with success, and then it should be done in a kindly spirit, with the sincere intent of benefiting rather than injuring.

Discriminate applause is appropriate and expected in the concert room, but should not be boisterous or ill timed.

Never omit a movement or passage from a composition because it is more difficult or less pleasing to you than the rest, as is the custom with some players who are more sentimental than serious and are in no sense devotees of the art for art's sake, says The Musical Visitor. It is in bad taste, an injustice to the author and may easily be detected by even mediocre critics, and so will do you the discredit of at least being frivolous.

Household Hints.

Sprinkle salt over soot when spilled on the carpet and sweep up all together.

Keep on hand some long handled spoons, so as to be able to stir food without toasting the face.

To polish windows in freezing weather pour on a damp cloth a little kerosene, rub them and dry with soft paper; polish with a clean soft towel.

Electric Light Indoors.

One of the great advantages of the electric light for indoor illumination lies in the fact that it leaves the air unaffected, whereas gas and other light formed by combustion not only raises the temperature, but deprives the air of its oxygen, increases the carbonic acid and makes the air poisonous.



HOT WATER APPLICATIONS.

Excellent Effect on Sprained Joints, Crushed Limbs and Sluggish Wounds.

The great utility which M. Reclus, a Paris surgeon, has shown that hot water applications have in many surgical and even medical cases is described in the New York Herald's European edition as really surprising. Hot water baths are particularly useful in the treatment of sprains, where the sprained joint is put in a bandage and massage is employed. The bandage should be elastic. It should not be so tightly applied as to cause the patient discomfort, but should be made to fit snugly about the joint. But it should be removed twice a day, night and morning, and then the hot water brought to bear in the following way: The sprained joint is put in a bath, of which the temperature is gradually raised from 48 to 50, 52 and even 55 degrees C. (131 degrees F.). Under the influence of the heat the pain stops almost immediately, and after an immersion of 10 or 12 minutes the joint is more limber and the movements easier.

But the most important use of hot water made by M. Reclus is in cases of crushed limbs, in which he does not resort to amputation, but subjects the injured limb to a spray of water at a temperature of about 140 degrees F. This method has several advantages, especially those "of being less fatal than the treatment by immediate operation, and of preserving for the patient, if not the whole limb, at any rate a much greater length than would have remained after an amputation."

M. Reclus also finds that hot water has an excellent effect on sluggish wounds, and in sore throats and tonsilitis when gargling with it at a temperature of 130 degrees F. is kept up every hour until the inflammation subsides.

A Cure For Cramp.

Many persons of both sexes are troubled with cramp in one or both of the legs. It usually comes on suddenly, and while it lasts the pain is acute. Most people jump out of bed—the cramp nearly always comes on just after going to bed or while undressing—and either rub their legs or get some one to do it for them. It is said that there is nothing easier than to overcome the spasms, and the method suggested is as follows: Provide a good strong cord—a long garter will do if nothing else is handy. When the cramp comes on, take the cord, wind it around the leg over the place in which the pain is felt, and take an end in each hand and give it a sharp pull, one that will hurt a little. The cramp will cease instantly, and the sufferer can go to bed assured that it will not come again that night.

Diphtheria and the Household Cat.

The appearance of diphtheria in families simultaneously with or subsequent to the illness of the cat with what appears to be a throat affection is a matter of medical record. A physician notes a case in which after the death of three cats with throat disease the children who had nursed them immediately developed symptoms of diphtheria.

When washing glassware, do not put it in hot water bottom first, as it will be liable to crack from sudden expansion. Even delicate glass can be safely washed in very hot water if slipped in edgewise.

STAINS FOR WOODWORK.

Recommended In The Art Interchange For the Benefit of Amateur Workmen.

Amateur woodworkers are often at a loss when confronted with the problem of staining their handiwork. When the wood is of good, rich tone and beautifully marked grain, it is not, as a rule, advisable that it be stained darker. In woods such as mahogany, age will bring the requisite depth of rich, warm coloring so generally admired.

Brown oak may be obtained by using permanganate of potash. Vandyke brown or brown umber dissolved in raw linseed oil and turpentine or benzine will give the color known as antique. Rub into the grain and rub off the surplus before it hardens. Green copperas

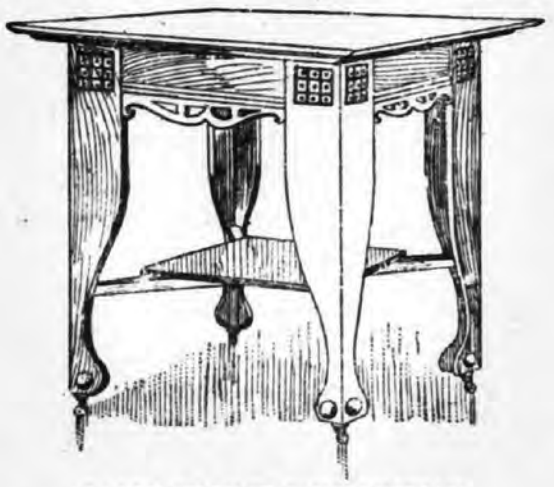


TABLE OF EASY CONSTRUCTION.

dissolved in water will impart to oak a dark green color almost black. If a darker tone is wanted, the addition of potash to the copperas will insure it. Copperas will also impart a sort of olive tint to ash and a bluish gray tone to maple—neutral colors both and not unpleasant novelties.

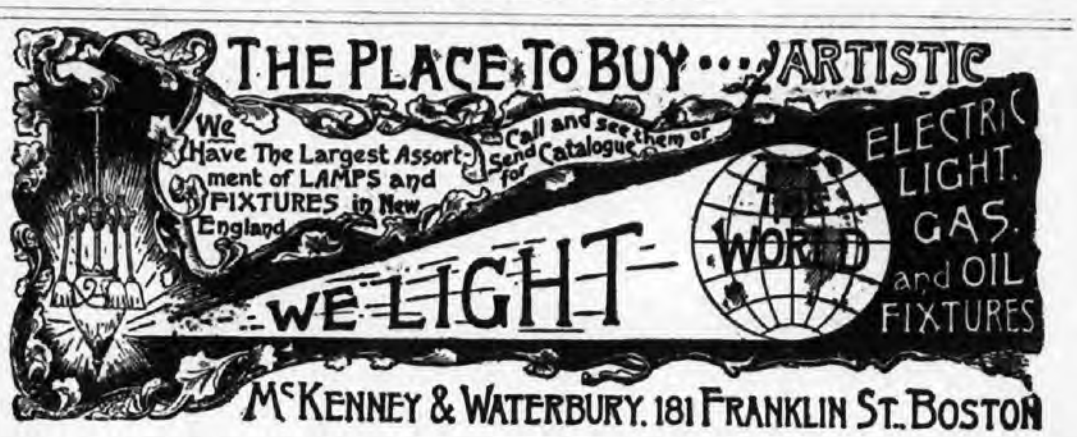
Potash about the size of a walnut and some maroon lake dry color well mixed will give a good imitation of mahogany when applied to cherry or poplar. The potash kills the oil in the wood and permits of the stain penetrating the pores. Do not apply any linseed oil in this case, as oil deadens the color.

When it is desired to simply deepen the color of cherry or poplar, use burnt sienna dry color in raw linseed oil and turpentine, mix well, apply and clean off surplus with soft cloth.

After the stain has dried, the article should be well brushed with a stiff brush to remove all superfluous particles. Many will make the mistake at this point of directly applying the varnish or shellac immediately after the staining is effected. The whole secret of obtaining a good, rich color is in applying a coat of raw linseed oil, reduced one-half with turpentine. If this is not done, the result is disappointing. Following this operation the article can be coated with shellac or varnish and rubbed down in the usual manner.

A Section Pinbox.

Very convenient for the dressing table is the pinbox designed for all varieties of pins. To make one, cover six small, square boxes, which have been filled with curled hair, with one shade of silk and fasten together at the sides. Sew a valance around the outside of all, of the same silk. In one put black pins, another white, another safety pins, another hatpins, another big headed pins or belt pins.



THE PUZZLER

No. 7.—Letter Enigma.

P
D

In winter when we want to skate
We go to TOTAL, bay and lake.
You'll have to tell us what you see
To clear away this mystery.

No 8.—Shakespearean Enigma.

19, 9, 23, 11, 2, 50, 36, a cruel man in "The Merchant of Venice."

17, 6, 25, 53, 45, 12, 43, 59, 8—1, 51, 16, 21, 48, a clown in the same play.

14, 32, 52, 7, a knight in "King Henry VIII."

60, 31, 3, 41, 20, an important character in "Hamlet."

26, 52, 50, 46, 57, 62, 1, 39, 35, 58, a duke in "Richard III."

56, 15, 5, 57, 47, the Dauphin in "Henry V."

45, 10, 34, 16, 40, 43, 57, 53, 18, king of Britain.

4, 52, 45, 9, 27, 29, 54—24, 49—14, 57, 28, 53, 62, 13, that which Isabel became in "Measure For Measure."

14, 6, 56, 42, 53, 30, 57, 53, 61, a gentleman of Verona.

11, 22, 44, 53, 6, 38, 25, 41, the hero in "Cymbeline."

54, 33, 6, 53, 43, 55, 10, a knight in "King Henry VI," part two.

45, 2, 53, 47, 20, 13, 53, 50, 37, mother to Arthur in "King John."

The whole is part of the apostrophe uttered by the wife of Posthumus before she opened the letter she had just received from her husband; also her name.

No. 9.—Easy Diamonds.

1. A consonant. 2. A wet place. 3. A flower. 4. An animal. 5. A consonant.

1. A letter. 2. A number. 3. A place of deposit. 4. Negation. 5. A letter.

No. 10.—Syncopations.

Syncopate: 1. "Coast" and have "sad," "painful." 2. A garment and have a domestic animal. 3. "To woo," "to seek" and have "short," "brief." 4. "Obeying" and have "delving among ores."

The syncopated letters name a humorous English poet, famous for his parodies.

No. 11.—Pictured Diamond.



The names of the five objects in proper order form a diamond.—Golden Days.

No. 12.—Charade.

A TOTAL faith in good and pure,
A faith that virtue shall endure,
To ONE or man when given,
Makes of the heart a dwelling place
Of many a fair and pleasant grace
That's TWO a glimpse of heaven.

No. 13.—A Pentagon.

1. A letter. 2. An exclamation denoting surprise, joy or grief. 3. An arch. 4. To vex. 5. A rich figured fabric. 6. A Latin preposition sometimes used as a prefix in English words signifying on this side. 7. A letter.

No. 14.—Prefixes and Suffixes.

Make the following changes by prefixing and suffixing the same letter. Examples: Change a sound to rocks. Answer—S-tone-s. Change a feminine name to a title. Answer—M-ada-m.

Change a preposition to a twist.
Change a nobleman to annually.
Change equal value to parts of a ship.
Change airy to neglects.
Change a minute opening to seedlike bodies.
Change an old word meaning to know to turn.
Change a span of horses to vapors.
Change a point of the compass to frothy.
Change tardy to writing tablets.
Change a pinion to sways.

A Hard Nut, but He Cracked It.

A schoolteacher told her pupils to write a sentence containing the word toward. This is what one small boy produced after a great deal of mental exertion:

"I tored my pants yesterday."

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 1.—Charade: Low-ell.

No. 2.—Illustrated Rebuses: 1. Grey hairs are honorable. 2. Nothing brings a man more honor than to be invariably just. 3. 'Tis noble only to be good.

No. 3.—Anagram: Canzonet.

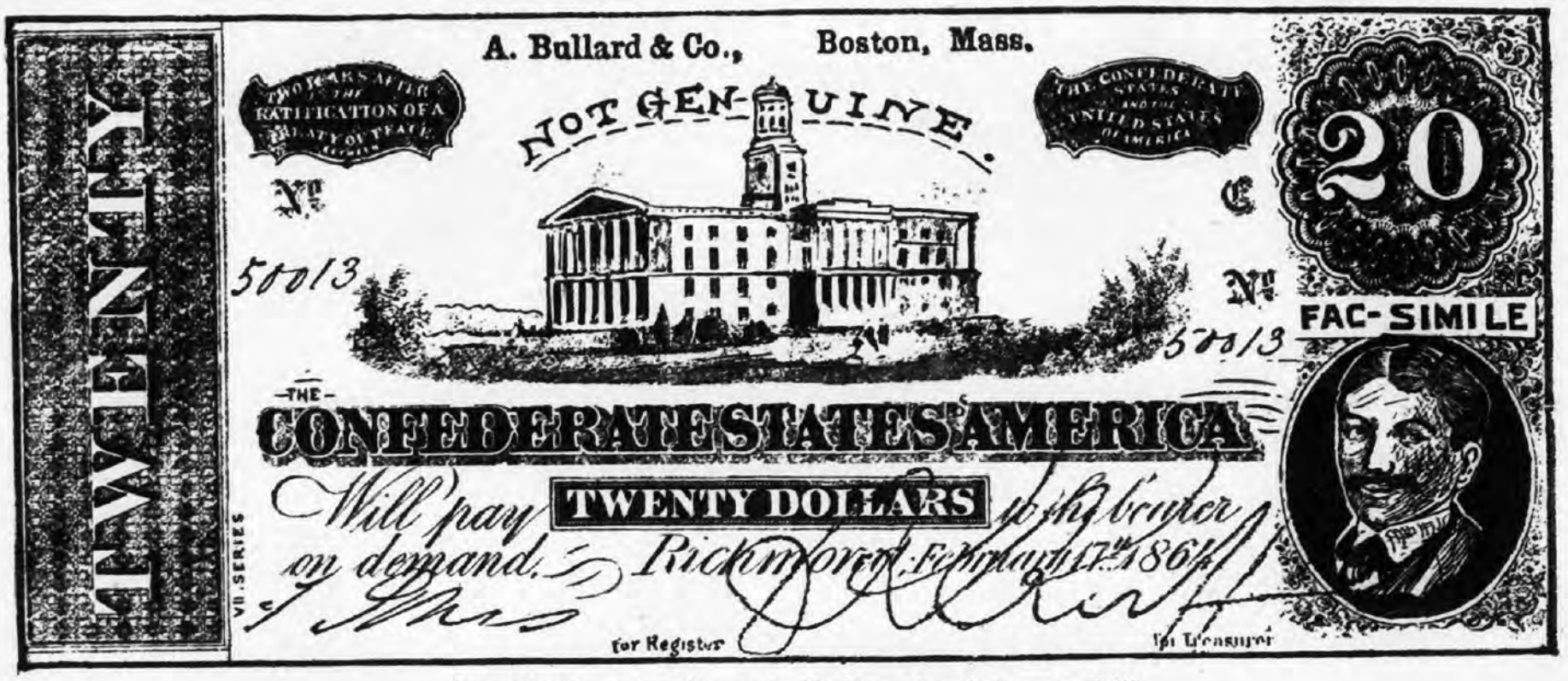
No. 4.—Double Hollow Triangle:

E X P O U N D E R
G X E
L C D
A A L
N L E
T I T
I B T
N A E
E X C E L S I O R

No. 5.—Half Squares:

D R A G O O N P A B U L A R
R E U B E N A N A N A S
E L L E N B A N D Y
S H I N U N D O
D U N L A Y
E N A S
N R

No. 6.—A Cage of Birds: 1. Swallow. 2. Pelican. 3. Owl. 4. Grebe. 5. Plover. 6. Dodo. 7. Kite. 8. Snipe. 9. Curlew. 10. Stork.



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Boston Journal.

An Egg in a Bottle.

You can put an egg into a bottle without breaking the shell,—or the bottle either. If you don't believe it, let me tell you how it is done. Let your egg soak in strong vinegar until the shell is soft. You may then squeeze it into any shape without its breaking. Put it in the bottle while soft and pour cold water over it to harden it, and thus bring it back to its former shape.

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VOL. I. NO. 4.

BOSTON, MASS., APRIL, 1896.

35 CENTS A YEAR,
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THE HIDDEN BOX.

By Wilbur Olmstead.

Continued from last number.

If it had not been for Carl's good bringing up, nothing would have induced him to accept the Judge's invitation. But Carl had been taught to keep clear of debt, if possible, and knew that here was his only opportunity. After a slight hesitation Carl told the Judge that he would work on the farm until the property was settled up and all debts paid. The Judge advised him to go home at once and get ready for work.

Tommy, discovering that he could be of no further service to the Judge ran off ahead of Carl, shouting back to him that he was a big fool to have anything to do with "hard hearted Judge Crow."

III.

After Carl had been at work for the Judge two weeks he felt that Tommy was about right in calling him a fool. The Judge was never able to keep his help longer than two weeks, and was most of the time without any. Since his wife had died he had become more irritable every day. Some said that he had driven her into the grave, and Carl began to think it was so.

The reason for Carl's dissatisfaction was that he had to sleep in a half-finished room over the barn. It was a chilly place in cold weather, and pretty damp when it rained, but it had one advantage,—it was out of the Judge's way. While the housekeeper remained Carl eat his meals with her. When the Judge was without help a neighbor cooked the meals and sent them in by little Tommy. Carl always got the dog's share in either case; but it must be remembered that he was paying up a debt. That is probably why he had to labor so hard, for the Judge called thirteen hours a good day's work.

One day Carl was returning from the back pasture where he had been digging ditches all day long on a jug of ginger water and a biscuit, when little Tommy ran up to him in great excitement crying out that the Judge had failed. Yes, news were all over the town that the great Western rail-road, in which Judge Crow had invested his fortune, had suddenly gone to pieces and that lawyers were in town compelling the Judge to make over his village property to the creditors of the insolvent road.

When Carl reached the house he found everything in commotion. The old Judge felt as if the wrath of heaven had fallen on him for his hard-heartedness. He knew the law and had to submit to it, but it swept from him all his property leaving him a poor man. In a week's time Carl's old home was sold, then his new one, and the Judge was obliged to move into a little tumbled-down shanty which the law left him. This sudden stroke of misfortune nearly killed the Judge. After the first news of his failure he grew sick with a fever and had to take his bed. The selfish neighbors, who had taken no interest in poor Carl after the burial of his aunt, could not be expected to pay the unlucky Judge any respect. They all despised him and rejoiced in his misfortune. Carl, who had had some experience in nursing his aunt, took care of the Judge alone, but when the latter got better he turned Carl out of the house saying he could not support him any longer.

The Judge's daughter had been away a year on a trip to Europe and was now back to share the sad lot of her father. The two must live together in a humble way after this, to be despised and mocked by the unsympathizing villagers.

IV.

After Carl's dismissal from Judge Crow's service he went about town looking for some new employment. All day long he travelled without any success. At last he met his only friend, little Tommy. Tommy had just smuggled some tarts out of the pantry closet while his mother was entertaining company in the parlor. The tarts were intended for supper, but Tommy was afraid he would not get his share of them if he waited until tea time. Tommy offered Carl a tart and left him eating it while he made a second sally into the pantry after something more substantial for a hungry guest. There was a well-beaten path from the back yard to the pantry and Tommy could make the trip, at any time, with his eyes shut. On his second return he came ladened with such spoils of conquest as custard pie, bread and fruit, and the last tarts but three which had to be left for the company.

After a palatial repast served him on a large rock in Tommy's back yard, Carl looked around for a resting place for the night. The old family blacksmith shop was the only resort he had, but he tried to make himself comfortable within it.

The next day the grocer fortunately gave him a little employment, and farmer Slick engaged him for a week to split wood each morning from five to a quarter before seven in exchange for his breakfast.

In one way or another Carl managed to live on what he earned through the day, but always slept in the blacksmith shop at night. Thus the weeks

passed on, but nothing new turned up. Spring and summer had come and gone, and another cold fall would soon be followed by a colder winter. The shop would not do very well in winter if it were not patched up, and Carl accordingly set about, one evening, to remove some of the crumbling bricks and strengthen the walls with better ones. In one corner of the shop he pulled out a dozen bricks which had never been cemented together. Behind those he found a good-sized hole which had been chiseled out of the wall and which extended deep into the foundation. Thinking he might find some good pieces of brick in this excavation he thrust his hand into it and pulled out a curious little tin box, old and rusty enough. He opened it quickly and what do you think he found in it? It contained lumps of gold, and sparkling gems of various hues. In the bottom of the box was a letter or two addressed to Carl's grandfather, and several small articles of no value. Carl was quick to guess that the box was one his grandfather had placed there for safe keeping, and that its contents had come from across the sea.

I will not attempt to describe the strange joy which Carl experienced when he first found the hidden box. Although he had never seen a lump of gold before, a kind of instinct told him how important his discovery was to him, for it had really transformed him from a pauper into a prince.

(To be Continued.)



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ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

—THE—
STAMP COLLECTOR'S COLUMNS.

Dealing in Postage Stamps.

The queerest freaks of nature usually spring from European soil, a soil so rich with the accumulations of ages that almost any hybrid will flourish in it. But whenever a peculiar growth has firmly taken root and propagated its seed over the Old World, some chance wind is sure to blow it over to our own continent where it finds another soil quite as ready to receive it.

Not many years ago a traveller returning from France brought home with him a curious book. It was profusely illustrated with woodcuts of several hundred postage stamps and quoted the prices at which the real stamps could be bought in Paris.

The owner of the catalogue was amazed at the postage stamp business as it was then carried on in that great city. He said that the publisher of the catalogue occupied a large building devoted entirely to the stamp business. On the first floor was a large salesroom where busy clerks sold little bits of paper for as much as a thousand francs apiece. These were rare stamps which the upper classes in Paris had gone crazy over and were buying liberally. The school boys also visited the store to buy the cheaper stamps. These stamps were neatly pasted on sheets of ruled paper or into large stock books containing thousands of specimens. Up stairs were kept stacks of albums, catalogues, and other stamp publications, and wholesale lots of stamps just as they were received from correspondents abroad. It would be hard to guess the number of thousand stamps this one house handled in a year, but there were other large dealers in Paris besides. In Germany, also, the stamp business had grown to considerable importance, and some of the best albums were made there. England had just caught the fever and possessed at least one dealer who afterwards became famous.

At first the stamp interest in America centred around New York. Few outside of the great metropolis knew what it was to collect stamps. But this European craze was not long in planting itself in every city and probably every town in the United States. We think we are correct in saying that now there is not a town from the Atlantic to the Pacific which does not contain at least one stamp collector.

To supply the demand made by these thousands of collectors, not a few have gone into the stamp business.

This queer business is now carried on almost entirely by mail, so that collectors in any part of the country have an equal advantage in buying any class of stamps they wish. Through the advertising columns in our weekly and monthly magazines these dealers introduce themselves to the stamp-collecting world, a world which is growing larger every day.

The New York stamp business first spread to Boston which has ever since been one of the largest stamp centres in the country. It next moved westward and now extends to California.

The first collectors got along very well without the aid of a dealer. They were people who spent much of their time in travel, and picked up their stamps as they went about. There were few stamps in circulation then, and a collection of one-hundred varieties was considered almost complete. We refer to the eighteen-hundred and fifties, about ten years after postage stamps were first used on letters. To-day it would be impossible to collect stamps extensively without the aid of a dealer. The collector finds it less expensive, in most cases, to purchase stamps of him than to procure them in any other way. For example if he wishes to start a collection he can buy of him a hundred or more of the common stamps, good enough to begin collecting with, for a few cents. The dealer imports these stamps by the hundreds of thousands at a time and in this way can afford to sell them for a small price. It would take a collector, alone, many years to find a hundred or more foreign stamps. Perhaps the collector has a friend in some foreign country, and writes to him for a few foreign specimens. It costs ten cents or more to send a letter abroad and receive a reply, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the stamps that come back are foreign ones of the present issue, all of which could be bought of some local dealer for two cents. This has been the general experience of those who have tried to get a collection without paying for it. Collectors and dealers are becoming more friendly with one another every day, and now cooperate in carrying on this peculiar stamp business. At least two-thirds of the work a stamp dealer has to do is to keep his numerous agents supplied with stamps. These agents receive the stamps which have been pasted on "approval sheets," all ready to be sold, and are paid a commission for selling them to collectors. Agents are found in almost every school in the country, and usually collect stamps themselves. They often embrace the opportunity to enlarge their own collections by taking out their commission in stamps. The stamp dealer, then, is a help, not a hindrance to those who want to make a good-sized collection without spending a large sum of money on it.

(To be Continued.)

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Lincoln, it is often said, has been idealized—idealized by the nation and the world. Perhaps he has been. So has every great man, from Pericles and Julius Cæsar down to Napoleon and Cavour. But men of immense power, of transcendent abilities only are so idealized or can be. To be idealized is the accompaniment of deathless fame.

The natives of the republic would seem to be divided into Americans and Abraham Lincoln.

The highest frequently springs from the lowest; in the darkest mire the most precious gem is sometimes hidden. Lincoln was born in what was then Larue county, Ky., under circumstances so forlorn and obscure that he had no early recollection of aught save abject poverty and the severest hardship. Of his own parentage he was always more or less uncertain, and he had not the slightest reason for hope. Yet he surmounted every obstacle, prevailed over the direst fate by unflinching determination, by the potency of his will. His example is a spur, an inspiration to every friendless, struggling youth in the land, and will be a stimulus, a strength, an assistance to thousands still unborn.

The great president often declared that extreme tenderness was his chief weakness; that he could not, under ordinary conditions, refuse mercy to any one for whom life was begged, and he never did refuse it. That extreme tenderness was really one of his grandest strengths and is the thing, above all others, that has embalmed and haloed his memory. He was as firm, where there was imperative need, as he was tender; there was a point of rugged duty beyond which he could not be moved. He was a shining instance of a man streaming with humanity, not without faults, not without ambition, but affluent of noble purposes and completely conscientious.

Notwithstanding the innumerable volumes that have been written about Lincoln, notwithstanding the endless comments, criticisms, explanations, analyses that have been offered of his character, he is still unknown, still somewhat a mystery. His true life is yet to be written. Simple as his nature was, in the main, it was also complicated and apparently full of contradictions, though, to one who could understand it, actually harmonious. His spirit was solitary; his being, like that of genius generally, grave, anxious, sad, from temperament, not surroundings. His jests, his stories, his occasional buffooneries were intended to relieve his oppression, often to conceal his thoughts and aims, and they commonly succeeded. To the mass he continues to be as a sealed book. He is one of the most tragic no less than of the grandest figures in history.

Abraham (meaning in Hebrew, father of a multitude) was, in spite of its special fitness, its prophetic quality indeed, very disagreeable to Lincoln from early boyhood. When he reached manhood, he fairly hated it. He could not bear the title so universally bestowed on him, Honest Old Abe, but he had too much sense, too much pride, to reveal his feeling. It was not his nature to refer to what troubled him, whether an important or trifling matter. If he had been an ordinary man, he would no doubt have changed his name, which no one could conceive of his doing. His dislike of the prænomen grew with his years, and he invariably wrote its initial alone.

It may seem strange that so great a man should be so affected by so small a fact, but a name is of more consequence than it seems. Even Cæsar, the foremost hero of all antiquity, who, as everybody is aware, was bald, took unwearied pains, when young, to conceal his baldness by carefully arranging the long locks of his hair over the bare spots. This would be thought frivolous in a commonplace mortal. How much more the imperial Cæsar?

Lincoln was a great admirer of Pope's "Universal Prayer," saying that it contained the substance of all Christianity. He frequently repeated it, and wondered that it was so little cited. This was his favorite stanza:

> Teach me to feel another's woe,
> To hide the fault I see.
> That mercy I to others show,
> That mercy show to me.

It is a singular circumstance that Lincoln's very brief Gettysburg speech, now familiar to the whole English world, fell dead on his vast audience at the time of its delivery. Nor did any one discover its extraordinary merit for months. Lincoln himself, with characteristic modesty, thought it a "poor affair," and was amazed when a London journal—the next spring, I think—praised it to the echo. This set the key. Every newspaper and periodical followed the lead, and the little speech immediately took rank as an effort unequaled on any similar occasion, as a great English classic. It is not often that native genius is detected in England.

Lincoln was, beyond everything perhaps, the incarnation of common sense (so called), which is the most uncommon sense, and rarer than the rarest genius.

Although one of the kindest hearted, most amiable, most peaceable of men, Lincoln was the embodiment of courage, as the incidents of his early life prove, as well as the incidents of his subsequent career. During his repeated visits to the front, while president, he gained, among the soldiers, a reputation for insensibility to fear, so careless, so indifferent was he to any and all danger.

Naturally and necessarily, a man of Lincoln's unassertive but resolute courage was distressed at having avoided Baltimore (contrary to his better judgment) on his way to be inaugurated at Washington, in obedience to the urgent, overwhelming advice of his friends. They only prevailed on him at last by assuring him that the Union cause demanded that he should zealously guard his life. He never failed to feel that he had made a great mistake by any apparent shirking of duty. He would rather have been assassinated a thousand times than not have made the journey direct, and the "mistake" afflicted him to his last consciousness.

No mortal creature has ever understood human nature better than Lincoln. He seemed to know all men by instinct. His perfect fair mindedness, his unconditional sincerity, so impressed everybody that the bitterest prejudices melted away under their influence.

Since the death of the eminent emancipator many persons have concerned themselves about his faith, his religious beliefs, and to little purpose. He has been called atheist, infidel, deist, partheist, orthodoxist, latitudinarian, rationalist, as most men of earnest thought and deep conviction are and have been. No one knows what he believed or disbelieved; he rarely talked of such things. But whatever his faith we are all convinced that his life was in the right; that he had an idea of God that should put believers in a pint pot Deity to shame. JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.



AN AMPHIBIOUS STEAMBOAT.

It Runs Equally Well on Land or Water and Passes Readily From One to the Other.

The drawing of laden vessels overland from one piece of water to another, first proposed by Captain Eads for joining the Atlantic and Pacific oceans at the isthmus of Tehuantepec, has been carried out, though on a much humbler scale. Popular Science News reports that on the isle of Zeeland, in Denmark, not far from Copenhagen, passengers are now regularly conveyed, per steamer, without disembarking, and without a stoppage, across three lakes and the land that connects them. The craft, designed by a Swedish engineer, is described as 45 feet long by 10 broad, with engines of 27 horsepower, capable of accommodating 70 persons, and cost in the neighborhood of $3,400.

Between the lakes of Fur and Farum a railroad is laid 315 meters in length and extending a short distance beneath the water at either end. When the Swan, as the vessel is named, has crossed one of these lakes and is ready to take to land, a toothed lever is pressed upon, which catches into the propeller shaft, and immediately sets in motion four wheels placed in a line with the keel—two near the prow and two near the stern. The wheels, which are very large and flanged like those of steam cars, then glide upon the rails, where they are kept revolving by the same force that turns the propeller, and thus bear their load along the track, overcoming a grade of 25 millimeters to the meter.

As the boat emerges on dry land its propeller rises into view, presenting a singular appearance, when the blades, after skimming the water like the wings of a bird, continue circling in empty air. Descending to the farther shore, the Swan sinks gradually into her "native element," and the propeller resumes its service, while, by another turn of the lever, the

wheels become again motionless until the next landing place is reached.

This extraordinary transit is performed ten times every weekday and all day long on Sundays, to the perfect satisfaction of numerous patrons.

The Death's Head Moth.

Those familiar with English literature have read of the death's head moth, and the curious tales connected with it. When seen in any locality, it was regarded as an omen of a death in the vicinity within a few days, and especially if it made the mysterious sounds it is capable of producing in some unknown manner, which it sometimes makes when flying around. The derivation of its name is evident from the crossbones and skull which the light colored down on the thorax presents. It is



VARIOUS STAGES OF THE MOTH.

on the whole probably the largest and most striking of all the moths of the old world as its prime favorite. But since the introduction of the potato this plant seems to be its chief food. In Meehan's Monthly attention is called to an illustration from a German publication, showing in an instructive manner the various stages of the creature, and which is here reproduced. In the lower right hand corner is seen the pupa case, in which stage it passes its resting career, until it emerges as the beautiful moth at the top of the picture—the eggs finally developing the proud looking caterpillar on the left.

Large Loaves.

The largest loaves of bread baked in the world are those of France and Italy. The "pipe" bread of Italy is baked in loaves two and three feet long, while in France the loaves are made in the shape of very long rolls four or five feet in length, and in many cases even six feet. The bread of Paris is distributed almost exclusively by women, who go to the various bakehouses at 5:30 a. m. and spend about an hour polishing up the loaves. After the loaves are thoroughly cleaned of dust and grit the "bread porter" proceeds on the round of her customers. Those who live in apartments or flats find their loaves leaning against the door. Restaurateurs and those having street entrances to their premises find their supply of the staff of life propped up against the front door. The wages earned by these bread carriers vary from a couple of shillings to half a crown a day, and their day's work is completed by 10 o'clock in the morning, says The Baker's Helper.

A Figurative Rhyme.

I love thee 10-derly, O Kate!
With love in-10-se and true.
My heart's tree throws a 10-dril out
That reaches, dear, to you.

My feelings I do not pre-10-d,
Nor have I a 10-dency
To make my heart so 10-sile as
To cover more than thee.

10-aciously I cling to thee,
Nor will I be con-10-t-
Until we two joint 10-ants are
Of the selfsame 10-ement.

SILVER TABLEWARE.

THE QUEEN ANNE OR COLONIAL STYLES PREVAIL.

Salient Points of Decoration Are Slender Lines, Beaded Edges, Scrolls, Chased Borders and Floral Designs—Sets Are In Favor—Old Gallery Tray Revived.

The idea of representing in one house several distinct styles, such as have been in the past demonstrated in a Turkish room, a Japanese room, an old Dutch room, and the like, has given place to the more recent fashion which selects all the fitments from revivals of the Queen Anne, colonial or Chippendale periods.

With this revival of early English and colonial in furniture has come about naturally enough the equally noticeable



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA SET.

one in silverware, which today is known to both maker and purchaser as Queen Anne or colonial. Just where the Queen Anne ends and the colonial begins no one appears able to tell, but there exists, in the amateur's mind at least, the belief that all the cozy, unpretentious pieces of low or medium height in fluted ware inclosing a polished surface are Queen Anne, while silverware taking on outlines square, pentagon, hexagon, octagon or oval is colonial. This revival does not stop with the large pieces in hollow and flat ware, but its influence is seen, more or less, in all classes of silversmithing and notably in spoons and forks.

The term colonial is applied to the present styles of decoration as well as of forms. Its distinction lies in slender lines and beaded edges, in graceful scrolls, chased borders and bands and floral designs. The salient points of this style of decoration are combined in some of this season's tableware with a grace and beauty that leave nothing to be desired from an artistic standpoint.

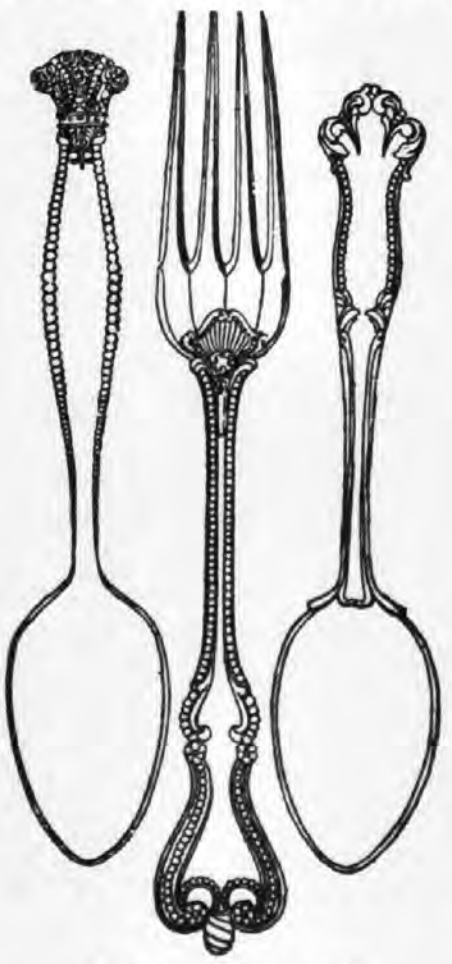
While much of the silverware shows a bright finish, the newer French gray finish is employed with admirable effect. This French gray finish gives an antique appearance to the new silver and shows to better advantage all the beauties of the chased ornamentation.

There is a strong tendency toward sets, tete-a-tete sets being in high favor, and each set includes its own special tray. Coffee sets are quite distinct from tea sets, and chocolate drinkers find sets especially designed for that beverage. In tea sets the pieces are medium or low, with octagonal body swelling out at the lower part. Coffee and chocolate pots stand high, have slender necks and are of tapering cylindrical or octagonal form.

A conspicuous feature in colonial reproductions is the gallery tray of highly polished wood of large oblong shape and surrounded by a rail of silver lattice or pierced work. Silver salvers were never more popular. Even a pitcher is no longer considered complete without a corresponding tray. Trays, large and small, incline to the oval shape, while beaded edges and cord work and chasing are all employed in their enrichment.

Presents in cases are the inevitable sequence to the popular demand for sets, and one is left in doubt which to admire more, the cases or the contents, so beautiful are the former. They are marvels of fine workmanship in wood, kid, chamois, brocade and leather. Popular wedding presents are a complete set of knives, forks and spoons, inclosed in an oak or mahogany chest, adapted to contain from 1 to 20 dozen each. Ice cream sets include knife, 12 spoons and cream ladle. When it comes to asparagus sets, one has a choice of tongs, forks or servers. In this connection it may be well to state that table knives and most all game carvers are furnished with silver handles in patterns to match the forks and spoons.

In some of the flatware designing, new treatment of the beadwork is observable, in which appears a production of beads in high relief. The beaded edge occurs on spoons and forks, combined with scrolls, and is exceedingly attract-



DESIGNS IN FLATWARE.

ive; so is the combination of beads and raised shellwork. There are some pleasing fruit and floral patterns in which the ornament is continued into the bowls of the spoons, on the prongs of the forks and the decoration of the backs. The influence of the old English style is noticeable in the form of much of the flatware as the decided oval and octagonal in trays, and the spoons and forks, which show angular lines in bowls and tines. The foregoing is from a review in The Jewelers' Circular of the present season's styles in silverware.

Potato In Molds.

Peel, boil and mash potatoes, season with salt, pepper and cream. Wet a teacup, press two-thirds full of the mashed potato as many times as there are guests, place each in turn on a buttered tin, rub over with beaten egg and brown in a hot oven.

FRUIT AND FLOWERS

IN THE PEACH ORCHARD.

The Shortening In System of Pruning. Thinning Out the Fruit.

In an address before the Western New York Horticultural society Nelson G. Smith of Geneva said:

The prevailing notion is that the peach requires no pruning—the trees are allowed to grow and bear and die much in their own way. This is one of the principal causes of the short life of the peach. We recommend what is known as the shortening in system of pruning. We commence this operation in February or March. This consists only of shortening in—i. e., cutting off half the past season's growth over the whole outside of the head of the tree, and also upon the inner branches.

By reducing the young wood one half we at the same time reduce the coming crop. By so doing the remaining half, receiving all the sustenance of the tree, are of double the size. The young shoots which start out from every part of the tree keep it well supplied with bearing wood for the coming season, while the greater luxuriance and size of the foliage, as a result, produce larger and finer fruit. Thus, while we have lessened the crop, we have also produced a better supply of fruit bearing shoots for the coming season. This course we follow from six to seven years, as after that we only head in a sufficient amount to produce a finely formed head. After that we look for the same to make less wood, as the crops of fruit retard the growth.

Thinning out the young fruit is an important feature and one much neglected. You all know that overloaded trees produce small, inferior fruit, and still refuse to do your duty "by neglect." In order to produce fine peaches you must thin them, so that none are more than five or six inches apart, as the fancy fruit brings in the best returns every time. People often say, "It costs too much to thin fruit." They forget that if allowed to remain they must be picked when ripe. This work can be done after the "June drop," as we call it, when all damages of frost are over.

Horticultural Items.

Spray with a solution of slacked lime and paris green for the elm trees or pour kerosene emulsion on the ground under the trees to destroy the pupæ.

Banding trees with some sticky substance to prevent the ascent of the wingless female moths and spraying the infested trees with arsenicals is advised for cankerworms.

In a New York station bulletin the belief is expressed that grape grafting is followed by better results if the scions are inserted below the surface of the ground. Cleft grafting and side grafting are considered the most suitable and satisfactory methods. Cuttings are best grafted by tongue graft.

The Umbrella Plant.

Hundreds of people know and admire the umbrella plant who from the catalogue could never replace a lost one unless it were pictured. Says American Gardening: The common name is so apt that they never have found that the plant is Cyperus alternifolius. This is one of the good and cheap things that



CYPERUS ALTERNIFOLIUS.

every one may have, and that few will fail with, the latter doubtless because the plant is half aquatic, and there is little danger of keeping it wet enough to do it harm. Supplement these intrinsic good qualities with the fact that its rare form adds to the beauty of any collection, and it becomes easy to recognize the fact that here is a plant hard to excel.

When to Buy Trees.

Here is what Farm, Field and Home has to say regarding a very important subject:

We used to lay great stress upon the procuring of hardy trees and shrubs for spring planting before the ground froze up in the fall, and burying or healing them in, and we still insist that they are better for being dug in the fall after all growth has ceased, but before hard freezes occur. And besides it is a good thing to have them ready at hand when the season for planting arrives.

Our principal reason for this is that nearly all of our best nurserymen dig their stock for spring sales and delivery in the fall, and store for the winter in large, cool, frostproof cellars, built expressly for that purpose, and if they make prompt shipments in the spring the trees come to hand in splendid condition. We advise those who did not secure their trees in the fall to place their orders early before the hurrying season comes, and as far as possible get trees that have been wintered in cellars.

Propagating Quinces.

Quinces are propagated either by layers or cuttings. Young shoots are bent down in spring and covered with earth, leaving a few buds exposed on the upright tip. As the buds start, all but the best are rubbed off. These shoots will usually throw out roots, and in the fall may be removed and planted in rows. The young sprouts will bear fruit the same as the original tree.—Rural New Yorker.

HOW ORES ARE TESTED.

A Method Simple and Easily Understood by the Laymen.

When a quantity of ore is to be sampled for assaying, it is first broken by an ordinary rock crusher into pieces the size of an English walnut, after which it is shoveled back into the car, but in such a manner that every fifth shovelful is thrown aside by itself, the remaining four-fifths being finally taken away. This fifth portion, known as the "sample," is then reduced to a much greater degree of fineness by means of Cornish rolls. It is then piled on the floor in a cone, flattened out, and divided into four equal portions, and two opposite quarters are then removed. The remaining quarters are again thoroughly mixed, and again piled in a cone, flattened and quartered; this operation being repeated until the sample is reduced to 100 pounds. It is then weighed repeatedly, for the purpose of determining the amount of moisture contained in the ore, which in some ores, especially those of the concentrates, is so considerable as to make a very appreciable difference in the weight. The moisture is then expelled, and the ore is crushed to such a degree of fineness that it can be passed through the sieve containing 100 holes to the linear inch. The sample is next put up in small glass bottles, which are sealed with sealing wax, and then stamped, for the purpose of preventing the possibility of their being opened or tampered with without detection.

The above is the process of sampling used among the mines, and the sample is now ready to be assayed, but only a small portion of it will be used for that purpose, and the quantity generally taken is what is known as an "assay ton," which weighs 29,166 milligrams, or a little more than 450 grains troy weight. This definite amount is taken partly as a matter of convenience, and also because the assayer wishes to ascertain, as quickly as possible, how many ounces of the precious metals to the ton are contained in this ore. The method used depends upon the following principle: The avoirdupois grams ton of 2,000 pounds contains 29,166 ounces troy weight; hence, when 29,166 milligrams of the unassayed ore are taken, the weight of the resulting "button" of gold or silver in the milligrams represents at once, without any further calculation, the number of troy ounces of gold or silver in the avoirdupois ton of the ore.

How to Ascertain the State of the Lungs.

Persons who wish to ascertain the true state of their lungs are directed to draw in as much breath as they conveniently can. They are then to count as far as they are able in a slow and audible voice without drawing in more breath. The number of seconds they can continue counting must be carefully observed. A person with consumption cannot count more than 10 seconds, and frequently after 6 is exhausted. In pleurisy and pneumonia it ranges from 9 to 4 seconds. When the lungs are in a sound condition, it will vary from 20 to 35 seconds.

. . HEROIC DEEDS . . OF WAR

BY

George L. Kilmer.

A Boy In the Ranks.

If the Union generals were not surprised at Shiloh April 6, 1862, the men under them passed through some surprising experiences. Here is a story told by John A. Cockerill, a drummer boy, who picked up a musket and joined a company in McArthur's Highland brigade. McArthur was in reserve and was sent to the extreme left to support the front line, which had suddenly been attacked. "I saw General McArthur at this point," says Colonel Cockerill, "his hand wrapped around with a handkerchief as though he had been wounded. By his orders we pushed across a deep ravine, parallel to our front, and in five minutes had taken our position on the bank, facing the enemy. Everybody felt that the critical moment had come.

"The faces of the men were worth studying at that moment. Not one that was not pale; not a lip that was not close shut; not an eye that was not wild; not a hand that did not tremble in that awful, anxious moment. Presently the messenger came, pattering shots from out the dense growth in our front telling of the advance of the gray skirmish line. On our part no response. No enemy could be seen, but the purple wreaths of smoke here and there told of the men who were feeling their way toward our lines.

"A nervous man in our ranks, unable to stand the strain, let off his musket. That revealed our presence. With a suddenness that was almost appalling there came from all along our front a crash of musketry, and the bullets shrieked over our heads and through our ranks. Then we delivered our fire.

"Soon the dry leaves, which covered the ground about us, were on fire, and the smoke from them added to the general obscurity. Two or three men had fallen near me. A young lieutenant, who carried my only descriptive list in his pocket, while gallantly waving his sword was struck by a bullet and fell dead at my feet. Then it was I realized my utter desolation and shuddered at the thought of the fate impending—dead and 'unknown.'"

At the time of the attack Cockerill's company was the left of the brigade. The lieutenant who was killed was the only man in the brigade who knew the name and history of the battlefield waif.

How Shiloh Was Won.

April 7 is the anniversary of Shiloh's second day. Current histories have little to say of brave deeds on that field, probably because they reflect headquarter feeling just at that time, and this was anything but exultant. Yet there were heroes at Shiloh, or there would have been no victory. One incident of the day shows the different grades of courage. During the heat of the battle a German officer met the Union commander and exclaimed, "General, Schwartz's battery vas took. "How is that?" "Vell, dem secesh just surrounded it, und it vas took." "You spiked the guns, of course?" added the general vaguely. "Spike dem guns? Vy, dat vould spoil them. No, ve didn't spike dem guns. Ve took dem back again." So it was all over the field. The fighting men "went in on their own hook." Colonel Kirk, commanding one of Buell's brigades, saw one of his regimental leaders cut down by a shell, and, seizing a flag, rushed to the head of the line. The men had wavered for an instant, but forgot their loss, with the brave colonel, bleeding from a terrible wound in the shoulder, cheering them on. Colonel Willich, another of Buell's officers, found that his Germans (Thirty-second Indiana) were firing too high in the heat of an exciting struggle. To calm them he ordered the line to cease firing, and in the face of a storm of missiles put them through the simple manual until their nerves were under control. Nelson's division opened the battle that day, and his field counted its heroes by the hundred. Hazen's brigade was the elite corps of that gallant command. It contained but three regiments and lost more men killed and wounded than any other in the army. The regiments were the Ninth Indiana, Forty-first Ohio and Sixth Kentucky. The guns of Cobb's and Byrne's Confederate batteries were galling Nelson in the advance, and he ordered Hazen to charge them. Hazen led his men gallantly up to the muzzles and captured two of them after a terrible struggle with the cannoneers and six regiments of Trabue's brigade supporting them. The Forty-first lost 132 men in half an hour. Four of its color bearers were shot in the charge, and the colors lay on the ground at last, "with not a hand to wave them." Captain Emerson Opdycke, a budding hero, picked up the staff, and shouting, "Forty-first, follow your colors!" led the regiment on. The Ninth Indiana lost the most men in the brigade. It fired 80 rounds of cartridges per man, and its track showed the fearful execution wrought by them. The Sixth Kentucky fought like tigers and had Kentuckians to match them; also the Sixth. In the struggle over Cobb's guns Private Irving of Company A killed five Confederates and was himself killed at last. Bowie knives and pistols were used by the Kentuckians of both sides. Terrill's regular battery in Nelson's line was a host in itself. Charged upon by swarms of enemy, the guns were retired by prolonges, firing canister. In the hottest of the fight there were but two men to each gun. Infantrymen dropped their muskets and helped serve them. By such marvels of individual heroism Nelson's line turned the enemy's flank and gained the fight.



GENERAL HAZEN.

Custer "All Booted and Spurred."

Colonel Newhall gives the following description of Custer as he appeared on Sunday, April 9, with his troopers in hand for the last charge—a charge that never took place. "The cavalry on the right trotted out in advance of the infantry line and made ready to take the enemy in the flank if he should stand to fight or dash at his trains, which were now in full view beyond Appomattox Court House.



GENERAL CUSTER.

At the head of the horsemen rode Custer—Custer of the golden locks—his broad sombrero turned up from his hard bronzed face, the ends of his cravat floating over his shoulders, gold galore spangling his jacket sleeves, a pistol in his boot, jangling spurs on his heels and a ponderous claymore swinging at his side—a wild daredevil of a general, quick to see and act.

"As he is about to strike a final blow his hand is staid, and his great sword drops back again into the scabbard, for out of the enemy's lines comes a rider, 'bound on bound,' bearing a flag of truce to ask for time to consummate surrender."

Sheridan's Close Call.

The greatest soldier living who was in the thick of it at Appomattox is General John B. Gordon. He led the Confederates who attempted to burst through Sheridan's column and get away. Among his thrilling stories of the "Last Days" is the following personal incident. After telling how the effort to drive Sheridan only separated his own command into weak fragments the general says: "I saw plainly that the Federals would soon rush between us, and then there would have been no army. I called on Colonel Peyton to carry a flag of truce forward. He answered, 'General, I have no flag of truce.'

"Then I said, 'Put your handkerchief on a stick and go forward.'

" 'I have no handkerchief, general.'

" 'Then borrow one and go forward with it.'

"He tried and reported to me that there was no handkerchief in my staff.

" 'Then use your shirt.'

" 'You see, general, we all have on flannel shirts.'

"At last we found a man who had a white shirt. I tore out the back, and, rigging it to a stick, Colonel Peyton went forward to the enemy's lines. I told him to say to General Sheridan that General Lee had written me that a flag of truce had been sent from his and Grant's headquarters, and that he (Sheridan) could act as he thought best on the information. In a few minutes Colonel Peyton came back with a representative of Sheridan, who said, 'General Sheridan demands the unconditional surrender of your army.'

" 'Please return with my compliments to General Sheridan, and say that I will not surrender.'

" 'But, general, he will annihilate you.'

" 'I am well aware of my situation.'

"He went back to his lines, and in a short time General Sheridan came forward, attended by a very large staff.

THE PUZZLER

No. 15.—Numerical Enigma.

An ancient philosopher famed for his cheerful disposition.

6, 9, 10, 2, a trick, a stratagem.
8, 7, 3, 2, too often wasted and misused.
5, 6, 9, 10, 8, a hard outer covering.
1, 9, 10, 8, fine earth.
5, 6, 7, 3, 2, an offense against law.
6, 4, 3, 2, a famous city of ancient times.
5, 4, 3, 2, approach!
3, 4, 1, 2, a fashion, a manner.

No. 16.—Picture Puzzle.



What bird is shown in the center of the picture? You may find out by the initial letters of the objects surrounding it, when placed one under the other in proper order.

No. 17.—A Winter Rhyme.

The definitions of the words in quotation marks are objects which add to our pleasure in winter:

A sharp "incisor" Michael took
And with it vainly tried
To "kill" a "fish" without a hook—
Away his fishship hied.

Poor Mike now watches for a chance
(This time with hook and line)
Beside the stream, in shady haunts,
For fish on which to dine.

No "beauties" in the ballroom's crowd,
In "dresses" Worth might praise,
Were e'er than honest Mike more proud
When he his fish displays.

No. 18.—Central Acrostic.

Words of three letters each: 1. The name of a high priest. 2. A weight. 3. "Water impregnated with alkaline salt imbibed from the ashes of wood." 4. A color. 5. A part of some houses. 6. The goddess of revenge. 7. "Forever." Centrals: "Fealty."

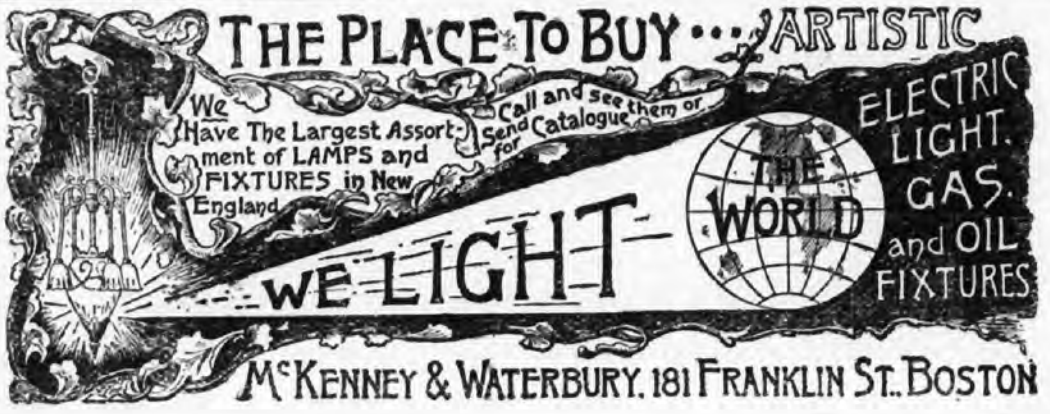
No. 19.—A Riddle.

Forward, backward, all the same,
A Bible woman's well known name.
To her was given a noted son;
A prophet and a judge was he,
Who, when his course was fully run,
Was laid to rest right royally.

No. 20.—Word Changes.

The changes are made by dropping one letter from the word and substituting another letter, so forming a new word and thus continuing until the word given is changed to the one required. The letters may also be transposed. For example, change ant to bee—ant-ten-Ben-bee.

1. Change cat to dog. 2. Boy to man. 3. Elk to pig. 4. Cold to fire. 5. Boat to pier. 6. Stag to deer. 7. Star to moon. 8. Look to bars.



No. 21.—Double Acrostic.

My primals name an empress, my finals a queen.

Crosswords (of equal length): 1. Pertaining to the Jews. 2. A severe trial. 3. A specimen. 4. The germ of a plant. 5. A man's name. 6. An exodus. 7. An affront. 8. To reckon. 9. A damsel carried off by Jupiter.

No. 22.—Hidden Capes.

Uncle Archer and Aunt Clarice took Rob on a sea voyage.

'Twas a bleak, cold day when Florence bought Irma yards of lace and ribbon for her party dr s.

Which river would you rather travel on, the Don or the Thames?

When Ryan comes, tell him to plant the other flowers near a cedar tree.

All was quiet, when, lo! Penelope entered the room, with a merry laugh, her arms full of fragrant flowers.

Shall I take Ruth or Nellie to the matinee?

An Ingenious Arrangement.

Open a book at random and select a word within the first ten lines and within the tenth word from the end of the line. Now double the number of the page and multiply the sum by 5; then add 20; then add the number of the line you have selected; then add 5; multiply the sum by 10. Add the number of the word in the line. From this subtract 250, and the remainder will indicate in the unit column the number of the word, in the ten column the number of the line and the remaining figures the number of the page.

How He Got Along.

"How do you get along with your bicycle?"

"Well," replied the truthful young man, "sometimes one way and sometimes another. Sometimes the bicycle rides me and once in awhile I ride the bicycle."

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 7.—Letter Enigma: Ice-pond (I see "p" on "d").

No. 8.—Shakespearean Enigma: "Good wax, thy leave. Blest be you bees that make these locks of counsell" Imogen.

No. 9.—Easy Diamonds:

```
      P                D
    B O G            T E N
  P O P P Y        D E P O T
    A P E            N O T
      Y                T
```

No. 10.—Syncopations: S-H-ore, c-O-at, c-O-urt, min-D-ing—HOOD.

No. 11.—Pictured Diamond: B, tea berry, ark, y.

No. 12.—Charade: Child-like.

No. 13.—A Pentagon:

```
        C
      H A
    A R C
  C H A G R I N
    A R R A S
      C I S
        N
```

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No. 14.—Prefixes and Suffixes: K-in-k, y-earl-y, s-par-s, s-light-s, s-pore-s, t-wis-t, s-team-s, y-east-y, s-late-s, s-wing-s.

How a Woman Should Exercise.

A woman who has paid great attention to this important subject says water and air are the best tonics and beautifiers. For bathing purposes she recommends long mittens made from Turkish toweling. At night the mittens should be put in a washbowl of water in which a little fine salt has been dissolved. On rising in the morning wring out the mittens, put them on and rub the whole body briskly. Dry on a towel, not too coarse, and dress quickly. Then go out of doors, if only for five minutes. Walking is the best exercise If you cannot walk half a mile at first, walk a quarter; keep on walking the distance until you can walk three or four miles without fatigue. Fresh air will put a good color in the face, and when the health is good and the blood circulates freely the nerves will be all right.

How to Make a Puree of Apricots.

Take 6 halves of apricots or peaches; simply press them through a colander; put them in a saucepan with a half cup of boiling water, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, and stir constantly until it comes to boiling point.

How to Remove Tight Rings From Swollen Fingers.

Jewelers employ this method: Begin at the end and wrap the finger tightly with a flat rubber band, cord or thread. Hold the finger up a few minutes; then remove the wrap quickly and wrap it again; third, or at most fourth, operation will generally reduce the finger so that the ring will slip off easily. Jewelers, however, like physicians, often find that "much depends on the idiosyncrasy of the patient."

How to Make Pralines.

Dissolve 3 cups of brown sugar in enough water to cover; cook until it drops from the spoon. Stir in halved pecans, and with a large cooking spoon drop on greased paper in small, round cakes.

How to Get Rid of Moths.

Sprinkle furniture and cushions thoroughly with benzine. It is sure death to moths and will not spot or injure the most delicate fabric.

THE YOUTH'S COMRADE

A CLEAN PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE

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THE HIDDEN BOX.

By Wilbur Olmstead.

V.

The feeble Judge and his daughter lived in their new quarters a year before anything worth recording took place concerning them. It required no little ingenuity on the daughter's part to make both sides of the household account balance and at the same time keep the home comfortable and cheerful for her father. It might have been possible, however, had it not been for a second calamity which reduced father and daughter to poverty. One night the house in which the Crows lived was set on fire and burned to the ground. The Judge and his daughter escaped with their lives, but were unable to snatch from the flames the little remaining property which had been their only support. This last misfortune made the once-wealthy Crows nothing short of two miserable beggars. And to make it worse, none of the villagers offered any help except to give them occasionally a warm meal, or some cast-off clothing too ragged to be serviceable.

The two unfortunates spent their nights in the old blacksmith shop which Carl had occupied before finding his fortune there, and which, since that lucky hour, had, till now, remained uninhabited. The shop was of no further use to Carl who had left the town immediately after his great discovery.

Nobody, unless it were little Tommy, knew where Carl had gone, or what were his plans for the future. Little Tommy always kept silent when anybody asked him about his friend; but some suspected that he knew all about Carl and kept him posted on whatever happened in the village. There were rumors about town that Carl had gone into business in the city, and also that he had bought a fine house there and surrounded himself with every luxury. Possibly there was a kernel of truth in these stories, but never a word about Carl could be drawn from Tommy.

Little Tommy had not forgotten the Judge and occasionally ran over to the shop with a basket of stale food which probably some tender-hearted farmer's wife, forgetting for the moment her animosity against the Crow family, had felt it her duty to either give or throw away. One cold, winter day little Tommy went there on a different errand. It was to tell the Judge that there was a peculiar package in the post office addressed to Mr. Crow.

The parcel was registered and could be taken from the office only by some member of the Crow family. The old man, reduced through a prolonged sickness and for the want of proper nourishment, was unable to go himself, so he sent his daughter.

Now Mr. Crow had a wealthy cousin in Europe who was advanced in years like himself, and without near relatives. Should the Judge outlive his cousin he would probably come into possession of no small sum of money. The Judge almost fancied his relative deceased and the package in the office his share of the settled estate of his cousin. He felt almost certain that the letter contained money, and that at last, after many days of suffering for the want of food, relief was at hand. Impatiently he waited for the return of his daughter who at length came, almost exhausted after her long walk. The fate of her father was stamped on her own brow, for she had suffered with him. With trembling hands she delivered over to him the parcel she had brought from the office and in a moment's time it was opened. Yes, it was a package of money, as the Judge had predicted. There was a note inside, but at first the Judge took no notice of that. He counted over the coin, all gold pieces, a number of times. It amounted to several hundred dollars, enough to support them once more in an economical way.

The Judge said that he felt all day as if his cousin were dead and that he was about to receive

(Concluded on Page 8.)

MONSTERS TO ORDER.

A FACTORY FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF FREAKS AND MUMMIES.

The Man Who Sheds His Skin—Makes a Tattooed Man In Two Hours and Ossifies You While You Wait—Egyptian Mummies Furnish a Good Market For Wax.

There is a freak factory in the "200 block" of East One Hundred and Eighteenth street which daily adds fresh monstrosities to the list of dime museum attractions. A more grewsome place would be difficult to find. Hideous anatomical sketches adorn the walls. The human form, frightfully distorted, is visible everywhere. The dissecting room of a medical college has an air of cheer as compared to this place. It is a thorough proof, too, of the late P. T. Barnum's assertion that the American public loves to be humbugged.

Nature is not sufficiently prolific of freaks to satisfy the demand of the exhibitors thereof. Therefore they are made to order, and it is no small tax on the invention of the creators of these objects of interest to satisfy the constant demand for something new. The presiding genius of the factory referred to revealed a few secrets of the profession the other day, which, to say the least, are startling.

An invention of the freak genius is that of the man who can, snakelike, shed his epidermis at will. After this performance every little vein stands out in bold relief. The freak is apparently skinless, and the strange feature of the whole thing is that he sheds his skin at a specified hour each day. The process is simple enough when understood. The skin which is shed is constructed—just how the freak inventor refused to say—from the membranes of the intestines of animals—the same sort of material which binds together that epicurean product, the bologna sausage. The real skin of the freak is first covered with a preparation which seems to render it very thin, but only does so in appearance. A delicately constructed rubber stamp is used to put the veins on, and the skin shedding freak is complete. "Oh, it's a rare one!" the freak inventor said as he gleefully rubbed his hands. "They ain't any of 'em in it with me on this." Of course the false skin is put on every day, but just how the freak man declined to say.

There was also in the course of preparation at the factory the other day the equipments of a tattooed man, an albino and an ossified man. Perhaps there have been genuine specimens of all three, but that was a long time ago, and anyway there wouldn't be enough to go around.

The process of making a tattooed man is simplicity itself. It is just as easy as putting a big firm's name on boxes of goods which it ships. And it is done the same way. The would be tattooed man poses in "the altogether," while another man, with a series of very fine stencil plates and India ink, proceeds to make him "an unfortunate man who after many years' captivity among the south sea islanders has at last succeeded in escaping to civilization."

The genius of the freak factory said it was no unusual thing to make a tattooed man in two hours.

From appearances the role of the ossified man is not likely to prove popular. To properly construct one is no small task. A system of delicate steel rods, covered with a peculiar sort of cement, is the material for making the case into which the supposed ossified man enters. Once inside and properly fastened he is, to all intents and purposes, so far as he is concerned, truly ossified until he is released. There are several secrets connected with the ossification process which the freak constructor said it would be unprofessional to reveal. The facts stated form a rough outline of the methods pursued.

The albino is the nearest approach to the genuine of any of the freak factory products. It is absolutely necessary that the person cast for this character shall have eyes approaching a reddish white in color. Thus equipped by nature, art will do the rest. The hair, which, of course, must be long, is bleached to the proper shade and then is thoroughly anointed with a preparation which first makes it assume almost a perpendicular and then curl at the ends. After this the eyebrows are bleached. This accomplished, a full fledged albino is ready for exhibition.

The manufacture of these freaks, as may be imagined, requires highly skilled labor. The first step in making ancient Egyptian mummies is to construct the original body, which is afterward decorated to suit the demands and taste of the purchaser. These objects are first cast in wax, and the freak factory is provided with a complete outfit for making wax casts. The figures in most cases are cast in a dozen or more different pieces. There are dozens of molds used for casting hands and feet of various sizes. There are head molds which turn out heads to fit mummies of all ages and conditions. These molds are used over and over again, so that very large families of mummies are turned out all as much alike as can be.

It may be seen, therefore, that the work of constructing a simple mummy 2,000 years old requires considerable skill and ingenuity. In one corner of the little factory is a stove arranged for boiling large quantities of wax, to be used in casting these ancient mummies. The freak manufacturer buys wax 100 pounds at a time. In this branch of the business it is only necessary to cast a fairly regular human form, and the addition of the cloth wrapping and varnish serves to conceal all but the mere outline of the original form. Generally in mummy manufacture it is necessary to leave some section of the mummy unwrapped to illustrate how the flesh looked 2,000 years ago, so that this exposed part must be made with great care before wrapping is commenced.

The cost of these attractive objects varies. Some of them command as high a price as $90 or $100, the price, of course, varying according to the age of the mummy. An Egyptian mummy 2,000 years old is much more difficult to make than an Indian mummy less than 100 years old. The ancient relics require much more work in wrapping and painting in order to produce the very old, dry, decayed appearance. —New York Journal.

Hot Water.

A cup of hot water taken the first thing in the morning will often prevent a bilious attack. Hot water as a beverage is exceedingly wholesome, especially when the digestive organs are weak. It should be taken before each meal as well as after. A half teaspoonful of lemon juice makes it palatable.—New York Sun.

Every man who loves his country or wishes well to the best interests of society will show himself a decided friend not only of morality and the laws, but of religious institutions, and honorably bear his part in supporting them.—J. Hawes.

How to Preserve Natural Flowers.

Dip the flowers in melted paraffin and withdraw instantly. The mixture should be only warm enough to preserve its fluidity, and the flower should be held by the stem and given one quick turn in the fluid to get rid of air bubbles. Of course the flowers should be free from all except the natural moisture.

FINDING THINGS HIS TRADE.

This Young Man Is Engaged In a Unique but Profitable Calling.

There are fully 1,000 ways of making a living in New York which in any other city in America would seem utterly impossible, and the man who makes his livelihood in New York in the strangest manner claims to live better than them all. His place of business is situated between Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets, in Sixth avenue. His "profession," as he terms it, is a "finder."

Between the streets named in Sixth avenue is a shopping district where more women pass in a day than in a like number of blocks in any other portion of the city—in fact, this portion of Sixth avenue is conceded to be the busiest place for women in the United States.

This "finder," a shabbily dressed young man, walks up and down the avenue, keenly watching the throngs of women as they pass him. Whenever any one drops anything, he runs and picks it up and restores it to its owner, making a charge for its return.

For handkerchiefs he gets from 2 to 10 cents, and for other articles according to their value.

"Within those few blocks," he said to me, 'women lose, on an average, 75 handkerchiefs a day, and often valuable articles of jewelry and wearing apparel. Some days I have made as high as $10, while on others I have failed to make a cent."—New York Herald.

Accepted Reproof Gently.

A correspondent sends the following: "Your well merited eulogium on the late Admiral Egerton recalls to my mind an anecdote concerning him which was told me when living some years ago in his neighborhood, near Weybridge. As you mention, he permitted all his neighbors to walk through his woods on St. George's hills, and many of us to use them as a delightful drive. The only restriction on the liberty was a very mild and courteous request on a notice board not to bring dogs into the preserves.

"One day a gentleman, a newcomer in the vicinity, was availing himself of the general privilege, when he met another gentleman walking with a dog behind him. On this he stopped, and, taking off his hat, apologized for observing that 'since Admiral Egerton was so good as to admit them to his grounds, he thought it was only fair that the admiral's wishes with respect to bringing dogs into the place should be observed.' The stranger listened attentively to the remonstrance, and then replied: 'I quite agree with you, sir, and am much obliged to you. I am Admiral Egerton.'"—London News.

Inheritance Among the Indians.

Inheritance, however, is at the minimum in an Indian tribe, not only as regards property, but also in the matter of honors and privileges. Little, if anything, ever descends from individuals, and even among tribes that have something akin to a hereditary chieftaincy no man can remain a leader long who does not possess the power to attain and hold the office through his own superior ability. It may happen that certain families for several generations produce chiefs, and it is true that a prestige clings to the family of a chief, but the essential fact remains that official positions in an Indian tribe are secured and retained by personal talent rather than by inheritance.—Alice C. Fletcher in Century.

The Aroostook war with the Indians of this name lasted during 1838 and 1839; 1,500 men were required to restore order.



PROTECTION AGAINST FROST.

Various Plans For Warding Off Frosts In Use In Different Localities.

This is a vital matter to fruit growers whose season's labor and investment may be wiped cut by a single destructive frost. The more valuable the crop and the greater the risk of frost the more effort and expense may be safely put into means of protecting against frosts. A famous California orange grove is equipped with a system of iron pipes through which water is conducted to nozzles at frequent intervals, the idea being that the spray will ward off light frosts. Barrels of tar and rubbish in different parts of the orchard are available for making a smudge of smoke, which is the most practicable means yet devised. In the case of a freeze, such as visited California a two years ago and Florida last winter, or a real hard frost in other sections, neither of these methods is of much avail.

Smoke is good against all light frosts, and is easily obtained. Strawy manure, leaves, rubbish, etc., should be piled in the lowest places and about the sides and covered with hay caps or ducking (previously painted with two coats of linseed oil, and dried), so as to be always dry. Have a barrel of kerosene oil handy, some cans and torches. When frost threatens, set a night watch to inspect thermometers placed on stakes in various parts of the field, especially in the most exposed places. If the mercury drops to 35 degrees by 1 or 2 a. m., it is likely to mean a frost of more or less severity before sunrise. Then call up the folks, light the torches, and let each person take torch and oil can (previously filled) and set fire to the row of rubbish heaps previously assigned him. If the wind blows the smoke away from the field, carry some rubbish over to that side so the smoke will be blown on to instead of off from the field. If the frost does not come, no expense worth mentioning has been incurred, as the piles can be scattered and plowed under for manure, or burned, the ashes making excellent fertilizer. No prudent person thinks of leaving his buildings uninsured against fire. Certainly it is just as important to insure against frosts so far as it can be done by such simple means as smoke coverings, or water. Mr. E. P. Powell, a successful and brainy horticulturist in western New York, writes to American Agriculturist, from which the foregoing is gleaned:

"The very best preventive against frost is not fires, but thorough spraying with water during the evening and night. When this can be done, we can overcome the danger from a fall of 2 or 3 degrees. This will often save our whole crop. Last spring I lost my grapes by a margin of not more than 2 degrees, but on a preceding night anticipated the frost by deluging the trellises with water. Of course bonfires may also be used. I anticipate we shall be compelled to adopt irrigation in all the eastern states."

A NEW AMERICAN ROSE.

Mrs. Pierpont Morgan One of the Most Distinct of Modern Roses.

The fact that Mrs. Pierpont Morgan is of American origin is worthy of special note, as hitherto almost all of the best known varieties of roses have been of French origin, with more recently a few grown by careful hybridizing in the nurseries of one or two English growers. The rose, like the chrysanthemum and other much cultivated flowers, has a strong tendency to "sport"—that is to say, it is likely, from some unknown cause, to develop in one special bud some feature which has never before been seen in the variety. It may be a new form of growth in some special part, or perhaps, and most commonly, a distinct coloring. It is to such a sport that we owe the possession of the Mrs. Pierpont Morgan rose, says American Agriculturist, which describes it as perhaps the most distinct rose of modern introduction. The authority quoted says:

The parent of this variety is the well known and deservedly popular Mme. Cusin, and its relationship is patent to any one acquainted with both, but the newcomer differs in several respects. Its color, a clear bright cerise, with a trace of pale yellow at the base of each petal, is more decided and heavier than that of Mme. Cusin. In general growth greater vigor is displayed, and the individual blooms attain a size of from four to five inches across, on the average, with petals of good substance and well scented, which latter cannot be said for all recent introductions. All these points, together with the good length of stem attainable, assist to place this rose in the front rank of popular sorts, and indeed it is already being largely grown for the cut flower trade in New York and elsewhere.

This variety belongs to the tea scented section and is of easy cultivation by ordinary methods, but of course is not hardy out of doors in the north any more than any other teas. It blooms freely, and last, but not least, the color is one that shows up well under an artificial light.

The P. Barry Pear.

"During late summer and fall," says the editor of Gardening, "we have lots of pears, enough for every purpose of dessert, stewing and canning; even up till Christmas we have several, but later than that, notwithstanding Winter Nelis, Glou Morceau, Easter Beurre and some others, we have a scarcity of real good pears, and it is right here where the P. Barry pear comes in."



BEST LATE WINTER PEAR.

The description given is as follows: "Another of the late keeping Fox seedlings. Large, pyriform; skin orange yellow, covered with russet spots and blotches; flesh very juicy, buttery, fine grained; flavor sprightly, rich, excellent. The best late winter pear resembles Anjou in texture of flesh and Winter Nelis in color of skin and juicyness of flesh. Tree a good grower and must be top grafted."

Selecting Apple Trees.

When planting an orchard, it will be wise to take note of the following from Country Gentleman: Winter fruit will be found the most profitable class to plant for commercial purposes when a foreign market must be depended on, but where a good local market is to be had the earlier and more prolific sorts will prove most remunerative. If the last named class is planted, choose such varieties as will give a constant succession from early summer to late fall, but if winter fruit be grown plant no more than three or four different sorts. This is important, for while shippers are anxious to purchase and willing to pay extra prices for a large number of barrels of three or four good varieties they will pass by almost unnoticed a job lot of two or three barrels, each of 15 or 20 different sorts.

It is impossible to advise as to the best sorts to plant, as a variety that may do well in one section may prove utterly worthless in another. Therefore the most advisable plan is to visit all the bearing orchards in your immediate neighborhood, and after taking into consideration the care and cultivation each has received determine from personal observation the most thrifty and prolific sorts.

Floral Brevities.

It is claimed that the Farquhar violet is distinct in its habit, much more prolific than the Marie Louise, and also remarkable for producing flowers with very long stems.

Mignonette in winter is a leading crop with many commercial florists.

Royal George is a new carnation of good size, compact form and rich pink color.

Norway spruce, largely used for sheltering purposes, transplants readily and is a rapid grower.

When it comes to considering plants for their ornamental foliage alone, the fine old Magnolia grandiflora should not be overlooked.

A Dwarf Sweet Pea.

The admirers of sweet peas will welcome the Cupid, a remarkable dwarf pea. The plants grow but five inches high. The flowers are pure white in color and as fragrant as any other pea. It will be prized either as a pot plant for the house or a border plant in the garden, as it will stand trimming to the desired shape and compactness. Cupid received the highest honor given by the Royal Horticultural society of London in 1895, and a first class certificate as a distinct novelty of surpassing merit by the National Horticultural society of Paris last July.

TRANSPLANTING APPLE TREES.

Preparation of the Soil—Distance Apart. Cutting Back to Form a Correct Head.

The soil should be deeply plowed to encourage deep root penetration. If the subsoil is of such formation as to preclude natural drainage, the field must be underdrained with tiles. Procure the stock from a trustworthy home nursery.

Set the trees not less than 36 feet apart. Before the trees arrive the ground should be carefully measured over and a small stake driven where each tree is to stand. Set them exactly the same distance apart each way, so that the trees will "row" in every direction.

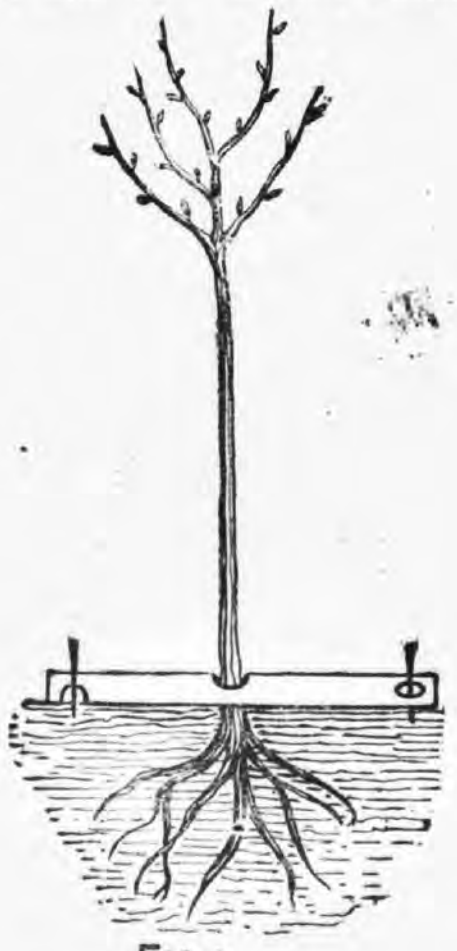


FIG. 1.

TREE WITH PERFECTLY FORMED HEAD.

When transferring the trees from the nursery, keep the roots covered with damp straw or blankets. Take a piece of inch board four feet long, bore a two inch hole near one end and cut a notch in the center and another near the opposite end. Place this so that the stake where the tree is to set will come in the center notch. Then drive a small stake in the end hole and notch, swing the board around, pull up the center stake and dig the hole exactly where it stood. When ready to set the tree, swing the board to its former position and place the tree so that the stem comes in the center notch (see Fig. 1). This will insure straight rows and save all trouble of righting.

The hole should be made considerably larger than the spread of roots. Throw a few shovelfuls of fine surface soil in the bottom of the hole in a crowning manner, so that the roots will spread over it with a downward tendency. Broken and bruised roots cut off smoothly with a sharp knife, making the cut from the bottom of the root slanting toward the top. The tree should be set about two inches deeper than it stood in the nursery, and leaned slightly in the direction of prevailing winds. Work the soil in among the roots, and when the hole is half full a pailful of water may be thrown in and the remainder of the soil replaced, tramping it firmly about the base of the tree. A mulch of strawy manure should then be given, taking care that no manure comes in contact with the trunk.

In forming the head of the tree four to five branches should be left. Cut these back to within four buds of the last season's growth. In cutting back leave the last bud on the outer side of the limb, as this is the bud that will force, and if left on the inner side the shoots will all grow toward the center of the tree. If the limbs are in such a

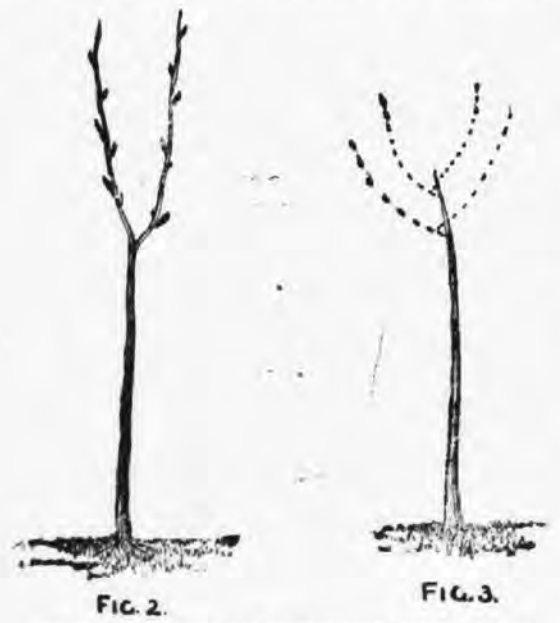


FIG. 2. FIG. 3.

CUTTING BACK TO FORM CORRECT HEAD.

shape as to be undesirable for forming a head, or if there is simply a crotch, cut away all except the straightest one, leaving simply one straight stem. Cut this back at the desired height, and from it a number of shoots will start from which a satisfactory head can be formed. The accompanying sketch illustrates the right and wrong ways of forming a young apple tree head. Fig. 1 shows a perfectly formed head cut back correctly at the time of planting, with last bud left on outer side of limb. Fig. 2 shows an imperfectly formed head. Fig. 3 shows how a correct head may be formed from Fig. 2 by cutting off one branch and top of remaining one. These practical directions, with accompanying illustrations, are here reproduced from The Country Gentleman.

Fruit Notes.

In some sections currants are grown as a secondary crop in well cultivated young orchards or vineyards.

Professor Lodeman urges, when grafting grapevines, that the scion be dormant or at least less active than the stock. Early spring is considered as perhaps the most suitable time.

At present a red apple is most eagerly sought for in foreign markets, although a first class green one will always find sale at remunerative prices.

To combat the pear psylla Professor Slingland advises spraying early with kerosene emulsion diluted with about 15 parts of water. A second or third spraying will be necessary—spray again to prevent development of a second brood.

For a red currant Fay's Prolific is a heavy cropper. Red Cherry is another excellent variety.

The York Imperial is a winter apple which came into favor by reason of the demand for it in the English markets.

Fighting on Their Own Hook.

Major Anderson gave orders that only the casement guns of Sumter should be used in reply to the enemy. These were the guns fired through embrasures in the wall answering to the ports of a battleship. The barbette guns on the parapet were the only shell guns in the fort. So the answering fire was of solid shot against shell. Seeing the disadvantage, one of the gunners named Carmody stole away to the ramparts and coolly fired every barbette gun in position on the Moultrie side. Carmody was unable to run the guns back single handed for loading, and could not alone fight the whole Confederacy with suitable weapons.

In another part of the fort there was a 10 inch columbiad in barbette, which also came under Anderson's prohibition. It was loaded and trained, and two sergeants, watching their chances, stole into the gorge and fired it. The shot barely missed smashing the famous Confederate Iron battery.

The sergeants determined to try again, and after some tugging got the gun back and reloaded it. They could not spring it into position again, but trained it where it stood. One sergeant went below to see that the coast was clear, and the other lay, lanyard in hand, ready to pull. The Confederates had noticed the new combatant and turned their best shots upon the gorge. Shells crashed around the prostrate gunner, and at last he pulled the lanyard, unable to wait longer. The big gun recoiled over the stop blocks and somersaulted across the stairway. In spite of the accident the secret was well kept, and Major Anderson never knew how the columbiad came to be dismounted. The plucky sergeant's shot was a splendid one and struck just beneath the middle embrasure of the Iron battery, where Charleston's Palmetto guards stood to the guns. It showered the battery with sand, and had it been aimed a trifle higher would have entered the embrasure.

After the fire had gained headway in the fort and was nearing the magazine the excitement was intense, but the men turned cheerfully from fighting the enemy outside to the new enemy inside. Soldiers brought blankets soaked with water and spread them over the loaded shells and hand grenades. As the flames spread and drew near the main magazine the men rolled out barrels of powder, in the midst of falling cinders, to have it ready for service at the guns, which were kept firing all the time.

How to Remove Old Wall Paper.

Fasten the doors and windows closely and set a large vessel of hot water in the room for a few minutes. In a large room it is well to add boiling water two or three times. The paper will be moistened and come off much easier and more evenly. The woodwork can also be cleaned more easily while damp.

How to Prevent Bleeding.

Put a little sugar in the linen cloth used for a bandage, moisten the sugar with saliva and lay directly over the cut, binding as tightly as possible. The sugar will quickly stanch the flow of blood.

The Stamp Collectors' Supplement.

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ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Dealing in Postage Stamps.

Continued from last number.

It is the object of this article on How to Deal in Postage Stamps to reveal some of the mysteries of the stamp business to those who are interested; therefore let us commence on our theme without any further introduction.

It is not necessary, as some may suppose, to invest a large capital in stamps at the start. Two of the largest Western firms, for instance, began business with a mere pocket-full of stamps, and from that built up trades worth to-day thousands of dollars.

In the next place, since the stamp business is done principally through the mails, it is not necessary to pay a big rent for business apartments. In fact a large closet, with plenty of shelves or drawers in it, will do as a starter. Yes, a thousand stamps can be kept assorted between the leaves of a good-sized book.

We are now to assume that the reader really wishes to deal in postage stamps, and that he is looking to us for a few hints on how to begin. After he has once fairly begun he will seldom look farther for hints, for the peculiar requirements of his own business will suggest new methods of carrying it on,— methods which possibly no one has ever tried before.

We also assume that you have been a stamp collector for some time and have on hand at least a few hundred duplicate stamps of the commoner kinds, and perhaps a few of the more valuable ones. These stamps must at once be assorted and then placed in books or boxes, whichever is the more convenient. If the stamps are all common you had better make them up into packages and sell them off in that form. Ten or twenty stamps, all different, sell well, especially among the younger collectors. When stamps are sold in this way they should be placed in boxes after they are sorted. If your customers prefer to buy the stamps singly, however, and your stock is small and without many duplicates, a blank book or several approval sheets will hold your stock nicely.

Stamp boxes are easily made by anyone, and when duplicates are many are indispensable. All the large dealers use them, placing them in rows in shallow drawers. These drawers fit into cabinets specially constructed for the stamp dealer, and made to take up the least possible room.

Let us look at the stamp boxes first, however, before passing to the cabinet. The larger boxes are made of pastboard, but the smaller ones can just as well be made of stiff paper. Stiff brown wrapping paper, if not wrinkled, is as good for this as writing paper, and the latter is rather expensive. The bottom of the box should be about one inch and a quarter square. In height it should be about three-quarters of an inch. It takes a square piece of paper to make the box, but when its sides are folded up into shape there will be too much paper in the corners. A square piece may therefore be cut out of each corner to make the box fold true, after which a strip of paper can be pasted over the corners to keep them in place. A still easier way is not to cut out the entire square at each corner, but only half of it, that the remaining piece of paper may lap over the box when folded into shape and take the place of the extra strip of paper which is pasted over the corners. In order to make all the boxes of the same size it is necessary to cut out a pasteboard pattern. This is to be placed over half a dozen sheets of paper that the outline of the pattern may be marked off on the top sheet, and then all six boxes cut out at once. Thick flour paste or dextrine and water are good enough for sticking down corners.

If you have a friend in the dry or fancy-good business you will have no trouble in getting your cabinet free, for you have but to speak for the next empty spool case he may have. Larger cabinets have to be made to order, but if you have any insight into carpentry, you will have no difficulty in planning your cabinet and making the drawers just large enough to fit the boxes. The whole, except the board at the bottom used for a support to the cabinet, can be made of half-inch white-wood stock, and all cut out at once on a circular saw by your lumber dealer. You then have but to nail the cabinet together and get the credit of having done the whole work yourself.

A cheaper way is to buy an old packing box and enough strips of half-inch stock (say two inches wide) to make the sides of the drawers which are to fit into your cabinet. The bottom of the drawers can be made of pieces of orange boxes or even of pasteboard. When all is complete a coat of cherry stain will add wonderfully to its appearance. No dealer can get along without a cabinet, but as you now see some kind of a cabinet is within the reach of everybody.

(To be Continued.)

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A STAMP DICTIONARY,

DEFINING ALL TERMS USED AMONG PHILATELISTS.

("adj." is for "adjective;" and "v. pp." for "verb, past participle.")

—A—

Adhesive. Any stamp that can be glued to an envelope. It may or may not contain a coating of gum on the back.

Advanced collector. (1) A collector of many varieties of postage stamps, or (2) A collector who makes an intelligent study of certain varieties.

Agriculture. An official stamp formerly used by the Agricultural department of the U. S.

Albino. A stamp devoid of color, exhibiting but a faint impress of the plate from which it was engraved.

—B—

Batonne. A kind of paper in which almost transparent lines may be discerned by holding to the light. These lines, however, are farther apart than in ordinary laid paper, and may be used as guide lines in writing. Between these lines the texture of the paper may be either wove or laid. It is called "foreign note paper" by the English. Also see Laid paper.

Bisected stamp. See Split stamp.

Block. Four stamps cut from the same sheet, so placed as to resemble a square, and left undetached from one another.

Bogus stamps. Either (1) counterfeits, or (2) stamps which were never intended for postal use. See counterfeits.

British Colonials. Stamps used in any part of the colonies belonging to Great Britain. Example, stamps of Victoria.

—C—

C. A. A watermark on British stamps standing for "Crown Agents."

Cancellation. A mark made on a stamp by the postmaster. See cancelled.

Cancelled. (v. pp.) Smeared with ink. Stamps effaced by the postmaster, either with pen and ink, or with an inked stamp, to show they have been used, are said to be cancelled.

Carlist stamps. Spanish stamps issued by the revolutionary followers of Don Carlos.

Carton paper. Extremely thick paper.

C. C. A watermark on British stamps which stands for "Crown Colony."

Colonials. Stamps used in the colonies controlled by any nation. Thus the stamps of victoria are called British Colonials.

Colored paper. The paper on which a stamp is sometimes printed. In catalogues "black on pink," for an example, means a stamp is printed in black ink, on pink instead of white paper, etc.

Compound Perforation. Where the perforation on two opposite sides of a stamp varies in size from that on the other two sides.

Continentals. Stamps from Europe. A term more commonly used to express the cheaper varieties.

Copper Engraving. A stamp engraved from a copper plate on which the reverse design was previously scratched. The process of printing is the same as that from a steel plate. See stamps of Mauritius 1847.

Counterfeits. Imitations of genuine stamps.

Cut-square (adj.) Envelope stamps are frequently cut away from the envelope. When this is done the stamp should be cut out square, not round, and a margin left around all sides of it.

—D—

Dentated Perforation. Pointed perforation.

Department Stamps. Stamps used by government departments and not by the public in general. U. S. Treasury department stamps, for example, were once placed upon all official letters sent out by members of the Treasury department. The same with the State, Executive, etc., departments.

Departmentals. Department stamps, which see.

Dextrine. A mucilaginous powder made from starch. It is applied to the back of many stamps to make them stick, and take the place of Gum Arabic which is much more expensive.

Die. An engraved plate from which stamps can be printed.

Double impression. A stamp printed, by mistake, on both sides. See some of the stamps of Persia for 1877.

Double perforation. Two rows of perforation along any one side of a stamp.

Due stamp. A stamp indicating that sufficient postage has not been paid on a letter to ensure its delivery.

Duplicate. A stamp like some other stamp.

—E—

Embossed. (v. pp.) The raised parts of a stamp. U. S. Envelopes are embossed.

Entires mean entire envelope stamps before they are cut from the surrounding envelope.

Error. A stamp incompletely made. The error is usually in the color, a wrong color being used by mistake in the printing.

Essay. An artist's design for a new stamp.

Executive. An official stamp formerly used by the Executive department of the U. S.

—F—

Fac-simile. A mere representation of a genuine stamp.

Fiscals. Revenue stamps.

Forgery. A counterfeit.

Frame. Lines around the outside of a stamp or around some portion of the interior.

—G—

Gold beater's skin. A kind of tough transparent paper of soluble gelatine. See 10 and 30 s. g. of Prussia, 1866.

Government counterfeit. A stamp printed by the government from a new plate made to imitate an old one now destroyed. See stamps of

the United States, 1847 issue, improperly called reprints.

Government reprint. A stamp printed by the government from an old plate no longer in use.

Granite paper. A silk paper in which the fibres of silk are so small they can scarcely be seen with the naked eye. Also called "Silurian paper."

Grill. An emboss, consisting of rows of raised points covering some portion of a stamp. By running the finger over these points they feel rough to the touch. See stamps of the U. S. for 1869.

Groundwork. The background of the design on a stamp.

Gum. Dextrine, gum arabic, gum senegal, etc. Used on envelopes and the back of stamps to make them stick.

—H—

Heraldic emblem. The mark of family distinction found on coats of arms etc. See flowers on Newfoundland stamps previous to 1866.

—I—

Imperforate (adj.) Not perforated.

Imperforated (v. pp.), not perforated. Stamps that cannot be separated, one from another, except by being cut apart. See perforated.

Interior. An official stamp formerly used by the Interior dept. of the U. S.

Ivory block. An engraving on ivory from which stamps may be printed. Many of the native Indian stamps are printed from ivory.

—J—

Justice. An official stamp formerly used by the U. S. department of Justice.

—K—

Knife means the shape or cut of an envelope, band, etc. The knife is a steel punch used for cutting out the shape of an envelope.

—L—

Laid paper. Paper containing parallel lines which run through its grain. They can be detected by holding the paper to the light. Paper may be vertically or horizontally laid according as the lines run up and down or from left to right. See the U. S. envelopes.

Lathe work. Curved lines overlapping one another and radiating from common centres. See Mexico 1878, 25c blue.

Lined ground. The designed background of a stamp when composed of lines, instead of solid masses.

Lithographed. (v. pp.) Printed from stone. The lines of a lithographed stamp are less sharp and perfect than those of an engraved stamp.

Local. A stamp issued by some private despatch and used only in a small district.



—M—

Manila paper. Ordinary wrapping paper. It is usually coarse and used largely for newspaper bands or wrappers.

Mince paper. A thin and rather brittle paper which was used in the first issue of Turkish stamps, etc.

Municipal stamp. A stamp to be used only within a certain city.

—N—

Native paper. Paper made in a crude fashion by the inhabitants of certain countries, such as India, etc.

Navy. An official stamp formerly used by the U. S. Navy department.

Newspaper stamps. Stamps for carrying newspapers. They are usually printed upon newspaper bands, but are sometimes adhesives.

—O—

Oblong stamp. A stamp wider than it is long.



Obsolete. (adj.) Old stamps no longer in use.

Ochre. An orange color shading a little on the brown.

Oddity. A stamp improperly made owing to some mistake in its manufacture.

Office cancellation. A cancellation in which is included the name of the post-office.

Official reprint. See Government reprint.

Official Seal. A label used by the postmaster to seal up letters and packages received in a mutilated condition.

Officials. See official stamps.

Official stamps. Stamps used on letters etc. by government officials and not by the general public.

O. G. Original gum, which see.

Old paper. A paper having an old appearance, upon which revenue stamps are sometimes printed. See many of the U. S match stamps.

Original gum. The first coating of glue that has been washed over the back of a stamp. Damaged stamps are sometimes covered with a second coating of glue.

Originals. Genuine stamps intended for postal use.

—P—

Papier moire. A paper on which wavy lines have been printed. See the backs of Spanish stamps of 1875.

Part perforated. (adj.) Not perforated on all four sides.

Pelure paper. A paper of thin, tough fibre, almost transparent. It may be either wove or laid.

Pen cancellation. A cancellation done with a pen instead of a cancelling stamp. See early issues.

Perce en arc. See Scalloped Perforation.

Perce en pointe. See Pointed Perforation.

Perce en scie. See Saw tooth Perforation.

Perforation. The holes punched around stamps to aid one in separating them one from another. Stamps are often classified by the size of their perforations. "Perforated 13" means there are thirteen holes to every two centimeters of length. "Perforated 14," means 14, and so on.

Perforation gauge. A scale giving the number of perforations to every two centimeters (20 millimeters) of paper.

Philatelic. (adj.) (Pronounced Fil-a-tel-ik with accent on next to last syllable.) Belonging to Philately, which see.

Philatelical. (adj.) Belonging to philately, which see.

Philatelist (pronounced Fil-lat-e-list with accent on second syllable). (1) An advanced collector of postage stamps. (2) One who studies and classifies the various postal issues.

Philately (pronounced Fi-lat-e-li with accent on second syllable). The word is derived from the Greek PHILOS, loving, and ATELOS, prepaid, and means (1) stamp collecting; (2) the intelligent study and arrangement of stamps. Philately is considered a science by many collectors, just as much as the study and classification of insects, minerals, flowers, etc.

Pin perforation. Small holes pricked, as with a pin, around a stamp to aid in separating it from the sheet. This is more properly a roulette than a perforation since none of the paper is removed during the process of manufacture as is the case in perforating.

Plain-wove paper. Wove paper unwatermarked. See wove paper.

Plate. The solid metal form from which sheets of stamps are printed.

Plate number. On the margin of a sheet of stamps is often found a number to designate the plate from which the stamps have been printed. These numbers, when attached to an adjoining stamp, are preserved by some collectors. Certain English stamps have the plate numbers inside the design.

Plimpton issue. An issue of U. S. envelopes, manufactured for the government by the Plimpton Manufacturing Co., from poorly-engraved plates made to imitate the well-executed designs of the Reay issue.

Pneumatic envelopes. Envelopes used in France. Austria, etc., for the pneumatic tube service.

Pointed perforations. A zigzag perforation also called "Perce en Pointe." It resembles the teeth of a saw, and the perforation on one stamp exactly fits into the perforation on the adjoining stamp.

Postal issue. An issue of postage stamps, post cards, or stamped envelopes.

Postal-note. A note payable to bearer issued by the postmaster for a certain sum of money.

Postal-packet stamp. A stamp used to prepay postage on packages sent by railroad under the supervision of the postal authorities.

Postal Union. A union of the postal authorities of many nations to regulate the transmission of foreign mail between one country and another.

Postmark. A mark affixed to a letter by the postmaster, giving the date when a letter was received at the post office, name of the office, etc.

Postage. Money paid for the conveyance of letters, papers, etc.

Postmaster. The head officer of a post office.

Post-Office. (1) An official stamp formerly used by the U. S. Post-Office department for official business. (2) An office where letters are received and delivered.

Post-paid (adj.) Having the postage paid.

Proof. A trial impression from a new stamp die. Proofs are usually printed on India paper or cardboard, in odd colors.

Proprietary stamps. Stamps used for prepaying revenue on matches or medicine.

Provincial stamps. Stamps used in a single province.

Provisional stamps. Stamps used for a limited time only. They are used to supply the public with stamps after a regular issue has become exhausted, and before a new supply can be procured. Provisional stamps are usually made by surcharging seldom-used postage or revenue stamps of some higher value.

P. U. Postal Union, which see.

Punched stamps. The stamps of Spain which have been used to prepay telegrams. They have, punched through them, a round hole about one-eight of an inch in diameter.

—Q—

Quadrille paper. Paper in which squares or rectangles are formed by the intersection of lines in the watermark.

—R—

Reay issue. An issue of U. S. envelopes manufactured for the government from finely-engraved plates by G. H. Reay. They were issued from 1870 to 1874.

Rectangular stamp. Any stamp higher than it is wide.

Re-engraved, (v.pp.) means that an old design is engraved again on new plates.

Registration. The act of paying additional postage to ensure the safe delivery of a letter, etc.

Remainder. An old stamp remaining in the post office after a new issue has come into use.

(To be Continued.)

A Chapter Of HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

How to Loosen Glass Stoppers.

Sometimes a ground glass stopper gets fixed so tight in the neck of the bottle that it cannot be loosened without danger of breaking. In that case dip a rag in hot water and wrap it around the neck. Try the stopper soon, so as to seize the instant when the heat has expanded the bottle neck and has not yet affected the stopper. A drop or two of camphine around the stopper so that it will soak in between it and the neck will often serve. The surfaces of polished glass, stopper and neck will often adhere with wonderful tenacity.

How to Clean White Chamois Gloves.

Make a lather with castile soap and warm water in which you have put a spoonful of ammonia to each quart. When the water is tepid, put the gloves in it, let them soak for a quarter of an hour, then press them in your hands, but do not wring them. Rinse in fresh cold water with a little ammonia added. Press the gloves in a towel. Dry in the open air, after previously blowing to puff them out.

How to Make a Match Holder.

A very thin piece of board 8 inches long by 6 deep. Cover with tan colored linen or chamois, and across the bottom a 2 inch band of sandpaper is pasted. A spray of yellow roses can be painted, having it run down to the sandpaper and also within the tiny tumblers, one for matches and one for burned ends, which are tied on with yellow ribbon.

To insure the strength of the ribbon in holding glasses in place, they are passed through slits in the linen before it is pasted on the board. Tiny yellow flowers are painted on tumblers. A brass ring, covered with silk crochet, is secured at the top by a loop of the linen, which is held by glue. Cover the back with a thin white cardboard, which will give it a nice finish.

How to Make English Crumpets.

For English crumpets take a quart of warm milk, a teaspoonful of salt, a half cupful of yeast and flour enough for a not very thick batter. When light, add half a cup of melted butter and let stand 20 minutes. Bake in muffin rings or cups.

How to Remove a Particle From the Eye

Take a horsehair and double it to make a loop. If the particle can be seen, lay the loop over it, close the eye gently and draw out the loop. It will nearly always bring the object with it. If the particle cannot be seen, raise the lid as high as possible and place the loop on the ball, widely extended; then close the eye and let the ball be rolled about a few times, after which draw the loop as before.

How to Make Apple Foam.

Take a good, big, fair apple and grate on a lemon grater; a cup of sugar, white of an egg; beat all together thoroughly. Follow directions and this will come out white and light as snow. Do not beat the white of egg separately.

HOW TO ADDRESS LETTERS.

A Few Rules For the Rudiments of Correspondence.

If you are addressing a business letter, send it to Mr. John Smith or to Messrs. John Smith & Co. If the letter be a social communication, address it to John Smith, Esq. The English rule is to address tradesmen as "mister,' and gentlemen and professional men as "esquire." But this rule won't work, for obvious reasons, in America. Address a letter to General Smith or to Dr. Smith, but never under any circumstances to Mrs. General Smith or Mrs. Dr. Smith. If such identification is necessary to a correct delivery, use an extra line and address to "Mrs. Smith, care of General Smith." If the letter be to a widow, and her identity be obscure without the title of her husband, then the obsolete form might be used of "Mrs. Mary Smith, widow of General John Smith." But such is not an imaginable case. There is no use of putting "for" or "to" before the name of a person addressed. In addressing a note to unmarried sisters the grammatical rule is to write, when the given names are not mentioned, "The Misses Smith," and, when the names are mentioned, to write "The Misses Mary and Sarah Smith." But "Misses Smith" has been adopted by general consent, and will do. To a man to whom the title of honorable is due the article may be used, as "The Hon. John Smith." But no man in America except the lieutenant governor of Massachusetts is entitled by law to such a mark of distinction. We accord it, however, very liberally, and maybe we are right. "His Excellency" is only given by law to the governor of Massachusetts. The president of the United States should be addressed in so many words, and the beginning of a letter to him should be simply "Mr. President," or "To the President of the United States, Sir."

HOW TO MAKE OLD CLOTHES NEW.

With the Help of the Tailor and a Little Ammonia.

If a suit of clothes be of good material and be well made, it can be made to last with some care a very long time and do a great share of service. It is best when clothes are not in use to fold them carefully and put them away where dust will not get at them. Hanging clothes in a wardrobe is not nearly so satisfactory. At the end of the season, when a man lays aside an old suit, he sees the shining elbows and the bulging knees and the grease spots here and there and says to himself, "Well, this is the end of them!" Go slow, good man; have a little patience. Brush the old garments carefully, sponge out the grease spots with a little ammonia and then carefully fold up the old "duds" and lay them away. When the next season comes, take them out, send them to be pressed, and when they come back you will be surprised. The shining elbows no longer glisten in the light, the knees are once more in shape, and you have a suit of clothes almost as good as new—better than new in that they have been tried and have been found trustworthy; not so good as new because, alas, you cannot go on performing this operation indefinitely.

How to Clean Carpets Without Taking Them Up.

A clean barrel which will hold 12 gallons is required. Put into the barrel 3 gallons of lukewarm water (soft water is best); then add half a pint of ammonia. Take an iron kettle and put in 3 pints of water and 6 ounces of soap bark, which you will find at a druggist's. Boil 20 minutes, then strain into the barrel. Shave very thin 6 bars of good soap and put in a boiler with a gallon of water and boil until the soap is all dissolved; then add a pound of pulverized borax and boil ten minutes, stirring all the time; then pour it into the boiler and add 8 gallons of soft water; stir well and let it stand until cool, and it is then ready for use. Brussels carpets can be cleaned nicely with this soap; also ingrain carpets which are soiled, if they have no dust under them. Take 2 pails of water. With a brush put on a little of this soap and scrub with warm water one breadth not over a yard in length at one time. Then with another brush and the clean water scrub it over to rinse it; then proceed with the rest until you have cleaned the whole. It should be done on a sunny day unless you have heat in the room.

An excellent scheme for cleaning ingrain carpets and art squares is to shake the carpets free from dust, then spread them on the bare floor, make a good suds with this soap, and with a stiff brush scrub the carpet, a breadth at a time. After you have cleaned the piece have a pail of clean water and scrub it well to get the suds out. This takes out grease and dirt. It is equally good for cleaning children's and men's clothing. Lay the garment on a clean board and scrub with a small brush, which you can purchase for a dime; then rinse.

How to Make a Trilby Handkerchief Case.

A dainty kerchief case can be made by making foundation of two pieces of silk the size of a lady's folded kerchief. Between these place sachet scented wadding. The edges are turned in and sewed together, forming a padded square. Tack diagonally in center of a pretty square of swiss trimmed with lace. The four corners of latter are brought together over top of padded square and three of them caught with stitches. An eye is sewed here and hook on fourth corner, to be raised to take out kerchiefs. Finish with bow to match silk.

How to Strengthen the Eyes.

A simple and excellent plan to preserve and strengthen the eyes is this: Every morning pour some cold water into your washing bowl; at the bottom of the bowl place a silver coin or other bright object; then put your face into the water with the eyes open and fixed on the object at the bottom. Move your head from side to side gently, and you will find that this morning bath will make your eyes brighter and stronger and preserve them beyond the ordinary allotted time.

How to Make Popcorn Pudding.

Pop some corn nicely, then roll it as fine as you can—a pint of the corn to a quart of sweet milk. Add a small piece of butter, a teaspoonful of salt. Beat 2 eggs with enough sugar to sweeten the milk; mix all together. Bake 20 minutes.

A Battle of Revenge.

Houston's daring stroke at San Jacinto, April 21, 1836, with a beggarly army of 800 militia was a masterpiece. Santa Anna was marching over Texas with about 6,000 troops, and on the 20th went into bivouac near Lynches' Ferry, on Buffalo bayou, intending to wait for his army to close up. He had with him 1,600 veteran soldiers. Houston made a lodgment on the bank of the bayou in a belt of timber which screened his line from the Mexicans.

The position of both armies was critical. A marsh extended along the right and rear of the Mexicans, and their enemies could compel them to fight for a roadway should they attempt to advance or retreat. The Texans stood with their backs to an impassable bayou, and a disaster on either flank would leave them but one route of escape.

On the march to that field Houston and the secretary of war, Rusk, met for conference. Said Houston: "We need not talk. You think we ought to fight, and I think so too." To the soldiers Houston said: "The army will cross (the bayou) and meet the enemy. Some of us may be killed and must be killed. But, soldiers, remember the Alamo, the Alamo, the Alamo!" One of the officers remarked, "After that speech there will be a few prisoners taken; that I know." Colonel Rusk began an eloquent speech, but stopped in the heart of it, saying, "I have done!" It was useless to add to the eagerness of the men for battle.

During the night of the 20th Houston slept two hours with a coil of artillery rope for his pillow. Early on the 21st he saw a detachment of 500 re-enforcements march up to Santa Anna's camp. Houston told his men that they were not new men, but a body which had moved out purposely to deceive. At the same time he sent the gallant Deaf Smith with a companion to cut down Vinces' bridge in the rear of Santa Anna's camp. Smith said, "This looks like a fight."

At 3 o'clock the solitary fife and drum in the Texan camp struck up, "Will you come to the bower?" and the army of deliverance marched out of its bower into the dazzling sunlight at a pace which soon quickened to a run. Houston was at the head waving his white sombrero and shouting, "Hold, you, hold your fire!" Before the line reached the Mexican breastworks Deaf Smith rushed up and shouted: "You must fight for your lives! Vinces' bridge is cut down."

The Texans delivered one volley, then leaped the works, crying: "Remember the Alamo! Remember La Bahia!" Such a melee is indescribable. In spite of the prediction there were 730 prisoners taken, but there were 630 Mexicans killed and 208 wounded. The terrible bowie knife took awful vengeance for the death of its inventor, one of the victims of the Alamo. An examination of some of the skulls of the Mexicans showed that they had been struck by a bowie knife and sprayed, as a pane of glass is sprayed when hit and not broken. It was believed that there was a dead Mexican for every Texan in Houston's army, although some boasted of having killed more than one.

"The Napoleon of the West?"

Houston's victory at San Jacinto cannot be set down to accident. As a matter of course it soothed the pride of Santa Anna to look upon the affair as a brilliant feat of arms on the part of his opponent. When brought before the wounded hero, lying Indian fashion upon a blanket, the vanquished dictator said, "That man may consider himself born to no common destiny who has conquered the Napoleon of the west." In point of fact the Napoleonic features of that campaign were on the side of that rough borderer, Sam Houston. Or, to look to another master of the art of war, the parallel is close between the famous field of Marathon and that of San Jacinto. At Marathon the vanquished Persians met their Waterloo on the shores of the sea, the Athenian attack being so sudden they could not escape. The Athenians had remained hidden in the wooded uplands until the moment of striking.

As at Marathon there was a council of war, and the majority voted against attack. Houston expressed no opinion, but went to work to be ready, and when the time came did not make the mistake of reconnoitering to set the enemy alert, but formed his line and ordered a grand charge at once. That was the way to win, for it took the Mexicans wholly by surprise. The Texans lost but 8 killed and 23 wounded. New Orleans is a parallel for small loss with great results.

Santa Anna had attempted flight over Vinces' bridge. Finding it destroyed, he plunged in with his horse, but got mired. Leaping from the saddle the fugitive dictator swam to the opposite bank, changed his gaudy uniform for a suit of old clothes found in a cabin, and took shelter in a ravine. A scouting party brought the prisoner into the Texan camp with great care, for his fine linen and jeweled studs gave the lie to his shabby dress, and his captors knew him to be a man of rank. In the presence of Houston, however, there was little disparity between the dress of the two commanders. The conqueror wore a black coat, a pair of snuff colored trousers and dilapidated boots. His badge of military authority was a sword in a plated scabbard, attached to the belt by thongs of buckskin.

The Mexican prisoners themselves hailed Santa Anna, and fearing for his life their crestfallen "presidente" bowed low before Houston and declared himself. Said he, "I am General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, president of the Mexican republic, and I claim to be a prisoner of war at your disposal."

GEORGE L. KILMER.

First Engraving of a Printing Press.

The earliest known engraving of a printing press exists, according to American Bookmaker, in an edition of "The Dance of Death," printed in 1499 at Lyons. The only copy of it known is in the Huth library. The engraving reproduced represents death seizing the printer at his press and the compositor at his desk, and a frightened assistant about to shy an inkball at him.

The most complete and elaborate of all of the engravings is the picture of Stradanus' printing office, showing the compositors at their cases, the ink rollers at work, the "copy" in position and the man tugging at the lever of the heavy primitive looking screw.

Baltimore Is an Irish Word.

Canon Isaac Taylor of England, in his book, "Names and Their Histories," says that Baltimore is an Irish word and means the town of the great house." Sir Charles Calvert, who had obtained a grant of land in Ireland, took his title from a town in County Cork called Baltimore or Balintimore, in Irish baile-an-tighe-mhoir, "the town of the great house," the great house being the castle of the O'Driscoll family, the ruins of which crown a rock near the town.

Things That Are Told.

Printers are constantly troubled with electricity in their paper.

Mining experts have stated time and again that the gold reefs on Mashonaland and Matabeleland are, on the whole, richer and more extensive than those of the Transvaal.

One of the most valuable electrical insulating substances known is mica.

A "portable" steam hammer is proving a useful tool in shipyards.

The new style of vertical writing is in great favor with the printer.

There is only one sudden death among women to eight among men.

Professor Booteasy says, "Cats die at an elevation of 13,000 feet, even though they are reputed to have 'nine lives,' when on a level with the ocean."

Some varieties of asbestus are reported to be strongly magnetic.

Scientific authority says that soap bubbles will freeze in very cold weather and fall to the ground. The temperature must be considerably below zero.

Raised Monogram In Gold Within a Small Circle—Stub Pen, Perfume and Wax.

The most fashionable note paper for personal correspondence, to answer invitations, etc., is stamped with a small circle about three-eighths of an inch in diameter. Within this disk is the chiffre or monogram in raised gold letters upon either a plain or colored background, the same stamp being used for paper and envelopes.

For general house use in well managed establishments a plentiful supply of paper is kept, with the address stamped in black letters at the head of the sheet or cards, the latter being used for hasty notes. Gold letters on white paper seem to be much used, says the New York Tribune in noting the etiquette of correspondence.

The most up to date handwriting now is vertical or backhanded, and broad stub pens should be used. Ease, legibility and a command of colloquial language should all be apparent in a modern note.

A slight soupcon of violets is the favorite perfume to be recommended for note paper.

Wax, although always attractive looking when neatly stamped, is not so much used as formerly. It takes too much time for busy women of the world to bother with it, who, however, to their credit be it said, rarely write slovenly or untidy notes in spite of their manifold occupations, it being an unwritten law that "noblesse oblige" in such matters.

The New Calling Card.

An effort is being made by those who desire variety to introduce the fashion in vogue 30 years ago of having names on calling cards put in Roman letters. Leading swells have their cards engraved in this style. It is more expensive than the old fashioned script. Certain conservatives of the fashionable world look askance at these cards engraved in Roman letters, for no matter how exquisitely they are executed they suggest at first glance common printing. However, if you wish to be very fit, have a thin card embellished with your name in small Roman capitals, advises the New York Herald.

THE PUZZLER

No. 23.—Word Puzzles.

Supply the blank in each sentence with a word, each word to be spelled with the same letters.

1. If you go into that ——, you will be in —— of an attack from a fierce ——.
2. Those —— of poachers have stolen all the best of our —— this season.
3. If all those —— trees were placed in a line, they would reach a ——.
4. If you will —— that —— for me, you shall —— a reward for your kindness.
5. What dreadful singing! The —— are nearly all out of tune. It would be almost better to be —— deaf than to have to listen to such distasteful ——.
6. I cannot think how you —— to go into that wood. I should —— meeting with an —— at every step.

No. 24.—Crooked Paths.

1.

C Y O F
I T H T
T S E T
R A I S

2.

F A T H
E M R E
D I F O
C I N E

3.

H O F T
U B U H
V R N E
E I S E

4.

O L I T
L D I I
R P B E
O B A S

Read — forward or backward, up or down, or diagonally in any direction— from the upper left hand corner to the lower right hand corner and find:

1. A name popularly given to Detroit.
2. A title often applied to Hippocrates.
3. Dr. Holmes' burlesque designation of Boston.
4. A humorous nickname for the government weather bureau of the United States.

No. 25.—The Lost ——.

Can you find her?

Youthful —er Kaffer, our im—uous friend from Ca—own, with a —ition in one hand, and a —unia in the other, stood on the para—. The soft —als fell upon the car—, which had the effect of apparently plunging him into —rifaction. He did not betray any —ulancy, but suddenly, with tremendous im—us, leaped and fled from the spot. Directly afterward we heard the blare of a trum— from a brass band.

No. 26.—Progressive Enigma.

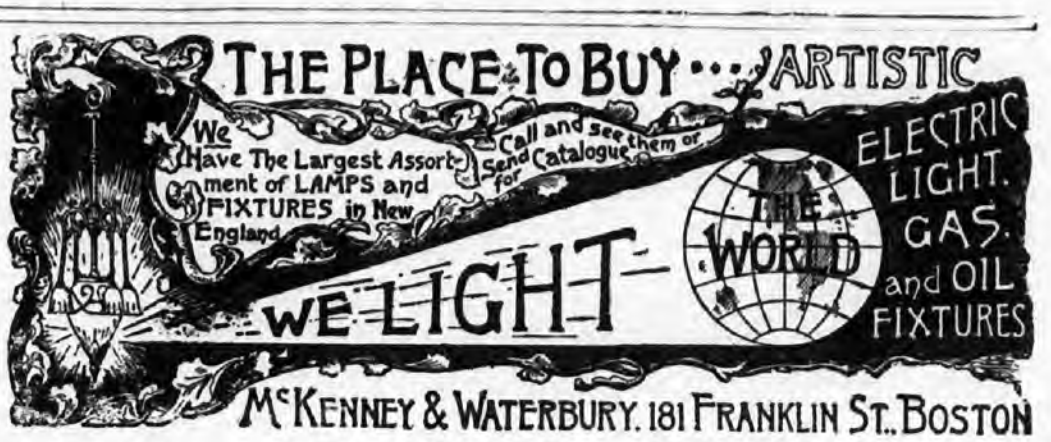
O, O, O, O, O, O, O, O, O.

1, 2, 3, a conveyance.
1, 2, 3, 4, a family of fish. The goldfish is a member of this family.
4, 5, 6, "an inclosure."
5, 6, 7, 8, 9, "to penetrate."
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, a workman.

No. 27.—Geographical Anagram.



Name the picture, then arrange the letters to form the name of a city.



No. 28.—American Cities.

Anagrams: 1. Larch notes. 2. As a groat. 3. T. Polen Miro. 4. P. Fines Gildr. 5. Chindrom. 6. Mail to rob. 7. Her corset. 8. Dar froth. 9. When Nave. 10. P. Vine cor ed.

No. 29.—A Handful of Peas.

Example: Take a p from a certain shrub and leave an iron pin. Answer—P-rivet.

1. Take a p from a wild animal and leave part of a flower. 2. Take a p from an atom and leave a particular thing. 3. Take a p from tropical trees and leave a gift of charity. 4. Take a p from a jewel and leave a nobleman. 5. Take a p from a certain country and leave another country. 6. Take a p from a bird and leave the hero of a novel. 7. Take a p from a fruit and leave a valuable organ. 8. Take a p from an adherent to a party and leave a mechanic. 9. Take a p from a surgeon's instrument and leave a dress of state. 10. Take a p from a preacher and leave a crime. 11. Take a p from to trifle with and leave to change. 12. Take a p from an allegory and leave fit for plowing or tillage. 13. Take a p from roasted over a fire and leave curved. 14. Take a p from part of a horse's foot and leave behind a ship.

Wise and Otherwise.

A frog is always in the spring of life.

Do not ask a fugitive how he "comes on." Ask him how he is "going off."

"Well, I'll be hanged," said the picture when it felt the cord being fastened on.

It doesn't follow that the oarsman's work is light because so much of it is feather.

When lightning strikes, it admits of no arbitration.

An Accidental Puzzle.

Clever puzzles have been the result of accident—as, for example, the following inscription from an old English abbey. The color from the intermediate vowels, which were red, having faded out, it created the following perplexing drop letter puzzle:

P RS V R Y P RF CT M N;
V R K P TH S PR C PTS T N.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 15. Numerical Enigma: Democritus.

No. 16.—Picture Puzzle: Pheasant. Initials—Parrot, harp, eyeglasses, anvil, skeleton, armchair, nuts, tollgate.

No. 17.—A Winter Rhyme: Cutter, sleigh (slay), bells (belles), robes.

No. 18.—Central Acrostic: Ell, ton, lye, tan, ell, Ate, aye. Centrals—Loyalty.

No. 19.—A Riddle: Hannah.

No. 20.—Word Changes: 1. Cat, cot, dot, dog. 2. Boy, bay, May, man. 3. Elk, leg, peg, pig. 4. Cold, fold, ford, fore, fire. 5. Boat, boar, bare, pare, pier. 6. Stag, star, sear, seer, deer. 7. Star, tarn, torn, morn, moon. 8. Lock, lack, back, bask, bars.

No. 21.—Double Acrostic: Crosswords: 1. Judaic. 2. Ordeal. 3. Sample. 4. Embryo. 5. Philip. 6. Hegira. 7. Insult. 8. Number. 9. Europa. Initials—Josephine. Finals—Cleopatra.

No. 22.—Hidden Capes: Clear, Bon, Sable, May, North, Henry, Race, Henlopen, Horn.

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GOOD READING, Norwalk, O.

How to Make a Delicious Coffee Cream.

Now, here is a coffee cream, for example, that is such a pleasant variety for those who are fond of coffee, and who isn't? For this use a pint of milk, sweet and fresh. Let it come to the boiling point and pour it over two ounces of ground coffee. All Mocha is the best. When you have stirred the milk and ground coffee together, put into an earthen vessel and set to draw, not boil, for ten minutes. Strain and add the well beaten yolks of 5 eggs and 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar. The eggs must be beaten very light, and after the whole is mixed beat all together vigorously for a few minutes. Pour the mixture into cups, which should be set in a pan that you can fill to nearly reach the tops of the cups, and which can also be covered with another pan—the double roasting pan is the best for this purpose. Pour in boiling water within an inch or so of the cup tops, cover the whole and let it stand where it will boil, but not hard. The success of these custards lies almost as much in the proper cooking as in the making. The cups should be taken from the water when the custard begins to thicken, usually ten minutes, and set to cool. Serve cold.

Pork Tenderloins.

Pork tenderloins are not to be recommended as a frequent article of diet, being neither especially nutritious or digestible, but they are appetizing on a cold morning. Split and broil, sprinkle with seasoning, melted butter and minced parsley and a dash of orange juice.

New England Recipe For Candy.

A correspondent contributes the following to The New England Homestead:

Molasses candy may be quickly made by placing in a granite kettle a teacupful of white sugar and 1½ cups New Orleans molasses. Let it boil until it makes a moderately hard candy when tested by dropping a bit from the spoon into cold water. Add a tablespoonful butter and 3 teaspoonfuls vinegar, then boil 2 minutes longer. Take from the stove and stir in well one-quarter teaspoonful saleratus, pour on well buttered plates, and before it gets too cold check off with a buttered knife. This may be improved by having a teacupful of hickory or walnut meats spread on the buttered plates, before pouring over the hot candy. Popcorn or peanuts also may be used.

a package of money. He then unfolded the note to read the full particulars relating to the settlement of his cousins property, but was astonished when he opened it. No wonder it was a surprise to him for it read as follows:—

" My dear Sir:

Hearing through my friend Tommy Brown that you and your daughter were in need of some assistance, I herewith enclose you a small sum of money which I trust you will accept from your old friend,

Carl Judson."

"Carl Judson;" exclaimed the Judge several times, at last continuing, "why should he remember me? When he was less fortunate than I, I turned him out of my home a beggar such as I have since become myself. My fate is what I have all along deserved;— his generosity I am not fit to receive. If it were not for my daughter's sake I would send back the money and die a pauper. For her sake alone I accept it.

The old Judge could not keep back the tears. It was the first time for many years his hard heart had been moved like this. It was not the last time, however, for ever afterwards the Judge lived a humble, penitent life, always grateful to Carl who had, through the instrumentality of the "hidden box," made at least two souls happy while returning good for evil.

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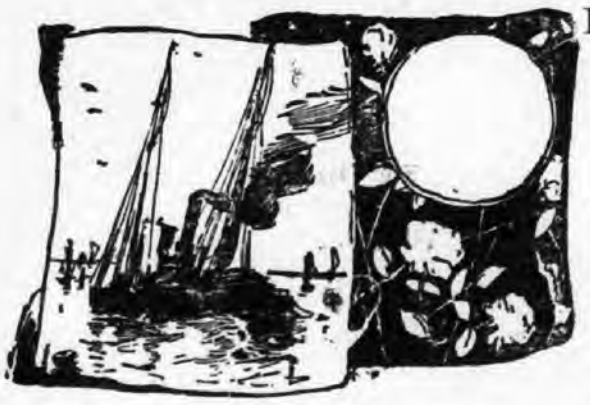
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CHARLES' SURPRISE.

—BY—

Joseph R. Simms.



OLDVILLE, a large, prosperous, New England town, situated on the seacoast, overlooking a fine harbor which extends well into the land, and which affords shelter to the many ships which daily lay at anchor on its quiet waters, is the scene of our story.

Charles Grey did not live in the busiest part of the town. But if you should pass through Main street until you came to the wharves, then turn to your left and follow the shore for about half a mile, you would come to a group of fishermen's cottages. In the midst of these stands the home in which Charles was born, and in which he lived during most of his boyhood days. His father had been a fisherman until he entered the United States marine service, which kept him away from home the greater part of the time. Charles, his mother, and sister, composed the little group that sat around the sitting-room table every night, to read and tell stories of shipwrecked sailors, or strange islands that had been discovered long after Columbus set sail from the Old World. But Charles had a favorite occupation of his own: he was always drawing pictures.



The boys agree to go into some kind of business together.

The margins of his arithmetic were covered with ships, birds, heads, and other objects; so were his other books, the desk he studied at in school, the floor about his seat, and every other inch of space that pencil or pen could touch. Charles was a born artist. He lacked instruction in the finer technicalities of the art of drawing, but in sketching from nature he was always true to his subject, and showed that skill in the treatment of his designs which only a person endowed with artistic gifts could do.

Charles had a desire to go abroad to study art, but the expense was more than his parents could afford. It used to be his one absorbing dream to plan how he might earn the money necessary to pay his way to Europe. His plans, however, were mostly visionary. His first one, which he had since abandoned, seemed to be the least feasible of all. A rich resident of Oldville had bequeathed a sum of money to the town, the interest of which was to be given as a yearly scholarship to the smartest pupil of the high school. If Charles had been smart enough to win the scholarship it would have nearly supported him in Europe. But there were smarter pupils who could, with less application, master their daily lessons, and stand at the head of the class. When Charles got a perfect mark in algebra or history, it was after he had spent long, tiresome hours over his lessons the night before. But Joe Burchart could attend some entertainment in the evening, glance over his algebra fifteen minutes before school began the next day, and get all his examples right. And Bertha Flint could get her history lesson while walking to school, the same lesson it took Charles several hours to master at home. That is why Charles decided not to try for the prize next year, his last year at the high school.

It was now the last of June, the examinations were over, and Charles was free to do what he pleased. He enjoyed sailing on the bay with his friend Will Brown, a trusty partner in every new adventure. The first day after school had closed they went off on a fishing trip, taking Will's small

brother along with them. The boys had exceptionally good luck that day, and after catching a basket of mackerel they rowed into shallow water along the shore and rested their oars that they might talk over plans for the coming weeks.

Since Will Brown was as anxious to make some money during the vacation as Charles, the conversation at once took a financial turn, and the boys agreed to go into some kind of business together. It was hard to decide what kind of business it should be, for like all young adventurers they wanted to undertake nothing that did not bring them large returns from the start. Then they had no capital to invest, which made the situation somewhat embarrassing.

"I have it at last!" cried Charles, after some moments of meditation. "We are all born fishermen. Our parents and relatives have gained their livelihood on the sea, and why should we not do the same? Let's go into the fish business. It will not cost us a cent for our stock. All we have to do is to come here and pull it out of the sea by the basket full." And to corroborate his statement he pointed to the basket of fish which they had just caught. His two friends were dazzled by the brilliancy of the scheme. Will Brown was willing to become one of the partners, and his small brother, scarcely old enough to invest any capital in the business, deemed it an honor to be chosen head office boy.

"But Charles," at length interrupted Will Brown, "you forgot to mention the cost of counters, scales, and all those other things that one in business must have. I only have five dollars in money to put into the business, and that will not buy much."

"Five dollars!" exclaimed Charles. "How did you ever get so much money? Why, five dollars would furnish a store twice as large as the one we need. As for the counter, I have some strong boards at home, and two barrels to rest them on, and a large box for the ice chest, a pair of fish scales father used to use, but now lying idle on the shelf, some knives, a hammer, stationery, and a door mat. With these we can start business and make a good appearance."

Everything but the barrel counter pleased Will Brown, so Charles agreed to buy the stock for a substantial table, and throw in scales, stationery, door mat, etc. if Will would put in the five dollars for a reserve fund, in case ready cash was at any time necessary.

The new scheme seemed so fruitful a one that the boys expected to get rich before the vacation was over, sell out the store in the early part of September, and retire from active business life during the next few years. Then Charles could go abroad to study art and thus satisfy his longing desire. In their hasty planning, however, our young adventurers had overlooked a few obstacles which would inevitably stand in the way of their progress; and if they were not brave, prevent them altogether from putting into execution their new-born plans.

(Concluded in next number.)

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A Little Boy in a Very Strange Place.

Written for The Youth's Comrade.

LITTLE Joe, a boy with a dirty face, and dressed in a suit of clothes to match, stood, one cold December evening, before the large, magnificent palace known as the Royal Club House. Out through the windows of the Club shone the dazzling light of a thousand candles, almost carrying with it warmth into the street below. A line of empty carriages stood silently along both sides of the avenue, and every now and then a new span of horses brought some wealthy lord and his lady up to the palace door. Little Joe was amazed. A score of ushers, footmen, and police kept the curious crowd of lookers-on from the spacious steps leading to the main entrance of the house, and by so doing enabled the members of the Club, all of whom belonged to the nobility, to enter without hindrance from the assembled crowd.

The Club of which I must now give a brief description, met every month and held a reception exclusively to members and their families. It was a secret organization, and had much to do with the taxes levied upon the poor, and some other matters under state control. For this reason nobody who did not belong to the nobility was allowed to join. Should an outsider steal into the Club when in session, he would surely have to pay a penalty. He might be sentenced to death by any member of the Club and hanged the next day without a public trial; or he might suddenly disappear from the community and never be heard of afterwards.

Joe was a very small boy, but he remembered hearing his poor parents complain of the rich nobility, and of their secret Club from which no intruder ever returned. He longed to know something of the strange fairyland inside the palace, a mere glimpse of which he caught through the window. After awhile Joe started home for supper, but he would have much preferred a collation at the palace to a bowl of hasty-pudding and milk at home. After he had gone a short distance his attention was drawn to a red card lying in the middle of the street. When he picked it up he found it was an invitation to the grand reception of the Royal Club. Some unfortunate noble had doubtless lost it from the carriage window while riding to the Club. Little Joe could now satisfy his curiosity, if he liked, and get his fill of ice cream, cake, and fruit; but it might prove an expensive meal for him in the end. Joe had a remarkable appetite for dainty dishes, so he decided to attend the reception and pass himself off for a personage of the highest rank. At first, however, he went home to put on his Sunday clothes and tell his parents where he proposed to spend the evening. His home did not much resemble the residence of a noted lord, such as he now imagined himself, for it was the meanest hovel on the street known as Paupers' Lane.

Not finding his parents in, he told his little sister that he was going to spend the evening at the club, but that he would not be gone late, and might bring home some fancy cakes for her if she would be a good girl and not cry while he was away.

When Joe reached the Royal Club he presented his ticket to the door-keeper and was ushered inside together with a number of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen.

The sweet strains of music, the odor of roses, the sparkling chandeliers, and gay costumes of men, women, and children, almost dazzled little Joe when he entered the grand reception hall. But remembering that it would be an unpardonable offence if he were to betray his identity, he assumed the air of one accustomed to such things, and sauntered through the room in search of the banquet hall. Before he had gone very far he was met by a fat gentleman who offered him his hand and exclaimed:—

"Well, if here isn't little Lord Whitecap. Yes I knew it were you the moment you entered the hall. You havn't changed a bit since I last saw you You have been away from us a long time, and I trust you have had a good time during your journey abroad. Let me see,— it was Egypt you were to visit. A delightful land; did you not find it so?"

Joe, in a worse state of confusion than ever, did not know what reply to make to his questioner; but thinking that the least said would be the best for him, replied that Egypt was certainly a very fine country.

"And your father did not come to night?" Continued the fat gentleman, patting Joe on the shoulder.

Joe said that his father was unable to be present at the reception. The fat gentleman said he trusted Lord whitecap Senior was not ill that evening. Joe replied that his father was quite well.

Just then a lord and his lady passed by, but the fat gentleman stopped them to make them acquainted with little Lord Whitecap. They were both

pleased to see him after his long journey; so were several others who happened around just then.

Joe thought that the prospects of his getting into the banquet hall were becoming less favorable every moment, for by this time a score of people wanted to see him to enquire about his folks and the long journey they were supposed to have taken. It also became more and more difficult to answer the many questions that were put to him, and he thus longed to be out on the street again where he could do as he pleased. Yes, little Joe could hold his ground no longer. He knew that detection would be inevitable if he remained another hour in the house. He decided to make one more attempt to baffle his listeners, and then retire with all possible haste.

Now Joe's parents, as we know, were poor people, and thus if it were possible for him on this occasion to raise a little money to help them, his time at the Club would not be idly spent. But it would not do to tell them that his parents were poor; that would be giving himself away at once. So he began:

"Before I came here to-night I visited a poor family who live in the meanest part of our town. If I were to tell you of their sufferings it would make you feel very sad; but I do not wish to interfere in this way with any of your pleasures to-night. One thing alone I will say: they have a little girl who is too lovely to live in such a mean place. If you could once see her beautiful face you would not wonder that I have almost fallen in love with her. To-night I promised to bring her something to make her happy. She is very fond of music, and I wish it were in my power to educate her in the art, and give her everything her heart desired."

Joe in making this speech really had in mind his dear little sister whom, you will remember, he promised something good on his return home.

These remarks pleased the fat gentleman who said it was rediculous for a young lord to fall in love with a poor girl so much below his rank, however attractive she might be. The ladies, however, were very much moved and suggested that a contribution be taken up to educate the little lady so highly spoken of by his lordship. Even the fat gentleman agreed to contribute fifty francs toward the plan, and a number of other gentlemen each put in as much. The ladies also gave liberally, all tossing their coin into Joe's hat which was held out before them. The money was hastily counted. It amounted to several hundred dollars, a little fortune in Joe's eyes, but only a trifle to his wealthy contributors. Now Joe intended to leave the house and make for home. After bidding his happy friends good night he slipped into the banquet hall, however, to get a taste of the good things. No sooner had he reached the hall than he heard the servants announce the arrival of Lord Whitecap and family. The real family of Whitecaps had come, which made Joe tremble with fear. No time could be lost. Joe did not even stop for his ice cream, but ran for the back door. Finding it locked he jumped through an open window and ran all the way home without stopping. When he threw down on the table, before his parents, all the coin he had collected, you may imagine, better than I can describe, their joy. It was his sister's money, but she was willing it should be used for the benefit of all. So Joe's adventure that night proved a profitable one despite the risks it incurred.

EASY EXPERIMENTS IN ELECTRICITY.

WHAT ELECTRICITY is nobody has yet been able to explain. We see the effects it produces, and measure its force by means of these effects, but the hidden cause of them all remains as yet a mystery.

When we start a ball to rolling, we say that the ball has motion; but we are unable to explain what motion is. Now electricity is a peculiar kind of motion, and is related to the other physical forces such as heat, light, mechanical and chemical energy. Since this kind of motion called electricity travels so swiftly over our telegraph wires we call it a "current," or the "electric fluid," but it is, of course, no more a liquid than a solid.

There are various ways of generating the electric current. For small, experimental work the battery is commonly used. The Leclanche battery which rings most of our electric bells is composed of a stick of carbon surrounded by a dry composition of powdered carbon and black oxide of manganese. A porous cup contains these ingredients, and the carbon thus arranged forms what is known as the positive pole of the battery. A rod of amalgamated zinc is used for the negative pole; and both poles are dipped into a solution of sal-ammoniac. A glass jar holds the solution, and of course the two poles as thus described. It is to these poles that the circuit wires are attached, the current passing out of the carbon, or positive pole, and returning through the zinc.

A battery even more powerful than the Leclanche can be made for a small expense by anyone wishing to do experimental work in electricity. This battery is known as the "bichromate of potash battery" and is made as follows:

Procure a quart preserving jar, a large cork to fit it or a thick pasteboard cover, two flat sticks of carbon, a flat piece of zinc, amalgamated if possible, and some copper wire. Bore a hole through one end of your zinc and attach a wire to it. Let this wire extend through the center of the cork that the zinc plate may hang inside the jar. In the same way suspend the two carbons, placing one on each side of the zinc and keeping them all apart from one another.

The jar is now to contain the following solution: Bichromate of potash 4 ounces, dissolved in the jar filled about two-thirds with water, to which is then slowly added one pound of strong sulphuric acid.

If all the acid is poured in at once the liquid will get too hot. Sulphuric acid should be handled with great care as it burns the flesh if spilled on any part of the body. When once mixed with the water, however, it can be handled without danger. The two carbon poles are joined together at the top with a short copper wire, and in the middle of this wire is attached one end of the circuit wire.

The other end of this circuit wire is attached to the rod or wire suspending the zinc plate; and when this is done the battery is complete and in operation. By cutting the circuit wire in two and holding the severed ends near one another until they almost touch, a spark of electricity is seen, and when the zinc and carbon plates are large enough, one receives a shock by holding an end of the wire in each hand. The current then has to pass through the body to complete the circuit.

When the battery is not in use the zinc plate has to be taken out of the acid. By joining several batteries together a powerful current may be produced, sufficient to run a small motor or light an incandescent lamp.

Care should be taken in joining several batteries in a series to make all the connections right. Supposing we join one end of the circuit wire to the carbon in battery number 1; the zinc in the same battery must then be connected, by means of a short wire, to the carbons in battery number 2. Zinc in number 2, again, to carbons in 3, and so on. After we have connected all the cells in this way we join the other end of our circuit wire to the zinc in the last cell, or battery, and in this way make a circuit which includes all the cells.

A simple experiment in electricity may be performed by rubbing vigorously with the hand or some woolen fabric a large sheet of strong wrapping paper until it clings to the table on which it has been placed. It is then raised from the table by two corners, and a bunch of keys placed in the center of the sheet. When anyone brings his finger near the keys there is a brilliant flash of light. The dryness of the weather has much to do with the success of this experiment.

An electrophorus is a machine to excite electricity by means of induction. We will now explain how to make one. Place a japanned tea tray, about twelve to sixteen inches long, on top of two goblets, and cut a piece of thick, strong paper to a convenient size to lie in the bottom of the tray. On two opposite ends of this paper attach, by means of sealing wax, a small strip of paper. The two strips thus affixed serve as handles for raising the paper from the pan.

Over a bright fire you then heat well your sheet of paper and at once place it on a wooden table. There it is well rubbed with a hard, dry clothes-brush, after which it is placed on the tray. The tray is touched with the finger and the sheet of paper raised up. If anyone at this moment brings his finger near the tray a spark will shoot from it.

Electricity is stored up in jars like fruit or vegetables. A Leyden jar, which holds the electric fluid can be made out of a tumbler by filling it two-thirds full of iron shot, and planting a spoon in the middle. When you wish to charge this "jar" work the electrophorus in the manner we have explained above, one operator touching the edge of the tray and raising the paper, the other holding the glass tumbler by the bottom and bringing it in contact with the tray. Electric sparks flash between the edge of the tray and the top of the spoon which is to receive the electric fluid. After this operation is repeated several times the jar becomes heavily charged with electricity as can be proved by putting your finger near the spoon handle, and feeling a slight shock pass through the hand.

Next month we shall try to have something further to say on this interesting subject of electricity.

PAPER BALLOONS.

DID you ever try to make a paper balloon? No? Well just try one next vacation, and on a calm evening send it up into the clouds. You cannot go with it, but it will give you as much pleasure to stand on "terra firma" and watch it rise up, up, above your head, and then sail off over the hills.

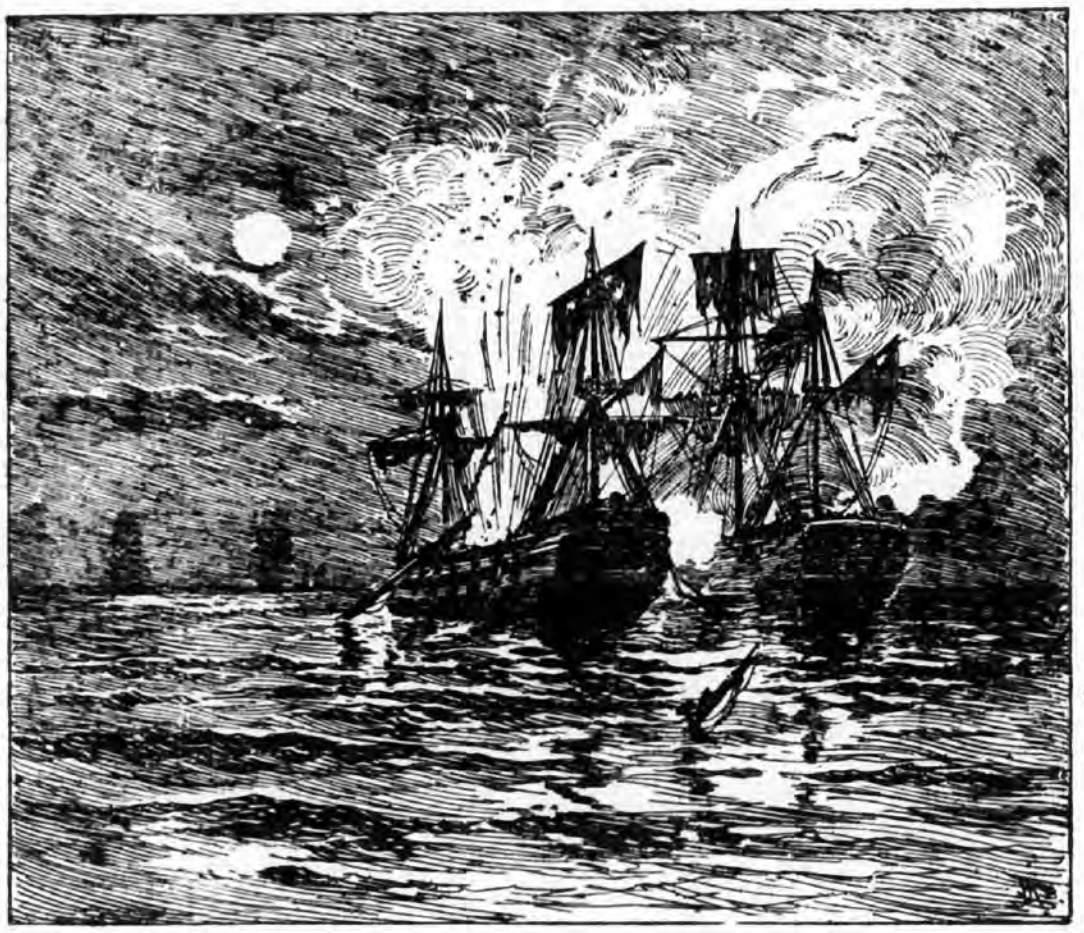
Cut several sheets of good tissue paper into oval-shaped pieces resembling the coverings of the sections of an orange. Glue these pieces together so that they will form a hollow sphere, open on the bottom. A piece of ribbon bound around this aperture protects the balloon from the flames of the lamp you must next construct. A basket made of very fine wire is first suspended from this opening, and inside the basket some rags dipped in oil are set on fire. The balloon becomes inflated with hot air in this way, and being lighter than the surrounding atmosphere, slowly begins to rise. Basket and all go up together, the lighted rags serving as a torch.

These balloons may be made in all sizes, but the larger the balloon the heavier should be the basket which serves as ballast.

The Magicians Generosity.

THE magician, when he presents you with a coin, has a small piece of beeswax stuck to his thumb. He places the coin in your hand and presses it hard against your palm, all the while looking you in the face and talking to you to detract your attention. When he removes his finger the coin sticks to it, but you still have the sensation caused by his pressing the coin against your hand, and imagine the coin there. He then tells you that you may keep the coin, but when you open your hand where is it?

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DUEL BETWEEN THE BONHOMME RICHARD AND SERAPIS.

GREAT SHIP DUELS.

THRILLING ENCOUNTERS AT SEA BETWEEN SINGLE VESSELS.

Paul Jones' Fight With the Serapis a Masterpiece—English View of Lawrence's Battle—Deeds of American Tars In 1812. The Age of Steam and Ironclads.

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SINGLE ship duels may be supposed to belong to the past. The navies of today are preparing to fight in squadrons and if possible decide a war in one encounter. In modern sea battles it often happens that two ships engage in a duel, but they are seldom left to fight it out, as is the case when the meeting is a chance one between cruisers on the wide sea. During the past 100 years there have been a good score of great ship duels, and the vessels of this republic have a share in the glory of at least half of them. It is more than a century since Paul Jones set the fashion of a bulldog clinch, fought to a finish. His example aroused a new spirit in all the navies of the world. Neither the Bonhomme Richard nor the Serapis was alone when the engagement began off Flamborough Head Sept. 23, 1779, but the consorts of each kept at a distance until the two chief antagonists fought it out with tolerably fair play.

The Bonhomme Richard and the Serapis maneuvered and exchanged broadsides for an hour before they closed in that remarkable death grapple which lasted until the Englishman could fight no longer and struck his colors. The ships ran afoul of each other twice, and the second time Jones lashed the headgear of the enemy to his own mizzenmast. From that time on the battle was one of the utmost savagery. The Serapis tried to escape the terrible embrace, but could not break nor cut the lashings. The Richard fought until she was actually sinking at the time the Serapis struck.

The English do not count the battle between the Bonhomme Richard and the Serapis among the remarkable ship duels of the age. They consider that between the Shannon and the Chesapeake the greatest on record. Is this because their ship won? Nineteen years after the affair off Flamborough Head the English were again beaten in two naval duels. The French were the victors.

In 1798 the British ship Leander of Nelson's fleet struck to the Genereaux after five hours' battle, and later in the same year the Ambuscade was captured by the Bayonnaise.

Our own war with France in 1799-1800 was marked by two spirited duels in which the same ship won imperishable glory for the gallant new navy. In February, 1799, the Constellation, Captain Truxton, with 38 guns and 309 men, fought the Insurgente, 40 guns and 409 men, in West India waters. The Insurgente was one of the fastest ships afloat and as good at fighting as at sailing. Drifting abeam the vessels exchanged broadsides for some time. Truxton's ship suffered in her rigging, and he answered with well aimed hull shots. Finally, after a couple of raking broadsides, the Constellation was brought across the stern of the Insurgente, where her full batteries could rake the enemy lengthwise. Before the guns opened the Frenchmen hauled down the tricolor.

A year later Truxton chased a French ship along the coast of Mexico for 36 hours and caught up with her off Guadalupe about 8 o'clock one evening. She proved to be the Vengeance. The vessels ran side by side, at times only a pistol shot apart, fighting vigorously. The Vengeance had 26 guns in a broadside. At the end of five hours the Constellation lost her mainmast, and the French ship, with spars intact, ran off. She had received over 200 shots in her hull, but was built to stand such terrible cutting. Her crew lost 210 in action.

Nelson lost his life at Trafalgar while his flagship was lashed to the French Redoubtable in an embrace like that of the Bonhomme Richard and the Serapis. They fell out of line fighting, and when the Redoubtable struck she had lost 522 men killed and wounded out of 640 engaged. But one of her riflemen had killed the great Nelson while the ships struggled in that savage embrace.

Trafalgar was fought in 1805. The great fame of its hero, with his bold methods of fighting ship against ship, had aroused the spirit of sailors the world over. Nelson taught his captains to lay their vessels on board the nearest enemy singly and fight to the death. American tars had their chance to emulate his deeds in the war of 1812, and with one exception carried off the honors in every single ship contest of note.

The first year of the war closed with three rousing single ship victories to the credit of American sailors. Two were won by the Constellation (Old Ironsides). In her fight with the Guerriere the Constitution was actually engaged but 30 minutes. The battle was settled by musketry fire after the Guerriere got afoul of the Constitution. Both crews attempted boarding, but were repelled by small arms. At last the ships separated, and the Constitution stood under the lee of the Guerriere, ready to blow her out of water. Then the Briton struck.

The fight with the Guerriere took place off Newfoundland, with Hull on the American deck. Soon afterward Bainbridge sailed the gallant ship to southern waters and closed the year with a brilliant victory over the Java, another of England's best frigates. Bainbridge won the fight by closing with the Java and tearing her sides open with hull shots. During the year the Wasp defeated the Frolic in a duel that ended in 43 minutes.

In the second year of the war the British gained their one great victory, the Shannon over the Chesapeake, the duel they call the most renowned on record. It was a duel with all the odds against the American ship, but Lawrence boldly offered his antagonist a fair yardarm and yardarm battle. "Fight her till she strikes or sinks!" was his command as he went below mortally wounded. His appeal, "Don't give up the ship!" was made when she was already lost, for the action lasted only 15 minutes. Out of a crew of about 200 Americans, who stood to the guns, 146 were killed or wounded.

Steam power naturally developed the idea of using war vessels as battering rams as well as floating batteries. Then

came the metal shield for close fighting. The Merrimac and Monitor fight stands easily at the head of duels between ironclads. It lasted three hours and a half, ending in a draw.

In the Kearsarge and Alabama duel there was a closing, both ships depending upon gunnery. It was a duel at long range. The ships moved in a circle several hundred yards apart. Shells were used chiefly, the object being to explode them inside the enemy's ship. On board the Alabama the havoc caused by the shells was awful and destroyed both ship and crew.

Twice during the Chilean war with Peru single ship duels took place, once between first class ironclads. The famous Peruvian ironclad Huascar won her laurels in a duel with the wooden ship Esmeralda which lasted two hours. The Huascar disabled the Esmeralda with a 300 pound shell which wrecked her engines and machinery. She sank with her flag in place and all her guns blazing at the enemy.

Another day the Huascar encountered the Blanco Encalda and Cochrane, sister ships of treble the tonnage and several times the power of the Peruvian. They were also better armed and more heavily armored. After some long range work, in which the Huascar was outdone, her commander closed with the Cochrane and tried to ram the monster. The fight was ended by a terrible bombardment. Finding his case hopeless, the only surviving officer of the Huascar ordered the valves opened to sink his gallant ship. Before it was accomplished Chilean boarders stopped the work with drawn revolvers and secured the prize, which is an ornament to their navy today.

Five years ago the Blanco Encalda went down in a true torpedo attack, a single ship against two. The cruiser Condell struck the Blanco with one torpedo at 110 yards and another at 65. She was struck amidships by one from the Lynch, and two minutes later foundered and carried down 200 people.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Six Weeks Without a Drink.

An incident that shows the wonderful power sheep possess of living for a long time without water is reported from Inverness-shire. About seven weeks ago three sheep were missed from the farm of Balsparden, Ardersier. Every effort was made to find them, but without success. A few days ago, however, a barley stack was taken down, and the missing animals were discovered imprisoned in the wooden framework in the center. They had subsisted for more than six weeks on barley alone. One has since died.—London Chronicle.

In the Nursery.

Shivering fits are the earliest indications of many serious diseases and should never be disregarded.

Whole wheat bread is more digestible and nourishing than any other kind.

Stale bread is better than new for children, as the gluten is more thoroughly masticated before swallowing.

The bodies of children should be as uniformly clothed as possible in the place of wearing many thicknesses of clothing in one part and but one layer in another.

FRUIT-FLOWERS

GRAFTING FRUIT TREES.

Quickest Method of Changing a Worthless Tree Into a Good One.

Here is the Ohio Farmer's plan for grafting worthless apple, peach and pear trees:

The scions may be cut from the trees any time in March or April, and should be taken from the outer and upper branches of trees that are known to produce only the very best. After cutting the sprouts, lay them in a cool, damp place, or tie in bundles. Label in all cases, and cover the lower ends with soil. They may be kept any length of



VARIOUS STAGES IN GRAFTING.

time in good condition, or you may cut from one tree and graft into another the same day, until the buds are too far advanced. It is easier to work those which have been cut several days or weeks, as the buds are not so liable to be broken off in handling, or in waxing.

Cherries should be cut and grafted very early, pears next, then apples, and last plums. On a warm, pleasant day, any time between March 15 and May 15, the work may be done. Take your hatchet and saw, the former to cut away limbs that may be in the way, the latter to saw off the stock or limbs which are to receive the scions. Hold the limb firmly with one hand, and with the other saw off, being careful not to loosen the bark. Saw off all that you intend to graft in half a day before you quit. Next, with your knife and hatchet split the ends of the stocks for two or three inches, as in Fig. 1. Now take the sprouts and cut out a section from the center containing two or three buds, as in Fig. 2, and with a very sharp knife trim each side of the lower end for about one inch, as in Fig. 3.

After preparing as many as you need to fill all the stubs, go to each and with hatchet or hammer drive the little iron wedge or chisel in the center of each sawed off stock, as in Fig. 4, far enough to allow end of the limb, and with the fingers bring a portion down over the split so as to cover it completely. The wax must be made so that it will adhere to the wood. Otherwise it will become separated and allow the air to dry up the scion.

Pears may be grown by grafting upon the apple, and vice versa, but neither, when thus grafted, will continue bearing for many years. Peach scions may be put into the wild plum and nice fruit raised, but the flavor is much changed. Pears, when put upon quince, give small trees, with fruit of very decided flavor. Fruit is very much changed in color, size and flavor by being grafted upon trees having fruit of different quality.

The Goat Willow.

Attention is called in Meehan's Monthly to the goat willow. Following are some of the statements made concerning it:

One of the most beautiful of spring flowering shrubs of comparatively large growth is the male form of the goat willow, Salix caprea. Before the frost is hardly gone the large ovate spikes of yellow anthers make a brilliant show. In addition to its good appearance it has a fragrance which is agreeable to most persons. The female form is far less handsome. What is known as the Kilmarnock willow belongs to this species, this being the female form of the same species, which has assumed a weeping habit. This is almost destitute of fragrance. Considering the great beauty of the male form, it is rather surprising that it is not more generally employed in ornamental gardening. The weeping variety of the female form is grafted on the male, and very often the grafted portion dies away, leaving only the stock living, and it is chiefly from these stocks that the male plants, occasionally seen, have been distributed, for there has been very little demand for the male plant directly from American nurseries.

Keeping Plants Free From Insects.

Active means must be resorted to or the aphis will soon cover such plants as the pelargonium and the rose if not met with effective weapons. Fir tree oil soap is the best insecticide I have ever used in fighting this pest. It is sure death to the insect if it reaches it, and is harmless to all plants if the infusion is made and applied according to the directions on the can. It is also very effective with mealy bug and scale. The red spider—which is the most destructive insect I have ever had trouble with—can only be conquered by the use of water in liberal quantities. It should be applied every day, and all over the plant. The spider locates himself on the underside of the leaves, and is dislodged only by forcible and repeated syringing.—Cor. American Agriculturist.

Power of the Sun's Heat.

Architects and builders have long been aware of the fact that bridges and buildings of all kinds expand in summer and contract in winter, but no scientific observations were ever made on that score until quite recently. Experiments made on tall monuments in both this country and Europe during the heat of the past summer show that the perpendicularity of such structures is badly affected by the rays of the sun. At one time the Washington monument was found to lean nine inches out of plumb. This peculiarity, it was said, was due to the greater expansion of the side upon which the sun's rays fell.—St. Louis Republic.

The Home of Cholera.

The marshy ground of the Ganges delta, with its vast masses of vegetation decaying under a tropical sun, is the native home of the cholera. In that pestilential region the cholera and plague are found every year and all the year round. Every cholera epidemic which has desolated Europe, every visitation of the plague, is believed to have started from the mouth of the Ganges.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

ORIENTAL SWEETMEATS.

In Turkey Grown Up People and Children Both Eat Many Sweet Things.

In the east sweets, or what we would call candies, are mostly made in people's own houses, but a few kinds are sold, although there are no special sweetshops, but sellers of vegetables and of curdled milk sometimes sell sweets, too, and sometimes sweets are hawked about the streets. The principal sweetmeat is halawy, meaning literally sweet. It is made in large lumps of ground sesame (a kind of corn), honey and wheat flour, and pieces are cut off as required.

The sellers of halawy have a curious cry, "For a nail, O sweetmeat!" They are said to be thieves, or at least receivers of stolen goods, for children often steal iron



SWEET DELIGHTS.

tools, etc., to exchange with these men for their sweetmeats. The seller of fruit evidently thinks his natural sweets superior to artificial ones, for his cry is: "O mulberries! O mulberries! Now halawy dies!"

Then as sweetmeats eastern people have dried fruits—dates, shelled almonds, shelled walnuts, sun dried apricots and fruit pounded up with sugar and spread out to dry in thin sheets, these having the appearance of porous brown paper, though this comparison does not sound very appetizing.

The Arabic name for Turkish delight is "rest for the throat," and quantities are made in the private houses of the rich. Sweets are largely eaten by grown up people, sherbet, coffee and trays of sweetmeats being handed round to visitors and even to customers in shops, for bargaining in the east is often a tedious process, the customer kicking off his shoes and tucking up his legs, Turkish fashion, on to the raised and carpeted floor of the shop in preparation for an hour or so of amicable haggling with its proprietor. When the latter has to leave his shop during the daytime, he never dreams of putting up, or, rather, pulling down, his shutters, but simply draws a net across the shop or trusts to his neighbors to watch over his goods.

But this is wandering from the subject of Turkish delight. In the fabrication of this delicacy starch, rosewater and sugar in various proportions are boiled together, and just at the right moment the mixture is poured out into a shallow tray to cool and then is cut into strips and dusted with finely powdered sugar. Much of the Turkish delight sold in other countries is only a leathery imitation of the true thing, but when one tastes and eats a piece of this it is impossible to help feeling truly grateful to the Turks.

"Between You and I."

One of the most common mistakes of language is the use of the expression "between you and I." The number of people who use "I" and "he" in the objective is countless. Most of them know better, but they go on saying, "Will you go with Dick and I to the theater?" and even, "It was between he and I," although the same people would never think of saying, "Will you go with I?"

"Me and him did it" is not more ungrammatical than "between you and I." It is evident that some people use the phrase without knowing, without thinking of it. Other people, who have been taught that "me and him went" is not correct suppose that "between you and me" is also ungrammatical.

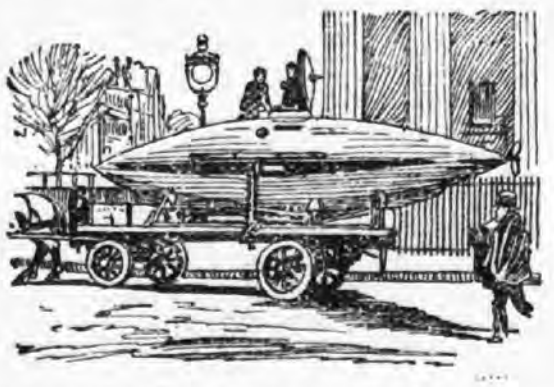
The use of this is increasing, and The American Bookmaker has become so aroused over it that it says: "When one hears people who have been educated at good schools make use of the nominative case in the objective and say 'between you and I,' or 'I will let you and he know,' only pity can be felt for them, or perhaps the idea of throwing a book at them may be momentarily entertained."

Science Progress.

A SUBMARINE BOAT.

An Interesting Achievement In the Line of Submarine Vessels.

Enthusiastic inventors have long maintained that the realization of Jules Verne's fine conception of a submarine ship was but a question of time. In truth, plenty of submarine boats have been constructed, but usually there have been some unsatisfactory features. With each experiment, however, an advance is made. A remarkable submarine torpedo boat for the United States navy is now under construction. The Literary Digest translates from a



THE GOURBET ON HER WAY TO THE WATER.

French source a partial description of the Gourbet, a recent creation. This is a torpedo boat and only a model on a small scale of ideas which the inventor proposes to carry out hereafter on large lines.

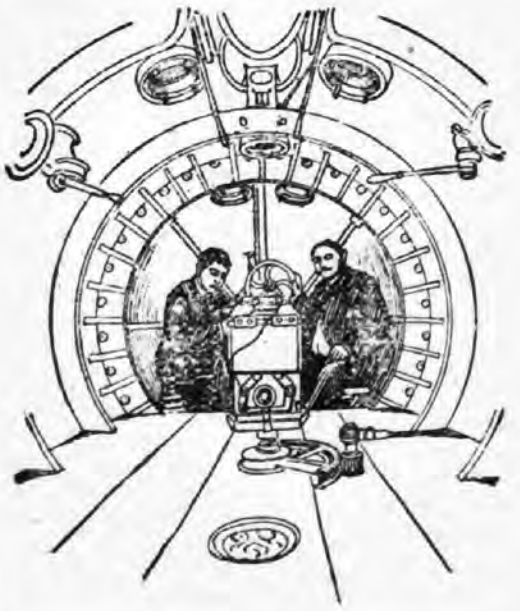
Its form is that of a spindle described by an arc of a circle revolving about its chord. The regularity of its outlines is interrupted above by the oval dome or cap that gives access to the belly of this marine monster and at its lowest point by a sort of false keel that, while giving exceptional stability to the apparatus, constitutes its last resource in unforeseen peril; a turn of a key, given by one of the crew, detaches this weight, leaving the boat freed at once to seek the surface of the water with the speed of a cork.

In its normal condition the little boat floats on the water, showing above the surface only the top of its dome. Thus the captain through the windows above the surface can see all around him and direct its course at his ease. From a distance it would be as difficult to detect the boat as it would be to see a life saving buoy. But let the vessel enter the zone of danger and its true role will begin; a little water is allowed to enter its hold, and it sinks just to the desired depth—12 to 15 feet, generally, 30 feet if necessary.

The windows now are of little use in looking about, but an optical tube composed of a series of telescopic sections can be thrust up above the water level, and by means of a system of reflecting prisms makes it possible to see all that is going on at the surface.

In the Goubet the vertical motion is independent of the horizontal. The former can take place as well when the boat is still as when she is in motion, a fact that distinguishes her sharply from a whole class of submarine boats.

The boat, we are further told, is driven by an electric motor run by a primary battery of the mercury-bisulphate type. Compressed oxygenated air is carried in cylin-



INTERIOR VIEW TOWARD THE STERN.

ders and released as needed, the increase of pressure being prevented by pumping out an equal quantity of vitiated air. The excess of carbonic acid is absorbed by caustic potash. Thus the boat, with its crew of three, can stay under water 10 or 12 hours.

An Anatomical Distinction of Man.

Science tells that the German Professor Ranke has developed some interesting facts in relation to the relative weights of the brain and spinal cord in man. It is well known that man has not the heaviest brain of any animal. The whale and the elephant have heavier. Nor has he the heaviest in proportion to his weight. Some singing birds, various small apes and the mole have proportionately heavier brains. What Ranke brings out is that the weight of the human brain is much greater in proportion to the weight of the spinal cord than in any other vertebrate.

New Treasure In California.

The discovery of a rich lode of the rarest quality of chrysoprase is reported from Tulare county, Cal., in the New York Journal.

Though inferior shades of chrysoprase are found elsewhere, Siberia is said to have been the only source of the perfect gems hitherto. Chrysoprase is a very valuable variety of chalcedony.

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THE PUZZLER

No. 30.—Charade.

What heights unscaled, what depths,
  What dangers braved my FIRST to gain.
Men risk their lives, nay, sell their soul
  In the mad strife, so often vain.

My SECOND looks to Tubal Cain,
  If not for ancestry, for art,
And every nation, every age
  Assigns to him a useful part.

My WHOLE—how tenderly we scan
  The foibles o. this gifted man!
In not another can we find
  The fun and pathos so combined.

No. 31.—Illustrated Rebus.



No. 32.—Arithmetical.

1. A man being asked his age said, If you add 12 to my age and multiply the sum by 6, and divide that product by 4, the answer will be 81. What was his age?

2. There are two numbers, the greater of which multiplied by the difference between the numbers will equal 12, and the lesser multiplied by the sum of the two numbers will equal 40. What are the numbers?

No. 33.—Octagons.

1. Anything small. 2. An ecclesiastical headdress. 3. A fertile spot. 4. Stumbles. 5. A beast of burden.

1. A chart. 2. Land belonging to a nobleman. 3. Imbecile. 4. Impelled by the use of a pole. 5. A color.

1. To force in. 2. Swift. 3. A common fruit. 4. A city of Italy. 5. A lair.

No. 34.—Numerical Enigma.

My whole is a town and fortress in the south of Europe.

3, 4, 5, 7, a contemptuous word for a child.
1, 8, 9, 3, clothing.
4, 5, 2, 6, part of a fence. To scold.
3, 4, 5, 1, to boast.
1, 8, 2, 7, manner of walking.
1, 2, 6, 7, not always what it appears.
3, 5, 2, 7, a temptation. A refreshment.
7, 4, 5, 2, 6, a track.
5, 6, 7, 8, 9, a place for sacrifice.
3, 8, 9, part of a gate. An impediment.
7, 8, 9, a name for a sailor.
7, 4, 2, 5, 6, a test. A legal examination.

No. 35.—Geographical Letter.

MY DEAR (a port in Cape Colony)—I am sending you a very pretty (a port in Russia) coat for little (a cape in Labrador). It is far (lake in North America) to the last one. I am glad to say (a mountain in New South Wales) is much better and is not beyond (an island near Spitzbergen). The boys are making some (county of Ireland off the south coast) boats to swim in the pond. I suppose you know Miss (lake in Switzerland) has gone to Africa. She sailed in the steamship (an island off the east coast of China). Have not heard yet whether she has arrived there safely. With fondest love, I remain, your cousin
(Town in Bulgaria) (a cape off Guinea).

No. 36.—Changed Birds.

1. Change a bird's head and have "a three masted vessel, having her fore and main masts rigged as a ship and her mizzen as a schooner."

2. Change a sea bird's head and have part of a vessel. Change again and have an animal. Change again and have "quiet," as during a storm; again and have "nothing."

3. Change a bird's head and have a large animal of the United States and Canada.

No. 37.—Riddles.

1. What is that which can keep pace with the swiftest horse yet always goes on foot?

2. When is a plant to be more dreaded than a mad dog?

3. Though you set me on foot, I shall be on my head.

4. There is a word of six letters; take one away, and 12 will remain.

5. If a mother speaks often of her children, how can you be sure that she has more than six?

Snares For the Tongue.

Six thick thistle sticks.
Flesh of freshly fried flying fish.
The sea ceaseth, and it sufficeth us.
High roller, low roller, rower.
Gaze on the gray brigade.
Strange strategic statistics.
Give Grimes Jim's gilt gig whip.
She says she sells seashells.
A cup of coffee in a copper coffeepot.
Say, should such a shapely sash shabby stitches show?
Sarah in a shawl shoveled soft snow softly.
Smith's spirit flask split Philip's sixth sister's fifth squirrel's skull.
A box of mixed biscuits, a mixed biscuit box.
Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six sickly silky snakes.
Swan swam over the sea; swim, swan, swim; swan swam back again; well swum swan.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 23.—Word Puzzles: 1. Garden, danger, gander. 2. Rogues, grouse. 3. Lime, mile. 4. Pare, pear, reap. 5. Notes, stone, tones. 6. Dared, dread, adder.

No. 24.—Crooked Paths: 1. City of the Straits. 2. Father of Medicine. 3. Hub of the Universe. 4. Old Probabilities.

No. 25.—The Lost Pet: Peter, impetuous, Capetown, petition, petunia, parapet, petal, carpet, petrifaction, petulancy, impetus, trumpet.

No. 26.—Progressive Enigma: Carpenter.

No. 27.—Geographical Anagram: Girl-on-tub-N—Burlington.

No. 28.—American Cities: 1. Charleston. 2. Saratoga. 3. Montpelier. 4. Springfield. 5. Richmond. 6. Baltimore. 7. Rochester. 8. Hartford. 9. New Haven. 10. Providence.

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No. 29.—A Handful of Peas: 1. P-anther. 2. P-article. 3. P-alms. 4. P-earl. 5. P-russia. 6. P-lover. 7. P-ear. 8. P-artisan. 9. P-robe. 10. P-arson. 11. P-alter. 12. P-arable. 13. P-arched. 14. P-astern.

How to Press Seams.

An ingenious woman has discovered a new and satisfactory way of pressing seams.

A rolling pin is at the bottom of it. She has taken a rolling pin and split it in half, covering it as one would an ironing board. It presses the seams to perfection, as it supplies a curving, smooth surface, and yet one which remains firm beneath the weight of the iron.

How to Make Paper Oranges.

Select a pretty shade of orange tissue paper, cut pieces 5 by 9½ inches, using 5 inches for length. Draw this between thumb and finger until it is a fine crinkle, then sew up sides with silk, gather bottom half an inch from edge, wind silk around so it will not pull out, turn and stuff with cotton, gather top. Buy 2 yards of rubber stemming, cut this in 5 different lengths, run a fine wire inside stem, letting this come out about 2 inches, run this through top of orange and fasten around stem. Cut a leaf out of green paper, about 3 inches, crinkle in center, using 3 for an orange. Stick on to stem, letting ends hang down over orange. Five make a pretty bunch. Tie with ribbon.

How Potato Pancakes Are Made.

Boil six medium sized potatoes in salted water until thoroughly cooked; mash them and set aside to cool; then add 3 well beaten eggs, a quart of milk and flour enough to make a pancake batter. Bake quickly on a well greased griddle and serve very hot.

How to Make Lemon Froth.

Soak 2 ounces of gelatin in a pint of cold water. When swollen, dissolve it in a pint of boiling water and add the rinds and the strained juice of 6 lemons. Let it stand until it is just beginning to set, then take out the rinds, and add the whites of 12 eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. When the egg is well beaten into the jelly, so that it looks like snow, turn it into a glass bowl, and serve.



OUR STAMP DEPARTMENT.

Dealing in Postage Stamps.

Continued from last number.

In previous chapters we have given beginners directions for starting a stamp enterprise, telling them how to construct the cabinet for holding their stock, and describing an easy method of making paper boxes to fit the cabinet, and hold all the assorted specimens of stamps. We also gave some hints on how to arrange the stamps on sheets, and put them up in packets ready for sale. We will now try to give some further hints on how to dispose of the stamps thus made ready for the market.

The more numerous your agents the more extensive will be your business. You must at once make an effort to secure as many as possible, offering them 25, 33⅓, or even 50 per cent. commission for selling stamps for you. The stamps you send them to sell should be hinged to sheets of paper. Ruled approval sheets, as they are called, can be made with pen and ink, or bought already printed of some dealer. Hinges may also be bought, or made at home. The best way to buy the gummed paper is in sheets and cut it up into hinges yourself. You can then make them any size you like, and get more for your money than by buying them by the thousand already prepared. Here is a novel way to cut and bend a number of hinges at once:—

Fold a piece of paper into eight pieces, and with a knife or paper cutter separate the small sheets thus made. Then lay them all on top of one another with the gummed side down.

With scissors you now cut off of all eight sheets a strip of paper running the whole length of the sheet, and about three-quarters of an inch wide, and then bend all the strips through the middle so that the crease will run parallel with the strips forming, as it were, a miniature trough, or gutter. From this chop off the hinges with your scissors, making eight at once and about one-hundred from each gutter. These hinges will be bent ready for use and save you much time in not having to bend each hinge separately.

Some prefer to make their own hinge paper. Unless the material is bought in large quantities, however, it is no cheaper than to buy the machine-made gum paper of some dealer. Gum arabic makes the best paper and merely needs to be dissolved in water before being spread on the sheet with a brush. Sugar, glue, and dextrine, dissolved in water and brought to a boil makes a cheaper gum, but as it hardens soon after it is taken from the fire, has to be spread rapidly.

Packets of stamps are made with less trouble than approval sheets. These may be sold through agents. If there are any fruit, stationery, or drug stores in your place you must make an attempt to introduce your packets into these stores. Offer twenty-five or a larger per cent. to the store keeper on all the packets he may sell for you and he will seldom hesitate to put your packets in his window.

For packet envelopes use something small that will not take up too much room. Small envelopes are kept on sale by some stamp dealers, and cost but a trifle. On the outside of the packet should be pasted a stamp or two to attract the attention, and underneath, the value of the packet and a brief description of its contents. A dozen or more packets should be mounted on a card. The cover of a shoe box makes about the right-sized card for the window. A drop of mucilage will glue each packet to the card, and if a string is run through the top of a card the latter can be hung in the window where every passer-by will surely see it.

A boy who attends a large school containing a number of stamp collectors has a better chance to start a stamp enterprise than one who does not; but as we have just explained there is more than one way of selling your stock of stamps.

Next time we hope to continue this series by telling you where dealers get their stamps, a secret never before made known to the public.

WHERE DEALERS GET their STAMPS
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NOTES

A 10c Baltimore local on white paper of same type as the 5c has been discovered in Louisville, Ky. It is reported that a New York collector paid as high as $4,400 for this stamp.

We are told that Japan is about to issue a new series of stamps on which will be placed the portraits of famous men who have died in the service of their country.

By the recent death of Theo. Toppel of Philadelphia, philately loses one of her most devoted promoters.

The society with a long name, known as the S. S. S. S. or Society for the Suppression of Speculative Stamps is still doing good work in showing up stamps of questionable character.

The new stamps of Greece, announced in a previous number of the Youth's Comrade, are in the market. They are entirely different from any stamps heretofore printed.

Another Counterfeit.

A few months ago a gang of counterfeiters were caught in Chicago while in the operation of counterfeiting our present issue United States two cent stamp. The engraving they produced was very much inferior to the genuine stamp, but they nevertheless succeeded in selling thousands of these bogus stamps to manufacturers and other parties doing an extensive mail business.

It required some tact on the part of the government to locate the offenders, but after some weeks of investigation their secret haunts were discovered, their plates confiscated, and the counterfeiters themselves imprisoned. The government did not expect any further trouble after that, but to insure against a possible future attempt it placed a private watermark on the paper used in the manufacture of all new stamps. In spite of this precaution, however, a second attempt has just been made in Chicago to counterfeit the same two cent stamp. This time the engraving is more skilfully done, and even the watermark in the paper is represented.

Should this counterfeiting continue much longer the government will be obliged to change the design of the two cent stamp.

Proposed U. S. Local Stamps.

A bill has been prepared for Congress authorizing the use of special stamps to each city in the United States. If this bill were to pass there would be countless varieties of United States stamps, for each city would choose some appropriate design of its own. The size of our United States albums would consequently have to be enlarged, and collectors would find it almost a hopeless task to get all the varieties. The extra expense of engraving municipal stamps forms the chief objection to this scheme, so that it is hardly probable that the bill will pass through Congress. Its advantage lies in the means it affords post-office inspectors of locating counterfeiters.

A new Confederate local has recently been discovered. It was issued by the postmaster of Beaumont, the name of which place it bears at the top of the stamp, and beneath the words "Paid, ten cents."

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The current Cuban and Porto Rico stamps have been changed in color.

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There is an unusual supply of forged Japanese stamps in the market, including both used and unused varieties.

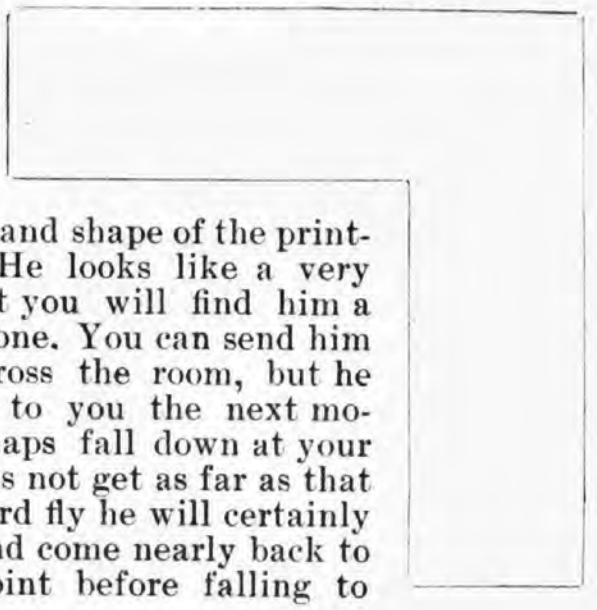
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The one-cent postal card of Canada is now printed in black ink on yellowish cardboard of light weight.

*** *** ***

A new penny stamp is reported from the South African Republic.

A Toy Bird that Will Return To its Master.



Find a piece of stiff card for the bird, and with a pair of scissors cut him out to the size and shape of the printed pattern. He looks like a very funny bird, but you will find him a very obedient one. You can send him off a flying across the room, but he will come back to you the next moment and perhaps fall down at your feet. If he does not get as far as that on his homeward fly he will certainly turn around and come nearly back to his starting point before falling to the ground.

Unlike most birds you have to urge him a little to fly out of your hands, and in fact give him a pretty smart rap with your lead pencil, before he will budge an inch; but he must like you just as well after that else he would not return so promptly.

To start him off you make an inclined plane out of a box cover (or a book) which must be held in front of you with your left hand, and in such a way that the end farthest from you will be a little higher than the nearest end. Then lay the bird on the cover so that one end of him will project about an inch over the right-hand edge of the cover. This end you strike with a lead pencil held in your right hand. The blow sends the bird across the room towards the ceiling. Owing to his peculiar shape, however, he turns around after he has gone a certain distance and comes flying back to his master.

Terms Used to Define Coins.

Every numismatist knows several terms used in books and catalogues to define the various parts of a coin. For the sake of new beginners we give the following definitions:—

"Obverse" means the front side of a coin, and is abbreviated "Obv." "Reverse" (Rev.) is the back.

The "type" of a coin is its principal object; the "field," the entire surface on which the type is set.

"Simbols" are the smaller objects represented anywhere on the coin, being subordinate to the main type.

Any part of a coin below the level of the main surface is said to be "incuse."

"Base" or "billion" pieces are coins composed of a mixture of silver and copper.

"Over-dates" are coins having one date on top of another. This is caused by the coin having been struck from an old die into which a new date has been sunk.

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VOL. II. A. BULLARD & CO., 97 PEMBROKE ST. BOSTON, MASS., JULY, 1896. 35 CENTS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. NO. 1.

Charles' Surprise.

—BY—

Joseph R. Simms.

II.

FEW people make their fortune in one short season, and those who do invariably choose a different occupation from the fish business.

Charles and his friend Will Brown took an early walk through Oldville the day after their conference in the boat. They were looking for a vacant store. After a short walk they found a small place on Main Street that just suited them. The owner lived across the street; and in less than half an hour from the time the boys began their search, the store was engaged and the partners ready to move in. If all their business transactions of the future were to be done as rapidly as this, they might, after all, make their fortune during the summer.

The forenoon of this same day was busily spent in making lobster traps, repairing an old boat, and moving into their new quarters. In the afternoon they went on a long fishing trip and brought back with them enough fish for the market although they did not have the luck of the previous day.

The next morning the market was opened at an early hour, and the proprietors waited patiently for the customers to come in. As this was a new enterprise, however, few people in the village knew anything about it, so that the receipts of the day were a little discouraging. But better trade was expected in a few days, and in the meanwhile, to boom the business, a little advertising in The Village Herald was indulged in.

Rent in advance, and advertising, involved an expense which drew heavily on the reserve fund, but the boys felt sure the enterprise would pay in the end.

The first business week was soon spent and it was not till the last of the second that everything, to the door mat, was put in place, and the establishment pronounced "in working order." But trade was not what the boys had expected. They had gone into business during the dullest season of the year, and the time in which they were to make a fortune was limited to a few months. Their customers, moreover, preferred to wait till Friday, fish day, before they bought their fish, and when Friday came around many of them concluded that they had enough meat in the house, left over from a previous day's meal, to last them, and that it would not be good policy to buy fish till another Friday. All this was against them.

After a few weeks' trial the boys saw, to their disappointment, that it would be impossible to make a fortune in the fish market before school opened. They concluded to try it a few weeks longer, however, with the hopes that business might take a sudden turn for the better towards the last of the vacation.

A month passed on, rent day came around again, a number of incidental expenses had also to be met, and the treasury at last was laid bare. This looked like defeat, but the boys held on awhile longer. In the meantime the summer was rapidly passing, and school would soon open again. To be sure trade was at last picking up somewhat, but if the boys should earn enough through the summer to pay for books for the winter term, and a new suit of clothes apiece, they would have to be content without a ticket to Europe or any other extravagance.

When the school opened in the fall the market was given up and the boys had to settle down to hard, mental labor. Charles, the dull scholar, always had to work hard, but this term pondered over his books more diligently than ever. He was now in the last room, and the studies, of course, were harder there than in the rooms below. This, probably, was the reason why he confined himself so closely to his books. He did not wish to miss his graduation the next spring, and knew that he must work hard to keep up with the class, or else spend two years in one room.

Will Brown was naturally smarter in his lessons than Charles, and this year was working harder

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than ever. Some said he was striving for the first prize. But there were even smarter pupils than Will Brown who only had to wish for the prize—that is, wish long enough, and the prize would certainly be theirs.

Well, the school year passed on about as other school years had before, without anything worthy of record taking place until the end. The examinations were as usual pretty hard, and some who had passed well on the year's work were said to have slipped up on the final examinations. It was hard telling whether Joe Burchard, who was such a prodigy in algebra, or Bertha Flint, who made no mental effort to master a whole chapter of history, would get the first prize. Everybody felt sure it would be one of these two.

The graduating exercises took place in the town hall, and every seat in the building was filled by the scholars and friends of the graduates, long before the exercises began.

Charles was to receive a diploma as well as the others, which shows what dull scholars can do when they make up their mind.

After several members of the class had read essays, and the school committee had made a few remarks, the diplomas were presented, and the prizes awarded. The special prize of a considerable sum of money to the smartest scholar was first presented, and who do you think won it? Why Charles of course, for since his unsuccessful business adventure the summer before, he had made up his mind to win a prize, despite his failings. It had meant hard work for him, and at times he had given up all hopes of gaining one. Bertha Flint had several times outstripped him on a history recitation, but in algebra she was not as good. And then when it came to the final examinations she failed, for what she had been learning hastily on her way to school had been forgotten the same day on her way home. And so it was with Joe Burchard; for it was the examinations that floored him, together with a dozen others.

What Charles had done any dull scholar can do with persistent effort, for what is learned with difficulty remains longer in the memory than that which is picked up on the way to school to serve merely for a morning's recitation.

Will Brown received the second prize, and rightly deserved it,, having striven diligently throughout the term for a mark of honor. The smaller prizes went to pupils who thought they deserved the first prize, while others who expected the smaller prizes because of their natural ability and not because of any effort which they had made to secure them, got left altogether. This is usually the way it turns out on the last day of school.

As soon as Charles' surprise was over his plans for the future were made. After a short rest at home he started on his trip to Europe, where he was about to study art in the celebrated French schools; and as to his future, we have no doubts concerning that.

Will Brown, they say, went to college the next fall, and his brother, the "office boy" of the fish enterprise went up into the high school to reap what laurels Will and Charles had left behind them. And as to his getting them, it matters less whether he is a dull or a bright pupil than whether he is resolute in his purposes or indifferent as to his future career.

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The Stamp Collector's Supplement.

Where Dealers Get Their Stamps.

WHERE dealers get their stamps is a secret unlike most secrets, for it cannot be told in a few pithy words. To explain it is like telling where the river gets its water; for it is not one bubbling spring or a single brook that makes a river. And yet it is little more than a great many of these insignificant water sources that supply the largest rivers in our land, and in turn fill the great ocean. The stamp dealer has no one way of keeping his boxes filled to overflowing with those attractive gummed labels so highly prized by the stamp collector. Sometimes the boxes get too full, and it is more trouble to empty them, that is, to find ready purchasers for the stamps in them, than to lay in a new stock when the old has become exhausted. This, however, is not always the case, for it must be admitted that there are many stamps unprocurable to-day, either by dealer or collector.

When we said boxes full of stamps we had reference to the general run of stamps that the average collector purchases. The rarer ones never come by the box, and like diamonds are kept secure under lock and key when actually in stock.

The larger stamp dealers use many hundred thousand stamps each year. Collectors, and even more so parties who know nothing about stamps, are, we find, not a little curious to know where so many stamps come from. The object of this article is simply to answer, once for all, this puzzling question.

In the first place we will say something about the older stamps,—the kind that do not come by the box, as we have said, and finally we will have something to say about those that are bought by the bushel, barrel, or hundred-weight.

A large dealer advertises widely. It is the judicious use of printers' ink that makes his name familiar to every collector in the land. He is also known abroad. He not only advertises his wares but lets people know that he is quite as willing to buy stamps as to sell them. Old collectors remember this, and when hard pressed for ready cash, a predicament not uncommon to mankind, they march off down the street with their valuable stamp collections under their arm, not in search of the nearest pawn-shop, but the stamp dealer above referred to. Their collections were made some twenty years ago, perhaps, and the stamps in them that once sold for a few cents are now old and valuable. Such collections bring large prices, and the buyer wishes they were more plenty. The greater part of the stamps a dealer buys are not procured in this way, but it is through the purchase of old collections that the rarer stamps find their way into the market. Parties who have valuable collections are, as a rule, conservative about selling their treasures and therefore the more desirable stamps are eagerly bought up by a dealer whenever offered for sale.

All the large dealers publish lists and catalogues of stamps they are particularly in need of, which quote cash and exchange prices offered by them for these stamps. The buying lists have a large circulation, not only among collectors who have duplicates to sell, but among bankers, importers, foreign missionaries, ocean steamship companies, and all other concerns handling large mails. The bankers in the United States receive many large registered letters containing U. S. stamps of high values. These stamps are always in demand. The importers etc. receive the foreign stamps on letters, many of which are valuable.

(Continued in next number.)

A STAMP DICTIONARY,

DEFINING ALL TERMS USED AMONG PHILATELISTS.

Continued from May number.

Reprint. A stamp printed from old, authentic plates no longer in use. Reprints are not counterfeits for the latter are printed from new plates made merely to imitate the old ones.

Re-touched (v. pp.) means that the plate from which a stamp is printed, having become worn by use, is touched up by the carving tool to again make the impression clear and perfect.

Revenue stamps. Stamps placed upon dutiable articles of merchandise, legal papers, etc. Some revenue stamps are also affixed to letters to prepay postage.

Ribbed paper. Paper containing rough, water-marked, parallel lines on both sides of its surface, which run vertically or horizontally through its substance.

Rice paper. A soft, silky paper made from the pulp of rice straw and used principally by the Chinese and Japanese. See stamps of Japan.

Ring cancellation. An obliteration made with a cancelling stamp of concentric rings. Used on stamps of Thurn and Taxis.

Rouletted (v. pp.) means that short, straight slits, instead of perforation holes, have been cut around a stamp to aid in separating it from the sheet.

Rural stamps. Local stamps used in districts of Russia where the regular mail service is not in operation.

—S—

S. S. S. S. The Society for the Suppression of Speculative Stamps. Was organized in 1895.

Saw-tooth perforation (Serrated perforation). A V-shaped perforation resembling the teeth of a saw.

Scalloped perforation. A perforation made of curved slits meeting in points. Called "Perce en arc."

Seebeck. A stamp for some foreign government engraved under the direction of Mr. N. F. Seebeck by the Union Bank Note Company of N. Y. Mr. Seebeck supplies stamps to the Central American Republics and is allowed to sell the remainders to stamp dealers. They are for this reason given the name of "Seebecks."

Serpentine perforation. A perforation formed of slits or long, curved lines or scallops. See Finland stamps of 1867 issue.

Serrated perforation. See saw-tooth perforation.

Silk paper. Paper in which small pieces of silk form part of its substance. See some of the U. S. match stamps.

Silk thread. Red or blue silk found in silk paper.

Silurian paper. A silk paper in which the fibres of silk are so small they can scarcely be seen with the naked eye. Also called "Granite paper."

Solid Ground. The designed background of a stamp when composed of one solid mass of color, and not of single lines.

Spandrels. The curved triangular spaces between the central oval or circle of a stamp and its outside edges.

Special Delivery Stamp. A stamp affixed to a letter to ensure its speedy delivery. In the large cities and towns of the United States special messengers are engaged to deliver letters bearing special delivery stamps.

Specimen. (1) A word used for "stamp" in the sense of "a good" or "bad specimen."
(2) The word "specimen" is sometimes surcharged by the government on unused stamps before they are sold to the collector. Such stamps cannot be used for postage and are usually sold for less than the ordinary unused stamps of the same issue. See some of the U. S. department stamps.

Speculative Issues. Stamps issued principally to sell to collectors, and may or may not be good for postage.

Split stamp. A stamp cut in two or more parts. Some countries allow bisected stamps to pass through the mails for half their value.

Steel Engraving. An engraving made from a steel plate on which the reversed design of a stamp etc. has been scratched or engraved.

Straw paper. Paper made from straw, and used for newspaper wrappers.

Surcharge. A stamp over which an inscription or design has been printed, usually in black. High valued stamps are often surcharged with low values to supply the demand for low denominations when the regular supply has become exhausted.

Susse. A word used in connection with certain French stamps of 1853–62 which were perforated without consent of the government by the Susse Brothers of Paris in 1861. Size of perforation is 7.

—T—

Taille douce. Line engraving. A process of printing from plates by first inking the entire plate, then wiping away the ink from the raised portions of it, and finally taking an impression from the plate thus prepared.

TAS. A watermark for "Tasmania."

Telegraph stamps. Stamps used for the prepayment of telegrams.

Tete beche indicates that certain rows of stamps in a sheet, or certain parts of a stamp, as the surcharge, for example, have been printed upside down.

Timbrology. French for Philately, which see.

Too-late stamp. A stamp that will carry a letter after the regular mails have been closed.

Treasury. An official stamp formerly used by the U. S. Treasury department for official business.

Triangular Cape of Good Hope. The first stamps used at the Cape of Good Hope, triangular in shape.

Type. (1) A word used in describing the style or design on a stamp. (2) The metal letters from which a surcharge or an entire stamp is printed.

Type-set. (adj.) Made from movable metal types such as are in use in a printing office. See first stamps of Hawaii.

—U—

Ultramarine. (adj.) A light blue.

Uncancelled. (v. pp.) Not cancelled. See cancelled.

Unperforated stamps. Stamps having no perforations or slits around them to aid in separating them from the sheet.

—V—

Verge paper. Laid paper with the watermarked lines running obliquely. See Netherland envelopes of 1884.

Vermilion. (adj.) Of a bright red, verging on the orange.

—W—

War stamp. (1) An official stamp formerly used by the U. S. War department. (2) Any stamp issued by a government for war correspondence.

Watermark. A design pressed into a sheet of paper during its manufacture. To detect watermarks hold paper to the light and they will appear almost transparent.

Wood Block. A boxwood cut from which certain stamps are printed. See Cape of Good Hope, 1861 issue.

Wove paper. Ordinary paper, showing an even texture, used to print books, newspapers, etc. on. It contains no watermarked lines as does laid paper.

THE PUZZLER

No. 38.—Missing Rhymes.

A dame, whose abode was a ——,
With her offspring scarce knew what to ——.
On broth, without ——,
They supped, and to ——
She then banished her troublesome ——.

A Thessaly man, very ——,
In a bramble bush scratched out his ——;
To insert them ——
With might and with ——
Away to a hedge row he ——.

There was an old king yclept ——,
Who called for his pipe and his ——,
And also called ——
For his fiddlers ——,
For he was a merry old ——.

No 39.—An Enigma.

If rightly you place two A's and a Y,
An I, two N's and an S,
Two E's and a V, T, D and an I,
'Twill give you much pleasure, I guess.

No. 40.—Hidden Words.

Of all the funny little girls,
I know the funniest one.
She laughs at nothing half the time
And seems to think it fun.

In the above verse are hidden a season of the year, a part of the body, a rock, did sit, low or contemptible and an assortment of tools.

No. 41.—Numerical Enigma.

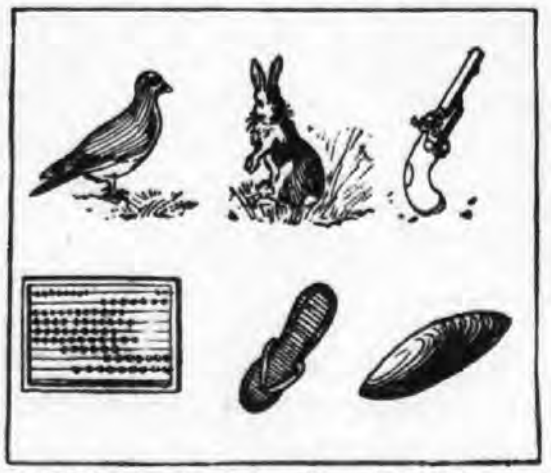
The scene of an important European battle fought early in the present century:

3, 7, 8, 6, a useful implement.
6, 2, 3, 4, not early.
4, 2, 5, 6, a person of rank.
3, 4, 2, 5, an outward sign of sorrow.
1, 7, 8, 6, a useful article of manufacture.
5, 2, 3, 4, a tax.
1, 2, 5, hostility.
1, 4, 2, 6, welfare.
6, 7, 8, a game at cards.
5, 4, 2, 6, not sham.
6, 7, 5, 4, learning.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, a necessity of existence.

No. 42.—A Riddle.

To make me, you have only to breathe;
Behead me, and still I'm a breath;
Beheaded again, a man I become
Who revels in pillage and death.
To cut off his head is surely no wrong
When quickly to wrath I transmute.
Another head lost, and when money you lend,
The interest I teach to compute.
The last head removed, I'm a goddess of strife,
Who follows where discord and mischief are rife.

No. 43.—Illustrated Diagonal.



All the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in proper order, the diagonal (from the upper left hand letter to the lower right hand letter) will spell the name of a French geometrician, philosopher and writer.—St. Nicholas.

No. 44.—Arithorem.

If Roman numerals be substituted for the following figures, and all the letters properly transposed, the initials, read downward, will give the name of a famous admiral:

150 and WNEATSE—A town in England.
50 and EPATNHE—An animal.
51 and THE—A town in Scotland.
650 and NSOAT—A country in Europe.
100 and ONEA—A wide expanse of water.
101 and WORHN—A town in England.

No. 45.—Words Wanting.

The pots and —— our Sally made
As spick and —— as ever seen;
Yet cook would —— at her—the jade—
When she took —— her tasks between.

The word used for the first blank is used also for the other three by transposing its letters.

No. 46.—Beheadments.

Behead an article of wearing and leave a grain.
Behead truth and leave deed.
Behead to tire and leave metal.
Behead dude and leave a cylindrical hole sunk into the earth.
Behead to rise and leave a boating implement.

A Cipher Puzzle.

A very ingenious rhyme of ciphers, which has puzzled many heads since the time it was made by the celebrated Dr. Whewell of Cambridge, is as follows:

U 0 a 0, but I 0 thee;
O 0 no 0, but O 0 me;
O let not my 0 a 0 go;
But give 0 0 I 0 u so!

Which, being deciphered, is this:

You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for thee;
O sigh for no cipher, but O sigh for me;
O let not my sigh for a cipher go;
But give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for you so!

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 30.—Charade: Goldsmith.

No. 31.—Illustrated Rebus: He only half knows who thinks he knows the whole.

No. 32.—Arithmetical: 1. Age, 42. 2. Greater number, 6; lesser number, 4.

No. 33.—Octagons:

T O T	M A P	R A M
T I A R A	M A N O R	R A P I D
O A S I S	A N I L E	A P P L E
T R I P S	P O L E D	M I L A N
A S S	R E D	D E N

No. 34.—Numerical Enigmas: Gibraltar.

No. 35.—Geographical Letter:

My Dear Elizabeth—I am sending you a very pretty Astrakhan coat for little Charles. It is far Superior to the last one. I am glad to say Ben Lomond is much better and not beyond Hope. The boys are making some Cork boats to swim in the pond. I suppose you know Miss Constance has gone to Africa. She sailed in the steamship Formosa. Have not heard yet whether she has arrived there safely. With fondest love, I remain your cousin,

Sophia Palmas.

No. 36.—Changed Birds: 1. Lark, bark. 2. Gull, hull, bull, lull, null. 3. Goose, moose.

No. 37.—Riddles: 1. A pair of spurs. 2. When it is madder. 3. A nail in the sole of a boot. 4. Dozens. Take away the s. 5. Because she speaks of ten of them.

How to Care For Crystal.

Wash the glass, the decanters especially, in hot water, and rub them up when well rinsed with pieces of newspaper. This answers much better than wiping them with cloth. If much stained, you will find that if torn up pieces of newspaper are put into the decanters with plenty of hot water, and then well shaken up, the glass will be as pure as the proverbial crystal. Glass windows always look better when cleaned in this way than when done by the more usual method.

How to Ventilate the Sleeping Rooms.

It has been proved, by actual experiment, that a layer of air lies against the walls which is subject to very little movement, even when there is a strong circulation in the middle of the room. It is therefore important that a bed should not be placed close to the wall. If kept there during the daytime, it should be moved at least several inches out into the room at night.

Alcoves and curtains should be avoided. In an alcove inclosed on three sides a lake of air forms which may be compared to the stagnant pools often observed along the margins of rivers.

While placing the bed, especially the head of it, where it will be shielded from the strongest draft, there should still be enough motion in the air in that vicinity to insure fresh supplies constantly throughout the night.

The prevailing lack of appetite for breakfast, as well as many cases of anæmia and worse diseases, are due to the breathing over and over again of the same air in restricted bedrooms, where beds are too often placed in alcoves or are shielded by curtains, which are far too seldom shaken out in the fresh air.



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THE YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPER'S PAGE.

HOW TO USE UP COLD MEAT.

Economical and Appetizing Dishes From Scraps That Are Left.

Lamb, beef or veal is delicious when warmed over with curry sauce. Remove all the fat and skin from the meat, cut into thin slices and season with salt and pepper. Put into a saucepan 3 tablespoonfuls of butter, half an onion cut fine and a spoonful of tomato catchup. Cook slowly two minutes, then add 2 tablespoonfuls of flour and a heaping teaspoonful of curry powder. Stir until smooth, gradually add a pint of stock and cook five minutes. Strain the sauce into a spider, add the sliced meat and cook 15 minutes. Serve with rice balls.

Meat nuts make a dainty as well as appetizing dish. Put in a saucepan and place over the fire a cup of cold meat chopped fine, a tablespoonful of bread crumbs, the same quantity of butter, some salt and cayenne pepper, a teaspoonful of onion juice and an egg. When the mixture has become heated through, turn into a shallow dish to cool and then form into balls the size of an English walnut. Dip them into beaten egg and then into crumbs and fry in hot lard. Serve them on a platter with the following sauce: Put over the fire in a saucepan 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, and when hot stir in 2 tablespoonfuls of flour, half an onion, a piece of mace, a tablespoonful of tomato catchup and a scant pint of white stock. Cook slowly 15 minutes and strain; add 2 tablespoonfuls of cream and the yolks of 2 eggs, stir constantly until boiling and pour over the meat nuts.

How to Act at Table.

Do not eat hurriedly or bolt your food; it is vulgar as well as being bad for digestion. A knife should not be held by the blade nor a fork by the prongs. Grasp both knife and fork by the handle. Never eat anything with the knife blade, which was made for cutting only; the fork was designed for carrying food to the mouth. Always be polite and pleasant to those with whom you are dining and endeavor to anticipate their wants. Do not reach across the table for the salt, bread, etc.; if they are not close beside you, ask your neighbor or a servant for them politely.

How to Make French Salad Dressing.

Two tablespoonfuls of pure olive oil, a tablespoonful of taragon vinegar or claret wine vinegar, a half teaspoonful of salt, about the same amount of black pepper and a little chopped parsley. The ingredients should be mixed well. The pepper should be freshly ground and the olive oil of the very best. This dressing can be used on lettuce, asparagus, string beans, cauliflower, dandelion, chicory, field salad, cucumber, tomato, potato, onion, spinach and soup meat.

WOMAN AND HOME.

ONE YOUNG WOMAN'S VIEWS ON TRAINING THE COMING GIRL.

Flabby Throats and Their Treatment. Breathing and Health—Woman's Opinion Necessary—Olive Oil as a Beautifier. Always Look Your Best.

"Teach the coming girl," said Miss Lindley, "that health is her greatest privilege; teach her to avoid disease as she would sin; teach her that her enemy is custom, not man; that man always has been and always will be her best friend. Do not allow her to be introduced to the world as a man hater. How shall we rear her? We will build from good foundation, and, in considering the trinity of her existence—physical, mental, moral—we base strongest argument on the physical formation."

One of the many sensible things that Miss Lindley said referred to the chronic invalid found in so many households. It is the long suffering family, and not the sometimes imaginary sufferer, who deserves the most sympathy. She told how the "coming girl" may be saved from growing into this chronically indisposed person so largely represented among all classes of women.



MISS MARGUERITE LINDLEY.

From infancy a child's physical training should begin. Baths, diet, fresh air and rest should constitute its nursery regimen.

The chief danger of a girl's later life is emotionalism, Miss Lindley thinks. This emotionalism is an enemy to health and happiness and can be checked by simple and hygienic regimen.

"If the girl, on entering womanhood, understands her body as she does other scientific works," said Miss Lindley, "recognizes it as the vehicle and abiding place of her mind and understands her mind as the educated individual for which body culture has been carefully given, her graduation certificate will not be the passport to invalidism. Such a millennium is possible, but it must begin in the home and with the mother. As the home is, so is the country, and both home and country will be made by the 'coming girl.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Flabby Throats and Their Treatment.

At about 40 flabby throats may be looked for in plump or stout women and generally found. The muscles that support the flesh lose their firmness usually from lack of exercise, for the woman of 40, though she is frequently unconscious of the fact, has grown a little too self indulgent, does not bestir herself as she did ten years before, sleeps more, eats more and increasing in flesh is surprised to see that the once solid structure of her throat has apparently lost its underbracing.

It really is only a question of exercise, care, patience and diet to get back again the old firmness, provided, of course, one has not ill health to contend with.

When an athlete lets up on his exercise, he gets "soft," but he knows that a fortnight's training will put him to rights again and make him as fit as ever.

When I tell you that exercise with a pair of light dumbbells will harden your throat and make your double chins fade unregretted into memories (with, of course, proper diet), I fancy you smile, but it is really so. Practice before a looking glass for 15 minutes a day—three seances of 5 minutes each—the first four dumbbell exercises. Watch the muscles of your throat as you do so. You have not exercised these muscles in this way for years, I am sure, and meanwhile you have been adding weight upon weight of flesh until they have sunk down limp and soft. They will respond and harden just as the muscles of an athlete's legs and arms will.

Ten years ago you used your head and throat so much and with such quick motions that you got this exercise without the aid of gymnastics.

As a proof of this statement have you never noticed that the most famous prima donnas maintain their firm, beautiful throats 20 years longer than a society woman? The reason is the simple one of exercise.

Hold your chins up and throw them forward. Learn deep breathing—breathing from the diaphragm, as it is called.

In addition, massage of the throat is also often very beneficial. It takes time to accomplish the transformation, but it has been done and can be done again. You should also be careful not to overdo the massage and do not let the operator grow heroic.

Mme. Patti declares that her vocal chords were nearly paralyzed by too much massage. You can give yourself this treatment, which is really a gentle pinching and kneading of the parts, and can suit your touch to your sensibilities, often with better results than one obtains through a masseuse. Indian clubs also are excellent for exercising the upper part of the body, but I have found the dumbbells better for restoring muscular firmness to the throat.—Harriet Hubbard Ayer in New York Journal.

Breathing and Health.

As a matter of fact, not one woman in a hundred breathes normally. The respiration of the average woman varies with every change of mental state or physical condition, and it is a rare thing for a woman to use her lungs to the best possible advantage without a previous knowledge of physiology and an appreciation of the merits of physical culture.

Desirable as is a thorough exercise in breathing, it is not safe to experiment in the matter. A very little instruction on the subject will enable any woman to comprehend the precise art of filling and emptying the lungs on scientific principles. After this has been acquired the chief thing is to breathe in as much sunshine as possible and to believe in the efficacy of oxygen as a remedy for nearly all the ills that are fashionable.

The following are some excellent rules for improving the respiration and bringing it up to a normal condition:

Stand at an open window or recline on a couch, with the waist and chest unconfined. Hold the chest walls high and inhale in slow, long breaths, exhale as slowly, three times only at first. Gradually the number of times may be increased and the time lengthened for the breathing exercises. Fifteen minutes, twice a day at

least, should be devoted to this exercise to accomplish the desired result.

Mrs. Emma Eames Story, whose full and generous outlines are a beautiful example of the result of vocal and breathing gymnastics, is not only fond of outdoor life, of walking and horseback riding, but the requirements of her art demand continued daily practice of the exercises that develop the muscles of the throat, chest, back and abdomen.—Philadelphia Times.

BATTLEFIELD LUCK.

STRANGE FORTUNES OF THE THIRTY-EIGHTH OHIO VOLUNTEERS.

In Two Years' Hard Campaigning Only Twenty Men Were Killed—Finally, In a Charge Lasting but Thirty Minutes, Half the Regiment Went Down.

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A MOST singular illustration of the fortune of war is found in the battle record of the Thirty-eighth Ohio volunteers. Soldiers in the field, like sailors voyaging upon the wide seas, at times become superstitious and accumulate a store of tradition about the luck that goes with their regimental standard, the same as those attaching to a ship. No doubt the members of the Thirty-eighth took it as an omen of good fortune that after two years' campaigning they had lost but 20 of their number killed in battle out of over 1,300 original members and recruits borne on the rolls. The regiment's highest loss in a single battle up to the time of re-enlisting had been but 16. That was at the storming of Mission Ridge, Nov. 25, 1863. In that battle the regiment moved straight upon guns planted along a crest deemed impregnable by the Confederates Fortunately the cannon were carelessly handled, and their shots went over the heads of the assailants, so what promised at the outset to be a slaughter pen proved less fatal than an ordinary stand up battle.

Before the campaign opened in the spring of 1864 the regiment re-enlisted and of the original numbers 360 clung to the standard for a second term. A sprinkling of old recruits and some fresh levies brought the ranks up to 750 effectives when Sherman began his march toward Atlanta in May. Ten battles were inscribed on its flag between that time and the fall of Atlanta—ten battles during 100 days of almost constant fighting; ten battles, including Resaca, Kenesaw Mountain and Peach Tree Creek—yet the total loss in killed in this lucky regiment in the first nine of the Atlanta series had been but 44. What a turn in its fortunes that in its next battle, the last of the ten of the Atlanta campaign, one man out of every five in the ranks was killed, one man in every two, nearly, hit by a missile and out of every two hit one received a deadly hurt.

The proportion of fatalities was a startling one, for as a rule in the civil war the ratio of killed to wounded was one to three or more. And then this enormous loss was incurred in a single charge, which was all over in half an hour after the signal was given to go forward. But the charge was driven home; hence the awful sacrifice was not in vain.

Sherman's last battle around Atlanta was fought Sept. 1 at Jonesboro. Thomas' army of the Cumberland, alone, bore the brunt of the attack. On both sides the men were in that condition often cited by war writers, and as often scouted by old soldiers, known as "eager for the fray." Having determined to give up Atlanta because he could not hold it, Hood started his army southward and posted Hardee's corps at Jonesboro to cover the retreat. At such times soldiers will be at their best. A retreating army is seldom so far gone in spirit but, like a disappearing snake, it has a sting ready for an enemy who attempts to arrest flight by an attack from the rear. Therefore to Hardee's men the affair at Jonesboro had all the fierceness of a last stand, while to Thomas' it was a final blow and must be struck hard.

The Confederate defenses at Jonesboro were upon a ridge covered with a screen of woods. Between the lines the ground to be charged over was swampy in places, and again covered with a dense and almost impenetrable undergrowth. Two divisions of Thomas' corps moved to the assault about 4 in the afternoon. They were checked at all points except on the extreme right, where Edie's brigade of Carlin's division carried a projection of the enemy's works in the face of a galling fire. Colonel Edie's men were regulars and had opened the ball with a most gallant fight. They charged in two lines through the swampy thicket, and, led by officers who leaped their horses over the breastwork to inspire valor in the men, broke through the enemy's line at a vital point. But they exhausted their ammunition in the effort and were in danger of losing all that had been gained when Estes' brigade, including the Thirty-eighth, rushed to their support.

After passing through the thicket the line of battle made a dash of 800 yards across an open field to the works where the regulars were holding on with grim tenacity. They were fighting hand to hand with the Confederate second line. The Confederates at that point belonged to the famous "Orphan brigade" of Kentucky, a band of fighters hard to reckon with. It was a byword in the southern army that Hood abandoned Atlanta because he had no Kentuckians left "to build breastworks with." The Thirty-eighth and Fourteenth Ohio together encountered the "Orphans," four regiments in all. They cleared the line like a whirlwind, and after a sharp struggle captured nearly the whole of the brigade.

On the left of Estes there was no supporting column, and the Confederates held their ground there, enfilading the Thirty-eighth for some moments with awful destruction. Color Sergeant Randall and Corporal Baird, carrying the national and regimental standards, were shot dead. Corporal Strauser of the color guard and Colonel William A. Choate, who was at hand, each seized a flag and swung it on high. Both were struck down, and the gallant colonel died of his wound. Corporal Dousley then seized Strauser's flag and bore it to the works.

Similar acts of heroism throughout the brigade made that charge memorable as a flag and breastwork fight. Color Bearer Young of the Tenth Kentucky (Union—it was Kentucky against Kentucky part of the time), when the regiment was checked some yards from the breastworks by a terrible musketry fire, rushed forward and planted the standard on the parapet and stood by, calling his comrades to rally around it.

In the Fourteenth Ohio, Private Young reached the works first, flag in hand, and while fixing its staff on the barrier was shot dead. Corporal Beely lifted the colors and was shot down in the act. Then Corporal Snooks seized them and held them over the works until the battle ended.

Another remarkable phase of the charge at Jonesboro was that not a single Federal soldier fell into the enemy's hands. There was none missing. All were accounted for. The ranks of the Thirty-eighth numbered that day 360 muskets, just the number of veterans who had re-enlisted during the winter for the campaign. Including the wounded who recovered, the loss was exactly 150. Seventy-two were killed outright or died on the field. Throughout the brigade the loss in killed and wounded averaged 30 per cent. In the Thirty-eighth the killed alone numbered 20 per cent.

The reader who is unacquainted with the practical results of close musketry fire, both direct and enfilade—that is, raking the line of battle lengthwise, musketry fire backed up by the bayonet—will scarcely believe that Jonesboro was a hotter place for a regiment than the slopes of Mission Ridge, but such was the fact. Upon Mission Ridge the Confederates had planted their cannon on detached spurs or knolls, and the whole base of the slope was lined with rifle pits.

When Baird's division assaulted, the ascent of the slope was so slow that the Confederates had ample warning to be ready. Colonel Phelps of the Thirty-eighth commanded the brigade that day, but he placed himself at the head of his old regiment and gave the order to "go!" at a run the moment the bugle sounded. Far in the lead he reached the crest with a handful, and while forming the scattered ranks was shot dead. Around him the fight was the hottest. The Thirty-eighth moved onward, with lowered bayonets exposed to a cross fire of artillery, but unfortunately the shots passed over the men. Twice the Confederates rallied and tried to repulse the assailants, but the brave fellows, having gained so much, clung like bulldogs to the slope. Even while held there idle by a deadlock the greatest enthusiasm was exhibited. Standing with their heads only a few feet below the muzzles of the cannon on the crest, the soldiers cheered with all their might when other divisions on the flanks pressed up the hill.

The list of battles and losses of the Thirty-eighth presents boldly this contrast which I have alluded to as an illustration of battlefield luck. Its total

loss of 140 killed was incurred as follows:

	Killed.
Decatur, Ala., 1862	2
Stone River, Tenn., December, 1862	1
Hoover's Gap, summer of 1863	1
Mission Ridge, November, 1863	16
Resaca, Ga., May, 1864	2
Dallas, Ga., May, 1864	2
Ackworth, Ga., May, 1864	1
Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., May, 1864	8
Chattahoochee, Ga., June 11	3
Peach Tree Creek, Ga., July 11	3
Egra Chapel, Ga., July 11	1
Utoy Creek, Ga., Aug. 5	*16
Siege of Atlanta, August, 1864	8
Jonesboro, Ga., Sept. 1, 1864	72
Nashville, Tenn., December, 1864	2
Place unknown	2
	140

* Loss also reported as 13.

The superstitious Ohioans had their chance for gloomy predictions three weeks before the slaughter at Jonesboro. On Aug. 5 Companies A, C and K, numbering 120 men, charged upon the



THE CHARGE AT JONESBORO.

Confederate skirmish line at Utoy creek and broke through. Out of the 120 in the ranks 51 were shot down.

Defiance county was the birthplace of this regiment, a good name to adorn the flag of a crack fighting corps. One of the lucky experiences of the men was on the march to Chickamauga with Brannan's division. Just before the battle a regiment was called for to escort General Thomas' headquarters train to Chattanooga. The detail happened to fall on the Thirty-eighth, and it did not take part in the battle of Sept. 19 and 20. Brannan's division met with the heaviest loss of any in that bloody field. Out of 20 regiments which suffered severely 9 belonged to Brannan's division.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Unappreciated.

Miss Winthrop-Bludblue (haughtily)—Your people are rather—rather recent, are they not? Now, I am a Daughter of the Revolution.

Miss Nobody of Nowhere—Mercy! How well you carry your years!—Philadelphia American.

How to Roast and Broil Meat.

Meats to be roasted or broiled should be given a great amount of heat at first, so that the surface may become hardened and the juices retained in the meat. When roasting, always have the bottom of the pan covered with water. Do not baste until your meat is nicely browned or you will toughen it.

The Rights of Children.

Every young life has a right to an intellectual environment. What fresh air is to the plant the domestic atmosphere is to the child, and in proportion to its overwhelming importance is the emphasis of the obligation. You are obliged to give this strange, new life created by your will the fairest, choicest setting. Your best self must be called forth, your highest instincts must reveal themselves. The home must be not alone the shelter of the body, but the cradle of the mind.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

BOYS HOLD THE FORT.

Under the Stars and Stripes They Are Ready For All Foes.

Washington Heights, corner of Kingsbridge road and One Hundred and Sixty-ninth street, bristles with an armament of fierce looking guns, in charge of stern faced patriots, who stand ready to fight and die in defense of their country's flag, which flies from the summit of the fortress.

What matter if the guns are old stovepipes and iron boilers and the patriots only schoolboys? The spirit of patriotism is just as real in the encampment as if the guns were real and the soldiers grown up



men. And if the unsuspecting inhabitants who pass that way and find themselves assailed by mud and dry sod are not real Britishers it is no fault of the boys.

The commander of the fortress is General Thomas Flannagan, 15 years old. The officers under him are Captain Alex Magnier, Lieutenant Joseph McKenna and Sergeant Emmet Cox.

Besides these there are about 20 ordinary soldiers, ranging in age from 8 to 10, most of whom attend grammar school 46, at One Hundred and Fifty-sixth street and St. Nicholas avenue.

The young soldiers have christened their stronghold Fort Washington and are ready for attack at any time from the dismissal of school to dark.—New York World.

Eating Birds' Nests.

In the island of Java, far away from us, there lives a kind of swallow. It's a pretty bird, with a ruff around its neck, long wings and tail covered with green and blue feathers.

They make their nest in the caves, not of sticks or clay as the other birds do, but of a sort of seaweed, a plant they get on the shore. This they chew up before they use it, and it makes a kind of gelatin, like that your mother buys to make you jelly.

And the people eat them. "What, eat a bird's nest!" you say. It does seem funny, but they are great delicacies and often cost from $15 to $30 apiece.

They are said to make beautiful soup too. It is very hard to get these nests, as the men who go into the caves for them have to wear masks, or the birds would pluck their eyes out.—Our Little Ones.

Small Boy With a Large Name.

The present Earl of Wicklow has been brought into prominence as a page at Lady Londonderry's drawing room. Everybody said that he made a pretty page indeed. The earl is a very small boy with a very large name. If he is really conscious of all the titles he can sign to a note of hand, the consciousness must burden him, for



this little fellow is none other than Hugh Melville Howard, earl of Wicklow, viscount Wicklow of Wicklow and baron Clonmore of Clonmore castle, county Carlow, Ireland. His line goes back to the time of the first Charles and to John Howard, who married in 1636 Dorothea, daughter and heir of Robert Hasells. The young earl is but 13 years old and is the second and only surviving child of the late Earl Ralph Francis, who died in 1890.

Do You Do This?

The modern small boy can discount even the greatest traveler. He starts by asking:

"Ever seen an avalanche in the Alps?"

"Certainly, my son; certainly."

"And elephants in Asia?"

"Yes."

"And tigers in Africa?"

"Plenty of them."

"Ever see a polar bear?"

"Several."

"Ever see any wild monkeys?"

"Thousands."

"Did you ever see a—a polar bear chasin a elephant with a tiger on his back and a lot of monkeys laughin to see a avalanche comin after 'em?"—London Tit-Bits.

Coloring a Canary's Coat.

If you have a canary bird that isn't artistically dressed, you may, if you go about it in the proper way, provide him with a new coat. At least that is what a bird fancier says. He has found that the color of a canary is fixed by the food given to it. Bread and milk, with sweet seeds and hemp, produce pale colors, saffron tea and oranges give a fine lemon tint, cayenne pepper and orange a red color, and green food supplies the green hue. In feeding cayenne it can first be deprived of its strength by exposing it in a moist place.

Don't Iron Silk.

Silk should never be ironed, as the heat takes all the life from it and makes it papery. The silk may be sponged and then smoothly rolled on large wooden rollers that come for the purpose, or if a roller cannot be obtained spread papers over the carpet and pin the silk, right side down, to the carpet, drawing it smooth and firm. Let it remain until thoroughly dry.

Easy Experiments in Electricity.

II.

FRICTIONAL electricity is produced by rubbing, and the amount of energy that can be revealed in this way is truly remarkable. All frictional experiments we are to explain below ought to be performed in a dry room, and one should never choose a damp, rainy day for this purpose.

An ordinary comb is, as you know, made of rubber. Now such a comb will make you a good electrical machine and afford you some amusement as well. The comb is first warmed and then rubbed vigorously with a woolen cloth. When excited in this way it becomes charged with electricity and will attract small bits of paper, wool, or feathers. Instead of a comb a stick of sealing wax will answer the same purpose. This experiment is a simple one. but it illustrates how an electrified object possesses magnetic properties.

Another similar experiment is done with a flat piece of glass large enough to stretch from the top of one book to that of another placed at a slight distance from the first. By this position of books and glass you make a miniature glass bridge, underneath which you must place some small pieces of paper cut out to represent men, animals, etc. Now when you rub the top of the glass with a flannel, the paper figures underneath jump up and down as they are attracted by the electricity in the glass above them.

If you suspend from the edge of a table, or shelf, by means of a silk thread, a small ball of pith, or paper, no larger than a pea, and bring your excited comb near it, the ball will at first be attracted to the comb, and in the next moment repelled; then again it will fly towards the comb, and back again, continuing this motion until the comb loses all its magnetism. The reason for this is that there are two kinds of electricity, one resident in the comb, the other in the ball. The two opposite kinds of electricity have an attraction for one another. But when any two poles are both charged with the same kind of electricity, either all positive or all negative, as it is called, they repel, rather than attract each other. The comb, then, being charged with one kind, attracts the ball containing the other until it also becomes filled with the same kind of electricity as the comb, through contact with it. As soon as this happens the two objects have no affinity for one another.

The cloth used to excite the electricity in an object determines which kind of electricity the object shall become charged with. To vary the experiment, first rub a glass rod with silk and apply it to the ball, and then with a flannel cloth repeat. You will see that in one case the ball is repelled from the rod, and in the other attracted to it.

A toy balloon is an amusing thing to experiment on. If you electrify it by striking it with a piece of flannel or a catskin, it will adhere to the wall or ceiling of a room. If you hang two balloons from a single nail in the ceiling, and electrify them as above, they will repel each other and hang at an angle.

A striking experiment can be performed with a little device called the "Electrical Touchstone." Some sealing wax is broken from the stick and powdered finely; also a piece of stick sulphur. The two fine powders are mixed together until they become yellowish-pink in color, and are then tied up in a muslin bag, so that when the bag is shaken a cloud of sulphur and sealing wax appears. With a piece of metal you mark a design on a sheet of vulcanized rubber. This design, of course, cannot now be seen on the rubber, but the moment you powder the sheet with the sealing wax and sulphur, the two powders will separate, one following the lines of your design, the other the untouched surface of the rubber. You will then either have a yellow or red design as visible as if you had painted it. Some metals attract the sulphur, others the wax, because both metals and powders are either positively or negatively electrified, while the rubber is not. The sulphur containing negative electricity, will in that case separate itself from the wax, and settle along the traced lines; and metals negatively electrified will, on the other hand, attract their opposites, or in this case the sealing wax. Red lead may be substituted for the wax if desired.

Gold, silver, platinum, copper, antimony, and bismuth are positive poles; and zinc, iron, cadmium, and magnesium are negative.

III.

Some writers consider the power of the magnet a phenomenon similar to, but distinct from, the electrical manifestation in any of its varied forms. The majority of scientists to-day, however, are agreed that the two phenomena are virtually one. There is a kind of iron ore found in some parts of the world which is called loadstone, and possesses great magnetic power. It will attract iron readily, and furthermore communicate its magnetism to iron and steel, just as in a previous chapter we have seen how the electrophorus charges the jar.

While iron cannot hold the magnetic power any length of time, steel can become permanently magnetized by being brought in contact with the loadstone. Most of the magnets sold on the street are not loadstone but steel magnetized in this way.

Were it not for the magnetic power navigation would be perilous and at times impossible, for it is the needle of the mariner's compass that alone points the way in the midst of a heavy storm at sea. To make a compass, magnetize a needle and lay it on top of a cork floating in a dish of water. In whatever direction you may turn your compass the needle will always point north and south.

Magnets of great size made of iron and charged with a powerful current of electricity raise heavy

weights from the floor and hold them in the air until the current is shut off, when the weights immediately fall back to the floor. While a current of electricity passes through the iron it is a veritable magnet, but at no other time. This shows that electricity and magnetism are doubtless one and the same thing.

IV.

We will conclude this article by giving a short account of the electroplating process.

A square glass jar is provided with a positive and negative pole connected with a battery. Two rods of copper, one joined to the positive circuit wire, the other to the negative, usually constitute the poles, and rest across the top of the jar, one at each end.

For silver plating equal quantities of nitrate of silver and cyanide of potassium are separately dissolved in water, and then mixed together in the jar. Care should be taken in handling the cyanide as it is a deadly poison. The mixture is at first turbid because of the formation of a precipitate, but more cyanide solution must be added to this until the precipitate nearly disappears. From the positive rod is suspended, by a wire, a silver coin; and the article to be plated is in the same way hung from the negative rod and completely covered by the solution. Brass, copper, and German silver are the best metals to plate with silver, as most other metals have first to be coated with copper. Iron before being plated is first immersed in a solution of blue vitriol. Articles to be plated should first be cleaned with ammonia that they may become entirely free from grease.

The process of gold plating is the same as the above except that chloride of gold is dissolved in place of the nitrate of silver, and a gold coin hung in place of the silver one.

For nickel plating the solution is formed of salts of nickel. From the positive pole a piece of nickel may be suspended, but in this case it is not necessary to suspend anything from the positive pole. When nothing is thus suspended the salts of nickel are added to the solution as rapidly as they are used up in the process of decomposition.

In electroplating it is the current running through the coin suspended to the positive pole, and passing into the metal to be plated at the other end of the jar that makes the process possible; for the current gradually dissolves the coin and deposits it on the baser metal.

The few simple experiments in electricity explained here are only intended to introduce one to a very large and interesting subject,— a subject that occupies the minds of the greatest scientists of the age, and one that as yet has not been thoroughly comprehended by any human mind.

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The Town Circus.

By Joseph R. Simms.

City fellows have little idea of a country circus. It never assumes the proportions of the city show, but it has attractions entirely its own. One elephant in a tent covering scarcely the area of a house lot looks more formidable than twenty in Barnum's menagerie. This one elephant resembles a mastodon as he tosses his head high in the air until it strikes the roof and threatens the safety of everyone within the tent. When he twists his tail it is likely to knock down a pole, or brush the dust off the pop-corn counter. This elephant has a chance to grow larger than any of Barnum's animals, for he gets all the peanuts, while in the larger show the good things have to be divided among a great many elephants.



In the country circus the monkey family is not so well represented as in the city show, but half a dozen apes who are conscious of having all the performing to do usually make enough sport for the boys.

The fiercest animal in the country show is often the big bear who is allowed to leave his cage and prance before the terror-stricken audience who think there is nothing quite so terrible as a huge grizzly.

It costs only twenty-five cents to attend the country circus, and there are no reserved seats to add to the expense. This leaves more money for pop-corn, lemonade, and other refreshments, all of which help make the circus the country boy's paradise.

Jack Day had been saving his money for the circus for over two months. He had managed to scrape together just a quarter of a dollar, all in coppers. This would admit him to the show, but it left no margin for extras.

Perhaps a boy in Jack's circumstances ought to feel lucky to have saved twenty-five cents in hard times; for Jack belonged to a poor family, and lived on a mortgaged farm. But think of a boy attending the circus without taking in the side show, without drinking lemonade through a straw, or feeding the animals on peanuts, or buying a prize-package of pop-corn, inside of which can be found a tiny, tin ring! It is lamentable to imagine a boy at the circus deprived of these things.

The morning the circus came to town Jack was up before light. He saw the train of cars for transporting the show run up on the siding; he saw the golden chariots as they were rolled from the cars and made ready for the parade, and the wagons of animals, now boarded up. What terrible groans came from within, where unknown beasts were almost stifling for the want of air!

The show would remain but one day in the town, and give two performances, one in the afternoon, the other in the evening. Jack could not wait until evening, but must go in the afternoon.

Starting over an hour before the performance began, in order to see the elephant and the rest of the menagerie, Jack left home for the show. He passed but a few houses before he saw a crowd surrounding a peddler. They were standing before Ralph's house, and at the open window was little Ralph himself. Poor little boy! He could not join the happy throng of young people who had stopped before his house to see the peddler and his wares. The crowd were going to the circus, but Ralph could not go. He was a little cripple, and spent all his life in the front room of his house, watching the boys outside, and counting the carriages as they passed along the road.

The peddler had a basket of toys,— jumping jacks, monkeys attached to elastic strings, elephants capable of shaking their heads, and scores of other novelties. He held them up in turn before the little invalid who clapped his hands with joy, and finally begged his mother to buy him an elephant. But however much his mother would have liked to do so, it was not possible for her to

spend any money on toys for her little son. The doctor's bills had of late been larger than the family could pay, for Ralph's folks were poor. And so, when the peddler went away, the little boy could not keep back the tears from his eyes, on having to part with the elephant. Jack saw all this, and as the peddler left the house, felt his own eyes moisten, out of sympathy for the little unfortunate.

The crowd followed the toy vender as he made his way towards the circus. Some of the young folks conversed with him on the road, and Jack finally mustered up courage enough to ask him what the elephant was worth.

"Twenty-five cents," said the vender.

A quarter of a dollar seemed to Jack to be a large sum of money to pay for an elephant. However, he had just twenty-five cents in his pocket, and decided to buy the toy with them. As soon as the elephant was his he withdrew from the crowd and started to turn back. Several of the boys began to make fun of him for buying a toy suitable only for a young child. But Jack had no childish purpose in buying the elephant, and ventured to tell Will Ashton, the lawyer's son, what he proposed to do with it.

Returning to Ralph's house, Jack put the elephant in the invalid's arms, and told the little boy he had bought the toy for him. Ralph and his mother were very much pleased with Jack's generosity, but did not suspect that the boy had spent all his money for the toy, and must consequently stay home from the circus. Jack did not say a word about this to Ralph for fear it would make him unhappy.

Yes, Ralph had to go home and miss seeing the show that afternoon, because his open-heartedness was so much larger than his purse.

* * * * * * * *

When the circus was over Will Ashton went to his father's office to tell him about the show. His father seemed very much interested in his son's description of the circus, and especially of Jack's generosity just before the performance. He asked his son if Jack was at the show, and Will said he did not see him there. Everyone knew that the Day family were very poor, and this made Jack's act a more striking example of self-abnegation.

Lawyer Ashton therefore decided to call on Jack, on his way home from the office, to shake hands with our hero. Jack was found all by himself in the barn, sitting on a pile of hay, and reading the circus handbill. It cost nothing to look at the pictures, and it was the next best thing, Jack thought, to seeing the show.

The lawyer was not long in forming a lasting friendship with Jack, and before going left him a dollar, all of which he must promise to spend at the circus. Can you imagine a happier boy, that night at the performance, than Jack? He was the most lavish buyer there, took the greatest delight in the animals, and was the last one to leave the grounds.

Ralph also went to a circus, the next day, but it was a toy one of his own manufacture; and under a newspaper tent stood a huge elephant who shook his head at the audience, and in almost every respect resembled his larger brother in the real show. (Written for The Youth's Comrade.)



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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

How to Make Some Amusing Toys.

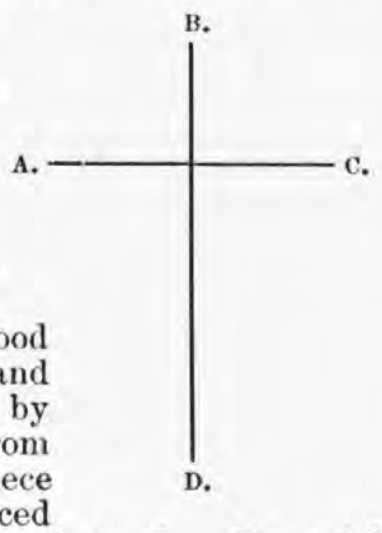
THE MAN who tells the young folks how to be merry all the year round has consented to write us a few columns on toy making. Some of his receipts may not be new to all our readers, but in order to please everybody he has thought it best to make as complete a description of them as possible.

Of all toys, I think the kite interests the boys the most. It is easily made, usually costs nothing, and gives its operator plenty of exercise in the open air.

There are as many species of kite as there are kinds of pie, and like the latter some are good, others bad, or indifferent. Certain styles of kite go up as readily as certain kinds of pie go down, and likewise others fall down at every attempt to raise them, while bad pie sometimes takes the opposite course. But of the latter class of kites we shall have nothing to say.

The first kite a boy makes is usually a very simple one. It is often cut from a sheet of stiff writing paper, and has no frame. It must have a tail, however, which should be fifteen times the length of the kite. Strong thread will do for the tail, and on the end of the thread farthest from the kite a piece of paper is twisted to give ballast.

A boy's second kite is always an improvement over his first one. This time he decides to build his kite on scientific principles, and give it a frame.



The backbone of a kite can be made of a lath or any stick of wood which is both light and strong. It is represented by the perpendicular line from b to d. Then the cross piece a to c is a shorter stick placed one-third the distance from b to d. Its weight must be the same on both sides of the perpendicular. A good way to ensure this is to balance the stick on your finger before placing it over the first stick. The two sticks can be united by tightly winding string around them, crossing it in various ways. Nails usually split the wood, and add to the weight of the frame.

The bow of the kite is made of an old piece of barrel hoop, and runs from a, over b, to c, forming a semi-circle. The best way to join it to the rest of the frame is to bore three holes in it, one each at a, b, and c; and after whittling down to a point the three ends of the sticks represented by these letters, to insert these points in the holes made in the bow. The bow is then to be tied on in the manner we have explained before. A string is then tied from a to d, and from d to c, which completes the frame.

The paper to cover the frame is cut an inch or more larger than the outline of the kite, lapped over the string and bow, and pasted down. In the middle of the kite two holes are now made, the first at a point one-fifth of the length of the kite from the top, the lower a little more than one-fifth from the bottom up. A very loose piece of string, called the "belly band," is now run from one hole to the other, each end being tied to the long stick on the other side of the paper. The ball of string held in the hand to guide the kite is attached to the "belly band;" but it takes some experience to know just where to join the two strings. This can only be found out by trial.

The tail is made of string, and is covered with pieces of paper doubled up into strips four or five inches long, and sewed to the tail at intervals of about four inches; while the end piece is much larger and forms a tassel.

Some kites are covered with cloth instead of paper. Calico or silk makes an excellent covering of about the right weight. Elaborate representations of dragons, soldiers, etc., are sometimes painted on the coverings of kites, but to be appreciated at a distance must be boldly outlined and filled in with strongly-contrasted colors.

Of course the wind has much to do with kite flying, and therefore the first few unsuccessful attempts to raise a kite does not necessarily condemn its construction.

The sling was once used as a powerful weapon of war. This was before the introduction of gunpowder. The stone was to the sling what the bullet is now to the rifle. Stones fired in this way go a great distance at a high speed.

The regular sling hardly resembles the elastic sling more commonly used among the boys. It is made of a small piece of leather cut diamond-shape, from two opposite ends of which extends a string. Each string is made of stout cord, instead of elastic, and is about eighteen inches long. At the end of one string is a loop to slip over the middle finger of the right hand, while the end of the other string is held between the forefinger and thumb of the same hand. After a smooth, round stone is placed in the centre of the leather diamond, and the fingers have grasped the strings as explained above, the sling is whirled round and round to gain impetus. The fingers then let go of the second string, thus sending the stone into the air.

In order to hold the stone in place while being rapidly revolved, a small hole is sometimes cut in the centre of the piece of leather.

A more popular instrument of war is the bow and arrow. An ordinary piece of cane four and one-half to five feet in length makes a good bow. Near each end of the stick a notch is cut, and a cord or piece of stout twine tightly drawn from one notch to the other. This bends the cane in the form of an arc and gives it great elasticity.

The better class of bows are usually made from the wood of the yew tree, acacia, or thorn.

The arrow must be cut from a light wood, and tipped with feathers. A small piece of thread wound several times around the stick and feather is enough to keep the latter in place.

Some boys who cannot be hired to remove the stones from their father's pasture, think it great sport to raise heavier ones with a device called the "sucker." A piece of leather, the size of your palm, is cut out perfectly round. A small hole is made in the centre, through which the end of a fine cord is passed and tied with a knot on the other side. The cord should be four or five feet long, and the other end held in the hand.

Before using the leather is soaked for some time in a pail of water, and then pressed against a smooth stone. When anyone now attempts to pull up the "sucker" from the stone, it lifts the stone with it. When the string is tightly drawn a slight vacuum is made in the centre of the leather between it and the stone. The pressure of the air on the outside of the leather, consequently being greater than that on the inside, the stone and leather rise together.

II.

Besides the toys more especially for outside use, there are those for the stormy days at home. A pair of scissors and some paper are about all the material necessary for a winter evening's amusement.

If you roll up some tissue paper into a cylinder four or five inches high, by two or three inches in diameter, and paste down the edge, you have an easily-made paper balloon. Stand it up on end and set fire to the top of it. As it burns the top turns to cinder, and bending inward as it falls forms a dome over the tube. The warm air underneath soon causes the little balloon to ascend, and it frequently reaches the height of six feet before falling to the floor. You will not have good luck with the balloon every time you try it, and in fact several attempts are often necessary to insure success. Your patience, however, is in the end rewarded, for the experiment is a very amusing one.

A curious optical illusion is performed with a pasteboard device called the "Thaumatrope." The name sounds scientific enough, but the instrument is easily made. If on one side of a card about three by five inches you paint a donkey, for instance, then turn the card over as you would the leaf of a book, but not towards you or away from you, and on the other side paint a boy standing on his head, with knees slightly bent, you will have one style of the thaumatrope. Near the right-hand and left-hand sides of the card, half way between the top and bottom you must prick a hole, and through each hole run the end of a thread which is about six inches long. These holes merely assist you in attaching the thread to the sides of the card. This completes the toy. Hold the other end of the threads between the forefinger and thumb, one in each hand, and twirl them around. As the card revolves you see but one picture on it, that of a boy riding a donkey.

Many other amusing pictures can be drawn in the same way, half being represented on each side of the card. Subjects should be chosen that easily fit together when divided as above, and drawn in the centre of the card.

A magic picture gallery is a novelty to most of our readers, and is well worth getting up for the next social gathering.

If you mix a little gallic acid with mucilage, and make pen drawings with the same, they will become invisible when dry; but when a solution of copperas is sprinkled over them they stand out on a white ground in heavy relief. Now the fun comes in in drawing beforehand the most hideous faces possible on several sheets of paper afterwards hung up in a room on exhibition. An atomizer is filled with the copperas solution to be sprayed on these pictures when ready for "development" which takes place as follows. You tell your friends to look steadily at the white sheet of paper before them for some seconds, after which you will develope their negative and give them an exact likeness of themselves. You then spray the sheets, and enjoy a good joke at their expense.

Some time in the future the man who enjoys writing for the young people has promised to tell us more about having a good time after school hours.

OUR DIME MUSEUM.

Mr. Editor,

Dear Sir:

We called it a dime museum, but the admission fee was only five pins. Our show was held in my partner's back yard, and three old sheets were sewed together for the tent. We extended the clothes line from fence to fence, and over this spread our canopy, propping it up here and there with a clothes pole. I cannot begin to tell you about all the exhibits we had in the tent, for there were large and small ones from all parts of the world. Beginning with a wild rabbit from Zululand, they extended to a mighty giant from Siberia. The giant was so tall that he made the tent over his head rise to a great height. Let me tell you how we made him. It took two boys. The lightest boy sat on the shoulders of the stoutest, and held a long cane in his hand to keep his ballance. We pinned an army coat over the shoulders of the boy on top, which made the giant look like a single person. A false beard and tall hat completed the monster who frightened the little children half out of their wits.

Placing the two boys behind a table, one back of the other, we made a dwarf of them. The one nearest the table put his hands in a pair of long-legged boots which were standing on the table. His partner then furnished the arms for the dwarf. A large coat covered both, and a curtain back of the table concealed the head of the second performer. Here was our bwarf standing on top of the table, winking before the audience. A. A.

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OUR STAMP DEPARTMENT.

Next month we shall give illustrations of stamps recently issued. Mention has been made of some of these stamps in previous pages of our stamp department, but no attempt to illustrate them.

We are contemplating a plan likely to make our stamp department more popular than heretofore. Later we shall have more to say about this.

We have a few bargains we are closing out before issuing our Sept. catalogue. Stock is limited.
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Where Dealers Get Their Stamps.

Continued from last number.

II.

COLLECTORS find the buying list a most useful help to them. Those who live in the city have little difficulty in obtaining duplicates to sell or exchange.

The U. S. stamps of high values are found at the banks. A boy who is on the right side of the janitor of a bank can gain admittance to the waste-paper pile in the basement of the bank, where treasures are sure to be found. Not a great many years ago, when the old U. S. 3c green stamps were in use, the writer of this article used to make weekly raids on one of the largest banks in Boston. It was there that he found, in great quantities, six-cent envelope stamps on all varieties of paper. These stamps are now worth about seventy-five cents apiece, but of course were not bringing that then. Six, fifteen, and thirty-cent adhesive stamps were also found in the same waste-heap, were rapidly torn from the envelope, and thrown into a bag. Even some of the 3c envelope stamps on certain kinds of paper are now beginning to rise in value, but then were so common, in that heap of five thousand or more letters, that no attention was paid to them. When the Columbus series of stamps came into use, a large part of these were mined underneath banks in the same way, and afterwards sold to dealers. Dealers, in turn, sent them abroad, in exchange for other stamps, or kept the higher values for a rainy day. A great many hundred thousand of the common 1c and 2c Columbus stamps were sent to Europe shortly after they came into use, but we regret to say that the market is now flooded with these two denominations, and no dealer wishes to purchase more. Good U. S. stamps always have a market value, however, and can be disposed of with little trouble.

On days when school is not in session city boys go "stamping." This is what they call hunting for stamps in offices down town. They have a list of places where stamps are given away for the asking, and it is at these places that they make frequent calls, asking each proprietor if he has any stamps to-day. Importers of sugar and molasses, for instance, receive letters from the West Indies; tea merchants, from Japan; steamship companies, from Europe, largely; and foreign missionary societies from India, Turkey, and elsewhere. These are the parties the stamp-seeker is on the watch for.

One boy returns home from his stamp expedition with a pocket full of Porto Rico's, perhaps, another has a set of Eastern Roumelian's, sent on a package to the secretary of some missionary society, and so on. These stamps are exchanged when duplicates are found among them, or a

hundred or more are sold to a dealer, and the day's work considered a profitable one.

Collectors who live in the country have not the advantages of the city folks in picking out of sombody's waste-basket a handful of rare stamps; but nevertheless they sometimes outdo their city cousins in a rare find. Those old hair trunks of grandmother's, filled with innumerable keepsakes of a former day, of mouldy records, or letters from grandfather when he was away from home, contain old stamps. In some cases these stamps may not be rare, even if they are old; in others, they may be worth hundreds of dollars. Old local stamps found in this way should never be torn from the envelope, as the date and mode of cancellation on the envelope often increase the value of a stamp.

When grandmother has no trunk containing old letters, look up somebody's else grandmother. Make your wants known to all your friends; get them to search for you; and some day, when you least expect it, you will find a philatelic gem.

Dealers do a great deal of buying and exchanging among themselves. Some call themselves wholesalers and sell only to retailers; others both retail and wholesale; others prefer to be called jobbers, and travel around among the fraternity with a valise full of rubbish they would be glad to rid themselves of, if they only could.

When a dealer finds a good opportunity to purchase an immense lot of duplicate stamps, he usually makes the most of his opportunity and buys the lot, even if he is obliged to borrow the money to do so. He then has on hand more stamps of a certain kind than he can use in his own retail business, and for the time being, in order to dispose of his surplus, becomes a jobber or wholesaler. Almost all the large dealers have specialties they can offer other dealers at an attractive price. One large retailer, for instance, has a great many customers in South America, and receives more stamps from Brazil, let us say, than he can dispose of at retail prices. He then does one of two things:— either sell at wholesale or exchange his Brazilian stock with other retail dealers; or else hand his stock over to a wholesaler without attempting to "work it off" among his colleagues. In all cases there is less distinction to be made between a large retailer and a wholesaler than is sometimes supposed.

Some dealers advertise to sell stamps at auction. Parties having large collections often prefer to pay a dealer a commission for selling their stamps in this way than to sell them outright to the dealer for a fixed sum. Each stamp of any value is then catalogued separately and sold to the highest bidder. Dealers are usually among the bidders at these auctions and procure many desirable stamps in this way.

Large dealers are usually large importers. Both wholesalers and retailers purchase the greater part of their foreign stamps in the countries where they are used for postage. The pursuit of stamp collecting, as you know, has extended itself around the world. This cannot be said, probably, of any other hobby. In China and Japan, for instance, you will find collectors just as you find them in this country; and in Europe there are half a dozen to every one here.

A collector on the Fiji Islands, let us say, wishes to make a collection of stamps from all parts of the world. How does he do it? He gets all his friends at home to save for him Fiji stamps, and when he has accumulated a thousand or more sends them to some American dealer, whose advertisement he has read somewhere, and receives in exchange for them stamps of other countries.

Foreign dealers also export the stamps of their own locality to our American dealers, receiving cash or American stamps in return. The common stamps of Europe, called "Continentals," are exported to America by the millions annually. Every collector starts his collection on these and hence they are in great demand among beginners. They might well be called the foundation stones of every collection. These stamps are usually sold abroad by weight, and often a hundred pounds or more exported at a time.

A few words will now be said about reprints, post-office remainders, speculative and commemorative issues, and counterfeits.

There is a vast difference between these kinds of stamps. Reprints and counterfeits, for instance, are as much unlike each other as white differs from black. All the large dealers sell reprints. No reputable dealer would sell a counterfeit. There are dishonest parties who make a business of manufacturing and selling counterfeits, but the offence is punishable by law, and collectors should not patronize them. Reprints are often as poorly executed as counterfeits, but the general appearance of a stamp does not necessarily reveal its character. Some collectors are averse to buying reprints, but that does not condemn them. Some collectors will not buy an unused stamp, while others buy nothing but unused ones: so let everybody have his own taste. But the real reason why many collectors will not purchase a reprint is because, in some way or other, they have confounded the word "reprint" with "counterfeit," and think the two are but different names for the same article. Of course this only shows their ignorance.

Suppose a country stops issuing a certain stamp which, after awhile, becomes rare. The demand for this stamp increases until the government agrees to reprint from the original plates several thousand more copies of it solely for the use of collectors. This stamp is a reprint, and in no sense a counterfeit. The original stamp became so rare that few collectors were able to purchase it, but now the reprint can be bought for a few cents. It fills the same space in the album, and is an inestimable help to the collector who has not a million dollars to spend on his collection. Sometimes the original plates are sold to private parties who issue the stamps in the same way. In the latter case they are called "private reprints," and in the former, "government reprints."

(Continued in next number.)

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THE FOREMOST MAN.

SHORT ESSAYS ON WASHINGTON.

First Paper, by E. S. ELLIS.



GEORGE WASHINGTON was not a scholar. He does not rank among the first of military leaders, and there have been those who outclassed him in statecraft. He never won a battle (for Trenton was only a skirmish, the honors were about even at Monmouth, and the French allies helped to do the trick at Yorktown). He never put forth a state paper of great importance, and he made no discovery in the field of knowledge. And yet he will always stand peerless and alone as the perfect American and as one of the grandest and most heroic figures on the pages of human history. The world has never seen his superior, and, without attempting to forecast the possibilities of the future, it is safe to say that no one will ever attain, in the estimation of men, the place held by him. He will always rank as "first in peace, first in war and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

And the explanation of all this is simple. From his earliest boyhood he was a perfect American. It has been said that no man is a hero to his valet, but Washington was an exception to the truth. Precious few characters can stand microscopic dissection. A close scrutiny reveals spots on the sun, but there was no blemish in the character of Washington. Those who studied him the most closely, who were admitted to his innermost intimacy, found their admiration grow with their knowledge. There is no test to which he can be subjected from which he does not emerge like pure gold from the fire.

In boyhood he displayed the traits which are the most admirable in the youth of today. He was truthful, manly and an athlete of prodigious attainments. In these times he would have figured, had he chosen to do so, as the star player on the champion baseball or football team. He easily would have covered the most skillful golf player with confusion, have left Zimmerman behind on a bicycle and distanced the fleetest of sprinters. If we can conceive the degrading thought, he would have taken one of the big pugilistic champions of the day in his right hand and the other in his left and ended their yawping by cracking their heads together. When but a boy, he stood many a time on the shore of the Potomac and hurled a stone to the opposite bank—a feat which not one person in ten thousand can perform today. Ben Franklin was the only man in America who could swim so well, and Nathan Hale, the martyr, alone could equal him in jumping. In wrestling bouts, running and horsemanship none of his friends could approach him.

He bounded upon the bare back of the vicious colt, whose eyes shot fire and whose every nerve was a-quiver with deviltry, and began a fight with the infernal beast—a fight which meant the death of one of them, and Washington did not die.

He scorned meanness in every form and always played fair. When the other boys fell into a fierce wrangle and were about to fly at each other, his decision soothed the angry passions. What he said was accepted without protest, for the panting lads knew that young George Washington was always right.

And what nerve, what grit, he had! He could tramp a thousand miles through the dismal woods, buffet the crunching ice when he was knocked from the raft into the Alleghany, plunge through the snow, sleep in the wintry forest without fire with his garments frozen stiff, look calmly in the face of the treacherous Indian who fired at him when only a few paces away and then pull Gist away when he was throttling the red devil and compel him to let the miscreant go. He feared not to expose himself to the bullet and tomahawk at Braddock's slaughter and proved on many a battlefield of the Revolution that he knew not the meaning of personal fear.

Few men were more often exposed to death than he, and he was never wounded. Is it hard to believe that heaven held him under its special protection until the work mapped out for him to do was done?

The one impressive fact about Washington is that at no other time in the history of our country has the success of a great cause centered wholly in one man.

We might have lost every officer who figured in the war of 1812 or with Mexico and the end would have been the same. In the tremendous civil war, if Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Meade or any or all of a score of others had never been born, the Union would have lived. There were heroes waiting to step into their places, and the ranks held men capable of being developed into as good leaders as they.

But there was only one Washington.

Had any of the bullets aimed at him in the French and Indian war laid him low, the Revolution would have failed before it began. Had he fallen at Trenton or Princeton or Monmouth or White Plains or Germantown, the struggle would have stopped, the colonies would have been conquered, and, though the separation from the mother country must have come, for it was so writ in the book of fate, yet it would have been deferred for a long time, for there was none among the patriot leaders who could measure up to Washington. In him was embodied the cause of American independence, and he was the incarnation of duty, of self sacrifice and of the loftiest patriotism.

The late humorist, Artemus Ward, once referred to Washington as the only great man who never "slopped over." There is much in the homely expression. How many of the world's heroes have "slopped over!" How many have posed before the world and said and done things for which their friends blushed and because of which even they in after years hung their heads with shame! And yet rarely did Washington lose that majestic self possession, his matchless poise, and not once did he fail in displaying good, hard, common sense. Whoever heard of a foolish expression that fell from his lips or of a silly thing done by him?

He vivified and pervaded the Revolution from its birth to the end. It was his spirit which breathed the breath of life into its nostrils. Amid all discouragements, when the skies were the darkest, when corruption prevailed in high places, when base men conspired to ruin him, when the tongue of slander was active, when the warmest of friends doubted and faltered, he was never swayed a hairbreadth from the line of duty. He saw as if with the eye of omniscience the end from the beginning, and nothing could shake that abiding faith in heaven and in the triumph of the cause of liberty.

He could be stern, as when he refused the prayer of Andre, and it is easy to believe that had he been able to lay his hands on Arnold he would, in his consuming wrath, have smitten him dead to the earth. He could be tender, as when at Trenton he stood with sympathetic words beside the bed of the dying Hessian commander, but the one all swaying, all controlling motive of his life was his love for his native land. He recoiled from the offer of the crown of his country as he would have recoiled from the rattle of a snake in his path. He was good, he was unselfish, and he was great in the highest acceptance of the term.

And yet Washington must not be deified, for he had his failings. There is no doubt that when he confronted the treacherous Lee at Monmouth he cursed him roundly, as he deserved to be cursed, but the "recording angel blotted out the words with a tear." Henry Ward Beecher declared that when he learned that Washington swore at Monmouth he heaved a sigh of relief and said: "Good! Now I know he was one of us!" He could exchange a shady joke with Knox when crossing the Delaware; he could not but know that he possessed one of the handsomest figures in America, and who shall find fault if he occasionally posed for his countrymen to admire him?

To our mind the sweetest picture in which Washington appears is when, on his way to become the first president, he turned aside to bid his aged mother goodby. The massive man, in the prime of his magnificent powers, with the strength of a giant, picked up that frail, wasted form as if it were that of an infant, and, holding her to his vast chest, kissed her again and again and mingled his tears with hers. What greater crown of glory could woman crave than to be the mother of George Washington?

Let us thank heaven that he died when he did. He had rounded out to the full his matchless life's work. There was

nothing left for him to do. He escaped the quicksands into which other feet have been tempted, and, folding his hands, lay down and passed away in the fullness of years with his fame at its zenith, and, like the star set in the heavens, too firmly placed for aught to draw it aside from its marvelous orbit.

EDWARD S. ELLIS.

Came Near Being a Sailor.

At the age of 14 it seemed wise to Washington's always wise mother to put him to work at earning his own living, and for a time it appeared as though Washington was destined to become a sailor. Historians dispute upon this point as well as upon others. Some say that it was a part of the maternal plan to have a berth procured for her son in the royal navy as a midshipman; others that it was George's ambition to become captain of a small trading vessel engaged in the then prevalent tobacco traffic. However this may have been, fortunately for us the seafaring project fell through, and the lad returned once more to his mathematical and other studies.

Some of Washington's Rules.

Show nothing to your friend that might affright him.

Be not immodest in urging your friends to discover a secret.

A secret discover not.

Tell not your dreams but to your intimate friend.

Be not curious to know the affairs of others; neither approach to those that speak in private.

Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

Washington's Birthday Observances.

Everybody knows that in honor and memory of George Washington's birthday the 22d of February is observed as a holiday. It is one of the few dates that one remembers. But I question whether young people know that our first president is the only American whose birthday is kept; that he is not only the one American who has a public birthday, but "the only human historical character who has one anywhere in the world."—Margaret Spencer.

FRUIT AND FLOWERS

PRUNING CURRANT BUSHES.

Bush Form For Large Plantations—Tree Form For Cultivated Gardens.

In large plantations it has been found most satisfactory to permit currants to grow in bush form rather than in the tree form, as the old canes may then be removed when they become unproductive, as they do after a few years, and their places may be taken by new canes that have been permitted to grow for this purpose.

The tree form is well adapted to well cultivated gardens, as the plants may be pruned into more symmetrical, attractive shape as trees than as bushes. To grow currants in tree form it is simply necessary to remove all buds from the part of the cutting or layer that it put in the ground. This prevents the growth of shoots from below the surface of the soil, and consequently no suckers are formed. The tree currants may be kept in symmetrical shape by annually cutting back the shoots of new wood, leaving but two or three buds to the shoot. This may be done at any convenient time while the leaves are off.

No definite rule can be given for pruning currants grown in bush form, for the kind and amount of pruning necessary are in each case determined by the condition and individual habits of growth of the bush to be pruned. In general it may be said that during the first two or three years the bushes require but little pruning except to head back the new shoots so that fruit spurs will develop all along the cane. Otherwise the fruit bearing branches and fruit spurs will be found mostly near the top of a long cane. When this is permitted, especially with some varieties, such as Fay for example, the weight of the fruit is quite apt to bend the canes nearly or quite to the ground.

Besides this heading in to keep the bushes in shape the pruning consists of removing the broken branches or those that droop too closely to the ground and removing the old wood after it has passed the age of greatest productiveness.—Bulletin New York Station.

How to Prune.

H. E. Van Deman, in a communication to Rural New Yorker, writes: Experience has taught me that it would be very unwise to leave a stub in cutting a branch from a tree. If it were left on in pruning, it would eventually have to be cut off at the base, unless left to rot off. Any one who has cut and split cordwood, or handled knotty lumber, knows how these dead stubs injure the tree. If a branch must be removed, let it be done as soon as possible, and, like any other surgical operation, with neatness and dispatch. Just at the junction of the branch with the main stem is the spot to make the cut. Then paint the wound if larger than will be grown over the first year. In the illustration the cut at 1 is too close to the body and the wound too large. At 2 it is too far from it, but at 3 it is just right.



NO STUBS WANTED.

Care of the Dry Bulbs.

Look over the bulbs and tubers that you have stored dry in your cellar, storeroom or potting shed, to see that they are keeping well: that frost does not reach them, drip fall on them, rot start among them, or that they do not become shriveled by overdryness. Gardening says that all those that were grown in pots and are still in them, but dry and at rest—for instance, gloxinias, achimenes, caladiums, gloriosas, begonias and gesneras—may remain as they are so long as they are doing all right, keeping plump and fresh and not starting to grow.

Black Knot of Plums.

There are two crops of spores of the black knot of plum trees, says Professor Lodeman, one now and one in early summer. The best remedy is to keep all knots cut off close. Wild cherry trees often are a source of black knot in a near orchard.

Spring Snowflake.

Leucojum vernum, or spring snowflake, as more commonly called, produces flowers like monster snowdrops and have a delicate fragrance, not unlike that of the violet. It is described by Peter Henderson as one of our earliest spring flowers, and very handsome it is with its white blossoms distinctly tipped green and graceful in outline.


ONE OF OUR EARLIEST FLOWERS.

Very graceful in growth, they should be grown in quantities in the borders or in clumps on the edges of shrubbery, where they are beautifully effective, and when established produce enormous quantities of flowers.

The New St. John's Wort.

The new St. John's wort (Hypericum moserianum) seems to be one of the most valuable, hardy, herbaceous shrubs that have been introduced in a long time. Rural New Yorker furnishes this description:

The leaves are opposite and quite resemble those of Hall's honeysuckle—the stems being slender and much branched. It is a very pretty, graceful little bush. The color of the flowers is a brilliant, glossy yellow, and they measure about 2½ inches in diameter, resembling at a little distance single yellow roses. In color, they are much like the common buttercups. Readers who care to try it will surely be pleased with this interesting novelty. It is said to be perfectly hardy and to form a bush every season about three feet in height. It is said to bloom during the entire season.


ST. JOHN'S WORT, HYPERICUM, MOSERIANUM.

THE YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPER'S PAGE.

That California women are coming to the front is evidenced in no direction so strongly as in literature and the drama. The above is an excellent likeness of Miss Alice Yates Grant, a daughter of Mr. Joseph Grant, for many years a prominent stockbroker of this city. Miss Grant is a native daughter of San Francisco, where, with the exception of the past three years, she has lived all her life. While a student of the High school she excelled in compositions and the telling of stories, and many of her articles appeared in magazines and newspapers before she was 16 years old. As she approached to womanhood her desire to excel as a playwright became



MISS ALICE YATES GRANT.

so strong that she determined to devote her entire attention to writing for the stage. She arrived in New York city about three years ago, and, unlike the usual experience of an aspirant for playwright's honors, her work in the reconstruction of plays instantly received recognition, and she achieved success with a number of original curtain raisers. "The Three Miss Biddles," a one act comedy, was accepted by the Frohmans and produced at an afternoon performance at the Empire theater. It received the unanimous praise of the critical press of New York city. Since that time it has been played by various companies throughout the east with ever increasing popularity. Two others of her short plays, "The Glove and the Lion" and "The Dummie," have been presented to New York audiences and were received with great favor.—San Francisco Examiner.

Children and Their Manners.

The Boston Transcript has been appealed to in a matter that has proved perplexing in other families than that of the mother who asks for advice. It is the question of teaching children to refrain from saying "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," and have them repeat the name of the person addressed in replying, as "Yes, Mrs. Smith," "No, mamma," and the like. English children are taught that this is correct, the reason assigned over there being that the endlessly reiterated "sir" and "ma'am" belong to the servants and tradespeople and is indicative of a sense of inferiority. As the correspondent points out, however, in France, where class distinctions also exist, the monsieur and madame are not left off in polite society.

It is laborious, as many will testify, both to the small child and his listener, to hear the struggles with his manners in this respect. He is often not sure of the new name, and in his effort to do as he has been told the artless talk of the child becomes priggish and cumbersome, or if he abandons the attempt altogether his "yes" and "no" sound curt and unmannerly. A compromise that has been known to be effective is to teach the children of a household to use "Yes, mamma," "No, papa," "Yes, Uncle Ned," and so on, with the familiar names of the family connection, leaving the "ma'ams" and "sirs" for the strangers who may come.

This distinction, says the mother who offers it, is for the children while they are young. When they are in their teens, it is easy to make them understand the little niceties of courteous speech and follow them correctly.

In summing up the matter, to refer again to the Boston controversy, this paragraph is used: "No doubt there is such a thing as being too slavish in our following of English manners, and the listener is half inclined to think that this may be one of a good many matters in which it might have been just as well to declare our independence as in the matter of paying taxes on tea."

Reading For Young Girls.

Indiscriminate reading is one of the evils of the day among young people. Girls especially used to be kept under the strictest surveillance. An old fashioned maiden would never dream of commencing any book without first asking her mother's permission. We have changed all that, however, nowadays, and up to date young women read everything, see everything and know everything, while the austere innocence which used to be so greatly prized is now voted in society as slow and uninteresting. This state of affairs is not easy to remedy. Although the bloom is necessarily brushed off the peach by modern laxness in openly commenting upon the strange views of life, religion and morals taught by the literature of the period and by the publicity given to the mysteries and tragedies of the great city, it is a wonder that the younger generation are so little affected, as a whole, by thus eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

In some cases it may, of course, do untold harm, but as to the pure all things are pure, even so the majority of our girls, thank God, touch the grime and soil of life and are not defiled. It is the insidious influence that does the most harm, the baleful novels that are admired for their brilliancy, while they instill the poison of unbelief and a lax morality, the tempter who, "by virtue of being a poet, passes unquestioned into many a home, carrying pollution into minds that are cleanly and simple," that are responsible for so much that is evil.

Tact in these latter days must be substituted for old time authority in the household. The coming generation will not be coerced, but it may be influenced and persuaded. Let parents, without apparent surveillance, see to it that sensational journals, common illustrations, and, chief of

How to Cure Sore Throat.

Take a lump of rosin as large as a walnut, put it into an old teapot, pour boiling water on it, put the lid on, put the spout to your mouth, and the steam will cure the inflammation.

HOW TO MAKE BEDS.

Few Housemaids Take the Trouble to Do It Properly.

Nothing is more delicious than to creep wearily into sheets that are fresh and fragrant from clean water and oxygen. How restful to place the weary head on pillows that are thoroughly shaken, and how comfortable it is to draw around one bedclothes that are satisfactory, not too thick in one place and entirely untucked in another.

Every article should be taken off and laid separately over a chair, and a strong current of air should be allowed to circulate through the room before the clothes are replaced. The mattress should be turned daily and from end to end, as this insures it being worn more evenly, and they will not sink in the middle, which spoils the looks of any bed, no matter how beautiful its cover.

The new fashion of steel chain springs is a great improvement over the heavy old style spring, which, when once taken up stairs, was bound to remain there a long time. The careful housewife will cover the springs of her beds with linen, so that it may be taken off and washed. This saves the mattress all chance of rust marks from the metal. Clean newspapers will answer the same purpose.

It is only the hardiest sleepers who can enjoy their slumbers when, by a scanty supply of sheet, the blanket scratches face and neck. Narrow bed clothing is even worse, especially where the barbarous custom of sleeping two in a bed holds good. One drags the clothes one way, the other exhausts strength in clinging to them for dear life, and neither is comfortable. A simple remedy for this discomfort is to place one blanket lengthwise across the bed. In this way there is a double advantage—less weight on the shoulders and plenty of chance for a firm tucking up.

A restless child might be prevented from many a cold if blankets were placed across the bed. It is the careful watch of detail in home life that makes it differ from a hotel, and nothing is more satisfactory than a well made bed.

When ordering meats, remember that beef, when boiled, loses a pound of weight in every four, and, when roasted, 18 ounces. Mutton loses even more than beef. This should be thought of where much meat is used.

A new use has been discovered for small cut glass bowls, originally designed for flowers. These have been adapted for pincushions, the bowl being filled with gayly colored scraps of wool and surmounted by a satin cushion.

Sweeping.

Except in cases where it is really necessary, as in brushing down stair carpetings and dirt out of corners of the room, the housewife should not require her maid to do much sweeping with the whisk broom, as the very short handle brings the face so near the dust that it is impossible to keep from breathing a great deal of it.

Sunshine Effect.

The effect of sunshine was gained in a living room that had only a north light by having the woodwork painted with white enamel, the upper part of the windows set with panes of pale yellow glass, and the windows themselves beneath the glass hung with curtains of pale yellow silk.



THE NEW TABLE LINEN.

Dainty Old Patterns Revived—Delft Blue and Cream Color In Decoration.

The new linen is very lovely. It comes in "all over" patterns of convolvulus, chrysanthemums, maidenhair fern and bachelor's button, while the Dresden designs of detached and dropped blossoms also find favor. For the latter the single wild rose is liked; also the carnation, buttercup and clover. There is a return to popularity of the old snowdrop pattern so dear to the hearts of our grandmothers. Coin spots, interlaced rings and overlapping squares are also shown.

Fine white table linen is quite nice enough without decoration, but a letter or a monogram worked in one corner is admissible. For this use soft silvery white wash silk. Roman floss is heavy enough or Asiatic caspian will be found just adapted to this work. If a color is desired, select something unobtrusive, say, delft blue or cream color. The letter should be neither very large nor very ornate.

Dinner napkins remain large, three-quarters of a yard and a yard square being the usual sizes. These should be hemmed, as was the cloth mentioned above. They may also bear an initial to match the cloth.

For centerpieces, carver's cloths, etc., select plain white linen having a fine, round, even thread of equal weight in warp and woof. This latter quality is essential for decoration in drawn work. All these cloths as well as mats may be finished with a hemstitched hem above, which is a pattern in Mexican drawn work. There are fine linen threads admirably adapted to this work, or soft finished cotton may be used, says Good Housekeeping, the source of the foregoing.

Ironing Collars and Cuffs.

These directions are given in The Ladies' Home Journal:

After the collars and cuffs are starched, they should be rolled in a clean white cloth for a few hours, to get rid of superfluous moisture, after which they should be laid single on a clean cloth on the ironing board and pulled into shape, and then ironed on each side alternately until thoroughly dry, when the polishing iron may be used. The iron should be used both across and lengthwise of the articles, rolling each collar or cuff into a circular form of wear, and pinning or otherwise fastening the ends together. As the patterns of collars vary so much it follows that each pattern must be folded or otherwise shaped according to its kind. At the same time all collars "set" better when rolled into a circle, and unless they have to be packed for traveling they should never be finished flat.

Fashionable Bonbons.

Pralines are very popular. A praline is a little sugar cake thickly strewn with peanuts and is an old southern sweetmeat. Next after pralines, genesees are the most popular bonbons. They are soft squares of pure chocolate. The proper sweets with which to fill one of the new bonbonnieres are crystallized fruits. The best of them are the sarahs, named after the great actress. They are glazed marrons squeezed into big sugared plums half full of chocolate cream. Next best after these are the dragees.

Then there are crystallized limes filled with tiny French currants, gooseberries, white cherries and bits of pineapple, packed in with a dressing of sugar, maraschino, etc., and bearing the name of that ugly, amusing Yvette Guilbert.

Glazing Meat and Poultry.

Meat and poultry, to be served cold, may be very much improved in appearance by being glazed. The process is very simple. An excellent glaze may be made of half an ounce of gelatin dissolved in a pint of water and flavored as well as colored with extract of beef. To be successful the meat must be perfectly cold before the glaze is put on, and the first coating should be allowed to dry before the second is applied. The glaze must be well melted and warm and applied with a brush.

THROUGH GUY'S HOSPITAL.

Strange Things to Be Seen In the Great Establishment.

If the reader can imagine the cure of every one of the 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 persons living in London of some ailment or disease, he holds in his mind's eye a true picture of the vast work done by Guy's hospital since its foundation. The south sea bubble, like many another financial catastrophe, ruined thousands of citizens, but it enabled Thomas Guy, who sold his investments in the stock to the great advantage of other people as well as himself, to found the institution which bears his name and to restore to health (up to the present time) over 6,000,000 human beings.

Among the many curiosities exhibited in the famous museum at Guy's is a large piece of cardboard bearing the remnants of 35 pocketknives, which were swallowed by an American sailor. His name was John Cummings, and he was admitted to the hospital in 1822. A small book, containing also the manuscript of the printed copy, narrates the particulars of this remarkable case, and it may be perused by the privileged visitor to Guy's.

It appears that Cummings, during "a spree" ashore, challenged the feats of a conjuror who had made a pretense of swallowing knives. Encouraged by his drunken comrades, the sailor actually swallowed an opened pocketknife, to the amazement of the conjuror. Feeling no immediate pain, he put five other knives out of sight in the same way. In two years' time he had, in the course of his drunken bouts, shown sufficient bravado to enlarge his internal armory by 29 additional knives. When, after his foolishness had brought him to the hospital and subsequently to his grave a postmortem examination was made, the 35 knives were removed from his stomach by the amazed surgeons.

These interesting relics are exhibited among others in the surgical classroom, whither the students return from the dissecting room to correct their impressions. Close by is another interesting object—a glass case containing a number of what appear to be illuminated parchments. The grewsome nature of these exhibits grows upon the visitor when he learns that they are simply patches of tattooed human skin preserved in spirits. The inscription upon each enables one to trace the occupation and character of the unfortunate patient from whom it was taken. One was a colored sailor, a native of Africa. On some 12 square inches of his skin is worked an artistic representation of the most brilliant plumaged birds known in the tropics.

Guy's anatomical wax models are said to be the finest in the world. One of these is extremely valuable, the hospital authorities having refused the sum of £5,000 offered for it by a foreign medical celebrity. It is an absolutely perfect model of the upper extremity of the body, showing every muscle, gland, vein, nerve and artery. It took Mr. Joseph Towne, a clever demonstrator at Guy's, fully two years to make it, but with him, in 1879, also died the secret of the process by which the wonderful construction of the human body was reproduced in wax with such marvelous fidelity.—London Tit-Bits.

Shooting an Orange.

An experiment which the boys who consider themselves good shots may like to try is shooting at an orange. An authority states that if it be hit in the center by a rifle ball it vanishes completely, being scattered into such infinitesimal pieces that it is lost to sight.

A Boy's Theology.

They tell me God is everywhere.
I cannot see him in the air.
I look and cannot see him here.
But somehow when I cheat at play,
And mamma's orders disobey,
He seems to come so very near!
—Youth's Companion.



SUPERSTITION OF JACK TAR.

He Has a Very Practical Belief In Supernatural Agencies and Evil Powers.

There has long been a singular and fantastic custom in vogue on Spanish war vessels if the statements of a foreign writer on queer customs and superstitions of Jack Tar are accurate.

Years ago, so the legend runs, a Spanish man-of-war was lost under peculiar circumstances. The ship was careering before a Levant breeze, when suddenly the heavens grew dark with an approaching squall. All hands were called to shorten sail, sheets and clewlines were manned, but not a sheet would budge an inch. Down hissed the squall; the carpenter and his mates were ordered to cut the halyards as a last resort, but the yards remained mastheaded, and the vessel capsized. It was afterward discovered that the sheaves, through which sheets and running gear had been rove, were so tightly plugged with wedges that it was impossible for the gear to render. It was asserted that no human agency could have done this, and the work was attributed to supernatural and evil powers.

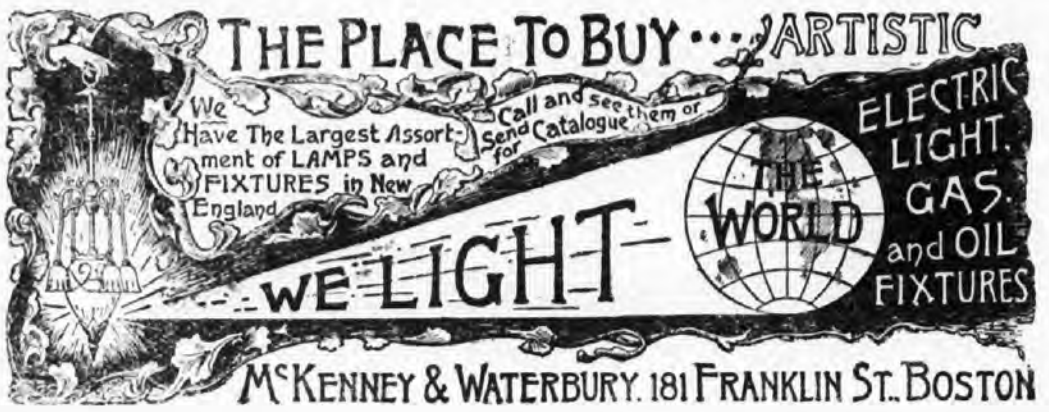
Shortly after the fatal occurrence a general order was issued, directing the crews of every Spanish war vessel to be sent aloft to chase evil spirits out of the sheave holes every evening at sundown. From that day, as the story goes, it has been the custom for Spanish men-of-war crews to go aloft for that purpose. The men run up the rigging, lay out on each yardarm and closely inspect all suspected parts.

Walrus Whiskers For Toothpicks.

A peculiar but profitable industry which Science News says Dr. Benjamin Sharp discovered among the natives of Alaska on a recent trip to the Bering sea is the preparation and sale of walrus whiskers for toothpicks. Nature has armed the walrus with a growth of whiskers which extend three or four inches out from its snout, with the apparent motive of enabling it to detect the presence of an iceberg before actual contact has resulted. These whiskers are quite stiff, and this quality improves with age. When a walrus is killed, the natives proceed to pull out, with the aid of rude pinchers, each separate whisker. After a thorough drying they are arranged in neat packages and exported to China, where they are considered a necessary appurtenance of the Chinese dude.

Our Most Interesting Aboriginals.

The Kwakiutl Indians of the Pacific coast are the most interesting of the aboriginal tribes on this continent. So says Dr. Franz Boas of the American Museum of Natural History, as reported in the New



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York World.

They live at Fort Rupert, on the extreme northern point of Vancouver island.

According to Dr. Boas, the Kwakiutls are a distinct branch and allied to no other Indians in the country. Their language



INDIAN WOMAN WITH SUGAR LOAF HEAD.

is a very peculiar one and very difficult to understand. They live by fishing, and their camp is many miles away from the more settled districts of the island.

They are very conservative and preserve all their old traditions and religious beliefs, which they have possessed for perhaps thousands of years. It is a tradition that they emigrated to this continent when it was joined to Asia at a point where Bering strait now is.

A very curious fashion obtains among this remarkable tribe. Soon after a child is born its head is tightly wrapped in bandages, which compress it toward the top. These bandages are kept on until the bones of the skull are permanently shaped and the head becomes of the form of a sugar loaf. The more pointed and elongated the top of the head the more beautiful and fashionable is the proud owner regarded. This strange distortion does not seem to affect them either mentally or physically.



No. 47.—Rhyming Blanks.

My hunter is a graceful ——,
With ears alert at every ——,
And eyes that keenly glance ——,
And feet that scarcely touch the ——,
O'er lofty mount and lowly ——
And field he runs with fleetest ——
Wherever bird or hare is ——.
His worth, untold by pence or ——,
If lost to me, how deep the ——!

(The nine omitted words all rhyme.)

No. 48.—Illustrated Diagonal.



All the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other in the order numbered, the diagonal (from the upper left hand letter to the lower right hand letter) will spell the name of a celebrated American pioneer and hunter.—St. Nicholas.

No. 49.—Enigmatical Books.

1.

One poor woman by me was undone,
Although she'd been strictly admonished
Not to think of me once or her friends would be
By the consequence greatly astonished.

2.

I am always used in all kinds of books,
Be they grave or gay, heavy or light,
But in the book I now name I caused much shame
And my color was brilliant and bright.

3.

You all should some pity feel
When my condition I've stated,
For I've no friends—no home,
And belong to a nation hated.

No. 50.—Numerical Enigma.

A king of Armenia who was conquered by the Romans.

8, 4, 5, 2, 6, a seed, a weight.
1, 2, 8, 7, 4, a savage animal.
4, 7, 2, 3, 6, a period of government.
8, 4, 7, 5, 1, large, famous.
8, 2, 8, 6, a symbol, a device.
1, 4, 5, 2, 6, seen at court, a number of carriages.
8, 2, 4, 7, a title of respect.
4, 2, 8, 5, a fortified town in Russia.

No. 51.—Geographical Puzzle.

MY DEAR (cape east of Virginia)—Aunt (an island east of Florida) has given me a beautiful (island east of Canada) dog, which I shall call (a county of Scotland). My two brothers, (a bay south of Hudson bay) and (an island south of New Zealand), went out (a channel between Baffin Land and Southampton islands) hunting this morning. Our (a strait between North and South New Zealand) gave me (island in Lake Huron) yesterday, but I gave it to my schoolfellow, (a lake northeast of Switzerland) (a sound west of Greenland). We are going to see Cousin (a city in Italy) tomorrow. Now (a cape south of Greenland). Your loving friend,
(A division of Australia) (a strait northeast of Baffin Land).

No. 52.—A Proverb Maze.

L I N G S L F A L O R D S O F R
L R E H T A R E T A I L F R A E
O S A T O H T E T F B O H E F H
R N G E N A H B S I E C T A E T
A O M O S S A N N O N K T O G E

By starting at a certain letter and following a certain regular path three familiar proverbs may be spelled.

No. 53.—Royalty In Anagrams.

1. Lo, a carpet! 2. Sing heart, at contente. 3. Great valor of Siam. 4. Warm lady in mail. 5. Is her mute dead? 6. Emma O. Tunz. 7. Dark green fort, mama. 8. Mary Prong free her money. 9. Other children hit a dear. 10. Peep-a-boo! Anna Lornt. 11. Three raged hot. 12. Fling sponge—then knead. 13. Mistress, purchase a fine oar. 14. I mix nail, ma. 15. Cook Nero—he get fig. 16. Apples of Cindi in shop. 17. Frogs wink—need ice. 18. That is the rag team. 19. He paints Dora. 20. Crime of Pierre killed W. Ram.

Brevities and Levities.

It doesn't always require a big mouthed man to make a broad assertion.

Inexperienced motormen naturally make bad breaks.

"Hands off!" as the clock said when it was taken to be cleaned.

The doughnut seems to be the only nut that can be gathered every day in the year.

The fisherman's mania is catching.

The milliner would soon be swamped if she didn't know how to trim her sales.

When silence reigns, is it necessary to carry an umbrella?

The running mad dog presents a case of rabid transit.

The Fate of a Fish.

"I tell you what it is," said the silly little fish to his long headed mother, "I have been following your advice and letting those nice plump, juicy worms alone long enough. I am now going off on my own hook."

And he did.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 38.—Missing Rhymes: 1. Shoe, do, bread, bed, crew. 2. Wise, eyes, again, main, hies. 3. Cole, bowl, he, three, soul

No. 39.—An Enigma: Valentine's day.

No. 40.—Hidden Words: Fall, leg, stone, sat, mean, kit.

No. 41.—Numerical Enigma: Waterloo.

No. 42.—A Riddle: Aspirate, spirate, pirate, irate, rate, ate.

No. 43.—Illustrated Diagonal: Pigeon, rabbit, pistol, abacus, sandal, mussel. Diagonal—Pascal.

No. 44.—Arithorem: Newcastle, elephant, Leith, Scotland, ocean, Norwich. Initials—Nelson.

No. 45.—Words Wanting: Pans, span, snap, naps.

No. 46.—Beheadments: C-oat, f-act, b-ore, s-well, s-oar.

THE YOUTH'S COMRADE

A CLEAN PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE

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HOW THE BABY ESTABLISHED WILLIAM'S REPUTATION.

By Marie O. Kohler.

Written for THE YOUTH'S COMRADE.



WILLIAM was a boy. In certain respects all men are boys throughout life. Of course William was one of the older boys, for he had gone through school, and finished a four-year's course at the medical institute. He was the youngest man in his class to receive the degree of M. D., and was therefore called by the older graduates "The boy doctor."

After graduating William moved into a small town containing but one other physician besides himself,— a remarkable fact for any New England town in these days,— and here "hung out his shingle."

Any professional man will sympathize with William in his attempt to establish a practice in a new locality. It is what every young doctor has to do before success is certain, and, as in this case, is often accompanied with a hard struggle for existence. William's age was against him,— not old age, this time, but youth. And yet it was the hope, the strength, the perseverence of youth that enabled William to pass through discouragements that an older person might have fallen under.

Dr. Grey, the other physician, attended to all the sick in town. He was a middle-aged man of muscular build and of quick temper, had little patience with sick children who showed an unwillingness to take his medicine, and bore himself in a haughty independent way, like many a man who thinks himself without a rival.

William he regarded as a mere boy, incapable of rendering medical assistance to the sick. He therefore made it a point to denounce the "boy doctor" on every available occasion. This was not fair, for William had been a smart student in college, was well qualified to doctor, and represented no school of fogyism, of which Dr. Grey was undoubtedly a graduate. It is strange that people put unbounded faith in Dr. Grey who, in attempting to "kill or cure," not infrequently accomplished the former act.

Dr. Grey had but one price for medical attendance. It applied to the poor as well as the rich. Poor patients who owed him money sometimes did not receive a call from him, when they were in distress, unless the money was borrowed to pay up their back accounts. This, he boasted, was the only way he had of forcing them into a settlement.

One day, as Dr. Grey had just sat down to dinner, Mrs. Soule came rushing into the house to tell the doctor that her youngest child was very sick with croup. Her own remedies had failed her and the child was in great distress. The doctor said he would call in to see the child as soon as he could conveniently, and then resumed his dinner. As Mrs. Soul was a poor woman, incapable of paying her bills readily, the doctor spent the usu al time over his noonday repast, and then read a long article in the newspaper before leaving the house for Mrs. Soule's. When he arrived at the poor woman's he found the child in a critical condition, and pronounced the disease a severe case of membraneous croup. After trying several remedies without any good results, he said that, as the child was very young, there was no chance of its recovery, and that, by his remaining longer, nothing could be done to relieve the baby. After awhile the doctor left the house, promising to return in a few hours. Poor Mrs. Soule could do but one thing more for her child, and that was to call in the boy doctor.

William responded at once to Mrs. Soule's call for help, knowing well that every moment was of value in a severe case of membraneous croup. His remedies were entirely different from Dr. Grey's,

and were effective from the start. Steam was generated by placing hot bricks in pails of water, until the room was filled with a white cloud. This gave relief. Soon baby breathed more freely, passed the critical point, and was pronounced out of danger. The new doctor cured Mrs. Soule's child, and the news, of course, spread through the town. Everybody began to look upon Dr. Grey with suspicion. People now opened their eyes to the frequent failures, during the past year, he had made while attempting to cure others. The boy doctor, however, was commended on every side, and a newspaper puff, written by Mrs. Soule herself, increased William's popularity. It was a single case that brought prosperity to William's door, and established him as the physician of the town.

The rest of the story is very short. Dr. Grey lost so many patients through his rough manners and lack of skill, now that a rival was in the field, that he was obliged to move into another town, leaving William alone in charge of the health of a good-sized community.

As we have said, all this change of affairs was due to a single case of medical treatment, since it was no other than Mrs. Soule's baby who established William's reputation for being a skilled physician.

The Exploding Spider and Cracked Looking Glass.

No man is more to be avoided than the chronic, practical joker. In the power of such a person you are never safe. The very floor on which you stand may give way without a moment's warning, and let you down into a pond of molasses; or the spirit world may parade before your vision after the sun sets.

In the presence of a company of ladies and gentlemen somebody saw on the floor what appeared to be a huge spider. A gentleman presumably wishing to crown himself a hero before the ladies came forward and planted his broad foot on the animal. At once there was a loud explosion. Our practical joker in another part of the room relished the joke heartily, but the ladies had to recover from the shock before they could participate. Mr. Joker used torpedoes covered with brown paper, afterwards gummed and sprinkled with wool dust in imitation of the real insect. The legs were made of slender wires. The deception was complete.

While everybody rushes to the scene of accident Mr. Joker finds a mirror, performs some magic rites before it, and then excitedly pushes his way into the crowd exclaiming that the explosion has cracked the glass. Yes, sure enough, the mirror is dreadfully defaced. Everybody feels very sorry for the accident, especially the owner of the looking glass; but what can be done? Mr. Joker thinks he can mend it. Rubbing his handkerchief over it several times the cracks vanish and the glass is thus restored. White wax had been rubbed over the glass which caused all the trouble.

Mr. Joker now becomes the leading light of the occasion.

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Under this head, beginning next month, we shall publish all the latest stamp news of any importance. Collectors will find more condensed information hereafter in our Stamp Department than in any so-called stamp journal.



We herewith illustrate some of the designs for new stamps, concerning most of which recent mention has been made in previous columns of our paper. They come from the following countries respectively: Roumania, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Pahang, Greece, and Bulgaria. The latter commemorates the christening of Prince Boris of Bulgaria, and bears the date of February 14, 1896.

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Where Dealers Get Their Stamps.

Continued from last number.

Every line on a reprint is exactly the same as on the original stamp. It could not be otherwise, for the two are practically one and the same. On a counterfeit, however, every line does not agree with the original. A counterfeit is made from a new plate which merely imitates the original. If you compare, under a magnifying glass, a real stamp with its counterfeit, you will see that there is a great difference between them. One is but a rough imitation of the other, and in no sense a postage stamp.

The Roman States stamps sold to-day for a few cents each are good examples of the reprint. So many copies have been printed from the old plates that the impression is now blurred and irregular. The used Roman States stamps, however, are scarce, and bring several dollars apiece. The triangular Cape of Good Hope stamps advertised by dishonest dealers for a cent or two apiece are examples of the counterfeit. In Europe the business of making and selling counterfeits is far more general than in this country. There one can buy fairly-good imitations of the complete set of United States Columbus stamps for a few cents.

In addition to reprinted stamps the stamp dealer buys what are known as Post-Office remainders. Certain countries, after issuing a new series of stamps, dispose of all their old stock by selling it to dealers for less than face value. A decree is issued to the effect that, after a certain date, none of the old stamps shall be used for postage, after which bids for the entire lot are sent it. Several million stamps are often sold to one large dealer, or perhaps to several, for one-fith, or less, of their face value.

The profit from the sale of remainders has become so great that many countries now issue annually a new series of stamps more for the purpose of the collector than the letter writer. Such stamps are called "speculative issues."

The Society for the Suppression of Speculative Stamps, composed largely of dealers, has done something towards diminishing the number of speculative issues, and yet every month we hear of a new batch fresh from China or South America.

In commemoration of the birthday of some great hero or leader, or of any historical event of importance, certain countries issue "commemorative stamps." The United States Columbus stamps belong to this class. Some commemorative stamps are used but a single day, and become very rare as soon as they go out of use. Dealers buy these stamps on the day they are used for postage, and often make large profits by securing a great many at face value.

This completes the article on "How dealers get their stamps." As we have said before, the stock of a large stamp dealer is obtained through no single channel; and the successful dealer must always be on the alert to make the most of every opportunity to buy.

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THE FOREMOST MAN.

Short Essays on Washington.

WASHINGTON'S LEAP.

By It He Could Have Won the Handsomest Girl In the Locality.

In 1775 there lived in a Virginia town a rich and eccentric old farmer whose daughter was the loveliest maiden in all the locality. The beautiful Annette was 18 years of age and had many suitors for her hand and heart. On her nineteenth birthday the old man invited all the youth of the village to a grand hay-making frolic.

"Now, my lads," said the old man, after the banquet was some time over, "I've got something to say to you. It seems that a good many of you have been casting sheep's eyes on my Annette. Now, boys, I don't care anything about money or talents, book larning or soldier larning. I can do as well by my girl as any man in the country, but I want her to marry a man of my own grit. I got my old woman by beating the smartest man on the Eastern Shore. Now, listen. I've taken an oath that no man shall marry my daughter without jumping for it. There you are, boys; yonder's the green, and here's Annette. The one who jumps farthest on a dead level shall marry her this very evening."

This peculiar address was received with great applause, and more than one youth, as he bounded away for the arena of trial, cast a glance of anticipated victory upon the lovely prize as she stood blushing beside her father.

Soon all was in readiness. The signal was given, and the young competitors stripped off their coats.

"Edward Grayson, 17 feet!" cried one of the judges. The youth had done his utmost, but it was clear that he had little hope.

"Dick Boulden, 19 feet!" Dick, with a little laugh of satisfaction, replaced his coat and joined the onlookers.

"Harry Preston, 19 feet 3 inches!"

"Well done, Harry!" shouted the spectators. "You tried hard for the acres and the homestead."

"Charlie Simms, 15½ feet!"

He turned away crestfallen. It was clear he had no chance to win the fair prize. Then came Henry Carroll—handsome, athletic and confident. He cast a swift glance at his sweetheart and at the villagers, and then, with a gleam of triumph in his eye, he bounded forward.

"Twenty-one feet and a half. A magnificent leap!" cried the judge. "Horray for Harry Carroll!"

Hands, hats and handkerchiefs were waved wildly by the delighted villagers, and the eyes of the happy Annette sparkled with joy.

Now, just before Harry had leaped a stranger had entered the throng unperceived. He was a tall, gentlemanly young man in a military undress frock coat, who had at that moment arrived on horseback before the inn. He was just in time to witness Carroll's great leap.

The man's handsome face and easy address at once attracted the eyes of the maidens, while his manly and sinewy frame, in which were happily united symmetry and strength, called forth the admiration of the young men.



"Mayhap, sir stranger, you think you can beat that," said Charlie Simms, remarking the manner in which the newcomer scanned the arena. "If you can outleap Harry Carroll, you beat the best man in the colonies."

"Is it for amusement you are pursuing this pastime?" inquired the youthful stranger, "or is there a prize for the winner?"

"The sweetest prize man ever strove for," answered the judges. "Yonder she stands."

The stranger cast a respectful glance at the blushing maiden, and his eyes looked admiration.

"Are the lists open to all?" he asked.

"All, young sir," replied Annette's father with interest. "If you will try, you are free to do so. Here is my daughter, sir; look at her and decide."

With a smile the newcomer threw off his coat, drew his sash tighter around his waist and stepped forward. All hearts stood still as the young man bounded forward.

"Twenty-two feet and an inch!" The judge's words were received with murmurs of surprise and wonder. Not without a feeling of pity for poor Harry, all crowded round the new victor, offering him their congratulations. Resuming his coat, the stranger sought with his eye the fair prize he had, although nameless and unknown, so fairly won. She leaned upon her father's arm, pale and distressed.

Poor Harry Carroll stood aloof, gloomy and mortified, admiring the stranger for his ability, but hating him for his success.

"Annette, my pretty prize," said the victor, taking her passive hand, "I have won you fairly, but I think there is a favored youth among the competitors who has a higher claim than mine. Young sir," he continued, turning to the surprised Harry, "methinks you were the victor in the lists before me, and as such, with the permission of this worthy assembly, you receive from my hand the prize you have so well and honorably won."

The youth sprang forward and grasped the stranger's hand with gratitude, and the next moment Annette was weeping from pure joy upon his breast. The place rang with the acclamations of the delighted people, and amid the excitement the newcomer withdrew, remounting his horse, and rode briskly out of the village.

That night Harry and Annette were married. Several years later Harry Carroll became Colonel Harry Carroll. One evening the colonel was sitting on the piazza of his handsome country house, when a courier rode up and announced the approach of General Washington and suit, who would crave the colonel's hospitality for the night.

That evening at the table Annette,

now the dignified, matronly and still handsome M.s. Carroll, could not keep her eyes from the face of her illustrious visitor. "I suspect, colonel," said the general, "that Mrs. Carroll thinks she recognizes in me an old acquaintance, but I have become, by dint of camp fare and hard usage, too unwieldy to leap again 22 feet 1 inch, even for so fair a bride as one I wot of."

George Washington was indeed the handsome young athlete whose mysterious appearance and disappearance in the native village of the lovers is still traditionary.

Washington.

Oh, brave and wise and steadfast soul,
Whose nation decks thy tomb today!
So long as this vast globe shall roll
Thy praises shall not pass away,
And we, whose fathers felt thy hand,
Before whose blade they broke and fled,
Will honor, with thy native land,
The noble memory of the dead!

For more than fame, or patriot pride—
Before all things desired and fair—
Is freedom! Stand thou there beside
Her beauty in that native air
Thy lightnings cleared, that we might see
The tranquil splendors of her eyes
Smile down on all thy race to be,
And its unrivaled destinies!

Men spread the feast and pour the wine
In memory of thy stainless name,
And honors ever shall be thine—
Enduring love and deathless fame!
But though thy glory through the sphere
Were carved and spoken, harped and sung,
Thy ghost would not disdain to hear
One tribute from an English tongue.
—David Christie Murray.

MEN OF HIS PERIOD.

THREE CONTEMPORARIES OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"Light Horse Harry" Lee, John Langdon and the Zealous Young Nobleman, Lafayette—Their Valuable Help to the American Cause.

General Henry Lee, the Virginia ranger (father of Robert E. Lee), was a figure in the Revolution whose career is often confounded with others of that name. There was another General Lee, an English soldier of fortune, who served the American cause for a time only to betray it. Francis Lightfoot Lee was a member of the continental congress and a signer. Richard Henry Lee was a distinguished Virginian and one of the first senators elected from that state. Richard Henry often receives the credit for the immortal line, "First in peace, first in war and first in the hearts of his countrymen." "Light Horse Harry" used this language on two occasions before congress, where he served at the time of Washington's death. The phrase appeared originally in a resolution prepared by Lee, and it then read, "First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his fellow citizens." Afterward he was called upon by congress to deliver a eulogy upon Washington and he again used the famous words, substituting the term "countrymen" for "fellow citizens."

"Light Horse Harry" began his military career at 20 years of age as captain of cavalry and served closed to the person of Washington. His corps was renowned for its splendid equipment and rigorous discipline, and its leader for his great coolness and courage. On one occasion the British surrounded him in his quarters when he had but ten men at hand. The enemy numbered about 200, and Lee beat them off, killing and wounding several. This exploit won a major's commission and the leadership of an independent partisan corps, and with this command, known as Lee's legion, he became a power in the ranks of southern loyalists.

In 1779 he surprised the garrison at Paulus Hook, Pa., and secured the place, with 160 prisoners, losing but five men in the attack. For this service congress awarded a gold medal. In 1780 Lee joined the forces in the south under General Greene, and on the retreat of Greene in the face of Lord Cornwallis Lee's legion acted as rear guard. The British army was headed by the dragoons of the notorious Tarleton, and "Light Horse Harry's" troopers had many a bout with them, and on one occasion 18 of the dragoons bit the dust before a gallant charge of the legion. Throughout this southern campaign Lee proved a match for Tarleton and at the battle of Guilford, N. C., repeatedly defeated him and kept up a separate fight on the flank of the loyalists. When Cornwallis retired to the north as a result of this battle, Lee induced Greene to move south and recover control of Georgia and the Carolinas. Lee's legion united with the militia of Marion, the "Swamp Fox," and a victorious cam-



LEE.



LAFAYETTE.

paign was carried on by Lee and Marion. Fort after fort fell into their possession, and in the end, following upon repeated assaults, Augusta, Ga., became their prize. At Eutaw Springs Lee was again with Greene and took a prominent part.

After the war General Lee became a member of the continental congress, and as a Virginia delegate became an eloquent defender of the constitution. In 1795 Washington appointed him commander of the forces sent to suppress the "whisky" rebellion in Pennsylvania. He entered congress in 1799.

The first official at the head of the nation when the United States Union was formed was John Langdon of New Hampshire. He presided over the senate before the president and vice president were qualified, and officially notified Washington of his election when the votes had been counted. Langdon was a member of the continental congress, and owing to absence on official business when the Declaration was signed missed a chance for immortality which he certainly merited. His services to the republic and to the cause of the patriots covered the whole period of strife and organization. While speaker of the New Hampshire assembly in 1777 he selected Stark to lead the forces against Burgoyne and supplied the funds out of his own fortune to equip the troops. Langdon went to the field himself and was with Stark at Bennington. He also fought at Saratoga and in Rhode Island. In 1788 he became governor of New Hampshire, which then included the territory now forming the state of Vermont. He was a Jeffersonian in politics, but this did not prevent Hamilton, the great opponent of Jefferson, from exclaiming with reference to Langdon and his political affiliations, "I see an honest man."

Washington's first meeting with Lafayette took place at a dinner party soon after the zealous young nobleman—a youth of 19—had been commissioned major general in the army of the United States. Volunteers from abroad were by no means a novelty, but Washington was so impressed with the conduct and appearance of Lafayette that he made him a member of his military family. The experiences of this ardent French republican in breaking with his foreign obligations and uniting his fortunes with the revolutionists of the new world were highly romantic. France and England were on good terms and Lafayette was an officer in the French army.

MINES UNDER THE OCEAN.

Stalwart Gnomes Who Dig the Ores Six Fathoms Below the Surface.

There is a striking example of man's boldness in searching for wealth and his skill in securing it at Betallock, near Cape Cornwall, Alaska. Betallock is a bold headland composed of huge masses of hornblende, masked by walls of slate, against which the Atlantic surges are constantly dashing. The persevering efforts of man have at this point been more powerful than those of nature.

"Kibbles" descend fathoms beneath the sea and ascend again with copper or tin ores, which are wheeled away to larger heaps, where women, boys and girls separate various qualities with the systematic industry of workers in a factory. Everybody and everything—rocks, platforms and paths—is smeared with the prevailing red hue derived from a slight mixture of iron with copper or tin ores, and then the very muddy stream flowing from the stamp mill to the sea has imparted to the beach, the breakers and the foam the same rubicund tinge. If ore is coming up plentifully and of good quality, everybody is pleased, and far down to the gloomy depths of the mine, which Cornish legends people with spirits, the news that a new "bunch" of copper has been struck or the old hole is growing richer fills the workers with professional joy.

As the visitor creeps along the passages into which the light of day has never entered he hears comparatively little, until, becoming accustomed to the darkness, barely illuminated by the flicker of lamps, he dimly distinguishes the stalwart gnome at work. Coming from the upper world amid the din of heavy stamps and machinery above and the surge of the sea below, the rattle of wagons on tramways, and the crowds of men and boys climbing up and down paths which seem to be too steep for a goat, the modified silence of the level strikes one as unnatural.

In places, however, the guide may ask the visitor to listen to a curious sound. It is the booming of the waves above and the grating of the stones on the sea bottom. Then he is told to give him courage that in some of the recesses of the first level the ore has been cut away until a roof of not more than six feet thick has been left. First worked on the face of the cliffs only, the mine descended, level by level, until the excavations extended for more than six fathoms inland, while the greatest depth to which it has been sunk is about 2,000 feet.—San Francisco Chronicle.

INSIDE FORT WAGNER

THRILLING SCENES DESCRIBED BY THE CONFEDERATE DEFENDERS.

Gallant Forlorn Charge of Colonel Shaw and His Black Regiment—What the Enemy Thought of It—A Battalion of Whites Stormed and Carried a Salient.

[Copyright, 1896, by American Press Association.]



NDER the walls of Fort Wagner, the morning of July 19, 1863, lay hundreds of dead and wounded heroes, who had fallen in one of the bloodiest assaults of the war. As things count in war it required heroes to put them there, for the defenders to the actual assailants were but one to five. The garrison at the time was the same as that which defended it against the assault of the 10th, with a small re-enforcement. Both attacks were preceded by fierce bombardment. Paul Hamilton Hayne, the South Carolina poet, wrote, "If the amount of shot and shell rained in an iron deluge upon and about it (Wagner) could, like the seeds of Cadmus, have sprouted into armed men, there would have been no need of northern 'draftings,' but South Carolina, and, in fact, the entire Confederacy, would have been immediately overrun by such countless hordes as must have put to shame the armies of Genghis Khan or a Xerxes."

Throughout the whole day, the 18th, the Union batteries upon Folly island, across the channel, and the gunboats, poured their missiles upon the work, at times firing 30 shots per minute. Yet the ammunition was wasted. Only about 30 of the defenders were hit, and the fort was so ably planned by the clever engineer, Langdon Cheves, that it received no damage worth noticing. Cheves had been killed in the bombardment of July 10 by a Union shell. It is said that Fort Wagner is his monument, for a plan of it is one of two used as models at the West Point academy.

After describing the Union column of assault Mr. Hayne continues (Southern Bivouac): "The sun had almost reached the horizon when these regiments, glittering in blue and gold, the last rays of the luminary flashing in ominous brightness from the bayonets, swords and epaulets, were formed on the beach to the rear of the batteries in columns of eight companies closed at half distance, the Sixth Connecticut to lead and attack the southeast salient angle of the fort, the Forty-eighth New York to pass along the sea front and facing inward to attack there, the other regiments of the brigade to charge the south front, extending inward toward the marshes on the left, while to the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts colored volunteers, 1,000 strong, splendidly drilled and accoutered, the honor was given of a position in advance of all.

"They were to distinguish themselves in the ambitious and romantic role of *enfants perdus*. Colonel Robert G. Shaw commanded these men, and doubtless his pride and confidence were high as he beheld

> "Down the long and dusky line
> Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine.

"As sunset faded and twilight deepened into night the Federal bombardment of land and sea suddenly and completely ceased. A great calm ensued, but it was quiet portentous and terrible. It seemed as if the heart of nature stood still, awed by a prescience of the impending and fearful catastrophe. Gradually the smoke of the cannonade, swathed about the fort for hours, so far lifted that the enemy were seen debouching from their first parallel and advancing over the narrow approach between it and the fort. Then from the bombproof and sand hills the garrison quickly gathered along the ramparts. Fieldpieces were ranged, the artillerists double shotted their guns.

"On rushed the Federals at a double quick, saluted by a simultaneous outbreak of hot shot, an implacable, concentrated fire from Sumter, Gregg and James island.

"Conspicuous in the van, on came the misguided and unfortunate Colonel Shaw, his long hair waving behind him as he led his able *enfants perdus*. A portion followed him over the ditch and planted their flag on the ramparts, where the colonel was shot and instantly killed. The others, however, could not endure the sight of that gaping ditch or the revolting sensation of winged metal, viciously near. Therefore they broke, and, under the influence of a panic, blundered first upon the Ninth Maine and afterward upon the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, partially destroying the organizations of both.

"Some of the frightened creatures ran like deer; others, in the base paralysis of terror, prostrated themselves upon the ground, crawling along on hands and feet. Then a grand deed, which the old Northmen would have called a deed of derring-do, was performed by the men of the ever dominant Caucasian race, the thought of which as I write, a quarter of a century after is occurrence, makes my heart beat and my pulse throb tumultuously. Across the narrow and fatal stretch before the fort, every inch of which was swept by a hurricane of fire, a besom of destruction, the Sixth Connecticut (and Forty-eighth New York) charged with such undaunted resolution upon the southeast salient that they succeeded in the very face of hell, one may say, in capturing it.

"What though their victory was a barren achievement! What though for three hours they were penned in, no support daring to follow them! Friend and foe alike now, as then, must honor and salute them as the bravest of the brave. Grimly they held on to the salient they had taken."

Mr. Hayne wrote with the enthusiasm of a poet, yet he was surpassed in fervor by the commandant of Fort Wagner, General W. B. Taliaferro. Says General Taliaferro: "The Confederates, with the tenacity of bulldogs and a fierce courage which was aroused to madness, poured from the ramparts and embrasure sheets of flame and a tempest of lead and iron, yet the intrepid assailants rushed on like the waves of the sea by whose shores they fought. They fell by hundreds, but they pushed on, reeling under the frightful blasts that almost blew them to pieces, up to the Confederate bayonets."

Describing the Union defense of the conquered bastion from counter assault, the general says: "The party which had gained access could not escape. It was certain death to attempt to pass the line of concentrated fire which swept the face of the work, but they would not surrender, and in despair kept up a constant fire upon the main body of the fort." The Confederate leader called for volunteers to dislodge the assailants, and the crack company of Captain W. H. Ryan responded among others. "Ryan's company was selected, and the gallant Irishman at the head of his command dashed at the reckless and insane men, who seemed bent upon immolation. The tables had now singularly turned. The assailants had become the assailed, and they held a fort within a fort. Ryan rushed at them, but he fell, killed outright, with several of his men, and the rest recoiled."

The Sixth Connecticut and Forty-eighth New York belonged to General Strong's brigade. Strong followed up the attack of the black regiment. It was 8 o'clock and fully dark when the men, to the number of about 700, entered the bastion. Soon after that Colonel H. S. Putnam charged in the wake of Strong, and in the confusion and darkness, not knowing friend from foe, actually assaulted the very point held by Strong's men. The bastion was held until nearly midnight, or about three hours. Continuing his animated description, Mr. Hayne says: "The history of the war, rife with desperate conflicts, can show no more terrific strife than this. It was in more than one particular a battle of giants. I have conversed with old Confederates in regard to the night succeeding this great assault and have remarked how seasoned veterans shudder when they recalled its horrors. Four thousand of the enemy had been dashed against our impregnable earthwork, and, when re-formed within their own lines, how many, think you, answered to their names? Only 600! Their leader, General George C. Strong, was wounded unto death. Colonels Chatfield, Putnam and Shaw lay dead within our lines.

"Wearily the dark hours passed, and a Sabbath morning dawned over the sand hills, and every detail of the scene was brought out and emphasized in bold relief—men lying in every possible attitude, with every conceivable expression on their countenances; their limbs bent into unnatural shapes by the fall of 30 feet, the figures rigid, fingers rigid, outstretched, as if they had clutched at the earth to save themselves; pale, beseeching faces, looking out from among the ghastly corpses, with moans and cries for help and water, and dying gasps and death struggles.

"In the salient, on the ramparts, they lay heaped up, often three deep. Conspicuous among them was a tall, superbly formed man, an officer whose calm features, only the more clearly cut by

the chisel of death, gazed toward the cloudless sky. A breathless Apollo! This was Colonel Putnam of the Seventh New Hampshire. Although, horrible to relate, the entire back of his head had been blown off, the wonderful beauty of his face remained unshadowed, evoking from his foes a sigh of pity. On the crest, surrounded by a few, a very few, of his sable troops, at the foot of the flag he had vainly planted, was the body of Colonel Shaw. One would have thought at a cursory glance that it was the corpse of a mere boy."

At the time of the surrender in the captured bastion there were 140 assailants alive. They represented nearly every regiment of Strong's brigade, but



COLONEL H. S. PUTNAM, U. S. V.
[Killed at the storming of Fort Wagner.]

the most of them were from the Sixth Connecticut and Forty eighth New York. The last regiment entered the fight with 516 officers and men. Its death roll was 85; wounded, 112, and prisoners taken in the bastion, 73. The loss in the Sixth Connecticut was 15 killed, 77 wounded and 46 captured. Colonel Shaw's colored regiment suffered a loss of 180 killed and wounded out of about 1,000 borne on the rolls.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Training the Child.

About the worst thing parents can do is to discuss the failings of children before them. The next worse thing is for one parent to attempt to punish the child and the other parent protest against it. Either action will damage the respect of the child for one or the other of its parents, and if there is one thing more than another that parents want to preserve it is their dignity before their children. A child who gets the idea that one parent is at variance with the other on the question of discipline will make both unhappy and render itself decidedly objectionable by playing off one parent against the other. If you want to have any harmony in the family, get together on the question of disciplining the children, at least in their presence, and then if you want to quarrel on methods do it in the privacy of your own apartments, where you can have it out without lowering yourselves in the eyes of the children.—Washington Star.

Considerate.

X. (an incorrigible borrower)—Lend me a fiver, old man.

Y. (weakly lending him £4 19s.)—I'm keeping the other shilling to pay for the postage of the letters which I shall have to write you before I get my money back.

X. (coolly)—Keep five shillings then. That will give me more time.—London Tit-Bits.

PUNCH AND JUDY.

AN ANCIENT STREET SHOW THAT STILL DELIGHTS THE ENGLISH.

Much Dispute as to Its Origin and History—Mr. Jesson Has Played the Dolls Before the Prince of Wales When He Was a Boy and Also Before His Children.

Who has not wasted a pleasant half hour watching the antics of Punch, even when we ought to have been on more important business? I once remember seeing the late prime minister lingering on the edge of a crowd in Parliament street while the immortal drama was being enacted under "the pale glimpses of the moon." It was a night on which there was an important debate, in which the Grand Old Man delivered a telling speech, and who knows but he made his points the better for the few minutes he allowed his mind to be relaxed by watching the exploits of the grand old hero of the curbstone play that has run a greater number of nights than even "Hamlet" or any of the other famous plays that continue to hold our stage?

We are never tired of it; no one is ever tired of it. We have all watched it as children, and when we grow old, we like it as well as ever. But whereas it was in former days on the village green that we witnessed it, or in the convenient by street, we may see it now in the dining room, or, if it be summer time, on the lawn. Formerly it was thought only fit for the "rude mechanicals" of the village street or the market place; it is now the fashion for society to indulge in it, and for royalty ever to look upon it with pleasure, so good is it for every one to get a touch every now and again of rude, unsophisticated nature. And Punch and Judy is rude, and for the most part very unsophisticated. We are, however, softening down even this specimen of "good old" aboriginal humor, and now it more frequently closes with a "nigger" song or something of that nature, than, as formerly, with the death of the father of evil.

As regards the origin and history of Punch and Judy, there is as much dispute among authorities as touching the birthplace of Homer. But on one point there appears to be little, if any, doubt, and that is that the comedy came to us from Italy, where it was popular in the middle ages, as Punchinello (contracted with us to simple Punch). The original characters were: Punch, his wife Judy, the baby, Toby, the dog, Scaramouch, transmogrified later into the clown, a courtier, a doctor, constable, the hangman, etc. In short, the four chief characters were always the same; the others change somewhat according to localities, national requirements, etc.

Mr. Punch is well known nearly all over Europe, as well as wherever the English tongue is spoken. Toby always has the distinction of being performed by a living individual, if one may speak of a humble member of the canine family as an individual. It is popularly thought that a dog of breed only can be trained to take the part of Toby. This is a mistake, as I was informed by Mr. Jesson, whom we may designate the "Short" of the firm which "runs" the Royal Punch and Judy, his son taking the part of Codlin. The part is always taken by a mongrel; nothing else in the canine line will stand the training. The Toby of the present Royal Punch and Judy is 11 years old, and he has taken the part since he was a few months old. His father was 23 years old when he was born, and he, too, had been in the profession—on the stage, so to speak—since he was a puppy.

Mr. Jesson "shook the dolls" before the Prince of Wales and his brothers and sisters when they were little children, and he remembers his royal highness laughing till the tears ran down his face when Punch rolled the baby about as though he were making a rolly poly pudding of it, in order, as he said, "to soothe it to sleep." The others were amused, but none laughed like the Prince of Wales.

Says Mr. Jesson, with pride, "I've played before the prince's children, too, and they were just as pleased as their father used to be." He adds, "I've played at Windsor, at Marlborough House, at Buckingham palace, at Osborne, at Frogmore and at Sandringham."

It should perhaps be said here, lest too many of those in search of a profession should rush in, that to be a Punch and Judy showman is not so easy as might at first sight appear. Apart from the fact that there is a good deal of dialogue to commit to memory, and that, in our days, novelties must be introduced from time to time, the one who aspires to perform with the dolls must be very ready witted, quick to get up fresh "patter," good at repartee, and if not a Sims Reeves, at least distinctly "Sims Reevsy" at a song. Then he must be something of a mechanical genius into the bargain.

Listen to Mr. Jesson: "I make everything connected with the show myself. I make the frame and the hangings, paint the scenery and the drop scene in front, do the carving above the stage, carve the heads of the dolls and cut out and sew their clothes. In fact, there is nothing about the show I don't make myself—and my son can do it all too. That gives us plenty of work to do at home, when we are not otherwise engaged. The dolls, you see, get so much knocking about that they only last about six months."

In addition to all this hard work there is another consideration which should be taken into account by those wishing to enter the profession. It is the danger attached to the calling. The performer with the dolls cannot do it without the squeaker—and he may swallow it. And every one who has committed such an error has died after it.

The present palmy days for Punch, according to Mr. Jesson, date from about 30 years ago. "People then began to write about the show," said he, "and that led to its becoming more popular and then being taken up by the rich, and," added he, "its popularity grows year by year."

Speaking of the music of the show, every lover of Punch and Judy must hold that the introduction of the dulcimer and the other like fantastic instruments, in place of the Pandean pipes and the drum, is of the nature of an impertinence, and ought not to be tolerated. But this as well as other matters connected with Punch and Judy will, I understand, be seen to shortly; as, following in the wake of the Browning, the Goethe, the Ancient Monuments and other similar societies, there is to be a Punch and Judy society, or, at least, so it is whispered.—Strand Magazine.

Not So Terrible.

Physician—You lie awake in bed three or four hours every night? That is bad. I shall have to treat you for chronic insomnia.

Caller (whose salary is $14 a week)—Er—no, doctor; I don't think it's as bad as that. I simply can't sleep.—Chicago Tribune.

Trust Not Appearances.

"Don't be fooled by the man who says nothing and looks wise," remarks the Manayunk philosopher. "He may be a deaf mute or a professional humorist."—Philadelphia Record.

Mississippi has only 15,817 persons engaged in manufactories of all kinds, who make every year a product valued at $18,705,834.

The "lead" of the pencils ordinarily used is made of graphite.

THE YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPER'S PAGE.

THE TRAINED NURSE.

AN ARDUOUS PROFESSION, DEMANDING STRONG QUALITIES.

There Is No Romance In the Calling and No Place For Lovemaking — Women Strong Mentally, Morally and Physically Required—Pecuniary Rewards.

The woman who enters the field of nursing undertakes the most arduous of all the professions for her life work, and that woman alone who has the love of humanity so highly developed as to be able to put aside self, to give up the comforts of home life, to endure the natures made peevish by disease, to perform cheerfully the many tasks to make the sufferer comfortable and meet trying situations calmly, need expect success.

The theory regarding the "ministering angel" of the sickroom produces a glamour which attracts many sentimental maidens to this profession. The stern realities of nursing leave little time to indulge in day dreams. Do not enter this work solely for the purpose of making a living until you marry. The half hearted, careless nurse is a detriment to the profession. She can do more injury to her sister nurses than one would suppose possible, for the public is ever more careful to make known faults than good qualities. Moreover, your chance for matrimony is not as favorable as it would be in other fields. The sickroom is not the place for lovemaking. To say the least, such a purpose is lowering to the dignity of womanhood.

We know of mothers who would not intrust their grown sons when so ill as to demand skilled nursing to the trained nurse, and the only objections were youth and good looks on the part of the nurse. The thoughtful person clearly sees that nursing demands the intelligent, educated and humane woman of mature years. One who has passed the period of romance, who knows the realities of life—how to endure pain, to give sympathy and remain firm but kind under great physical and mental weariness, such as all nurses must endure and such as undermines the health of the strongest. Nursing is the shortest lived of the professions, and more than one of our best nurses, after a few years of service, are completely broken in health. A few are inmates of insane asylums, probably through loss of sleep.

Some enter the work from mercenary motives, and they are more often disappointed than otherwise, for no human being can long endure the strain of continuous nursing. Moreover, the crowded condition of this, as of other professions in cities, does not allow work to the average nurse more than one-half of the year.

The following item appeared in The News of Chicago a short time ago:

"A writer on women's work places the occupation of trained nurse first both in its humanitarian aspect and substantial pecuniary reward. The estimated income of a graduated trained nurse who is successful in obtaining work is from $1,200 to $2,000 a year."

The above does not present the facts. The trained nurse is supposed to work for $20 to $25 a week and board while nursing. If she worked the entire year at $25 a week, her year's salary would amount to $1,300 and board. She has, however, her room rent, which at least is from $8 to $10 a month, as a standing expense.

Prior to five years ago the demand for trained nurses was greater than the supply, and a nurse could, if her health permitted, work the greater part of the year. Since then the supply exceeds the demand. The graduate nurse of our best schools will seldom take a case in the large cities for less than $20 to $25 a week. She, however, often has to wait from four to six or eight weeks between cases. The nurse does well who makes from $600 to $900 a year. One of the best and most successful nurses doing private nursing in Chicago for the past five years made only $1,000 during her best year.

In the smaller cities and towns the trained nurse may work for less than city prices. She averages $15 a week while at work. After three to five years of private nursing the majority of nurses prefer positions in hospitals at from $30 to $40 a month and board. They usually save more money at $30 a month and board than at private duty.

The woman employed at $15 a week is better off financially than over one-half of the trained nurses doing private nursing. Therefore a genuine love for her work, with the gratitude of her patients, is the greatest recompense a nurse will receive. Nor can her salary doubled pay for all that the faithful, conscientious, devoted nurse does for the helpless sick one. Long, sleepless nights; vigils for the life so dependent upon her watchful care; weariness of body and mind, to be thrown off by almost superhuman power, must be her lot. She dares not slumber, for some little neglect, some slight error, might result in that which no earthly power could repair. She must also be a keen observer, an exact reporter, truthful in all matters and faithfully and accurately obeying every order given by the physician. To fill this position as it should be filled requires strong women—physically strong, mentally strong and morally strong—with so much of the cream of human kindness in their characters that to know them is to trust them and know that trust is sacred

The woman who enters this work with the desire to succeed and to be an honor to the profession will seek the school that gives the best training. The best training is not found in the small hospitals. Is it rational to believe that a hospital of 25 beds in 18 months' time can give the same training that the hospital of 800 beds gives in three years? Every small hospital that springs into existence must, it seems, have a training school connected with it. Aside from giving cheap nursing to these small institutions no one is benefited. The public, the sick, the pupil nurses in training and the whole nursing profession are the losers.

There are some defects even in the best schools. The most serious is the number of hours required daily for hospital duty. From present indications the time is not far distant when less physical duty, daily, will be required of each pupil. The extended course of instruction in the best schools demands more time for mental labor. That nursing is a noble profession none can deny, and that many—very many—noble women are engaged in it. To keep the profession on the highest plane should now be the object of every person interested in its welfare.—New York Independent.

Washing Table Linen.

Never put table linen into soapsuds until it has had all stains removed by pouring boiling water through them. This will remove all stains but iron rust; for that sprinkle on oxalic acid, wetting the spot with cold water. Rub gently between the hands, and it will gradually disappear. If obstinate, repeat the process.

Accomplished Women.

Though the American girl is well established in the minds of most people as being more interesting and cleverer than all her sisters, it is surprising how few of them are really accomplished women. They may perhaps have a good common school education, where the system is used of devoting much time to mathematics, chemistry, physics and other prosaic studies of no possible use unless she may be fitting herself for some especial work. All this may be of some service in training the mind, but how much better it would be if this valuable time were devoted to French, a knowledge of which is almost necessary now, or history, literature and art. Our girls, most of them, know too little of the various worlds of art. They may have delved very thoroughly into political economy and logic, but observe how ill at ease they become when a discussion on paintings, books or anything historical is begun.

It has often been noticed that the women and girls who have had the fewest advantages are the most cultivated and best informed. Their natural love for knowledge has drawn them into fields of learning found in books and travel. No better schedule of education could be mapped out for a girl with a common school education than to follow in the footsteps of our seemingly narrow minded but patrician ancestry. Let the girls be taught all the dainty accomplishments, such as sewing, cooking, music and the languages; then let them be well instructed in history, art and literature. The mind of the dear independent American girl is so shrewd, so quick to comprehend, and her tongue so apt at repartee, that with this stock of mental food she would be able to shine and scintillate in any assemblage, no matter how brilliant or clever the people.—Chicago Post.

Combining Colors.

It is not given to all to detect as many shades of colors as that Swiss ribbon manufacturer who is said to be able to discern 2,700 different shades. Therefore the following suggestions which he makes may be useful:

Black combines well with almost all colors, except those which are so lacking in brightness as to be too nearly like it. Black and pale pink, blue, yellow, green, red, lavender and even rather dark shades of blue, clear brown and green are excellent combinations.

Brown combines well with yellow, gold and bronze if it is the shade of brown which has brightness. It is effective also with black and with certain tones of green. A chocolate and milk brown combines well with old rose and the dull shades of pink.

Very dark green is effective when brightened by linings of narrow trimming of pale blue. A medium shade of green unites well with old pink. Brownish greens look well with bronze and copper color.

Dark blue may be brightened by lines of bright, rich red, by lines of old rose or of clear yellow. Blue of the "electric" and "cadet" varieties is best combined with black or with figured silks in which the same shade predominates.—Youth's Companion.

Making a Child Sit Up.

It is a gross mistake which many mothers make to constantly command a child to "sit up," without ever having explained the reason why. We must remember that a child's judgment is so immature that it cannot fully foresee the effects of such habits, and for this reason we should make our illustrations so vivid, our lessons so simple, so numerous and variable that they will become indelibly fixed. Remember, our constant aim must be to make an impression which shall remain with them while they are absent from us as well as when we are with them; otherwise we shall gain no headway.

Not a few children inherit physical weakness, and in such instances an appeal to the will power alone will not be success-

ful. How important it becomes, then, that we use every discreet and commendable means to build up a strong body and by no relaxation of our vigilance allow any such habits to become established.—New York Ledger.

Recognition, Not Appreciation.

In a recent conversation between two busy women one said: "We all like a word of commendation, especially if we have the consciousness that we have worked hard and our labor has resulted creditably. It gives us a pleasing sense of appreciation that encourages and stimulates the moral and mental faculties and is to an individual what sunshine is to a flower. I neither mean flattery nor praise, but just honest approval, judiciously bestowed."

The other answered: "I catch your thought, and it is true, but you do not use the best word to express it. It is neither praise, approbation. nor, to put a fine and correct point upon it, appreciation that people need. It is recognition."—New York Journal.

Household Economy.

A visitor was dining with a Frenchwoman who certainly has a reputation for prudence. A cherry pie had been on the table, and the mistress ordered that all stones were to be scraped from the plates and placed in her storeroom. Venturing to ask the reason, the visitor was told that not only cherry, but plum, peach and all stones, whether cooked or raw, were invariably saved, gently dried in the oven and kept in a great jar. "Then," said madame, "in the winter, when the fire burns clear and bright in the evening, I fetch a handful and throw them among the glowing coals. They crack and sputter for a moment, send up a brilliant flame, and the whole room is filled with a delicious odor."

Easy Shoes For the Baby.

Many people think it is faddy to be so very careful about the shoeing of the feet of a young child, but perhaps if they comprehend how delicate in construction the foot is, and that it is made up of a number of bones of various shapes and sizes held together with ligaments—the bones being 22 in number—they would understand perhaps better how important it is that the foot should be allowed free movement and the action of the same should be helped and not hindered by the shoes that are worn.

The Cellar.

If a cellar has a damp smell and cannot be thoroughly ventilated, pans of charcoal set on the floor, shelves or ledges will make the air pure and sweet. If a large basketful of charcoal be placed in a damp cellar where milk is kept, there will be no danger of its becoming tainted.

The Water Kettle.

Fill the kettle with water, add a tablespoonful of sal ammoniac and let it boil for a few moments; then empty it and stand it over the fire to get redhot. The fur will then peel off. After this fill it with soda and water and when it has boiled about 20 minutes rinse well with cold water.

The Crimson Rambler.

The crimson rambler, that hardy Japanese climbing rose that obtained deserved attention last season, is of rapid, vigorous growth. The plants attain a height of 12 to 15 feet. The flowers are produced in trusses, pyramidal in shape, and are of a glowing crimson hue. There is great profusion of bloom. The crimson rambler is essentially a garden rose, but makes a fine specimen in a pot.

Coarse brooms will cut a carpet, and, although imperceptible at first, their ravages will at length show themselves in the increased number of shreds, especially if the carpet be a velvet pile.

When sweeping, be careful to breathe through the nostrils. If necessary, tie a veil over the mouth. Inhaling dust is a common cause of coughs.

To Wash a Piano.

Having been told repeatedly that the best way to clean a piano was to wash it with soap and water, writes Mary M. Ward in Good Housekeeping, I somehow never could quite make up my mind to try it, after all, for it seemed as though the soapy water must surely spoil the brilliant polish in spite of all assurance to the contrary. But when our beautiful piano began to look dull and milky and I realized that the time had come when something must be done if I would have it restored to its pristine splendor I determined to find out, if possible, all about it and then to make the experiment resolutely if I became convinced that it really was the best way

Accordingly, the first opportunity which presented itself was taken to ask the piano tuner about it, knowing that he was sent out by one of the oldest and most reliable firms in the country.

"Certainly," he replied, in a tone so convincing as to quite banish doubts. "Just let me have a dish of tepid soft water, a cake of soap and three pieces of clean, sleazy canton flannel."

When I had brought the articles designated, he at once proceeded to show how it was to be done.

"Take the first piece of cloth and wet it," he said, suiting the action to the word, "then rub it over the cake of soap and apply it to the piano—a small portion of the surface at a time. Next wet the second piece and with this rub off the soap as thoroughly as possible. With the third piece dry the part, rubbing it till it shines brightly, and do it all as quickly as possible, that the soap may not remain too long upon the polished surface."

I was delighted with the result and no longer felt any hesitation about continuing the work that he had begun. If one is very sure to get a thin, cheap quality of canton flannel and is careful to follow directions as here given them, success is certain.

That Trying Color, Brown.

How few realize unpopular a color brown is until the necessity arises of having to match a brown costume or to finish one with ornamentation of any kind, either in the line of trimming by the yard or by any of the made up neck ruchings or fichus or berthas. Nothing in brown is procurable, particularly in the latter class of goods—black, white, pink, green, blue, but no brown. It is the experience of importers that wraps in brown are much less salable than black or red or blue—in fact, not infrequently the brown wrap or coat or jacket is positively unsalable. A beautiful French wrap in brown, most exquisitely made and trimmed, imported and used for a model, was offered about midseason for half of its retail price. There was no taker, although less beautiful wraps in other colors at higher figures found purchasers. The price was lowered again and again, but still no purchasers, until the dressmaker finally gave up all hope of a sale and presented her bookkeeper with the wrap, the recipient even not appreciating the gift very much because the color was brown.

The theory that brown is not universally becoming is well founded, but then all shades of mauve, purple and black are also disfiguring to most people, but that fact does not deter every woman from wearing black silk or satin in wraps or costumes or keep her from framing her face in violets. Brown can be prettily combined with white, white and gold with yellow, green or blue, either the clear color or else in persian or chine effects. "Mitigated" thus, brown could be made becoming to every possible variety of complexion, and it would offer such a welcome relief from the prevailing costumes in greens, grays, purples and blacks which swarm the streets.—Vogue.

Nervous Ellen Terry.

Comparatively few people know that Ellen Terry is a great sufferer from neuralgia. Her intense nervousness, however, must be apparent to every one who sees her on the stage. Miss Terry feels the effects of it and has to claim certain privileges which are not accorded to the common run of people.

A well known Newport woman was telling the other day of dining in London with a certain publisher. Miss Terry was present. When the dinner was about half over, she left the table and was escorted up stairs to a darkened room, where she lay down on a couch and rested for 15 or 20 minutes. At the end of that time she reappeared at the dinner table and went on with the feast.

The little London anecdote was evidently supposed by the woman who told it to be an exceptional circumstance. It is not, however, for Miss Terry has a chronic dislike for sitting through long dinners. Not long ago she was dining at the house of Mr. Lawrence Hutton when the same thing happened. At about the middle of the dinner Miss Terry excused herself and went up stairs. A room was darkened, and here the actress had a quarter of an hour's quiet rest before she again appeared at the table. Somewhat later in the evening she took another 15 minutes' repose. Her extreme nervousness makes it almost impossible for her to sit through any long affairs, a peculiarity which plenty of lesser people can appreciate.—New York Sun.

Women In Japan.

According to Mrs. William E. Curtis, who writes entertainingly of Japan, the two chief exports, silk and tea, are raised almost entirely by women. She says:

"Women's deft fingers fashion many of the choicest pieces of cloisonne and the ceramics, and in the decoration of lacquer that which comes from her hands is equal and often superior to the work of men. She weaves mats and other articles of straw. She braids bamboo baskets and a thousand and one other articles that are made from that useful tree. She goes out with her husband in fishing boats and dries and salts the catch he brings home. She assists in housebuilding and cabinet making, and in various other occupations which in the western countries are not considered suitable to her sex she does almost everything that man can do quite as well and as rapidly as he, although her wages in every employment are only a little more than half of his. She is always present in the shops and stores, usually as bookkeeper and cashier. Some of the largest stores are managed by women and a few are owned by them, and although the laws and social regulations of the country prohibit it sometimes you find a woman whose force of character defies both courts and customs and who directs the financial affairs and the business of her family, as well as the matters that pertain to the household."—Woman's Journal.

Goes on Forever.

"Who generally gets the last word when one of your conventions gets into an argument?"

And the lady orator looked pityingly at the masculine inquirer and answered:

"There isn't any last word."—Washington Star.

A Besetting Sin.

Apparently some women do not know that public conveyances are not proper places for ventilating domestic grievances or indulging in personal gossip. Says Donahoe's Magazine:

Why will women talk aloud in street cars and other public places? The habit is becoming general, women of refined appearance and educated speech indulging in it as freely as their sisters from the uncultured walks of life.

Family matters are openly discussed, the good qualities of relatives and their defects commented upon freely and names mentioned with the utmost indifference to the fact that chance listeners may recognize them.

The other day in a crowded car a young woman was expatiating upon the many charms of a male acquaintance who lacked only one essential of the model husband —means of support. And then ensued an animated debate, during which the family affairs of the unfortunate young man and his bride were made known to all who cared to listen.

Her Self Respect.

She was a carelessly kind hearted woman, and as she crossed Park row and noticed one of the women who sell papers in that thoroughfare struggling with sobs that convulsed her frame the sight appealed to her at once. She stopped and asked for a paper. The newswoman straightened up and made an effort to conceal her wretchedness. "You are unhappy. What is the matter?" said her customer, paying little heed to her choice of words. The woman had by this time controlled herself and was now picking among her stock for the paper desired. She did not reply, and again she was questioned: "What is your sorrow, my good soul? Perhaps I can help you."

Then she was answered: "You cannot, mum. It's family affairs," the sentence delivered with a fine dignity that rebuked this careless prober into personal matters to silence. She might be a street vender, hatless, with an old shawl crossed over her breast as a wrap, but she was as impregnable in her self respect as a princess!—New York Times.

Stenography and Typewriting.

In common with salaries in all other businesses and professions those of typewriters and stenographers are not nearly so large as they were a few years ago. Nevertheless if a girl is obliged to earn her own living she can do well if she will learn to be a good shorthand writer and an expert typewriter. There is no use in thinking that you can get or hold a position of this kind unless you know how to spell correctly, to write legibly and are able to compose a letter grammatically. If you have not a quick ear, it is almost hopeless for you to attempt to learn stenography, and to be a typewriter only will never secure you wages beyond what you could get as an ordinary saleswoman. No business college can prepare half educated girls to fill positions in the time that those girls would be willing to devote to study.—Exchange.

How to Make Artificial Coral.

Melt together 4 parts of yellow rosin and 1 of vermilion. Dip the twigs, stems, carvings, etc., in it, and then dry without touching. The effect is very pretty.

A Fighting Humming Bird.

There is a species of humming bird in Carrucca, east India, that is about twice the size of a pigeon. It is very vicious, and the natives say it subsists almost entirely upon a hard shelled nut, which it breaks open with a blow of its wings, all the while humming loudly.—Atlanta Constitution.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE BOY'S "RUN BACKS."

A Neat Little Story For Boys Which Carries Its Own Moral.

The little lamplighter came zigzagging down the avenue. The gas jets popped into flame, first on one side of the street and then on the other as he pursued his godlike mission.

"How do you like your job?" I asked as he trudged along with his ladder over his shoulder and his torch in his hand, a Prometheus in embryo.

"They always give the meanest jobs to the little fellows," he answered.

"How can one job be worse than another when the lamps are all of the same height and equally far apart?" I inquired.

"Oh, but they give us all the 'run backs,'" he replied.

"And what in the world is a 'run back?'"

"Why," said the boy, "they are little short side streets, down which we have to go and run back, with nothing to do on the return trip."

"Little man," said I, "don't commence to kick about having all the hard jobs and 'run backs' before you are out of your knickerbockers. The longer you live the more 'run backs' you will have. There is not a job in the whole wide world isn't full of them."

"Why, there's the mayor, now. He don't have any."

"Doesn't he?" I replied. "I reckon by the time he gets through with all his work and the office seekers and creeps off to bed he thinks the whole job is a 'run back.'"

"Well, how about a preacher?" he insinuated.

"Let that pass, my boy," I answered. "I would rather you thought I had no trouble than to have you remember me as complaining about them. But just lean your ladder against that lamppost and sit on the third round, so that your head will be on a level with mine. There, that is good. Now, listen.

"There are drawbacks in every career. You call them 'run backs.' It is all the same. All along the pathway of life there are tollgates, where the travelers have to pay a fraction of their time, their strength, their money, their very life, for the privilege of continuing on their journeys.

"Those who travel over one road never see the tollgates on the other, and the mean ones are forever fretting and stewing because they have to pay so much more than any one else. It is bad enough to hear an old man moaning over the drawbacks of his life, but it is intolerable to hear it from a little boy. If you want to make every one despise you, just keep repeating this complaint you have made to me.

"If you want everybody to love and honor you—yes, if you want to achieve success —take your 'run backs' without a murmur.

"When the good God gives us our medicine, there is always a little bitter with the sweet, and we must not always be making wry faces over it.

"Keep your torch full of oil, light every gas lamp on your route, whistle merrily while you make your 'run backs,' carry your wages home to your mother, be a good boy, and you'll be a noble man. Good night."—Exchange.

Dolly's Bath.

Come now and bathe, my little doll.
We have the nice warm water,
And here's the tiny cake of soap.
Now, step in, dolly daughter.



Sit right here in the little bowl.
With this small sponge I'll scrub you,
And you can splash just all you please
Until I dry and rub you.

There, now I'll put your clean clothes on
And brush your flaxen hair,
And not a sweeter dolly girl
Can we find anwyhere.
—Kate W. Patch in Youth's Companion.

Bessie Saved the Pudding.

Bessie announced one day at luncheon, "We wouldn't have had any pudding today if it hadn't been for me." The rest of the family all looked up at her, considerably surprised, for Bessie was only 5 years old, and they knew she could not have made the dessert. "I saw it on the table," she went on, "and I might have let in the cat, you know. Then Whiskers might have jumped on a chair and eaten it, and then we wouldn't have had any pudding. But I didn't do it."—New York Times.

Clouds In a Glass.

Pour a few drops of ordinary ammonia in a glass tumbler (the ammonia that your mother uses for cleaning and washing will do); then take a saucer which covers the top of the tumbler, and on the under side put a few drops of muriatic acid. You can get 5 cents' worth at any drug store. Then place the saucer over the tumbler and instantly you will see white clouds resembling smoke begin to form inside the tumbler.

Colley Cibber.

Cibber has his importance for the historian of the stage; as laureate he is only interesting for what two far greater men than himself—Pope and Johnson—had to say about him. Pope, who, very unjustly, in later years made Cibber the king of dunces in the second form of the "Dunciad," had his fling at Cibber as soon as he was spoken of for the laureateship:

Great George, such servants since thou well canst lack,
Oh, save the salary and drink the sack!

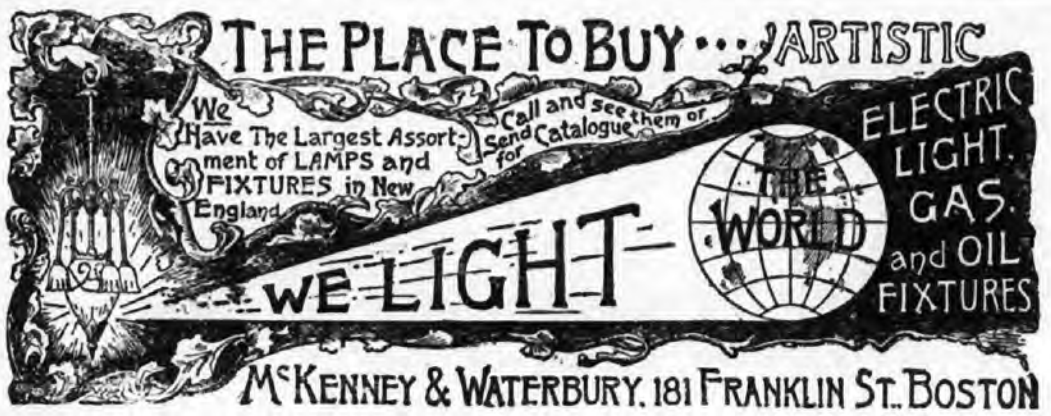
Pope kept pegging away against poor Cibber. A poor Wiltshire laborer named Duck had written some verses, and the queen, wisely or not, had granted him a house and an annuity. So Pope produced his epigram "On the Candidates For the Laurel:"

Shall royal praise be rhym'd by such a ribald
As fopling Cibber or attorney Tibbald?
Let's rather wait another year for better luck;
One year may make a singing Swan of Duck.

Cibber himself tells us that Pope wrote the following epigram on the appointment:

In merry old England it was once a rule,
The king had his poet and also his fool;
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet.

Cibber's laureateship only becomes at all entertaining when we come to what Dr. Johnson has to say about it. "Colley Cibber, sir, was by no means a blockhead," Johnson once remarked to Boswell, and Johnson's decision on such a matter is conclusive, for if a man was a blockhead Johnson was never shy of telling him so.—Temple Bar.



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Wood Pulp.

An enthusiastic advocate of wood pulp for building material as a substitute for stone is Mr. G. D. Rice, who has made the subject one of close study and investigation. His conclusion is that it possesses the needed elements of a durable constructive substance, being at the same time devoid of some of those features which detract from the value of stone and brick. He summarizes some of the qualities presented by this new factor in building as consisting in its being light in weight, exceedingly hard, a poor conductor of heat and sound and sufficiently elastic to meet all the usual requirements for the purpose; it is tough, though a nail can be driven into it, and it can also be drilled, while the other necessities of a stone substitute, as enumerated, together with resistance to frost and heat, with ability to stand strain, and so on, are said to be met, besides the important item of saving in the cost of transportation. It is urged further that the difficulty of procuring perfectly square stone blocks, except at high rates, is thus overcome, for the pulp blocks, being cast in a square mold, are necessarily uniform. Differing from stone and brick, which absorb so much heat in summer, the proposed material is claimed to be cooler in summer, while in cold weather it prevents dampness, so common in stone. —New York Sun.

Sarcastic.

"You don't call upon Miss Smarte as much as you did?"

"No. Fact is, I have reasons for suspecting that my company is not so agreeable as it might be The last time I was there I suppose I did stay rather long, and when I got up to go Miss Smarte said: 'Must you go now? I was in hopes you would stop for breakfast.' Somehow I got an idea that perhaps it would be just as well for me not to waste any more time at that house."—Boston Transcript.

To make marking ink take a dram of nitrate of silver, one of gum arabic, an ounce of rain or distilled water and mix until dissolved.

THE PUZZLER

No. 54.—Numerical Enigma.

My whole, composed of 54 letters, is a quotation from Shakespeare.

My 18, 23, 49, 1, 38, 27, 34, 13, 3, was an American author.

My 51, 2, 10, 15, 20, 6, 40, 29, was an American poet.

My 7, 47, 36, 17, 22, 5, 16, was an English poet laureate.

My 46, 35, 37, 8, 4, 42, 39, was an English painter.

My 43, 25, 45, 19, 31, 21, was an English poetess.

My 48, 30, 53, 54, 33, was an American phrenologist.

My 32, 52, 11, 14, 9, 44, is to separate.

My 41, 12, 26, 50, is learned.

My 28, 24, 2, is a direction.

No. 55.—Charade.

"One" "two" stout lass I met in the lane,
And we passed some friendly words,
She so healthy and free from pain,
And I with my aches and "thirds."
"Pray tell me thy name, sweet maid," I cried,
"And tell me what dost thou do?"
"My name, sir, is 'total,'" she replied;
"I work as a 'total' too."

No. 56.—Removals.

Remove a unit from a Scotch hero and leave to inclose.

A battleground from an English philologist and leave a watch.

Excellence from an American philanthropist and leave little tufts or bundles.

The whole from an English painter and leave a point of the compass.

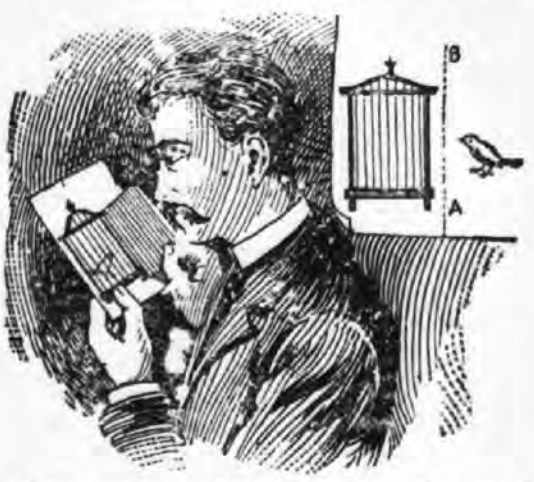
A weight from an English naturalist and leave to irrigate.

Logs from an English potter and leave a tool for splitting logs.

No. 57.—Crossword Enigma.

In rock, not in stone;
In air, not in tone;
In best, not in good;
In boot, not in hood;
In ink, not in pen;
In Tom, not in Ben.
Above you'll find, with little care,
An animal allied to the hare.

No. 58.—Making the Bird Enter the Cage.



Draw upon a sheet of paper an empty cage, and then, near the cage, draw a bird. The problem is to make this bird enter the cage.

Place a visiting card between the two figures, holding the card perpendicularly on the paper. Press the end of your nose on the border of the card and look at the cage and the bird. You will thus see the cage with your left eye and the bird with your right, but in a moment the bird will seem to move, then to enter the cage. All you have to do is to copy the figure at the right of the illustration, place your visiting card on the line AB and put yourself opposite the light so that the card will not throw a shadow. Then look at it for a second or two, and the phenomenon will appear, provided your card is not too wide. As a bit of parlor magic you can present it thus to your friends, "Now, I will make you see, with your own eyes, this bird enter the cage."

No. 59.—Hidden Animals.

He was told to be as still as he could.
Please do get my hat.
There came Lily down the lane.
The moon and the earth are planets.
The town of Oxford is pretty.
We have been for a picnic at Swinly woods.
I got a box on the ear at school.
Let go at once.
Don't be so rude, Ernest.
A guy to surprise all of them.
Little babe, are you asleep?
Have an apple, a pear or some grapes?

To Find a Number Thought Of.

When you want to discover a number thought of by another person—for example, say 6—proceed as follows: Ask him to follow your directions mentally without announcing the results:

Let him double the number 6	12
Add 4	16
Multiply by 5	80
Add 12	92
Multiply by 10	920

Now let him inform you what is the number produced. You must then, in every case, subtract 320. The remainder is in this example 600. Strike off two ciphers and announnce 6 as the number thought of.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 47.—Rhyming Blanks: Hound, sound, around, ground, mound, bound, found, pound, wound.

No. 48.—Illustrated Diagonal: Bison, mouse, moose, crane, eagle. Diagonal, Boone.

No. 49.—Enigmatical Books: "Looking Backward," "The Scarlet Letter," "The Wandering Jew."

No. 50.—Numerical Enigma: Tigranes. 1. Grain. 2. Tiger. 3. Reign. 4. Great. 5. Sign. 6. Train. 7. Sire. 8. Riga.

No. 51.—Geographical Puzzle:

MY DEAR CHARLES—Aunt Amelia has given me a beautiful Newfoundland dog, which I shall call Ross. My two brothers, James and Stewart, went out fox hunting this morning. Our cook gave me a great duck yesterday, but I gave it to my schoolfellow, Constance Smith. We are going to see Cousin Florence tomorrow. Now farewell. Your loving friend,
VICTORIA DAVIS.

No. 52.—A Proverb Maze: Begin at lower left hand corner. A rolling stone gathers no moss. Half a loaf is better than none. Birds of a feather flock together.

No. 53.—Royalty in Anagrams: 1. Cleopatra. 2. Constantine the Great. 3. Margaret of Valois. 4. William and Mary. 5. Darius the Mede. 6. Montezuma. 7. Margaret of Denmark. 8. Henry, emperor of Germany. 9. Richard the Lion Hearted. 10. Napoleon Bonaparte. 11. Herod the Great. 12. Stephen, king of England. 13. Catharine, empress of Russia. 14. Maximilian. 15. Otho, king of Greece. 16. Philip Second of Spain. 17. Eric, king of Sweden. 18. Matthias the Great. 19. Herod Antipas. 20. Emperor William Frederick.

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Written for THE YOUTH'S COMRADE.

THE NEW TEACHER.

The Worst School. "Firing" the Teachers and How it Came to End.

A MILE from the village stands the little red school house of which I have something to relate. To the stranger it appears not unlike the average country school, but not so to those who know something of its history. It once had the reputation of being the worst school in the county, and probably there were no schools in the state to equal it in certain bad qualities. For five years it had changed teachers every term. For five years the school committee had been busy writing to new teachers who cared to try the school.

Stern pedagogues, tawny farmers, brave, old soldiers—young men and old men— had all tried to keep discipline in this school with a hard reputation, but all had failed. It had not been considered safe, during these five years, to let a woman take charge of the school; and few women there are who would have cared to try it.

I remember how, a few years ago, several of the larger boys overturned the schoolhouse one noon, when no one was inside but old Mr. Stebbins, the teacher. It was his last day at the school. The next man engaged to teach stood it but six weeks, and then vanished, one day, through the window. It was an old joke to "fire" the teacher,— a joke few risked enduring but once. The last teacher had been sent through the floor rather unceremoniously while in the midst of an algebra recitation. The supports had previously been removed from under the platform, causing the floor to give way without any warning. After the accident the school committee looked about for another teacher.



Amelia sends a startling report to the School Committee.

Among several replies to their inquiries the committee received a letter from a party giving the signature of "A. Sunderlin." Judging from the letter the writer was a person of sufficient experience and education for the position. It was the best letter of all the applicants, and written in a bold, masculine hand. The committee did not hesitate to choose the writer, although a stranger to them, for the new teacher.

When the new teacher appeared before the committee the next Monday morning, they were all very much astonished to find the new party no sturdy schoolmaster, such as her handwriting had intimated, but a frail woman of a sad but pleasant countenance. Dr. Hide, one of the committee, addressed Miss Sunderlin, who was now seated in his office, the appointed place for meeting the committee.

"Miss Sunderlin," said he, "we are all very much astonished to find a woman applying for the position of teacher in school-house Number 3. Have you not heard of the reputation of this school?" Amelia Sunderlin, who had signed herself "A. Sunderlin," and by her note unintentionally made the committee believe a gentleman wrote it, replied that she knew nothing of the school, having come on the morning train from a considerable distance.

Dr. Hide shook his head, tried to tell the new teacher something about the school, and at last said that the committee would not consider it safe for a woman to teach in district Number 3. Amelia, who had been looking for a school for some time, and had gone to some expense to reach this town, replied that she was willing to try the school if the committee would allow her the privilege. Dr. Hide objected on the ground that it would not be safe for a woman to try the school. But the earnestness of the woman impressed the other members of the committee who finally consented to let her try it. Dr. Hide, being in the minority, had thus to give in to the other members of the board, but requested that the teacher send him a report of the conduct of the school by the middle of the week.

At nine o'clock Amelia was in the little school-house, trembling like a bashful scholar before a handful of visitors.

Into the school stamped a file of rough-looking boys, and as many girls. The scholars were surprised to see a woman in the school room. It was a sight they were not used to, and consequently the boys did not know how to act.

Jim Waller, the spokesman, at the head of the file, halted before the teacher's desk and shouted in a high voice, "Girls and fellers, let me make you acquainted with the new teacher. Isn't she a daisy? What fun we'll have now! Be seated."

Everybody obeyed Jim for they did not dare to do otherwise.

Before recess the school was put in fairly-good order, and the scholars saw that a new kind of teacher had taken possession of the school. The former teachers had ruled with the birch until they were "fired." The new teacher used mild words for persuasion, where rough threats had before been used, and even smiled when others would have frowned.

This new conduct at first baffled the boys, but only a few of them, such as Jim Waller and his crew, did not, in a day or two, learn to respect the new teacher. Thus, by the middle of the week Amelia was able to send a report to the school com-

mittee that both pleased and startled them.

One day, during recess, Frank, one of the scholars, cut his finger quite badly while whittling a stick. Amelia saw the accident from the window and hastened to meet the boy, who appeared both dazed and frightened by the sight of blood. Amelia was a good nurse. She had dressed wounds before, at home, and knew just what to do. In case of accident she had brought with her strips of cloth and medicine. Instead of blaming the boy for his carelessness she drew his attention from the wound, gave him all the encouragement she could, and allowed him to read an interesting story book the rest of the day. This kind act on the part of the teacher gained for her a new friend. Frank before this had been one of Waller's staunchest followers. Beside this gain the example was a good one for the whole class.

Jim Waller, however, thought it time to "fire" the new teacher, and tried to invent a new way to do it. To fire a woman through the window was a little too severe punishment, he thought. He finally decided that the next night, just before school closed, he would get the boys to help him carry her out of the school room, put her in a hay rack, and drive her into Dr. Hide's door-yard, where she was to be left while the boys hastened back out of the doctor's reach. The next afternoon Jim sent notes flying through the school room, unbeknown to the teacher, commanding all the boys to assist him in his new scheme. He had brought the hay rack with him, on his way to school, leaving it in the horse shed across the road, for he felt sure he could get volunteers to assist him.

Jim Waller always led the gang that "fired" the school teachers. All he had ever done was to inform the boys by note what they were to do on a given signal, after which the "firing" took place. The boys never knew the appointed day for the catastrophe until it was upon them. Jim was sharp enough not to disclose his plans much ahead of time for fear someone would tell the teacher. But the boys had always been ready to assist him on a moment's notice. The older ones liked the sport, and the younger ones had always been afraid to disobey Jim.

The notes distributed read as follows:

"Teacher to be carried off in hay rack in one hour. Wait until I stand up and say 'fire the teacher.' Anyone not helping will get licked, outside, to morrow."

The notes were not signed, but everyone reading them knew from whom they came. For the next hour there was considerable confusion in the school room. At last, just before school was to let out, Jim rose from his seat, shouted "Now boys, fire the teacher!" and made a rush for the desk. No one followed! He turned around, and called upon several by name to follow, but nobody obeyed. Jim, not knowing what to do, finally made a rush for the door, jumped into the hay rack, and drove home.

The next day Jim came back to school looking very much ashamed. Before school began he quietly took his seat. He expected to receive a severe scolding from the teacher, but she simply said to him, "Good morning." When all the scholars had taken their seats Jim walked up to the desk and addressed the teacher before the whole school. He said:

"Miss Sunderlin, I hope you will forgive me for my bad conduct yesterday. Perhaps you know that after a week or two we have always fired the new teacher. I thought we ought to fire you too, but I did not know just how to do it. Really, I did not mean to hurt you, ma'am, and now I am glad we did not fire you, for you are the best teacher we ever had here. If you will forgive me this once, teacher, I will ever be your friend."

Jim could say no more for his voice was getting thick, and big tears were oozing from his eyes.

The new teacher replied, "Yes, Jim, I forgive you. We will be good friends hereafter." And they always were.

The new teacher had conquered the hardest school in the state, and never afterwards feared being "fired." Her pupils could not do enough for her, and even Frank and Jim delighted in picking flowers for her on their way to school, or else bringing her the largest, rosiest apples in their fathers' orchards.

The new teacher was liked so well that next term she took the same school, and, for all I know, is still teaching in school-house Number 3, the school no longer with a hard reputation.

Origin of "House that Jack Built."

How many readers of The Youth's Comrade know anything about the origin of this popular nursery rhyme? Although The House that Jack Built sounds very childish to those of us who have graduated from the nursery, it is no other than an altered translation of a Jewish hymn sung at the Feast of the Passover, commemorating the events of the "Chosen People." Below is given a literal translation from the original, which is in the Chaldean language.

—The Hymn.—

I.
A kid, a kid my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

II.
Then came the dog, and ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

III.
Then came the dog, that bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

IV.
Then came the staff and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

V.
Then came the fire that burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

VI.
Then came the water, and quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

VII.
Then came the ox and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

VIII.
Then came the butcher, and slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

IX.
Then came the angel of death, and killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

X.
Then came the holy one, blessed be He,
That killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money,
A kid, a kid.

A German scholar, P. N. Lebrecht, in 1731 gave the following interpretation of this hymn:

The kid signifies the Hebrews. The father who purchased the kid is Jehovah. The two pieces of money stand for Moses and Aaron who brought the Hebrews out of Egypt. By the cat is meant the Assyrians who carried the ten tribes into captivity. The dog signifies the Babylonians and the staff the Persians. The fire indicates Greece under Alexander the Great, and the water the Roman empire, the fourth of the great monarchies to subject the Jews. The ox likewise stands for the Saracens who subdued Palestine, and the butcher who slew the ox, the crusaders who rescued the Holy Land from its oppressors. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power which afterwards rescued the land of Palestine from the Franks. In the last stanza we are told that God will eventually wrest the land from its Turkish oppressors, and allow the Jews to live unmolested under the government of their expected Messiah.

...THE...

YOUTH'S COMRADE,

A Clean, Illustrated, monthly Paper for the Home Circle.

Published By

A. BULLARD & Co., 97 Pembroke St.,

—BOSTON, MASS.—

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Written for THE YOUTH'S COMRADE.

MODERN APPLIANCES OF A CITY FIRE DEPARTMENT.

CITY fire departments have nearly outgrown their relationship to the town fire brigade which still pulls an antiquated "tub" over the road whenever a village house catches fire.

No army of soldiers on the battle field is under better discipline, or deserves greater praise, than this body of men always ready to risk their lives beneath the burning embers, or upon the tottering roof, of some great building encompassed in flames.

The modern achievements of science and invention have been called upon to help this army of fire-fighters respond in the quickest manner possible to the fire alarm, and save life and property at the scene of the conflagration, amidst difficulties almost impenetrable.

The steam fire engine is aided in its work by the chemical engine, the great water tower, or the fire boat; and the hook and ladder receives help from the aerial ladder, and from devices which it now carries, such as the life line, life net, scaling ladder, door opener, etc., which we shall attempt to describe later on.

As for celerity in responding to the alarm, what do you think of hitching up the apparatus and getting started in thirteen seconds from the time the first alarm begins to ring? This is what the modern fire department can do. To understand how it is possible, let us take a glance at the equipment of a New York engine house.

Whenever an alarm is pulled in from one of the fire boxes stationed on the corners of streets, or in other conspicuous places throughout the city, it goes to the headquarters, or central station, and from there is sent to the various fire stations.

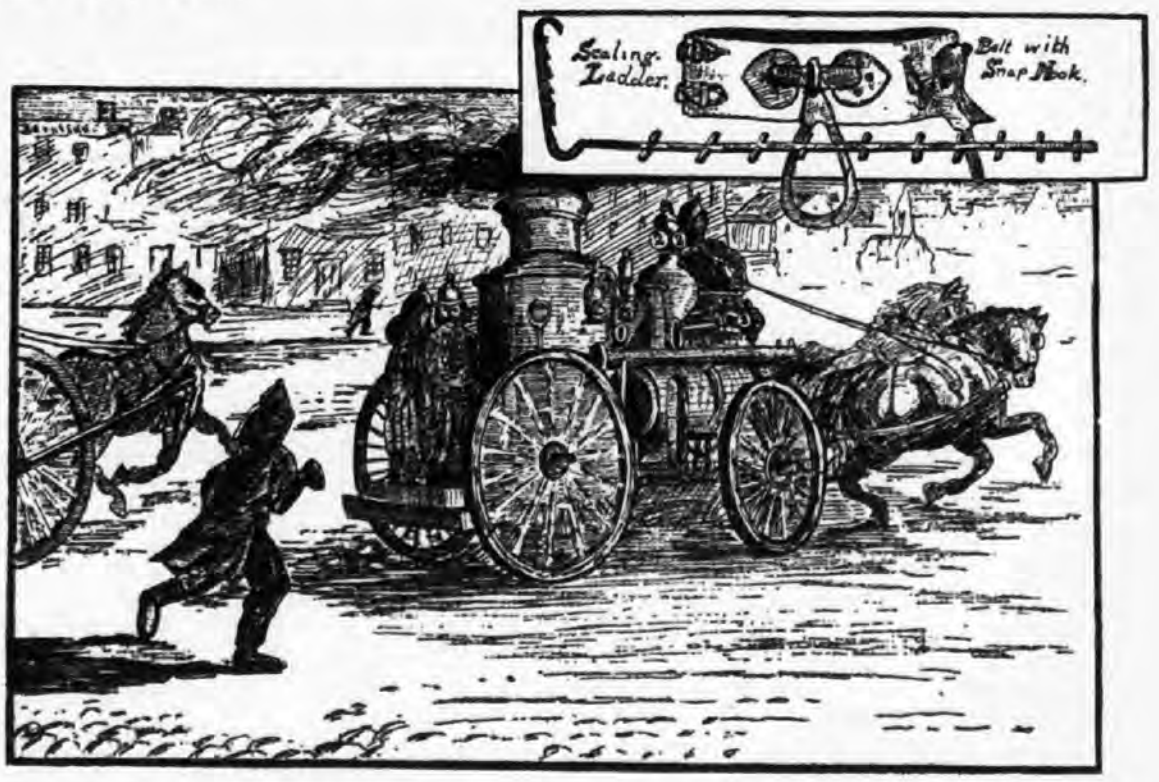
On the first stroke of the alarm a weight in the engine house is dropped by electricity, stopping the pendulum of the clock hanging on the wall. This is to record the exact time when the alarm came in. At the same moment a twenty-five pound weight is dropped in the cellar, thereby opening the gates to the horses' stalls, a lowing the animals to rush out and stand before the engine, ready to be harnessed. The harness always hangs over the shafts, suspended from the ceiling by pulleys which raise it up, or let it down upon the horses, with but a single movement of the hand. No buckling is necessary, and by closing two clasps everything is in readiness for the start.

At night it requires but a few seconds more than the thirteen to leave the house, for the firemen take turns in sitting up, and those asleep wear outside shirt and drawers, to be ready to spring from their couch at the sound of the bell. When an alarm rings in they have but to slip on trousers and large rubber boots, both attached to one another, and instead of running down stairs, slide down a brass pole which lands them beside the engine. Hats and coats are hung on the engine, to be put on while riding to the fire.

It takes no time to build the fire in the engine, that being done on the way. The boiler always contains five pounds of steam, for when not in use the engine is connected with a heating apparatus in the cellar of the engine house, where steam is constantly being generated. The fire beneath the engine is lighted with a match of enormous size,—something that rain or wind cannot easily put out.

On the way to a fire, engines race with one another to see which can reach the scene first. Prizes are awarded the fastest companies, and slow ones are severely reprimanded. The exact time it takes each piece of apparatus to reach its destination is recorded. The foreman of each company is obliged to send a daily report to the chief of the fire department, giving in full an account of each day's operations. The distance from the engine house to the scene of fire is taken into consideration, and suitable time allowed each piece of apparatus to cover it. When the report shows any tardiness on the part of a company, an investigation is made. To keep in practice, firemen, like soldiers, have to go through a daily drill. The drill consists of "hitching up" and mounting the apparatus, in response to a "false alarm."

At the fire every man knows what to do. Some enter the burning building with tanks of fire extinguisher, some carry axes and hooks, while others



OUT OF THE ENGINE HOUSE IN THIRTEEN SECONDS.

spread out the long hose, stretching it from the engine to the fated building.

The chemical engine is stationed the nearest to a small fire. It is probably the most useful piece of apparatus that attends the average fire in the residential section of the city. It is usually composed of two upright tanks of polished copper which hold the gas, and to which the hose is attached. Inside of each tank rests, upon two pivots, a small pot containing sulphuric acid. By means of a handle on the outside, this pot can be overturned, allowing the acid to mix with the contents of the large tank, holding common baking soda and water. The combination makes carbonic acid gas which escapes, together with some of the liquid, through an ordinary garden hose, extinguishing the fire in any closed compartment. Small fires are never put out with water if the gas can be used instead, as it is much less destructive to furniture and carpets than a large quantity of water from the ordinary hose.

While the chemical is being used the members of the Protective Department carry rubber blankets into the building and spread them over articles of furniture. This department is owned by the various fire insurance companies. Its duty is to protect property from fire and water. The protective wagon sets high on heavy wheels, and has compartments on each side like a tin peddlar's wagon for brooms, shovels, axes, blankets, etc.

When the chemical engine is unable to extinguish the fire, the steam fire engine is set to work pumping water from the hydrant into the burning building. The fire engine, weighing over three tons, presents an imposing spectacle when in operation. Throwing up huge sparks and cinders from its smoke stack, it often lights the street, on a dark night, quite as much as the fire it is trying to extinguish. Canal coal, an expensive, oily coal, is used altogether for the engine. Sometimes as many as four engines draw water from one hydrant. When all four are steaming together on one corner of the street their noise is almost deafening. In the city of Hartford, Conn., and in some other places, the engines are propelled through the streets by steam, instead of horse power.

In the case of a large fire some engines are obliged to draw water from distant hydrants, but there is always plenty of hose to be had for this purpose. The hose wagon carries about 1,200 feet of hose. The wagon used to contain a reel on which the hose was wound, but it is now considered better to lay the hose in the bottom of the wagon. The hose wagon also carries a small life line without gun, scaling ladder, door opener, axes, and rubber hat and coats.

The water tower is to carry water to a high level, in case a fire breaks out in a top story of a tall building. The tower consists of pipes fitted into one another like the tubes of a telescope. The bottom piece is as long as the truck, and when not in position rests horizontally in the bottom of the wagon. Carbonic gas, such as is generated in the chemical engine, is used to raise the tower into position. This gas enters two cylinders, one on each side of the wagon, and by working a piston rod, raises the lower section, about thirty-five feet long, into a perpendicular position. The telescoped pipes are then elongated by means of cranks on each side of the truck, which are operated by hand. The entire height of the tower then measures sixty to seventy feet. Into this large tube four to six streams of water can be entered at one time, forming a single stream of great force. A pivoted nozzle on top directs the stream into the building where no ordinary stream can be carried.

The fire boat is practically a large fire engine mounted on a float. It protects the ships in the harbor, and the wharves and buildings along the shore. Its hydrant is the ocean, and a good one it is, for salt water is superior to fresh water for extinguishing a fire.

The hook and ladder truck is well equipped with every device to aid the firemen in reaching a vantage-ground from which a fire can best be fought. Ladders of every size are always at the service of the firemen. By a simple device several ladders can be joined together to form a single one of great length. Our cut illustrates the scaling ladder, which is used in climbing from one window to another. On the left-hand side of the cut is shown how it is possible to fasten the ladder to a window sill by simply thrusting the end indented with teeth through the window until it catches on the sill. The snap hook on the belt, shown in the same engraving, fastens one to the scaling ladder, thus allowing free use of the hands. Climbing from sill to sill one may reach the roof by means of several scaling ladders.

The door opener is a lever arrangement by which two men can open the strongest door.

The life net looks like a rope mat about fifteen feet square. All around the sides of it are handles for some ten men to take hold of. To jump from a window is often the only means of escape from a burning building. The net is to catch those who are driven to this last resort of jumping from the window.

The life line is still another device for saving human life. Into a breech-loading gun is thrust an iron rod attached to a long line of small rope. The rod is then shot through an upper window, carrying with it the rope. Parties in the building pull in the rope, of which they now have an end, and in this way raise up a stouter rope together with fastenings for it, all of which have been attached to the end of the smaller line. For fastening one end of the stout rope to the window, either a bar longer than the width of the window is used, by placing it horizontally across the window on the inside, or else an iron hook which will fasten itself to the window sill. Everyone descending the life line wears a belt provided with the snap hook. The rope is placed inside the hook and looped in such a way that one can slowly slide down the line without danger. Women and children are sometimes borne down the rope in the arms of firemen, and in this way rescued from a terrible death. Besides these things the hook and ladder is provided with a miscellaneous assortment of rakes, shovels, crowbars, axes, hooks for tearing down partitions, and other tools that might come handy in case of an emergency.

The aerial ladder is, as its name implies, a tall ladder for reaching the top stories. This contrivance calls for a separate truck of great length, the hind wheels of which are steered by a fireman sitting in the rear.

Excepting the chief's carriage, supply wagons, an electric wagon stocked with tools for cutting down wires when in the firemens' way, this comprises all the apperatus of a modern city fire department.

In closing we want to thank several members of the Boston Fire Department for their kindness in furnishing us with a good share of the material from which this article has been prepared.

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Written for THE YOUTH'S COMRADE.

The Electric Bicycle of Professor Muddle.



I.

Not long ago, in Cycle town,
Professor Muddle of great renown,
A new electric bicycle planned,
To carry him over both sea and land.

II.

The wheel was fitted with cogs and chains,
With nuts and screws, with the utmost pains.
It carried a jar of electric juice,
Enough to last on a whole week's cruise.

III.

When well equipped the professor opined
To test this offspring of his mind.
So mounted on his wondrous steed,
He cleared the earth at lightning speed.

IV.

The wheel sped on fast, fast, and faster,—
It would not stop, or mind its master.
Straight on o'er land and sea it went,
To right or left t'would not be bent.

V.

It reached at last the great North Pole,—
Through temperate, torrid zones then rolled;—
The tropic heats it must endure,
For ought could stop it on its tour.

VI.

Professor Muddle, in dispair,
Did gnash his teeth and rend his hair.
He never dreamed to land once more
Back on his own dear native shore.

VII.

Old Muddle's wife looked from her door;
She longed to see her man some more.
She looked up North, the way he sped;
Behind her back his pathway led.

VIII.

Thanks to the world for being round,
This causing Muddle to be found.
Around the world he'd sped at last;
His week was up, his journey, passed.

IX.

Right in his dooryard, in a puddle,
The wheel left old Professor Muddle.
And to this day no boy has tried
To mount this wheel and take a ride.

SCIENCE & INVENTION.

A miner named Hughes, just returning from Alaska, reports the discovery of a large ivory mine in that region. For many years it has been known to science that beneath the rivers of the North, especially in Siberia, lay imbedded in the ice the huge tusks of the mammoth, an animal now wholly extinct. Ivory-tusk mining may yet become a novel industry in Alaska.

Scientists now hold that energy is more easily transported through the medium of compressed air than by means of electric storage batteries. They also assert that electric trolley cars will soon be done away with, and that carriages and other modes of conveyance will depend on compressed air for a motive power.

Plans have been made for pumping coal through pipes, like a liquid, from the Pittsburgh coal regions to the Atlantic seaboard. No new machinery will be required for the operation. New York will thus be supplied with coal at a low rate.

Bicycles are now made entirely of wood, including the frame. For the last few years wood has been substituted in several parts of the machine, but the entire wood bicycle is said to be lighter, more elastic, and less expensive than the ordinary wheel.

The falls at Niagara furnish the necessary power for generating an electric current sufficient for the city of Buffalo. Twenty-thousand horse power is to be furnished manufacturers over wires extending from the Falls to the above city.

Campaign Terms Defined.

In the discussion of the money question,—one of the leading issues of the present campaign,—several terms are repeatedly used to describe the financial situation. These terms we here attempt to define in a few brief words.

FREE COINAGE: The United States to make no charge for manufacturing into money, for any individual, all the silver bullion he may bring with him to the mint.

GOLD STANDARD: Gold to be the only standard for the measure of value.

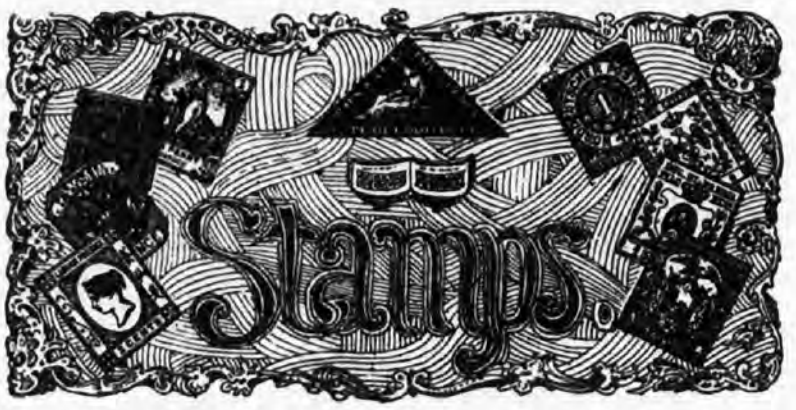
SIXTEEN-TO-ONE: Sixteen ounces of silver to equal, in value, one ounce of gold.

COMMERCIAL RATIO: A ratio requiring as many ounces of silver to equal one ounce of gold as the commercial world shall dictate. This ratio will change with the state of the market. At present thirty-one ounces of silver equal one ounce of gold.



I have a bridge within my heart,
Known as the "Bridge of Faith:"
It spans, by a mysterious art,
The streams of life and death.
And when upon this bridge I stand,
To watch the tide below,
Sweet thoughts come from a sunny land,
And brighten all its flow.
Then, as it winds its way along,
Toward a distant sea,
Oh pleasant is the spirit-song
That upward floats to me,—
A song of blessings never sere,
Of love "beyond compare,"
Of pleasures flowed from troublings here,
To rise serenely there.

——Anson D. F. Randolph.



Look for all the latest stamp news under this head each month. If you are not a subscriber we hope you will read our astounding offer on page 12. Among the list of free books no less than five treat of postage stamps, including a stamp dictionary. Ten books are free to each person.

English collectors have decided to hold a great stamp exhibition in London in 1897. Several years ago a successful philatelic exhibit was held there, but the coming event is expected to eclipse all previous ones.

American stamp dealers are to cooperate with one another this season in reaching and attending to the wants of the younger collectors. To encourage beginners the prices on catalogues, albums, etc. are to be lower than heretofore. Much unnecessary detail, only useful to the most advanced collector, will be left out of these publications with the hope of simplifying and thus popularizing a pursuit already too complex.



After the 13th of the present month we learn that the odd set of Greecian stamps recently issued to commemorate the revival of the olympic games at Athens, will no longer be receivable for postage. This shows that the set is purely speculative in character. By prohibiting their use as postage means that they are to be sold to dealers, probably under face value, simply as a source of revenue to the government issuing them. From the start, the real design in getting out this new series was, without any doubt, speculative, rather than commemorative.

The present watermark "U. S. P. S," on our adhesive stamps stands for "United States Postage Stamp," and not "United States Postal Service," as most collectors suppose.

"Le Timbre Post" announces the existence of a very dangerous counterfeit of the 4 cuartos Spanish stamp of 1867.

In Western Australia a local mail concern, recently started, carries letters upon bicycles to the Swan River gold fields. The company uses stamps of its own bearing the figure of a bicycle in the centre, the value below, and around the design the inscription, "Coolgardie Cycle Express Company, Cycle Messengers." As the regular mail service is to be extended into this district the local concern will have to close up in a few months. These bicycle stamps may then become rare.

Less money has been made by speculating in U. S. Columbian stamps of higher values than the one-dollar specimen than was hoped by parties having plenty of money to invest some two years ago. While the one-dollar Columbian still brings over five dollars, the higher values have been offered, recently, for less than face.



It is rumored that no less than 200,000 sets of the Nova Scotia 1860—'64 stamps have recently been discovered. One firm are supposed to have control of the lot. Sets of five formerly selling for about $20.00 are now offered for about one-third of that price.

An important exhibition of stamps was recently held at Geneva. The exhibits were worth, in the aggregate, $300.000.

New York is to have a philatelic club house, and the same is to be sustained, for the present, by some one-hundred well-to-do, New York collectors. All the local clubs will hold their meetings and auction sales in the club house, which will probably become one of the most popular stamp centres of the world.

Now is the time to buy Cuban stamps. They have never been so low as they are at present, and, so say the catalogue makers, no further reduction is at all probable.

The stamps Mr. Seebeck will issue for 1897 are to be used for postage three years before they can be withdrawn from the post-offices using them. Thus a new yearly installment of Seebecks is no longer to be anticipated.

It is rumored that a New York stamp company is to price unused revenues in their new catalogue. Heretofore no general distinction in price has been made between the cancelled and uncancelled revenue stamps.

Philatelic tracts are sometimes distributed by interested parties for the purpose of bringing new recruits into the ranks of "Stampdom." A Chicago dealer adopts the novel scheme of having distributed at the public schools advertising cards, bearing, upon one side of each, a genuine, foreign stamp. For the benefit of non-collectors the name of the country from which the stamp comes is printed upon each card. Doubtless many a new customer is reached in this way.

The resemblance to a peculiar kind of grill on the present issue of United States stamps is no secret mark, as some collectors have imagined, but a defect in the manufacture of the stamps. A number of sheets, after being printed, are layed upon one another and subjected to great pressure. The perforations on one sheet thus leave their impress on the back of the next sheet, this forming the peculiar grill noticed.

If subscribers will send in queries upon stamp subjects, we will try to answer them in our stamp department. They should be addressed to Editor of the Stamp Department. This department is for the mutual benefit of all our stamp-collecting subscribers.

SOME NEW ISSUES.

British South Africa. Several high values, ranging from 2 sh. to 10 sh. have been issued for this country.

Fiji. A new 1p. lilac is reported.

Gwalior. India stamps surcharged with this name. 2a. 6p. green, black surcharge.

Japan. The new stamps of Japan, bearing portraits of Prince Arisugawa and of the late Prince Kitashirakawa, are now in the market. The values are 2s. and 5s., one set bearing the portrait of the Prince, another set that of the retired Prince, making four stamps in all. The colors are scarlet and blue. These stamps are larger than those of the former issue and fully as attractive. So far as we know they are to be used permanently for postage.



Mexico. The new 1c., 2c., and 3c. stamps are now printed on paper watermarked R. M. (Republic of Mexico.)



Paraguay. Envelope stamps of the 5c. and 10c. value, violet, like cut, have recently appeared. Also postal and letter cards of the 2c. and 4c. values, of same type.

Queensland. A 2½p. rose, with plain background in oval, has appeared.



Selangor. A 25c. value, green and carmine, of type annexed, but bearing the name Selangor at bottom, is now to be added to the rest of this set.

Seychelles Islands. The 45c. stamps are surcharged 18c. and 36c.

Trinidad. A new set of stamps, from ½p. to £1 value, have just been issued for this island, bearing the figure of Britannia in the centre.

Venezuela. A speculative set of stamps, to be sold only till the 15th. of November, have been issued in honor of Gen. Miranda of that country. They are of the size of the Columbian issue.



Zanzibar. Current ½a. and 1a. India stamps, surcharged in blue with above name.

PROPOSED CANADIAN STAMP.

In the following extract The Canadian Weekly calls attention to a proposed change in the color of the present three-cent Canadian stamp. When the change will take place, if at all, is a matter of speculation. Here is the comment:—

"In connection with the present 3-cent stamp question has just arisen a point as to whether or not a change in the color is advisable. Recently a prominent Ottawa barrister was charged by an officer of the department that he had been using 3-cent stamps that had been treated with acid, the inference being that they were cancelled stamps which had been cleaned. Had it not been for the high professional standing of the gentleman referred to a prosecution might have followed, as within the past year or two many parties have been prosecuted for using cleaned stamps. When the matter was brought to the attention of this party he was able to show from stamps in his possession that the one complained of was a specimen of several others held by him and which he had discovered in his pocketbook where they had been hidden for some months. During that period they had completely lost their salmon color and taken on a much darker tint. For protection therefore of the community generally Mr. Mulock should see to it that a change is made in the color of the stamp which is perhaps more used than any other in Canada."

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TO STAMP COLLECTORS.



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It pays to deal with us. Every cent you send us counts towards the following prizes. Should the fellow ahead of you forget to send in his slips on the appointed day, you win.

The person sending us the most money before June 15, 1897, will receive free any one of the following gifts.

A fine, pneumatic Bicycle; an elegant Watch; a large Book-case; a Library of choice Books.

Select any one of the above, and don't pay $100.00 for a bicycle.

2. The person sending us the next largest amount of money will receive **A complete Printing Office, including a large, Foot-power Press, worth $22.00, Fonts of Type,** ink, cards, etc. Press will print bills, catalogues, etc., or a small paper. It is no toy. The outfit starts you in business.

3. The person sending us the next largest amount will receive **2000 Stamps, worth from 1 cent to 25 cents each, neatly mounted on 55 best onion-skin approval sheets,** together with a number of packets, albums, catalogues, etc., to make up a complete **STAMP DEALER'S OUTFIT.**

4. To the next five we shall give each a packet of **Rare Stamps priced by standard catalogues at $2.00 or over.**

5. To the next ten an assortment of perforation gauges, catalogues, some good stamp literature, etc.

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THE PRINCE'S BRIDE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

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CHAPTER I.

There was once a fairy prince whose realm was so vast that none of his subjects could travel beyond its boundaries. He was so truthful and brave, so loving and just, that when it became known that he would seek a bride among his subjects there was a great hurrying and flutter amid the beautiful maidens of the realm. They could not procure fine dresses quickly enough to satisfy their wishes.

The king issued a proclamation that read thus: "As I, the king, am about to place the crown upon the brow of my only son, the prince, it is meet and proper that he should choose for himself a bride, to be queen of all the realm. Such a one must be most beautiful of face, perfect of form, with a hand to fit the royal glove, feet to fit the royal slippers, and, above all things, be loving and obedient. There will also be chosen



The royal glove and slipper were shown in each market place.

for bridesmaids and ladies in waiting a numerous host, upon each of whom shall be bestowed rich gifts and great favor."

With this proclamation there was sent a number of rules by which one could fit herself to become the bride, a bridesmaid or a lady in waiting.

It was distinctly stated that the magical power of the prince could give to the oldest, the poorest, or the plainest, such graces as were demanded. In the matter of beauty, especially, the prince had set his own standard, and had said, "Only a good subject can ever become a good ruler, and one to truly love the king must love his kingdom and all of his loyal subjects. All can strive for these honors, and those who wish to fulfill the requirements will be given full instructions at the market places of all the various hamlets and towns of the realm. The beauty of the inner life shall by magic power cause the face to shine. The old and the young shall all be as of one age and all of equal ability to meet the fullest measure of these my requirements. When great and true beauty is found within any house of my many subjects, then, upon my receiving knowledge of such treasure, I will call to see if the bride or a bridesmaid does dwell there, or, if, perchance, a lady in waiting is of such household."

The royal glove and the royal slipper were shown in each market place. They both were perfect in form.

The prince could make himself invisible and could also be in many places at the same time. His powers to disguise himself, or to be unseen while he himself could see in all directions and read the very thoughts of his subjects, made it impossible to deceive him or to successfully conspire against him.

All the maidens and all their friends were very loud in their professions of loyalty. The prince was very particular to command his subjects to be true hearted and kind to each other. The people, however, were so proud of their prince and of their own many virtues that when any stranger, or even a friend, met with misfortune they would often forget to help the one afflicted, thus directly breaking the law of the king even while going to the market place to sing and shout the praises of their prince or to await his coming to choose a bride.

Now the prince was not in the least deceived by this show of loyalty, but decided that he would appear in different forms, in order to allow the maidens who were so very anxious to become his bride or to receive his favors to keep his best known law of love and kindness.

A new and special proclamation of this old law was sent out, and it was further stated that the perfect keeping of this one law would give perfect beauty. Those who truly love the king or the prince will love the poorest as well as the richest of his subjects, read the proclamation.

The captain of the king's host had seven daughters, all beautiful and fair to look upon. Olga, the eldest, was so fair as to dazzle the eyes of the young noblemen and officers of the royal guard and so perfect in form and face that it was said by all that the prince would certainly choose her or one of the other daughters of his captain.

No other maidens in all the realm could be found so fair and graceful. Olga was surely more beautiful than the others, so it was a small matter to her what directions were given for becoming beautiful. Why trouble herself about them?

The prince had demanded love and obedience, but as she loved her father and family, loved herself especially and obeyed whenever it pleased her to do so that matter was fully provided for with no further trouble. Humility was wanted, and this she did not quite understand, but when told that it was merely that one should not be foolishly proud and despise others while thinking too much of oneself she said: "Oh, yes. That is real nice. Why, I am proud of my humility, for surely I cannot think too highly of myself, and, as for others, why, I don't bother my head about them anyway. That is a sensible kind of humility for me."

You see, Olga was a proud and petted girl, and while thinking herself very wise was not so sensible as she pretended.

Now, in the captain's family was an old nurse who had for years helped others and had been kind to the poor and unfortunate. Her hands were rough and her face wrinkled. Her breath was wheezy and her step lame and slow. Aunt Nancy, as she was called, was waiting for the king's messenger to come and take her to the home which the prince had provided for the old and weary. This kingdom was different from others, and the old ladies' home, the orphan asylum, the home for old men and the infant department were all together. When any one became too weak or weary to work any longer, the prince used to send for them and bring them to this home. It was not like our poorhouses. You may have seen some of them surrounded by fine old trees and looking very comfortable. This home was more beautiful than a palace, and the prince reserved the best of the grains and fruits for its inmates. Notwithstanding all this no one wished to go to this home until one was unable to get a living outside.

Aunt Nancy was the one who waited upon the seven beautiful sisters, so when it was known that the prince would come in a few days to the captain's house poor old Aunt Nancy had to hobble about in a constant hurry from morn till eventide bringing gloves, complexion powders, curling irons and ribbons, that the seven sisters, and especially Olga, might be arrayed in their best.

As Olga and her six sisters looked at the royal glove and slipper, each thought within her own mind, "They are just the fit for my hand and foot, so I need no preparation." When poor old Aunt Nancy came by and saw the glove and

slipper, she said, "Surely my large joints and crooked toes will not fit the slipper, and the glove is still less suited to my hand. I will find the directions, for my hands and feet are so very unsightly that they need improvement whether or no I am even to be a lady in waiting."

She read that the way to beautify the hand was to close it quickly upon every opportunity and to open it often to give help to others.

"Use utmost skill and much exercise in the opening and shutting of the hands and they will become beautiful.

"As to the feet, they must be trained to run in a path which is marked for their use. This path leads to every one who needs your help or encouragement."

They were such strange directions that they set many of the silly girls giggling, and everybody looked upon it all as a joke. Some even laughed at Aunt Nancy when they saw her reading and looking at the glove and slipper. "Our bride, Aunt Nancy," they used to call her in fun, and then they would look at her bony and deformed hands and note her limping, slow and painful gait.

Now, none of these had ever seen the prince, but Aunt Nancy had both seen him and knew his handwriting; so to her it was truth that both her hands and feet could become beautiful. Olga laughed the most and often made fun of Aunt Nancy.

Now that the prince was to call, Aunt Nancy did her best to properly array all the seven beautiful sisters. She wished them to be, at least, ladies in waiting, but surely why should not Olga be the bride and her sisters the bridesmaids?

On the morning of the day when the prince was expected Olga sat on a rustic settee on the porch, waiting to greet the prince when he should arrive. About the time he was expected a lame old woman came up the walk and asked for a drink of water. Olga was mortified and impatient, for the custom was that any one found upon the front porch with you would be considered as a social equal. Olga thought, "What if the prince should see this old beggar and think her my equal?"

(To be Continued.)

Kitty Black.

A fluffy ball is Kitty Black
As she lies here in my lap,
All curled up in the prettiest way,
Enjoying her morning nap.

A spinning top is Kitty Black
When she goes round and round
In quite a dizzy manner
For the tail that is never found.

A playfellow is Kitty Black,
Spoiling for frolic and fun,
Ready to come at the children's call
From morn till set of sun.

An acrobat is Kitty Black
As she climbs and tilts and swings,
Flying so swiftly from point to point
Almost as if she had wings.

A staid old maid is Kitty Black,
Keeping so prim and demure,
As though no string or top or boy
Had power to her allure.

A tiger fierce is Kitty Black
When she gives a cruel spring,
And the robin but now singing
She brings a poor, dead thing.

Now how many kitties have we,
Can you tell me, bright eyed son?
Are there half a dozen really,
Or is it only one?

—Emma Peirce in Youth's Companion.

STORIES OF NAPOLEON.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

The battle of Leipsic, Saxony, Oct. 16 to 18, 1813, was to Napoleon's continental schemes what Waterloo proved to be to his national ambition. He was defeated and forced back across the Rhine, with his magnificent army almost destroyed. Leipsic has been called the "Battle of the Nations." Upon that field England, Russia, Prussia, Sweden and Austria marshaled 800,000 men against 175,000 French.

In the fighting of the 16th Napoleon held his ground at all points in the face of superior numbers, but he saw that the case was hopeless. He must retreat or lose his army. Next day was Sunday, and at dawn the wily emperor sent a captive Austrian general into the enemy's camp asking for an armistice and a plea to his father-in-law, Francis, for Austrian intervention. His demands on Austria were outrageously bold, for they aimed a blow at England, in whose pay Austria was fighting, and stipulated that Italy should be united and free. The plan to gain time by a conference over those matters failed, for the allies agreed to fight on until the French were over the Rhine to the last man.

Even the little time gained by the incident was of no use to Napoleon. He seemed nerveless of a sudden, and this was one of the occasions when an unaccountable lassitude took the place of energy. He gave orders for the construction of bridges for the retreat of his army, but he failed to look after the work and only one flimsy affair was built. The fighting was resumed on the 18th, and all day long the French in the center under the eye of Napoleon resisted the mighty attacks of the allies. That was an hour for the soldier in Bonaparte to assert itself and never was greater valor displayed than that inspired by him when at bay, fighting for life at Leipsic. The columns of enemies seemed interminable and inexhaustible. Rank followed rank up to the French cannon and were hurled back in mangled corses or fragments. The struggle waxed to a frenzied combat of brute strength. On the one side men rushed forward until killed and on the other men stood in their tracks until killed. It was only a question of which side had the most men as to which would hold out longest. When darkness ended the slaughter, the muskets and cannon were useless and the men and horses fell asleep standing in the ranks.

Another spell of apathy came over Napoleon just when he should have been most active to save his army. After giving orders to retreat he went to sleep in the town. Next day he wandered aimlessly about, so unlike himself that his men didn't recognize him. His grand army was conquered and his own martial spirit broken.

THE NOBLE POLISH ALLY

Napoleon was stunned at Leipsic by the desertion in the heat of battle of a large Saxon contingent to the enemy. These troops had served under Bernadotte when that marshal was true to Napoleon and they went over to his camps in a body. One ally, however, remained steadfast, the noble Pole, Poniatowski. The prince had joined fortunes with Napoleon on the Russian campaign, bringing him 40,000 of his countrymen for soldiers. Burning to avenge the wrongs of the unhappy country the Poles carried their banners through the carnage of battle and planted them on the walls of the capital of their foe. In the awful retreat they bore up with the greatest endurance, clinging to Napoleon in spite of his waning fortunes.

At Leipsic Poniatowski opened the battle on Oct. 16. When the retreat began, he could muster only about 3,000 of his once magnificent army. The defense of the suburbs was given into his care, with directions to cover the retreat. "Sire," said the prince on receiving his orders, "I have but few followers left." Napoleon, all animation in such a crisis, said: "What, then! You will defend it with what you have." With McDonald the prince struggled valiantly to hold the allies at a distance until the main army of the French had crossed the bridge over the River Elster. This bridge had been mined for explosion as soon as the troops were safely across. A corporal of the engineers was in charge of the mine, with instructions to apply the match at the proper time. But the allied troops rushed upon the soldiers of McDonald and Poniatowski like the waves of the sea, and in a short time the corporal saw their skirmishers on the river bank. Thinking that the French rear guard had crossed, he fired the train of powder and the bridge was hoisted in the air.



PONIATOWSKI.

When the bridge fell, the French soldiers rushed to the bank of the river in the wildest panic. McDonald and the prince attempted to keep at the head and managed to rally a handful, chiefly officers of the Polish contingent, to charge a body of the enemy which had got in their path. Poniatowski received a severe wound in the encounter, but emerging on horseback galloped toward the river. McDonald led and with a wild leap his horse crossed the stream. The prince spurred his to follow, and he gained the opposite bank. Unfortunately the soft earth gave way under the weight and the horse rolled backward down the bank, crushing his rider and holding him under the tide until he was drowned.

Napoleon had intended to set Poniatowski over Poland as king.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Blow Cold, Blow Hot.

Speaking of problems, here is a little question that may interest and puzzle some of you.

Blow on your hand, and you will see how much cooler it grows. The more you blow the cooler you are.

Now blow on a bulb of a thermometer. Does it go down? Quite the contrary. It goes up and rapidly too. That shows plainly that your breath isn't cool after all. How do you account for this strange state of affairs?

New Inventions In Warfare.

Just as soon as any new invention becomes very useful to the general public the different governments begin to apply it to the needs of their armies, as is explained in the New York Times. It has been proved in actual warfare that balloons can do spying work that men cannot and messengers from a besieged city carrying valuable word to other headquarters can glide in a balloon by night over the heads of the surrounding army without detection. A late adaptation of two things very much in common use now is the typewriter bicycle. This is a typewriter mounted on a wheel specially made for the purpose and which, ridden by the operator, enables his services to be quickly available. A wheel can follow an army almost anywhere.

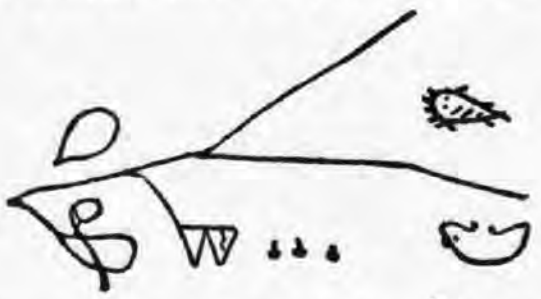
AN INDIAN GIRL'S LETTER.

At First You Can't Read It, but It Is Easy When You Know How.

Before the boys and girls of today can write a letter they must learn no less than 26 letters and how to combine them into words. This is called sound writing.

Now, there is another kind of writing—picture writing it is called—in which there is no alphabet and instead of words some picture of the object is used—as, for example, instead of the word c-a-t we would have a drawing of the animal.

This kind of writing was used by all people in the early days of the world, and in most countries it is so old that it has



long ago been forgotten, but here in America the Indians have practiced this old art until very recently.

Dr. Harvey B. Bashoure tells about a letter written by an Indian girl to a friend whom she wished to visit her which will give you a very good idea of this kind of writing.

This letter will not seem very plain to you, I know, but the one who received it understood it just as well as the letter you write to your friends—perhaps a little better.

The straight lines running through the picture represent the paths of the locality—public highways or streets you may call them if you like. On the right are shown three small lakes or ponds.

The rudely drawn bear in the upper left hand corner is the signature of the writer, her coat of arms, so to speak, and indicates that she is a member of the bear family.

The figure of a mullet below stands for the person addressed—a man of the mullet family.

The three crosses are the girl and two friends—crosses because they are Christians.

The two triangles indicate the wigwams, and the figure is the one in the Indian sign for hand and tells the visitor at which wigwam he is to call.

In a little more elegant English the invitation would read, Miss Bear invites Mr. Mullet to meet her two Christian friends at the camp by the lake.—Chicago Record.

Inexpensive Screens.

Inexpensive but very good looking screens may be made from a clothes horse. If a fourfold screen is desired, put two twofold horses together with double hinges.

THE YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPER'S PAGE.

Always Look Your Best.

When as a people we learn that the chief end and aim of fashion is to make one look one's best, we shall be on the highroad to being the best dressed nation under the sun. Parisian women will have what is most becoming to them if they can get it. American women want what somebody else has. There's the chief difference. If the Parisian fashionable woman looks best in a round waist, she never wears anything else, but follows the styles by adopting all their elegancies of decoration, coloring, etc. It is a liberal education in the art of dressmaking to get in behind the scenes and see how the masters and mistresses of dress work.

Ask a Parisian dressmaker to make you a dress and say, "What shall I have?" Does the clever artist recall a gown worn by Empress This or Queen That or Actress So-and-so and say such and such a thing "would be pretty." Not at all. Your figure is taken into consideration in selecting rough or smooth, large pattern or plain goods. Your eyes, hair and skin are considered in selecting the chief color. Then, with a roll of the warp printed silk for a cue, the dressmaker will coil a twist of one color about it and then another, and the harmony and contrast are decided upon, and when you are clothed in the result of this cogitation you go forth in the nearest degree to a right mind on the subject of dress that you have ever had likely.

Allowance For Daughters.

There can be no doubt that the custom of making an allowance for daughters is an excellent one. When a girl reaches a certain age, say 17 or 18, she should be made an allowance, paid monthly or quarterly, out of which she should be expected to provide herself with gowns, hats and all the staple requirements of her toilet. As to luxuries like furs, jewels, ball gowns and such things, they may be left to the individual generosity of her parents, who need not stint themselves in that because they give her an allowance. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the fact that every girl should have an allowance, and thus be trained to the expenditure of money. Many a young girl, when she marries and goes to her husband, excites alternately his irritation and alarm, owing to her utter ignorance of money. If such a girl had been trained from girlhood to the receipt of a stated sum out of which she had to meet her needs, she would make a better wife.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Flowers For Guests.

It is a pleasant custom when friends are invited to a meal, be it a formal luncheon or tea, that they shall find a flower beside each plate. But one is often bothered at an evening party to know just how to secure the favor in the bodice. It is an act of thoughtfulness for the hostess to provide pins for those to whom the flowers are given. The best fastener for a rosebud is undoubtedly a short hat pin. For smaller flowers, such as jonquils or carnations, long black pins with beaded heads answer the purpose admirably.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Disbudding is the best way to prune the cherry. When, however, it is necessary to remove large branches, the summer is the best time to do it, according to Rural New Yorker.

Children and System.

A certain New York baby who has the luck or misfortune of having a Vassar girl as nurse is consequently allowed to howl itself asleep day after day on the ground that it should be got into the habit of slumbering without extra attention from parents or guardians. In a Vassar girl this action has, of course, a lofty theoretical motive. In a plain, ordinary, uneducated Bridget it might be imputed to simple laziness. Seriously, what an immense amount of useless wear and tear and comfortlessness little children are subjected to in the name of "system!" A mother of grown children once said that she thought that the oldest child of a family was apt to be the victim of many dismal educational theories. By the time the second or third had appeared on the scene the parents had usually recognized the general hopelessness of trying to run nature into a mold and had rediscovered for themselves the one thing certain about an infant, whether of smaller or larger growth—its uncertainty.

Kitchen Comforts.

A big, sturdy, comfortable rocker, cushioned, should await your pleasure. Sit whenever you can. A couch is a famous rest giver. Haven't you an old settee hidden away? Drag it out; dress it up. Stout, washable stuff should cover and cushion it. Intervals in baking, waits in your work, should be spent flat on your back. Five minutes at a time will remove the wrinkles and iron out your tired muscles and nerves.

Have your kitchen table covered with tin. There will be more time for recreation and less for scrubbing after that. There is a certain joy about being able to lift a hot pot and plump it down on your tin covered table. That little nervous flutter born in fear of scorching or staining the table is gone. And do you realize it is just such little thrills of annoyance that age us, the constant dropping that wears away the stone? Creaking doors, windows that stick, misfit pot lids—do away with them.—Womankind.

Boiling Water.

Delmonico once said, "Few persons know how to cook water," and he gave these directions: "The secret is putting good, fresh water into a neat kettle, already quite warm, and setting the water to boiling quickly and then taking it right off to use before it is spoiled. To let it steam and simmer and evaporate until all the good water is in the atmosphere and the lime and iron and dregs only left in the kettle—bah! that is what makes a great many people sick and is worse than no water at all." It was Delmonico who, if he did not discover at least made the hot water cure popular, for it was a favorite prescription for which he charged his customers 25 cents and gave them properly boiled water.

A small flannel bag with one end left open is a good receptacle for the ends of toilet soap. When a few have been accumulated, sew up the opening, and an excellent bath bag is evolved.

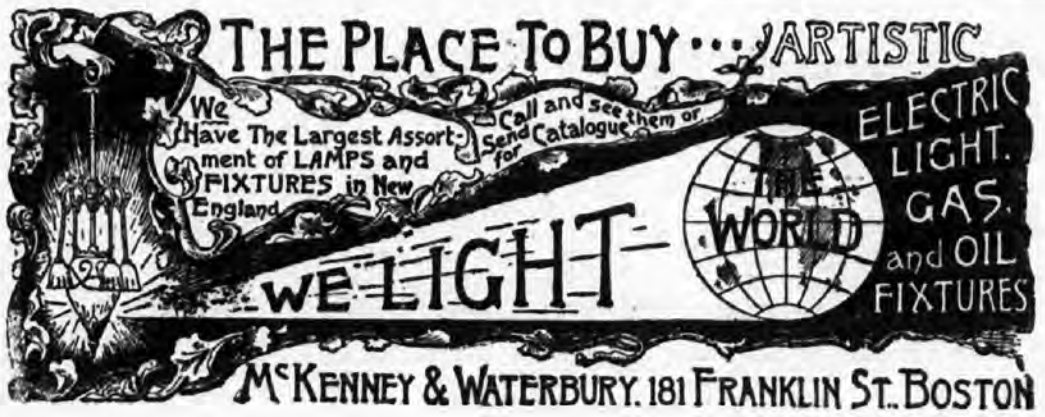
The bride's cake of today is a relic of a Roman custom. At a Roman marriage the bride was expected to prepare a part at least of the wedding feast with her own hands.

Clothing that has become spotted and whose color has been destroyed by acids may have the color restored by applying ammonia and afterward chloroform.

An easy way to remove spots of paint from glass is to make a strong solution of soda in hot water and wash the glass with a flannel dipped in this.

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No. 60.—Riddle.

There's nothing like me on the land,
For I revel in the sea;
Yet always found upon the strand,
Sporting most joyously;
I rest secure in soundest sleep,
Yet o'er the sleeper vigils keep.

No. 61.—Picture Puzzle.



Old Mother Goose.—Find the goose in the picture.

No. 62.—Numerical Enigma.

I am composed of 62 letters and form a couplet by Cowper.

My 54, 21, 9, 46, is rapid. My 29, 26, 41, 16, is one who entertains. My 48, 25, 8, 35, is a large wading bird. My 11, 59, 31, 19, 50, is desires. My 57, 36, 45, 23, 6, is a retinue or company of attendants. My 62, 13, 53, 60, 47, is to pain acutely. My 1, 28, 38, 51, 32, is in advance. My 44, 34, 8, 22, 56, is lacking strength. My 33, 17, 48, 12, 39, 42, are shallow places. My 14, 18, 2, 4, 55, 61, is frank. My 24, 15, 10, 52, 58, 30, is a famous mountain peak in California. My 20, 7, 40, 37, 27, 5, 49, is to contend.

No. 63.—Anagrams—Birds.

1. No calf. 2. Rhone. 3. To suit me. 4. Go in flames. 5. Drive on, G. 6. Last ring. 7. Cross a way. 8. Gain the ling. 9. Ramp, giant. 10. No cord.

No. 64.—Word Squares.

A fragment. An article of furniture. To lift. A passage. To arrange, as birds arrange their feathers.

Inclines. To settle an income upon. To worship. The language of ancient Scandinavia. Fragrant.

The seat of life. A mistake. Get up! Fragrant flowers. A lock of hair.

No. 65.—Geographical Anagrams.

1. The laps. An island off the west coast of Africa belonging to England.
2. A tained it. A town in Egypt.
3. Lead. A state on the eastern coast of Africa.
4. Clean star. A town in the north of England.
5. Rock. A city in Ireland.
6. We send. A country in the north of Europe.
7. Rave on. A town in Italy.
8. Run, baby. A town in Oxfordshire.
9. Wet chops. A town in Monmouthshire.
10. A surly bey. A town in Buckinghamshire.
11. Sup there, A. A river in the west of Asia.

No. 66.—Diamonds.

A vowel. A boy's nickname. To grow better. A helper. To penetrate. A black beetle. A consonant.

In buoy. A woman devoted to a religious life. Celebrated. An apartment in a house where butter and milk are kept. Very poor. Free from moisture. In buoy.

No. 67.—Central Deletions.

Delete to delay and leave a wild animal.
Rough and leave minced meat.
To relax and leave to miss.
Filial duty and leave compassion.

No. 68.—Missing Letter Puzzle.

When the missing letters are supplied, the words will form a verse from a poem by Longfellow:

"Oxaxhxr! xsxexgxexmxnxlxgxt!
Ox, sxyxhxtxaxixbx?"
Bxtxhxfxtxexaxsxexexnxvxrxwxrx.
Axrxzxnxoxpxexaxhx.

No. 67.—Behead and Curtail.

Behead and curtail cruelly and leave a measure.
To cut off and leave a cover.
Oriental and leave a genus of plants.
To shape and leave a poem.
A hermit and leave to abate.
Dirt deeply insinuated and leave a border.

A Clever Charade.

Writing in the courtly style common a century ago Charles James Fox addressed the following graceful phrases to a lady friend of his:

"Permit me, madam, to come, uncalled, into your ladyship's presence, and by dividing myself add greatly to my consequence. So exalted am I in the character of my first that I have trampled on the pride of kings, and the greatest potentates have bowed down to embrace me, yet the dirtiest kennel in the dirtiest street is not too foul to have me for its inmate. In my second, what infinite variety! I am rich as the eastern nabob, yet poor as the weeping object of your benevolence. I am mild and gentle as the spring, yet savage and cruel as the wintry blast. I am young, beautiful and happy, yet old, deformed and wretched. 'Tis from the highest authority I dare pronounce myself your superior, yet few instances are there to prove it and many are the proofs against. But your ladyship is tired and wishes my reunion. It is done, and I have no other merit than in remaining, as before, your ladyship's humble servant."

The answer to his ingenious charade is "footman."

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 54.—Numerical Enigma: "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will."

No. 55.—Charade: Abigail.

No. 56.—Removals: Wallace, Wakefield, Wadsworth, Westall, Waterton, Wedgewood.

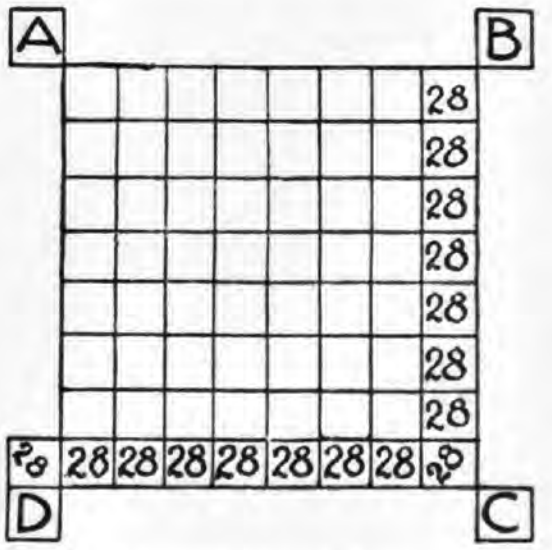
No. 57.—Crossword Enigma: Rabbit.

No. 58.—Making the Bird Enter the Cage: No answer required.

No. 59.—Hidden Animals: Ass, dog, camel, hare, fox, cat, rat, goat, deer, seal, bear, ape.

Hard Number Problem to Solve.

Now for a number puzzle. Fill all the blank squares in the diagram from 1 to 7 so that the result will be 28 in any direction that the numbers may be added. Each



column of squares up and down, each column from side to side and the numbers in the squares from A to C and from B to D must all add up 28.—Chicago Record.

Kings and Their Crowns.

The idea which most children have of a king is that he goes around with a crown on his head and wrapped in royal robes or riding a splendid steed. This is not true, of course, as some of you may know. The only ruler of Europe today who is ever seen wearing a crown is King Oscar of Sweden. The emperor of Germany owns a beautiful crown which, it is said, he has never put on his head. The crown is the emblem of kingly rule, but it is kept for state occasions only, and then it is more often borne into the state chambers resting on a cushion than on the brow of the man who is entitled to wear it.—New York Times.

A Ball For the Baby.

A delightful ball for a baby can be made by a little sister. Find a pill box—a tin one is best—and put in it a dozen shot to make a noise. Make a bag of white muslin or cambric the size of a big ball and fill with cotton wool, putting the pill box in the middle before sewing the end up. For the outside choose very gay colored wools in five colors. On the ordinary steel knitting needles cast on 18 stitches and knit 30 rows. Sew the stripes together and slip the muslin ball inside, drawing each end close and fastening it securely. The rattling noise it makes will be much enjoyed by the youngster.

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A. BULLARD & CO.,

PUBLISHERS of THE YOUTH'S COMRADE,

97 Pembroke Street, BOSTON, MASS

THE YOUTH'S COMRADE

A CLEAN PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE

Entered at the Boston Post Office for Transmission through the Mails at Second Class Rates.

VOL. II. A. BULLARD & CO., 97 PEMBROKE ST. BOSTON, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1896. 35 AND 50 CENTS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. NO. 5.

Written for THE YOUTH'S COMRADE.

TOMMY'S THANKSGIVING.

Lost in the woods. Tommy and his sister meet a queer stranger. Grandmother's dinner.



TOMMY'S FATHER SEARCHES FOR THE LARGEST TURKEYS.

JUST three months ago Mr. Somers moved his family "down East." The children,— Tommy a lad of sixteen, and his sister Helen, two years younger,— had been brought up in the city, and were as unfamiliar with country roads, fields, and wood patches, as with the latest chapters on biology. What trouble this caused the two children we shall find out later on.

Mr. Somer's parents were still living at the old homestead. It was only a mile there from Tommy's new home, now situated in one of the prettiest villages in the state of Maine. Mr. Somers drove Tom over to see his grandmother once since he had moved his family into their country home. He thought his son now knew the way to his grandparents', for there were only two turns in the road. Tommy, himself, felt sure he could hereafter find Grandmother's alone. But how he succeeded we must learn later on.

The day before Thanksgiving Tommy's mother and father drove over to Grandma's. Grandmother had planned to have all her sons and daughters and her grandchildren spend Thanksgiving with Grandfather and herself. It was to be the greatest family gathering for years. Pies and cakes by the dozens were made even a week beforehand, and laid upon the shelves for Thanksgiving day. Mother Somers proposed to spend the afternoon and night preceeding Thanksgiving with Grandmother, to assist her before the gathering. Father Somers went too, to buy, on the way, the largest turkeys he could find, and to help Grandfather do up the chores.

But Tommy and his sister had to stay home that night. Their instructions were to keep house until the next day, which, as we said before, was to be Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving morning, however, no later than ten o'clock, they were to start for Grandmother's.

The next day Tommy was up at an early hour, and had all his morning's work done up by the time sister Helen had breakfast ready.

Before ten o'clock the children started for Grandmother's, both dressed in their Sunday clothes. They were already beginning to feel hungry for the big Thanksgiving dinner. They decided to shorten their journey by crossing several fields, likely, they thought, to lead them to Grandmother's back door. The back door was nearest to the kitchen. And in the kitchen they would surely get treated to cakes and nuts before it was time for dinner. They crossed a hill in the middle of a large field, went straight through a young growth of brushwood, over a second hill, and across another field. Then Tommy said to Helen, "Do you see that barn in the distance? That must be Grandfather's We cannot see the house yet, for it is behind the barn."

Helen was glad to think that they were nearing the house. The two hastened their steps, and finally reached the barn. But when they began to look for the house, no house was in sight. Tommy had been deceived in thinking they were so near to their grandparents.

Both then went further on, straight ahead, but they saw no houses anywhere around. Thinking they had travelled over a mile, they concluded that Grandmother's was in another direction. They turned to the right, but soon came to some thick woods. Seeing the blue sky beyond, they struck through the forest, and soon came to a road. Tommy said the road looked like the one his father took him over the day he went to see his grandmother. This gave Helen renewed courage, for before this she had imagined herself lost. But Tommy said he had no fear of losing his way to Grandmother's, which was only a mile from home.

After walking for a quarter of an hour along this newly-discovered road, Tommy saw that it was not the one he had taken it for. He told Helen the road they must take was evidently a trifle further to the right. So they crossed another field, lost the points of the compass while making their way through a small wood lot, came upon a second road which they followed in the wrong direction, and at last came back to their own home.

It was now getting near to noon, so both Helen and her brother thought it advisable to keep entirely to the road on their second trip. This they did for awhile, until Tom said that the road they had taken was unfamiliar to him, and that they had better cut across the nearest field to find the right road. This time they went off towards the left.

Imagine poor Helen, now following Tom in this direction, now in that, stumbling over stone walls, climbing rail fences, crawling beneath barbed wire, and retracing her steps a dozen times, not knowing which way to go next. Also imagine Tom, sure every time that he had the right way, that Grandmother's was within a stone's throw, and that if anyone could find it, he surely could.

But when Tom thought of the turkey dinner almost ready to be served, it is not strange that he felt a little anxious about reaching Grandmother's on time. The two hastened their steps and at last came to an untravelled road leading into the woods. They took this road, but the farther they went, the deeper they found themselves in the forest. On, on, they went, but the end of the road did not appear. Tom looked at his watch. It was twelve o'clock. Helen brushed away the tears from her eyes, asked her brother what they should do next, and then took hold of Tom's hand, ready to follow wherever Tom went. The black forest stretched itself on every side of them. They were lost!

While Mr. Somer's children were thus blindly wandering about, Grandmother was putting steaming dishes on the table, thinking her two grandchildren would arrive at any moment. But Mr. Somers, more anxious, harnessed his horse and drove home after his children, thinking possibly they had not started. He never thought of striking through the woods over the sled roads to find the missing ones.

While this was being done the wanderers came to a log house, half buried in the underbrush of the forest. Helen felt sure it was the home of some demon of the woods, and advised her brother not to approach it. But Tom wanted to inquire the way to Grandfather's, and was therefore glad to find a house even in this lonely spot. The windows were boarded up, and there were no signs of life anywhere about the hut. It was a logger's camp, and probably used but a few months in the year.

But just as they were leaving this lonely habitation, they heard the door mysteriously open, and a feeble voice cry out, "What ye want here?"

Turning quickly about they saw standing in the door scarcely the shadow of a young boy. The stranger repeated his question while advancing to meet them. When asked where Grandfather Somers' was, the little stranger replied, "Old Mr. Somers?—why he's our nearest neighbor. Jest go along the road, climb the second pair of bars, turn ter yer right an' take ther road. It's only a five-minute's walk. Perhaps I'd better go an' show yer ther way."

"O thank you," replied Helen, "but we will not take you away from your Thanksgiving dinner. I guess we can find it alone, now."

The stranger told them he had no Thanksgiving dinner to eat, and that he was all alone in the house.

On the way to Grandmother's his listeners learned that the little boy had no parents, and that his master, a severe man, had left him alone for the whole day, with a cold, scanty lunch for his Thanksgiving dinner.

In five minutes Grandmother's was reached. It was behind some trees, not a great distance from the solitary barn they had seen on their first trip across the fields.

Father Somers had just returned. All were there. Grandmother invited the little guide in to dinner too, and all spent a joyful Thanksgiving the rest of the day.

SCIENCE & INVENTION.

BIDS for the construction of torpedo boats for the United States navy have been sent to the chiefs of the bureau of construction and steam engineering of the navy department. In all about a dozen 20 to 30-knot torpedo boats are to be built for the government, a part in New England, the rest on the Pacific coast.

A SUBSTANCE harder than diamond has been discovered by M. Moessan, who heats boracic acid, mixed with carbon, in an electric furnace at a temperature of 5,000 degrees, to produce this new compound.

A PAPER telegraph pole is one of the latest novelties made from this wonderfully adaptable material,—pulp. The pole is cast in a mould, and is hollow through its entire length. Although the pole is very light it is said to be more durable than wood. For a second novelty we find paper stockings, said to be a great relief to perspiring feet.

CITY STREETS through which electric cars pass are now watered by an electric sprinkler capable of throwing a spray of water twenty feet or more on each side of the track the machine runs on.

A CALIFORNIAN inventor, Ernest Gerlach, is constructing a large water motor to be run by the waves of the sea. If successful it will supply Santa Cruz with heat and light, and furnish power for the Santa Cruz electric railway.

RECENT experiments with a new flying machine called the Albatros intimate that aerial navigation is possibly a thing of the near future.

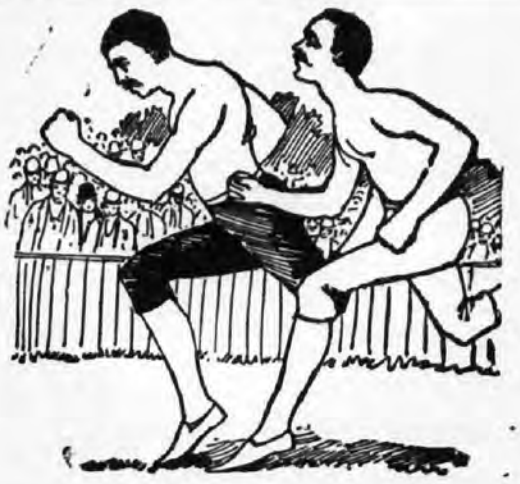
A Stable on Wheels.

Hermann, the great magician, is passionately fond of horses. On his tours through the United States he carries four, and sometimes six, horses with him for his own amusement. The car in which these animals are transported may well be called a parlor car for horses. It is divided into two compartments, one serving as a carriage house. In this Hermann keeps his coupe, his tandem trap, and a small carriage for every-day use. Along the side of this room are the bunks in which the attendants sleep.

In the other compartment are his horses, in thickly-padded stalls, that the jar of the train may not injure them. Near the roof several water tanks are suspended, and along one side of the car there is a row of closets for the different sets of harness used. Cock Robin, Addie, Trilby, and Matchless are the names of four of his pretty horses. As Hermann is on the road, filling his engagements, the greater part of the time, it is well that he possesses so commodious a stable on wheels.

One's duty should never be put off until to-morrow. The procrastinator's to-morrow never becomes a day of the present.

OUT-DOOR AMUSE-MENTS.



AFTER a lapse of several centuries the revival of the ancient Olympic games at Athens is not without its importance. It is designed to bring together the contestants for prizes from various parts of the world, and create a friendly feeling among the nations toward Greece. The first series of games was held last April, and in 1898 the contests are to be repeated. A new stadium for the reception of the games, capable of holding 70,000 spectators, is now in process of construction at Athens. When completed it will be the most commodious place in the world devoted to the holding of athletic meetings.

Boston athletes especially distinguished themselves last April at the games. As a mark of honor two medals, one gold, the other bronze, were sent, last month, to the city of Boston by His Majesty, the King of Greece.

The head of the Olympian Jove decorates the obverse side of the bronze medal, and on the reverse, or back, is a representation of the Acropolis and the inscription in Greek: "International Olympic games, Athens, 1896." On the obverse of the gold medal is seen Athens presenting the crown to the victors, and around this, "Olympic games, 1778 B. C. to 1896." On the reverse is the inscription: "International Olympic games." Besides these tokens an obelisk and pedestal are now on the way from Greece. The monument is to be crowned with the bust of Bacchus, and upon the pedestal is inscribed the names of the victorious athletes.

One of the most influential citizens of Athens, Timoleon I. Philemon, is at the head of this movement. He inscribes himself "The General Secretary of the Olympic games, and ancient mayor of the city of Athens." Philemon sends his photograph to the mayor of Boston, together with his compliments, and extends a very cordial invitation to the people of Boston to visit the next athletic contest held at Athens.

The early Greeks used to date their years from these Olympic contests. Lycurgus, the Spartan, in 776 B. C. revived the games and brought them into great prominence. So important were the contests at this early period that all hostilities throughout Greece were suspended during the month that the games were celebrated. Foot racing, wrestling, chariot racing etc., were the athletic sports at the time of the first Olympiad.

COIN DEPARTMENT.

For several months we shall give, in this department, a list of all the U. S. coins actually worth more than face value. The prices appended are approximately those now offered by coin dealers for the purchase of these rare dates.

COPPER HALF-CENTS.

1793	1 00
1794	40
1795	50
1796	10 00
1797	50
1800	10
1802	1 00
1810	20
1811	35
1831	1 50
1836	1 50
1840	2 00
1841	3 00
1842	3 00
1843	3 00
1844	3 00
1845	3 00
1846	3 00
1847	3 00
1848	3 00
1849 small date	3 00
1850	05
1852	2 50
1854 to 1857, each	05

COPPER CENTS.

1793 Flowing hair	1 00
1793 Liberty cap	2 50
1793 Chain band around value	2 50
1794	35
1795	50
1796 LIBERTY	20
1796 LIHERTY	75
1797	20
1798	08
1799	5 00
1800	10
1801 HNINTED	20
1801 Without mistake in spelling	10
1803	02 to 15
1804	3 00
1805	20
1806	10
1807	06
1808	05
1809	75
1810 over 1809	05
I810 plain	02
1811	50
1812	03
1813	15
1814	05
1816	03
1817	02

(To be Continued.)

...THE...

YOUTH'S COMRADE,

A Clean, Illustrated, monthly Paper for the Home Circle.

Published By

A. BULLARD & Co., 97 Pembroke St.,

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SOAP-MAKING.

NO article is more universally used than soap. Even the savage is taught to regard cleanliness as next to Godliness, and to use soap—at least once a year. Excepting, perhaps, the street urchin, nobody could get along in these enlightened days without a cake of this highly-incensed, cheese-like, soapy soap.

In the early days, when our grandmothers used to make their own soap, an Indian, happening



BOILING SOAP.

along when the grease was boiling, once took such a liking to the seething, molten mass, that he swallowed a cup-full, thinking it to be a delicious soup. Soap and soup sound much alike but, as this Indian could tell you, there is a difference between them. Soap in its own place, however, is indispensable.

Our cut represents a section of the boiling room of one of the largest soap factories in the world. The room contains 77 vats, holding 60 tons of raw material. 800 tons of fats, alkalies, and other cognate ingredients, are here used in the manufacture of soap, each week. After the soap is boiled it is allowed to cool in large cases. It is then cut into the required lengths, and stamped with the manufacturers' name.

In the box factory stand twelve gigantic machines, capable of turning out 16,000 completed boxes in the course of a single day. They are operated entirely by boys. Small boys on top feed the machines with nails. Older boys below manage the boxes. With a single blow seven nails are driven into each side of the box by one of these powerful machines.

Near the factory stands a village of pictursque cottages, Old English in style. They are owned by the proprietors of this great soap-industry, and are let to a thousand or more of their employes at a low rate, sufficient only to pay taxes and repairs on the property.

TREED BY A BEAR.

A TRUE REMINISCENCE.

PERCHED for two days and nights on the top limb of a pine tree, with a hungry bear waiting anxiously below for a good meal, is the recent experience of Mr. Eugene Newhall, of Lynn, while spending his vacation in the State of Maine.

One morning Mr. Newhall and two other gentlemen left the camp which they had pitched in the dense forests near the Rangeley Lakes, in search of game for dinner. The party at first separated, each one choosing a direction of his own. After a detour of a mile, or so, all were again to meet at a chosen place. But when this spot was reached by the other two members of the party, Mr. Newhall was not in sight. After waiting some time, the two hunters decided that Newhall had gone off by himself, presumably determined to track a bear single-handed.

Now scarcely had Newhall left his companions before he discovered a bear trail. Eagerly following it he soon found himself face to face with hungry Mr. Bruin. He aimed his rifle at the bear but, as luck would have it, the gun was not loaded. Newhall therefore had all he could do to drop his rifle and climb the nearest tree. All day long he remained in the tree, awaiting the approach of his friends, who did not appear, however. He then spent the night in the same place and when, in the morning, he looked down upon the ground, he still saw the huge bear savagely eyeing him. What he should do he knew not, for he was getting hungry, as well as fatigued.

All that second day he waited for a rescue party, but nobody came in sight. A second night was spent in the tree. But Newhall was rapidly losing strength, and would be unable to hold out many hours longer. The next morning, fortunately, his comrades discovered him. One of them, taking good aim, sent a bullet through the bear's heart, laying him out in an instant. Newhall was then carried to the camp, for his prolonged fast, together with the fright, had nearly prostrated him. After taking some nourishment, however, he rapidly recovered, and in a few hours was quite himself again.

For forty-eight hours Newhall had remained cramped up on a branch, without a particle of food, all the while doubtless vowing that this would be his last bear hunt.



IS STAMP COLLECTING A USELESS PURSUIT?

EVERY now and then man's inclination to collect something asserts itself in one new form or another. Monograms, autographs, picture cards, buttons, etc., have all been hoarbed up by people possessing more of the instinct of acquisitiveness than their fellows. Collecting is almost as essential to them as breathing. This instinct is found in almost every form of animal life,—in the bee, the squirrel, the mouse, or the dog who buries his bone for a future meal. People who are noted for "saving" are usually the ones most successful in life. And those who care nothing about getting something for a rainy day are surely to be classed among the most miserable.

But while animals are guided by instincts, human beings are often left to follow out the dictates of their own reasoning. In some, instincts die out at an early age, or are so completely annulled by opposing ones that they do not seem to exist. When this is the case, artificial means have often to be resorted to, to supply an incentive to some right mode of action. Children who have never exhibited the saving disposition should be taught to save. The habit once formed will never be given up. It is for this reason that the cards, buttons, monograms, or what-not saved in early life have often been the means of starting many on the road to fortune. The collecting habit, then, may instil into many the disposition to acquire something,—be it the acquisition of knowledge, riches, or of noble character.

Collecting postage stamps has had a greater influence for good, in this respect, than any other of the so-called "fads." For over thirty years the pursuit has been followed by girls and boys, men and women, in all classes of society. To-day the mighty army of stamp collectors, found in every civilized country of the world, numbers into the hundreds of thousand. The result of this is that postage stamps now have a market value, a value that is governed by the same laws of supply and demand that regulate the prices on precious stones, works of art, and other important luxuries of life. To collect stamps is to collect something of real value, and in this respect quite different from the accumulation of odd buttons, monograms, or articles of like worth.

Furthermore, judicious stamp collecting is a good investment. Stamps that can be bought for a few cents to-day may be worth ten times that amount in the course of several years. One can spend a little or a great deal on stamps. For five cents a fair-sized collection can be started. Fifty thousand dollars would not purchase all the varieties of stamps in existence. But whether a collection is worth five cents or fifty thousand dollars today, it will surely rise higher and higher in value as it increases in age.

Teachers agree that there is no greater help to the study of geography than stamp collecting. Ask a class of scholars to write out a list of the British possessions, and the stamp collector among them will catalogue the greatest number of these possessions. Ask a collector what nations own the Seychelles Islands, Iceland, the Philippine Islands, or Cape Verde, and he can intelligently answer your questions.

Many postage stamps are veritable works of the fine arts, and thus develope the artistic tastes of their possessors.

The inscriptions and portraits upon these stamps tell, in a nut-shell, a great deal of history. They interest collectors who finally resort to books to further satisfy their acquired taste for learning.

It pays to collect stamps, in whatever light you look at it. That is why parents and teachers indorse it, and older folks, as well as the "youngsters" make costly collections of these curious bits of engraved paper.





Our cuts represent one of the new Japanese stamps mentioned last month, and a stamp of the new design for Trinidad.

The Collector's Club, with headquarters at 351 4th. Ave., N. Y., is now fully organized. Nine directors have been chosen for one year, and a constitution adopted.

Of U. S. stamps alone there is said to be over 3000 varieties.

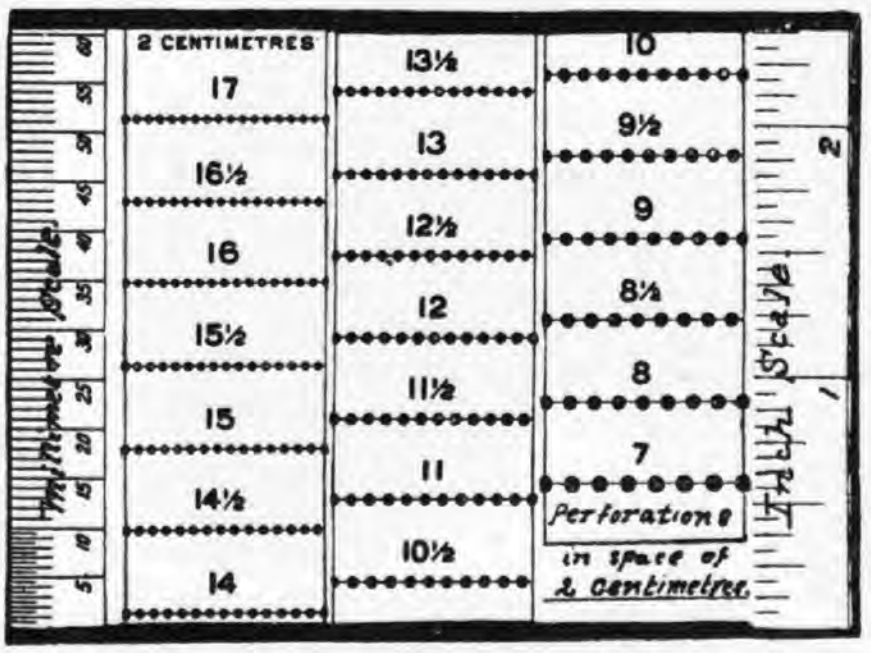
The coming London Philatelic Exhibition will be held in the Crystal Palace in London. The work of preparation is now being undertaken in detail.

Japan furnishes a large share of the counterfeits.

THE PERFORATION GAUGE.

The Perforation Gauge and Millimetre Scale is a device enabling the collector to detect counterfeit stamps and rare varieties. While a counterfeit may resemble, in color and engraving, the stamp it imitates, it is a curious fact that it frequently possesses the wrong perforation.

The dates of certain stamps are ascertained by the size of their perforations. For instance, the 1c black British Guiana stamp of 1863 contains 12 to 13 perforation holes in the space of every 2 centimetres. In this condition it is worth $1.00. The same stamp with 10 perforations is worth only 18c., and belongs to the issue of 1868. The 4c blue of 1876 is worth 60c when perforated 14. The same stamp perforated 12 1-2 is rare, selling for $15.00.



In using the scale find the dots that exactly fit in the perforation holes. The number over them indicates the perforations in the space of 2 centimetres. Perf. 14, for example, means that there are 14 perforations to every 2 centimetres of length.

As counterfeits seldom have the exact measurements of genuine stamps, the millimetre scale is used in comparing the two.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

Subscribers, send in your questions, and we will answer them for you, if possible.

The Miranda set of 5 Venezuelan stamps were issued for speculative purposes, and have therefore been condemned by most collectors. Only unused specimens are now on sale, and those bring little over face.

Samoa is an island in the Pacific, and issues stamps of its own. The Samoan Express stamps, used, are worth several dollars apiece. Genuine reprints sell for about five cents each.

Dextrine is a yellow powder. It is worth about ten cents a pound. Dealers in paints and chemicals keep it. Mix with water.



AMONG THE FAIRIES

We have made special and exclusive arrangements with the author for a series of new and charming fairy stories. For some time they will be one of our special features.

THE PRINCE'S BRIDE.

[Copyright, 1896, by Walter B. Guild, Boston.]

CHAPTER II.

On account of this peculiar custom Olga became furious when the old woman put her foot on the steps as though to come upon the porch. "Go away, you miserable old beggar," said Olga, "and do not disgrace me with your presence." As the old woman passed by Aunt Nancy was just returning from the market and noticed how sad she looked. "Now," thought Aunt Nancy, "I can beautify my feet and hands at the same time." So she called and hobbled after the poor beggar. Upon learning what was wanted, Aunt Nancy invited her into the kitchen, for no disgrace was counted to any one who took strangers into the kitchen. No matter what might be in the kitchen, whether bugs or beggars, so long as the front porch was clean and no persons of low estate sat beneath the trailing rose vines in the front yard a house was not disgraced.

The old beggar said that she had a letter for whomever would receive it in that house, but it must not be opened until the wedding of the prince.

Olga soon tired with her waiting and went into the house for a cooling cup of mead. She came out again without delay and met a royal messenger, who gave her a letter from the prince. It simply said: "I called, but you were not ready to receive me. Next week I will call again. Let another sit upon the porch." Olga thought, "Surely the prince must have passed while I was in the house for the glass of mead."

This was a great and sore disappointment to Olga, as she could now only hope to be one of the bridesmaids and her next younger sister must be the favored one. As Olga thought about this she went to her sister Juno and told her sad experience.

Juno remembered Olga's warning as she sat in the chair waiting, waiting, waiting. After a long time, a small boy, thin and pale, with clothes tattered and worn and with bare feet came up the road. Stopping in front of Juno he asked: "Please, miss, can you give me any work? I can train a rosebush so nicely that it will make your heart glad to gaze upon it. Now see this twig." So saying he put out one hand and at the same time very innocently placed one foot on the step as if about to come up on the porch. Juno was indignant. Did this beggar boy want to claim to be her equal by coming on the porch with her? Often there were people who came for food, and it was very little that they got, but they usually knew better than to come to the front door, especially when one was sitting in the welcome chair. This boy's arrival was especially unpleasant as the prince might arrive at any moment. This thought made Juno very angry and she arose from the chair and slapped the poor boy's face as she said: "Get thee hence. Wouldst disgrace me as I am waiting to welcome the prince? Get hence, I say, with all the speed you may, and ne'er again be so rude." The poor boy wept and said, "But may I go to the kitchen, there to be unseen by guests upon the porch?" "Yes. Get thee out of sight," said Juno.

When Aunt Nancy saw the poor little fellow coming, she opened her old arms and gave him a good hug and a kiss as she said, "How can I comfort thee, my son?" The boy looked at her and said, "Surely you have comforted me already." He then vanished, and Aunt Nancy knew that it was none other than the fairy prince himself.

Juno became very sleepy, and just as she nodded a voice said: "Sleep all you wish for the prince has now passed by. He will come again to see who is most worthy."

The day of the week was to be the same as before, and now Mira, the third sister, sat and waited. She was vain and trifling in her ways and in dressing had caused poor old Aunt Nancy more trouble than both her elder sisters. She scolded the dressmakers, annoyed the glovesellers and finally upset a bottle of perfume and spotted her best gown. Then there were more scolding and complaining of her ill luck.

"Have you looked at the directions?" asked Aunt Nancy. "Oh, bother the directions, you meddlesome old nuisance," said Mira.

"You will not need the directions," said a very kind but sad voice. "You have broken the law of kindness too often The prince requires more love and patience." The parrot was perched upon the window sill, and as he saw the look of fear and surprise on Mira's face he laughed and said, "Pretty Poll." "Oh, that miserable bird!" said Mira. "He never spoke in that voice before, and he scared me." Aunt Nancy knew just what Mira feared, but would not confess. She knew that it was the voice of the prince.

Mira waited vainly all day and just at sunset she heard the sound of wheels, and a messenger came to ask if any more of the sisters would wait for the prince.

"You heard his voice this morning," said the messenger to Mira, "and knew that it was not the voice of the parrot. Your waiting was vain until you asked forgiveness of those to whom you have been unkind. This you were not willing to do."

All the other four sisters wished to await the coming of the prince.

"You need not be troubled about your dress," said the messenger, "as the fairy prince will provide the robes for his bride and for all those whom he chooses to honor." "Oh, that is such a relief!" said the sisters.

Nora was the next, and as she had little trouble to prepare her toilet she was happy. "I will be as kind and gentle to Aunt Nancy and every one else as you please," said she, and all went nicely for a time.

As she sat waiting she saw a neighbor's baby playing in the road, and as she played she gave no heed to a team which was coming along with the driver asleep on his seat. Nora saw that the great horses would walk over poor baby if nothing was done to prevent, but what if she should leave the porch just as the prince might be coming? "Aunt Nancy can get there in time if I call," thought Nora. So she called to Aunt Nancy, for she would not leave her seat nor sleep for a moment on any account. Aunt Nancy heard and ran as fast as her old feet could carry her, but it was too late for her to save baby. The nearest horse's hoof came down on poor baby's foot, and the driver was awakened by the scream which baby gave as her little foot was broken and she was made a cripple.

Just then a mouse ran across the porch, and Nora was so frightened that she forgot everything and ran screaming into the house. Aunt Nancy drove away the mouse, and Nora sat watching again. A messenger appeared and brought a note which said, "You have missed your great opportunity." Nora went to



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Old Uncle John did not pass, however, but went straight to the kitchen to see Aunt Nancy. "Why so sad this day, Uncle John?" asked Aunt Nancy. "I am poor and discouraged," said Uncle John, "and as I came in Finetta turned her head away so as not to be obliged to speak to me. She used to be my especial favorite, and it hurts the heart sorely to have all your strong young friends desert you as the grave is casting its shadow across your path."

"Oh, cheer up, cheer up, Uncle John. I know all about your being turned out of the old house, and I have arranged to have a niece of mine take you until the prince sends for you to come to the old folks' home. We shall both be there soon, and then there will be no more slights and snubs for either of us. Keep up your courage."

Just then Uncle John disappeared, and a voice like the echo of Aunt Nancy's own said: "Keep up your courage. I am coming for you soon." Then she knew that the fairy prince had called again. "Well, I shall be glad to get to the home for old ladies," said Aunt Nancy, "for my work is heavy and my hands are weak."

"Finetta," said a voice which was strangely like Uncle John's, "won't you ask me to come in?"

"No; I don't want you to come in now. Go away, please."

Just then she looked, and instead of her Uncle John she saw the fairy prince, whose beauty was wonderful, but who looked sad as he said, "Be it as you say."

(To be Continued.)

A Peep at Japan.

A quaint and curious country is old Japan. The Japanese themselves call it the "Island Empire" and the "Land of the Rising Sun." Tourists who visit it are delighted with its picturesque scenery, with its kind hearted inhabitants and with its odd customs that look so funny to outsiders. The people are very short, and their slanting eyebrows and coal black hair give them a strange appearance to our eyes. The ladies wear brightly colored dresses and big, round toed wooden sandals, and the gayly tinted paper parasols are universal.

They hardly use the horse at all as a beast of burden, but to a great extent employ man power. For instance, what has been called "the hansom cab of Japan" is a small, light carriage with two shafts and large wheels. The "runners" who hire these carriages out will pull their cabs with a couple of passengers inside for astonishing distances at a stretch. It seems impossible to tire them as they trot along barefoot mile after mile over the smooth roads.

STORIES OF THE SHENANDOAH.

SHERIDAN'S FAIR SPY.

The citizens of the valley of Virginia were as a rule intensely loyal to the south, and when Sheridan took command of the Federal army there he found that the secrets of his camp were known all too soon by the enemy. With the aid of a free slave and a Winchester schoolma'm he turned the tables on the Confederates. Some of his mounted scouts learned that there was an old colored man who had permission from the Confederate commander to go into Winchester, then in possession of the southerners, and sell vegetables. The old man was shrewd, and loyal to the Federal cause and was easily persuaded to visit Sheridan's headquarters. An ally was sought for in the town of Winchester, and after consulting with one of the generals who had often been there during Federal occupancy, Sheridan decided to test a young schoolteacher known to be friendly, Miss Rebecca Wright. The colored man was acquainted with her and was willing to deliver a message from Sheridan.



REBECCA WRIGHT.

A pellet of tin foil was made, so small that it could be swallowed in case of danger, and within was rolled a tissue paper note, as follows:

SEPT. 15, 1864.

I learn from General Crook that you still love the old flag. Can you inform me of the position of Early's forces, the number of divisions in his army and the strength of any or all of them and his probable or reported intentions? Have any more troops arrived from Richmond, or are any more coming or reported to be coming? I am, very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

P. H. SHERIDAN,
Major General Commanding.

You can trust the bearer.

Miss Wright was greatly alarmed at the perils of her situation, but resolved to risk her life for the Federal cause. The next day Sheridan received the following from the old messenger:

SEPT. 16, 1864.

I have no communication with the rebels, but will tell you what I know. The division of General Kershaw and Cutshaw's artillery have been sen away, and no more are expected, as they cannot be spared from Richmond. I do not know how the troops are situated, but the force is much smaller than represented. I will take pleasure hereafter in learning all I can of their strength and position, and the bearer may call again. Very respectfully yours, ——.

The troops named in the note had been withdrawn from the valley to aid Lee in defense of Richmond. It had been rumored that Anderson's corps was in the valley or on the way from Richmond to re-enforce the army under Early. The information obtained by Miss Wright came through a convalescent southern officer who visited the home of her mother. The Wrights belonged to the Society of Friends. Sheridan decided to attack Early's camp at once and communicated to General Grant. The chieftain's response was the famous saying, "Go in!"

FIRE AND SWORD.

Three days after Sheridan received the secret information from Miss Wright he fell upon Early's lines and after a desperate battle sent the Confederates "whirling through Winchester." Three days later he came upon Early in position 20 miles up the valley, near the battlefield where Cedar Creek was fought later. The success at Winchester was repeated on the new field, known as Fisher's Hill, and Early continued his retreat, closely pursued by the troopers of Averill, Merritt and Wilson. A harassing pursuit was kept up until the Confederates were driven beyond Staunton, at the head of the valley, but Sheridan found it impossible to tempt the enemy to stand and cross sabers in a fair fight. There were numerous brilliant combats between small bodies of troopers, and the prowess of both sides was put to test, but the Confederates got the worst of it in the end.

Sheridan's sudden activity, however, resulted in turning back the Confederate infantry which had been ordered to Richmond. Not only that, a fresh division came with it, and the advance Federal cavalry was attacked in flank and rear and compelled to retire down the valley. It was about this time that the Confederate cavalryman, General Thomas L. Rosser, appeared on the scene as the "savior of the valley." Rosser had commanded one of Stuart's old brigades and after the fall of the noted leader had remained with Lee's army at Petersburg. He brought up his old brigade by a forced march, reaching the valley early in October. Uniting his squadrons with those of Fitz Lee, he took the lead, and, as Sheridan's army was then retiring, attacked the marching columns at every step. This turning of Sheridan's tactics against him was not to the liking of Little Phil, so he gave orders to his cavalry leader to whip Rosser or get whipped. When it came to blows, Custer's division was pitted against Rosser. They fought on Oct. 9, at Tom's Brook, where the open country invited a saber fight, and both sides seemed ready to settle it in that manner.

Rosser's men stood Custer's onslaughts for a time and returned the charges with vigor, but in the end the Federal troopers captured the Confederate guns at the point of the saber and ended the fight with a chase of over 20 miles. The Confederate cavalry, as an arm, was wiped out by this blow. Sheridan retired behind Cedar creek, laying waste to the valley from the Potomac to Staunton. His old enemy, however, kept at his heels, watching for the hour when he could take the enemy napping and get revenge for the surprise given him at Winchester a month before. His time came at Cedar Creek, Oct. 19.

SHERIDAN'S DILEMMA.

Sheridan halted his army in the angle formed by Cedar creek and the Shenandoah. Early's army followed and on the 12th of October appeared on Fisher's hill, just across the valley. That day Sheridan received a summons to go to Washington to consult about removing his forces from the Shenandoah valley. After placing his troops in position to defend the valley pike he decided to send all the cavalry of his command on a raid beyond Early's lines. He left camp on the 15th for Washington, and his troopers were then on the march to carry out



AMONG THE FAIRIES

We have made special and exclusive arrangements with the author for a series of new and charming fairy stories. For some time they will be one of our special features.

THE PRINCE'S BRIDE.

[Copyright, 1896, by Walter B. Guild, Boston.]

CHAPTER II.

On account of this peculiar custom Olga became furious when the old woman put her foot on the steps as though to come upon the porch. "Go away, you miserable old beggar," said Olga, "and do not disgrace me with your presence." As the old woman passed by Aunt Nancy was just returning from the market and noticed how sad she looked. "Now," thought Aunt Nancy, "I can beautify my feet and hands at the same time." So she called and hobbled after the poor beggar. Upon learning what was wanted, Aunt Nancy invited her into the kitchen, for no disgrace was counted to any one who took strangers into the kitchen. No matter what might be in the kitchen, whether bugs or beggars, so long as the front porch was clean and no persons of low estate sat beneath the trailing rose vines in the front yard a house was not disgraced.

The old beggar said that she had a letter for whomever would receive it in that house, but it must not be opened until the wedding of the prince.

Olga soon tired with her waiting and went into the house for a cooling cup of mead. She came out again without delay and met a royal messenger, who gave her a letter from the prince. It simply said: "I called, but you were not ready to receive me. Next week I will call again. Let another sit upon the porch." Olga thought, "Surely the prince must have passed while I was in the house for the glass of mead."

This was a great and sore disappointment to Olga, as she could now only hope to be one of the bridesmaids and her next younger sister must be the favored one. As Olga thought about this she went to her sister Juno and told her sad experience.

Juno remembered Olga's warning as she sat in the chair waiting, waiting, waiting. After a long time, a small boy, thin and pale, with clothes tattered and worn and with bare feet came up the road. Stopping in front of Juno he asked: "Please, miss, can you give me any work? I can train a rosebush so nicely that it will make your heart glad to gaze upon it. Now see this twig." So saying he put out one hand and at the same time very innocently placed one foot on the step as if about to come up on the porch. Juno was indignant. Did this beggar boy want to claim to be her equal by coming on the porch with her? Often there were people who came for food, and it was very little that they got, but they usually knew better than to come to the front door, especially when one was sitting in the welcome chair. This boy's arrival was especially unpleasant as the prince might arrive at any moment. This thought made Juno very angry and she arose from the chair and slapped the poor boy's face as she said: "Get thee hence. Wouldst disgrace me as I am waiting to welcome the prince? Get hence, I say, with all the speed you may, and ne'er again be so rude." The poor boy wept and said, "But may I go to the kitchen, there to be unseen by guests upon the porch?" "Yes Get thee out of sight," said Juno.

When Aunt Nancy saw the poor little fellow coming, she opened her old arms and gave him a good hug and a kiss as she said, "How can I comfort thee, my son?" The boy looked at her and said, "Surely you have comforted me already." He then vanished, and Aunt Nancy knew that it was none other than the fairy prince himself.

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"You will not need the directions," said a very kind but sad voice. "You have broken the law of kindness too often The prince requires more love and patience." The parrot was perched upon the window sill, and as he saw the look of fear and surprise on Mira's face he laughed and said, "Pretty Poll." "Oh, that miserable bird!" said Mira. "He never spoke in that voice before, and he scared me." Aunt Nancy knew just what Mira feared, but would not confess. She knew that it was the voice of the prince.

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his orders. Next day, however, he learned that Early was being re-enforced, and, although the report was not credited, he ordered the cavalry recalled to its place on the flanks of the infantry at Cedar creek. In all probability that step saved the day for him at Cedar creek on the 19th.

Sheridan finished his conference and reached Winchester on the return the night of the 18th. Next morning an officer aroused him with the news of firing at the front, 20 miles away. Leisurely awaiting breakfast, he rode through the town and between 8 and 9 o'clock noticed that many of the people were jubilant over something which they alone understood. The firing grew louder and louder in the direction of Cedar creek, and after traveling a few miles along the pike the puzzled commander was met by crowds of wounded men and the usual panic stricken mob of camp followers. These people assured Sheridan that his army was lost, but he kept on, with his horse at a walk, thinking of some way out of the trouble. Orders were given to form a guard across the road to stop the retreating men, and at first the leader, so bold at a later hour, thought of moving his army back to Winchester.



COLONEL LOWELL.

Finally an officer was met coming in from the front, who confirmed what the stragglers had said of the disaster. Then Sheridan took to the fields and spurred Rienzi on in that famous gallop which won for horse and rider new and imperishable names. As the men recognized their leader returning they tossed their hats in glee, faced the other way and marched at his heels. "If I had been with you this morning," said he calmly, "this would not have happened. We must face the other way and recover our camp."

Sheridan reached the front at 1 o'clock and found his troops at bay. His generals, some of them wounded, told the story of surprise and rout, with a loss of guns. Between 3 and 4 o'clock the line was ready for a countercharge, with the cavalry on both flanks of the infantry, all of which had been engaged and lost heavily. As the column moved forward the cavalry attacks were terrific. The squadrons swept around in rear of the Confederates, carrying all before them. The separate brigade of Colonel Charles Russell Lowell was in the main line, dismounted. Seeing the stubbornness of the enemy at one point the troopers took to the saddle, charged at a gallop among the houses of Middleton and broke the last hold of the struggling enemy north of Cedar creek. Lowell was killed while cheering on his men. He had been wounded earlier in the day, but refused to leave the field.

BATTLE OF THE FLAGS

Sheridan said that when he reached the front at Cedar creek a line of battleflags flashed up from the ground to greet him. That occurred after the incident here described by a participant, H. E. Hill of the Eighth Vermont. The flags fought over were among those which greeted Sheridan. Says Colonel Hill:

By the fortune of war the Eighth Vermont occupied the most exposed position of the brigade as the enemy, with deafening yells, were moving in swiftly from front and flank. Suddenly a mass of Confederates confronted the flags and with hoarse shouts demanded surrender. Defiant shouts went back: "Never! "Never! Never!" And amid tremendous excitement commenced one of the most desperate and ugly hand to hand contests over flags that have ever been recorded. Men seemed more like demons than human beings as they struck fiercely at each other with clubbed muskets and bayonets. A Confederate of powerful build attempted to bayonet Corporal Worden of the color guard. Worden, a tall, sinewy man, who had no bayonet on his musket, parried his enemy's thrusts until some one shot the assailant dead. Another Confederate then leveled his musket and shot Corporal Petre, who held the colors, in the thigh—a terrible wound, from which the victim died that night. Petre held the regimental flag. "Boys," he cried, "leave me! Take care of yourselves and the flag!" The colors were instantly seized by Corporal Perham and were instantly demanded by an assailant, who attempted to grasp them. Sergeant Shores placed his musket at the man's breast and killed him instantly. But now another flash, and a bullet from the dead southerner's companion killed the brave Perham, and the colors fell to the earth. Once more, amid terrific yells, the colors went up, this time held by Corporal Blanchard, and the carnage went on.

A Confederate discharged his rifle within a foot of Corporal Bemis of the color guard and wounded him, but was in turn shot dead by one of our men. A little later Sergeant Shores and Lemuel Simpson were standing by the flags, when three Confederates attacked them and ordered them to surrender. As the assailants had just discharged their pieces, Simpson immediately fired and shot one, and Shores bayoneted another. Sergeant Moran of the guard marvelously escaped. He was in the hottest of the fight and held the United States colors all the while, assisting several times in protecting the regimental colors.

The fearful carnage had swept through the entire command, and over one-half the regiment was killed or wounded, when the third color bearer, Corporal Blanchard, was killed, and the silken colors, their soft folds pierced with bullets and their third bearer weltering in his blood, bowed low to the earth amid the yells of our foe. But in a few seconds the flag was again streaming in their faces. Bleeding, stunned and literally cut to pieces, but refusing to yield colors or men, the regiment accomplished its mission.

In that fearful struggle the Eighth Vermont lost over 100 men out of 159 engaged and 13 out of 16 officers. Many of those who fell had been wounded several times.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

BOZE'S WOODEN LEG.

This Little Dog Had a Kind Master, Who Didn't Want to Lose His Pet.

Boze is a Kentucky dog, and he bears the distinction of walking with a wooden leg. Boze is owned by Mr. Garrett of Pulaski county, Ky. One day he was out barking at a railroad train and the locomotive clipped off one of his legs.

Mr. Garrett, who is something of a surgeon, decided that he might better keep three-quarters of Boze than to lose him altogether, so he bound up the stump of the leg and gave the dog good care. Boze himself seemed to think life was worth living, and in three or four weeks he was up and about. But his gait was wabbly, and Garrett set to work and made a wooden leg to straighten him up. He whittled and scraped and polished it and fastened it to Boze with a clever arrangement of straps. At first trial the dog didn't take kindly to the addition that had been built for him, but he couldn't shake it off and finally concluded to make the best of it. Within a week he was walking about with all the dignity imaginable.—Chicago Record.



Cats Have Their Nights.



Dogs may have their day, but the feline race is not going to get left.—Moonshine.

Make Yourself Liked.

Growing girls and boys, who have arrived at a particularly conscious age, often complain that companions of theirs are better liked than themselves, although they know in their heart of hearts that these other boys and girls are not as really deserving—that is, are not possessed of as many virtues as they themselves constantly practice. Now is the time for such young people to learn that to be sought after one must have good manners as well as a good heart, taste and tact as well as virtues. You may think this is rather hard, but stop a moment to consider. Why don't you choose that girl for a friend? She tells the truth and is very unselfish. But you remember that she is also fond of reminding you if your hat is crooked or your gown is unbecoming. You don't care for her society, although she is "a good girl." Then there is that boy; he is generous and obliging, but he loves to talk about himself and his own affairs and never takes any interest in what you are doing. You wouldn't care for him, in spite of his fine qualities, for an intimate friend.

It is well to learn the lesson young—for we must learn it at some time or other—that the people we shall be thrown among through life will ask yet more of us than that we keep the Ten Commandments. If they are the sort of people whom we ought to know, they will expect us to do right, but they want still more than that of us, or, rather, they want that carried out to its inner meaning. Tact and taste are needed in social life, as well as the enforcement of the golden rule. But then tact and taste are the further carrying out of the golden rule. It is because young folks sometimes overlook these facts that they need to be reminded that good hearts are not visible to the world, as are uncouth manners, careless speech and unpleasing habits. Therefore these all count in the impression one makes, and one must be on guard that that impression shall be agreeable. "Manners make the man" is not wholly true, but it has some truth in it too.—New York Times.

THE YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPER'S PAGE.

Athletic Education For Women.

"What do you think of athletic education for women?" was asked of Charles Dudley Warner by the editor of The Inlander. He replied:

"I will answer this question by asking another, Why do not women need as complete and harmonious development as man?

"I believe that women require a different gymnastic training from men. I would not cultivate an abnormal athletic development in either sex, but I would train each into as perfect men and women as possible.

"I believe further that physical training, which tends to produce the ideal figure in man or woman, grace of movement, ease of action and endurance—in short, normal health—is as essential to moral as it is to mental soundness. It is an old maxim that the mind works best in a sound body, and I am sure that any student will be intellectually fitter to cope with his studies if he is vigorous in body and has all his physical powers in good working order.

"If you will allow me to go a little farther I will say that it is the testimony of experts who have superintended the training of girls that gymnastics, suited always to the individual and to the sex, are not only an intellectual stimulus of great value, but that girls who are so trained make the best wives and are best fitted for the general duties of life."

To Steady a Picture.

The dealers in upholstery hardware are frequently asked for some scheme to steady a picture on the wall, especially small pictures. A housemaid with a duster is everlastingly setting askew small pictures, and the average room after a dusting looks sadly awry. All sorts of picture hooks have been invented which are supposed to so grip the picture cord that it will always hold the picture evenly on the wall. Then, again, corner clamps have been brought out, one for each corner of the picture, the clamps being driven into the wall. But everything of that sort has some objection. The simplest and most infallible way of holding a picture immovable is by making a small gimlet hole in the extreme lower point of the inside of the frame, where it touches the wall, and at this point driving a small brad into the wall, leaving about half an inch protruding. The hole in the frame caps this brad like a socket, and the ordinary dusting of the picture does not move it in the least.—Upholsterer.

Know Thyself.

The great difference between gowning in France and in most other countries of the world is that the Frenchwoman, whose gowning is her religion, will elect for only the styles and fabrics that individually suit and compliment her. She never puts on a garment because her neighbor, relative or her best friend looks charming in it, not she. "Know thyself," is her motto, and this is why she is always and ever a pretty figure in art to study and her gowning a liberal education to women of other nations, thousands of whom put on what they know is the latest fashion, whether it is suited to their particular style, figure and surroundings or not, but these points are vital considerations with a Parisienne.

Effect of Corsets.

Some years ago a comic opera was produced in New York city which required that two of the male members of the company should impersonate women. The day before the opening night there was a dress rehearsal, at which they appeared in their feminine attire, and, for the first time in their lives, wearing corsets, which, the costumer declared, were laced no tighter than the average woman would wear them. One of the singers found it impossible to make himself heard beyond the front rows. The other, a muscular baritone, quietly fainted away and only recovered consciousness when released from the unaccustomed restraint.

How to Prevent Wrinkles.

Wrinkles, of course, cannot be entirely prevented, but there is no use having as many as most people in middle life and old age are decorated with. One does not think any the better or clearer for wrinkling up the forehead and screwing up the eyes, and yet nine people out of ten contract this habit in early youth. This indulgence soon fixes the wrinkles, and they never go away. The habit, too, of making faces indicative of the various emotions contributes a great many of these spoilers of beauty. A placid expression is certainly very much more lovely either in man or woman than one disturbed by useless grimaces. An even temper and a patient mind will do wonders in the way of smoothing out the wrinkled brow of care.

Window Drapery.

In a pretty room where there are two long, narrow windows with one broad one in the center, all of them coming so near together as to have the appearance of one wide window, a good effect in drapery is gained by hanging at the side windows one curtain each and draping them back. In the middle window have a curtain with very little fullness and undraped hanging flat and straight against the window panes. The curtains in this case need not be of the same material, but of a pleasing contrast. If the outlook is not pleasant, an art muslin or a Madras with many soft colors and threads of gold and silver in it would filter the light pleasantly.

Disguising the Taste.

The noxious taste of many wholesome drugs is so much against their use that a few hints as to harmless disguises of the flavors may be useful. A little extract of licorice destroys the taste of aloes. Peppermint water disguises the unpleasant taste of salts. Milk counteracts the bitter flavor of Peruvian bark. Castor oil cannot be tasted if beaten up and thoroughly mixed with the white of an egg. Another way of administering this disagreeable medicine or cod liver oil is to put a tablespoonful of strained orange or lemon juice into a wineglass and pour the oil into the center of the juice and then squeeze a few drops of the juice upon the oil and rub the edge of the glass with the fruit.

A Pretty Bedspread.

A pretty bedspread seen in a room where pale green was the prevailing hue was made of coarse wide bobbinet trimmed with a loosely gathered frill or valance of the same lace, which had been darned in a conventional pattern with coarse green flax. The spread was lined with green silesia and was made long enough to pass under the pillows, over which it was then brought and tucked under them again. At the place where the center of each pillow would come was worked in the green flax in bold outline the monogram of the owner of the pretty room.

ENVIRONS OF MUSCAT.

A Region of Horrible Smells, Fever Germs and Swarms of Flies.

The environs of Muscat are especially interesting. As soon as you issue out of either of the two gates which are constructed in the wall which shuts the town off from the outer world you plunge at once into a new and varied life. Just outside the walls is the fish and provision market, reeking with horrible smells and alive with flies; hard by is a stagnant pool into which is cast all the offal and filth of this disgusting market. The water in the pool looks quite putrid, and when the wind comes from this quarter no wonder it is laden with fever germs and mephitic vapors. Consequently Muscat is a most unhealthy place, especially when the atmosphere is damp and rain has fallen to stir up the debris.

Outside the walls the sultan is in the habit of distributing two meals a day to the indigent poor, and, inasmuch as the Omanee are by nature prone to laziness, there is but little doubt that his highness' liberality is greatly imposed upon.

As you emerge, not unwillingly, from this region of flies and smells, you come across a series of villages built of reeds and palm branches and inhabited by members of the numerous nationalities who come to Muscat in search of a livelihood. Most of these are Belloochees from the Mekran coast and Africans from the neighborhood of Zanzibar. The general appearance of these villages is highly picturesque, but squalid. Here and there palm trees, almond trees and the ubiquitous camel thorn are seen interspersed among the houses; women in red and yellow garments, with turquoise rings in their ears and noses, peep at you furtively from behind their flimsy doors, and as you proceed up the valley you find several towers constructed to protect the gardens from Bedouin incursions, and a few comfortable little villas built by Banyan merchants, where they can retire from the heat and dust of Muscat.

The gardens are all cultivated by irrigation and look surprisingly green and delicious in contrast with the barren, arid rocks which surround them. The wells are dug deep in the center of the valley in the bed of what elsewhere would be a river and are worked by a running slope and bullocks, which draw up and down skin buckets; these empty themselves automatically into tanks connected with the channels which convey the water to the gardens. —Contemporary Review.

"SOUL OF THE ARMY."

Antonio Jose de Sucre's Services In Aid of Venezuelan Liberty.

Antonio Jose de Sucre was called by Bolivar "Soul of the Army," and to his prowess as a fighter the liberator owed much of his success. He was born in Venezuela in 1793. At the beginning of the country's struggle for independence he served on the personal staff of General Miranda. Then Miranda's star sank. Sucre joined Bolivar in 1814. Bolivar sent him to the West Indies for aid for the revolutionists, and by pledging his personal credit he secured a large quantity of ammunition and 10,000 stand of arms. He was the hero of the battle of Pichincha, which ended Spanish rule in Ecuador.

He marched with Bolivar across the Andes, and it was his daring spirit and great generalship that brought success to that remarkable expedition. With 5,800 men he met and defeated the Spanish with 9,300 men on the plateau of Ayacucho, capturing the Spanish viceroy and breaking Spanish rule in Peru. When the upper Peruvian provinces formed the state of Bolivia, Sucre was placed at the head of government, and it was at his request that

Bolivar promulgated his code. He commanded the Ecuador troops in the war with Peru and defeated the invaders.

He retired to private life in 1829, but was elected president of the Colombian congress in 1830. Returning to his home when congress adjourned, he was shot from ambush and killed. His death was, no doubt, the work of his political enemies. His remains lie in the Church of San Francisco, in Quito, although the governments of Venezuela and Bolivia have each asked the honor of caring for his dust.—New York Mail and Express.

Barristers' Wigs.

The most recent portion of a junior barrister's attire is the wig and has been added in comparatively modern times In the time of Charles II, when wigs were first introduced from abroad, the military men and barristers helped to set the fashion in all questions of male attire. They wore wigs in court varying with the fashions of the hour, as long as wigs were worn, and when the rest of the world gave them up at the end of the last century barristers retained them and still do so as a distinctive part of legal costume. In 1765 a petition was presented to King George III by the master peruke makers, alleging that their trade was falling off, as wigs were going out of fashion, and that but for the "counselors" (the old name for barristers) they would soon have no customers. They prayed his majesty to devise some relief.

The king returned a gracious answer. Some wag, however, struck by the ludicrous side of the petition, published a bogus petition from the body carpenters imploring his majesty to wear a wooden leg and to enjoin all his servants to appear in the royal presence with the same graceful decoration. The wigs now in use at the bar are chiefly made of goats' hair, and are ornamented with three rows of little curls going round the head and closely fastened to the main structure and two little tails behind, falling a little below the collar. Until 30 years ago nearly all the bar wigs were pomatumed and powdered, but this fashion, for obvious reasons, has gradually declined, and only a very few now favor it.—Pall Mall Gazette.

An Interesting Building.

A visit to the famous Mormon tabernacle which is used for public worship and is daily open to visitors is described by one of the latter in Sunbeam's Young People.

An old man is always on duty to show you about, and this is what he will say as you come in: "Good morning! Very wonderful building this, very wonderful. The roof is without center supports. No other like it of its size in the world. Seats 9,000 comfortably; will hold 11,000. There you see the great organ made of native woods."

After we have seen this organ, which at the time of its erection was the largest in the United States, and have looked at the curious roof which makes the building resemble a huge turtle we wend our way to the gallery at the far end of the room. The obliging official then says: "We are now nearly 200 feet apart. I'll whisper to you." (Whispers) "What state are you from?"

You hear his voice with startling distinctness and assure him of the fact. "Very wonderful whispering gallery, you see. Now I'll rub my hands." He rubs them briskly, and you hear a harsh, swishing sound. We express entire satisfaction with these acts; then he says, "Now I'll drop a pin on this railing." The pin falls with a clicking sound, and we assure him that the acoustic properties are certainly remarkable.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

PEANUT SHELLS.

How They Can Be Made Into Pretty Things by Little Hands and Patience.

An hour's amusement can be readily afforded a child in the following manner: To make a peanut cradle take a long,



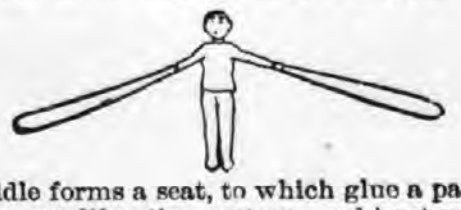
plump peanut and cut it away on one side, leaving a canopy top at one end and a footboard at the other. Cut a slice of cork in half for rockers, making them much wider than the cradle itself, so that the latter will not upset. Then glue the rockers on to the cradle and make a soft bed of jewelers' cotton. This will hold a penny china doll very comfortably.

Another article to be made is the "owl clock." For this, choose a small peanut



with a beak shaped end, and draw then an owl's eyes and beak. Make in the center of an oval half shell a hole big enough for the owl to sit in. This will form the clock's base. Mark ink lines and scrolls on it, and then glue the owl in place. Afterward cut out a tiny circle from white paper, draw clock hands and figures and then glue it on the owl.

A rowboat may be made with a half long peanut shell. A piece of cork fixed in the



middle forms a seat, to which glue a paper man, cut like the pattern, and bent as in the picture. The oars should be continued on the arms of the man.—Exchange.

Jenny's Concert.

Jenny was tied in the orchard one day because it was cool and pleasant under the trees. We were sitting near by, and the dogs were with us, Beppo asleep and Di poking about with her nose in the air.

By and by a band came round the corner, marching on its way down to the town. It was a minstrel band, and they wore long white coats and tall black hats, and they were playing on drums and trumpets and making a beautiful noise. When Jenny heard the music, she pricked up her ears, and then she began to bray. Her braying sounds as if her windpipe had been broken and tied up with coarse string. It is the worst noise that any one round here ever heard.

Then Di began to sing, as she always does when she hears music. She threw her head back and just yowled "Ki-yi, ki-yi!" as loud as she could. And Jenny threw her head back and brayed "Hee-haw, hee-haw!" as loud as she could, and that was very loud.

So the music was almost drowned, and the minstrels all laughed till they almost dropped their instruments, and we laughed, too, and Di howled and Jenny squealed and all the neighbors came out of their houses to see what was the matter.

So we call that Jenny's concert.—Laura E. Richards in Youth's Companion.

A Little Schoolma'am.

[With three dolls arranged in a row on chairs.]

Melinda Jane and Kate and Nell,
It's time you learned to read and spell.
Come, now, and say your A B C.
Hold up your heads and look at me,
For if you never learn to read
What stupid dolls you'll be indeed.

All ready now: A, B and C—
What is the matter? Oh, dear me,
I cannot hear one word you say!
Why, Katy dear, don't turn away.
Sit up again and listen—there!
She's fast asleep, I do declare!

Well, never mind, where's grandpa's cane?
Now look at me, Melinda Jane,
You needn't think that this is play,
For I shall keep you here all day
And make you read before you go,
I know what's good for dollies—so!

Now say A B. Look this way, Nell.
You speak so low I can't just tell.
Melinda Jane, why don't you try?
Oh, dear, I'm tired enough to cry!
I think I'll stop and go to play
And try again some other day.

—Selected.

A Wonderful Swing.

A Texas paper gives an account of a wonderful swing which a man living in that state has put up on his place. The two uprights are two pine logs 78 feet long. These are driven into the ground 8 feet, so they are very firm and stand straight in the air for 70 feet. When you think that a tall man in only 6 feet in height, you can estimate how tall the posts are. A heavy piece of timber is put across the top, and from this hangs the swing. When the swinger is strapped in, he or she takes hold of one end of a rope, whose other end goes over a pulley fixed on a pole 40 feet high that is set a little distance away from the swing. After the rope is over the pulley it is attached to a team of horses, which starts away with it, pulling the swinger up to the height of the pole. There he lets go and swings off into space, describing a wide sweep to the other side of the frame. One turn at the swing generally is enough to satisfy one for an evening. The swing is a great resort for young people from all about the country where it stands.

Monkeys as Miners.

In America dogs are used to churn milk and horses to saw wood. In India elephants carry and pile up great timbers of teak wood, but in the Transvaal, South Africa, monkeys are employed as gold miners.

Captain E. Moss, who has just returned to London from the Transvaal, tells this story of the monkeys who work for him in the mines: "I have 24 monkeys employed about my mines. They do the work of seven ablebodied men, and it is no reflection on the human laborers to say that they do a class of work that a man cannot do as well as they. In many instances they render valuable aid where a man is useless. They gather up the small pieces of quartz that would be passed unnoticed by the workmen and pile them up in little heaps that can easily be gathered up in a shovel and thrown into the mill They are exceedingly adept at catching the little particles, and their sharp eyes never escape the very thing that the human eye would pass over."

Aristocrats Among Birds.

Hawks and predatory birds are the powers of bird society. They live by the lives of the weaker birds. They are aristocrats, almost ranking with the eagles and herons. Their children are few, but mighty, being princes of the air when young and becoming kings and queens before their parents die.

THE PUZZLER

No. 70.—Progressive Numerical.

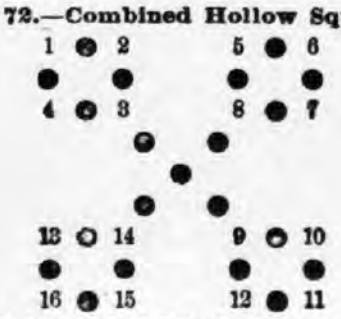
"1, 2 does not consider that apples 2, 3, 4 below 1, 2, 3 even in strawberry time, so I will 1, 2, 3, 4 a few for sauce," said 6, 7, 8, fond daughter of an aged 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. This she did and afterward sewed up 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 in his coat. 7, 8 said, "That 10, 11 well done, 9, 10, 11." (She was still at school.) But perhaps that would have been understood without the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

No. 71.—A Zigzag.

All of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left hand letter, will spell the name of an annual celebration in honor of a famous bishop.

Crosswords: 1. Mentally sound. 2. Any cause of ruin. 3. To cut lengthwise. 4. A young deer. 5. A bird of prey. 6. The angular summit of anything. 7. In addition. 8. A particle. 9. To keep in check. 10. A city of Italy, the scene of one of Napoleon's victories. 11. A measure of length. 12. Allied by nature. 13. To examine with care. 14. A whirlpool. 15. To wear into shreds by rubbing. 16. To surfeit.

No. 72.—Combined Hollow Squares.



1 to 2, "timid;" 2 to 3, an animal; 3 to 4, a Hebrew measure, "containing 2 5-6 pints American corn measure;" 4 to 1, "a genus of ruminant quadrupeds distinguished from other genera of the same order by a stout body, short, thick limbs, a large fold of skin hanging from the neck," etc.; 5 to 6, "to hollow out;" 6 to 7, a liquor; 7 to 8, "at present;" 8 to 5, "to marry;" 9 to 10, part of the body; 10 to 11, "to steal;" 11 to 12, "vicious;" 12 to 9, "to color;" 13 to 14, part of the body; 14 to 15, "to devour;" 15 to 16, "a bush," "a quantity of wool, being 28 pounds, or 2 stone;" 16 to 13, "a female deer;" 3 to 9, "a small anchor;" 8 to 14, a tool, of iron or other hard material.

No. 73.—Pictorial Proverb.



—Ohio Farmer.

No. 74.—Poetical Pi.

O das-devico swind hatt higs taubo ym rodo!
I norum thiw oy het shour hatt ear on reom.
Ym thear si rawey fo eht senull kys,
Het selfsale crashben dan eht fronze pinal;
I glon ot rhea het seartile dwil-brids ryo
Dan ese het heart ni slagmode ereng igana.

—Wreck of the Hesperus.

No. 69.—Behead and Curtail. F-ell-y, e-lid-e, e-asler-n, m-ode-l, e-remit-e, g-rim-e.

No. 75.—Precious Stones.

1. A letter in flames. 2. A summit and like. 3. A highwayman telling his accomplice to shoot. 4. A snare for a certain fish. 5. My declaration to 500 that I am over 500. 6. The voice of a fluid.

No. 76.—Famous Buildings In Anagrams.

1. May drips. 2. Wrote. 3. Mount, men. 4. Cool muse. 5. Had claret. 6. No mastery. 7. Sure I'll tie. 8. Eli rules it. 9. Cruel Isa.

Tongue Twisters.

It is a shame, Sam. These are the same, Sam. 'Tis all a sham, Sam, and a shame it is to sham so, Sam.

A growing gleam glowing green.

The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms.

Susan shines shoes and socks. Socks and shoes shines Susan. She ceaseth shining shoes and socks. for shoes and socks shock Susan.

More Than One Way to Do It.

A conjuror was recently performing the old trick of producing eggs from a pocket handkerchief, when he remarked to a little boy in fun, "I say, my boy, your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?"

"Of course she can," replied the boy.

"Why, how is that?" asked the conjuror.

"She keeps ducks," replied the boy.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 60.—Riddle: The letter S.

No. 61.—Picture Puzzle: Turn the picture upside down, and the goose can be seen in the clouds.

No. 62.—Numerical Enigma:

An idler is a watch that wants both hands,
As useless if it goes as if it stands.

No. 63.—Anagrams—Birds: 1. Falcon. 2. Heron. 3. Titmouse. 4. Flamingoes. 5. Ringdove. 6. Starling. 7. Cassowary 8. Nightingale. 9. Ptarmigan. 10. Condor.

No. 64.—Word Squares:

S C R A P	L E A N S	H E A R T
C H A I R	E N D O W	E R R O R
R A I S E	A D O R E	A R I S E
A I S L E	N O R S E	R O S E S
P R E E N	S W E E T	T R E S S

No. 65.—Geographical Anagrams: 1. St. Helena. 2. Damietta. 3. Adel. 4. Lancaster. 5. Cork. 6. Sweden. 7. Verona. 8. Banbury. 9. Chepstow. 10. Aylesbury. 11. Euphrates.

No. 66.—Diamonds:

```
      A              B
    A B E          N U N
  A M E N D      N O T E D
A B E T T O R  B U T T E R Y
  E N T E R      N E E D Y
    D O R          D R Y
      R              Y
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No. 67.—Central Deletions: De-f-er, ha-r-sh, lo-o-se, pi-e-ty.

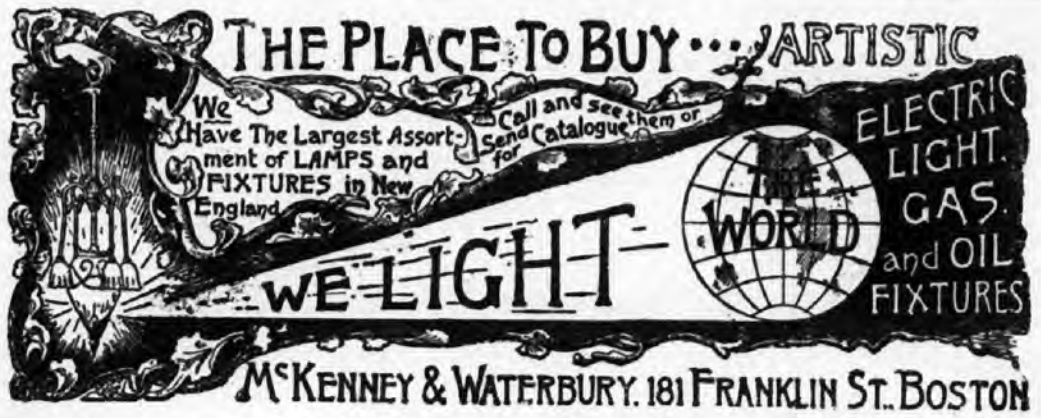
No. 68.—Missing Letter Puzzle:

"O father! I see a gleaming light!
Oh, say what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word.
A frozen corpse was he.

"

What Is a "Stickit Minister?"

The first book that brought Mr. Crockett into fame bore the strange title to our ears of "A Stickit Minister." Readers of Sir Walter Scott's immortal "Guy Mannering" will remember that Dominie Sampson was a "stickit minister." The words stickit minister are applied in Scotland to a divinity student who has either failed to pass his final examination or has "stuck" in his trial sermon. They are generally applied to the unhappy man by way of reproach or taunt.



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