They Are Very Fond of Crawfish and Can Be Trapped Under Water-How to S Him Out of a Tree—His Habits in Winter, Especially the Long Fast.

"Did you ever hear any one say he had trapped a coon?" said P. B. Eyler, of Pittsburg, who has been spending a few days on Lake Keuka, and says that if there is anything he knows all about it's coons. "If any one ever told you he trapped a coon in the woods he told what never happened. Coons can't be trapped except in one way, and I never found a coon hunter yet who knew how it was

done.
The coon leaves the coldest scent be The coon leaves the coldest scent behind it of any animal that lives, but it carries the keenest scent in front of it of any animal. You may track a coon to his home in the crevice of some rock, which is a favorite retreat for him. You may place your trap in front of the hole and disguise it as you may, cover it with leaves a foot deen it you like but that leaves a foot deep, if you like, but that coon will never leave that hole as long as that trap is there. He will starve to death first, as I have proved on more than one occasion. He can smell the iron of that trap, and he seems to know the dancer it threatens him with He the danger it threatens him with. He knows it will be death to leave the hole, and he prefers death by starvation to being trapped. I have tried iron traps being trapped. I have tried iron traps and snares and all sorts of devices, but could not succeed in fooling one of these wise little animals into getting caught by me, until one day a new idea struck me, It isn't often you see a coon in the daytime, unless you know where to look for them. If there is a creek in your vicinity in which crawfish are plentiful. you will be likely to discover some epi-curean coon fishing for them, if you hide at the side of the creek and keep very

coon is particularly fond of ish. The way he fishes for them is to wade in the creek, generally going down the stream. The crawfish live un-der the stones on the bottom. The coon feels under each stone he comes to with his fore paws, thrusting one under on one side and the other on the other side. It is a comical sight to see a coon fishing for crawfish. He keeps his head high in air, moving it up and down and to nothing, every sense seeming to be con-centrated on the business beneath the water. You can tell in a second when he has fastened on a crawfish, for the expression on his face changes instantly from the dull, vacant stare to one of brightness and animation. He draws the crawfish out of the water, and, standing on his bind feet, rolls it smartly be-tween his paws. This crushes the shell and claws of the crawfish, and makes the sweet meat more accessible. The coon eats his capture with great relish, and then begins the search for another

one.

While watching a coon fishing in this way one day I got the new idea of trapping for coons. I thought that by placing a steel trap under the water in the creek where coons did their fishing they could be deceived, and more than likely caught. I tried the experiment. I sank two traps at different places on a favorite orawfishing route for coons, and the same afternoon found a coon in each And that is the only way you can

trap a coon.

I often hear hunters talk about smok ing coons out of hollow trees where they have been located. If they say they have done the smoking by burning straw or leaves or substances of that kind, I don't believe them. Coon hunters in western Pennsylvania know by long experience that there is only one thing, the smoke of which will force a coon to heat a reof which will force a coon to beat a re treat from his hollow tree, "You may burn leaves or straw till the cows come home, but you won't get your coon. You can hear him sneezing every little while like a man with the hay fever, but that is all the effect the smoke will have on him. If you want to get your coon by smoking him out of the tree, you must take what we call a sulphur match over in western Pennsylvania. The coon hunting sulphur match is made by melt ing down a quantity of sulphur in a saucer and saturating a strip of muslin a few inches long and an inch or two wide When you run your coon into a your sulphur match at the bottom of the and light it. It won't be burning ten seconds before Mr. Coon will popout of his hollow as if he'd been shot from a catapult, and then if you don't get him

's your fault.

Frever read anything about the habits of the coon yet that didn't say that the animal lays up stores to subsist on dur-ing the winter, and I never met anybody who professed to know anything about coons that didn't hold the same thing. A coons depends on stores it collects to seen through winter just about as much as the hear does, and everybody knows that the hear goes to sleep in his hole that the bear goes to sleep in his hole when the weather drives him in, and doesn't generally wake up until spring, and so he can't eat much. The coon does the same thing except that he will wake up now and then on some fine day and take a little stroll through the country. When he goes to his winter home he rolls himself with his nose between his hind legs, and very close to his hams, at that, and gives himself up to oblivion. When he comes out in the spring he's as thin as a shadow. Fve cut down dozens of coon trees in the winter, and always of coon trees in the winter, and always found the coons in that rolled up position, with not a vestige of anything to eat in the hole. If a coon comes out on a winter's day and the ground is all covered with snow, he will accept the inevitable and walk on the snow to his destination, but if the snow is in patches, or lies in scattered banks, the coon will follow the leading of the bare ground around the patches of snow, keeping shy of all contact with them, although such a course may lead him miles out of his way. The coon is an interesting creature, and is worthy of a good deal of study.—Han-mondsport Cor. New York Sun.

"Now just stand beside me a minute and notice how much innate hoggish-

and notice now much innate noggish-ness there is in human nature," said a conductor at the Joston and Maine sta-tion last night to a Globe reporter. "The 5:45 train is just backing in. Watch." The long row of empty cars slowly rolled into the station. The large plat-form and the little platform between the tracks were covered with men and women waiting to get seats as soon as the cars stopped. But as the speed of the cars slackened somewhat a ment began all along the crowd. Men jostled against each other in frantic at-tempts to board the moving cars, clutch-ed at the rails and stumbled all over the steps, trying to clamber aboard; and when the cars came to a full stop nearly every one of them was almost filled with

men comfortably reading their papers.

As for the women. Well, one or two brave but careless souls may have tried to step upon a car before it stopped, but for the rest there was nothing left to do but wait while the men, unencumbered with skirts and petticoats, jumped in and out good seats.

and got good seats.
"Not only do the men steal all the seats," remarked the conductor, "but they never think of offering a woman a seat. Street-car etiquette sort of half compels a man not to allow a lady to stand, but in a steam car she gets a seat only when she is able to fight for it. Some one will get killled jumping on those cars some day, and then perhaps you will see a change in things. Women have no divine rights to seats I suppose have no divine rights to seats I suppose, but they ought to be allowed a fair start in the race."—Boston Globe.

"Very few know how to take care of piano," said a musical man to a re a piano," said a musical man to porter who visited his warerooms "How do you do it here?" asked the

"It is a popular notion that pianos ought to be kept very dry." Nothing could be more fallacious. Pianos are not nearly so much affected by heat of cold as they are by dryness, and, reversely, by dampness, It is not generally known that the sounding board, the life of a piano, is forced into the case when it is made so tightly that it bulges up in the center, on the same principle as a violin. The wood is supposed to be is dry as possible, but, of course, it con tains some moisture, and gathers mon damp days and in handling. No when a piano is put into an overheated, dry room all this moisture is dried out, crack the tone loses its resonance and grows thin and tinny, the felt cloth and leather used in the action dry up, and

"How do you prevent this?"

"Keep a growing plant in your room and so long as your plant thrives your plane ought to, or else there is somepiano ought to, or else there is some thing wrong with it. It should be abled how much thore water will have to be sourced into the flower pot fin the room where the piano is than in any other keep a large vase or urn with a sopping wet sponge in it near or under the plane and keep it moistened. This is kept up all the time the fires are on. "—New York Mail and Express.

Eskimo Doés

During his wonderful sled to journey

During his wenderful sied to journey from Hudson bay to the Arctic ocean, Frederick Schwatka had abundant opportunity to learn the habits and the disposition of the Eskimo dog. He started out with sixty of them, using them to draw the siedges, and only nineteen were alive when he returned to Hudson bay. The others had died, mostly of starvation. He says:

"They were through all this horridge time perfect respectors of their human allies, and the little children used to go among them and play with them by pelting them over the back with their toy whips, and yell the same dogs were starving, and should one of them die his comrades would eat him. I notice this particularly, as some sensational writers have tried to make their readers believe have tried to make their readers believe that the Eskimo dogs are liable to be-come dangerous fellows, even to a powerfully built man, when simply, hungry, and to be worse than wild beasts when ravenous. Any obslaught of Eskimo dogs is unknown among the postburn patters there.

northern natives where I traveled "It was pitiable in the extreme to see their sufferings as they so devotedly helped us along, many of them up till the very initute they had to be taken from the harness and abandoned on the read As they dropped out hear the way, we hantested turselves in their places to the sedage arms, and it was thus we were not compelled to feave important parts of our load

First Issue of "Uncle Tom's Cable. ne crowning glovy of The National was that most famous of novels, are Tom's Cabin," by Mrs. Harriet Beeches Stewer which begen in the issue of June 1 1851, and ended April 1, 1852. Before twees half finished it had created such a sensation that the Jewells, of Rosn, had it stereotyped; and immediately ter it was completed in the paper it as published in book form. In its caror stages of publication to the news-oper it seemed to full flat. The circula-ion of The National Era was 13,000 when *Uncle Top" was beguns. On the 1st of August, 1852, shortly after the great ro-mance was completed the circulation had gone up to 19,000. On Dec. 20, 1852. it reached 27,000, - Washington Gazette

Checks Under Their Plates Mr. Neville, the great baker of Lon-don, who died recently, like many other ton, who dred regently, like thany other men who afterwards attained to wealth, made a false start in life, for his first venture ended in bankruptcy. He tried again, and soon became wealthy. He then invited each of the creditors he had been obligation, for any property of the control of the creditors he had been obligated for any transition. been obliged to pay but partially to come to a dimer. Each guest found under his cover a check for the balance due, with interest up to date. Mr. Neville is said to have been offered and to have refused £800,000 for his business a short time before his death.—Exchange.

MINISTER AND STREET STREET

AN ALPINE ADVENTURE.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBER DESCRIBES A DAY AMONG THE GLACIERS

Beautiful Fields of Snow and White Capped Peaks Where Death Waits on a Sin gle Misstep-Rescued from an Exceed-

Tom Kenyon never felt so unwilling to get up as he did one morning early in

eptember, 18—. He and Frank Marshall had settled to make the ascent of the Fisch Horn; they had arranged it with the guide, Jules Lessore; and they had ordered the boots of the hotel to call them at 3 o'clock in

by 4 o'clock they started. There was a slight rain falling, but Jules declared that it would clear. On leaving the hotel they turned to the left, and for a mile or two they kept to the level road.

The guide turned off to the right, and followed by Konyon and Marshall he.

followed by Kenyon and Marshall, be-gan to mount a steep, narrow path. It was gradually growing light.

They turned a shoulder of the rocks

which they were clambering, and they saw through the rising mist the dim out-line of the huge Rinderhorn; the wild scene had become extremely desolate. The Hotel des Voyageurs, perched high up on the farther side of the valley, was the only sign of life or habitation. Now and again a patch of snow told them that they were leaving the snow line be-neath them. After a time they reached

neath them. After a time they reached the foot of a precipitous mass of rocks; the jagged, cruel looking rocks towered up pittlessly above them. Lessore stopped his regular, machine like strides. He quickly roped Kenyon, then Marshall, and then himself, leaving about afteen feet of rope between each of them.

The snow field stretched on for rather e snow field stretched on for rather than a mile, and at last they came if the highest peak of the light of the light peak of the light forming this peak were with snow, and they tribly grim and forbidding, now that the goal was in view they led on eagerly. It was a severe mile. The snow had made the rocks ery, and it was necessary in places ery, and it was necessary in places. scramble slippery, and it was necessary in place to clamber like cats, but eventually the reached the top and sat down upon th gged point. Every side of them s shelved down precipitously for of fect. The sun had become sharp, j uls were gathering, it was and soon it began to snow.

sudden and awful roar
tof thunder, then a deep "What on earth i

aid the guide.
a dead silence; then anroar, announcing that the
going further on its way going further on its way main. After a short rest the peak they began to verse order. They found more easily. The keen on the summit had thor-them up. They reached a sain without much diffigot half way acros congratulating them ould soon be over it soon be over it ithout warning, Jules a sharp jerk on the ol sunk into the snow;

l arms were visible. L' Jules, "what is the " Marshall cried; "pull through. My feeling in the air and

hard upon the rope and Marshall. Kenyon fol-togive play to the rope; nide drew nearer to the

oth should Kenyon thought, all is out? He seemed to feel ving way beneath him. Maral: his nerve began to fail ight of his dear ones in and promised his wife that pt nothing hazardous and langer was imminent: life struggling in the balance arprise Jules stood stillan instant-then with a the pulled at the rope and all on to firmer foothold; but danger was to come, fo Kenyon had still to pass.

He made a cantious step, aided by Jules' directions; he saw a yawning black hole where Marshall had sunk Could he cross it? It seemed almost impossible, for the snow appeared to be giving way rapidly. The footing of Marshall and Jules was anything but secure, and if the snow grown and the snow grown are supported by the snow grown and the snow grown are supported by the snow grown as a support of the snow appeared to be grown as a support of the snow appeared to be grown as a support of the snow appeared to be grown as a support of the snow appeared to be grown as a support of the snow appeared to be grown as a support of the snow appeared to be grown as a support of the snow appeared to be grown as a support of the snow appeared to be grown as a support of the snow appeared to be grown as a support of the snow appeared to be grown as a snow as a snow a snow a snow as a snow a cure, and if the snow gave way alte

gether before Kenyon was past the hole they must all go down together. At this instant he felt the snow give under his feet. He seemed to be falling as he sprang and plunged forward—he turned giddy—something was dragging him down; but it was Jules who pulled vigorously at the rape and landed him on the firm snow dust as the soft mass gave, way precipitately and fell bundreds of eet on to the rocks below

Kenyon was dazed for a minute or two henyon was dazed for a limite or two, but then he joined his companions as they stood on the edge of the abyss disclosed by the mass that had fallen, they looked down breathless and awastruck. If Jules had been one second latter in pulling the rope they would all have been dashed to death on the sharp, jugged rocks below.

They walked safely over the rest of the snow field. There was some person the snow field. There was some dangerous scrambling down the rocks and over loose stones, but at last they reached the region of turf and trotted down the steep mountain slopes with the aid of their Alpine stocks. They came in sight of the valley leading to the village from the valley leading to the village from the valley leading to the village from which they had started. As they reached their hotel utterly exhausted the clock struck 5. They had been walking and climoning for the best part of thirteen hours.—Themas Stanley in Philateen hours.—Ti delphia Times.

A KINSHIP OF FLOWERS

Florist's Interesting Talk on the Hy-William Bertermann talked to a re-porter from behind a bank of roses of all tints and hues. "This rose is a brother of this one."

said he, as he laid out two beautiful flowers of the deep pink variety. "Here is the grandfather of these two," continued he, as he placed upon the counter a splendid red rose on a spindling stock, and here is the grandmother."

The latter was a small white rose of

unattractive appearance, but upon a rugged stalk. Then Mr. Bertermann pointed out the cousins, and aunts, and uncles and other relatives of the flowers he had exhibited.

"It's just like raising horses or cattle or hogs," said he. "The stock is contin-ually improved by careful breeding. Flower breeding has become a science, and, by crossing the best varieties every year, new and more beautiful flowers are being grown. A man who ceased to be a florist ten years ago, could not go into a first class flower garden now and recog-nize many of the flowers that we deal in most extensively. There has been a mix-ture of blood, so to speak, until nearly all the old time flowers have lost their identity. Nearly all the flowers sold now are hybrids, or crosses between the most desirable old stocks."

Mr. Bertermann then explained the

process of hybridization, the mere opera-tion of which is easy enough. It is sim-ply necessary to carry the pollen by means of a camel hair brush, or otherwise, from one blossom and place it on the stigmatic surface of the flower of the other, or seed bearer. A colony of bees in a flower garden will do the work better than it can be done with a brush. They constantly carry the pollen from one flower to another, but of course there is no system about the crosses they bring about. When hybridization is attempted the florist must be certain that the plants are receptive. As a rule by close observation the florist may be come able to tell when to apply the pol len. Not a few plants develop stig them it is necessary to remove the thers before they burst, and at the s time by means of a fine gauze, or other wise, to prevent the visits of insect which might convey pollen from another flower, and thus effect an undesirable

This sometimes happens; a flower in good form, but defective in color, is perhaps crossed with another, which is faulty in shape, but of novel and desira-ble shade. A weakly grown variety may be used in an effective way in a combination with stronger grown, lack-ing the particular qualities of the for-mer. As with the "grandfather" and "grandmother," Mr. Bertermann pointed "grandmother," Mr. Bertermann pointed out where breeding the d. rk red rose, supported by a weak stalk, to the puny white rose on a healthy stalk, a splendid pink rose, supported by a well developed stalk, was produced. Sometimes the florists' ideal is kept so constantly in sight that the pollen of a particular strain becomes more or less futile. Growers of cyclamen and gladiola habitually call in the aid of a microscope to determine the state of the pollen in a to determine the state of the pollen in a highly bred seedling. If it is found to be uneven—not plump, clear and regular -in size and outline, the plant is dis carded as a propagator, and another chosen which promises to allow the de-sired results in size, form and color of

Hybrids between two distinct gener are by no means common. Mr. Bertermann cited one example in philageria, a cross between the beautiful and climbing Lapageria roses and the bushy Thilesia buxofolio, which is intermediate between its two parents, though not nearly so desirable as either. Species of the same genus frequently refuse altogether to cross with each other, and some again will cross only one way Florists, however, have never been able to lay down any definite rule, and excep tions can only be learned by experience. For the most perfect and symmetrical flowers, it is best to select single flowers which are most perfect in their petals for seed bearers. Another interesting fact is that single or semi-double sorts, with perfect carrolas, will produce double flowers of a regular, symmetrical forma-

"It's a fascinating business," said Mr. Bertermann, "and the only trouble is, florists who make a business of raising flowers for the market, as we do, have not the time to devote to hybridization That work is done most successfully by gentlemen who make the business a con

Very little, as compared with forme times, for the reason that all tints can be obtained by hybridization. Cut white flowers are sometimes placed in ink, and by absorption they take on a blue tint: And then roses are sometimes given a blue tint by placing about their roots iron dust from around anvils in black-

smiths' shops.

"I observed a strange thing recently
I had placed some hyacinths in water
and after they had stood for a while the color all left them. In handling the earthen pots in which they were placed, their departed color stuck to my hands from the outside of the pots. The water, it seemed, had drawn the coloring matter all out of the flowers, and it had settled on the outside of the earthenware." -Indianapolis News.

A Delicate Solder.

An account is given in a German pa-per of a soft alloy which adheres so firmly to metallic, glass and porcelain surfaces that it can be used as a solder, and which, in fact, is valuable when the and which, in fact, is valuable when the articles to be soldered are of such a na-ture that they cannot bear a very high degree of temperature, the composition consisting of finely pulverized copper dust, which is obtained by shaking a solution of sulphate of copper with granulated zinc.—New York Telegram.

HOW SHEET MUSIC IS PRINTED.

Process of Which the Public Ki Little—Every Page Printed by Hando If the public will be as much surprised to learn how sheet music is printed as was the writer, this article will be read with interest. A walk through the printing rooms of the largest music pub-lishing house in Boston, under the tutel-age of its courteous foreman, is full of interesting instruction.

It was into one of the many "lofts" in which the establishment abounds that the reporter was taken. One door was filled with a veritable lacework of long poles, placed horizontally, which were loaded out of sight with sheet music hung upon them to dry. The whole place had the air of washing day at home, and the reporter involuntarily glanced around if perchance he might get a glance of cold dinner lying about. "As fast as the sheets printed whang them here over night." said t foreman, "and then place them between pasteboards and press them flat. Then they are ready for market. Come up into the press rooms.'

The press rooms are very unlike their newspaper prototypes. Not a sound loud enough to interfere with conversa-tion is heard in them, for sheet music is

Two kinds of presses are used; the old style "plank" press and the improved or "D" press. The latter consists of a sliding table several feet square, on which are two raised blocks just the size of a sheet of music, on which are placed the

plates from which the printing is done.

The plates having been inked and the paper laid on them, the printer gives a turn to an immense wheel, 51 feet in diameter, the sliding table slides under a large roller covered with a belt, and the paper is forced against the plate, thus giving the impression; and another revo-lution of the wheel brings the apparatus back to its original position. The ''plank' press is like the other, except that in using it the plates are inked on a bench and laid on the blocks every time an im-pression is taken, while with the "D" press the plates are not removed from the blocks until the edition is run off.

Now, here is a man printing title pages," said the foreman. "We print only one sheet at a time, and a man can take from 1,500 to 1,800 in pressions a day. This plate, which is exactly like silver, is composed of and britannia, and is made almost in New York. Every publish manufactures its own ink. It can't be bought. It is very particular stuff and must be made just so, and it is a very delicate matter to make and take care of it. This title page has been engraved by hand. The design is sunken, you see, When engraved the plate is put on a hot block, and beeswax is melted into the block, and beeswax is melted into the design. That, too, is a ticklish matter. If we wipe it off too soon, we spoil it, and if we let it get too hard it crumbles and won't hold the ink. Once beeswaxed, a plate can be used for printing for years.
"Engraving the music plates is a dif-

ferent process, however, from that used in making the title page. The engraver has to have a separate tool for every kind of note—half, whole, quarter, rests, etc. His outfit costs \$400. He does not carve into the plate as wood engravers do, but stamps out, each note separately with a stamps out each note separately with a hammer. You can imagine what nice work it is to adjust the tools just right, and how hard it is to engrave a sheet of

The reporter watched the proprinting, and save sometimes printing, and saw something like this: After the plate had been fastened to its block on the press the printer inks it with a hood roller, just as other printers ink their type in taking proofs. He then wipes the plate carefully with a cloth; the ink sticks to the beeswax, which covers the design or the notes, and the rest of the plate is comparatively clean A second wiping with another rag leaves all but the design shiningly clean, the paper is laid on, and the great wheel, rerolving soon takes the impression and returns the printed pages to the printer's reinked, rewiped twice, and, in fact, un dergoes the same process between each

impression.
"It is a curious fact," continued the foreman, "that although this work is all done by hand the printers never touch the paper. A piece of pasteboard is folded double and used as a holder, and with that the printer handles all his sheets, and never lets his inky hands come in contact with them."

"Isn't music printed from type some times?" asked the reporter. "Yes. When we want to run off large edition of some cheap stuff, books or something of that sort, we set the music up in type, stereotype the page and print from it, just as you newspaper fellows do. But the work isn't as hand some, and, besides, there is some musi-written that can't be set up with type."

All music plates after being used tored in fireproof vaults and indexed for possible future use. The foreman states the curious fact that in the great collection of which he has charge there are more pieces of music whose names begin with S than of any other letter, while the M's are a close second. -Boston Globe

Distressful Feet.

Much foot sensitiveness could be re-noved by a daily regular resting of them in cool water. This simple duty, which could be utilized as a short reading time, which obviates much distress, is certainly worth performing. I found this out last summer by taking swimming lessons. I really save the value of chiropodists' bills, going out once a month instead of twice a week to have my feet. instead of twice a week to have my feet treated, while doing twice as much walking as customary.—Fannie Edgar Thomas.

An Honest Inheritance.

Mabel—Father, I really do not half like that Miss Shearewell. She's an—

well, an awful clip.

Father (solemnly)—My dear, do not blame the poor girl. She came honestly by her nature. Her father is the scissors editor of The Sunday Scrapbag.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

MYTHS OF HALLOWEEN.

ORIGIN OF SOME OF THE LEGENDS THAT ATTACH TO OCT. 31.

Period Dear to Romantic Young Men and Maidens-Old Formulas Used to Decide the All Important Question as to Who Would Be the Bride or the G

From its first organization Halloween has been invested with a peculiarly mys-tic character. It is an almost universal superstition that supernatural influences then have unusual power; that devils, witches and fairies are abroad: that all spirits are free to roam through space, and that the spiritual elements in all living humanity can be detached from corporeal restraint and made to read its own future or to reveal to others what fate may have in store for them. As there is nothing in the church celebra tion of the ensuing day of All Saints' to justify these singular ideas and customs associated with Halloween, and as none of them are of a religious character we may justly regard them as relics δf pagan READING THE FUTURE

In all ages and countries Halloween has been deemed, as it still is, the occa-sion par excellence for divining the answer to that momentous question which absorbs so large a share of the thoughts of romantic young men and maidens, "Who is to marry whom?" The means employed to gain this much desired in-formation are as quaint and curious as they are numerous and varied. For this purpose every time and every countryalmost every district of every country— has had its own charms and spells pecu-liar to itself, and they have furnished an almost inexhaustible theme to folk poets

and compilers of folk-lore.

Those of Scotland have been most graphically described by that greatest of all poets of the people, Robert Burns. In his poem of "Halloween" he has given us a most vivid account of more than half a score of Halloween charms. and spells peculiar to the Scottish pear

In a very old book of folk lore called 'Ye True Arte to Reade Ye Future," is

"Ye True Arte to Reade Ye Future." is found the following:

If a maid would know ye name of ye man she is to marry let her on All-Halloween steal out to a line kin and throw therein a clue of bine yarn, still holding to ye other end. Presently ye end in ye kin will be sharply pulled. Then ye maid must say "Who holds?" Whereupon ye volee of her future huskand will pronounce his nameboth ye Christian and ye surname

The only obstacle to the successful per-ormance of this spell is the difficulty of finding an old lime kiln, but as kilns will be in great demand amon women when the important statement made in the above paragraph becomes generally known, and as a demand for any article in this country is speedily met by an abundant supply the number of line kilns will doubtless soon be largely augmented, to the great delight of anxious, match-making mammas and their dutiful offspring

their dutiful offspring.

YE MYSTERIES.

Water, nnts and apples hear a prominent part in the spells and charms of Halloween. A quaint old book of charms published in Edinburgh in 1670, entitled "Old Father Time's Bundle of Faggots Newly Bound Up," declares that an infallible means of getting a view of your future husband or wife is to go to bed Halloween with a glass of water, fin Halloween with a glass of water, in which a small sliver of wood has been placed, standing on a table by your bed-side. In the night you will dream of falling from a bridge into the river, and of being rescued by your future wife or husband, whom you will see as distinct ly as though viewed with waking eyes. This charm is thus alluded to by

English poet Gay:

Last Hallowen I longed my love to see,
And tried a spell to c.ll her up to me.

With wood and water standing by my side
I dreamed a dream and saw my own sw

In a folk-lore book, called "Ye Mysteries of the Wytchcraft," there is given a charm "by which a maid may know if ye man she loves be true." To perform this, the maid is directed to pluck at midnight on All Halloween two monthly roses with long stems, naming one for herself and the other for her lover must then go directly to her sleeping room without speaking to any one, and kneeling beside her bed must twine the stems of the two roses together and then repeat the following lines, mean-while gazing intently upon the rose named for her lover:

Twine, twine, and intertwine Let my love be wholly mine. If his heart be kind and true

If her swain be faithful, the color of the rose representing him will grow darker and more intense. Of all the many Halloween spells and charms asso ciated with nuts, one of the oldest is that which prevails in some of England's northern counties, and which is to the effect that if a young man or woman will go at midnight Halloween to a wal-nut tree and walk around it three times, crying out each time: "Let him (or her) crying out each time: "Let him (or her) that is to be my true love bring me some walnuts," the future wife or husband, will be seen in the tree gathering its fruit. "The poet Gay thus refers in his "Pastor als" to this custom:

Last Haloween I sought a walnut tree
In hops my true love's face that I might see;
Three times I called, three times I walked apace,
Then in the tree I saw my true love's face.

—Chicago Times

Gas and Electric Light.

The influence of gas and electric light on the colors of textile fabrics used for furniture coverings, draperies or carpets, is a matter which should be clearly understood by every retail salesman who is employed in stores where such goods are sold, for to the purchasers of these fabrics the effect they produce under artificial light is usually a highly important consideration. In many establishments rooms are arranged for showing fabrics by gas and electric light, but it is often desirable for the salesman to be able to give a customer some trustworthy information on this subject without re-moving the goods in question from the spot where they are being examined.— Upholsterer.