

THE DAILY COURIER

"IF FOR THE LIBERTY OF THE WORLD WE CAN DO ANYTHING."

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Nut Orchards—Why Not?

Nuts are healthful, nutritious and agreeable food. The market is not overstocked; indeed, the demand is greater than the supply. This fact is being recognized. The chestnut, English walnut, butternut, black walnut, pecan and hickories in variety, besides the hazel-nut, or better, its improved form, the filbert, are all valuable. The pecan, chestnut, English walnut and hazel-nut bring best price. The small, thin-shelled, sweetmeated hickory nut always find market. Our native nut trees are slow about coming into bearing, acquiring usually eight to twelve years. Little has been done by cultivation and selection to improve them. What may be done has been shown by the European chestnut; the number of varieties has been increased, the nuts are larger and of better quality and the tree bears earlier than our own. There is a dwarf Japanese variety that comes into bearing at four to five years, and bears larger nuts than the European, but it is not very hardy. Doubtless they could be made more hardy by grafting on our own native stock.

The Old and the New.

An example of the difference in the stockraising of years ago and the methods employed by the best stock farmers now is given in Farm and Fireside by R. M. Bell:

"The old idea was, a sheep was current at one dollar a head, as good as a trade dollar. The produce of the flock was of course, hairy fleeces of two or three pounds and a lamb once a year no better than its mother."

"Now, a sheep that is worth keeping must give a fleece of eight to twelve pounds, a lamb that will weigh from fifty to seventy-five pounds at six to twelve weeks old, and, if possible, a second lame six months later."

"Besides these, the value of the manure from a sheep is worth to the farmer of the farm one dollar a year; some estimate it higher. Again, to this account add what it would cost in cash to destroy weeds, briars and brush, say from one to two dollars a head. These figures are not unreasonable, and are verified on many well-managed farms by progressive agriculturists."

Farm Notes.

Store the bones from your table in a box or barrel, covered up.

Success generally attends well tended crops in spite of insect depredations.

Let no weeds mature. Cut them, place in the compost heap or turn them under.

In agriculture the increase in net income is very often in reverse ratio to the amount of land cultivated; that is, if you count acres, not where you count depth.

A good farmer may have a poor house, but a poor farmer never has a good barn. The stock, tools and crop are the real money earners, and they must have shelter.

A man who owns fifty acres and is out of debt is happier and has a better chance of success than one who thinks he owns a hundred acres, but has a mortgage tied to it.

There are fewer men now who think they "know all about farming" than there were ten years ago, and yet people are learning more about it all the time.

Hangings, Meetings, the Cure.

The frequent mob violence reported in the South—in which the greatest brutalities attend the lynchings—is occasion for profound regret on the part of the law-abiding citizens of both races. Lynchings seem to be on the increase as crime is on the increase.

The Messenger stands by law, order, right and justice. It deprecates all mob violence. It is not surprised when Judge Lynch hangs, but it profoundly laments the occurrence.

When men are lifted in the moral scale and are brought under the benign and saving power of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ they will "quit their meanness"—their cruelty and devilry. The court can only punish. To purify and uplift demands a higher power than poor, weak man possesses.—Wilmington Messenger.

A young and handsome man was once asked why he had married a rich old woman. "My friend," he replied, "let me ask you what poor young man, in a hurry to get an enormous bank note cashed, would trouble himself to look at the date of it."

The South.

The following extracts from the Manufacturers' Record contain words of truth and wisdom:

"A poor man can make his little money go further in the South than in any other section of this country."

"A man of moderate means can find better opportunities in the South for engaging in business than in any other part of the country."

"A manufacturer with limited capital can find better sites, can buy his raw materials cheaper and can make larger profits from his business in the South than elsewhere in the United States."

"A man who can command large amounts of capital can find in the South opportunities for investments that will pay him larger returns than any other opportunities that the world can offer."

"The poor man must be industrious, the man of moderate means must be careful, the manufacturer must be master of his trade, and the capitalist must have good judgment and use it."

Humorous.

A regular bore—The auger.

Women are wedded to fashion, and they love, honor and obey it cheerfully.

A model surgical operation—To take the cheek out of a young man and the jaw out of a woman.

Grub—Yes, perhaps—with some allowance for typographical errors.

Gushing amateur—Wonderful pianist, isn't he? Carping critic—Oh, yes, wonderful. He plays all the easiest passages with the greatest difficulty.

He—Do you really believe that the receiver of stolen goods is as culpable as the thief? She—Why, certainly. He—Then how can you consistently object to my stealing a kiss?

She—You will love me always, won't you, dear? He—Always, darling. She (petulantly)—Oh—He—What in the world is the matter? She—Why don't you say twice as long as always?

"Willie," said mamma, "tell Mary Ann not to forget to order sweetbread for lunch." "Very well," said Willie, and then he went down stairs and told the cook that his mamma wanted plenty of cake at the midday meal.

"I suppose you two young people would as lief I'd retire," said Scadds, facetiously, after Mr. Kissam came into the parlor. "Well papa," replied Sue, "you know when you were talking politics a while ago you said you were opposed to a third party yourself."

"There is only one thing, dear madam, about your charming boy which pleases me particularly," said the visitor, who had patiently submitted to having his corns trampled upon and his whiskers pulled out by the young hopeful. "And that is?" smiled mamma. "Dear madam, that he is not a twin."

"So you enjoyed your visit to the Zoological Garden, did you?" inquired a young man of his adored one's little sister. "Oh, yes! And do you know, we saw a camel there that scrawled his mouth and eyes around awfully, and sister said it looked exactly like you when you are reciting poetry at evening parties."

A good fertilizer for pot plants is made as follows: To a gallon of bone dust add a gallon of dry, fresh wood ashes and half a gallon measure full of guano, and about the same quantity of freshly-slacked lime as guano. Mix the whole well together, and add an equal bulk of dry, sandy soil, after which the whole may be sifted or screened, and then preserved in a tub in a dry place. This preparation must be used dry, in the shape of a top-dressing, a very slight sprinkling being sufficient.

Every farmer should be a specialist of some kind. That is, while he ought to be able to do all kinds of farming fairly well, he should strive to do some one thing especially well. Let this be fruit-growing, bee-raising, hog-culture, or whatever branch of farming he may prefer. He will make his biggest profit on his specialty, but have his other branches to feed it and be a stop-gap in the years when there may be a failure or unprofitable prices in his specialty.—Bulletin.

Wise and Otherwise.

The Suez canal is eighty-eight miles long.

There are 7,500,000 young men in the United States.

The friends of labor are generally those who like it in others.

Wine classifiers in France use more than 80,000,000 eggs a year.

The kind of education that tells the kind that can be seen in us.

The capacity of the largest flouring mill in Minneapolis is 15,300 barrels a day.

Some one says that liquor strengthens the voice. This is a mistake; it only makes the breath strong.

Between Paris and Berlin mail matter is now transmitted in thirty-five minutes by the pneumatic process.

"Gently the dues are o'er me stealing," said the man who had five due bills presented to him in one day.

It is estimated that there are less than 10,000 paupers in the Japanese empire, with its population of 237,000,000.

Twelve out of the twenty-three presidents of the United States have had military training and experience.

On the icy peaks of the Himalayas, in India, there is a "snow maggot," weighing nearly a pound, and excellent to eat.

Germany, in anticipation of a war with France, has a golden treasure of 960,000,000 marks stowed away in a safe place.

Bonds to the amount of \$250,000,000 are held by the United States government as security for National Bank circulation.

There are over 2,000 tons of silver bars, 65,000,000 silver dollars, and \$38,000,000 in gold coined in the Philadelphia mint.

"Some annoyances are the most tiresome, don't you think so?" "Yes, why, even a little thing like a mosquito bore me."

There is an old saying, and a true one, there is no telling what a man is worth until he is dead and his funeral expenses paid.

Truckee, Nevada, had a shaving contest recently. The successful artist craped his man in forty-five seconds, and no blood was shed.

An act by which we make one friend and one enemy is a losing game because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.

A Lansing, Mich., schoolboy drew a revolver on his teacher, and an investigation showed that thirteen of the boys were similarly armed.

Tramp—Could you give a poor man a bite or two without making trouble? Housewife—I can. Joe, unchain Nero and take his muzzle-off.

"Is there much water in the cistern, Biddy?" inquired a gentleman of his Irish servant. "It is full on the bottom, sir, but there's none at the top," said Biddy.

The dynamo is replacing the battery to such an extent in telegraphy that its use will, it is thought, be universal in a few years. It is both cheaper and more efficient.

"Liquor," said the lecturer, "is responsible for much of the misery in this world." "That's so said an old toper in the audience. "I am always unhappy when I can't get it."

The latest cure for neuralgia hails from Russia, where a physician claims to be able to cure the complaint by casting a beam from an arc electric light on the affected part.

Wanted, a Boy.

A jolly boy.

A boy full of vim.

A boy who scorns a lie.

A boy who will never smoke.

A boy with some "stick to it."

A boy who takes to the bath tub.

A boy who is proud of his big sister.

A boy who thinks hard work no disgrace.

A boy who does chores without grumbling.

A boy who believes that an education is worth while.

A boy who plays with all his might during playing hours.

A boy who thinks his mother above all mothers is the model.

A boy who does not know more than all the rest of the house.

A boy who does not think it inconsistent to mix playing and praying.

A boy who does not wait to be called the second time in the morning.—Star of Pinta.

ON MT. ETNA AT-NIGHT

HOW THE HEAVENS APPEARED TO A DARING TRAVELER.

Continued from the "Daring Traveler" in the "Daring Traveler" in the "Daring Traveler."

The story of the ascent of the mountain from whose summit Plato, in his serene and thoughtful time, and Mr. Gladstone, in our turbulent days, have, more nearly than in any great war, watched the sunrise has, long since, become a classic because of its wide application to the exaction of strength and endurance and its supreme, awe-inspiring reward, the realization of that which inspired the ancients and the poets of the Middle Ages.

From the banana and the orange groves, from the vineyards and the palms, through the seven botanical regions to the snow-capped crust that spreads for ten square miles between the awful depth of impenetrable firs and the blue heaven that suddenly seems to be brought near, the traveler mounts with an ever increasing sense of the vastness beyond and around him.

When twelve miles of the ascent from Catania, his first halt at Nicolosi, a little town, consisting of one long street, bordered by one storied cottage of lava. Nicolosi has more than once been shaken to the ground by earthquakes. From thence begins the journey, on muleback, by no definite path, over a vast tract covered with lava and ash, with here and there patches of broom. The mules know all about it, and wise travelers trust them as they deserve.

Around the district of lava and ashes lie forest of small trees, and at a height of 4,216 feet, the Casali Basso, where men in charge of the woods live and whence the start for quite the upper regions of the mountain—where cold surpassing that of the higher Alps has to be encountered—is made. There, Mr. Rodwell reached, "the air was an ordinary star that the flames of a candle placed near the door did not flicker." At 6,300 feet the Regione Deserta is entered. Lifelessness is all around. Silence broods over the waste of black sand, ashes and lava; ants are the only signs of life, and a single raven, the little lower down Spalfanzani and jays, thrushes, ravens, kites and a few partridges.

There was no moon on the night on which Mr. Rodwell made the ascent. The darkness deepened, and the earth beneath his feet grew more and more silent, the heavens "took up the wondrous tale." "The stars," he says, "shone with extraordinary brilliancy and sparkled like particles of white hot steel. I have never before seen the heavens so majestic and splendid," records how he and his horse reached the welcome shelter of the Casa Inglese, and rested there until 8 a. m. when, the brighter stars having disappeared, he started for the summit of the crater, 1,200 feet above him, in order to witness what Erydon implies when he dwells upon "the immense elevation from the surface of the earth, drawn as it were, to a single point, without any neighboring mountains for the senses and imagination to rest upon and recover from the astonishment, in their way down to the world." It must be a wonderful experience to turn from such a contemplation to gaze into the vast, precipitous abyss of the great crater, even when it is quiet, as on this occasion.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Not Old by Any Means.

Dumley—Brown, I understand that Robinson referred to me yesterday as an old fellow. "Why don't you think that sort of thing is right?"

Brown—"Don't of course it isn't right. Dumley. You can't be more than forty at the outside."—Exchange.

Davy's Discoveries.

Sir Humphry Davy was so much interested in electricity that he made many experiments which have become historical in their utility. His brilliant discoveries so excited him that he could with difficulty leave them for needed repose. He would have killed himself by his constant experiments and steady application to the science had he not become prostrated and his life endangered. His remarkable experiments, brilliant and triumphant, are yet to be outdone by more modern philosophers. Sir Humphry Davy's great battery, composed of 2,000 cells, became world wide and historically honored. It was the origin of the first flashes of what is now termed the electric arc. That discovery, twenty years ago, and the grand discoveries since then:

The idea of two pieces of charcoal, one about an inch long and one less than a sixteenth part of an inch in diameter, being brought near to each other, till they produce a bright spark, for so they did. One part of the coal was immediately ignited to a whiteness, and by removing them apart Davy found a constant discharge of electricity took place sufficiently strong to heat the air in a given space three times their size. He caught the idea in a moment and studied out the mystery that he had produced, a grand scheme and discovery. He saw the most brilliant ascending light, like a glowing arc, broad and perfectly conical in the middle.

The philosopher experimented to his heart's content, each day bringing forth new discoveries, and there is now no higher scientific name known to men or more honored for his great works and discoveries than Davy, who, like Franklin, lived in his scientific experiments and his humanity.

He, too, saw glorious discoveries to be made, and hoped to live to witness the result of many of his own discoveries.—New York Telegraph.

Strange Indian Heads.

Among the Indians of North America many strange beliefs are held respecting demon heads that wander about, sometimes harmlessly and at other times for malignant purposes. Some of them are of gigantic size, with wings, while others are of the size of a man's head.

There used to be a society among the Iroquois organized for the purpose of propitiating these extraordinary terrors. The latter, according to popular conception, most commonly moved about from tree to tree in solitary places, where they were apt to be encountered much to the discomfort of hunters and women who chanced to be alone in the forest. Few things can be imagined more disagreeable than to meet unexpectedly in the woods a great head six feet high, without legs, arms or body.

Occasionally these remarkable creatures would talk, but it was chiefly at night that they had a fiery aspect, their favorable nocturnal haunts being marshes and pools. Members of the exercising society wore masks in imitation of the heads when their ceremonies were performed for the purpose of driving such demons away. Of course the fire faces were invented to account for the jack-o'-lanterns or "ignis fati" which haunt moist places.—Washington Star.

Kitchen Work a Proud Occupation.

Kitchening seems to be the only species of work that no one need blush for, and, after all, does not longer justify the name? In the midst of that period of the French revolution known as the reign of terror, the celebrated Capucin monk, Chabot (an expert in the art of good living) invented the "omelette truffee aux pointes d'asperges," and also "la puree de pintades." Did you know that it was to the elector of Bavaria that we owe the "bavaroise," which was prepared with milk and cream, and was first made at the Cafe Procope?

Modern history also offers noble examples to our admiration. The Empress Elizabeth, of Austria, that accomplished horsewoman, that sovereign of a court where aristocratic prejudices are of the strongest kind, and that mistress of a pastry cook. Her daughter, the Archduchess Valeria, boasts of having penetrated all the secrets of the ancient and modern cuisine. Queen Victoria is very fond of making omelets, and it seems by her several recipes. Her daughter-in-law, the Princess of Wales, excels in preparing tea and buttered toast.—Paris Intermediare.

The Design of a Jewel.

The design of a jewel should be such that we can take pleasure in the idea of its permanence. We associate permanence with a star, and therefore a star form in jewelry is agreeable. But transient forms, like flowers or ribbon bows, unless they are much conventionalized, present a disagreeable contrast. They ought to change with time, and they do not. Imitations of such objects may please for a moment the curiosity of the vulgar, but interest in them, even for such, is exhausted as soon as they have been examined, and the cultivated taste finds them intolerable. Interest in an object of true art, on the contrary, never grows less.—Harper's Bazar.

When They Become Acquainted.

"I know that woman who has lived in an attic." "Yes, I can remember that time perfectly. It was when you were living in the basement of the same house." Then there was a silence, and the waves going to the beach had it for themselves.—Boston Saturday Gazette.

A Sensitive Family.

July 10, 1876, Jean Lafargue, his wife and a daughter, nineteen years of age committed suicide by hanging themselves in the dining room, all because a neighbor had accused them of stealing vegetables from her garden. This at Oise, France.—St. Louis Republic.

A Dangerous Question.

Little Girl—How old are you? Miss Antique—I er—how old do I look?

Little Girl (after reflection)—Bout a hundred.—Good News.

A Great Saving.

Aunt Dinah—Whatfoah you wears brack, Deakun Eboah? You am not a widower.

Deakun Eboah—I is economical, honey. One brack do me more than hat, hank, hank brush, clothes brush, shoe brush and brush brush.—New York Weekly.

STARTED BY MAKING PAPER DOLLS.

How a Paying Business Grew Up Around Three Young and Pretty Girls.

About ten years ago three girls in the interior of this state, brought up in affluence, were suddenly deprived of their money. It became necessary for them to earn money, and it suited neither their tastes nor inclinations to go out of their homes, nor had they been educated in any special direction. They had skillful hands, however, and with these they got up paper dolls and put them in Buffalo shops for sale. These incidentally came to the notice of a stationer here, who surprised them with an emissary and a proposition to make these dolls and give him the exclusive control of their sale.

Imagine the astonishment and bewilderment of these three housekeeping girls. They were, however, persuaded into the enterprise, and got together thirty housekeeping girls like themselves, who came to their house and helped them. This year they made and disposed of 8,000 paper dolls. The orders for the next year were larger than ever and had outgrown their home.

They now engaged offices; the financial arrangement their mother took charge of, and the packing and shipping fell to the father. In the midst of all this preparation the firm failed, and they were left to struggle with discouragements and vicissitudes, as if they were in the great world indeed.

Then came a proposition more astonishing than the last, which was to equip a novelty for an American bazaar in the Cyclorama of Niagara, London, and to three girls who believed themselves unknown outside of their homes. They accepted the proposition from here and there, and their wonder grew. But their fingers kept pace, and they found themselves obliged to keep larger offices, to give themselves a firm name, and until scarcely realized by themselves they found themselves swimming along gaily in the great current of trade.

Now they added thirty more girls to their original thirty and to their paper dolls all sorts of pretty and dainty articles in giving. They brought them to a great reception and showing what women's fingers could do in paper. The youngest of the trio had a pretty taste in decoration, and their Easter fete, for such it proved to be, gained such renown that Cleveland begged for an exhibition of the same sort, after the manner of these two cities, who always covet one another's performances, and thither the sisters went, taking their pretty things.

By and by the paper house from which they bought their paper wondered who this, their best customer, was and what she did with such quantities of colored papers. This curiosity was carried to the point of finding out. Imagine the firm's surprise. Three young and pretty girls, installed in one of the handsomest office buildings in the town, and surrounded by sixty more girls like unto themselves, were forming their paper into banks of carnations, trailing vines of purple clematis, masses of peonies, jonquils and tulips, violets and sweet peas, butterflies with gilded wings, bonbon and powder puff bags, dressing table and vanity cases, and all sorts of articles, all in paper, and glove cases, sachet powder box, all of paper.

Here was an idea, and this firm, whose commercial instinct was alert, immediately invited these young women to give displays of their work at their branch houses in different cities, and thus they did with such quantities of colored papers. This curiosity was carried to the point of finding out. Imagine the firm's surprise. Three young and pretty girls, installed in one of the handsomest office buildings in the town, and surrounded by sixty more girls like unto themselves, were forming their paper into banks of carnations, trailing vines of purple clematis, masses of peonies, jonquils and tulips, violets and sweet peas, butterflies with gilded wings, bonbon and powder puff bags, dressing table and vanity cases, and all sorts of articles, all in paper, and glove cases, sachet powder box, all of paper.

The Dainty.

The dainty is everywhere. I have traveled somewhat extensively in the Old World, but have not been lucky enough to see it anywhere as prolifically happy as it is with us. It is not the dainty of the poets—the daisy of Burns, which is not taking to wildwood in our eastern states, though finding itself at home in British Columbia, but a species of chrysanthemum and is distinctively known in the Old World as the oxeye daisy. Like the buttercup, it is offensive to cattle, and indeed to almost all things. In a dry and pulverized condition it is fly powder, so destructive to all insects.

In those portions of our country where Indian corn is a staple crop, neither the buttercup nor the oxeye daisy are dreaded by the farmer. The locust harrowing destroys it utterly, but in the New England states, where pasture is of more consequence than grain, they rob the farmer of half his profits while giving pleasure to the eye of the traveler.—Thomas Meehan in Philadelphia Ledger.

Talking It Coolly.

The ship of an admiral, who was the Duke of Wellington's near connection, was wrecked. He was placed in command of a second ship, which was also lost and he himself was drowned. Lord Charles communicated the disaster to his father, who merely exclaimed, with Spartan coolness and brevity, "That's the second ship he has lost."—Fortnightly Review.

THE SONG OF PEACE.

A song is said in the air.

And I would drink it in.

With the sweetest of the roses rich and rare;

But still the battle's din

Blows in my ears, and deafens me;

I cannot bear the strain.

The noise of the world, its misery.

Then let us sing and sing it true.

But now and then, and in its depth

I seek to rend it in twain.

Comes a burst of harmony on the air

From the warrior's lance and the spear.

And then the echo of the fray:

A moment seems to cease;

Then the warrior's harmony dies away.

That moment brings me peace.

And then I pray I may retain

A peacefulness of heart.

Though the warrior's lance I fall to

Or ridges of the mart.

For that sweet song will give me rest.

And banish all distress:

The flowers of God and the gold of the trees.

Will be my happiness.

—Flavel Scott Mines in Harper's Bazar.

FIRE EXPERIENCES.

KATE CLAXTON TALKS ABOUT HER MANY NARROW ESCAPES.

She Says That She is in Reality a Coward Whenever She Hears the Cry of "Fire!"—Her Escapes Have Been Due to Extreme Coolness.

For over fifteen years Kate Claxton has been pursued by a peculiar form of luck. In spite of the little woman's pluck, which has made her a heroine of several fires and a dozen or so of panics, she rather shrinks from the subject, and it is with difficulty that she can be persuaded to tell of some of the escapes from the flames that she has had.

Her experience at Harris' theatre, when the cry of fire caused a panic, is only one of the several which she has passed since 1875. In the year of the celebrated Brooklyn fire, she had just been dragged from the stage by La Frochard, the hag in "The Two Orphans," when a reporter sought her out. The excitement of the false alarm had left her nerves a little shattered, she explained. When reference was made to her apparent coolness she said that her manner showed nothing of what she really felt.

"I was very much wrought up. No one can tell what that cry of fire means to me. I had begun to think that my evil genius had forgotten my existence, it seemed so long since the last panic. I was in an exceptionally good humor, and was sitting on the steps of the platform when the stampede began. As I was always my first impulse, I rushed to see the flames. I did not doubt that the building was ablaze. At one glance, however, I saw there was no danger, except that which comes with every panic."

"You know," she said, "that I dread a panic worse than I do a fire. My experience has been that more people are crushed to death in their efforts to get out than are ever burned alive. The escapes I have made, which some seem to think almost miraculous, were the result of coolness and presence of mind. When the cry of fire is given I never allow my impulse to run with the crowd to govern me. I imperil my life somewhat in order to seek out the danger and choose the best method of escaping from it. Often, as I noted in 'The Two Orphans,' I was playing in Brooklyn. I had thrown myself on the straw bed to sleep. I had closed my eyes, and for this reason did not discover the fire at first. When I was awakened and ordered to get up I saw the fire creeping along the top of the theatre. Every one remembers the fatal ending. Four hundred persons were burned or trampled to death, among whom were three of the company. The next year, 1878, I was caught in the St. Louis fire. Ever since then I have been considered a forerunner of fire."

"I can only account for the numerous false alarms and panics from the fact that there are always some superstitious person in the audience who, believing me to be followed by an evil genius, shake me to the slightest provocation. More panics have been caused by fights in the streets and alleys than in any other way. Just a short time ago there was a panic in La Crosse, Wis., caused in the identical way as the one here. Another panic, which came near being a tragedy, was caused by a street fight in front of the Owens opera house, in Charleston, S. C. When one starts it is impossible to check it. I have tried screaming to the audience, but it only makes it worse. My presence often seems to check a stampede. At the close of the panic here I made up my mind to have me a big sign printed with the words, 'It is only a fight.'"

"Of all the theater panics I have been in only three were caused from fire. Several times the fires have been abated without any one in the audience knowing it. I have become morbid on the subject of fire, and no matter how late at night it is, if an alarm is sounded I always dress and go. When the Fifth Avenue theatre, in New York, burned I was present and watched it to the end. If I had been seen it would probably have been said that my presence caused it. I do not deserve the reputation of being brave in fires, for I am a great coward, so great a one that it often enables me to seem self-sustained. After such a fright an left completely unnerved."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fans in Shakespeare's Time.

Fans in Shakespeare's time seem to have been composed of ostrich and other feathers fastened to handles. Gentlemen carried fans in those days, and in one of the later figures of the German they now carry fans. According to an old manuscript in the Ashmolean museum, Sir Edward Cole rode the circuit with a prodigious fan, which had a long stick, with which he corrected his daughters.—Chicago Herald.

Putting Him Off.

He proposed on the way home from church one Sunday evening. She was too young to marry and did not want him; but she said "Yes," with the stipulation that he should get her father's consent. The young man was happy until he discovered the next day that his adored one's father had been dead several years.—London Tit-Bits.

The Loadstone of the Chinese.

The Chinese carried their loadstone as a conductor in front of them, in the form of animals, the arms always pointing toward the south, which is opposite to what modern scientists suppose the needle is pointing. It is toward the north.—New York Telegraph.

Genuine Patriotism.

Camden has a postmaster who pays for a Sunday mail service out of his own pocket.—Lewiston Journal.

It has now been eighty-one years since the first tomatoes were introduced into America. The original plant was cultivated as a vegetable curiosity at Salem, Mass.

Walter Besant, the English novelist, was intended by his parents for the church, but he turned naturally to literature.

Parrying Pertinent Queries.

While the method of answering one question by asking another is perhaps not one to be commended, there are certainly some circumstances under which it is allowable.

There are some people who delight in asking personal questions, no matter how embarrassing and unnecessary they may be, and who insist upon some sort of an answer.

A young author, whose opinion about people and things in general is considered worth finding out, says he has adopted a method of parrying the discourteous questions so often put to him by almost total strangers, which proves successful in nearly every instance.

"When a woman to whom I have just been introduced at a literary evening asks me 'if I really like this sort of entertainment' in a confidential tone, 'I remarks this much questioned man, 'I always ask her, just as confidentially, 'Do you?' and she seldom makes any further inquiries."

"And when a man inquires me in a secluded corner and says: 'Come now, as a matter of fact, do you like young Dabster? Do you think he will ever amount to anything? I look him right in the eye and say, 'Do you?' and he generally understands what I mean."

There are some questions which can be better answered in this way than in any other, for every person has a right to withhold his own opinion from prying interrogators, who usually have nimble tongues and do not scruple to use them.—Youth's Companion.

Girls and Their Mothers.

It is by no means an uncommon occurrence to hear girls complain of the partiality that mothers display toward their sons. It might naturally be supposed that if preference of any kind should be shown by a mother to her children the girls would be the worst ones, because who is better acquainted with the many disadvantages, compared to boys, under which girls are placed, and also their need for guidance and protection, than a mother herself?

There is also the unenviable ground of sex, which one is apt to think would draw mothers and girls into closer bonds of companionship. But how many girls are in the happy position of possessing mothers to whom they can turn in times of uncertainty, and into whose sympathies they can pour without restraint and in absolute confidence all the joys and troubles, the hopes and fears and the numerous little affairs incidental to girlhood, and which, if told at all, must be whispered into the ears of one of their own sex?

There are many mothers to whom every secret of a girl's heart can be unfolded without fear one does not deny; that there are many—perhaps more—mothers to whom their daughters are literally strangers on such subjects is a well known fact.—London Tit-Bits.

Cultivating the Kola Nut.

At Lagos, which is the great export center for the kola nut trade, the tree is called the "devil bush," and the nut by a name which signifies "hell seed." Although the people of Lagos earn all their ready money by cultivating and shipping the kola nut to Bahia and other places, no true native of the province would put one of them in his mouth for a thousand words. The trees are only cultivated at a certain time, and the nuts are never gathered except at night during full moon. In fact the growers of kola nuts hold their "devil bush" and its "hell seed" in holy horror.

Scientific experts sent over by the British government to inquire into the facts concerning the tree and its curious fruit declare that "the nut is not injurious, is unobnoxious, quenches thirst, acts as a nutritive, but is not strictly a stimulant." It is a curious and interesting botanical product, however.—St. Louis Republic.

Altering a Great Painting.

In one of the principal colleges in Paris there was once a picture showing Napoleon Bonaparte, attended by several of his officers, paying a visit to a plague hospital in Egypt. After his death the picture was altered to show Bonaparte and his officers in the foreground, and with no fear of committing anachronisms converted the figure of the "Little Corporal" into that of Christ and transformed the attendant generals into apostles. By a strange oversight he was placed in an approaching portion of the painting, and the Saviour appeared with a pair of boots such as were worn of the great general.—Detroit Free Press.

Squirrel Hunts.

Squirrel hunts on the roundup plan, after the manner of the jack rabbit hunt in the Dakotas, are becoming very popular in Washington state. A party is formed and either works as one band or divides into two sections, the section bringing in the fewest tails paying a forfeit of a dinner. At a squirrel hunt a party of eleven persons brought in over 900 squirrel tails as the result of the day's sport.—New York Sun.

A Preventive.

"My boy never heard his father swear," remarked a Cass avenue lady to a caller the other day.

"Indeed; how does that happen?"

"Well, just as soon as he was old enough to understand anything I bought a bushel of collar buttons and have always kept them on his father's dressing case."—Detroit Free Press.

The Bee's Market Basket.

Every bee carries his market basket around his hind legs. Any one examining the body of a bee through a microscope will observe that on the hind legs of a bee there is a fringe of stiff hairs on the surface, the hairs approaching each other at the tips so as to form a sort of cage. This is the bee's basket.—Philadelphia Record.