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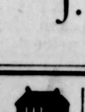
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CHINESE TIDBITS.

The Way Vegetables and Meats Are Preserved by the Natives.

In China turnips, several varieties of cabbage and seaweed are often prepared for winter by giving them a coat of salt and drying in the sun. A vegetable resembling cabbage is sometimes dried in the sun without salt and put away in shallow baskets until ready for use. They have a way also of making a kind of sauerkraut very much as Americans do. The treatment of certain vegetables in this way is a common practice. The best native hams come from a region known as the Kinhua district, in Chekiang province. The hams when dressed and ready for curing are carefully placed in vats. A kind of pickle is then prepared of salt, water and a sauce from the soy bean, which is poured over the fresh hams. After the hams have been in the pickle a sufficient length of time they are taken out and hung up to dry and occasionally, but not often, smoked, when they are ready for the market. Sometimes a little nitrate of potash is also added to help preserve them, but this addition is the exception and not the rule. It is reported that in the south hams are cured by means of an alkaline earth and common salt, but so far as can be learned no earth of any kind is employed in the middle and northern provinces. The famous pickled eggs of China are preserved with a pickle made of common mud, salt, saltpeter and soy bean sauce, all mixed together. The eggs are coated with a plaster of this mixture and laid away until ripe, when they are ready for the table. Prepared in this way they will keep several months.

PAPER MAKING IN KOREA.

Hermit Kingdom Supplies Best to China and Japan.

It is not generally known that the best kinds of paper met with in China and Japan are the product of Korea. It is claimed by many that the Korean paper excels the very best that is made in China and Japan. It is produced entirely by manual labor and without the use of any machinery. The raw material used for the better kinds is obtained from the bark of the Prousonetia papyrifera, which is collected in the spring and beaten in water containing a large admixture of wood ashes until reduced to a thick pulp.

This is taken in large ladles and spread upon frames of bamboo so as to form thin sheets. Another kind of paper is made from old scraps trodden into pulp, much in the same way that grape juice is extracted in some countries, and, though this mode of pulping is slow, it has the advantage of not breaking the fiber so much as when machinery is used.

After the pulp has been made into paper the sheets are piled up to a height of six feet and then cut into pieces, to be again subjected to the stamping with the feet. At the same time the roots and seeds of a plant called tackpoul are added, the soluble parts of which are supposed to give tenacity and toughness to the paper.—Exchange.

Reminded Him.

A negro pastor was warming up to the climax of his sermon, and his auditors were waxing more and more excited.

"I wahns yer, O my congregashun," exclaimed the exhorter—"I wahns yer against de sin uv fightin'; I wahns yer against de sin of whisky drinkin' an' de sin uv chicken robbin', an' I wahns yer, my breddern, against de sin uv melon stealin'."

A devout worshiper in the rear of the church jumped to his feet and snapped his fingers excitedly.

"Whuffo does yer, my brudder, r'ar up an' snap yo' fingers when I speaks uv melon stealin'?" asked the preacher.

"Kaze yo' jes' minds me whar I lef' mah overcoat," replied the devout worshiper as he hurried off.

A Poor Prophet.

Conan Doyle told of an experience which he had when leaving school. His teacher must have been one of those noble old Romans such as Thackeray describes as roaring at young Pendennis when the major, his uncle, called to take the boy away. When Conan Doyle had finished his course in school the head master called him aside and, after eying him with ominous disfavor, spoke to him in measured tones as follows: "Doyle, I have known you now for seven years, and I know you thoroughly. I am going to say something which you will remember in after life. Doyle, you will never come to any good!"—Bookman.

Had Been There.

"Here's a firm advertises for a general man, not afraid of good pay, one willing to start at 10 and quit at 3. You have all the qualifications to land that job."

"All except the $10,000 to invest in the business."—Pittsburg Post.

Not Qualified.

"Did you intend to drown yourself?" asked the magistrate at Marylebone police court when a cab driver was remanded on a charge of attempted suicide.

"No. I cannot swim," replied the man.—London Mail.

A Substitute.

Customer—Will you give me a copy of "The Art of Being Happy at Home?" Librarian—I'm afraid it's out, but I have here a little treatise on jiu jitsu, which makes an excellent substitute for it.—Pele Mele.

The barber as well as the pugilist can give an uppercut.—Philadelphia Record.

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THE MULE IN THE JUG.

An Arab Proverb and the Legend That Gave It Birth.

Who can affirm that the mule entered the jug?

This proverb is frequently quoted to show that, though one may conscientiously believe in a thing which may seem extravagant in itself, it is better not to repeat it from fear of being disbelieved. It arises from the following Arabic legend: An Arab who denied the existence of genii once bought a mule and took it home. When performing his evening ablutions, he saw the mule enter a jug, and this so scared him that he ran shouting to the neighbors and told them what he had seen. They, thinking him mad, endeavored to appease him, but all in vain. He vociferated more and more, so that the authorities sent him to the madhouse. When the doctor came to see him, he repeated the account of what he had seen, whereupon the doctor ordered him to be detained. He continued upon each visit of the doctor to repeat his statement until his friends succeeded in persuading him that if he wished to regain his freedom he must recant. This he did, and the doctor set him at liberty, to the great joy of his family and friends. On making his ablutions as before he again saw the mule, this time peeping out of the jug, but on this occasion he contented himself with remarking to the mule: "Oh, yes, I see you well enough, but who would believe me? And I have had enough of the madhouse." Needless to say that the genii to avenge themselves for his disbelief in them had transformed one of themselves into a mule and as such entered the jug.—Cairo (Egypt) Sphinx.

A ROCKING STONE.

New York's Souvenir of the Remote Glacial Period.

Though tens of thousands of persons yearly see the great rocking stone of Bronx park in New York city, few realize that it is the city's most conspicuous souvenir of the glacial period, when all of this section was covered with an ocean of ice some 1,500 feet thick that was moving slowly toward the south.

That pinkish bit of granite, weighing thirty tons, standing seven and one-half feet above its rocky base, being ten feet broad and eight feet thick, came from the far north, carried in the resistless icy arms of the glacier that swept over the continent down to this latitude, marking its path by depositing great bowlders as it moved and leaving scratches on the firm rocks beneath, from the sliding, grinding bits and masses of granite that settled to its base and were pushed along as it moved.

This same bowlder left its mark on the bare face of the rocky hill to the north of it, in which lies the crocodile pool. There the scratches are visible today, pointing to where the bowlder stands and telling the story of part of its travels.

When the melting ice departed from the great block of granite, it left it standing through the ages a rocking stone so delicately poised that a pressure of fifty pounds exerted on its most northern angle causes its apex to sway north and south about two inches.—New York Herald.

A Considerate Reporter.

When the Maine was blown up the wife of Lieutenant Commander Wainwright was at her home in Washington. She had heard nothing of the news when she was awakened about 4 o'clock in the morning by a violent knocking at the door of her house. Finally Mrs. Wainwright rose and looked out of the window, asking what was the matter. A voice called out, "Are you the wife of Lieutenant Commander Wainwright?" "Yes. What do you want?" "The Maine has been totally destroyed. We are reporters and wish for some information about Mr. Wainwright." Only this and nothing more. The shock caused the poor lady to fall in a dead faint, from which she did not rally for several hours, and, fortunately for her, it was then known her husband was not among the lost.

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AN AERIAL HORROR.

The Very Dreadful Thing That Strohschneider Did.

A group of aeronauts were talking aeronautics.

"Did you ever hear of Strohschneider?" said a German. "He did a dreadful thing once. I'll tell you about it.

"Strohschneider appeared in a certain village and advertised that he would take the landlord of the village inn up with him on a trapeze hanging from the car of his balloon.

"Though the landlord's wife made a kick and the authorities, upholding her, forbade the man to accompany Strohschneider, the landlord sat in state on the trapeze beside the famous aeronaut when the ascension began.

"But those nearest to him noticed that he was paler than a ghost and that his arm was thrown around Strohschneider's neck as if in terror. And, noting these things, the people nodded ominously to one another.

"Up and up went the balloon, and now a murmur of horror arose among the multitude. The aeronaut and the landlord were quarreling; they were fighting. High up there in the clouds, perched on the swaying trapeze, they struggled, thumped, kicked.

"Suddenly the aeronaut, in a mad burst of rage, seized the landlord by the throat, thrust him backward and flung him into space. Down the poor fellow dropped like a stone, turning over and over. He alighted on his head.

"The people, mad with horror and rage, rushed to the spot. And there, to their amazement, stood the landlord, laughing heartily. The figure that had fallen was a manikin dressed up in his clothes.

"And this," the speaker concluded, "is the only practical joke that has ever been played from a balloon."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Perils of Crinoline.

The dangers of the historic crinoline are illustrated by a story told by Lady Dorothy Nevill in her "Reminiscences." Going too near the fireplace, her voluminous skirt caught fire, and in an instant she was in a blaze. There were no men present, and the women could not help her, because if they had gone near enough to be of use their own skirts would have been ignited. Fortunately Lady Dorothy had sufficient presence of mind to roll herself in the hearth rug and thus subdue the flames.

A Judge of Land.

Proud Father—Welcome back to the old farm, my boy. So you got through college all right? Farmer's Son—Yes, father. Proud Father—Ye know, I told ye to study up chemistry and things, so you'd know best what to do with different kinds of land. What do you think of that flat medder there, for instance? Farmer's Son—Cracky, what a place for a ball game!—Kansas City Independent.

Pity the Poor Wolf.

"Why is it," asked the fox, "that you always look so gaunt?"

"Oh," replied the wolf, "it's all due to the business I'm in. I always have to keep away from the door until there's nothing left in the house to eat."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The New Yorker.

"You New Yorkers don't seem to know anything about the rest of the country," said the visitor.

"The rest of the country?" echoed the New Yorker. "What's that?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

All He Said.

Officer—How is this, Murphy? Sergeant complains that you called him names. Private Murphy—Plaze, sur, I never called him ony names at all. All I said was, "Sergeant," says I, "some of us ought to be in a menagerie."—London Tit-Bits.

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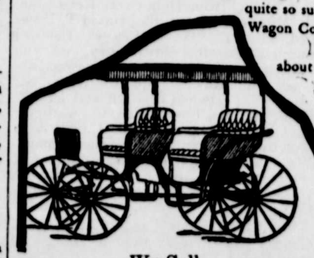
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