

THE TIDE OF THE PAST.

Sometimes the troubled tide of all the past
Upon my spirit's trembling strand is
rolled;
Years never mine—ages an hundredfold.
With all the weight those ages have
amassed
Of human grief and wrong, are on me cast.
Within one sorcerous moment I grow old,
And blanch as one who scarce his way
can hold.
Upon a verge that takes some flood-tide
vast.
Then comes relief through some dear
common thing:
The voices of the children at their play;
The wind-wave through bright mead-
ows, moving fast;
The blue-bird's skyward call, on happy
wing;
So the sweet present reassumes her
sway;
So lapse the surges of the monstrous
past.
—Edith M. Thomas, in the Century.

MY BURGLAR.

I've always had my theories as regards
one's action in an emergency. There are
some scenes I have thought over, a sort
of mental rehearsal, again and again, and
I do not believe my well-trained wits
could desert me, whatever the opinion of
brother Jack may be.
I'm not a young woman. I passed the
boundary line of old maidenhood seven
years ago. I made a celebration on my
25th birthday. It comes in August and I
invited several of the old school girls
from St. Mary's to come in their cool
muslin wrappers (East India mourning)
to the funeral of my youth. I served a
lunch of ice and lady-fingers on maiden-
hair ferns and we drank iced tea (I've
always hated tea) as a proper preparation
for old maidism. I read them a poem,
a parody on the burial of Sir John Moore—
in which I became a spinster and laid
young to rest—with her twenty-five years
behind her. All that was seven years
ago, and each day I have grown more
self-reliant and brave. Quite determined
to make a career of my own, I persuaded
Jack to teach me book-keeping, and after
that it was not very hard to persuade him
to let me cease play and keep his books
in earnest.

So for seven years I had work I enjoyed
and six hours of every day I spent in the
little office behind the great one where
reports from the great warehouse of Gale &
Co. had come in ever since my Grand-
father Gale's own day. People called me
eccentric and odd at first, but my world
grew used to the fact in time, and accept-
ed me on my own terms.

When August of last year came around
I had taken my usual July vacation, and
my 32d birthday found me at home ready
to assume part of Jack's duties in addi-
tion to my own, that he and Annie might
have their month's outing also.

"I wish you would shut up the house
and board while we are away," Annie
said. "I hate to think of you and Maggie
all alone nights in this great house."
Maggie was our faithful domestic.

"Nonsense, Annie," I answered.
"Haven't we stayed alone for six years
every August with a private watchman,
too, for this block? I'm never one mite
afraid."

"You are perfectly safe," Jack said.
"We've got a new watchman now, who
will look after things sharp. Jerry was
growing old, and I think, like a quiet
corner toward morning. This is a young
fellow who is out of work; he is as bright
as a dollar."

I quite laughed to myself at Annie's
fears the next evening as I stood a mo-
ment at the window, after extinguishing
the gas, and saw the burly, thick-set figure
of the new watchman lighting his pipe by
the gaslight. He looked able to tackle a
whole gang of house robbers unassisted.

All went peacefully. I met the new
man—Joe, by name—each night as I
came from the office. He came to watch
at 6 o'clock. He had a bright face and a
pleasing way. I found when I stopped to
speak to him. He seemed to feel a great
sense of responsibility as regards the care
of our house, which always gave me a
comfortable feeling.

Jack had been away two weeks when
the cashier was taken sick. I offered to
take his duties in connection with my own
to save recalling Jack. Mr. Gaskell
(Jack's new partner) and I really carried
the weight of the business on our shoulders
the next week. Mr. Gaskell had
only been a partner for six months. He
was an Englishman whom Jack had met
the year before in New York. He had
managed to sink a fair supply of English
gold in American ventures before Jack
met him, and he had gained thereby an
experience that made him, now in middle
life, fair to put some of our American
metal in place of that lost.

From his first coming among us, strong
in his English prejudice, there had been a
tactic war between him and me. I think
this week he laid down his arms for the
first time. "I'm not going to say I ap-
prove of your being here, Miss Lawrence,"
he said one afternoon. "Though I'll ac-
knowledge no man could think quicker
or be of more help than you are, but all
the chivalry in me protests against the
drudgery you endure."

"One must work if one is to have a
career," I answered laughingly. But all
the same there was a pleasant feeling in
my heart to think he cared to save me
labor or trouble.

One afternoon, the last of the week, he
brought me \$3,000 that some western
customer had paid. "We'll have to put
it in the safe, Miss Lawrence," he said.
"The bank closed two hours ago." That
night, when I closed the safe, I deliber-
ated several moments with the door in my
hands, whether to leave the money or take
it home with me. We have always felt
the warehouses made our office a danger-
ous place, and the air was so hot and dry
that day that the very walls seemed full
of heat as if they might light from spon-
taneous combustion; neither have I ever
felt perfect confidence in our safe as fire-
proof. I have tried many a time to have
Jack change it for a more modern one. I
thought of my watchman and almost de-
termined to take the money home, but
finally considered it would only give me a
wakeful night to have the care of it—and
I shut the safe.

I had my wakeful night, though, just
the same—for I had hardly fallen asleep
when I heard the gong of the fire alarm.
Ordinarily I should not have risen unless
called, but the weight of the business
seemed on me, and I slipped on my
wrapper and slippers and watched the
bright light in the west. Finally I put
the alarm whistle to my lips and called
Joe. "Find out where it is, Joe," I said,
"for it's in the direction of the shipping
quarter."

Ten minutes later and Joe was breath-
less below my window. "It's a fearful
fire, miss, with everything as dry as
 tinder. It's the elevator at the foot of
Fifth street." Only two blocks from the
warehouse, with this hot wind blowing
directly toward them. I thought of my
books. No one knew the safe combina-
tion except Mr. Gaskell and myself, and
Mr. Gaskell lived two miles further off
than I, and I felt all the responsibility
rested on me to save Jack's property.
"Joe," I said, "I must go down to the
office—can you go with me?"

Joe looked solemn. "I'll have to, miss,
and let the houses watch themselves. Mr.
Lawrence said take care of you, miss,
first of all." I flew to dress myself for
the street, and in two minutes was ready.
Twenty minutes more and we were before
the office door. The air was stifling—I
felt as if I watched the fire brands in the
air and heard the roaring of the flames
that the warehouses were doomed.

Joe found a truck and a box, and I
loaded books and insurance papers into
them. I had just finished when I heard
Mr. Gaskell's voice behind me. "Miss
Lawrence, this is no place for you, but
it's like you to be here first," he added
quickly. "You have the books and
papers, I see; is this your watchman?"

I nodded.
"Have him take them to the house;
you must go with him, and leave me to
save what I can. I hate to have you take
that money," he added, seeing the bundle
I hid under my shawl. "Perhaps, though,
it will be safer with you than me, and
leave me free to work."

He put his hand on Joe's shoulder as we
reached the street. "Take care of her,"
I heard him say in a low tone, "and this
night shall make a better place for you."
He laid his hand on my arm one instant.
"I will come as soon as I can leave; I'm
almost determined to go now and see you
safe home first."

"Joe will be ample protection," I
answered hurriedly, and we parted; but
through all the excitement, worry and
care, I was not discouraged. That thought-
ful care encompassed me to make even
trouble lighter. The street was full of
fishing, hurrying human beings. It was
hard for Joe to force a passage for his
truck, but we reached the house in safety
with our store.

Joe placed the box in the hall. "A big
fire is the very time to look out for thieves,
miss, but don't be scared, I'll keep a sharp
lookout." I was not scared. I knew Mr.
Gaskell would come to the house as soon
as the fire stopped his work.

I dreaded to hear Maggie's lamentations.
I knew any loss to Jack or me would be
more to her than her own loss, so fore-
bore to wake her and made coffee myself
on the gas range. I could not move with-
out the money. It haunted me if I laid
it down. Finally I raised the lid of the
piano and laid it softly on the strings.

Then I crawled upon the sofa in the
corner of the library. I did not mean to
close my eyes, but I was very tired, I
suppose, and the next I knew my eyes
were opened very wide indeed staring at a
great tall dark man, who stood at the
front of the sofa. I heard Joe's voice,
though muffled and I saw him with his
face out and bleeding being dragged into
the hall. I gasped and closed my eyes.
Yes, that is just what I did—I Eleanor
Lawrence, who have always had theories
on the subject of conquering burglars by
outwitting them and showing no fight!

"She'll make us no trouble—her heart is
in her throat already," the tall man said,
looking towards two others who held Joe
firmly bound in the doorway.
"Don't you dare touch a hair of her
head," Joe cried, struggling to free him-
self.

"Be quiet, unless you want to be
brained, we've told you we shouldn't harm
the woman. Tell us where you put the
money or it will be worse for you," said
the tall man again. I saw he was the
leader.

"I never brought no money," Joe
answered; "only books in the hall where
I showed you."

More words and the click of a pistol.
All this time I had seemed frozen to the
sofa, but I had breathed a prayer and for
answer a sense of protection had come
over me, and I realized that Mr. Gaskell
might even now be on the way to aid me.
I never thought of his exposure to danger
in coming. I felt he was equal to emer-
gencies. If I could only gain time—and
like a flash my old resolutions came over
me, and a fear that I had exposed poor
Joe to this awful danger and was respon-
sible for his life. With that thought I
was Eleanor Lawrence, spinster, and in
my sound mind in a moment.

I rose from that couch suddenly, and I
said: "Leave that young man alone, he is
telling you the truth—he brought no
money."

And I stood by the library table and did
not so much as lay a finger on it for sup-
port. The man guarding me would not
have been any more astonished if a corpse
had spoken, I believe. He jumped two
feet at least, and the other two fellows,
of course, looking rough fellows, both
grinned broadly as they looked at him.

"Easy to deal with, pard, eh?" said one
of them, coarsely.

"Can't you hand the lady a chair, Jim?"
said the other.

"Quit your fooling," answered the dark
man, curtly. "We'll bring the lady to
terms without any trouble, I guess."

"We know, madam," he continued,
turning to me, "that there was money in
your safe last night; we know either you
or Mr. Gaskell saved it; he hasn't got it,
so it's here, and we're bound to have it, so
hand it over."

"He hasn't got it." How did they know
that? For just one second the room swam
before my eyes. Had they robbed Mr.
Gaskell already and left him murdered
where the fire would obliterate every trace
of their crime? All this in a moment of
time flashed through my mind. It takes
long in the telling, but it was quick in the
thinking.

"Give the lady plenty of time, do, pard,"
sneered one of Joe's watchers. "We'll have
to put the thumb screws on the boy to
make him speak," added the other. That
recalled my thoughts to Joe; the other

thoughts I tried to banish. I must see Joe
first.

"Are you friends," I asked the leader,
"that you harm an innocent man?"
"We'll not harm you, madam," he an-
swered quickly, "but the money we will
have."

But I had seen my advantage. This
man, the leader, had once been something
better than he was now. He seemed to
dread violence, and he had enough of the
instincts of a gentleman left to hate to an-
noy a lady. I saw that, and on that I de-
termined to work.

"Threats are useless," I said; "search
the box for yourself," and I pointed to the
hall. "The box is all right, lady," one of
those at the door called out, "but its mak-
ing things hot for this boy you are with
your waiting."

I gave Joe a quick look, and I saw they
were twisting the rope around his arms.

"Don't mind me, Miss Lawrence," he
said bravely, but his lips were white.
"Let my boy alone," I said sternly.
"No one shall suffer to save money for a
Lawrence." I turned again to the tall,
dark leader, as I saw they obeyed his sig-
nal and released Joe. "I suppose a man
might still be a gentleman even if a thief.
(I saw him flinch as I flung the word at
him.) "If I were a man I would rob
some one the fire had not already robbed—
follow me and help yourself," I added,
scornfully.

"It's not a job to my liking," he mut-
tered, as he complied.

I moved as quickly and as quickly as I
could toward the next room. I had an
awful feeling that there would be a reac-
tion to all this, but I would not think;
what was properly lost if only Mr. Gaskell
were safe.

Joe gave me a look. I knew his thought
as well as if he had spoken. "If Mr. Gas-
sell were alive he must be here soon." The
thought gave me courage, but I think
I acted on my old day dream of a bawdy
simply because I had released it so many
times mentally. I passed into the dining
room; the gas was lit, I saw. I opened
the door into the butler's pantry. I held
the door in my hand, and as I closed it put
down the spring lock. The dumb waiter
was lowered part way. I pointed to the
covered box, it contained Maggie's al-
ways put the silver there for hiding; and I
said: "Take it." As he bent to reach it
I rushed out the opposite door and closed
it. Before he could rise I had shut the
bolt. I heard his muttered curse as he
flung himself against it. It was stout oak
and it held. I shot the bolt on the cellar
door. I had my burglar a prisoner now,
unless he should dare the fall waiter.

I knew I had only a moment. I must
find help before those in the library sus-
pected treachery. I opened the outside
door cautiously; there might be accom-
plishes outside; what I saw was four men
coming on a run. I tried to call, but my
lips refused to move. At last nature had
her revenge. I could not utter a sound.
There was no need. I was caught in Mr.
Gaskell's arms, and I heard his voice.
"Thank God, Eleanor, you are safe." I
did not faint. I knew perfectly well when
the others rushed by me that they were
saved, but I could only hear a rushing and
roaring as if the fire was in my head, and
power to move or speak I had not.

Presently I was conscious that I was
once more on the library sofa and that
bending over me and speaking my name as
no other had ever spoken it was the voice
I had feared I might never hear again.
Joe was crying out at the foot of the sofa.
"Oh, my brave Miss Lawrence, you've
saved us all," and much more in the same
strain, until Mr. Gaskell persuaded him to
go with Maggie for a cup of coffee.

"We have two of them in safe custody,
Miss Lawrence," he said presently. "One
escaped, but Joe flung himself, bound as
he was, on the second, and we have him.
The fire is under control, and you must
let me bring you some coffee and try to
rest."

"Weren't you robbed and murdered?"
I managed to say.
"Murdered! My dear girl," he an-
swered, taking my hands in his, "can't
you realize that I am quite safe and here?
Robbed I was and left stunned in the
alley, back of the office, but rescued, and
my first thought was of the danger you
must be in. We won't speak of it any
more now," he added, soothingly, "for
here comes Maggie with the coffee, which I
must see you drink before I leave you to
her care."

The People of Labrador.

Labrador is not considered a desir-
able place in which to live, yet the
people who live there seem to enjoy it.
One of the advantages is that
they do not have to pay rent. Most
of the people own a summer house
and a winter house. The summer
house is on the coast. The people
live in these houses from June to
October. The good fishing season is
during these months, and this is the
principal industry of the people.
They catch, dry and sell the fish to
traders, and thus purchase their
winter supplies. The winter houses
are on the shore of an inland lake or
river, and built in the shelter of
trees. In the winter the men hunt
for rabbits, partridges and other
small game and trap the fur bearing
animals. Wood-cutting is also an
industry, but does not bring money.
The wood is for their own use. Part
of the time the weather is so severe
that there is no possibility for work
or fun out of doors.

Winter is the time of visiting. The
dogs are harnessed, and the whole
family cross the lake or river for a
visit. Dancing is the evening amuse-
ment. The people of Labrador are a
kindly, home-loving people.

Searching Ancient Graves.

In the Punic cemeteries of Carthage
Father Delattre has already examined
125 tombs. He has found a painted
terra-cotta mask, with oval face,
short side whiskers and a close-
shaven chin and bronze rings in the
ears; and also a disk of terra-cotta
with a warrior on horseback in relief
upon it, under the horse a running
dog, and above the figure a lotus
flower and a crescent moon.

Every animal kept by man, except
the cat, is tame in Austria.

AN INSECT DUEL.

Fight to Death Between a Wasp and a Spider.

"I saw a wonderful exhibition of the
bravery of insects while I was on my vaca-
tion this summer," said the professor,
after the coffee had been brought on and
the cigars had been lighted. "I spent my
holiday camping out," he continued, "and
the sight to which I refer was a fight to
the death between a wasp and a spider."

"Soon after my tent was pitched I
awoke one morning and heard a buzzing
sound in the peak of my canvas house.
Looking up while still lying on my im-
provised bed, I saw a wasp building his
mud house on the tent pole. Several
times he went out and returned a few
minutes later with his load of clay, which
very soon formed another section of his
abode."

"The next morning at just about sun-
rise, I heard the buzzing again, but it
seemed to have increased in volume.
Glancing up again I soon saw the reason.
A big spider had spun a web completely
across the corner of the tent, shutting the
half-finished home of the wasp off, so that
it could not be reached except by passing
through the web. The spider was an
ugly-looking black fellow, and he stood
on guard watching the movements of the
wasp. The latter flew backward and
forward looking for an opening to his
domicile. Then he remained still in the
air for a second or two, as if taking a
general view of the situation. Finally he
alighted on the tent pole within an inch
or so of the edge of the web, and seemed
to be making up his mind what to do
next."

"By this time I had become interested
and wondered what his plan of action
would be. While I was still contempla-
ting the two foes, the wasp flew off the
pole and directly toward the spider, which
had been keenly watching him, and was
evidently ready for the fray, if there
was to be one. As the wasp flew past
his enemy he curled the under part
of his body up so that the part containing
the stinger would come in close proximity
to the spider."

"The latter was evidently accustomed
to such warfare, however, because he got
out of the way in a twinkling. Maddened
at his defeat, the wasp took a turn and
went back again. Once more the spider
eluded his venomous stinger, but at the
same time he appeared to be trying to bite
the wasp. The spider might have re-
treated so far away from his web foot that
his enemy could not have touched him
until the obstruction was broken down,
but he evidently did not intend to have
his carefully constructed flytrap destroyed
without a struggle."

"There were several skirmishes of the
kind already described, and then the
wasp again alighted on the tent pole, as
though reconciling and getting breath
for a grand onslaught. That this was
exactly what he was doing was proved by
what followed. After remaining on the
pole for a few seconds, he flew off and
poised himself in the air a foot or so be-
low the web. Then he darted directly
for the spider and went completely
through the web at the exact spot which
had been occupied by the spider a second
before."

"For an instant both combatants were
lost to view and I heard the battle raging
in the peak of the tent. Before I had
scarcely had a chance to wonder which
was getting the better of it, both insects
dropped to the ground close to me. The
spider was holding fast to the wasp's head
with his small but effective mouth, and
the wasp was running his stinger in and
out of the spider's body with lightning-
like rapidity. There was a short struggle
on the ground, when both insects began
to grow weak, and their movements were
less rapid. Finally they fell apart, but
neither moved. I examined them both
after watching them for a few seconds.
The poison of each had done the work
for the other, and both were dead."

Raising Prize Cats.

A new word and a new industry have
been created by a clever young Chicago
girl, Miss Nellie Wheatley. It is the
breeding of prize Angora cats. These
beautiful animals are extremely rare in
the world over, and for many years have
commanded from \$50 to \$200 apiece ac-
cording to their beauty and the other my-
sterious points with which only cat fanciers
are familiar. Miss Wheatley, with char-
acteristic Chicago thrift, started Angora
cat raising.

It was very difficult to get the start.
She found Angora cats here and there,
but they were few in number and were
always household pets, which their own-
ers would not dispose of under any cir-
cumstances. From these she turned to
animal dealers and animal brokers, and
finally managed to get a pair of prize An-
goras after more than six months waiting,
for the low price of \$150 for the pair.
This was her start several years ago.
The business prospered from the first, and
from the time that her industry became
known she has been behind her orders.

A few of her stock in trade are domestic
favorites which are permitted the run of
the house. The rest, however, are kept
on the top floor of the house, where every
arrangement has been made for their com-
fort and ease, including cat baths, where
they are washed; cat plates, from which
they feed; cat combs and cat brushes,
with which their coats are treated every
day; a cat gymnasium, where they can
disport themselves; cat medicine when
they are ill; and cat beds where they rest
at night. This part of her house she calls
her cattery, which word has been ap-
proved and adopted by her friends and
acquaintances. At present she runs to-
ward yellow and white Angora, but in the
future proposes to cultivate darker
colored types. She raises them on sci-
entific diet, and thus far has been exceed-
ingly successful in her undertaking. She
claims that she has the only Angora
cattery in the world.

Periwinkles Good to Eat.

"Most people know what peri-
winkles are," said an oysterman the
other day. "Some remember the
old oyster shell that used to call them
to dinner, and know that it was made
by a periwinkle; but few know them
as an article of food. Some people
eat them, and we always save all we
can get, especially if they are young.
You know, they are enemies of the

oyster. One of them will seize an
oyster with his broad, flat foot and
crush the shell and then eat the
meat. Oystermen declare that
one 'winkle' will devour a bushel of
oysters in an hour. When we are
going over the grounds we pick them
up, sell some on the beach and bring
the rest down here to Fulton market.
We sell them off the boat; get \$1 a
hundred, or for a few a cent and a
half apiece. Italians and French
buy all they can get. Some Ger-
mans and English also purchase
them."

"You never ate any? Well, now,
you take these home and boil or
roast or stew them and you will
think they are a great deal better
than clams. These young ones have
a finer flavor, and are not so tough
as the old ones. Perhaps you don't
know that there are people along-
shore who eat 'winkle' eggs—those
long strings of what look like flat
white beads strung together which
you find on the beach in the spring.
I know a good many people who like
them."

Speed of the Bicycle.

The great distance covered by bi-
cyclists with ease shows conclusively
that the human walking apparatus,
although it may be the best possible
contrivance for all the uses for which
it was designed, is not to be com-
pared with wheels for the one pur-
pose of getting over the ground.

A single observation of a wheel-
man going at a moderate speed shows
that, with an effort which in walking
would result in two steps of, say two
feet each, or a total advance move-
ment of four feet, with the wheel the
advance movement would be two bi-
cycle steps, or downward pressures
of the feet, each resulting in a for-
ward movement of seven and one-
half feet, or fifteen feet for one entire
revolution of the pedal shaft, and this
with less exertion than is re-
quired to take two steps.

In fact, it would be easier for the
cyclist to make the fifteen feet on a
level with one pressure of the foot
than to take two steps. Now, in view
of these magnified steps made by the
bicyclist, it would be interesting to
know what the stature of the man
must be to make in walking the same
distance made by the bicyclist, with
the same number of movements of
the feet.

a Trance Seven Days.

A strange story comes from Brayo,
Allegan County, Mich. A week ago
Friday a Mr. Condon, of Brayo, was
working on the State road ditch
between that place and Fennville.
After working all day he started
home, going across the fields. After
going about 100 rods he became so
weak from what he supposed was
heart disease that he fell in the
weeds and brush, where he lay for
seven days unconscious.

He states that he came to himself
once, but was unable to cry for help
or help himself. On the seventh day
a party started to hunt for the miss-
ing man, but on that morning he
came to and got home and was some-
what surprised when he was informed
that he had lain there for seven
days, he supposing that he had been
there just over night.

The parties that were hunting for
him found where he had lain, and
they said that he had dug a hole,
they supposed for water, as deep as
he could reach with his arm. It is
said that men working on the ditch
knew all the time that Condon was
there somewhere, but did not try to
find him.

Arrested the Whole Audience.

A good theatrical story is told of
Herr Woltersdorf, the German man-
ager and actor. One Sunday, in the
winter, he left the Stadt theater and
drove to his little playhouse, "Auf
den Hausen," outside the town. The
play announced on the bills was
"Kabale und Liebe." The audience
consisted of one solitary person.
Nevertheless Woltersdorf insisted on
beginning the play, to the chagrin of
his company, who expected that the
empty playhouse meant a holiday
for the actors. They took the wildest
liberty with the text, and scarce-
ly a word reached the audience.
Hereupon the solitary audience stood
up and demanded that the play
should be duly rendered according to
the playbill. "Arrest the public!"
said the grim manager to a police-
man who lurked behind one of the
pillars. The officer seized the au-
dience, saying, "I arrest you for dis-
turbance of the course of a public en-
tertainment." To the great relief of
the actors, the whole "public" was then
marched off to the watch-house, and
the play came to an end.

A Miniature World.

Four leading French scientists—
Villard, Cotard, Seyrig and Tissand-
ler—have succeeded in making a
wonderful model of the earth. It is
a huge sphere, forty-two feet in
diameter, and has painted upon its
outside all details of the earth's
geography. At Paris, where the
pigmy world is being exhibited, an
iron and glass dome has been erected
over the globe. The building is eight
sided, and is well provided with ele-
vators and stairways, which make it
an easy task for the visitor to exam-
ine "all parts of the world." The
globe weighs eighteen tons, but is so
nicely balanced that it can be easily
rotated by a small hand wheel. The
entire surface area is 325 feet, which
is sufficient to exhibit all the moun-
tains, rivers, islands and cities, even
to the principal thoroughfares of the
latter.

The Apple as a Timber Tree.

In some sections of this country the
apple tree is looked on for its product
as a piece of timber, as well as a fruit-
producing article. For this reason the
old German fruit growers in the vicin-
ity of Philadelphia, always aimed to
get a nice straight trunk to an apple
tree and train it up comparatively high
before allowing it to form a head. Mod-
erns have supposed that the chief ob-
ject to be gained by this method of
training was in order to facilitate
plowing operations, but the ultimate
end in having a good trunk for timber
purposes was not forgotten. In this
particular region, the wood was used
chiefly for shoemakers' lasts—a busi-
ness which, in the earlier history of
Philadelphia, did much to help the
trade of that famous manufacturing
center of population. The apple re-
gions have mostly disappeared from
that vicinity; but other sections of the
country seem to understand the value
of apple tree wood. It is stated in the
Country Gentleman that a fruit grower
of Cayuga sold to a well-known firm
of sawmakers of Philadelphia—Dieston
& Sons—the trunks of some of their
trees, which were cut away because
the trees had grown too closely to-
gether, to the value of \$500. In this
case, the wood was of course used for
the handle of saws.—Mechanix.

A Giant's Trouble.

He was a giant in size, the picture of health
and strength, with iron muscles, a famous
athlete. He pursued his training excessively
to hold his fame, and doubtless trained too
much. With all his exercise the man was
nervous, restless and sleepless, and then
racking pains took hold upon him. He could
not understand his condition, for he had
had set in when he thought himself in per-
fect health. So in all conditions it will take
hold of the nerves. They had been enfeebled
in his case, and they are enfeebled in a
thousand cases in as many different ways.
He was well and sed and followed directions
of experienced people. Soon his nerves be-
gan to be toned and quieted and in a short
time the pains ceased altogether. He had
used St. Jacobs Oil freely and a cure fol-
lowed, and so will it follow in all cases and
conditions.

Blind Man—"How's thy'nth ne morn-
ing, Jerry?" Leggie—Blind—"Oh, I can't
klick. How do you ke?" Blind Man—"
Out of sight."

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the
diseased portion of the ear. There is only one
way to cure deafness, and that is by consti-
tutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an in-
flamed condition of the mucous lining of the
Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets in-
flamed you have a rumbling sound in the ear,
feeling of fullness, and when it is entirely closed
deafness is the result, and unless the inflamma-
tion can be taken out and this tube re-
stored to its normal condition, hearing will be
destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are
caused by catarrh, which is not a dangerous
condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any
case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that can-
not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for
circulars, free.

F. J. CHERRY & Co., Toledo, O.
The successor of Prince Castleman is his
own brother-in-law.

Fall Medicine

Is fully as important and as beneficial as
Spring Medicine, for at this season there is
great danger to health in the varying tem-
perature, cold storms,