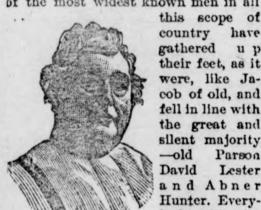
## DOWN ON ROCKY.

Rufus Sanders Among the Living and the Dead.

Parson Lester and Abner Hunter Have "Gathered Up Their Feet. As It Were" -Only One "Wimmin Pint"-Good Time to Quit.

Here lately in the past few days two of the most widest known men in all



country have gathered u p their feet, as it were, like Jacob of old, and fell in line with the great and silent majority Parson David Lester and Abner Hunter. Every-

body will miss Parson Lester from his familiar place amongst the scenes and things of this fleetin old world. He was a plain, openand-shet, flint-and-steel good man-no side shows or fly wheels or fancy trimmins to speak of, but true as steel and honest as the sunshine itself.

He Met "Hell-Roarin Bill." But whilst old Parson Lester was kind and gentle and patient with all mankind-never lookin for a rucus and never givin any grounds for oneif a man was out lookin for a fight, but not particlar anxious to find one, I would advise him to take the other fork of the road before he got to the Lester place. They tell me that onest upon a time in his young and wayward days the parson was bad medicine and tremendius big doses-hot stuff and a whole passie of it. And in the primin of his life-even in his old age-if trouble come in spite of all he could do and say to stave it off-if some fightin had to be done in a case of pushency and he was the onlyest man on the grounds-the old parson want gone nowheres. He was right there every clatter-standin six feet in his socks-full weight and honest measure-16 ounces to the pound and three feet to the yard.

Before now everybody in the regions around Rocky Creek have heard tell of the time when old Parson Lester and "Hell Roarin Bill," from Georgy, met up together at the Panther creek bridge on the old Stage road. Hell Roarin had took up a fool notion in the maintime that he was predestinated to be a great fighter, and to hear him tell it he had started a little private graveyard of his own back there in Georgy, where he come from. Anyhow, with his heavy drinkin and hard cussin, he was a holy terror to the surroundin country. So when he met up with the old parson that mornin he put on all the general appearments of a man out huntin for a fight. Don't understand me to say that Hell Roarin raley wanted to git into a fight with anybody, but yet he was lookin for some furious engagement of that sort. He had to do that so as to maintain the name and tame which he built up in the land. I reckon maybe he was sorter like Jule Nabors, you recollect, that time when he walked 15 miles on a hot summer day lookin for work, but prayin the good Lord every step not to let him find

"To Dance or to Die."

"Light off that horse, old Saddlebags, and dance a few steps for me," says Hell Rearin with a loud voice as him and the parson both rid up and met together right there at the bridge. "Reckon you must be mistaken in the

man," says the parson. "I am a preacher, and I can't dance." "This is Hell Roarin Bill from Georgy,

and you will consequentially have to dance," says the holy terror.

"It don't make a continental bit of difference who you are or where you come from," says the parson in his slow, steady way of talkin. "My name is Lester-David Lester-a minister of the Gospel, a servant of the livin' God -free, white, and full grown. I tell you I can't dance."

With that Hell Roarm he whipped out his six shooters—which he always toted weapons like any other cowardcovered the old parson and told him to take his choice-to dance or to die.

"Sposin you git down and show me how till I can catch the lick," says the parson as he rolled out of his saddle and tied his horse clost by.

It seems as if that tickled Hell Roarin powerful. So he got down, he did, and seein how humble like and gentle the parson was, he laid his weapons down whilst he went to hitch his horse. Whereas, when he woke up, the other man had the shooters.

"Now, by the grace of God-as a meek and humble follower of the Cross,' says the old parson, "I call upon you, Hell Roarin Bill, of Georgy, to take one of these weapons and save your life." But raley, Hell Roarin want such

a scandalous bad man as you mought think, and when the parson got him down on the dead level he wouldn't

"Then, by the twelve epistles," says the old parson, "I, David Lester, a chosen servant in the Master's vineyard, do command you, Hell Roarin Bill from Georgy, to walk up there on the bridge and do your own dancin-to dance or to die."

There was somethin in the parson's gray eyes and steady hand and his mild and gentle voice which told Hell Roarin more plainer than the strongest United States language that it was about the right time of year to do as he

was told. It was dance or die, and in less time than it takes me to tell it Hell Roarin was on the bridge dancin to beat six bits, whilst the parson stood by with the weapons on and helt him down to be builtin. He called out the various sundry steps till he had put Hell Rosrin through all the motions and de him cut all the figgers from the pigeon wing to the buzzard lope.

In the maintime old man Tommy Pickens and two of his boys had driv up to the bridge on one side, whilst Bunk Weatherford and Lige Runnels rid up on the other side, and all stopped to see the show out.

"Has the gentleman from Georgy been to breakfast this mornin?" says the parson.

Hell Roarin owned up to it that he was behind on kitchen physic.

"Well, then," the parson went on, "know all men by these presents that I, David Lester-called and sent forth and predestinated from the foundations to preach the Gospel to a lost and ruint world-do now command Hell Roarin Bill from Georgy to humble himself in the presence of mortal man and eat

Naturally of course Hell Roarin didn't want any dirt for breakfast. But it was dirt or die, so he took the dirt.

"And now finally at last," says the parson, "as a plain American citizen, I would remind Hell Roarin Bill of Georgy that the day and hour have come for him to move his washin out of this peaceful and pleasant country henceforwards and forever."

And then Hell Roarin he moved. As to whether he returned back to Georgy or went on out west to build fresh graves in a new country, the witness

could not say for certain. But old Parson Lester-always good and kind and gentle, but takin no draggin from any mortal man-lived his life out right around in the settlement where he was born and bred and brung up. Now his works do follow himparticlar that famous dancin lesson which he taught unto Hell Roarin Bill from Georgy down there at Murder Creek bridge-and everybody will miss him from his familiar walks amongst the scenes and things of this green and fleetin world.

Only One "Winnin Pint."

For somethin better than a weeksince the golden Indian summer day when Abner Hunter died-I have been tryin to think of somethin good to say in regards to his name and memory.

Well, Abner Hunter was a mighty good man to have around the sick or the dead. If he was worth a continential for anything else in this round created world I don't know what it was. But for nursin the sick, or settin up with the dead, he was the most willin and handyest man I ever have saw. In times of trials and troubles and tribulations, if they wanted somebody to go after the doctor, or nurse the sick, or set up with the dead, Abner Hunter was right there-always ready and willin. It was never too soon or too late, too hot or too cold, for him to nurse the sick and set up with the dead.

And now since Abner Hunter is dead and gone the common way of all human flesh, I am glad that I can look back and find one winnin pint in his general character.

## A Good Time to Quit.

Here lately I have been thinkin a ight smart in regards to the best time of year to quit.

The best time to quit cussin and drinkin sperits-of-cats-a-fightin is jest before you start.

The best time to quit eatin is when you git enough.

The best time to quit work is before you git too tired.

And the best time to quit smokin your pipe is before you set somethin on fire. Old man Berry Ringstaff fell out with his pipe and quit it one day last week. But he was a few minutes too late.

It was a clear and gusty day, you understand, and the old man had started to town with a bale of cotton on his ox wagon. The wind took and blowed the fire outen his pipe onto the cotton, and the whole thing was in a light blaze quicker than you could say scat with your mouth open. The oxen they roached their backs and run away. They run over a big bluff and into the creek, smashed the wagon into kindlin wood and broke the old man's onlyest leg-which he had left the other one at Malvern Hill, or somewheres in that

neighborhood-and so forth and so on. What a gracious pity it is that the old man didn't fall out with his pipe and quit it at the right time-jest before it

was everlastinly too late. The Good Book tells us that there is a time for everything. And blessed is the man that knows a good time to quit. RUFUS SANDERS.

A Little Surprise at Home. Von Blumer-I had the most singular thing happen to me the other day. Did you ever go into a man's place to pay a bill you owed him and find him out? Plankington (emphatically)-No, sir.

Did that happen to you? "It did. I had a notion, or rather, I nerved myself up to it, to settle up some bills that I owed. So on my way up from the office I dropped in to see

my fishmonger.' "And he was out?"

"Correct. Then I tried my grocer." "He was out."

"Right. Plenty of shopmen, but no proprietor. Of course I left word that I called in to settle up, but wanted to see the proprietor first. Dispute about

"Oh, yes; that strengthens your "Exactly. Then I called to see my

butcher, and I'll be hanged if he wasn't "By Jove! But you were in luck!"

"No, I wasn't." "Why not?" "When I got home I found all of them

waiting for me."-Western Figaro.

Jews Live Longer Than Gentiles. The vital statistics of London are the authority for the statement that on an average the life of a Jew in that city is twice that of a Gentile. Dr. B. W. Richardson says that the Jews of that city are exceptionally free from disease, and Virchow says that the race "has at all times been distinguished by great tenacity of life. Consumption is scarcely known among the Jews and suicide is three-fourths less frequent among them than it is among Gentiles."

## ARP ON ELECTIONS.

Sorry Bryan Was Defeated and Now Demands Prosperity.

He Is Tired of Elections-Says They Upset the People and Bring on Mental Worry-Wants Terms Made Longer.

It is a good time to write some more "meditations among the tombs," or 'an ode to melancholy," or a few verses like: "This world is all a fleeting show." The election is over, and the bad news keeps coming and the heavens are weeping and everything is going wrong. Very early this morning I was sweetly dreaming, when there was a gentle rap at the door, and I thought that possibly some friend or neighbor had come to tell me that Bryan was elected, but the voice spake and said: "Mammy say she can't come dis mornin'-she sick." Oh, my poor, bleeding country. No

cook, and the rain just pouring down. Mrs. Arp made no sign, so I slipped out of bed and dressed and tiptoed out to the culinary department. I fired up the stove and put on the hominy and coffee and fed the cow and brought in some wood, and get everything ready for feminine hands before I awakened them. In course of time they came and made the biscuit and fried the sausage and scrambled some eggs, and we had a No. 1 breakfast and I felt better. Sorrow endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning after breakfast time. I felt caim and serene, and did like Obediah Oldbuck always did when bal luck overtook him. I put on a clean shirt and went down town to rejoice with those who were rejoicing and to weep with those who wept. Several days ago I had prepared my mind for defeat. I had hedged so that the disappointing shock would not be so shocking when it came, but still I secretly indulged in a hope that there might be a landslide, an avalanche, an interposition of providence in Bryan's favor. A man may think he is prepared for the worst, but he can't cheat himself out of his wishes. My comfort pow is in sympathizing with our hero, in admiring the grandeur of the man who can now, like Paul, exclaim: "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith." The coming historian will do him justice, and he will rank with the great men of the nation.

One thing I rejoice at, and that is the election of a republican congress to cooperate with McKinley. Let there be no excuse for the winning side, and if they do not revive the industries and prosperity of the country within the next four years then they must step down and out or they will be hurled from power as Jupiter hurled Vulcan from the Olympian heights. Vulcan was nine days falling and broke his leg, and is

Now let us have peace and rest. I sincerely wish that McKinley could stay in office for a term of ten years and then have to retire for good. The presidential term is too short. It takes all of one year to grease the machinery and get it in running order, and then two years for work, and the last year is devoted to mending fences and fixing up for another election. It is the same way with our governor's election. The term is too short; and it looks like some folks want to make it shorter still. The people are tired of elections-we get excited and get mad with one another, and by the time we get over it here comes another election, and we get mad again. We men folks could stand it fairly well, but our women folks get excited too, and make some remarks that become a circulating medium and cause unhealthy agitation of the female mind .- Bill Arp, in Atlanta

## NOT INCLUDED.

He Wanted No Inferences Drawn from His Courtesy.

The honest farmer had attended the political meeting in order, if possible, to get some light on the disputed question of what honest money is. The arguments of the candidate had failed to convince him, and when, after the speech was over, an informal reception was arranged, he turned to go away without availing himself of the chance to personally meet the principal man of the occasion.

"Aren't you going to shake hands with him?" asked one of the managers of the meeting.

"Nope," was the reply. "I guess I'll move on home." "But you ought not to miss this opportunity to get acquainted with a man

of so much prominence." "I guess he won't lay awake nights

grievin over it ef I go right along about my business." "On the contrary, he told me that it was his sincere wish to meet every man

here and grasp him by the hand."

"Wal, I don't agree with what he says. But I ain't got nothin' agin him personally, an' I wouldn't have him-go away feelin' hurt fur the world. He don't talk much different from lots o' fellers thet's come around promisin' ter do wonders fur us farmers ef we'd only vote fur him. But I don't cherish no spite. I'll go meet him, but there's got ter be a perviso. I'll extend my hand to him an' I'll let 'im grasp it. But he might ez well understan' fust ez last thet my leg don't go along with

1t."-Washington Star. A Costly Luxury.

The complexion specialist had found an opportunity to say a word to the summer girl. "I can remove that tan," she said,

with a slight show of professional pride. "Remove it!"

The summer girl showed her astonishment. "Why, yes," replied the complexion specialist. "I assure you it can be

done." "But think of what it cost me to get it," protested the summer girl. "Do you uppose I can afford to throw it away so con?"—Chiergo Post. FASHION AND FANCY.

Ladies' Wraps for the Coming Cold

The coming season will be marked by a lavish use of exceedingly bright colors. Military scarlet will be one of the prominent features of the cold- Neither Conduces to Happiness or Miseryweather costumes. Red hats, red cloaks, red dresses, red trimmings of all sorts, are in the ascendant. Conservative taste modifies red with black or clouds it with white. A red satin dress literally smothered in white lace was a recent order. A cloak of red broadcloth, lined with satin and trimmed with a lattice pattern of black satin ribbon, is one of the most stylish garments of the season.

The interest of womankind is just now turned toward outside garments, and everybody is wondering what is coming next. Among the styles shown are square-cut box coats that extend 10 to 14 inches below the waist-line. These are made with perfectly square fronts and backs, either plain or with a box-plait pressed closely down, watteau fashion, from the shoulders. Other styles have the plait running up to the collar. Another idea is three heavy phase of life. plaits in the back, but these are no: for autumn, being almost too heavy and cumbersome. They weight the shoulders, and are not pleasant to wear.

A garment modeled somewhat after the fashion of the old-time redingote is shown among the best importations. One model is of moderately heavy cloth, and is lined with iridescent satin. The edges are finished with a wide band of black velvet, and similar bands of black velvet outline the seams and fin-

ish the cuffs, collars and lapels. A novelty is a long coat of broadcloth in two colors. The body of the garment is of tan color, the trimmings of black. The collar, deep cuffs and lapels are of black, and black bands are stitched down over all the seams, and a wide trimining of the broadcloth turns back from the front on either side. The garment is double-breasted, and closes over a vest-shaped section that extends about half way down the skirt from the belt. This vest portion is embroidered and braided in the most elaborate fashion. The rest of the garment is without garniture other than the black cloth mentioned. The sleeves are in the modified leg-o'-mutton shape that has been introduced to let us down by easy gradations from the enormous sleeves to the almost tight-fitting styles.

The ulster is to be the general allaround useful cloak of the season. A than he had made it: "Well," said the few ulsters with capes are shown, others | wealthy man, "if my son enare merely the fitted garment. Many of them are lined throughout the waist and the upper half of the skirt portion. This is done for warmth, and cloaks of | really say that they enjoyed the this pattern, with double-breasted fronts, are adapted for extremely cold weather and driving. The latter cloak is a garment which is very popular, as many women are extremely ford of driving, and must be so arranged as to be easy and comfortable, and, at the same time, sufficiently well fitted to be trim and stylish, which combination is by no means easy to secure. A coldweather garment of this sort is made of coffee-brown cloth, of a material somewhat like Irish frieze. The front laps over rather farther than the average double-breasted garment, giving an additional warmth. The sleeves are very loose at the tops, and quite full at the elbows, then narrow to cuffs of the usual shape. A cape, which is long enough to cover the arms to the wrists, is furnished with the cloak. A new point in this cape is a button and buttonhole at the extreme points of the front. In windy weather the front corners of the cape are crossed and button and buttonhole are fastened at the back of the waist. This makes what is equivalent to big sleeves over those of

the regularly fitted garment. Another cape, which is much longer, has a buttonhole made about 12 inches back on either side of the front. Through these holes straps attached to the edges of the cloak pass and fasten at the back. This arrangement permits the cape to fall below the waist line and is a much greater protection than could be imagined unless one has tried it. Circular capes will be quite as much worn as heretofore and differ very slightly in shape from those of last season. A fancy of the moment is the round cape made of West-of-England broadcloth. The trimming may be either the elaborate braiding heretofore described in the Ledger, or, what is just as much liked by many, latticework either of the material itself, made into narrow strips and stitched ou, or satin, velvet or ribbon. One cape is trimmed with a ribbon of satin and moire. This describes curves, right angles and arabesques, and makes a

most effective garment. Fur collars and wide lapels are also used on these West-of-England broadeloth capes, and short capes of brocade or velvet are lined with ermine and trimmed with rose ruchings of silk or velvet .-- N. Y. Ledger.

A Fast Beard.

Three brothers bearing a remarkable resemblance to one another are in the habit of shaving at the same barber's shop. Not long since one of the brothers entered the shop early in the morning, and was shaved by a German who had been at work in the shop only a few days. About noon another flar operation at the hands of the same barber. In the evening the third brother made his appearance, when the German, dropping his razor in astonishment, exclaimed:

"Vell, upon my vord! dat man hash de fashtest beard I ever saw. I shaves him dis morning, shaves him at dinner-times, and he gomes back now, mit his beard so long as it never vash!"-London Tit-Bits.

Grape Jam.

The common wild grape is best for this. Boil soft and strain the grapee through a sieve, a pound of sugar to a pound of pulp. Boil 20 minutes, stir-ring often.—Ladies' World. WANT AND LUXURY.

Sam Jones Philosophizes on the Two States of Maskind.

Greed and Avarice Despoil Character-Indigence and Prodigality Equally Harmful-The Goldon Mean.

These are relative terms, and the difference between the two is very small when properly estimated. A man feels as uncomfortable who has eaten too much as the fellow who is hungry. I had rather go ragged than overdressed. I had rather have no money than to have a barrel of money on top of me mashing the life out of me. I had rather live in a cabin than to live in a mansion where cares were thicker than comforts. God has made humanity so that it is very uncomfortable to want, so that it is very miserable when it is surfeited. The rich deserve as much sympathy as the poor. The laws of compensation are as unerring in human experience in a matter of dollars and cents as in any other There is nothing in poverty or riches

which of itself conduces to the happiness of man, and not much in poverty or riches to make us miserable. Happiness consists in what we are and what we do for others. Misery is the result of selfishness, and a tramp can be as selfish as a millionaire, or both can be generous and good. All the poor would like to be rich. Many of the rich envy the poor the happiness, the appetite and the power to sleep which is the heritage of the poor man. If a man is going to raise a family of children I don't know of anything better than poverty to raise them on. The lap of luxury and wealth has cradled but few grand men into existence from Adam down to this present hour. The homes of want and poverty have produced a large ma jority of the greatest and the best of both men and women. Every boy in America between the ages of 16 and 25 needs a very poor father, a father who cannot help him at all, but a father whom he must help. Then you put the pressure on the boy and develop him into a grand man.

It is the nature of man to lie down and take it easy when you pension him. Very few men have enjoyed their wealth. A very wealthy man once replied to a neighbor who told him that | manhood has its higher play and charhis son would spend his money faster and conscience have the field. joys spending it as much as I enjoy making it he will have a good time while it lasts." But very few men can drudgery, the toil and the application which produce a fortune. Making money, saving money and giving money are three fine arts. The two first are of earth earthy. The third, giving money, is of Heaven, Heavenly. The poor would give much if they could. The rich could give much if they would. The rich do not understand the continued poverty of the poor. The poor do not see how the rich could have gathered what they have without the hog in their nature predominating. I have been as poor as a dog and searcely had anything I wanted. I have been where if I had a want that money could buy I did not know what it was. I was as happy wanting everything as I have been having all I wanted.

What a man has or has not has about as little to do with his happiness as the dog star has to do with the tide. I know many very poor people who are very happy. I know some rich people who are happy. I know some of both classes who are everlastingly miserable. Anybody can be rich if they will meet the conditions on which riches are gathered. Pat said that he got rich by doing without the things he was just obliged to have. Anybody can be poor if they will meet the conditions of poverty. If you want to get rich pay as you go and save as you go. If you want to be poor go in debt and stay in debt until you get to where it is against your interest to pay the principal, and finally get to where it is against your principle to pay the interest. Then move out to the poorhouse and die.

Greed and avarice will despoil any character and ruin any soul. Indigence and prodigality are equally as harmful. Industry, frugality and liberality are three twin brothers, which, when born into a human life, are the very foundation upon which human happiness is built, and without them no man can be happy long. A negro or poor white man enjoys his corn bread and fat meat on his old pine table with tin plates and tin cups as much as any millionaire ever enjoyed the luxuries of his French cook and silver service table. A poor white man will sleep as soundly on his shuck mattress as the millionaire ever slept upon his downy bed. If a man has nothing, nobody bothers him. It is harder for a rich man to keep what he has than it was for him to make it. A millionaire could give away his fortune in a day, if every appeal was liberally responded to. If the poor had to carry the burdens of the rich they would throw down their riches with their burdens and say: "Give me my first estate. The gain is not worth a candle."

Good health, a good conscience and an upright life are worth a thousand brother came in and underwent a sim- times more than the wealth gained at the sacrifice of honor, by the ruin of health and the sullying of conscience. When I look back over the post quarter of a century I can see where, pinched by poverty and oppressed by want, no luxury ever came to me. Since then I have seen the time when I had all the money I wanted; and if I were asked which is the best estate, upon my honor I would say I had a thousand times less cares when I had least. Poverty is like Josh Billings said tight boots were. He said they were a luxury; they make a man forget all about the rest of his troubles. When a man is poor he has all his troubles in one, as a rule. Poor people don't have to get off to the springs and health resorts every sum-

mer for their health. Poor people are not troubled with their rich kin visiting them and worrying them. Poor people have to move often, but they don't have much to move. Poor people are never burglarized nor robbed. Nobody wants what they have. They can go to sleep at night with every door open and every window up. The sun does not slight them by day nor the. moon by night. Poor people don't have nervous troubles, sleepless nights, and weary days. Poor people are not troubled with bank accounts and bills payable and bills receivable. Really, they seem to be troubled with only one thing, and that is their poverty. St. James was truly wise when he said: "They that will be rich fall into temptation and snares and pierce themselves through \* with many sorrows." The nervous strains, the watchful anxiety, the rise and fall in values, the leakage and shrinkage, the rust and moths and thieves all play upon the rich. Hence the Bible says: 'Lay not up for yourselves riches in earth where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal." And there is not a piece of property under the sun that one of these three things is not constantly at work upon. Everything that a man has in this world is subject either to the ravages of moth or rust, or the onslaught of

The rich and the poor ought to be in deeper sympathy with one another. The fellow who eats too much ought to divide more liberally with him who has had nothing to cat. The woman of good fortune had better give her last winter's cloak to the shivering widow than have the moths cat it up. In our debating societies when I was a boy we used to get up the question of which affords the greatest happiness, pursuit or possession. Some dogs had rather run a rabbit than to cat him after they catch him.

With the gout on the one side and starvation on the other; with luxuries for some and wants for others; with wrecked health and ruined nervous systems for the rich, and the power to enjoy all things without possessing the things you would enjoy with the poor, I say it is a question a philosopher might well hesitate to answer, which is the worst, wealth or want? I would rather strike the golden mean and belong to the middle class, not pinched by want nor surfeited with wealth, where SAM P. JONES.

WINGED SEEDS.

The Wind Plays an Important Part in the

Spreading of Plants. The usual way for seeds to be carried is by the wind. Sometimes they are so small and light as to be easily wefted by the breezes. This is the case with the seed of the moceasin flowers and meadow pinks, and the other beautiful plants of our woods and bogs called orchids. And the tiny bodies, like atoms of dust, termed "spores," that answer to seed in ferns and mosses and toadstools, are borne away by the lightest breath of air. But most seeds are themselves too heavy for this. So they are often provided with thin, broad wings that carry them before the wind as a sail carries a boat. The pairs of "keys" that hang in clusters from the maple trees in spring are such winged fruits. When ripe they float slowly to the ground, or if a high wind is blowing, they are carried farther from the tree. The ash has thick bunches of winged fruit much like these, but single. The elm has a thin, papery border all around its small seeds, which makes them quite conspicuous as they hang on the branchlets before the leaves have come out.

Numbers of plants have about the seeds delicate hairs or bristles that take the place of wings. A dandelion-"clock," or a head of thistle-down, is a bunch of seeds, each with a circle of fine bristles on the summit. When the seeds are ripe, along comes a breeze. and puff! away go the seeds; hanging from their tufts of bristles, as the basket hangs from a balloon. The bunches of long silky hairs that come from a bursting pod of milkweed, and fill the air around, have each their precious. cargo in the shape of a small, brown seed. The seeds that ripen in heads on the clematis, after the handsome purple flower leaves have fallen, have long feathered talls, like slender birdplumes, that do the same work that is given to the silk of the milkweed. The "cotton" around the seeds of the willows at the riverside and of the poplars along city streets serve the same useful purpose. Cotton itself is only a bunch of fine white hair around the seed. Ages before men thought of spinning it, and weaving it into cloth, it was making itself useful to the cotton plant by helping to scatter its seeds .- Thomas H. Kearney, Jr., in St. Nicholas.

Evolution of the Pin.

Thorns were originally used in fastening garments together, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. Pins did not immediately succeed thorns as fasteners, but different appliances were used, such as hooks, buckles and laces. It was the latter half of the fifteenth century before pins were used in Great Briatin. When first manufactured in England the ironwire, of proper length, was filed to a point, and the other extremity twisted into a head. This was slow process and 400 or 500 pins was a

ood day's work for an expert. British Sun Dials.

A sun dial made for London would be useless for either Paris or Edinburgh. The altitude of the pole star varies with the latitude, and hence is greater at Edinburgh and less at Paris than at London, and as the stylus must always point to the polar star, the angle it makes with the dial plate must vary with the latitude.-Chicago Chronicle.

Favorite Oriental Dishes. In India the flesh of the elephant is a favorite dish, while in Arabia the horse and in Egypt the camel are eaten