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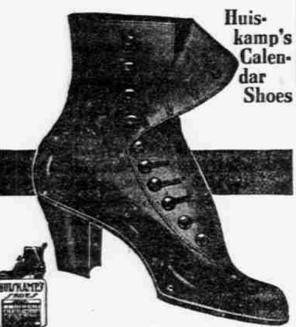
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WM. J. PATTON, O. M. I.

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LESTER E. LEWIS, Pastor.

EPISCOPAL—Sunday school at ten o'clock. Morning prayer and sermon at eleven o'clock. Evening prayer and sermon at eight. Choir rehearsal as usual; every member please attend
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HENRY KAURERZ, Pastor.

GERMAN EVAN. LUTHERAN—Services every other Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.
REV. GROTHBER, Pastor.

THE CUCUMBER.

One Way to Dress It and a Royal Way to Grow It.

If ever an anthology of the foods of the earth comes to be written quite an entertaining chapter could be made out of the cucumber. And some of the extracts would provide material for much mental exercise to decide whether they are humorous or serious. For example, what did the Greek poet mean when he said of a certain woman:

She was to me
More tender than a cucumber?

Only one meaning would have been taken from that equivocal statement by that famous doctor who used to declare that the only way to dress a cucumber is to cut it into very thin slices, sprinkle it with the finest of oil, pepper it plentifully, cover it with vinegar—and then throw it out of the window! On the other hand, Thackeray tells how he "had delicate cucumbers stuffed with forcemeat," while Dickens refers to "salmon, lamb, peas, innocent young potatoes, a cool salad, sliced cucumber, a tender duckling—all there!" Both novelists were evidently men after the heart of the Emperor Tiberius, who was never without cucumbers and had frames made upon wheels, by means of which the growing cucumbers could be moved about and exposed to the full heat of the sun, while in winter they were withdrawn and placed under the protection of frames glazed with mirror stone.

Yet two or three centuries ago the vegetable was looked at suspiciously as cold and treacherous.—London Standard.

FEAR OF LIGHTNING.

It Is Hardly Justified by the Number of Deaths It Causes.

Why are so many people, brave under all other circumstances, so deathly afraid of thunder and lightning?

It is not because lightning is so dangerous, for it isn't half so dangerous as going out of the house on an icy morning, walking down the cellar stairs or a hundred other things we do every day without a thought of personal harm. More people are killed each year by falling building material, more die from fright, than are killed by lightning. The census bureau shows only 169 people killed by lightning in this entire country during a given year, and only thirty of these people were killed in the cities. Heat and the sun killed 763 during the same year, 203 died from cold and freezing and 4,395 were drowned.

But you will find it quite a waste of time during a thunderstorm to try to ease the fears of a person who is afraid of telling him or her that the chances of being killed by lightning are less than two in a million; they will remain just as frightened for all this mortuary knowledge. And after the storm has passed and nerves are steadied a few minutes before will start getting supper on the gas stove, smiling through her tears that the danger has all passed and only laughing if you venture the remark that twice as many people are killed by gas stoves as by lightning.—Country Life in America.

Learned His Own Value.

A husband and wife combination in vaudeville, with the husband as the feeder and the wife as the real attraction, worked for Lew Fields in one of his summer shows. The two were very popular and got much newspaper space; also they had \$1,000 a week. One day the husband, puffed up by what the newspapers said about the singing of his wife, went in to see Fields.

"Mr. Fields," he said, "it is \$1,200 a week from now on for us or we quit right here."

"Twelve hundred, eh?" Fields asked, with interest.

"Yes, sir, \$1,200 a week or we quit and go out on the big time in the Morris circuit."

"Well, sonny," said Fields, "I think an awful lot of your wife's work, but I don't think she is worth \$1,175 a week to me."—Saturday Evening Post.

Theory and Practice.

Here is a good story from the collection of a German school inspector. The pupils were being examined on the subject of personal hygiene. A boy was asked, "What have you to do in order to keep your teeth sound and white?" "Clean them," was the prompt reply. "When ought you to clean them?" "Morning, noon and night."

"What are they to be cleaned with?" "With a toothbrush." "Very good. Have you a toothbrush?" "No, sir." "Has your father a toothbrush?" "No, sir." "Has your mother a toothbrush?" "No, sir." "But how do you know about the use of toothbrushes?" "We sell them, sir."

Character in Handwriting.

I showed a professor of calligraphy a letter I had received. He took a very unfavorable view of the handwriting. It was the handwriting, he told me, of a man without learning, without genius, without feeling. "And, now, sir," I said, "will you look at the signature?" The letter was written by Lord Macaulay.—Arnold's "Three Corners Essays."

A Canine Reason.

She (on the beach at Atlantic City)—I wonder why that dog tried to bite me just now. He—The intelligent animal heard me call you a little witch, and he probably thought you were a sandwich.—Baltimore American.

The man who can be nothing but serious or nothing but merry is but half a man.—Hunt.

PUFFED THEIR OWN WARES.

Authors in the Good Old Days Threw Bouquets at Themselves.

Authors in "the good old days" were not above writing their own puffs. Charles Reade wrote a long article on himself for Once a Week, in which he said:

It is impossible to speak too highly of "The Cloister and the Hearth." It is one of the most scholarly and learned as well as one of the most artistic and beautiful works of fiction in any language. Read him. Resign yourself to the magic spell of his genius. The effect of "Foul Play" is perfectly marvelous. It leaves the stories of every other sensational novel writer far behind.

Nor was Balzac in France above praising his own works. "If you have not been born a story teller," he wrote in a review, "you will never obtain the popularity of M. de Balzac. And what a story teller! What verve and wit! How the world is dissected by this man! What passion and coarseness!"

But the height of literary advertising in the first half of the last century was reached in the case of Eugene Sue's famous novel "The Wandering Jew." Every little while the daily installment in the newspaper in which it was appearing would be missing, and in its place would be an announcement that M. Sue was suffering from a slight indisposition and readers would be obliged to wait forty-eight hours for new developments of the narrative. So well did these methods succeed, says Mr. Tassin, that it was impossible to buy outright a copy of the journal, but instead copies were rented out at 10 sous for half an hour, the time thought necessary to read the installment. "And all the while Sue himself was industriously abetting the publishers by posing over-dressed and with spurs to his boots at the Cafe de Paris in an attitude of deepest abstraction, as if wondering what the next installment would be about."—Bookman.

NESTS OF SEAWEED.

Floating Homes for Flying Fish in the Sargasso Sea.

Science is beginning to know a good deal more than it formerly did about that strange "drowned meadow" in the Atlantic ocean southwest of the Azores which is called the Sargasso sea.

It is, as is well understood, a vast accumulation of a kind of seaweed which, upheld at the surface of the water by innumerable little air vessels that act as floats, is continually renewed by the breaking up of its fronds and the growth of the broken parts. Many fishes have established their homes in it as well as numerous swimming crabs, small cuttlefish and quite a variety of other creatures.

Most remarkable of all its inhabitants is the mouse fish, which has pectoral fins developed in such a way as to resemble arms. By these it holds on to the fronds of the weed, a creature of solitary habits, highly carnivorous and always waiting for some prey to come within reach. It is a fish of very peculiar appearance, with ever so many queer looking appendages, and in color it imitates closely the plant that affords it shelter, being green with white spots.

The flying fishes that inhabit the floating meadow make ball-like nests out of fronds of the weed as big as two fists. Such balls are found floating and appear as if knit together with elastic threads. They are filled with eggs. Professor Louis Agassiz mistook them for nests of the mouse fish, but Dr. Theodore Gill, an eminent authority, has proved this to have been an error. Each one of these nests is composed of a single frond, which by commencing with the slender outer branchlets and peeling them successively off can be spread out entire.—New York World.

Magnets in Needle Factories.

In factories where needles are made the grindstones throw off great quantities of minute steel particles, although the dust is too fine to be perceptible to the eye. Breathing the dust shows no immediate effect, but gradually sets up irritation, usually ending in pulmonary consumption, and formerly almost all the workmen died before the age of forty. Ineffective attempts were made to screen the air by gauze or linen guards for nose and mouth. At length the use of the magnet was suggested, and now masks of magnetized steel wire are worn by workmen and effectually remove the metal dust before the air is breathed.—London Telegraph.

The Retort Courteous.

This is the sort of conversation one overhears between newly married couples:

Him—Oh, I'm tired of hearing about your brother Bob! Shut up about him! One would think he had all the manly virtues.

Her—Well, he may not be such an angel as all that, but he isn't such a fool as you are.

Him—You bet he isn't. He's a bachelor!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Very Special.

A young medical student was being quizzed by one of his teachers. "In what will you specialize?" he was asked.

"Diseases of the nostril," replied the student.

"Good!" said the professor enthusiastically. "Which nostril?"—Success.

Premature.

The Fair Purchaser—Your eggs are all very small today, Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones—Yes'm, they are, but I'm sure I don't know the reason. The Fair Purchaser—Oh, expect you took them out of the nests too soon. London Sketch.

CATCHING COLD.

Due to Infection and Not at All to Changes in the Weather.

Have you ever noticed in church immediately after a prayer or a sermon is finished some one starts a cough and then a whole battery of coughs explode? The modern physician will tell you by way of explanation that microbe emanations from the breath of the coughers find their way into the respiratory tract of others, who thereupon cough too. Not alone in church, but in theaters and other indoor places where people gather in large numbers, is this coughing habit noticeable.

In an article dealing with this subject published in the Independent it is explained that colds are slight infectious fevers which spread particularly among the population of cities and which are due to contagion and not at all to changes in the weather. These may predispose by lowering resistive vitality and by disturbing the circulation in mucous membranes, but it is the presence of an infectious germ that gives rise to the symptoms of the cold. When one of these bothersome affections gets into a household usually more than one person suffers from it, and it spreads in offices and schools and the like. It is much more frequently caught in a crowd than anywhere else.

The people who have a succession of colds during the winter time and those who have to work where many people come and go during the day are particularly susceptible to them. It is not to some sudden change in the weather that the physician looks for the origin of a cold, but to some rather intimate contact with other sufferers from similar affection.

FAT AND FLOWERS.

Extracting Their Dainty Perfumes From Odorous Blossoms.

By a process known as enfleurage, which is the exposure of beef fat to fresh flowers in closed boxes until it is thoroughly permeated and charged with their odors, the perfumes of various flowers are obtained which could not otherwise be so effectually preserved apart from the fresh petals. Those flowers are violet, jasmine, tuberose, rose, orange flower and cassia (cinnamon flowers). From those six there are fifty or more combinations made for the simulation of the odors of other flowers. Sweet pea is made with orange flower and jasmine, hyacinth is counterfeited by jasmine and tuberose and the lily of the valley by violet and tuberose.

The resources of the perfumer are, however, by no means confined to the pomades, as the scented fats are termed. He uses many essential oils, the principal of which are sandalwood, bergamot, lemon, rosemary, neroli (made from bitter orange flowers), patchouli and attar of roses. The latter, which is not now used so much as formerly, is very difficult to obtain in a pure state, because its great cost tempts to dishonest adulteration. Very often geranium oil is substituted for it. Musk is another important ingredient, entering, as it does, into almost all perfumes except those that actually are imitations of flower odors or, as styled by perfumers, "natural"—as, for instance, the heliotrope, tuberose, white rose and violet.—New York Press.

The Music Soothed Him.

In his book "My Life's Pilgrimage" Thomas Catling gives an interesting glimpse of Gladstone in the Midlothian campaign of 1880:

I happened to meet an organist from Edinburgh, who told me that in the throes of that electoral fight Mr. Gladstone soothed and steadied himself with music. Having arranged a time for the organ practice, he was provided with a key, by means of which he could enter the church quite privately. Silently and alone he would sit in one of the pews with his forehead resting on his hands while the organist played over a number of familiar and impressive hymn tunes. The listener neither looked up nor spoke until the hour compelled him to move. Then, with a "Thank you," he passed out to throw himself again into the bustling political contest.

Forestalled.

"Widows," said the observing man, "are very attractive, but about a widow there is always something uncanny, something almost clammy—I mean, of course, from the matrimonial point of view."

"I know a widower who is thinking of marrying again. He thought he'd broach the matter delicately the other morning to his little daughter, so he said: "Ah, my dear, how I did love your mother!" "But the little girl gave him a suspicious look and snapped: "Say 'do,' not 'did,' papa."—Washington Star.

His Mexican Commission.

"Yes, he's a very merry wag. The last time he went to Mexico his wife asked him to bring back some of the embroidery work for which the country is famous. When he reached home he handed her a box containing half a dozen human teeth." "Mercy," she cried, "what's this?" "Mexican drawn work," he trippingly replied.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Missing Much.

"How do you like this grand opera, Bill?" "I can't understand what they are saying." "That's all right. You ain't missing no jokes."—Pittsburg Post.

Refrain from covetousness and thy estate shall prosper.—Plato.

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