

The North Platte Journal

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NO. 30

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BOYHOOD TRADITIONS

HOW SCIENCE HAS RUTHLESSLY PLAYED HOB WITH THEM.

Even the Horseshair Snake is Declared by the Naturalist to be a Humbug—Still Clinging to That Belief and Presenting Pretty Good Arguments.

Science plays hob with the fond traditions of rural schoolboy days. How many ugly but useful toads have been left in unobstructed possession of a garden bed because to handle them was but to cover your hands with warts and to kill them would force your cows to tell down bloody milk? What boy would have crushed a cricket, assured as he was that its mate would come at night and avenge its death by eating up that rash boy's clothes? What man lives to-day who, as a rustic lad, has not held the stilted daddy-long-legs prisoner by one handle shank and informed the stilted daddy that unless it forthwith pointed out the way in which the lost cows had gone instant death awaited it, and when did daddy-long-legs raise one sleeking of its legs to disobe, according to boyish belief, the direction the straying kine had gone? And the devil's darning needle, that big eyed thing that lived and prowled for nothing else than to creep up and the magic red skin tied round your leg, or neck, or arm, to keep the cramps away when you went in swimming, and the snake that swallowed its young, and greatest of all, that vivified hair from a horse's tail, wriggling and gyrating in the roadside mud puddle, the horseshair snake.

But science has stepped in and solemnly and seriously said that these are all myths. It is a startling of ideas, but it is a fact that science must be granted all it denies about them, except as to snakes swallowing their young. I have been an open mouthed and wide eyed witness of that interesting trick too often to let even profound scientists stand up and declare that it isn't so.

I hold out a little, too, for the certain vagrant horseshair that I once put in an oyster keg filled with rainwater, and either that horseshair in the course of a few weeks took on the semblance of life and form of a horseshair snake and kept it up all season, in a bottle to which I transferred it, or else it disappeared, and the germ of what we supposed was the horseshair snake happened to be in the water and developed there. I have always insisted that I made a horseshair snake, have heard many veracious persons declare that they have done the same thing.

"But you are all wrong," says Nicholas Pike, the naturalist. "The horseshair snake, or hairworm, is the Gordius aquaticus and it is common in most fresh water ponds and rivulets. Though no larger around than a coarse cotton thread, they have two mouths, one on each side of the head. They lay eggs and sometimes thousands of eggs. The eggs are deposited in strings, like a chain, on the sides of shallow ponds or creeks, and they are greedily swallowed by various aquatic insects. Then from the time the egg is hatched the first part of the worm's nutriment is spent in the parasite, absorbing nutriment from the body of its unlucky host. The large water beetles are subject to these parasites. They have been found in crickets. They are graceful swimmers, but when taken from the water they twist themselves into such an intricate knot that it is almost impossible to unloose it. They are called Gordius from this, the Gordian knot."

"I have no doubt that one reason why the idea of the horseshair snake has been propagated is from ignorant persons who have had various insects in clear water watching them for study or curiosity. Knowing that they put in only certain live creatures, and some day finding these live worms, they were astonished. The chances are that the worms were developed from a pet beetle that its native pond made a feast on some ova of the Gordius, to be paid dearly for later when these hatched."

But there was no pet beetle or any other insect in my keg of rainwater. The horseshair went away, and the snake or worm appeared. I don't believe the horseshair ever swallowed any Gordius ova. I can't imagine any reason why a horseshair should turn into a snake or worm when kept in the water, but it is not a horse's hair as well as a cow's hair or a deer's hair? Science had better not tell any of the few old settlers of northern Pennsylvania or any other locality where the pioneers were frequently their own tanners that cow's hair and deer's hair will not turn into worms under certain conditions or science will get a black eye. In the pioneer days, when a settler wanted leather for boots or shoes, he was not an uncommon thing for a settler to make a vat by hollowing out a pine log, and using wood ashes instead of lime in removing the hair. When the hide was taken out of the vat it would be placed in a creek to soak out the alkali.

I have more than once heard the sons of such pioneers tell of finding curious worms swimming about these hides where they were lying in quiet pools. These worms were about two inches long, somewhat thicker than a cow's hair, and always in various stages of development from the hair as it came off the hide, some being for a part of their length simply hair, while the rest was the living worm, white and semitransparent. Some would be still fast to the hide, but wiggling to get loose, when they would swim about with a hair for a tail. These worms were never seen except in the pools with the hides, either cow or deer. The more I think of the more I am inclined to defy science and hold out for the horseshair worm.—New York Sun.

A Theory as to Swiggins. "What makes Swiggins such an unconscionable liar?" "Stinginess. He has as many facts as anybody, but he hates to give them out."—Exchange.

Saved by a Nickel. At Longview, Tex., while Jim Vines was fooling with a revolver it went off, and all that saved his life was a nickel which he had in a pants pocket. The ball struck the coin and glanced down his leg, making a long blue streak.

Accommodating. He was evidently a very obliging boy, for when he applied to the merchant for a position and was asked his age he replied: "Oh, sir, I shall be whatever age you wish me to be!"—Harper's Bazar.

FEMALE, WOMAN, LADY.

The Distinction Between Several Words and How They May Be Used.

An interesting discussion is going on in the columns of some newspapers over the use of the words "lady" and "woman." There is no real difference as to the occasions upon which each word is to be used, but there is a frank acknowledgment upon the part of some that they do not use the word "woman" where their good sense tells them that they should, for fear that it might give offense to the person to whom it was directed. "as not sufficiently polite."

There are certainly no words so abused as "woman," "lady" and "female." Among certain people the use of the second of these terms is like the wearing of fine clothes or jewelry. Originally belonging to a superior class they insist on appropriating it to themselves as proof that they are the equals of any other social body. Now, while all that may be true enough and while class distinctions have no place in this country this use of the word is a most ridiculous and amusing confusion. The humorist who depicted the servant as addressing her mistress, "Mam, the laundry lady is a-waiting to speak to the woman of the house," did not have to depend upon his imagination for his facts.

As absurd things as that may be heard in any one of the large dry goods stores in town any day, and almost any newspaper will yield a rich specimen or two. Now the proper word in all this is "woman." That is always and ever right. Than it there is no nobler or stronger word in the English language. "Man" is a general word as well as a particular one, and as such includes both sexes, so that the term "chairman" signifies no subservience of the one called upon to the domination of the other. If called upon to address a stranger, a woman, then the proper word is "madam" and not "lady," this way and "lady" that way. "Madam" is a general word as well as a particular one, and as such includes both sexes, so that the term "chairman" signifies no subservience of the one called upon to the domination of the other. If called upon to address a stranger, a woman, then the proper word is "madam" and not "lady," this way and "lady" that way. "Madam" is a general word as well as a particular one, and as such includes both sexes, so that the term "chairman" signifies no subservience of the one called upon to the domination of the other. If called upon to address a stranger, a woman, then the proper word is "madam" and not "lady," this way and "lady" that way.

Color Protection From Intoxicating Heat. With reference to the protective effect of the color against the sun's rays, years ago on my way to India the second time, having already been invalidated home once from the effects of the sun, it occurred to me to try the photograph of the sun. I received a letter since no one ever got sunstroke or sun fever from exposure to a dark source of heat or even to one which, though luminous, possessed no great degree of chemical energy—the furnace in the arsenal, for example—it could not be the heat rays, therefore, which injured one, but must be the chemical ones only.

If therefore one treats one's own body with the photograph of the sun, it will be beneficial. The photograph of the sun, one ought to be practically secure, and since the photograph lined the inside of his tent and belongings which were in the tent, it was immaterial whether one wore yellow inside or out. I had my hats and coats lined with yellow, and with most satisfactory results, for during five years and even extreme exposure never once did the yellowing of the face, but every time that either through carelessness or overconfidence I forgot the precaution a very short exposure sufficed to send me down with the usual sun fever. My friends tried the plan and at the same time satisfactory results.—Cor. Lahore (India) Civil and Military Gazette.

Sleeping Under Feathers. Years ago we used to smile with conscious superiority at the idea of the Dutch sleeping under a feather bed instead of over it. The idea of sleeping upon a feather bed is a very old one, and a soft one seemed rather an anachronism and a singular perversion of common sense, but the introduction of down or feather comfortable is simply the utilization of that knowledge which the plan and at the same time satisfactory results.—Cor. Lahore (India) Civil and Military Gazette.

Velocity of the Earth. The highest velocity attained by a cannon ball has been estimated at 1,622 feet per second, which is equal to a mile in 3.5 seconds. The velocity of the earth at the equator due to its rotation on its axis, is 1,000 miles per second, or a mile every 3.6 seconds. Therefore it has been calculated that if a cannon ball were fired west, and that it could maintain its initial velocity for 24 hours, it would barely beat the sun in its apparent journey around the earth.—Philadelphia Press.

Death of "Mother Shipton." Mother Shipton is dead, or at any rate the real author of her famous prophecies is no more. In other words, the book-selling world has to deplore the loss of Mr. Charles Hindley, who long ago confessed to the innocent imposture. He wrote a good deal in one way or another, partly to the press and partly in books, but Mother Shipton was his most famous achievement. He died at Brighton, where he used to carry on the business of a bookseller.—London Globe.

Mayor and Wooden Leg. Mayor Willard of Argentine, Mo., untraced his wooden leg and beat into a tractable mood a claimant who was too persistent in his attempt to collect an unpaid bill from the city. It does not follow that all wooden legged men would make good mayors, but such a man as Willard, with a wooden leg, has points of advantage over a man with a wooden head—and towns east of the Rocky mountains have had that kind of mayor.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Flying Machine.

An extraordinary kind of flying machine has been designed by Horatio Phillips of Harrow, England. In appearance it might be compared to a long board on which are a pair of window blinds, so mounted that the shutters are nearly flat. The frame is boat shaped in plan, 25 feet long and 8 feet wide. It is supported on three small wheels and carries a small compound engine working a screw propeller 4 feet in diameter. The sustainer, or wings, consist of a number of wooden blades or slats mounted one above the other in a steel frame. Each slat is 19 feet long and 14 inches wide, the combined surface of all the slats being 140 square feet. The frame is placed in a vertical position and arranged transversely to the line of motion.

The weight of the whole machine in working order is 860 pounds. It could not, of course, be allowed to soar away unattended, as it is too small to carry any person to guide its flight. It is therefore attached to a pillar by means of wires which confine it to a circular path of 688 feet in diameter. When it is desired to operate the machine, steam is turned on and the propeller set to work. It has made 14 turns around the track without any of the wheels touching the ground at a speed of 60 miles an hour, and this with enough dead load to bring the total weight up to 285 pounds. This is equal to lifting a load of about 23 pounds per square foot of sustainer surface, a larger engine and a larger man taken into account.—New York Telegram.

A "Cooling Off" Process at the Shore. The Boverly is the favorite fair of the representative tradesman and business men of Coney Island and the nucleus of all the "jays," as the visitors are termed who come down from the city to "cool off." Close observation of the habits of these "jays" reveals the fact that the popular amusement of "cooling off" is in a pound with a large mallet in a vain attempt to register some impossible number on a dial overlaid, to blow into a "lung tester" until one is black in the face, to mount a condy organization and be swung round a "carousal" to the music of a bronze steam organ, to drink bad beer and to listen to all the unpopular Irish sung by yellow haired scoundrels with their throats raw from every day of the week.

I have seen several thousand citizens engaged in this "cooling off" process, which, by the way, frequently landed its votaries in what is known as the "cooling off" before it occurred to me to inquire into the matter. My researches brought me face to face with the representative Coney Island business and professional men—the worst band of fakirs that the seven seas ever seen.—New York Cor. Boston Herald.

Incantations Chant. William C. Todd of Atkinson, N. H., is a philanthropist wise in his giving. The Boston Public Library is \$50,000 richer for his generosity, and his largess is to be invested so as to secure a permanent annual income of \$2,000 to be expended in maintaining a newspaper reading room in the city. From every large city in the world will be found, if it did not require a struggle to overcome the temptation to found some weak institution bearing his name instead of carrying his gift in a good organization already established. Mr. Todd is a man of less than average vanity. It would be hard to find an investment in the direction of popular education likely to be so beneficial to the world as a reading room makes little show. It is industrial nevertheless.—New York Tribune.

Canada's New Governor General. Canada is to have a new governor general in the person of Lord Aberdeen, one of the most brilliant and rising of the younger statesmen of Great Britain. He will be ably seconded by Lady Aberdeen, the Countess of Aberdeen, who is the daughter of one of the half dozen famous women of the world—one who believes in women as an active force in politics. "We should work side by side, men and women, each endeavoring to accomplish his or her duty in the world." A reading room makes little show. It is industrial nevertheless.—New York Tribune.

By the Wish of His Wife. It is generally believed that the money which the Duke of Portland wins at racing is given to charity, according to the direction of the duchess, and the duke, not content with this, seems determined to hand down to posterity a tribute to her wholesome influence. In the center of the new fine mansion lately erected on his Welbeck estate for the widows of those employed on it there is a stone with an engraved inscription setting forth that the buildings were erected by the sixth Duke of Portland by the wish of his wife. The trustees follow the names of the successful race horses and their victories.—London Tit-Bits.

A New England Slave. The Bangor (Me.) News has found a slave in the shape of a snake in the form of a hose wagon, and is stationed at a little brick house on Hammond street. The Bangor fire department pays him \$40 a month, and he stands eternal watch, day and night, having no vacation or holidays. He is the only slave in the city, and the News says, cannot leave to get a meal or change of clothing unless he hires some one to take his place, and then he is liable to be called on as usual. But probably if this man should give up the job there'd be a score of applications for the place.

A Cable's Length. The nautical term used in the accounts of the Victoria disaster puzzle many, and the principal one is, What is a cable's length? The cable, like the knot, is only used in maritime parlance. It is 100 fathoms, or 600 feet. The word is derived from the fact that cables' length consequently brought two mammoth battleships to converge within 3,600 feet. The maneuver was nothing but what a landsman would call a conundrum, but the columns converging instead of diverging.—Janestown All.

A Long Bicycle Tour. Mr. Frank G. Lenz, a young American, is at present making a tour of the world on his bicycle. His journey will occupy about two years, and his route leads across the United States from New York, then on to Japan, through China, India, Persia, Turkey, Austria, Germany, Holland, France, England, Scotland and Ireland.

OLD INSTRUMENTS.

A BROOKLYN DEALER WHO HAS AN INTERESTING OLD PAIR.

A Lute That Is One Hundred and Twelve Years Old—A Lyre That Has Existed Nearly as Long—History of Various String Instruments.

William V. Pezoni has on exhibition in a window in Brooklyn a lute that is 112 years old. It is said to be the only one of its kind in existence. From a printed strip of paper in the interior of the instrument it is learned that it was made by Renaldi & Chatelein of Braque street, Paris, in 1781.

The lute is as old as the hills. It is mentioned several times in the Bible. Jubal, said by historians to have been the first musician, was the inventor of it, as he was of the organ and all string instruments. He flourished about 1,500 years before the deluge and was the first to observe that strings of different sizes or lengths when stretched produced various sounds.

In the earliest ages of Egypt instruments having the same general form as the harp, lyre and guitar of modern times were common, as the discoveries of travelers in that country have proved. The ancients had many other stringed instruments, but these three classes were the principal ones.

The lyre is supposed to be more ancient than the harp. A very old painting at Beni-Hassan in Egypt represents the arrival of some foreigners in that country supposed to be Joseph's brethren. One of them holds a lyre having four strings. This is an improvement on the lyre. It is seldom found sculptured in the monuments of Greece and Rome, as the people did not consider the instrument sufficiently dignified to so symbolize it, which accounts for its not appearing in the ruins of those proud cities. It was, however, one of the most ancient musical instruments of Egypt.

Some historians are of the opinion that Hermes, one of the Egyptian deities, invented the three stringed lyre. These strings gave forth three sounds—grave, mezzo and acute—representing respectively winter, spring and summer. The Egyptians and the Greeks, as is well known, divided the year only into three seasons.

The lute was adopted by the Arabs from Persia and reached the west about the time of the crusades. In the psalms of David it is spoken of as the malleh, and it is said to have been used by the children of Israel in their rejoicings after the overthrow of Pharaoh's host. The modern Egyptian lute is a direct descendant of the Arabic lute. It has seven pairs of strings and is played by a plectrum. When frets are employed, the Arabic scale of 12 intervals in the octave, consisting of 12 hummas—an interval rather less than a semitone. There are also five compasses, which are small, but quite recognizable as regards difference of pitch.

The large double necked lute has two sets of tuning pegs, the lower set for the finger board and the higher for the diapason strings. This style lute was known as the theorbo. Its height varied from 3 feet 6 inches to 5 feet. Very deep notes were produced from it. Another lute somewhat differently formed was known as the archlute. Both have, however, since given away to the violoncello and double bass. Handel wrote a part for the theorbo in 1720. After this date the lute appears no more in private scores. It remained, however, in vogue until the close of the century.

Venere of Padua, celebrated as a maker of lutes, flourished in 1660. His instruments were highly ornamental and were admired for their beauty, ivory, mother of pearl and tortoise shell being used in decorating them. The present direction of musical taste and composition is adverse to the cultivation of such tenderly sensitive timbers as the lute possessed. The instrument has now become an object of research for collectors and museums. It was a favorite instrument of music in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but declined in the eighteenth century. The great J. S. Bach wrote a partita for it, which still remains in manuscript. The latest engraved publication for the lute is 1760.

Mr. Pezoni was placed in the possession of the lute a short time ago by Signor Giuseppe Vitale, a prominent Brooklyn musician, who obtained it at a pawnbroker's sale. It is a very valuable instrument, although it was sadly in need of repair when it came into Mr. Pezoni's hands. He has been offered sums for it varying from \$8 to \$300, but it is not for sale.

The lute is a handsome one. The body is pear shaped. It is beautifully inlaid with ivory and pearl. The neck is 28 inches long. The fingerboard, containing 17 frets, is 12 1/2 inches long, and the body, with a three inch sound hole, is 15 1/2 inches long. The base of the instrument is 4 1/2 inches deep, while at the neck it is 3 inches. It has 16 strings, 8 of which are designed for the bass. The head, or nut, is divided into two sections and contains the pegs, or keys. One of these sections is 12 inches long and the other 11 inches. The latter is used for the open bass strings, which are above and independent of the fingerboard. Four of the middle strings are double and are formed from very fine wire. The remaining strings are of silk wound with copper wire.—New York World.

Trading In Live Rattlesnakes. Live rattlesnakes are sold for \$1 a snake by peddlers in the streets of southern California towns. Buyers are found among persons who want to tan the hides for various uses, and each buyer can kill his snake in the manner that he regards most conducive to the preservation of the skin's colors.

The Great Mistake Columbus Made. Schoolmaster—Why was it that his great discovery was not properly appreciated until long after Columbus was dead? Nineteenth Century Schoolboy—Because he didn't advertise, sir.—London Tit-Bits.

Natural. Castleton—I hear you are engaged to Miss Biggler, the girl you went horse-back with so much last summer. How on earth did you manage it? Summit—I couldn't help it, old man. We were thrown together so much.—Truth.

PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia, No Alum. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

Legendsman That Failed to Work.

The bright young man—who isn't so very young either—was fortunate enough to secure a seat right in the middle of Deacon Huggins's young ladies' Bible class and by their arch manners was so far decoyed from his usual indifference as to try and make himself agreeable.

The speaker of the evening pleaded most earnestly the case of sweet charity and made the last remaining quarter and nickel burn in the scribe's pocket. When the deadly contribution box began its gyrations in his side, the newspaper representative began to chuckle under the mellowing influence of a happy thought. He would execute a neat little piece of leggerman with that quarter and 5 cent piece, and while properly impressing his fair neighbors with the larger coin would really drop in the smaller.

He held the quarter daintily between his thumb and finger and pressed the 5-cent piece between his middle finger and his palm. There was a click of a coin in the bottom of the box, a rather ungracious twist of a large cuff and a bland smile on the reporter's face.

A second later the young man started as if he had been shot and turned excitedly toward the deacon, who was now two seats behind him. He had dropped in the quarter! The deacon mistook the gesture as a sign that the young man had been overlooked, and again he thrust the box under the reporter's nose.

What did he do? Just what 'ou would. He put in the nickel. And walked home.—Boston Herald.

Curiosities of Glycerine. One of the great advantages of glycerine in its chemical composition is the fact that it neither freezes nor evaporates under an ordinary temperature. No perceptible loss by evaporation has been detected at a temperature less than 200 degrees F., but if heated intensely it decomposes with a smell that few persons find themselves able to endure. It burns with a pale flame, similar to that from alcohol, if heated to about 300 degrees and then ignited. Its non-combustible qualities make the compound of much use as a vehicle for holding pigments and colors, as in stamping and typewriter ribbon, carbon papers and the like.

If the pure glycerine be exposed for a long time to a freezing temperature, it crystallizes with the appearance of sugar candy, but these crystals being once melted it is almost an impossibility to get them again into the congelated state. If a little water be added to the glycerine, no crystallization will take place, though under a sufficient degree of cold the water will separate and form crystals, and which the glycerine will re-absorb, and thus the mixture will remain in a liquid state. If suddenly subjected to intense cold, pure glycerine will form a gummy mass which cannot be entirely hardened or crystallized. Altogether it is quite a peculiar substance.—Good Housekeeping.

Forewarning of Her Child's Death. A few months after my father's death the infant son, who had been pining himself for "papa," was lying one night in his mother's arms. On the next morning she said to her sister, "Alf is going to die." Perhaps as a definite disease, but was wasting away, and it was argued to her that the returning spring would restore the health lost during the winter. "No," was her answer. "He was lying asleep in my arms last night, and William (her husband) came to me and said that he wanted Alf with him, but that I might keep the other two. In vain she was assured that she would be well again, and that she was quite natural that she should dream about her husband, and that her anxiety for the child had given the dream its shape. Nothing would persuade her that she was not being delirious, and that the information he had given her was not true. So it was no matter of surprise to her when in the following March her arms were empty and a waxen form lay lifeless in the baby's cot.—Mrs. Annie Bennet.

Tragedy of Literary Disappointment. An English periodical says disappointment in authorship over there sometimes has tragic results. Recently a gentleman committed suicide because he had had an article rejected, and a confederate assistant shot himself because, though he had written several books, they were all rejected. The article goes on sagely: "Yet he went on writing to the last, unable to see that he was producing what was not wanted. Nowdays there is a market for what is good in any class of literature, and the writer who cannot secure a publisher may rest assured either that he is not ready for a public appearance, or that he has been denied the gifts with which he fancies himself to be endowed."

The Dwarf Palm of Algeria. The dwarf palm, which furnishes considerable quantities of fiber, grows in great profusion in Algeria and is one of the principal obstacles to the clearing of the land, so thickly does it grow and so difficult to pull up. Its roots, in shape resembling carrots, penetrate into the ground to the depth of a yard or more, and when its stem only is cut it sprouts again almost immediately. As its name indicates, this palm is very small, and can only attain a certain height when protected, as is the Arab countries, for example.—Monde Economique.

Lord Sherbrooke. Lowe said that when he was minister of education a parent would sometimes consult him about sending his son to a public school. His invariable answer was: "My advice would be not to send him to a public school. But if you feel bound to send him to a public school, I should take him away as soon as possible. I think it was Talleyrand who said of the English public schools, 'elles ont les meilleures en monde, mais elles ont le plus de mauvais élèves.'—London Spectator.

A Touch of Fellow Feeling.

"We do indeed have some queer experiences," said the trained nurse, taking off her white cap and giving its dainty bow a few deft, reconstructing touches, "and many interesting and diverting episodes also. Not long ago I was sent for to attend a minister's wife and must confess that I responded to the call with some trepidation and apprehension. It was my first experience in a minister's family, and I was afraid that my patient might ask me to pray with her or read the Bible to her, which most excellent officers would be wholly out of my line and would cause me much embarrassment."

"When I reached my post of duty, I found the minister's wife suffering a great deal, and my first office was to make and apply a mustard plaster. I connected it with her favorite anecdote of a minister's wife who had increased, I heard her murmur softly and energetically: "Oh, jimmie! It's too hot! I can't stand it!"

"She says you can imagine how my heart leaped toward the dear woman at this touch of nature. We had a delightful time together when she got better. She was a good woman, too, but like the rest of us she had her favorite anecdote about a minister's wife who had increased, I heard her murmur softly and energetically: "Oh, jimmie! It's too hot! I can't stand it!"

Old Time Cures. In medieval times if a child did not learn to walk with readiness the wise wizard would direct it to creep through a blackberry bush which had the canes bent down to the earth and rooted by their tips. At the present it would be a pleasant and efficacious for the tardy toddler to creep among a few barbed wire fences, and it would be more in keeping with the keen spirit of this age of wire.

One of the leading sources of income to the old herbalist was the compounding of love powders for despondent swains and heartless maidens. If a powder would not bring the desired result, various juices or roots and herbs were mingled in a potion and sold as the love phial. Here is an old recipe: "Mistletoe berries (not exceeding nine in number) are steeped in an equal mixture of wine, beer, vinegar and honey."

The Curse of Militarism. Our Bohemian correspondent says that the Prussian deputies in the Austrian parliamentary delegations continue strenuously to oppose the new military expenditure required by the war department on behalf of the empire. The figures the opposition gives are significant. From 1868 to 1893 the Austrian army budget rose from 68,600,000 florins to 107,374,863 florins. During those years 2,885,000,000 florins and 200,000 men were added to the army. The navy and the landward are not included in this vast sum. The occupation of Bosnia alone has cost the empire since 1878 245,992,500 florins.

On the other hand, nothing is incurred for warlike preparations. The navigable channel has been made. The support of primary schools, asylums, road building, etc., rests entirely on the shoulders of the provinces themselves. Other figures are no less suggestive. In the whole of Austria-Hungary there are 4,000,000 paupers and 18,000,000 persons unable to work—viz, children, old people and cripples; 9,000,000 women and hand workers learning a trade; 1,000,000 florins a year; 2,000,000 workmen and servants whose yearly income does not exceed 300 florins, and only 1,681,000 persons getting from their work, trade or capital more than 500 florins. The physical and moral condition of the impoverished population is deteriorating.

A Wagon Load Of Money

does not necessarily imply content and happiness on the part of its possessor. It is not money that gives us pleasure, but the things that money will buy.

Some people spend money foolishly, and have their find in 98 men in doing it, but the pleasure is more fancied than real. No man who buys

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