BHE AND HER PARENTS.

There's a house a few miles from the city I frequently linger outside; Tis the home of a maid who is pretty, A maid I would like for my bride. I fear that I never shall win ber. My passion is hopeless and mute, in sure that her parents would skin her If they thought that she smiled on my

Her eyes are the purest and brightest That ever encouraged a hope; Her skin is the softest and whitest Her hair is the richest and goldest That ever a hairdresser dressed; And her parents are surely the coldest

Her voice, it's a messo-soprano, Would make even Patti afraid, And the way that she plays the plano Puta Rubinstein quite in the shade. More perfect she is than perfection; Resign her I can't and I won't! And she looks upon me with affection. But her parents—oh, bother them!-

They intend her to marry a title; They want to address her, "You grace."

They've made up their minds this is vital Which acratches me out of the race. Nor do I, in theory, blame them; She's worthy a duke. I aver; It's true I'd be puzzled to name them A duke who is worthy of her.

Oh, I know she's beyond and above me; I deserve to be hung, I'm aware, For presuming to think she could love me But I don't altogether despair. For my heart undergoes an expansion When I think, what I'll tell you about, Of that night when I called at her man-And her parents, God bless them, were

When I think of the way she received me Of the way and the words that I spoke; Of the way that she blushed and believed

Of the sixpence we solemnly broke: Of the mutual hopes we confided, As we blended our voices in song, And that rapturous kise we divided-Well, her parents can go to Hong Kong

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

Dragging haelf westward across the dreary plains of Utsh, the overland train, from a vantage point in the sky. coked like a small horsehair snake crawling over the earth's surface. The earth-almost the air -was white with the heat of the summer sun. All was Vastness, immensity, silence, loneliness; above, the flawless blue; below, those seemingly illimitable plains of reddish yellow, streaked with alkali white, that swam back and forth before the eyes in parallel lines until far off they melted into a long, low stretch of shivering light, the mocking water mirage at the bese of the mountain range hundreds of miles away. Encompassed within that horizon there was no thing of life except within that desultory moving

s Stocked in the emigrant or third-class car of the train was a crowd of tired. miserable and dirty people. They looked out listlessly at the passing landscape, or stupidly at each other, or twisted themselves into all sorts of uncomfortable positions on the hard wooden seats in vain efforts to secure a little sleep. Perhaps the most unprepossessing of them all was a darkfeatured, roughly dressed man. Beside him was a very little girl in a blue dress. His lowering, repellent face had a scowl upon it which suggested the convict or the desperado, but he was neither. The scowl and the unconscious sneer about his ugly mouth were born simply of a long and thoroughly fruitless struggle with misfor-

Although pretty, it was easily to be seen that the little girl was his child. She was the solitary ray of sunshine in that railway steerage. Even the dull faces of the people in the car took on an expression of tenderness when they looked at her, for she had cheered them during the last three weary days with her joyous laughter and merry play. From this hiding place he looked out Just now she was lying asleep on the breast of the ill-favored looking man, one chbby hand pressed against his rough, unshaven cheek. It was un- it came with a rush and roar, and flew necessary to ask if the child had a

She was a momentous factor in a mighty problem to the man whose arm was about her and whose knit brows and troubled face showed how hard it was he studied it. A crazy letter had come to him across the continent, and he had left the tenements of New York to try and reach the golden land of California. He had started with hardly sufficient money to take himself and child more than half the distance, but for several moments did he discover the he had a confused sort of an idea that he would in some way reach his destination. Better it was, at all events, than to remain in the noisome Hester street den, where, without work or the prospect of any, his little sum of money would soon be gone.

The station to which his scanty purse had enabled him to buy a ticket for himself and child had been passed hours before, and he was wondering how on the conductor of the train would discover the shameless imposition he practicing upon the railway company. He had not much longer to wait, sently the autocrat of the train. rried passage through the car, suddenly before him and speed at the check in his hat.

d at the cheek in his line?"

The where are you going?"

man looked up in what was ind as as humble, respectful and
se appeal, but his lip curied up
the test like that of a harried dog. id not belp it. His voice sough, though, as he said: going to California, str.

the not too even temper of the railway

"You are, eh? Well, where's your ticket for the rest of the way?" "If you would please let me through the train with my little girl," replied the unfortunate one, falteringly, "I think I could raise the money."

The baby girl was now wide awake, ber big, round, dark eyes fixed wonderingly upon the conductor.

"Go through the train? Not much. Third-class passengers stay in this car. You get off at the next station," said the conductor in a voice of fierce warning as be passed on.

The man looked despairingly around at his fellow passengers. There was a glimmering of sympathy and pity for him in some of their woe-begone faces, but there was little money in their pockets even if they desired to help

In about an hour the conductor came into the car again and gave the bell rope a victous pull. The engine responded with two short whistles and gradually the train slackened its speed and stopped.

"Come, now, you get off here," said the conductor roughly; "we're behind time already, and you want to hurry about It.'

Again the man's lip curled in an ugly way, but he made no answer, except to gather up the few paper bundles of bread and meat on the seat before him. Then taking his child in his arms, he mane brakeman on the last step called gonaut. out to him:

"Say, partner, ther ain't nothin' here This is only a flag station. The eastbound'll be along in a few hours. Stop her and board her. The conductor on that train'll let you on. It's a shame to put that kid off in such a

In truth, little about the place indicated a railway station. There was a little closed sentry box looking affair beside the track, and fifty yards behind it the remains of an old dugout. Not even a trail showed when it was that any human being had visited the spot. And around the dreary waste of billowy plains and the burning sun overhead

In the rear of the centry box its projecting roof had cast a little shade, and here the man sat down upon the ground with his child still in his arms. Strange things, for him, came to his eyes tears. The little one looked up at him in a puzzled way, and he hastily brushed his hand across his face and left a broad smudge of railway soot upon his cheek. She clapped her hands and laughed with giee at his funny face.

Then thirst came to them-that awful, torturing, unreasoning thirst which the desert alone can give. The child cried for water and the father left her in the scanty shade and stepped out into the glaring sun. Neither in the sky nor in the parched ground was there a drop of moisture, and he knew it. He returned and tried to comfort her, and then he sat down again, buried his face in his hands and tried to think. The evening was coming on when he rose to his feet with a new resolve.

Away off in the far west a thin, almost imperceptible streak of smoke told him that the east-bound train was approaching. Near the track he found a dirty shred of a flag hanging to a stick. and he placed it in the socket of the upright post standing in front of the house. Nervously his fingers fumbled in his pockets until he produced the stump of a lead pencil. Picking up a piece of pasteboard he wrote upon it. in great, rough letters:

SOMEONE TAKE THIS CHILD SHE HAS NO PARENTS.

With a string he placed the placard around the neck of the little girl. This done, he took her in his arms, kissed her again and again, pointed to the smoke that was becoming blacker and longer, and told her that water was coming. When the rails began to sing of the approach of the coming train, he placed her near the track, and then ran and hid himself in the dugout. and eagerly watched the child, while the rattle, and clamor, and thunder of the train grew louder in his ears. On past the station in a gale of wind and dust. The man's heart died within him, and then it beat wildly again. The train had stopped several hundred yards past the station and was coming back to the sentry box. The engineer

had seen the tattered flag. As the long train rolled slowly back ward curious and inquiring heads protruded from the car windows. The gold-emblazoned conductor stepped off and looked about him in wonder. Not child. Immediately there was a crowd about it, and the placard was passed from hand to hand. A white-jacketed porter came out of a Pullman car and placed a wooden step on the ground before it. He was followed by a lady in black, who descended from the car and joined the throng. A pair of yearning, eager, beseeching eyes watched it all from the dugout. To the man in hiding it seemed that the determination of his child's fate never would be reached. Finally, he saw the lady in black take the child in her arms, kiss it and re-enter the car with it. The passengers scrambled back into the cars, the conductor waved his hand and the

train moved on Then the father came forth and game gingly at the departing train-gased at it until it became smaller and smaller-until it became a dot in the plainsuntil it vanished and he knew he was

He stretched himself on the bakes ground that night to sleep, but could not. Two little stars in the firmament modest little stars very near togeth-

child, and he tried to fix his thoughts on them and of her, but it was in vainhe could not forget his thirst.

The terrible sun rose the next day and oked down upon him as its victim. He endeavored to eat some of the bread he had saved, but the dry crumbs were torture to his throat. One thing only was there to do-to follow the track until an inhabited station was reached. It might be fifty miles it might be more -but there was no salvation away from the railroad.

He started off bravely enough, his longing eyes fixed on the ever-receding point where the glistening rails met in the far perspective. But sometimes his gase wandered even further on to where it surely seemed that blue-green trees were bathing their feet in cool still waters.

At noon, when resting for awhile, he heard the rattle of an approaching freight train. Hope welled up within him as he stood on the track and made frantic motions to stop the train. The trainmen merely laughed at him. He did not know he had employed the favorite ruse of tramps. Freight trains were not for the accommodation of such gentry. Nor was it a supposable case that a wayfarer in the desert was unprovided with food or drink, else why would be be there?

After this his progress was very slow. On the third day he came to the end of his journey. He may have been delirious or he may have been quite sane. followed the conductor to the platform A train stopped for him and took him and stepped off the train. Before it on board. This they always do when was under way again, however, a hu- they kill a man. San Francisco Ar-

Sanitary Science in Chicago. The Chicago Inter Ocean sets forth a striking sanitary theory in these words "Don't spy your drinking water through a microscope. Drink it down and trust to the gastric juice, just as your fathers and grandfathers have done." This advice to Chicago drinkers ought to be accompanied with some notes and comments. For instance, it should be pointed out that when his grandfather "drank it down" he did not get it out of Lake Michigan. He perhaps got it out of some clear spring in the rocky hills of New England, and that is very different

But this advice to drink it down hardly goes far enough. This merely touching upon the affectation and ef feminacy of a race of men who are such craven, cowardly fellows as to want pure water narrows the advice to a pitiful point. The true-born Chicago man should be taught the same contempt for many other modern ideas that he is thus taught for the pitiful notion that water is better when it is clean.

For instance, why not teach him that if he has his knee shot to pieces in a little dispute with pistols the right thing to do is to lie down and have it cut off, but not to let any fellow come fooling around him with chloroform and such modern nonsense. Just make him lie down and have it hacked off and never mind. For that is what his great-grand-daddy did at the battle of Monmouth.

And then if there is any small-pox around, kick out of the house all impertinent fellows that come on vaccination daddles and have a good old honest small-pox, and die with it, as he did .-New York Journal.

The Clock Industry. The manufacturers of clocks have not

been so busy at any time during several years past as they are at present; the factories devoted to the production of silver-plated ware are running full time, with large complements of operatives; the watch manufacturers have this year given their hands shorter vacations than usual, and are increasing their already large forces; the jewelry manufacturers of Providence, New York, Newark, and other centers are running their factories to their utmost capacity: the importers of art goods, pottery and bric-a-brac are receiving extensive shipments of goods; makers of cut glass are producing many new patterns and are working every frame in their plants. Thus the anticipation of a golden shower during the fall sea son is evident throughout the manufacturing branches of our industry, and that the manufacturers will not be disappointed all signs indicate.

One man has found a cure for the bloomer crase. He is a shrewd Vermonter, and his wife has been addicted to the bloomer habit for several weeks. In vain he coaxed, expostulated and threatened, but his better half refused to give up her swagger costume. After this sort of urging had gone on for a while, the wife went out for a spin one day clad in her favorite togs. While she was absent her husband sat down to the sewing machine and made a pair of bloomers for every hen on the place. He drew them on the bens, and when his wife returned he called her to the barnyard. "They look exactly as you do," he said, "only they are a good deal more graceful." You can depend upon it there were some lively words for a few moments, but the woman has not worn bloomers since, and, what is more, she declares she will never be seen in them again.

Out of a Burial Mound. Near the battlefield of Marathon, at Kotrona, a prehistoric burial mound recently opened yielded eleven old Mycensean vases, two of them gold, and some gold earrings. At a place called Krikella, where the Gauls driven back by the Greeks in 279 before Christ, and over 20,000 of them slain, a beimet has been found, and a Despoins has been laid bars. In the ster two life-like lions of natural size of depicted, surrounded by successive temporal benders.



Window Brunh shown herewith. The handle is grooved from the bottom to within three nches of the brush end, and a tube is laid in the groove its full length, leaving the handle at its end. The tube then bends over the back of the brush and ends in a fan. On the lower end of he handle is a valve which will fit any ordinary garden hose. In use the water is simply turned on, the supply being



INGENIOUS WINDOW BRUSH.

regulated by the valve. The water asses through the tube, strikes the fan, is thrown in a sheet on the brush, which spreads it over the window. When used in rinsing the brush is simply held away from the window, giving stream of clear water. The handle is adapted for store, office, residence and railroad car washing.

Some Palatable Sweet Pickles. Use for these the rind of a good-sized watermelon, writes Florence Barrett n an article on "Pickles, Sweet and Sour," in the Ladies' Home Journal. Pare and cut into thick slices. Bolt one ounce of alum in a gallon of water and pour over the sliced melon, letting t stand on the back of the stove for half a day. Remove from the alum water and let if lie in cold water until sured that they can depend on possessicold; drain. Have ready a quart of which they see rather than invest their vinegar, three pounds of brown sugar, money in building up something which to an ounce of stick cinnamon and half an ounce of cloves. Boll sugar and vinegar; strain, add the spices and rind, and boil until the rind is noft. For peaches and pears use the same proportions of vinegar and sugar, but not quite so much of spice.

Canned Red Raspherries.

Look over the raspberries and currants, removing the bad ones, and weigh them separately without washing Allow half a pound of granulated sugar to half a pound of raspberries and half a pound of currants. Squeeze the currants, without stemming or washing, through a cloth. Mix the sugar and the current-juice together in the kettle; wash, and put in raspberries. Gradually heat through on back part of stove, then bring forward and boil for five minutes very slowly, to avoid breaking the raspberries. Have the jars thoroughly heated, fill to overflowing, and seal as quickly as possi-

Soup Crecy. Take three good-sized carrots, scrape and cut into small dice. Cook in bolling salted water two hours. Press and carries forward the value as a perthrough a strainer, put into a double boller three cupfuls of milk, one tableminutes, then pour over the grated car- success to its manufacturers as in assist and return to the double boiler. Blend smoothly one tablespoonful flour with a little cold water, add to the soup and tampered with or infringed upon, it must stir until it thickens. Serve with crou-

Fried Cucumbers.

Fried cucumbers are considered a great delicacy by many persons, and they have the advantage of being more wholesome than when served raw. Pare the cucumber and lay in ice water haif an hour. Cut lengthwise into silces nearly half an inch thick and lay in ice water ten minutes longer. Wipe each water ten minutes longer. Wipe each plece dry with a soft cloth, sprinkle with pepper and salt and dredge with flour. Fry to a delicate brown in sweet clarified dripping, good lard or butter.

Pickled Pluma,

Seven pounds of plums, four pounds of sugar, two ounces of stick cinnamon. two ounces of cloves, one quart of vinegar and a little ground mace. Fill a jar with alternate layers of plums and spices and pour over the mass the bolling vinegar and sugar. Repeat the process three times, then scald the whole together and put in glass jars.

Huckleberry Fritters. Mix a pint of prepared flour with a pint of milk and stir in two well-besten eggs and half a pint of buckleberries. washed and drained and dredged with flour. Bake on a griddle well greased with butter and serve as soon as cook-

Hinte to Housewives. Slamming the door of the oven will make cake fall. Castor oil is the best thing with

which to soften leather. In curling leather with steel it should be remembered that only the blunt side

of the instrument should be used. Did you ever try dipping a fish into boiling water for a minute before scaling it? The result is generally satisfactory.

Mink may be cleaned and freshened with warm corn meal and, as this is a short-haired fur, without removing the lining.

Plunging macaroni for a single minute in a bath of cold water after it has been cooked tender in oiling salted water prevents it being "pasty.

A couple of sheets of a big newspaper wrapped about ice will keep it half as long again as fee that is uncovered. The paper is much more deamly than a place of blanket, as it can be removed faily.

STRANGE COMMERCIAL FAITH.

How Breed Cast Upon the Waters of Trade Comes Back After Many Days -Egormone Investments in Modern Business Methods - "What's in a Name?" - Trade Marks and Their Defense. If our forefathers could look down on

modern business methods they would at the first glance conclude that modern merchants were as mad as March hares. After they had become thoroughly acquainted with the magnificent systems which are used by our great railroad corporations and mammoth trusts, they would conclude that the age was an age of magicians, and not of fools. The machinery of business has kept pace with the improved machinery of our mills. In deed, the merchant of to-day avails of no little machinery in the conduct of his every-day office work. Patented systems of copying, of duplicating, wonderful let-ter files, and hundreds of nest sids to office work have multiplied very fast dur ing the past few years and within the last month. The Graphophone has gone into active use in business offices, so that the merchant can dictate all his correspond ence to a machine which records it on a wax-coated cylinder, from which, at later hour, the typewriter can reproduce it for the mail.

The marvelous developments of modern business show more strongly in the matter of advertising than in most other branch-

Vast sums of money are apparently thrown away in this direction. When a dred thousand dollars during a single year in newspaper advertising, there is nothing in the inventory at the close of the year which will represent the outlay The papers have been printed, distributed read and again reduced to pulp in the paper mill, while the merchant's good oney has been paid to the publishers Prudent men, even of the present generation, hardly comprehend it. Thousands shake their heads, and invest their own money in bricks and mortar, feeling as them seems visionary.

A true philosopher of the olden time put over his door the legend, "Things in-visible deceive not." The bankers and builders of his day speered at him as they counted their gold and reared their solid buildings. But he had Beripture for his warrant, and modern advertisers are the direct followers of his philosophy. He labored to show men that gold might be stolen, buildings might burn, substantial possessions turn to dust and disappointment, while skill, education and character ment, while skill, education and character, though invisible, could not be stolen nor destroyed. The modern advertiser goes much further, and proves conclusively that a mere name may be worth a million if it is well known and well respected.

"What's in a name?" finds forcible and the conclusion of our daily paper.

swer in the columns of our daily papers. The shrewd school boy, who passied his companions by daring them to spell housecleaning in seven letters, and then solved it by spelling Sapollo, must have recognized the intimate connection be-tween these two ideas which has been built up by a vast expenditure of money. The five letters, P.e.s.r.s. though valueless singly, are worth hundreds of thousands of dollars when used in connection with soap. The printed matter, painted signs, and countless devices to make the name spoonful of chopped onion, one-half success. Sapolio affords abundant evidence of this. Its great usefulness, its distinct but descriptive name, and its almost universal use has resulted in as great minutes, then pour over the grated car. Its great usefulness, its rot. Put all through a fine puree sieve ance to the housekeepers of the world.

and return to the double boiler. Blend Such an investment as the trade-name

be done openly, and modern law with each succeeding year recognizes more foreibly than before the rights of trade-name own ers, and punishes with greater alacrity attempts at infringement. The manufac turers of Sapolio have successfully over thrown countless imitations, and we unand trade names.

An attempt to imitate is always despica-ble, except when monkeys or stage mimics are thereby enabled to amuse an audi-ence. Yet although the history of trade furnishes no instance of a really success imitation, still hundreds attempt is every year.

In the office of the Sapollo manufactur-

ers there is a Chamber of Horrors where ers there is a Chamber of Indrors where the proprietors keep samples of the many cakes of imitation stuffs which have been vainly put forward only to meet with prompt failure or to drag out a profities existence through a few years. The pub-lic is too discriminating to buy an inferior

lic is too discriminating to buy an inferior article on the assertion that it "is just as good as Sapolio."

The man who attempts to deceive by imitating the name or appearance of another man's goods is a self-proclaimed liar, and however general the vice of falsehood may be, it is a fact that even liars have no sympathy for one of their kind. The public asks no better proof of inferiority than that the goods are pushed forward under the cover of a better reputation, and the Chamber of Horrors in the Sapolio building tells in plain terms how the public recognizes and despises such attempts.

the public recognizes and despises such attempts.

It is not an empty faith or visionary speculation that leads these well-known manufacturers to expend hundreds of thousands of dollars in constantly reminding the world of Sapollo. Years of intimate acquaintance have taught them that the public knows a good article and is willing to pay for it; that the market for fine goods, whether it be butter or fruits, or laces or diamonds, yes, or good scouring soap, is never glutted. They have become intimate with the people. Sapolio is a household word, always spoken with good will, as if it were a familiar friend. The thousands who pass by The Bun building on their way to and from the Brooklyn Bridge, look up with a smile as they recognize the great sign which now overhangs the ruins of French's Hotel, and say: "There it is again," when they recognize the seven letters arranged under the seven days of the week, with the brief statement that "if used every week day it brings rest on Sunday." The great white wall looks as though it had been cleaned with Sapolio, and a verse underseath gives the comforting assurance that—

This world is all a Secting show, For man's illusion given; But woman, with Repolic, One make that show a heaves

A NOVEL INVESTMENT. | touch on trade topics in an ordinary way touch on trade topics in an ordinary way, do not hesitate to set forth the merits of Sapolio. It is a simple solid cake of acouring soap, but the sun never sets upon its sale. From New York to San Francisco it is found in every household, lightening the housewife's care, and, like the great men of the world, wasting itself to make everything around it brighter. In Honolulu, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Bombay, Ceylon, Calcutta and Alexandria it forms a chain which binds the West of civilization with its Eastern edge; while over Australasia, the African colonies, and the countries of South Africa its sales are very extensive.

This slight record of its successes and systems is a good proof of the value of modern advertising, and we have coupled it with some facts relating to the diagent of the walker of the sales of the sales of the sales.

modern advertising, and we have coupled it with some facts relating to the disasters of those who have not followed the broad theory of advertising and created a name and reputation for something distinctively their own, because we would not by painting a tempting picture of success lure thoughtless people to make the mistake of supposing that service imitation would lead them to the same thing. Josh Billings covers the ground, "Never oppose a success. When I see a rattle-When I see a rattle oppose a success. When I see a snake's head sticking out of a hole. that hole belongs to that snake, and I go about my business."

A UNIQUE TOWN.

Probably It Docan't Exist, but It's

Perfectly Feasible. "I live in a town," said the gentleman at the hotel to the reporter looking for an item. "that is unique in its

"What's the town?" inquired the re-

"It doesn't make any difference what

the town is; it is unique." "In what does its uniquity consist, then?" asked the reporter, seeing that he was balked on the previous question. "It is self-supporting and there are

no taxes." "Geewhillikins!" exclaimed the reporter, "give me its address. I want to go there right away."

"No," said the inhabitant of this Arcadian vilaige, "I shall not do anything of the kind. We don't want any more people there at present. We may after a while, but as yet we are not ready for an increase."

"What kind of a town is it?"

"An excellent town, of course." "I should say so. Why don't you put it in a dime museum?"

"We don't have to; we can support orneives easier than that." "How do you do it?"

"Simple enough. When we laid out the town fifteen years ago we made it a corporation that could carry on its own business. In this way the town in the disposal of lots sold only every other lot, so that now it owns half the ground it occupies. These lots it gave long leases on at figures which enabled essees to build good houses on for business and dwelling, and on conditions quite as favorable, if not more so, than those had who bought outright We had the country around us, good in agriculture, mineral, water and transportation to insure a town, and when it was once started it went ahead, until now we have between 5,000 and 7,000 people, and our ground rents pay all our expenses and practically leave no city tax. Then we have some other sources of revenue from the money the corporation put into manufacturing plants and mines, and on the whole we are in clover as a com-

"Now, look here," pleaded the re orter, "give a fellow a chance. Tell me the name of the place and let me go there, too."

But the visitor was close-mouthed and the reporter went away unsatisfied, even the hotel register conveying no information that was of any value, -Detroit Free Press.

Paper Socks.

The day of the paper collar passed away some years ago, and, though paper is used to-day in many more forms than were ever dreamed of a few dec ades back, this cheap article of haberdashery has almost disappeared from the market. But there is promise that it will have a worthy successor in the paper sock, which is the latest novelty to be ground out of the pulp mill. The mechanism has been perfected to paper yarn of such consistency that it is ca pable of being woven into fabrics soft enough for wear. A special merit is the cheapness of this newly devised material, socks being produced at a retail price of about 3 cents a pair. At this rate there is no reason why the whole world may not be supplied with foot coverings. At 3 cents a pair the bachelor's life will become gladsome and happy. It is said that substances can be used in the preparation of this material to make the socks so impervious to water that they can stand several washings before falling apart.

Cowardice of a Large Eagle. The claim of the eagle to the title of king of birds seems to be slightly clouded by an incident reported from Stafford County, Virginia. A gentleman down there was watching an unusually fine bald eagle grandly sailing around in the air a few days ago, when he noticed a little bee martin rise in the air and make straight for the earle. He wondered what the martin's object could be, and was surprised to see it sail in boldly to tear the feathers out of the big eagle. But he was amazed to see the eagle, after a few moments of effort at beating off the little bird, sail away in full flight, making every effort to escape from the martin. The martin followed up closely for awhile, making a savage jab at the eagle every few yards, but was finally left behind through the superior retreating powers of the big eagle.

The only American order ever founded was that of the Cincinnati, in 1783. It was soon dissolved, a Society of Cincinnati taking its place. It was composed of the officers of the revolutionary war.

There is a loaf of bread in the Agricultural Department at Washington made from the roasted leaves of a plant allied to the century plant. Another kind of bread in from dough of juniper