THAT OTHER WOMAN

By ARTHUR BOLTONWOOD.

The frosty October day made the leaping fire on the hearth very cozy and very cheerful. They sat before it, Bob Standish and Betty Arnold, two very happy, carefree children for the time being. Standish put his fingers into his vest pocket and drew out a little case of morocco.

"I got the one I wanted, Betty," said he. "I made 'em take it out of that pendant. There wasn't another one like it."

He snapped open the cover of the case and the dancing flames burned in a thousand many colored reflections in the heart of a perfect diamond.

Standish reached over for a girl's slim hand, but to his utter amazement she drew it back—very gently, but with determination. Glancing up he saw her eyes were troubled.

"Oh, just a moment—just a moment before you put it on my finger, dear," she breathed quickly. "I—I—don't know just how to say it. I'm afraid."

"Afraid?" he echoed with a boyish laugh. "Of what, you dear little Miss Tease."

"Honestly, Bob," she panted, as he would have snatched her to him. "Oh, please—just a minute—let me be sure!"

She drew away from him. Her face was just the least bit twisted as with pain—for him.

"Yes, that's just it," she said with downcast eyes. "I want to be certain that I am sure of you."

"Betty!" he cried reproachfully. But still she held him off.

"I've—I've heard something," she said. "I don't believe it, but it—it hurts. It will hurt till you let me know it isn't so."

He scowled. "Who's been talking now?" he said almost harshly.

"Mrs. Malvern."

"That—that trouble-monger!"

"Bob!"

"Well, what has she been saying?"

The girl stared long into the fire. Bob Standish saw she was biting her under lip.

"I wouldn't listen to her nor believe it," she said at last. "Still I had to hear some of the things—and—and—thinking them over—the few I did hear—I'm afraid; just the weeniest bit afraid, dear. She said you were buying a whole lot of flowers every Thursday at Rondeau's—that you went away every Thursday in your car right after lunch and—and that you didn't get back until dinner time. She said you always wore your heart on your sleeve and that—Bob!" she said suddenly sitting very straight. "tell me it isn't so. It's hurt—awfully; more than I'd admit."

His own face became very grave. He kicked back an ember that came hurtling across the hearth.

"About wearing my heart on my sleeve—that isn't so," he said. "About the flowers—well, I'll have to admit them."

She looked up quickly. He wasn't looking at her. She felt some vague sense of something dreadful impending.

"Oh," she said.

"And perhaps I had best explain about them before I put the ring on," said he.

She waited silently for him to go on. She did not know she was pressing her hands tightly together.

"It's really all right, dearie," he said quietly at last. "She's an old friend of the family. Her people have met reverses. She's living on gamely, pluckily, on what was left. She isn't asking odds of anybody. I—I—wanted to make it just a little easier for her. I want to think that once in a while she has a few of the things she used to have. So every Thursday I blow myself for some orchids for her at Rondeaus', and—yes, I take them to her myself, I might as well own up, and I take her for a spin in the car for a few hours—out to Millville, or over the old turnpike to that cozy little inn at Bridgton for tea. It makes her forget. It's so very little I do and so entirely innocent. You've forgiven me already, haven't you?"

"I—I don't know," said she rather hoarsely.

She noticed he stiffened a bit. Then he grinned; she thought to cover his embarrassment.

"She is here in town then all the time?" she asked.

"Oh, yes."

"Is she pretty?"

He wrinkled his brows as of debating a point in his mind.

"Beautiful is a better word," said he.

Again she looked up. His face was all ashine. She turned away that he might not see how badly she was hurt.

"I don't know why I have not told you all this before," said he. "The very fact I haven't shows how lightly I thought of it. I have meant to tell you at different times, and I certainly should have told you before we were married, because I want to buy her those flowers every Thursday just the same and take her for the spin. You wouldn't mind, would you?"

She flushed beautifully. He caught the sound of a little half-frightened gasp.

"Oh, Bob, I'm afraid I do care," she said. "I'm afraid I'm not a bit broad. I'm selfish. Of course it's very noble of you and there isn't the least bit of harm in it, still—"

"She's so plucky about it all," he said, as if in self-defense.

She tried to stop them, but two big tears slipped out of her eyes and coursed, one down each cheek.

"Suppose you come and see her with me—now, this afternoon, this minute," he said. "Then you can decide, and I'll abide by it."

"You don't understand," she said hotly. "It isn't that."

"Come just the same," said he.

She shook her head.

"Not if I insist?"

"You wouldn't."

"But I do."

She arose very proudly. "Very well," said she.

She ran up stairs. In a moment she was down again, smiling now, but very coldly, he noticed.

"I'd best take furs?" she asked.

"Yes," he said shortly, and opened the door.

His car was drawn up at the curb outside. He tucked her in, climbed in himself and away they spun through the crisp autumn air with its more than hint of frost.

He did not speak; neither did she, watching the streets slip past one after another. At last they shot into the suburbs, turned in at a wide gate, flanked on either side by great stone posts and drew up before a huge building.

He helped her out, led her up the stone steps and into a wide hall, where a smiling woman came forward to greet them.

"May we see Mrs. Horton?" Standish asked. "I know it isn't my day, but I thought she'd be glad to see us just the same."

"Glad? She'll be delighted as a child," said the woman.

Betty had clutched his arm.

"What place is this?" she whispered.

For answer he led her a few steps down the hall and pointed to a brass tablet on the wall.

"For lonely and aged women whose slender means offer them but scant comfort in the all too forgetful world they have served, the fund for this home is given by Helen P. Corlis."

Later the car whizzed down the wide drive through the after-glow of a glorious October sunset.

"Isn't she a dear!" cried Betty, nestling close to Bob. "Beautiful doesn't half do her justice. I don't wonder you hesitated when I asked you if she was pretty."

"You'll let me buy her the flowers and take her joy-riding, then, just the same after we're married?" he asked.

"Indeed I won't," said she with much emphasis. "We'll buy her flowers, and we'll take her motoring, and we'll have her to dinner very, very often. Now, Bob, dear, stop the car right here, and put that ring on my finger."

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Wise Compromise in Slang.

"Good slang is permissible among school children," according to Dr. G. Stanley Hall. Precisely the same thing is true of college boys, of college girls and of the rest of us. Slang is inevitable. To thunder against it, to ignore it, to burlesque it is equally idle. Since we cannot end it—and, really, we should not and would not if we could—the part of wisdom is endeavor to mend it. Let educators direct their satire and condemnation against vulgar, vicious, idiotic slang—of which there is abundance—and they will accomplish something. The slang that is racy, spontaneous, humorous, expressive deserves kindly toleration if not encouragement. Some of it establishes itself and becomes classical English.

As to the question what good slang is, it is manifestly foolish. There is no fixed test, but persons of taste and cultivation have no difficulty in differentiating between legitimate slang and grotesque, silly and offensive slang.

On the Right Road.

If you are looking for that which is best in the men and women with whom you come in contact; if you are seeking also to give them that which is best in yourself; if you are looking for friendship which shall help you to know yourself as you are and to fulfil yourself as you ought to be; if you are looking for a love which shall not be a flattering dream and a madness of desire, but a true comradeship and a mutual inspiration to all nobility of living—then you are surely on the ascending path.—Henry van Dyke.

Neatly Put.

Dr. Johnson was once in the company of a man who affected to maintain Dean Berkley's strange position, that "nothing exists but as perceived by some kind." When the gentleman was going away Dr. Johnson said to him, "Pray, sir, don't leave us, for we may perhaps forget to think of you and then you will cease to exist."

NO MORE LAST FORTY WINKS

Fiend Has Invented an Alarm Clock That Simply Insists on One's Rising in the Morning.

It has often seemed, after the announcement of an invention to which the attention of the entire civilized world has been called, that the human mind could scarcely invent anything more and fashion it in material form, but the countless dreams of inventors continue to be realized in astounding numbers.

Every week, every month, the trade journals advertise and comment upon new things in the lines which they represent and publish new ideas which this material labor saving age seizes and makes its own.

An alarm clock which awakens you with the words of a disgusted wife who has breakfast on the table, and a large vessel which carries submarines over long distances by means of a "pouch" are among the newest offerings.

As an ever present need, the alarm clock will probably be put into more general household use than the ship with the "pouch" for carrying submarines. In the evening before retiring you set the clock for 6:30; at 6:30 you will probably get up. Here is what will waken you:

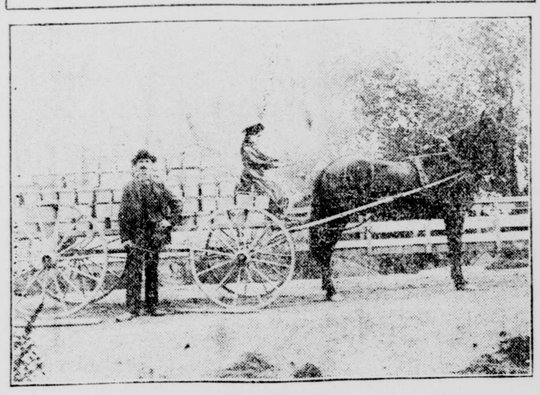
"Six:thirty, six-thirty, six-thirty; time to get up; get up, can't you? Get up you miserable, lazy man. Get up, get up, get up!"

The first clock of this kind was exhibited in 1900, but it cost $2,500 to make it. The present offering costs $25. If you are awake in the middle of the night and wish to know the time, press a button and the clock will tell you the nearest quarter hour as: "Two-fifteen," if it happens too be 2:13 or 2:18. The phonographic record is on an endless belt and the grooves in which the voice vibrations are recorded run lengthwise of the belt. The belt continues to give out sound until shut off when once started. So far the clocks have been supplied with belts which talk in thirty-five languages.

Things to Worry About.

The water in the Antarctic ocean is colder than that of the Arctic ocean.

EXPERIMENTS TO CONTROL THE PEACH SPOT



Off to Market.

The peach fruit spot first appears on the fruit as a dark brownish or black speck about the size of a pin head, says a writer in the Farmer's Review. In a few weeks it grows one-eighth to one-quarter of an inch in diameter and is generally round. It then has a very dark, almost black center around which is a dark brown ring, and the outer margin of the spot is reddish in color.

The upper portion of the peach, as it grows on the tree, seems to be affected more than the lower portion. This shows that very likely the spores come from the branches above those upon which the peaches grow. The trouble is always worse in closely set orchards where shade is dense, and it is also found to be worse in the center rather than on the outside, rows of such orchards. This is due, no doubt, to the more moist condition found in such orchards. A comparatively moist season is undoubtedly more favorable for the growth of the fungus than a dry one.

Careful investigation and several experiments have been made to determine when and what kind of spray should be used to control the peach fruit spot, with the following conclusions:

Spray in the fall with lime sulphur of Bordeaux. Either a good commercial brand of lime sulphur, one gallon to ten gallons of water, or homemade lime sulphur, twenty pounds of lime and fifteen pounds of sulphur to fifty gallons of water, can be used with good results. If Bordeaux is used, make as follows: Use four pounds of copper sulphate (bluestone), five pounds of stone lime to fifty gallons of water. First dissolve the copper sulphate in either hot or cold water; dilute it by adding water to make twenty-five gallons of the solution. Slack the stone lime and dilute with water to twenty-five gallons, making a milk of lime. Pour the copper sulphate and milk of lime solutions together into the spray barrel or tank through a medium fine sieve.

Apply either the lime sulphur or Bordeaux sprays in the fall as soon as most of the leaves have fallen. This generally can be done the latter part of October or the first part of November. The writer prefers lime sulphur to Bordeaux, but either will control the trouble if the spraying is thoroughly done. Do not use a metal spray tank for the use of Bordeaux unless it is lined or made of copper, as it will eat into the metal.

Prune heavily in late winter to allow the sun to penetrate to the branches and leaves during the summer. If the trees are set so closely as to crowd, it would be well to cut out every other one in the rows so that the trees alternate in the rows.

SHELTER FOR FARM TOOLS AND MACHINERY



Are you going to allow those road-tools and machinery to set out in the weather all fall, winter, and early spring, rusting out worse than they wear out? You paid out hard cash for them. Why not see that they are properly shedded, and thus prolong their usefulness?

USEFUL NOTES ON LATE GARDEN WORK

After Crops Are Removed All Old Vines, Plants and Weeds Should Be Removed.

It is a very good plan to mulch the rhubarb plants with a lot of corn stalks or coarse grass. This will protect the plants during the winter, and also keep weeds from choking the plants if kept on after cultivation in the spring.

Unless great care is taken in the selection of home-grown seed, it is wiser to buy them of a reliable seed house.

After the crops are all removed from the garden, rake up all old vines, plants and weeds of every description, and burn them.

Some people say that it is better to allow the old vines and even the weeds to rot on the ground in the fall, but we think it better to clean up thoroughly and use stable manure to supply the necessary humus.

If weeds are allowed to lie in the garden over winter, the seeds will be ready for business in the spring long before it is time to plant vegetables.

If celery is to be brought into a storage house for the winter, cut the tap-root, lift it from the ground, and then with a strong knife cut off the branching roots and most of the earth.

If the garden is to have a heavy coat of manure, why not apply it now? Manure should be put on before the ground is turned over. In the spring a good disking or work with a spade will put it in fine condition.

Rhubarb should be removed from the open garden with as much dirt clinging to the roots as possible. They should then be placed in two or three inches of soil, and the spaces between the roots filled up with soil, well sprinkled, and left to mature in comparative darkness. A kerosene lamp set on the floor in the cellar, will supply all the heat necessary.—E. V. B.

Butter Most Profitable.

Nothing can be marketed from the farm more profitably than good butter.

REDUCING COST OF FARM HORSE POWER

Too Few Animals Means That Those in Hand Will Be Overworked, Causing Loss.

The simplest way to reduce the cost of farm horse power is to keep fewer horses. No doubt many farms carry more horses than necessary to do the farm work, but if the number is reduced to the point where the farm work cannot be efficiently done more serious loss in the other direction will result. Too few horses means that those in hand will be overworked, a positive loss, or that some work that should be done will be slighted. It is very common, however, to find on some farms two, three or more idle horses right through the busiest season. It takes good judgment and much experience to determine the correct dividing line, but it is a phase of the question well worth very careful consideration.

Some small farms carry machinery too large for the size of the farm. A 70-acre farm, all tillable, has no business carrying machinery that requires four horses for hauling. In that case one or two extra horses will be idle the larger part of the year. Three good horses should do all the work on a farm of that size, and the extra horse is eating up profits. Big machinery is a great advantage on a large farm, but it is out of place on a small farm.

Pig Essentials.

To make fall pigs do well, they must be provided with warm sleeping quarters at night, and filled with sunshine during the day.

Sheep Condemned.

Of 14,208,724 sheep inspected for food purposes in 1912, only 15,402 were condemned, about one-tenth of one per cent.

Pipe the Water.

If you have a spring on the farm it will pay to pipe water to the milk house even if it is a quarter of a mile away.

Keep Cows Clean.

Keep the cows out of the mud and they will be cleaner to milk.

MANY USES FOR GRAPE

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR LOVERS OF THAT FRUIT.

Made Into Catsup It Is a Welcome Addition to the Winter Menu—Recipe for Unfermented Juice—Marmalade and Salad.

Grape Catsup.—Take five pounds of grapes and stew over a slow fire until soft; then rub through a sieve. Add two and a half pounds of sugar, one tablespoonful of allspice, one of pepper, one of cinnamon, one of cloves, half a tablespoonful of salt and a pint of vinegar. Boil slowly until thick and smooth, then bottle.

Grape Jelly Without Water.—Select perfectly clean Concord grapes; strip them from the stems into a clean, dry preserving or jelly kettle; mash with a wooden potato-masher while they heat. Keep them to the boiling point for four hours, uncovered, stirring and mashing them every now and then. Then allow to boil gently for another hour. Keep uncovered and stir frequently to prevent burning. Then set aside and let cool slightly. Pour into cheesecloth strainers, a little in each one, and let drain over night. Then measure the juice and proceed as usual.

Unfermented Grape Juice.—Take the following proportion of grapes, sugar and water: Fifteen cups of Concord grapes stripped from the stems, nine cupfuls of water and three cupfuls of sugar. Mash the grapes and put them into the preserving kettle with five cupfuls of water. Let boil gently until soft; then strain off clear. Return seeds and skins to the kettle, add remaining four cupfuls and cook until seeds are clear from pulp. Strain this juice through cheesecloth and add to the first strained. Put into the kettle over the fire and add the three cupfuls of sugar. Bring to boiling point and continue five minutes; skim and bottle in air-tight jars while hot. Bottles with patent stoppers and fasteners are most convenient.

Ripe Grape Marmalade.—Take four pounds of grapes, four pounds of granulated sugar, one pound of stoned raisins, chopped fine; two oranges, seeded and chopped with yellow rind of one. Cook the fruit half an hour, add the sugar and boil ten minutes longer. Pour into jelly glasses or marmalade jars and seal up.

Grape Salad.—Remove the skins from large, white California grapes and cut them in halves to remove seeds. Blanch an equal quantity of English walnuts or pecans and shave in strips. Remove the skin and all the white fiber from several small, rather tart oranges, cut in rather thick slices, then into strips, removing the seeds. Grapefruit may be substituted for the orange. Dress each separately with oil and lemon juice seasoned with a little paprika. To give a dainty finishing touch, sprinkle a few chopped candied cherries or pistachio nuts over the top. If you want something a little out of the ordinary, mix the salad with a cream mayonnaise, in which blend a little almond paste, or sprinkle fresh grated cocoanut over the salad.

French Pickles.

Three quarts green tomatoes, one quart peppers, one head cauliflower, one quart onions; cut all up fine and sprinkle well with salt. Let stand over night. In the morning drain off the juice, take one or two bunches of celery, scald in a little vinegar until tender, pour this vinegar off and add two quarts of small cucumber pickles cut up into small pieces. For the dressing use one-quarter pound dry mustard, one-half ounce tumeric powder, one-half pound celery seed, two cups sugar, one cup flour. Mix the above in a little cold vinegar and stir into one-half gallon of boiling hot vinegar. Let thicken and pour over the other mixture while hot.

Banana Pie.

Line deep plate with rich crust and bake a delicate brown. Filling: Take a scant cup of sugar in your sauce pan and cream into a generous teaspoon of butter (not melted), beat in the yolks of two eggs and two tablespoons flour, and a cup of boiling water and cook, stirring constantly until thick. Add a little vanilla after the cream is cool. Slice into the crust a layer of bananas alternated with a layer of cream. There should be two layers of each. Frost with the whites of two eggs, beaten stiff, with two teaspoons of sugar. Brown in oven. Serve cold.

Peach Whip.

The following peach whip is delicious: Cut ripe, juicy peaches in cubes, and cover them with sugar. Stand them on ice for half an hour. Whip the whites of eggs stiff and beat in granulated sugar until you have a stiff meringue—in the proportion of a tablespoonful of sugar to one egg white. Pile the meringue in the center of a dish, pour the peaches around it and serve with cream.

Fruit Trimming.

With the coming of autumn the liking for fruit trimming does not seem to diminish. But seasonable fruits are demanded. As yet the banana seems to have escaped attention, but grapes, oranges, tiny pears, apples and tangerines are all used. Much of the fruit now used is made of velvet, which gives it a further look of seasonableness.

Lobster Salad.

Remove lobster meat from shell, cut in one-half inch cubes and marinate with French dressing. Mix with small amount of mayonnaise or cream salad dressing and arrange on lettuce leaves. Put a spoonful of dressing on top of each. An equal quantity of celery cut in small pieces may be added if liked and the celery tips used for garnishing.

To Clean Windows.

For cleaning windows and mirrors a little soda or kerosene and a little thin starch put over the glass and allowed to dry will give excelent results when rubbed off and polished with a newspaper or linen cloth that leaves no lint. In cold weather a little alcohol is a good polisher.

ALMOST EQUAL TO CHICKEN

Salad Made From Leftover Portions of Veal Joint Will Be Found Most Acceptable.

After all available slices have been cut from the cold roast veal, and just before the remaining bone goes into the stew or soup pot, there will be usually a few choice bits of white meat to be cut from portions here and there which will make a perfect substitute for chicken salad. On days when poultry is cooked a little of the fat can be skimmed from the richest stock or saved from the roast or fricassee. This, flavored with a little of the juice of chicken meat and thoroughly cooked, can be put away in a sealed jar or jelly glass for flavoring purposes. Chop the veal into small bits, mix with the flavored chicken fat in quantity sufficient to flavor the veal, and add to this an equal amount of chopped celery, prepared carefully by removing the stringy portion and leaving only the tender, juicy interior. Where the meat portion is deficient a little crisp lettuce broken into bits is sometimes an addition, saving some of the perfect leaves in which to place the filling. Make a mayonnaise dressing by using the yolks of one or two eggs, according to quantity desired, and beating in, drop by drop, sufficient olive oil to thicken to the consistency of heavy cream. Any hard boiled eggs left can be utilized to improve the salad, the white cut into strips for the filling and the yolks rubbed to a paste and added to the mayonnaise. Season dressing with salt, lemon juice, cayenne, a few drops onion juice, celery salt and some of the chicken flavoring.

Mix some of the mayonnaise with the meat filling, pour into the carefully arranged lettuce leaves that line the salad dish; put some extra mayonnaise on top or reserve to serve with each portion, chill and garnish with the white tips of celery. This makes a delicious, dainty and inexpensive salad, a perfect substitute for chicken filling, and can be prepared entirely from leftovers if the precaution is taken to save the small amount of chicken fat and flavoring required.

Mutton Steak, Florentine.

Cut the meat of a leg of mutton in thick slices, rub each slice over with salt, pepper and grated nutmeg on both sides. Season bread crumbs with thyme, savory, cloves, mace, salt and pepper, and bind them with beaten yolks of eggs. Then divide and mold the mixture into small balls. Butter the edges of a pie dish, line them with paste and put in the slices of mutton, together with the balls, also four chopped shallots, a little powdered herbs and two or three anchovies. Moisten with one-half pint each of claret and water and put on top one-half pound of butter, broken in small pieces. Cover with puff paste and trim around the edges, moistening and pressing them together. Bake in a hot oven, and serve while very hot.

Potatoes a la Haddam.

Material.—Potatoes, two cups; butter, three tablespoons; lemon juice one tablespoon; salt, one teaspoon; paprika, one-fourth teaspoon; chopped parsley, one tablespoon; kitchen bouquet, one-half teaspoon.

Utensils.—Paring knife, measuring cup, tablespoon, teaspoon, potato cutter.

Directions.—Wash potatoes, pare and scoop out perfectly round pieces. Throw them into salted water for ten minutes. Then cook in boiling water until tender but not soft. Drain and keep hot by standing in a pan of hot water. Cream the butter and add all the remaining ingredients. Mix carefully with the potatoes and serve them very hot.

Pearl Cake.

Cream three-quarters cup of butter and 1¾ cups sugar, three-quarters cup white of eggs. Add one cup milk, 1¾ cups pastry flour, 1¼ cups prepared flour. Add one-half teaspoon almond, one-half teaspoon vanilla. Bake in a moderate oven. Ice with soft vanilla icing.

Soft Vanilla Icing.—Mix icing sugar with rich milk, beat one minute and flavor with vanilla. This is one of the best of white cakes, and although a little more costly than some others, its fine texture will amply repay for the added expense.

Honeycomb Pudding.

Beat two eggs, add one-half cup sugar, one-half cup molasses, one-half cup milk, in which dissolve one-half teaspoon soda, one-half cup flour. Pour into pudding dish and bake in moderate oven 45 minutes.

Sauce: One cup sugar, one cup boiling water, butter size small egg, salt, one tablespoon flour dissolved in three tablespons cold water, half teaspoon lemon extract.

Frozen Peaches.

Take one quart of pared and cut up peaches, one quart of water and one pint of sugar. Dissolve the sugar in the water and cook about five minutes to form a thin sirup. Then cool and mix with the peaches and freeze. It will take a little longer to freeze these sirups, but the result is so much finer than simply mixing sugar, water and fruit together cold and uncooked.

Codfish Balls.

Boil and wash four large potatoes. Pick half a pound of codfish into small pieces, scald it, drain, cover with cold water and bring to scalding point. Repeat this three times; then drain until dry and add to the potatoes, with four tablespoons of milk, and pepper and salt to taste. Beat until light and form into balls. Dip in egg, then in crumbs and fry in hot fat.

Potato Apples.

Two cupfuls of hot mashed potatoes, two tablespoons butter, one-half cup of grated cheese, one-half teaspoon salt, a little nutmeg, two tablespoons thick cream and yolks of two eggs. Mix ingredients in order given and beat well. Shape as small apples, roll in flour, egg and crumbs, fry in deep fat and drain on brown paper. Insert a clove at both stem and blossom end. Serve hot.

WEALTH NOT GRASPED

MEN WHO OWNED OIL LANDS LOST OPPORTUNITY.

Boston Man Writes Entertainingly of the Early Days Before the Worth of Natural Oil Was of Common Knowledge.

Lately the Transcript published news of a proposal to erect a monument to Edward L. Drake, who was one of the earliest to strike oil in Pennsylvania. It recalled incidents of my early life that may be of interest to others. I have a letter written by a brother of my mother from Cannaught, Pa., in 1824; he was a contractor on one of the canals that were being constructed at that time. He gives a sketch of the times and customs and tells of the various canals being planned at that time, and concludes by saying: "If all the canals are built that are now projected, Pittsburgh will become quite a city." Owing to this knowledge my uncle—Henry Burleigh Smith—obtained in this work, he advised his brother—St. John Smith—to go into the wild land speculation that broke out about that time. The firm (Smith & Brown of Portland, Me.) had already dipped in pretty deep by buying wild lands in eastern Maine. However, they bought a few townships in what afterwards proved to be the heart of the oil region. They sent one of their friends, who had just failed in business, to look after the property. His wife accompanied him, and their life was of the most primitive kind. Half a flour barrel served as a washtub; the broad stump of a tree was the bench. She wrote home to her friends that "water was plenty and very nice for washing, but there was a greasy scum on the top of it in places." The German women told her to boil her clothes in such water—it made them very white. The speculation bubble burst and the firm sold their land in a few years; scarcely was it out of their hands when the value of the oil was discovered. However, they had the comfort of not losing by the transaction. If they had kept it would have netted millions. My uncle—St. John Smith—subsequently started an oil refinery which was very profitable for many years. As he left a million apiece to his widow and to his children he had no need to mourn that he did not develop that large trust in Pennsylvania. Previous to this episode my Grandmother Smith—who was a daughter of John Burleigh of Newmarket, N. H.—was troubled with deafness. Some doctor recommended a new remedy—"Rock Oil." She obtained a small bottle of it, perhaps equal to a large spoonful, for which she paid a dollar! It was simply the Pennsylvania oil.

These things happened when I was a child and now I am trotting along towards my eighty-seventh birthday. It does not seem like the same world I was born into.—I. L. C., in the Boston Transcript.

Religion and Etymology.

Mr. Crawford declares that the African mind is fitted to grasp the principles of Christianity with remarkable quickness, strength and accuracy. "Can they appreciate the doctrine of the Trinity?" I asked. He smiled. "Everything in their thought and observation exists in threes. They are Hegelians, and do not know it. Thesis, antithesis, synthesis—they find it everywhere. Hegel did not know it was a Trinitarian. The African takes to the doctrine as to something he has always known."

"The Atonement?" "Their language and their thought are full of it. They have many proverbs like this: 'No blood, no blosom.'" Then he made one of his amazing plunges into etymology. "You see, even in English, they are all the same word: 'Blood, bloom, blossom.'"

Not only can the African grasp Christianity, but they express it most forcefully and beautifully. For instance this, from the lips of one of our young converts recently: "God allowed sin to unmask itself in the murder of his Son."—Christian Herald.

Material for Composers.

Modern composers who lack the faculty of creating original melodies sometimes try to console themselves with the reflection that the melodic possibilities have been exhausted. How far this is from being true Dr. Ralph Dunstan has shown: "Even with such a short musical form as the Anglican single chant, which consists in its simple statement of the notes, no less than 60,000,000 different melodies are possible, without regarding the multitudinous differences formed by passing and auxiliary notes, harmonies and rhythmical accentuation. Supposing only one in a hundred of these tones to be musically interesting, we have a possible repertory of 600,000 single chants. And if this be true of such a simple and restricted form of melody, with what overwhelming force does it apply to longer and more important compositions!" The chromatic scale yields over 6,000,000,000 possibilities in the construction of melodies.

Twelfth Century Football.

In the twelfth century football was a game for the streets. The chronicler of that period tells how after dinner the city youths "addressed themselves to football," and how the scholars of each school and the apprentices of particular trades would each have their peculiar ball. There were spectators, too, in those days—enthusiastic spectators. Fathers would come to watch their sons and "become as youthful as the youngest, their natural heat seeming to be revived at the sight of so much ability."

In later years one recalls a famous ball game played in Hyde Park. In 1654, then, "there was a hurling of a great ball by fifty Cornish gentlemen of one side and fifty on the other; one party played in red caps, the other in white." And—here the historical value of the contest—Cromwell was a spectator and applauded the "great agility of body" displayed.

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