

To A LITTLE GREEN BUG.

O little green bug on my paper That breaks the faint chord of my theme, So careless you frolic and caper, Disturbing the vision I dream: For only you come when I utter A song, when the evening is damp, To scatter my thoughts as you flutter And circle the light of my lamp.

Fred. K. Dix.

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. A Tennis Party. Charity Patient Wears a Fortune in Gold and Silver. Natives Proud but Somewhat Unclean in Habits.

JHANSI, JUNE 28th, 1913.

Dear Home Folk:

I am tired, tired, but not because I am worked to death, or sick, but merely because I tried to give a little tennis party and had to do all the getting ready myself, and let me warn you it's hard work when you can't tell these servants what you want, but just have to get up and go and show them each thing you want done. It went off all right and so I am glad. I have invited a few more for Friday and although they are much more to be feared, being people of prominence, yet I don't intend giving them a thing except something to drink, since it's just that kind of weather. All one cares for is, to drink, so that you may perspire and so stay a wee bit cooler.

I must tell you of a queer thing that happened today: A girl, very plainly dressed, was brought into the hospital; she said she could not afford to pay for anything so that we put her in the open ward, and of course gave her food. When she went to the operating room the nurses had to take off silver anklets by the pound—at least four pounds on the two ankles; a gold band around her head held a perfectly beautiful pearl ornament just at the top of her forehead, and she wore gold armlets above the elbow as well as below, and gold chains about her neck. Can you wonder that I resent spending money on people like that, when I know how many times some poor soul at home has to pinch and save to give mission money.

I wish I could take you with me to make a call, such as I made a few days ago. I was called to see a sick woman and, being in the neighborhood of some people whom I knew—Mahomedans—I went to see them; they think it quite an honor if I go. With my little nurse (who speaks Hindustani and English in a sort of a way) I went down a narrow street with dust inches deep, native people all around me greatly interested in watching what I was about, then up a tiny, narrow street to a wooden door, and here I was greeted with much joy by two women, the wife and daughter of an old teacher. It was a little open courtyard, a native bed, devoid of any dressings, and a native stool, was the only furniture and we were invited to sit down, while the man sent for ice and wished to serve us with some kind of native drink. Cholera, spelled with capitals, stared me in the face, so I made some excuse and was not forced.

After a very short call a man came, saying that another wealthy woman, whose nieces are very great friends of mine, wished me to come and see them. Just going a few doors further I was taken into a big house, but not before I had traversed the usual two or three small rooms that always form the entrance to any Indian house. These houses are all built with the centre a court-yard and so in this case, to my left, as I stood at the inner door facing this court, was an open veranda with beds and stools standing about, while behind I saw the small doorways that opened into the airless, sunless, earth-floored rooms that are used for winter sleeping and living apartments; and to my right another raised (one step) sort of platform with a roof over it. On this raised space were seated three servants, cooking over the cement-made niches which serve as stoves.

But it was not to tell you of this that I started out, but of these people. They are unusually clean and supposed to be quite advanced, so I was again asked to drink and take food and thinking it was nice and clean and I, being hot and thirsty, consented. Well, I watched the preparations, for I was an honor guest. My hostess, "Umra-Begum," by name, much more intelligent than most others that I know here, bright, with lots of common sense and a keen sense of humor, first brought me a glass of pomegranate juice with ice in it; the glass from which I drank, I had seen her wash under the spigot of a water can, with her hands, no soap, no hot water, but I took a drink. I was then offered some "gelabis," a native sweet, but after taking down the plate from amongst a lot of dusty things, she politely turned her back toward me

and dusted it off with the tail of her shirt, needless to say "I don't like native sweets," but I talked and fussed about everything so as to give no offense when refusing. Then came cardamom seeds and pumpkin seeds, with cloves and two "rupees" on a tiny tray, and again I accepted for nature had made it quite safe for me to take shells off and eat the kernels. But what was I to do with the money? "Oh, that was for me to buy fruit, or in fact anything I would want in the bazaar, on my way home."

The two nieces are nice young girls; one is tubercular and will perhaps never recover. Later—She has died since. She was a tall, slender, poorly nourished girl, dressed in pajamas (tight-ones) of bright scarlet, a lavender skirt of some very thin material and a bright yellow "chuda" or drapery over her head, and she never left me. Being convinced(?) that I am nice, I must see their pet birds, pet dog, and everything else about the house. The other, a beautiful girl with just enough fat to be well built, dressed just like her sister, became the one to do her sister's bidding, and I felt as though I was in a child's nursery at home, although in this case the children were both over sixteen years of age. I stayed for perhaps a half hour and I wondered whether it would always be the same; no books, no music, no outdoor life, as I know it. A little romance for this younger girl I heard of after coming home. A marriage is to be arranged for her with a native doctor of one of the native regiments. He is very English, having spent sixteen years in school in England. But there is a slight hitch; he wishing his wife to adopt English clothes and go about with him, and her people are not so progressive and rather wish her to remain in "purdah."

It seems to me these Indian women truly could wish to die, life is so monotonous. Still we have no rain; the sky is full of clouds, with a few drops as a teasing, and that is all. (Continued next week.)

Canal Facts Put Into Brief Form.

The total cost of the Panama canal will be about \$375,000,000. The length from deep water in the Atlantic to deep water in the Pacific is 50 miles. The minimum depth will be 40 feet, the maximum depth 45 feet.

Over 5,000,000 cubic yards of concrete were used in the construction and a force of men averaging 39,000 was employed. There are 12 locks, each with a chamber 110 feet wide and 1000 feet long. The gates are opened and closed by electricity. The boats are hauled through the canal by the same power.

Gatun lake, the highest part of the canal, is 85 feet above the sea level. The level of both oceans is the same, but there is a 20-foot tide on the Pacific side, while on the Atlantic side there is only a two-foot tide.

Time required to pass through the canal is about 12 hours. In a voyage from New York to San Francisco the canal will save 8000 miles, says the Boys' Magazine.

The cost of operating the canal will be about \$4,000,000 each year and over 2500 employees will be required. The business of supplying coal and provisions and the repair facilities will be wholly in the hands of the government. The traffic will be under the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Freight rates will be \$1.20 a ton, passengers free; the rates charged vessels are the same as those at Suez. At the \$1.20 rate the canal is not expected to be self-supporting for a number of years. The average annual tonnage as estimated will be about 10,000,000 tons for the first few years and the income necessary to pay interest on the money invested and meet expenses will be about \$15,000,000.

Warships of all nations may pass through the canal, but they cannot linger at either entrance for a longer period than 24 hours.

Italian Railroaders.

On a smoothly running express train between Washington and New York we found an illustrated circular called "Information," issued by the Pennsylvania railroad system, says Colliers Weekly. This issue tells what Italians are doing for the railroad, and says that of 140,000 employees on the lines east of Pittsburgh and Erie, 11,000 are of that nation. Twenty years ago there were very few, all of them "laborers;" today Italy is represented in practically every department of the railroad, and each day these men are making their impression. Many of them hold positions of trust and responsibility, due possibly to a great extent to their learning the English language. Promotion is always open to the man who works hard and improves himself.

Nervousness is a common feminine disease. Women try all kinds of nerve quieting potions which are offered as a cure for nervousness, in the form of "compounds" or "nervines." And yet no cure is effected. The relief is only temporary. The reason is that these potions are opiates and narcotics. They put the nerves to sleep for a time, but when they wake again their condition is worse than before. Modern medicine recognizes the relation of this nervous condition in women to the forms of disease which affect the sensitive womanly organs. To cure the nervousness the cause must be removed. The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will result in removing weakening drains, inflammation, ulceration and bearing-down pains, the common causes of nervousness in women. Nothing is just as good as "Favorite Prescription" because nothing else is so harmless or as sure. It contains no alcohol, and is absolutely free from opium, cocaine and other narcotics.

Once and for All.

A red flannel undershirt will not prevent rheumatism, declares a prominent physician, thereby putting that venerable garment in the same category with the sock that won't cure a sore throat and the leather wristlet that won't keep the arm from tiring while digging a ditch.—Louisville Times.

DARWIN ON MAN'S ORIGIN

Misconception Which Has Been Widely Prevalent Set Right by English Curator.

"It is popularly supposed, even today, that, according to Darwin, man is a descendant of the monkeys," writes W. P. Fyrcraft, curator of the British museum, in the Illustrated London News. "But let those who feel hurt at the idea console themselves with the fact that he said nothing of the kind. What he did say was that man and the apes were descendants of a common stock, which is a very different thing."

"Huxley, years ago, endeavored to set this misconception right in his delightful 'Man's Place in Nature'; yet so deeply rooted was the original idea that he failed to reassure the nonscientific readers of his time. His son relates how his father, near the end of his life, saw Carlyle walking slowly and alone down the opposite side of the street and, touched by his solitary appearance, crossed over and spoke to him. The old man looked at him, and merely remarking, 'You're Huxley, aren't you, the man that says we are all descended from monkeys?' went on his way, giving Huxley no chance of explaining matters or of protesting against the imaginary sin of his old friend being thrust upon his shoulders. A more careful, less prejudiced, personal of what Huxley said would have set the old man's mind at rest and spared him this unmannerly response to a kindly greeting."

"Huxley was the first, in that wonderful book, to marshal the facts of man's descent in detail. He pointed out the striking resemblances between man and the higher apes, and especially the chimpanzee and the gorilla. And the mass of facts which has accumulated since he wrote has confirmed that comparison in every detail."

GAVE HIM THE RIGHT IDEA

Important Part Played by Woman's Thimble in Showing Inventor Where He Could Improve.

Some of the greatest inventions in the world have been the result of accident, other inventions might have proved worthless had not some simple device, perhaps of an unimportant bit of machinery, made the whole failure a success after all.

Not many people know that a woman's woinout thimble played an important part in our modern illuminating gas jet.

When Murdock, the inventor, first used his gas on trial he let it escape from the end of a small pipe, sticking on a clay plug when he wanted to shut it off. One day when he wanted to shut off his flow in a hurry he could not find his plug and being fearful of an explosion hastily searched for some substitute, finally grabbing his wife's thimble. This he closed over the pipe, but the thimble being perforated by constant use the gas percolated from the small needle holes and to his amazement the inventor says that the spread flame due to the numerous openings gave a better light than the solid flame from the pipe. So the thimble was the ancestor of the modern burner, according to a narrator of the episode in Gas Logic.

All "Mr. Browns."

Some twenty to thirty fishermen were engaged in an angling contest on the Severn, when one of them, who had brought with him a stone gallon bottle of beer, suddenly bethought himself of a friend who was sitting some distance along the bank out of sight. In a moment of generosity he called a boy and handed him the jar, with instructions to take it to his friend, Mr. Brown, and to tell him "to have a pull." The boy departed and some time elapsed before his return. The angler seized his bottle and eagerly raised it to his lips—to find it empty. He had not realized that his friend had such a cubic capacity, and asked the lad if he had found Mr. Brown, and why the jar was empty. "Please, sir," came the reply, "they was all Mr. Browns when I asked, so I went along the bank till the beer was finished."—London Mail.

His Alphabetical Family.

Assistant City Prosecutor Souhrada of Chicago, in explaining his late attendance in court told the judge that "the stork supplied the letter 'D' to my alphabetical family this morning."

"How's that?" asked the court. "Well, we've got all the letters up to 'H' now. 'D' was missing, so we named the new arrival Daniel. He's as fine a boy as you ever saw."

He named his children over for the judge. They are: Albert, Bernadetta, Charles, Daniel, Elsie, Frank, George and Helen.

"When will Z be represented?" asked the court. "I give it up," laughed the prosecutor.

Morning.

Something happened about him and behind him; something he had written about a hundred times and read about a thousand; something he had never seen in his life. It flung faintly across the broad foliage a wan and pearly light far more mysterious than the lost moonshine. It seemed to enter through all the doors and windows of the woodland, pale and silent but confident; like men that keep a tryst; soon its white robes had threads of gold and scarlet; and the name of it was morning. — From "The Flying Inn," by Gilbert K. Chesterton.

SHOW STRENGTH OF INSTINCT

Two Incidents Which Would Seem to Prove That in Man It Is Stronger Than Reason.

That even in man instinct is sometimes stronger than reason is illustrated by these two cases:

There had been shipped on a Mississippi river steambot a box with a glass cover containing a very active rattlesnake. Whenever anyone approached the box the serpent would strike the cover. The owner of the reptile challenged anyone to hold his finger on the glass and let the rattler strike at it. There was no danger and it seemed an easy thing to do. First one and then another tried it, but when the snake gave its vicious spring the finger was invariably drawn back with a jerk. Instinct was stronger than reason and will combined.

A young man in Paris had lost his last sou at the gambling table. Not only was he without means, but he had lost a large sum belonging to his employer. He started for the Seine with the intention of drowning himself. On the way there was a great commotion caused by the escape of a lion from a troling menagerie. The animal came galloping down the street, and people fled in every direction. Instantly the man who was seeking death climbed a lamp post and clung to the top of it, trembling in every limb. When the animal was captured and the danger over he proceeded to the river and plunged in.

SEE THINGS TOO CLEARLY

Practical Fault of the Followers of Erasmus is Pointed Out by Writer.

Erasmus is an inexhaustibly interesting historical personage, because he is more than that; he is a type as old as civilization. He is not to be confounded with the Hamlets and Amiels, whom he superficially resembles. Their disease is impotence of will; their weakness, the lack of the courage of imperfection, the courage to do their best, however inadequate the means, however uncertain the issue. The difficulty of Erasmus and the Erasmusians is an intellectual one. They are blinded by excess of light. They see too clearly both sides of every question to commit themselves to either. They lack the sublime "abandon" with which simpler and usually less enlightened spirits throw themselves into causes which they only half comprehend. Naturally the practical world cannot do away with such hair-splitting. The Erasmusians are adjured to act, without too much regard for past causes or future results. They are said to lack faith, and, in truth, they are essentially skeptics. To them, only an adumbration of truth is within the reach of finite minds, and they are unable to become violently energetic for an adumbration. They have the penetration of Disraeli, without drawing his practical inference.—Charles H. A. Wager, in the Atlantic.

Work Cure for Nervousness.

"Little Miss" was waiting for John to come and spade her flower bed early one beautiful spring morning. After waiting until her patience was gone, she began her own spading, in a most determined and provoked manner.

It was not long until old John appeared, with an amused smile on his old black face, and his tattered hat in hand, bowing, and apologizing most humbly. In reply to Little Miss' inquiries as to what had made him so late, he said:

"Well, Little Miss, it's jes' this way: Ez I wuz comin' by Miss Harney's, she said 'John, can't you come in and fix this flower bed fur me?' And I jes' went in and resisted her a minute, and come right on. And, Little Miss, I gits in sight, and sees you spadin' and a-rakin', I says to myself, 'John, of mo' high-banned ladies struck a hones' sweat, they wouldn't be so much of this heah nervous perspiration. They sholy wouldn't.'—Youth's Companion.

The Rain of Law.

The day of universal law has arrived. It seems to be a lap or two ahead of time. It is not just the kind of law that is written upon the hearts of men or upon the doorposts of their houses, and it is very difficult to teach it to our children, or to meditate upon it day or night. There isn't time. It is printed on a rapid-fire printing press and bound in unabridged sheep or blue sky boards. The kindly earth does not slumber in its lap; it fairly wallows in the litter of it. The law-abiding and the law-evading citizen lie down together in the confusion of it. He who reads must run if he would escape the deluge of it, and he who runs must read if he would keep up with the changing phases of it.—William D. Parkinson, in the Atlantic.

Uses of Silver.

It will astonish many persons to learn that, outside the manufacture of silver-plated ware, more silver is used in making photographic plates, films and paper than in any other single industry. Making films for the motion pictures has become an enormous business. The Brass World believes that more silver will soon be used for films than for any other purpose whatever. In photography, silver is used principally in the form of bromide of silver for preparing the coating of the surface of the sensitized films and printing papers.—Youth's Companion.

VALUABLE BEAST OF BURDEN

Elephant's Tremendous Strength Enables Him to Do More Work Than Team of Horses.

This is the year of the "elephant battle" in the great forests of Mysore, India. The hunting of these gigantic animals is permitted in India only every fifth year. On the average from 200 to 250 wild elephants are captured during the battle season, and these are trained for the various purposes for which the Asiatic elephant is used. Everybody knows how conspicuous a part tamed elephants play in the great public spectacles in India. Indian princes and officials sometimes pay thousands of dollars for exceptionally fine and intelligent elephants. After they have been properly trained they are furnished with trappings gleaming with gold and splendid color. The howdah that an elephant trained for hunting carries on its back, and in which its master rides, while its driver places himself just back of its head, frequently weighs more than 200 pounds, but the huge animal regards it no more than a horse does a riding saddle.

On a good level road an elephant will march at the rate of five miles per hour, and he is capable of running, for short distances, with a speed of 20 miles an hour. He can carry, in regular service, from 1,200 to 1,500 pounds, and he would not greatly mind a ton or more.

With his enormous muscles and his dead weight of five or six tons it is evident that his pulling and lifting power must be immense. He can pull down or root up small trees, can pick up huge logs with his trunk and carry or throw them around like sticks and since he is a very tractable beast when well tamed, he often does farm work of which a team of horses would be utterly incapable. He can make a fence or place huge blocks of stone in a wall. He is often employed to drag artillery wagons.

ALWAYS GAVE OF HIS BEST

Writer's Testimony to the Sincerity With Which Charles Dickens Did His Work.

There is another feature of Dickens' character which cannot be too often or too seriously insisted upon—and that is his intense earnestness and thoroughness in everything he did. He said to me more than once: "My dear boy, do everything at your best. If you do that neither I nor any one else can find fault with you, even if you fail; for myself I can honestly say that I have taken as great pains with the smallest thing I ever did as with the biggest."

In giving advice to a young author, he said on one occasion:

"If you want your public to believe in what you write you must believe in it yourself. When I am describing a scene I can as distinctly see what I am describing as I can see you now. So real are my characters to me that on one occasion I had fixed upon the course which one of them was to pursue. The character, however, got hold of me and made me do exactly the opposite to what I had intended; but I was so sure that he was right and I was wrong that I let him have his own way."

Whatever he did, either in work or at play, he always gave of his very best. He hated slowness or half-heartedness in any shape or form.—H. F. Dickens, A. C., in Harper's Magazine.

The Week-End Danger.

It is easy to get one's system out of order; it is often hard to get it straight again. Therefore take no liberties with it when you go off for the weekend. This means that one should try to live then as nearly as possible according to his regular routine. If he is used to a light breakfast, it is easy, without attracting special attention, to take it at a friend's house no matter how much more is served. If a noon dinner is provided instead of your usual light lunch, eat sparingly of it, and partake freely of the light supper. It is almost always safe to eat less than you are used to, rather than more. Be careful that the fruit you take is ripe. Don't eat heartily, just before or after swimming, mountain-climbing or violent tennis or ball. Be moderate about everything. If you fall ill, you will not only spoil all your own pleasure, but also that of others as well.

Never Like the Real Thing.

Artificial silks of which there are many varieties, resemble the real in appearance, but differ completely in their properties. They are glossy and attractive, but frequently inflammable and become gummy in water. They are brittle and inelastic. Their weight is greater; their price, when dishonest dealers do not attempt to substitute them for the real article, is lower.

For some purposes certain grades of artificial silks are good value and give fairly satisfactory service. They are much used in hosiery, neckties and dress trimmings.

Give Both a Chance.

Urbus—They ought to get up a show consisting of the last acts of the various plays in town, for the benefit of you suburbanites who have to leave early to catch the last train home.

Suburbus—I don't think it's any more needed than a show consisting of the first acts of the same plays, for the benefit of you city people who have to come in late because you won't dine early.—Judge.

FARM NOTES.

—The man who continually yells at his horse so that one can hear him all over the farm, gets less work out of them than the man who speaks to them in a quiet tone.

—Contrary to popular belief, forest fires seldom travel more than two or three miles an hour. Even in extreme cases it is questionable whether they burn at a rate of more than six to 10 miles an hour.

—A ton of wheat straw contains 20 pounds of nitrogen, 80 pounds of phosphoric acid and 360 pounds of potash. Why throw this plant food away for the sake of illuminating the farms? Scatter it over the field and plow it under.

—The land should slope so that water will not stand and freeze over the surface. If there are pockets or depressions, grass seed should be sown in these places. The surface of the soil should be worked until it is fine and in splendid condition to receive the seed.

—In a test of eucalyptus fence posts, conducted on the farm of the College of Hawaii during the past two or three years, an examination of the posts showed that crosstred posts were in the best state of preservation. Tared posts were giving the next best results. Charred posts showed about the same amount of decay as the untreated posts. Posts set in concrete showed somewhat more decay than the untreated posts.

—The Kansas Experiment Station conducted an experiment comparing the manufacture of milk from grain and from a silage ration. It was found that the grain ration cost \$1.05 to produce 100 pounds of milk, and when silage was substituted in that same ration for one-half of the grain it reduced the cost to 68 cents per 100 pounds, a difference of 37 cents. It cost 22 cents to produce one pound of butterfat, where grain composed the entire ration, 13 cents where silage was substituted for one-half of the grain, a difference of 9 cents.

—Clay soils are unfavorable to vegetation, because the soil is too close and adhesive to allow the free passage of air or water to the roots of the plants. It also obstructs the expansion of the fibers of the root. Sandy soils are unfavorable, because they consist of particles that have too little adhesion to each other. They do not retain sufficient moisture for the nourishment of the plants. They allow too much solar heat to pass to the roots. Chalk soils are unfavorable, because they do not absorb the solar heat and are therefore cold to the roots of the plants.

—The late Henry Ward Beecher, who in his time dabbled in agricultural matters, once said that he believed that soil loves to eat, as well as to be eaten, and ought, therefore, to be liberally fed. He believed in large crops, which leave the land better than they found it—making the farmer and the farm both glad at once. He believed in going to the bottom of things, and, therefore, in deep plowing and enough of it. All the better with a sub-soil plow. He believed that the best fertilizer for any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence. Without this, lime and gypsum, bones and green manure, marl and guano will be of little use. He believed in good fences, good barns, good farm-houses, good stock, good orchards and children enough to gather the fruit. He believed in a clean kitchen, a neat wife, in a spinning wheel, a clean cupboard, a clean dairy and a clean conscience. He firmly disbelieved in farmers that will not improve, in farms that grow poorer every year, in starving cattle, in farmers' boys or girls, in clerks and merchants, in farmers' daughters unwilling to work and in all farmers ashamed of their vocation.

—A bumper grape crop is promised this year, especially in the southern and western parts of the State of New Jersey. The bulk of the crop in Atlantic county will be made into wine. Egg Harbor City has become famous for her choice white and red wines, of which there are at least a dozen different kinds. The biggest trade is in claret and champagne, and for the latter it is claimed to have an article equal to the world-renowned Mumm's.

The produce of the vineyard is looked upon as a thing of great importance in New Jersey, and it is being better appreciated every year in neighboring States. Grapes are also extensively grown at Vineland and other sections of Cumberland county, the crop being largely turned into grape juice of an excellent quality.

THE SOIL FOR AN EXCELLENT CROP. While the grapes seem to thrive in almost any situation and condition, it is a fact that for fine fruit and healthy vines a soil should be selected in which the roots can ramble freely, find sufficient nutriment, and be safe from stagnant water and its accompanying cold, sour subsoil.

It can be safely said that any soil that will grow a good crop of corn will grow a good crop of grapes. Authorities vary a little in their opinions regarding the character of the soil, one claiming that it should be a "strong loamy or gravelly soil—limestone soils being the best;" another says "all that can be said is a soil for grape culture is that it be light, rich and dry;" another, "A light, sandy loam is best," and so on.

The purpose for which grapes are grown, whether for wine or for the table, ought to have a material influence in directing the choice of a soil.

SOILS FOR CERTAIN PURPOSES.

In the case of growing grapes for the manufacture of wine, it is important that the vines be kept within moderate bounds, that all rankness of vegetation be carefully avoided, and consequently the soil must be light, rich, porous and dry, and this fits the soil of the wine district of New Jersey.

On the other hand, when an abundance of grapes of agreeable flavor are desired, regardless of high saccharine qualities, the vines will do better and give more certain crops if permitted a greater extent of growth, and in this case will need a heavier and richer soil.

The vine is a gross feeder, and will extract nourishment from almost any substance that is decomposable, and the more of a made soil the better the vine will flourish. Consequently, if the plants grow very luxuriantly the branches and fruit will be larger, the vine more prolific and at the same time the quality greatly improved. The plants, however, in a well-made soil ought not to be planted too close, as our native grapes require much more space than the foreign. Neither ought they to be trimmed near so bare, and plenty of wood should be left.