

"UNTO HOW MANY."

Unto how many men each hour
Frail little-fingers seek to bring
Some gentle gift of love, some flower
That is the soul's best offering?

A REMARKABLE STORY.

BY WARDON ALLAN CURTIS.

The way to Barbary was long, and James Hutchins having offered to tell another story of the sea, I gladly accepted his offer, and he began:
"About the year 1801 my grandfather, William Truscott, found himself skipper and owner of the fast-sailing brig Mary Ann, of Marblehead. He was more than twenty-four years old at the time, and considered himself mighty fortunate in being so well fixed so early in life."
"Grandfather felt bad when he heard this, for he knew he couldn't sell his ship to the Italians, they do not do their navigatin' in them little lantern-rigged zebars, and his only chance, and a slim one too, was to sell it to some stray Englishman. He couldn't see no way out of the difficulty, so he went to bed wishin' that old Bagley was in one of his own coffins planted in Marblehead graveyard."

Coffins and cats! For land's sake, don't let any of the men know them cats are on board, for they'll leave the ship. Coffins and cats! Jerusalem crickets!
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"They could see the wind darkening the water in little spots, coming nearer and nearer. Speakin' of cat's-paw! made grandfather think of something. He had all of Marm Bagley's cats fetched out and put around in the riggin' and conspicuous-like on the deck. As soon as he does this, the Algerines quit frin'. The cat is a sacred animal to the Mohammedans, and they were afraid they would hit a cat, so they quit. But the breeze didn't come up, and in no time the pirate vessel was alongside, and the pirates was gettin' ready to board."
"Go down into the hold with three men," said grandfather to the mate, "and take them seventy-five upholstered mahogany coffins out of their boxes, and get 'em ready to bring on deck."
"The sailors looked astonished when they heard him speak of coffins, but three of 'em went to help the mate. Up over the sides of the vessel swarmed the pirates, and before long fifty of 'em was standin' on the deck."
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POPULAR SCIENCE.
Sleep is the greatest fat inducer.
The moon is said to move 3333 feet per second.
For every foot of stature a man should weigh twenty-six pounds.
It is said that the best walking-pace is seventy-five steps per minute.
Doctors say a healthy adult should eat at least ten ounces of meat each day.
A Rhode Island man has invented a device for measuring cloth on the loom.
The average height of clouds above the earth is between one and two miles.
A Canadian has invented a centrifugal extractor for honey. It leaves the comb clean and intact.
Four pounds of gold have been collected from the soot of the chimney of the Royal Mint in Berlin, Germany.
A French inventor named Picard has achieved successful results with simultaneous telephony and telegraphy along the same wire.
Edison is at work on a phonograph for the use of blind children, that shall do away with the raised letter books hitherto used in their instruction.
Electric headlights of about 2500 candle power are now in general use on the railroads in Indiana. They are very favorably spoken of by engineers.
Crude petroleum has been tried as fuel in brick manufacture, showing a saving of fully one-half the price of coal fuel, to say nothing of the saving of labor in firing.
A new lead-headed nail for putting on corrugated roof has made its appearance in London markets. The head flattens under the blow of the hammer and thus prevents leaking.
The alcohol process of obtaining sugar from cane syrup has revolutionized sugar making from that source. The process is very simple, and it is said that but one per cent. of the alcohol used is lost.
A new application of electric motors for supplying by means of fans draught for chimneys where very high buildings are built adjoining low ones. Such an arrangement is in successful operation in Boston.
A good cement to fasten glass letters upon glass windows, etc., consists of one part India rubber, three parts mastic, and fifty parts chloroform. Let the mixture stand several days in a closed vessel and apply rapidly.
An oilless spindle-bearing has been invented by a Massachusetts man. It is made of wood chemically treated, and it is said that in a test one spindle ran seventy-six days of ten hours each, without heating or perceptible wear.
A man in New Hampshire has invented a device for giving a smooth surface to bobbins. It consists of a facing or tube which is drawn over the bobbin, thus making it practically indestructible. The facing, it is said, can be attached to any bobbin.
The heat-conducting qualities of the metals range as follows: Silver, 100; copper, 73.80; gold, 52.20; annealed aluminum, 33.87; unannealed aluminum, 37.96; tin, 14.50; iron, 11.60; steel, 11.60; lead, 8.50; platinum, 8.50; bismuth, 1.80.
Astronomers recently observed, by photography, a solar disturbance lasting fifteen minutes, in which vapors ascended to a distance of 80,000 miles. The compass needle was sensibly affected, and the effect was to have been caused by a meteor striking the sun.
The hot-water boxes are to be taken out of the French railway carriages, and warrmth is to come from boxes filled with acetate of soda. The boxes are filled with soda in solid state, which is liquefied by being plunged into hot water. As it solidifies, which takes five or six hours, it steadily gives out heat.
On the estate of the Marquis de La Laguna, in Spain, a water-wheel of twenty-horse power runs a dynamo. Powered by electricity has been proposed, and the current is to be transmitted to a field three miles distant, where a motor on a plow is to be operated. The cable to be attached to the plow is to be wound on a reel and drawn over the field.
Liberty Poles.
A dramatic feature of our early history was the liberty pole so dear to American boys and boyish men a century ago, although many of their descendants have never heard of them.
Liberty poles were, for the most part, erected after the Revolutionary War was so long an acknowledged fact that the rebels could take time and breath to give it some picturesque expressions. After the Republic was established we hear little more of them until the War of 1812 roused the antagonism of the people, and up went the long shafts again, each a protest against British aggression.
During the Whisky Insurrection in the last decade of the eighteenth century, when seven counties of Pennsylvania and Virginia arrayed themselves in defiance of the National Government, liberty poles shot up during the night in the rebellious towns and villages, painted a bright red as signals of war.
Liberty poles were erected during Presidential campaigns in the first part of the century by both Whigs and Democrats.
They were usually made of white pine, lashed together until they reached a great height. The more fervid the zeal of the party the higher rose the pole. Sailors were often brought out from the seaboard to inland towns to assist in the erection, and to rig flags to the amazement and delight of the boys who knew nothing of ships or seamen.
Mass-meetings were held under these poles, which were often regarded with a superstitious affection. The blowing down of a pole by a high wind during a campaign chilled the hopes of one party, and cheered the others.
These singular emblems of protest against oppression have wholly disappeared of late years throughout the country, except in some remote districts where old customs still are cherished by rural communities. —Youth's Companion.

BUDGET OF FUN.
HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.
Found at Last—Necessary Auxiliaries—Pardonable Excitement—A Family Profession—The Retort Courtes.
I've found at last a book I've sought
Thru' many weary stages—
A book with rarest interest fraught,
A book of sixty pages.
A book in which there is not one
Suggestion of a blunder;
No type misplaced, no phrase untone,
And hence a bookish wonder.
It cost me not a single sou,
No dollar from my bank-book,
It advertises "Harkin's Shoe,"
Three-dollar brand—A blank-book.
—Harper's Bazar.
COMPLIMENT TO THE COOK.
Frank—"That steak is just exactly rare enough."
Marie—"Yes, it is very well done, indeed."—Detroit Free Press.
A FAMILY PROFESSION.
George—"Is your father a banker?"
Maud—"No; why?"
George—"Nothing, only your brother seems to be a teller."—Puck.
ENOUGH FOR A WOMAN.
She—"Will you instruct your daughter in the different languages?"
Great Man—"No; one tongue is sufficient for a woman."—Fun.
NECESSARY AUXILIARIES.
Brown—"Anything good in with the led?"
Toy-man—"Only a bottle of arnica and a package of court-plaster."—Judge.
WELL NAMED.
"You might try one of our Rip Van Winkle rugs."
"Where is there special about them?"
"Any one who has used them has a unusually long nap."
PARDONABLE EXCITEMENT.
"Well, congratulate me, old fellow. I am a father!"
"Good! Boy or girl?"
"By Jove! So excited I forgot to ask."—Puck.
THE RETORT COURTES.
"Beauty is only skin deep," remarked Mrs. Angulaire to her husband.
"Ugh," he growled, "and it's mighty thin skin on some people I know."—Detroit Free Press.
HIS WIFE WENT OUT.
Caller—"Is your wife in, Mr. Nabor?"
Nabor—"No, she has just run over to Mrs. Cals for five minutes. Can you spare the time to wait a couple of hours till she gets back?"—Kansas Blade.
AT ANY PRICE.
Brown—"Is Crossleigh happy in his home, do you think?"
Fogg—"Oh, yes; he's bound to be, even if he has to make all the rest of the family miserable."—Boston Transcript.
A DULL MARKET.
Mrs. Stone (before the milliner's window)—"Oh, look, dear, what a love of a bonnet!"
Kirby Stone (pulling her away)—"But in your case, dear, it is going to be a case of unrequited affection."—Puck.
A HEAD LINE.
He—"Whenever I have a cold it is invariably a cold in the head."
She—"Exactly. Colds always fly to the weakest part of one's body, you know."
(Sudden collapse of the subject.)—Comic.
FAITH WITHOUT WORKS.
Tramp—"Madam, I have faith to believe that you will take pity on me and give me a nice warm breakfast."
Madam—"Yes; but you must remember that faith without works is dead. There's the woodpile at your service."—Boston Transcript.
A TOUGH LOAF.
Mrs. Newman—"That stupid grocer is always making mistakes. I got some bread this afternoon, and he charged it on the bill as wood."
Mr. Newman (vigorously sawing at the loaf)—"Well, he wasn't so far wrong, after all."—Harper's Bazar.
A MISAPPREHENSION.
"You are getting to be very fond of coffee, Mr. Hunker," said Mrs. Small to her star boarder as he passed his cup up for the third replenishing.
"It isn't that, Mrs. Small," replied Hunker. "I'm taking the hot water treatment."—New York Sun.
WOULD DO HIS SHARE.
Old Mr. Dakins—"You've been calling on my daughter for six months without saying a word to me; now I want to know your intentions."
Young Mr. Rising—"That's all right; I'm willing to do the square thing, if you are. What are your intentions?"—Puck.
A PROMPT PAYER.
De Binks—"One good thing about Minks. Although he's a great borrower, he always pays promptly. He was in only a few moments ago and paid me the ten dollars he owed me."
De Winks—"Humph! He was into my place about an hour ago and borrowed twenty dollars of me."—New York Weekly.
A CLEAR CASE.
"I've been cudgeling my brain for an hour over this thing," said a young Detroit attorney to the older one with whom he is associated in a knotty case.
"Be careful," was the quiet response, "or I'll have you arrested for assault and battery. I'd be sure to win the case, when a man of your size would jump on a little thing like that with a cudgel."—Detroit Free Press.

Not long ago, in a public school examination, an eccentric examiner demanded:
"What views would King Alfred take of universal suffrage, the conscription and printed books if he were living now?"
A pupil wrote, in answer:
"King Alfred would be alive now, he would be too old to take interest in anything."—London Tit-Bit.
GOT THE NEWS CORRECT.
Mr. Fleiszig wanted to leave the city by the last train, and not knowing when it left, sent his servant to see saying, "John, go down to the depot and see when the last train goes, and hurry back and tell me."
John went off and did not return for more than two hours, when he rushed back into the room all out of breath.
"Where in the world have you been all this time?" demanded his master.
"Train just left, sir—this very minute," was John's broken reply. —Reynolds Sunday Herald.
BREAKING BAD NEWS.
Farmer Jan was walking sadly down the road one day in Holstein when the village pastor met him.
"Why so sad, Farmer Jan?" said the pastor.
"Ah, I have a very sad errand, pastor," replied Jan.
"What is it?"
"Father Henrick's cow is dead in my pasture, and I am on my way to tell him."
"Ah, hard task, Jan."
"Indeed it is; pastor, but I shall break it to him gently."
"How will you do that?"
"I shall tell him first that it is his mother who is dead, and then, having opened the way for the sadder news still, I shall tell him it is not his mother, but the cow!"—London Tit Bit.
THE MODUS OPERANDI.
"Wife—"My dear, I left my thimble in the pocket of my new dress, and I wish you'd run up stairs and—"
Husband—"Now, see here, I'm not going off on any such job as that."
"How foolish you are! Nothing is easier than finding the pocket in a dress. All you have to do is to slip it on."
"Slip what on?"
"The dress, of course. But you needn't try to button it, you know."
"Oh, I needn't!"
"No, slipping it on is enough."
"Use common sense, of course. All you have to do after the dress is on is to dive down and crossways and a little slanting, and up and around, just as you see ladies do in a street-car when the conductor comes along, and your hand will go straight into the pocket."—New York Weekly.
Dogs as Street-Cleaners.
Next to St. Sophia, Turkey, we have heard most about the dogs of Constantinople. When we counted 280 dogs in an hour's drive in Damascus we thought we could see nothing to surprise us in canine numerals. But Damascus does not begin to compare with this city, especially in the old part, as in Stambul. At times they lined the street, making it yellow and furry for two or three rods. Again, dogs lay stretched, singly, in the middle of the street asleep, and carriages and foot travelers went out of their way to pass them for hours rather than trouble to move them. Puppies ran about ad libitum, and dear little things they were, too.
These dogs are not a fine breed. Their hair is coarse and rough, and their bodies thick and heavy. But they have good, mild faces, gentle eyes, and, as for attacking anyone, it seems never to enter their minds. Cats, too, are plenty and often is seen a happy family of dogs, cats and chickens sharing the street with perfect good nature. The dogs are the street cleaners. At night, when refuse is thrown out from the house, they have feasting, and by morning nothing but what can be easily carried away in baskets or on donkey-back is left. They belong to nobody, and would lead a happy and care-free life did they not somehow get many injuries. The howl of a dog sounds every few minutes even in Paris, and it is not rare to see torn ears, bleeding eyes and scratched, hairless skin. —Philadelphia Ledger.
The Discovery of a Great Mine.
A walk over the mountain to Friedensburg, Penn., one spring day when the farmers were plowing their fields, brought the late Dr. Roepper, well known to mineralogists, to where a team was dragging a plow near the road. A talk with the driver brought out the fact that his farm was cursed with more than the usual amount of stones, and a sample was tossed over the fence to the doctor, as evidence. It was recognized as a mass of quartz carrying calamine—a silicate of zinc. The fence was climbed and the two followed the plow forward and back across a field covered with similar masses.
Had the doctor been a shrewd man he would have bought the farm and died rich. As he was an honest lover of nature he said a few words to the plowman that transformed an exhausted Pennsylvania farm into the seat of the Ueberhorst mine; that set in operation the extensive zinc works of Bethlehem, Penn., and built the "President"—a pump that could raise 17,000 gallons of water per minute. This chance shot at a fortune is but one of many, and a dozen volumes would fill to note the salient points of the record. If so much can be done haphazard, it is evident that a systematic training in economic geology will furnish a means of livelihood, as well as an aid in the consideration of economic questions of mining. —Engineering Magazine.

Advertisement for a medicine or product, featuring the name 'Lick' and various descriptive text.