

Democratic Matchman

Bellefonte, Pa., June 28, 1907.

THE OTHER FELLOW'S JOB.

The farmer looks discouraged,
He hates the rake and hoe;
He wants to try the city,
Where money seems to grow;
The other fellow gets the grain,
And leaves for him the cob,
So in his heart he covets
The other fellow's job.

The business man is worried,
Both ends will sorely meet;
Last month he lost a million
Upon a deal in wheat;
He looks with longing to the farm,
And drops a tearful sob;
It seems to him like heaven—
The other fellow's job.

The doctor notes with envy
The lawyer's conning roll,
And wishes he had studied
With Blackstone as his goal;
The clerk is far from satisfied,
He sees the artist's dumb,
And cries, "Oh, how much better!"
The other fellow's job.

"The quite the style to grumble
And sigh for other stars,
To wish we were transported
To somewhere, even Mars;
And if we reach the Happy Land
This thought the joy will rob,
For some will surely covet
The other fellow's job."
—Commercial Telegraphers' Journal.

KING WINTER'S SONG.

Oh, I am the friends of the boys and girls!
I am the fellow they love,
When there's plenty of frost on the earth
Below,
And plenty of sunshine above,
To meet they look for the frozen pond,
All ready for skate and sled;
To me they turn with their sleds so swift
For a coasting hill so wide.

I deck the trees with a fringe so bright
That they glisten in sun or shade;
I scatter my snowflakes in the air
Till they fill each valley and glade;
And, climbing up the mountain top,
Each shrub and tree I crown,
And I spread the whitest of covers o'er
The ground so barren and brown.

THE LOVE STORY OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

In 1891, during a short visit which I made to Brussels, I became acquainted by chance with certain circumstances in Charlotte Bronte's life in that old capital, more than half a century before. They were trifles in themselves, but they gave me a totally new idea of the author of Jane Eyre, and made a flesh-and-blood woman out of the wire little creature who so magnetized and puzzled the world in the middle of the last century.

The Bronte sisters' perhaps, had more of the unreal, intangible quality than any other English writers. The public from the first, threw a mystery around them and they never yet have been brought out before the world into honest daylight. Three lean, consumptive women living in a graveyard in the middle of a damp, malaria-prone moor, starved in body and mind, with a half-mad clergyman for a father, who vented his silent rage by firing pistols out into the night, and a wholly mad brother, standing on his feet ranting curses until he dropped dead—these were the material out of which the newspaper critics and biographers of the day made up their appreciations of the great writers.

The biographers of the Brontes all hinted, too, that they possessed the qualities of the characters in their books. Emily, a silent, wild-eyed girl, the solitary event in whose life was its long dying agony, is popularly believed to have hidden in her lean little body the ferocious passions with which she endowed her monstrous heroes and heroines in *Wuthering Heights*. Charlotte, even when she elected to fill the commonplace role in the world of the wife of a very commonplace village curate, is still regarded with awe by the public as a low-roofed, soft-eyed monster—a Jane Eyre, a Rochester and a Rochester's mad wife all rolled into one.

Genius two of these lonely, sickly women undoubtedly possessed—the mysterious creative power which enabled them to conceive abnormal and inhuman qualities and to breathe them into their fictitious men and women with such force that the public received the men and women and gave them a permanent place in the world as if they had been living souls. But I doubt whether the Bronte sisters in actual fact were themselves one whit more abnormal than are the lonely, sickly, unmarried women of any English or American village.

The facts of Charlotte's sojourn in Brussels, when they came to my knowledge, forced this prosaic convention on me.

As I said, it was by accident that I learned this chapter of her history. Coming one day with another American woman out of the cathedral we stopped on the steps to discuss the *Miracle* shown on the pictured windows inside.

My readers will recollect the tradition that, in the fifteenth century, a Jew stole the Eucharist from the pyx on the altar, took it to his home in a miserable quarter of the city, put it into a caldron on the street and boiled it. The water, we are told, turned at once into blood and overflowed, deluging the street. The Jew was torn into pieces by the mob. The city absconded itself in penitence for the crime against the Host, and the five great sovereigns of Europe caused the story of the sacrifice to be painted on five windows of the cathedral, and humbly offered them to appease the wrath of an insulted God.

As we came out on the steps of the cathedral one of us said that there must be a monument or other memorial of the event on the place where it had occurred, though we could find no mention of it in any guide-book. A pleasant-looking woman standing near us overheard the remark and said promptly:

"Permit me, Madam. You will find a church built on the site of the event, in which the Host is elevated every day from sunrise to sunset, in token of the Divine forgiveness of the sacrifice."

She walked down the street with us, suggesting other interesting old houses in Brussels not known to me, and to Cook tourists. Presently one of us said that we intended to go to the Rue d'Isabelle in search of the pensionnat of M. Heger in which Charlotte Bronte had taught, and which she had made immortal in *Tillette*.

Our guide hesitated, coloring a little, and then she said gaily: "No one can show you

that house so well as I. It is conducted now precisely as it was in Miss Bronte's time by my sister. We are the daughters of M. Heger."

Naturally we gave up the afternoon to her and to the school. What old church could have any associations which would mean as much to us as those of the classrooms and the dusky garden paths in which the poor little English girl wore out the best years of her life, in the futile passion which she afterward shrieked out for the whole world to hear?

Our guide, Madame P., was the youngest of the Heger children, the "Georgette" whom Charlotte describes in *Villette* as an "affectionate, hisping petite," and for whom she really seems to have felt the natural, wholesome affection every woman has for an innocent child. You will remember how very little there was in Charlotte Bronte's nature that was wholesome or natural.

"Georgette" had married a man of means and influence. The Heger family, I found, had long held a well-established and honorable position in Brussels. Their standing among their fellow-citizens was not affected by the *exclandre* which followed their connection with Miss Bronte, and which made them the subject of the world's gossip.

M. Heger was an able, excitable man of keen insight, who threw himself with fiery enthusiasm and passionate belief into one hobby after another. His hobbies were, as a rule, high and pure in purpose, but usually wholly impracticable. He was—was found—still living and still exercised a supervision over the school controlled by his daughter. Many of the girls trained in this school were of high rank. Among them had been one of the royal princesses of Belgium. She was a classmate of one of M. Heger's daughters, and the two girls contracted a close friendship for each other which lasted into middle life. They kept up a close correspondence for many years, in which the Princess wrote freely to her friend, of her most private affairs.

Mademoiselle Heger died suddenly.

"Before night," said her sister, "my papa made a package of all of the Princess's letters, folded it in a white paper, sealed it with white wax, and sent it to her Highness. He would not allow her to spend a single night in doubt and anxiety about them."

The Hegers, in fact, appeared to be people who would promptly do the delicate and honorable thing in any such domestic crisis.

Their feeling toward Charlotte was naturally extremely bitter. She had undoubtedly received constant and great kindness from their mother, and in return had held her up as "Madame Beck" to the contempt of the world.

Madam P. was apparently not sorry that she had the opportunity to tell the true story of Charlotte Bronte to America. She offered her attentions and hospitality to us with a cordial and charming grace, welcomed us to her own home and took us to the pensionnat with which *Villette* has made the world familiar.

We found the classrooms unchanged; we sat on the very chair in which Lucy Snowe describes herself at work, now taming the huge, lazy Belgian girls by her dumb beats of fury, now skillfully warding off her lover's outbursts of passion—frenzies of rage to-day and of love tomorrow.

The following account of Charlotte Bronte's connection with the pensionnat and the Heger family was given to me by Madam P. It is that which is believed now in Brussels. I see no reason to doubt it, although it differs in some particulars from the statement of Mrs. Gaskell in her biography.

It is as follows: Emil Bronte entered the school as a pupil, but Charlotte as a nursery-governess. Their means were so limited that this was the only way in which they could carry out their wish to spend six months in a school where French was spoken, in order that they might acquire the language.

Charlotte was engaged to take care of the Heger children and to teach them English. But so great was her eagerness to learn French and so marvelous the ability which she showed, that Madam Heger's sympathy was aroused for the poor little English woman, and she arranged that she should be partially relieved of her duties as nursery-maid and should receive lessons from M. Heger himself. This kindly plan was carried out by Madame Heger at the sacrifice of her own interests and at no little daily inconvenience.

This Belgian schoolmistress, about whom there raged so long a whirlwind of gossip, seems to have been, simply an able, shrewd but generous woman, quite capable of sacrificing her own plans and comfort for a needy English girl, but not at all likely to permit the English girl to impose upon her in the smallest degree.

Madame P.'s statement of their relations, as you see, corresponds exactly with Charlotte's own account of Lucy Snowe's position in Madame Beck's household. She tells us that she began as a nursery-maid, was promoted to the position of scholar, and, later, of teacher.

She gives us the history of the love which grew up between the fiery little professor and his cold, sickly English pupil. There is no more real love story in our literature. We know, as we read, that it is the history of an actual occurrence; that somewhere this half-starved, anemic, ugly girl did meet this brilliant, ill-tempered little man and poured out on him all the boarder, fierce passion of her life.

The account given in Brussels is that the infatuation of the little English teacher for M. Heger was soon apparent to all the school, and was not long concealed from his wife. Charlotte Bronte was suddenly summoned home by the death of her aunt. It had long been her intention to open a school in England; her father was becoming blind, her brother was almost uncontrollable from drink. Every circumstance and condition of her life made it necessary for her to remain in England. But she chose to turn her back on all home-duties and to return to Brussels, where she was offered a salary of only sixteen pounds per annum, refusing one of fifty pounds in England.

Her English biographers give no reason for this choice, but the French accounts bluntly ascribe it to her mad devotion to her master, M. Heger. She remained in the school despite the cold discouragement of Madame Heger. She was at last dismissed by her and sent back to England. From thence she constantly wrote passionate letters to M. Heger.

Madame P. assured me that her father had preserved these letters until within a few weeks of my visit to Brussels. Their literary value made him unwilling to destroy them. Both he and his wife apparently had laughed at the mad infatuation of the "English Miss"—no longer young—and oh, so ugly! So gauche!

Poor Charlotte!

The recital of the little incidents of her daily life in the Rue d'Isabelle soon made her a very real person to me. It was plain that the lean, silent little woman had burn-

The Automobile of the Future.

When a man takes hold of the knob of his office door he knows that year in and year out, the knob will perform its proper function. When the housewife sits down to her sewing-machine she knows that hardly once in a thousand times will it fail to do its work, and do it well. Unreliable is an indictment to which our cars must too often plead guilty. In America we have done a lot of foolish things in motor-car building, but we are approaching safer methods and more correct lines. The car of the future, either for business or pleasure, has not yet been laid down. He would be a bold, perhaps a rash, prophet who would undertake any detailed description of this car. Nevertheless, reasoning a priori, there are some features we may prognosticate. In the first place, it will be built of better steel than we have been accustomed to use. In the next place, the car will become standardized, and when standardized it will be built by machinery in enormous quantities at an exceedingly low cost. The wheels will be large, built of wood and of the artillery type. Hard rubber or some enduring substance will take the place of the present high-priced unsatisfactory pneumatic tires. The car will be light, simple, strong, and easily kept in repair. Mr. Edison once said the automobile will never be wholly practical until it is fool-proof and the ordinary repairs can be made on the highway by a dandy with a monkey-wrench. The present highly complicated system of change-speed gears will be supplanted by a variable-speed device. There are not wanting good judges who believe that the problem will be solved by a system of hydraulic transmission. The fuel of the future will be kerosene or grain alcohol. Thirty-five per cent. of the population of America are farmers. The farmer will be the chief automobile owner and user. The maximum speed of his car may be only twenty miles per hour, but this is twice as fast as his present mode of travel. The car will be an invaluable adjunct to his work on the farm. The adjustment of a belt, the turn of a crank, and the automobile engine furnishes power to thresh his grain, cut his wood, chop his feed, and pump his water. After being in constant use all the day, the car is ready to take the entire family to the social gathering in the village at night, or to church services on Sunday morning. The farmer will use the automobile as will the butcher, the baker, and the storekeeper—when he can in no other way get the same amount of work done at so low a cost; and when the business man can do his work more quickly and more economically than he can by using the horse he will do so.

There will always be motor cars de luxe for the rich, but they will be merely the fringe of the garment of a great industry. The countless millions of tons of freight now slowly and painfully dragged over country roads and through city streets by poor dumb brutes will go spinning along, the dumb brutes of the heavily laden trucks being tumbled to the side of the road, and all the thousand tongues of commerce will sing the praises of the motor car.

Let me suggest a few practical things that the tireless horse of the future will accomplish:

1. It will solve the problem of the over-congestion of traffic in our city streets.
2. It will free the horse from his burdens. A few years ago, in the city of New Orleans, a man was killed in a street car and for the first time saw the electric street-car, which had taken the place of the mule-drawn car. The old dandy threw up his hands, and looking up to heaven, said, "Bress de Lord, de white man freed de nigger, now he done freed de mule."
3. The automobile will furnish relief to the tenement-house districts.
4. It will stimulate the good-roads movement throughout the United States.
5. It will save time and space and become invaluable to the physician, the fireman, and to many classes of citizens.
6. It will tend to break down class distinction, because one touch of automobile makes the whole world kin.—*Harper's Weekly*.

The Christ of the Andes.

We are accustomed to sneer at the bellicose turbulent politics of South America. But Brazil, Argentina and Chile have risen to a realization of their responsibilities and are quite as solicitous of peace preservation as are we of the United States. At the peace conference in New York a woman delegate from Argentina, Senorita Carolina Huidobro, spoke of a beautiful incident which received only passing comment in the newspapers at the time. Her speech in part is as follows:

The inauguration of the monument of Christ the Redeemer, on the Cordillera of the Andes—a monument of international peace (the first in history) between Chile and Argentina—has a grand significance at once political and social.

The colossal statue upon that pinnacle, 14,450 feet above the sea, surrounded by peaks of perpetual snow, dominating as it does the two countries of Argentina and Chile, whose people have been nurtured in the same cradle and whose history is one, long though they had been blinded by foolish antagonisms. Now they can look up the mountain and realize the lesson of peace of that supreme law—"Love thy neighbor as thyself." The Divine Master Jesus, the personification of concord and love, points out to the two republics their future path, and the love which will make of humanity in the generations to come, one world-wide family, and the whole earth the home of peace!

The statue was dedicated in March, 1904. The figure itself is 25 feet in height, the statue, pedestal and base were carried across the 654 miles by rail to Mendoza, thence 80 miles to La Cueva, where the huge crates were transferred to gun carriages, for the journey of many miles over mountain roads. Soldiers and sailors acted as guard to the precious burden. In many instances, fearing that if left to the mules to draw an accident might happen, those sturdy men took the ropes themselves and drew the heavy carriage over those Andean roads where a false step might mean inevitable death.

The statue cost \$100,000 and was paid for by popular subscription, the working classes contributing liberally.

"Only a bit of sentiment by an emotional people," says the skeptic; but it marks not a boast or a dream. It marks an actual achievement. The statue had not been standing one year when Brazil and Bolivia settled the long-standing dispute over the rights to the Acre territory. Brazil giving back to Bolivia the whole of the territory together with \$10,000,000 which Bolivia is spending in railroads.

The Long-Tailed Fowl of Japan.

That the long-tailed fowl was early in Japan is credible from the legend, evidently of abysmal antiquity, of Amra Terasu, the Sun Goddess, who, having retired into a cavern, to the intense discomfort of her very laxant one, of the fowl of Toas, in which every feather, as the poetical Japanese remarks, resembles a leaf-blade of the mystical bamboo.

It is known that in many kinds of birds certain feathers continue to grow until they are lost by molting, and in all birds it happens occasionally that a feather may be molted at an irregular time. Accordingly, it follows that if fowls can be secured which are irregular in their period of molting, let us say, the tail feathers, these will continue to grow longer for the reason that they have had a longer time in which to grow. From this beginning it is now possible to infer that by a process of carefully selecting and breeding from those fowls in which the molting season is suppressed in certain parts of the body, it would be possible to obtain a variety in which the tail feathers would be much longer than in other fowls.

—Remember, people will work the better because they work for love, not merely doing their duty and obeying in a blind way.

THE BREADFRUIT TREE.

Many Ways in Which This Strange Asiatic Plant is Utilized.

The breadfruit tree is a native of southern Asia, the south Pacific islands and the Indian archipelago. In appearance it resembles somewhat the wild chestnut. It grows to the height of forty or fifty feet and has dark green leaves, many of them two feet in length, which are deeply divided into pointed lobes.

Hidden among the great leaves the breadfruit grows. It is a sorosis, is nearly spherical, often weighs four or more pounds and has a thick yellow rind. This fruit is the chief food of the south sea islanders. They seldom eat a meal without it. The edible part lies between the rind and the core and when fully ripe is yellow and juicy. It is better for fruit before it has fully matured, and the natives gather it while the pulp is white.

Before it is ready for table use it must be roasted, when it looks like wheat and bread and is both palatable and nutritious. Usually the fruit is cut into three or four slices and roasted or baked in an oven.

Frequently the people of a village join in making a huge oven, in which several hundred breadfruits are baked at one time. Thus they are all supplied with bread without its costing any of them much labor. Prepared in this way, the bread will keep for weeks.

The breadfruit is in season eight months of the year. When the season finally draws to a close, the last fruits are gathered and made into a sour paste called "mabel." This paste will keep good for months and is made into balls, wrapped in leaves and baked, just as bread.

Bread is not the only product of the breadfruit tree. From it cement, cloth, tinder and lumber are also obtained. A glutinous, milky juice oozes from the trunk of the tree, which makes an excellent cement when boiled with coconut oil. From the fibrous inner bark a kind of coarse cloth is made, and the big leaves make good towels. The lumber is used for building houses and many other purposes. Besides all this, the dried blossoms are used as tinder when fires are kindled.

TELESCOPE LENSES.

Astonishing Sensitiveness of These Wonderful Glasses.

With the exception of astronomers, few persons have any idea of the wonderful sensitiveness of the lens of a telescope. These marvelous artificial eyes can be produced only by the exercise of the most scrupulous care in the selection of the glass itself, consummate skill and inexhaustible patience. The process of grinding and polishing often occupies several months. When the lens of a big telescope is completed, it constitutes one of the greatest marvels wrought by man.

An article in the *Literary Digest* describes how the sensitiveness of a lens was illustrated by Alvan Clark, the greatest lensmaker America has produced:

Mr. Clark walked down to the lens and held his hand under it about two feet away. Instantaneously a marvelous spectacle burst into view. It seemed as if the great glass disk had become a living volcano, spouting forth jets of flame.

The display was dazzling. Waving, leaping, dancing, the countless tongues of light gleamed and vibrated; then fitfully, reluctantly, they died away, leaving the lens reflecting only a pure, untroubled light.

What is it? How do you account for the wonder? were the eager questions. It is only the radiation of heat alternately expanding and contracting the glass. If the hand had been put upon the lens itself, the phenomenon would have been more violent.

To a person ignorant of lenses the almost supernatural sensitiveness of a mass of glass weighing several hundred pounds is astonishing, but to the scientist it is an everyday matter, for he has instruments that will register with unflinching nicety the approach of a person fifty or a hundred feet away.

Granite, the Bedrock of the Earth.

Granite is the bedrock of the world. It is the lowest rock in the earth's crust and shows no signs of animal life. It is from two to ten times as thick as all the other layers of rocks combined. No evidences of life of either animal or vegetable are apparent in granite. The presence of lime is due to animal life. Some scientists assert that all the lime in the world has at some time been a part of some animal. This includes human beings.

His Share.

A gamekeeper found a boy fishing in his master's private waters.

"You mustn't fish here!" he exclaimed. "These waters belong to the Earl of A."

"Do they? I didn't know that," replied the culprit, laying aside his rod. He then took up a book and commenced reading.

The keeper departed, but on returning about an hour afterward found the same youth had started fishing again.

"Do you understand that this water belongs to the Earl of A.?" he roared.

"Why, you told me that an hour ago!" exclaimed the angler, in surprise. "Surely the whole river doesn't belong to him? His share went by long ago!"—*London Telegraph*.

No Hessians Need Apply.

Aunt Sally Linnekin was looking admiringly at a collection of souvenir postal cards brought back from Europe by one of her summer boarders.

"Now, this one," said he, showing a handsome card, "is from Hesse, where those Hessian soldiers came from, you know."

Aunt Sally put down the cards and rose up in intense indignation.

"Land sakes!" she exclaimed in horror. "Did you go there?"

No Secret.

"Well, well," exclaimed Miss Passay, "so she's twenty-five today. I guess it would surprise her if I should tell her I was the same age."

"Oh, no," replied Miss Knox; "she knows that, of course."

"She knows that I'm twenty-five?"

"No; that you were."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Diligence increaseth the fruit of toil, A dilatory man wrestles with losses.—Hesiod.

FAMILY DISPUTES.

How They Were Once Settled by Fair Fight in Court.

In some parts of Germany in days gone by when the relations of husband and wife became strained, so to speak—in other words, when each returning day gave birth to new squabbles and the man's hand was as ready as the woman's tongue—the couple were brought before the magistrate, who, after listening to recriminations, ordered them to prepare for the ordeal by battle. The man was placed in a rask, which was then nearly filled with sand, so that he was covered up to the waist. In some towns a pit was kept handy for the purpose, just as the ducking stool was kept on Bankside, opposite St. Paul's. When he was thus half buried, the man received a short stick for his right hand, while his left hand was tied up across his chest. He was thus one armed and could only deliver his blows if his opponent came near enough.

The lady put on a linen garment, the right sleeve of which was lengthened. In the end was tied up a stone. The sleeve projected about twelve inches beyond her hand. She had thus a formidable weapon, but in order to use it she had to get close to her enemy. Now, observe the situation and the chances. If she succeeded in bringing the stone down upon her husband's head, she might knock him senseless; she might even brain him, but in order to do so she would expose herself to the full blow of his stick. The battle might, in fact, be settled by a single assault. But mark the craftiness of man. It was better to make a woman ridiculous than to knock her silly. The husband, therefore, if he was a philosopher, did not try to hit his wife. He wanted her blows with his stick. He tried to catch the sleeve upon his stick. Then the stone flew round and round, and the lady was caught. She could not move, and the victorious husband dragged her, unwilling, head first into his cask.—*London Queen*.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Some people cry loudly for justice when mercy is really what they want.

There is never much kicking about the rules of the game by those who happen to win.

A young person's kind of wit is usually the kind that gives an old person nervous prostration.

If a man tells a lie, which is predominant—his remorse at having told it or his pride in having told one that passed for the truth?

You may think you are lonesome, but you will never know what lonesomeness is until you are on your deathbed and realize that you are going alone.

Every boy who plays around railroad yards and makes a practice of jumping on trains imagines he is a great deal more clever than the one-legged men of his acquaintance ever were.—*Atchison Globe*.

On the Rack.

The expression "putting a witness on the rack" has an ancient origin. The courts had an unpleasant way of putting a refractory or unsatisfactory witness on the rack, which was an open wooden frame, upon which was laid the victim. His wrists and ankles were tied to two rollers at opposite ends of the frame. The rollers were then moved with levers until the tension caused the body to rise level with the frame, and then questions were addressed to the witness. If he still proved silent or if his memory needed refreshing, the rollers were moved slowly until the wretch's bones started from the sockets.

No Apology Needed.

"I hope our running the graphophone last night didn't annoy you," said the renter of the third floor flat.

"What?" responded the new renter of the fourth floor flat, producing an ear trumpet.

"I say it's a fine morning!" belloyed the other into the trumpet.—*Chicago Tribune*.

A Portrait of Wordsworth.

One of Charles Lamb's friends said to him that he had never seen Wordsworth.

"Why, you've seen an old horse, haven't you?" asked Charles Lamb.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Then you've seen Wordsworth."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Her Dear Friend.

Clara—I wish I could believe what he says, but—Maud—What does he say? Clara—Why, he says he loves me, and he has known me only two days. Maud—Well, perhaps that's the reason.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Hardly a Compliment.

Maid—A gentleman to see you, madam. Mistress—Is it, by chance, my cousin the professor? Maid—No, he doesn't look as clever as that. He looks more as though he might propose to you.—*Ellegende Blätter*.

THE OTHER FELLOW'S JOB.

The farmer looks discouraged,
He hates the rake and hoe;
He wants to try the city,
Where money seems to grow;
The other fellow gets the grain,
And leaves for him the cob,
So in his heart he covets
The other fellow's job.

KING WINTER'S SONG.

Oh, I am the friends of the boys and girls!
I am the fellow they love,
When there's plenty of frost on the earth
Below,
And plenty of sunshine above,
To meet they look for the frozen pond,
All ready for skate and sled;
To me they turn with their sleds so swift
For a coasting hill so wide.

THE LOVE STORY OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

In 1891, during a short visit which I made to Brussels, I became acquainted by chance with certain circumstances in Charlotte Bronte's life in that old capital, more than half a century before. They were trifles in themselves, but they gave me a totally new idea of the author of Jane Eyre, and made a flesh-and-blood woman out of the wire little creature who so magnetized and puzzled the world in the middle of the last century.

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The Long-Tailed Fowl of Japan.

That the long-tailed fowl was early in Japan is credible from the legend, evidently of abysmal antiquity, of Amra Terasu, the Sun Goddess, who, having retired into a cavern, to the intense discomfort of her very laxant one, of the fowl of Toas, in which every feather, as the poetical Japanese remarks, resembles a leaf-blade of the mystical bamboo.

THE BREADFRUIT TREE.

Many Ways in Which This Strange Asiatic Plant is Utilized.

The breadfruit tree is a native of southern Asia, the south Pacific islands and the Indian archipelago. In appearance it resembles somewhat the wild chestnut. It grows to the height of forty or fifty feet and has dark green leaves, many of them two feet in length, which are deeply divided into pointed lobes.

TELESCOPE LENSES.

Astonishing Sensitiveness of These Wonderful Glasses.

With the exception of astronomers, few persons have any idea of the wonderful sensitiveness of the lens of a telescope. These marvelous artificial eyes can be produced only by the exercise of the most scrupulous care in the selection of the glass itself, consummate skill and inexhaustible patience. The process of grinding and polishing often occupies several months. When the lens of a big telescope is completed, it constitutes one of the greatest marvels wrought by man.

FAMILY DISPUTES.

How They Were Once Settled by Fair Fight in Court.

In some parts of Germany in days gone by when the relations of husband and wife became strained, so to speak—in other words, when each returning day gave birth to new squabbles and the man's hand was as ready as the woman's tongue—the couple were brought before the magistrate, who, after listening to recriminations, ordered them to prepare for the ordeal by battle. The man was placed in a rask, which was then nearly filled with sand, so that he was covered up to the waist. In some towns a pit was kept handy for the purpose, just as the ducking stool was kept on Bankside, opposite St. Paul's. When he was thus half buried, the man received a short stick for his right hand, while his left hand was tied up across his chest. He was thus one armed and could only deliver his blows if his opponent came near enough.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Some people cry loudly for justice when mercy is really what they want.

There is never much kicking about the rules of the game by those who happen to win.

A young person's kind of wit is usually the kind that gives an old person nervous prostration.

If a man tells a lie, which is predominant—his remorse at having told it or his pride in having told one that passed for the truth?

You may think you are lonesome, but you will never know what lonesomeness is until you are on your deathbed and realize that you are going alone.

Every boy who plays around railroad yards and makes a practice of jumping on trains imagines he is a great deal more clever than the one-legged men of his acquaintance ever were.—*Atchison Globe*.

On the Rack.

The expression "putting a witness on the rack" has an ancient origin. The courts had an unpleasant way of putting a refractory or unsatisfactory witness on the rack, which was an open wooden frame, upon which was laid the victim. His wrists and ankles were tied to two rollers at opposite ends of the frame. The rollers were then moved with levers until the tension caused the body to rise level with the frame, and then questions were addressed to the witness. If he still proved silent or if his memory needed refreshing, the rollers were moved slowly until the wretch's bones started from the sockets.

No Apology Needed.

"I hope our running the graphophone last night didn't annoy you," said the renter of the third floor flat.

"What?" responded the new renter of the fourth floor flat, producing an ear trumpet.

"I say it's a fine morning!" belloyed the other into the trumpet.—*Chicago Tribune*.

A Portrait of Wordsworth.

One of Charles Lamb's friends said to him that he had never seen Wordsworth.

"Why, you've seen an old horse, haven't you?" asked Charles Lamb.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Then you've seen Wordsworth."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Her Dear Friend.

Clara—I wish I could believe what he says, but—Maud—What does he say? Clara—Why, he says he loves me, and he has known me only two days. Maud—Well, perhaps that's the reason.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Hardly a Compliment.

Maid—A gentleman to see you, madam. Mistress—Is it, by chance, my cousin the professor? Maid—No, he doesn't look as clever as that. He looks more as though he might propose to you.—*Ellegende Blätter*.