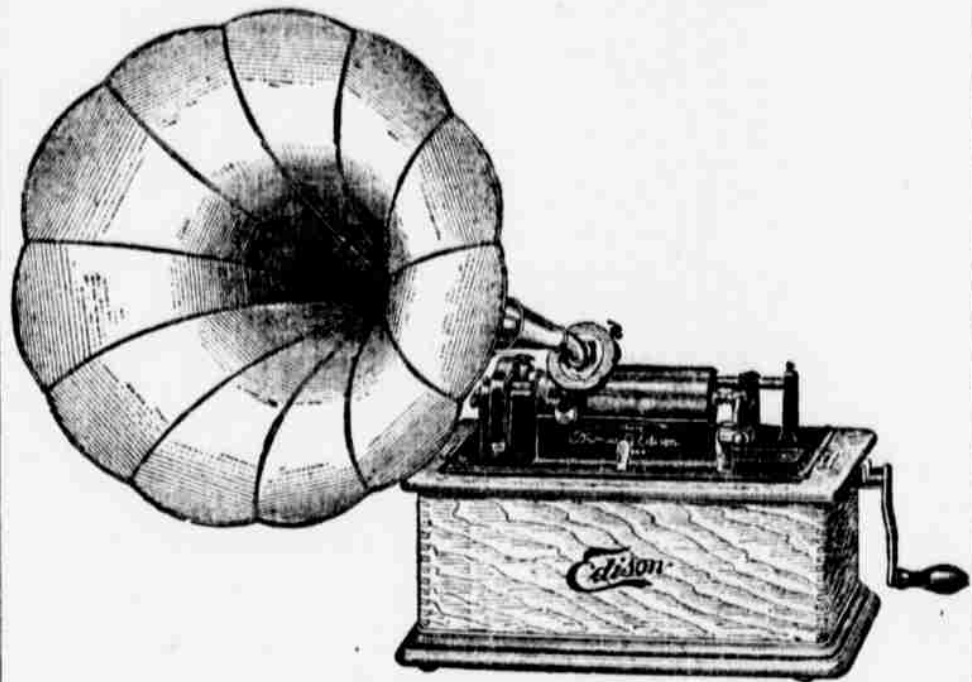


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## NEWHOUSE BROTHERS

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### What He Felt Like.

It was the first time he had sung in an Episcopal choir, and he felt strangely out of place in the vestments he wore. The other choristers looked comfortable enough, but the new one was sure he would trip on the skirts of his cassock when he went up the chancel steps, and he knew that if he did not stop perspiring his clean linen cotta would be sadly mussed. The opening prayer had been intoned by the rector, and the singers were in line waiting for the introduction to the processional to be played, when one of the basses whispered in the new man's ear: "You're a tenor, aren't you?" "I suppose so," he replied, "but I feel like a twospot."—New York Times.

### Hindoo First Steps in English.

A native had been caught at Calcutta scaling the wall of the premises into the compound of No. 3, Chowringhi, dressed in a complete suit of European clothes. The man had on the previous evening concealed himself inside a shop and had employed his time till morning in fitting himself with a complete suit of clothes, including a white shirt, with studs and links; a red tie, carefully put on; black socks, a pair of boots, a watch and chain, handkerchief and even a pocketknife, with a straw hat and stick. He even went the length of writing his name inside the hat. On being caught he said he wanted to learn English and as a preliminary step thought it best to dress himself in sahib's clothes.—Bombay (India) Advocate.

### The Difficult Handshake.

It is a difficult matter, this of shaking hands. To start with, it is not always easy to know whether to shake hands or simply bow or even just scatter a gentle smile around. Books of etiquette devote pages to the handshake. However, if one decides to do it, then 'twere well 'twere done quickly. Let the action be swift and brief.—London Globe.

### No Recourse.

"John, I think I hear a thief in the dark closet beneath the stairs." "I don't doubt it. I have known it was there for some time." "Telephone for the police." "What's the use. You can't arrest a gas meter?"—Houston Post.

Wise men say nothing in dangerous times.—Selden.

### DANGEROUS FISH.

#### Ways of the Green Moray of Bermuda and the Devilfish.

When one speaks of dangerous fish the first that come to mind are the shark and the octopus. But neither of these is really formidable to fishermen. The shark never attacks a boat and the octopus very rarely.

A much worse creature than either shark or octopus is the devilfish—a large ray that is common in the warm waters of the Atlantic. This fish grows to a weight of a ton and a half and, besides formidable teeth, is armed with a horrible barbed and poisoned spike in the tail. It has often been known to attack boats.

A fishing party in a launch succeeded in harpooning one of these fish in the bay known as Aransas Pass, Texas. The brute towed them eighteen miles out to sea and very nearly upset the launch. It was twenty-five feet long and weighed 3,000 pounds.

A very nasty customer is the green moray of Bermuda. This rather resembles a conger eel, but is green in color and savage beyond any fish that swims. An English marine officer, fishing off Bermuda a year or two ago, hooked a large specimen and began to pull it in.

His negro boatman, his eyes staring with fright, begged him wildly to cut the line. The officer at first refused, but when he saw the fish turn on itself and with a crunch of saw edged teeth bite a large piece out of its own body he came to the conclusion that it was not a nice thing to have in a small boat.

The swordfish is a dangerous creature. Swordfish are caught for the sake of their oil and flesh, especially along the Atlantic coast of the United States. They are harpooned in the same manner in which whales used to be killed. Quiet enough until attacked, the swordfish then seems to go raving mad and fights with unmatched ferocity.—London Answers.

### New York's Noisy Greeting.

New York, Jan. 1.—With hearts as light as the confetti that swirled, blizzard-like, about the Broadway revel route, New Yorkers tore the last leaf from the calendar of '07. Of all the blisterous New Year's eves, there never was one noisier and more hilarious. The celebration cost New Yorkers about three-quarters of a million dollars.

### STORIES OF TENNYSON.

#### Showing Some of the Odd Ways of the Famous Poet.

In the memoirs of the late William Allingham, the English poet, appear some interesting reminiscences of Tennyson. Allingham's first sight of him was at Twickenham, where Tennyson was then living. He says: "Soon came in a tall, broad shouldered, swarthy man, slightly stooping, with loose dark hair and beard. He wore spectacles and was obviously very nearsighted. Hollow cheeks and the dark pallor of his skin gave him an unhealthy appearance. He was a strange and almost spectral figure. The great man peered close at me and then shook hands cordially, yet with a profound quietude of manner. He was then about forty-one, but looked much older."

In 1886 Allingham visited Tennyson at the latter's home, Farringford, in Freshwater, Isle of Wight. One morning they were talking on the downs together, and Allingham said that he felt happy. Tennyson said gloomily, "I'm not at all happy—very unhappy." The reason, as Tennyson afterward explained, for his particular unhappiness was his uncertainty regarding the condition and destiny of man. Allingham was very anxious to photograph him on this visit, but Tennyson positively refused. "You make bags under my eyes," he said.

At another time during this visit, as Allingham writes, they talked of dreams. "Tennyson said: 'In my boyhood I had intuitions of immortality—Inexpressible! I have never been able to express them. I shall try some day.' I said that I, too, had felt something of that kind, whereat Tennyson, being in one of his less amiable moods, growled: 'I don't believe you have. You say it out of rivalry.'"

Allingham describes Tennyson's fondness for strange antics, such as jumping round and round like a pigeon, and adds, "He is the only person I ever saw who can do the most ludicrous things without any loss of dignity."

If we want to educate that sturvy, stolid, unresponsive thing, the British public, a scheme has to be mildly diluted with pleasure, masked by brilliant pictures, like the bitter pill we hide in our children's jam. We have compulsory schooling, of course, but as a nation we are not and do not want to be educated.—London Bystander.

### NEGLECTED BAYBERRIES.

#### Time Was When the Crop Was Eagerly Harvested.

Years ago when the first frosts had come Connecticut people went out to pick the bunches of bayberries to make the pale green wax candles which when burning gave out the aromatic smell of the leaves that the pickers crushed in pulling off.

We no longer pick bayberries for company candles for the winter time. Except a few romantic souls who gather berries enough to make a candle or two for old memories, a few faddists who want to try to make bayberry candles by some discovery or other in a magazine and some stanch old New Englanders who love to get out in the pastures on a crisp fall day—these are all who gather the bayberries now.

Left to themselves, the clumps of bushes have spread out and in some cases overrun whole pastures. In some parts of Connecticut the bushes have grown very tall.

In Branford, on the coast, there are almost bayberry trees, as many can be found growing along the highways ten feet tall and some even taller. These bayberries must be very old. You cannot help wondering how many crops have been picked off them in years past.

As early as 1717 the town records show that the gathering of bayberries on the highways and common was forbidden before Sept. 15. A fine of 10 shillings for each violation was the penalty. It appears that the wax from the berries was used in making a blacking and a salve and that bayberry wax continued an article of trade in Branford down to the last fifty years.

Human nature being about the same one century to another, there was probably in 1717 a great complaining of people who picked the berries "before they were half ripe" or "got up mornings before anybody else had a chance;" hence the regulation and the fine.

But what a breathless, hurried bayberry picking it must have been the morning of Sept. 15!—Hartford Courant.

### Gift for Dakota Wesleyan.

Rapid City, S. D., Jan. 1.—A gift of \$25,000 by Andrew Carnegie toward the endowment of the Dakota Wesleyan university at Mitchell was announced here by Dr. Nicholson, president of the university.

### OLD TIN CANS.

#### The Way They Finally Disappear From Human Sight.

Few people realize what becomes of all the old tin cans, tin pans, kettles, buckets, coal hods and the like. They finally disappear from human sight and knowledge and are seen no more. Science shows that they evaporate. When a tin can is cast away and forsaken it begins its downward course, by becoming rusty. The tin oxidizes or, in other words, unites with the oxygen surrounding it in the atmosphere, and the oxide of tin gradually takes leave of the iron by evaporating into the air, while some of it is washed away by the rain into the earth. After the tin is gone the iron of the can follows the same course that has been pursued by the tin. It oxidizes and becomes the familiar reddish brown substance known as iron rust. The metals have no wills of their own, no affinities, no understandings, and therefore no intentions as to their present or future course. They do nothing of themselves. But electrical forces do their work for them. These forces unite the atoms of the metals with those of the oxygen. Then the molecules of these oxides are carried away by the atmospheric electricity and disposed of according to circumstances.

If a small bottle or other piece of glass be placed on damp ground and an old wornout tin bucket is turned over it, the particles of iron oxide will be taken away by electric currents from the old bucket and will be deposited partly on the glass, the remainder going into the air and the earth. Deposits of iron and other metals are thus carried around by electricity in the atmosphere from place to place all over the earth. Chlorine by electric power picks up atoms of gold and goes with them to the ocean, where they are as much at home as salt. All metals can exist in a state of vapor; therefore they are to be found not only in the atmosphere around this earth, but also in the atmosphere around the sun and the stars. If a ray of sunlight is bent out of its course, as it is by drops of water in the case of the rainbow, the familiar seven colors of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet are spread out side by side. When these spectra or streaks of light are scientifically investigated about 500 dark lines are formed also among the colors, and these lines represent shadows cast by elemental substances in the atmospheres of the earth and the sun. Light made artificially and not passing through the atmosphere of the earth and the sun does not have these dark lines.

By means of the spectroscope, a gradually invented instrument now in use, but credited to several scientists, well known elements have been compelled to register their addresses in bands of light. Among the first to write themselves down were sodium, potassium, magnesium, calcium, chromium, nickel and iron. And the same apparatus led to the discovery of new metals, such as cesium, rubidium and thallium. All these are found to be in the sun's atmosphere. By means of the spectroscope the one hundred millionth part of a grain of sodium in common salt becomes as discernible and unmistakable as the side of a house. This wonderful modern instrument has enabled scientists to find out what the people who inhabit the planets in the solar system of the dog star Sirius, for example, have to eat, for without nitrogen they could have no beans or spring peas, without sulphur no mustard, horseradish and water cresses or anything of the kind, although the people would be confined to vegetable diet. They would also be without light biscuit for breakfast or any fermented liquors.—Baltimore American.

### Picturesque Newfoundland.

Newfoundland has been styled a rough stone with no interior, and doubtless to the passenger on some Atlantic liner, seeing its bold headland jutting out into the ocean, with its weather beaten cliffs standing gray and cold, the description may seem a fitting one. But to those who know it well, who have seen the fir clad valleys, its clear lakes and streams and hillsides tinged with the red and gold of autumn, it is a rough stone with a very fair interior.—London Strand.

### A Piece of Homely Truth.

"Do you expect people to believe all that you tell them?"

"That is not the idea," answered the sagacious campaigner. "The way to win the hearts of the people is to tell them what they already believe."—Washington Star.

### Anxious.

Sick Man (who is a collector of coins and also very rich)—I made out my will today, Reginald, and left you my collection of coins.

"Which one, uncle—the one in the bank or the one in the cabinet?"—London Tit-Bits.

### Her Generosity.

He—I wish that you were poor, so that you would be willing to marry me. She—Evidently I am far more generous than you. I wish you were rich, so that I might be willing to marry you.—Exchange.