NOTHING MORE.

Place me beneath the apple trees
In pleasant summer weather,
Where zephyrs come and wild bees hum
And phloxes bloom together.

Give me my favorite book to read,
My Tennyson or Browning,
A whiff of the far Indian leaf
The summer's fragrance crowning.

My children's voices let me hear
That on the lawn are playing
And joining in the merry sport
The bounding collie baying.

Let me behold the blue above,
Fair ships on dreamy seas.
No more I ask of kindly fate,
But only joys like these.
T. P. Johnston in Chambers' Journal.

WATCH IS A WONDER.

hings About It That Are Not Generally Known.

 your watch and look at the litels, springs and screws, each an isable part of the whole wonmachine. Notice the busy little wheel as it flies to and fro unly, day and night, year in and t. This wonderful little machine result of hundreds of years of nd experiment.

watch carried by the average composed of 98 pieces, and its facture embraces more than 2,000 ct and separate operations. Some e smallest screws are so minute the unaided eyes cannot distinguish n from steel filings or specks of dirt. der a powerful magnifying glass a fect screw is revealed. The slit in the head is 2-100 of an inch wide. It takes 308,000 of these screws to weigh a pound and a pound is worth $1,585.

The hairspring is a strip of the finest eel, about 9½ inches long, 1-100 inch ide, 27-10,000 inch thick. It is coiled in spiral form and finely tempered. The process of tempering these springs was long held as a secret by the few fortunate ones possessing it, and even now is not generally known. Their manufacture requires great skill and care. The strip is gauged to 20-100 of an inch, but no measuring instrument has as yet been devised capable of fine enough gauging to determine beforehand by the size of the strip what the strength of the finished spring will be. A 20-1,000 part of an inch difference in the thickness of the strip makes a difference in the running of a watch of about six minutes per hour.

The value of these springs when finished and placed in watches is enormous in proportion to the material from which they are made. A comparison will give a good idea. A ton of steel made up into hairsprings when in watches is worth more than 12½ times the value of the same weight in pure gold. Hairspring wire weighs 1-20 of a grain to the inch. One mile of wire weighs less than half a pound.

The balance gives five vibrations every second, 300 every minute, 18,000 every our, 432,000 every day and 157,680,-00 every year. At each vibration it otates about 1¼ times, which makes 97,100,000 revolutions every year. Take, for illustration, a locomotive with foot driving wheels. Let its wheels run until they have given the same number of revolutions that a watch does in one year, and they will have covered a distance equal to 28 complete circuits of the earth.

All this a watch does without other attention than winding once every 24 hours.—Jewelers' Review.

$2,500 Job and No Tears to Shed.

John P. Green, an Ohio politician of some note, not long ago was appointed to a fairly good place in one of the departments at Washington. At home Green is a criminal lawyer and is known by his success in influencing the feelings of the jury. He weeps natural tears at the right time, rends his hair and does other things which successful lawyers do. His department position pays $2,500 a year. Green told his Ohio friends that he earned as much at home from his practice. They thought he ought to have had something better. "Of course I ought," said Green, "and I hope to get something better, but let me tell you this, the $2,500 I get now comes a good deal easier than the $2,500 I earned at home. I tell you, this thing of shedding tears and tearing your hair before a jury is no easy business. It will wear any man out. If I had to keep at it much longer, it would surely break down my constitution. You don't know what it means to me to get that $2,500 without tears. Between $2,500 with tears as a practicing member of the bar and $2,500 without tears in the employ of the government I choose the latter every time." — Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Anthony Hope.

Mr. Anthony Hope once coached undergraduates. From the age of 15 he practically supported himself by his scholarships and exhibitions. In regard his call to the bar Mr. Hope told an interviewer that his first "case" was at Aylesbury, where the judge commissioned him to defend some ruffians who were indicted for a murderous assault on a policeman. "They were all convicted," he says cheerfully, "and very properly so."

Significant.

A drawing master who had been worrying a pupil with contemptuous remarks about his deficiency of skill in the use of the pencil ended by saying:

"If you were to draw me, for example, tell me what part you would draw st."

The pupil, with a significant meaning is eye, looked up to his teacher's and quietly said:

Your neck, sir."—Pick Me Up.

tches are adjusted to heat and by being allowed to stand first in n heated with dry heat to 120 de and then in cold storage, being ated after each treatment.

Garrick's time when the weather warm the men in the pit took off and vests.

AN INSPIRED POSTER.

HOW A YOUNG WIFE ASSISTED HER ARTIST HUSBAND.

Two Pieces of Pie That Produced a Masterpiece All Green and Yellow—A Painful Experience Related Under Difficulties.

"Never marry an artist as long as you live," wailed the bride.

"H'm! Has Edgar been criticising your personal appearance already?" queried the blond.

"Or praising that of somebody else?" asked the brunette, glancing into the mirror.

"Of course he hasn't," said the bride. "He is perfectly devoted to me. Why, only the day before yesterday he came back after he had gone four blocks to kiss me goodby, and"—

"Still," said the brunette, "a week ago he wouldn't have forgotten to kiss you goodby when he went out the first time."

"But he hadn't forgotten, dear. Where was I? Oh, when I married Edgar of course I expected that he would make me perfectly happy, so"—

"Yes, and you expected to make him perfectly happy, too," broke in the blond.

"I had already, dear; I had married him. I never expected him to treat me brutally within a month, just because"—

"It couldn't have been a millinery bill already—was it?" thoughtfully asked the brunette.

"Oh, no! Papa has just paid for the hats in my trousseau, and mamma says she wouldn't even dare to die just now —welcome as the quiet of the grave would be—because of the expense of a coffin."

"But about Edgar," hinted the blond. "What was the cause of"—

"It was all about a pie," groaned the bride. "He was perfectly horrid about it. Why, he"—

"Criticised it, of course," said the brunette. "Pshaw! That's nothing. You ought to hear the things my father"—

"He—he praised it," said the bride deliberately, "and I shall never forgive him as long as I live. No, not even if I live to be as old as that horrid Miss Blankley he used to be engaged to."

"I hope you know what you are talking about, dear," said the blond. "I don't."

"I thought I had made it plain enough for a dressmaker to understand already. Well, you see, it was this way: Poor Edgar has to work awfully hard. You know he made the mistake of learning to draw, and now that he has gone to making posters he has to unlearn everything he ever knew. However, I try to help him all I can. Oh, I work awfully hard; you have no idea why. I made him a pie the very first week we were married, and he"—

"Did he say it was good?" asked the blond apprehensively.

"He didn't say much, dear. You see, poor Dick was dining with us. If Edgar had praised it too much, it would have seemed like gloating over him, you know. But he was actually too full of pride and joy to eat."

"And Dick?" said the blond.

"Oh, he ate his. He"—

"By the way, I hear that Dick has recently sworn never to marry," said the brunette.

"Indeed?" said the bride stiffly. "Well, yesterday Edgar told me that he must work at the studio all day and bring home a piece of work that he couldn't get to suit him and work at that half the night. I asked him if there was nothing I could do for him, and he kissed me and said I might make him a pie just like the one I had made before."

"And he sent you a message saying he couldn't be home to dinner? I see," said the brunette.

"Nothing of the kind. He came and ate two whole pieces of it. I was too tired to taste it myself, but I didn't say a word, for he was as pale as a ghost, and"—

"Look here, Elaine," said the blond impressively, "I hope you appreciate that man's love. It"—

"Of course I do," snapped the bride. "Well, right after dinner he went into his den to work, and I sat down to write Helen a letter, telling her how hap— happy I was. Poor, confiding creature, I"—

"My goodness, wasn't he at work? Had he slipped out to the club, or"—

"He was at work. About 11 he came out with the design of a poster that he said would be his masterpiece. Oh, it was wonderful, all green and yellow, and to save your life you couldn't tell the top from the bottom, so it is sure to make a great success."

"But I don't see how Edgar was brutal to you. He"—

"I said, 'Oh, Edgar, to think you can do such lovely things and I can't help you a bit.' He replied: 'My darling, it is all due to you. I hadn't an idea for it until after I had eaten that second piece of pie, and if I live until morning all the world shall know that you alone are my inspiration.'"—Elisa Armstrong in New York Journal.

Excusable Jealousy.

"It fills me with envy," remarked the man who wants an appointment, "to see the schoolboy trudging to his studies."

"You long for the pastimes of youth?"

"No. I don't care for them. But I'd like to be able to pass a civil service examination as well as he could."—Washington Star.

Large toques of velvet seem to be the dominant idea in millinery, and they are trimmed with upright feathers on one side or a long plume falling partly on the hair at the side, with two short, fluffy plumes standing up. Flowers and bows of ribbon are also used, and they all tilt up on the left side.

RULES FOR CANDY MAKING.

Mrs. Rorer Tells How Confections May Be Made at Home.

Mrs. S. T. Rorer tells how to make candies at home in The Ladies' Home Journal and gives the following rules, which insure the success of the work: "Never stir the sugar and water after the sugar has dissolved. Wipe down constantly the granules forming on the side of the saucepan. Do not shake or move the saucepan while the sirup is boiling. As soon as the sugar begins to boil watch it carefully, having in your hand a bowl of ice water, so that you may try the sirup almost constantly. Have everything in readiness before beginning. If the sugar grains, use it for old fashioned cream candy or sugar taffy. It cannot be used for fondant. Use only the best granulated sugar for boiling and confectioners' XXX for kneading. If your fondant grains without apparent cause, you may have boiled it a little too long. A few drops of lemon juice or a little cream of tartar will prevent this. Fondant is the soft mixture which forms both the inside of the French candies and the material in which they are dipped, and it is to obtain this that the sugar is boiled.

"After the sugar has reached the 'soft ball,' a semihard condition, it must be poured carefully into a large meat plate or on a marble slab. Do not scrape the saucepan or you will granulate the sirup. Make your fondant one day and make it up into candy the next. Never melt fondant by placing the saucepan immediately on the stove. Prevent the danger of scorching by standing the pan containing it in a basin of water. If the melted fondant is too thick, add water most cautiously, a drop at a time. A half teaspoonful more than is necessary will ruin the whole. To cool candy place it in a cool, dry place. To keep candy put it between layers of waxed paper in tin boxes. If the day is bright and clear, the sugar loses its stickiness quickly; therefore select a fine day for your candy making."

NAMES WE MISSED.

Some of the Titles Intended For Our Geographical Divisions.

It was intended that Maryland should be called Crescentia, but Charles I changed it to Terra Mariæ, in honor of his wife, and we made it Mary's Land; hence Maryland (home pronunciation, Merrylon). William Penn wanted to call his state New Wales, but afterward decided upon Sylvania, to which the king prefixed the word Penn. In 1784 an ordinance was drawn up as follows: "The territory northward of the forty-fifth degree—that is to say, of the completion of the forty-fifth degree from the equator and extending to the Lake of the Woods—shall be called Sylvania." See what we missed! The territory under the forty-fifth and forty-fourth degrees which lies westward of Lake Michigan was to be called Michigania, while that to the eastward, within the peninsula formed by the lakes and waters of Michigan, Huron, St. Clair and Erie, was to be called Chersonesus. Heaven forbade.

Of the territory lying under the forty-third and forty-second degrees, that to the westward, called Assenisipia; that to the eastward, in which are the sources of the Muskingum, the two Miamis of the Ohio, the Wabash, the Illinois, the Miamis of the lake, and the Sandusky rivers, was to be called Metropotamia. The country through which the Illinois river runs was to be called Illinoia; the next joining to the eastward, Saratoga, and that between the last and Pennsylvania, extending from the Ohio to Lake Erie, Washington. All that region adjacent to which are the confluences of the Wabash, Shawnee, Tanisee, Ohio, Illinois, Mississippi and Missouri rivers, was to be called Polytamia, and that farther up the Ohio, Pelisipia. Verily, a watchful Providence seems to have guarded us from these afflictions.—New York Press.

He Knew.

"Before permitting you to pass to the front," said the officer in charge of the telegraphy to the war correspondent, "I desire to know whether you are qualified to report our actions in the field." The war correspondent bowed and awaited the pleasure of the great man. "In the first place," continued the soldier, "I should like a definition of the phrase, 'fiendish atrocity.'"

The correspondent smiled as if he considered the question altogether too easy.

"Fiendish atrocities," he said, "are murders committed by the other side."

"Correct," returned the officer. "Now, what is 'just vengeance?'"

"Just vengeance," answered the correspondent, "is the term used to designate murders committed by our side."

"Correct again," returned the officer. "I will give you an order that will take you through all the lines."—Strand Magazine.

Animal Worship.

Swine were adored in Crete, weasels at Thebes, rats and mice in Troas, porcupines in Persia, the lapwing in New Mexico, bulls in Benares, serpents in Greece and many of the African countries. The Hindoos never molest snakes. They call them fathers, brothers, friends and other endearing names. On the coast of Guinea a hog happening to kill a snake, the king gave orders that all the swine should be destroyed.

An Easy Test.

Timmins—I have never been able to make up my mind whether I am a genius or not.

Simmons—It is easily tested. Just act like a hog when you are in society, and if you are a genius people will admire you for it.—Indianapolis Journal.

Most of the men in the islands of southwest Japan lead lives of idleness and are cheerfully supported by the women. The males are fond of music, some of them being excellent musicians on various instruments, but it is considered disgraceful for a woman to play.

(Continued from page 3.)

or five years being subjected to the preasure of the schools, but although among thinking people this is less common than formerly, it is still the rule in the community at large. The physical strain of it alone in some schools, is absolutely murderous, and in the hands of some teachers the heartless exactions of "good order" are scarcely less than criminal.

One of our little girls, a few years ago, produced a sensation in her school by delivering in a highly dramatic manner, the following jingle, she had found in a newspaper. I commended it to teachers and parents alike:

OUR MODERN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow;
Slam it in, jam it in,
Still there's more to follow;
Hygiene and history,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek and trigonometry;
Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in,
What are teachers paid for?
Bang it in, slam it in;
What are children made for?
Ancient archaeology,
Aryan philology,
Prosody, zoology,
Physics, climatology,
Calculus and mathematics;
Rhetoric and hydrostatics;
Hoax it in, coax it in,
Children's heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mold it in,
All that they can swallow;
Fold it in, hold it in,
Still there's more to follow.
Faces pinched, sad and pale,
Tell the same unvarying tale,
Tell of moments robbed from sleep,
Meals untasted, studies deep;
Those who've passed the furnace through
With aching brow, will tell to you

How the teacher crammed it in,
Rammed it in, jammed it in,
Crunched it in, punched it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed it and earessed it in,
Rapped it in and slapped it in.
When their heads were hollow.

—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

Perpetual Sunshine.

Perpetual sunshine occurs on the coast of Peru, where, although it may be misty occasionally, the blue sky is always visible through this whitish veil. Perpetual sunshine when the sun is above the horizon also exists in the Sahara, the great desert of Africa, and in the other rainless regions of the earth.

When Horses Were First Shod.

In the ninth century they began to shoe horses, but, strange to say, only in time of frost. King William I introduced horseshoeing into England, and six horseshoes are on the coat of arms of the man to whom William gave vast estates for caring for his horses in this way.

Lion Taming.

Men who have had long experience with lions give them a very bad character. There is said to be no art in so called lion taming but the art of terrorism, and no rule but keeping the lions' stomachs full and their minds cowed. There never has been, and there never will be, say some, an appeal made to the lion's intelligence, because the limited amount of that quality which he possesses is entirely dominated by his ferocity.

The New York stock brokers are said to wear out the floor of their stock exchange every five years.

THE BLACK PRINCE'S ARMY.

The Largest English Fleet Ever Assembled Took the Soldiers to France.

Mr. W. O. Stoddard's serial, "With the Black Prince," gives in St. Nicholas an account of the splendid army that accompanied the prince to the battle of Crecy. Mr. Stoddard says:

It was the largest English fleet yet assembled, and the army going on board was also the best with which any English king had ever put to sea. It consisted of picked men only. Of these, 4,000 were men-at-arms, 6,000 were Irish, 12,000 were Welsh, but the most carefully trained and disciplined part of the force consisted of 10,000 bowmen. During a whole year had Edward and his son and his generals toiled to select and prepare the men and the weapons with which they were to meet the highly famed chivalry of the continent. An army selected from a nation of perhaps 4,000,000 of people was to contend with an army collected from France with her 20,000,000, and from such allies of hers as Germany and Bohemia, re-enforced by large numbers of paid mercenaries. Among these latter were the crossbowmen of Genoa sold to Philip by the masters of that Italian oligarchy.

Edward's adventure had a seeming of great rashness, for already it was reported that the French king had mustered 100,000 men. Full many a gallant cavalier in armor of proof may well have wondered to hear, moreover, that Edward III, accounted the foremost general of his time, proposed to meet superior numbers of the best lances of Europe with lightly armored men on foot. They knew not yet of the new era that was dawning upon the science of war. Edward and his bowmen were to teach the world more than one new lesson before that memorable campaign was over. Before this he had shown what deeds might be wrought upon the sea by ships prepared and manned and led by himself. He had so crippled the naval power of his enemies that there was now no hostile fleet strong enough to prevent his present undertaking, although Philip had managed to send out some scores of cruisers to do whatever harm they could.

Falling In Love.

"It is not everybody who can fall desperately in love," Andrew Lang declares. "Many a young woman knows that she, for one, is not a born heroine. We cannot all have a genius for passion. Indeed that genius is, first, rather unusual, and, secondly, is apt not to be confined to a single object. Girls ought not to be educated in a belief in the coup de foudre. Most of them will find some good fellow who is much attached to them, as they will be to him. They will marry, if they have luck, and never think of losing their heart, in the style of Dido or Medea. This has always been the prose fact of matrimony, and thus 'Hymen peoples every town.' If young women wait for the coup de foudre and the handsome knight who comes riding through the forest, they will coif St. Katherine or lead apes in hell. Novels prove the inadequacy of the ideal. The heroine always loves the unsatisfactory poet, is jilted, meets the solid squire or business man and finds that 'what she had taken for love was,' etc.—we all know the formula—and lives happy ever after."

His Notion of It.

"Why," she asked, "do so many of the poets write about goldenrod? It seems as if every one of them had tried to glorify it."

"Well," replied the man who had worked on a farm, "the only explanation I can give is that the poets probably never tried to raise potatoes in a field where goldenrod had got a good start." —Cleveland Leader.

A Man of Poor Judgment.

Gordon—So you think that Bently is a man of poor judgment. How did you happen to come to that conclusion?

Titcomb—I asked him to lend me $10 the other day.

Gordon—And because he refused you question his judgment?

Titcomb—Oh, no. He let me have it. —Boston Transcript.

TEXAS SNAKE STORY.

A Rattler and a Mexican Afloat on a Plank For Hours.

"I have heard of many men being placed in odd predicaments," remarked Captain Jenkins, "but one of the most peculiar situations that ever befell an individual was assuredly that of an ignorant Mexican a good many years ago near Indianola, Tex., at the time the town was so nearly destroyed by a tropical hurricane or cyclone. I have heard the story many times, although it happened so long ago. It was during the extreme height of the cyclone. Houses in Indianola were going to pieces like so much paper, boats were being wrecked, and it looked decidedly bad for the individuals who were located in exposed portions of the coast. It was about this time that a little Mexican settlement on one of the coast islands adjacent to Indianola began to go to pieces, the water having risen over the top of the sand dunes and the waves smashing the loosely constructed buildings of the settlement into kindling wood. Jose Baretti, one of the inhabitants of the settlement, was separated from the remainder of his family, and, clinging to a long plank, was driven into the inner bay over the ruins of the settlement.

"When the day broke, he was out of sight of land. The waves had calmed down and the storm was gone. As he cast his eye about in the early dawn, to his horror he found the other end of the plank occupied by an immense rattlesnake. As soon as the snake observed the Mexican he began to writhe and coil in an odd sort of manner, and apparently to make attempts to reach the poor fellow, whose hair was then standing on end in a manner wonderful to behold. The hours went by. The snake kept up his antics, but for some reason did not get any nearer the Mexican. The unfortunate fellow was afraid to leave the plank, knowing that he would drown, and at the same time he was in horrible fear of meeting death in a more terrific manner from snake bite. He lay on the end of the plank with his eyes fixed on the rattler. In fact, they both eyed each other, and this they kept up until midday, when a fishing smack came sailing along on the lookout for castaways.

"The Mexican was seen from the boat, and in a short time was hauled on board more dead than alive. He pointed weakly at his hissing companion. The sailors on the smack killed the rattlesnake and found that he had jammed his tail through a small knothole in the plank. The immersion of the buttons of the rattle in the salt water had caused them to swell, and he was unable to remove his tail from the hole. To this fortunate circumstance the Mexican owed his life. The fact that the coast islands contain many rattlers accounts for the presence of the snake on the plank."—By the Bye in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Ran and Caught the Car.

A short man with a fat, red face ran out of the Erie railroad depot at the foot of West Twenty-third street the other forenoon and chased a crosstown car which was midway between Eleventh avenue and the ferry. He was a fast runner and held his hat in his left hand as he gained on the car. The passengers on the rear platform, in a spirit of mirth, encouraged him:

"Don't give up. You'll make it. Make a spurt, old boy. This is your last chance to get a car before two minutes," one of them said.

At Eleventh avenue he caught up, and, perspiring profusely, sprang upon the rear platform. He appeared happy, and when he handed his fare to the conductor he said: "These Bleecker street cars that run down Ninth avenue do not go often, so I ran to catch this one." The conductor rang up the fare, and in a matter of fact way answered:

"This car goes to Thirty-fourth street ferry. Get out and wait for a Bleecker street car."

The sprinter got off as some of the passengers cried out:

"You can run anyway. It is better to run and lose a car than never to perspire at all."—New York Commercial.

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Fair Yellow Pine Flooring, $15.00
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