

Wyoming has solved the Henry Willie problem by discovering a natural soap deposit within its borders.

The supremacy of American manufactures is now shown by the fact that golf clubs are being exported to Scotland.

A Paris paper speaks of "the Yankee peril." Another name for it is "commercial push." It would be less perilous to other nations if they had more of it.

The attorney-general of Massachusetts has rendered a decision in relation to the constitutionality of the bills authorizing street railways to carry merchandise in small packages. He finds that the bills are constitutional.

An Ohio man who is to inherit \$2,500,000 finds among the conditions that he must marry "some good woman." The testator's idea, presumably, of a balance-wheel against sudden wealth. But who was it said "Frugality is a bachelor?"

How are the mighty fallen in interest. A little less than nineteen years ago the papers gave columns to Arabi Pacha. Today three lines are enough in which to announce his "repatriation" after eighteen years of exile in British keeping in Ceylon.

A French philosopher claims to have discovered that the Anglo-Saxon race is dying out because the women would rather practice law, lecture or play golf than to raise children. The theory is interesting, and would have been important but for the fact that the race is not dying out.

A lovelorn Maryland pair, escaping from the usual irate parent, showed a directness that augurs well for success in life. Fearing they might be overtaken, they stopped a clergyman on the street corner, the clergyman impressed the first pedestrian as a witness, the four backed against a building, and before a gathering and appreciative crowd the knot was tied.

We owe it to France that the cannon is now added to the spear and sword as capable of useful conversion to the purpose of the agriculturist, remarks the San Francisco Call. In that country the furious charge of halibuts, threatening in the vineyards, has been turned by a vigorous cannonading. Having conquered Jack Frost in the form of hail, French ingenuity has turned upon him in his more subtle form, and the destructive white and black frosts are rendered powerless to do harm by firing cannon over their vineyards, orchards and fields until they are thickly covered with the powder smoke of battle.

The wealth of the United States is computed every 10 years from the census returns. The total wealth in 1850 was put at \$7,135,780,228, or \$208 per capita, and in 1870 at \$30,068,518,567, or \$780 per capita. This amount rose in 1880 to \$43,642,000,000, or \$870 per capita, and again in 1890 to \$65,087,091,197, or \$1026 per capita. Expert statisticians estimate that the amount for 1900 will be at least \$90,000,000,000, or nearly \$1200 per capita. When it is considered that the latter amount represents accumulated savings of \$6000, or nearly four times the average of 1850, for every family of five persons, it is evident that the world is growing rich at an astonishing rate under the operation of machine production, states C. A. Conant, in the World's Work.

An article in a recent issue of the American Kitchen Magazine is on the education of children in the use of money. A paragraph in it relates to the guardianship by the parents of the money children accumulate in their toy banks. It was found from answers to questions sent out to children in the matter, that almost no child could preserve his bank money from the family use. It was constantly borrowed, at first paid back scrupulously, then in sums short of the original loan, finally not at all, and the bank was abandoned for a time, to be started again with a repetition of the experience. Other children reported also on the manner in which promises of money payment were kept by their elders. Various tasks were set them for which small sums of money were to be paid, but when the weed-digging, stone-picking, or what not was performed, payment was forgotten or reduced, or a first installment given, and the matter dropped. The writer did not draw the inference, but one wonders if this attitude, duplicate in very many families, of parents toward children's savings or earnings, will not perhaps account for the inherent dislike which the average person has to business relations with a relative.

THE PHANTOM PINTO.

An Adventure with the Ghostly Guardian of an Enchanted Canon.

BY BOURDON WILSON.

"We'd just as well throw up our hands, pardner, an' take th' back track for Tucson; I've led yuh on er rainbow chase, I reckon."

It was Lew, my partner, who said this, as we gazed gloomily down the hill upon which we were standing. Lew was a child of the desert, innocent of book-learning and the ways of civilized man, but a crack shot with a rifle and revolver, and a skillful prospector; he was blue-eyed, tow-headed, and the sun and wind of the desert had given his face the color of leather. I took him to be about 25 years of age. Our acquaintance began in Tucson. I was going along the main street one day, when he stopped me to ask for the loan of the price of a meal; he was broke and hungry, he added. His was not the whining plea of the beggar, but the manly request for momentary aid of the self-reliant frontiersman who expects to return the favor at some future time, and so I gave him a dollar, although I had never seen him before.

Later in the day he hunted me up to tell me of a valley a few hundred miles away, where placer gold was to be found, and ended by proposing that we go prospecting in partnership, I to buy the supplies and outfit, and he to lead the way to the valley. I agreed and we set out the next morning, our effects packed on the back of the "blamelest, kickin'est" mule, as Lew described him, that I have ever known. For two weeks we tramped across the blistering deserts of Arizona, and at last arrived where we could see down into the valley, but only to find it the ghost of a gold field; it had been worked by somebody else. Along the dry bed of a little creek that marked the valley's centre were a thousand holes and trenches, and as many heaps of sand, which told us that we had come too late; in the blaze of the setting sun the place looked utterly desolate, which but added to our gloom and disappointment.

"I'm mighty sorry," Lew went on, "but yuh c'n see't I didn't lie 'bout it, I reckon. 'Taint no use ter beef over milk we ain't never had ter spill, though, an' we'd better start back—"
Ha broke off and was silent a few moments, then brought his hand down on his thigh, with a hearty slap.

"Pardner, have yuh got th' nerve ter give Ghost canon er try?" he exclaimed. "There's gold there, an' lots of it, they say; I've got th' grit ter tackle it if yuh have. What d'yuh say?"

"I'm willing," I replied; "better go there than empty-handed back to Tucson."

Lew seemed surprised, and silently looked me over a few moments. "Ever hear o' Ghost canon before, pardner?" he asked finally.

"No," I said; "but that cuts no figure, I'll take your word for it that there's a chance to find gold there."

"Maybe yuh've heard of it by its Mexican name, 'Canon Encantada'?" Lew persisted, his voice sinking almost to a whisper.

"No, I think not," I replied. "But why do you ask?"

"W'y, 'twas there 't th' Morris party was wiped out by 'Paches, three years ago; yuh've heard o' that killin', I reckon," he answered. He referred to the murder of Tom Morris and four companions by Apache Indians.

"Oh, yes, I've heard of it, but I didn't know just where the killing took place," I said. "Are you afraid some of the Indians are still there?"

"No, that ain't what bluffs me," he replied; "it's th' pinto pony—th' canon's haunted."

"Haunted," I exclaimed derisively. "Well, if we find gold in the canon we'll rout the ghost out, eh?"

Lew slowly shook his head. "Th' pinto's jest where th' ghost comes in—he's th' ghost," he said seriously.

I looked Lew in the face and laughed heartily.

"Laugh if yuh want," he said, solemnly, "but it's straight good I'm givin' yuh. Ain't never been er man as went in that canon an' come out again, except 'jest one, er greaser, an' he plumb loosed him; ever since then he's done nothin' but mouth an' mouth 'bout th' pinto pony what don't leave no trail. I'd rather be dead than crazy like that. I seen th' pinto myself once, but I didn't have th' nerve ter foller 'im in th' canon."

"Then how is it that you want to go now?" I asked.

He grinned sheepishly, and his face flushed in spite of its tan. "I'm—I'm kinder fidgetin' on gittin' married sooner I git er stake ahead," he stammered. "Th' little girl's said she'd have me; she lives up in Prescott."

"Ho! So that's the way the wind sets!" I laughed. "Well, if you are ready to brave the ghost for the little girl's sake, I'm ready to do it for the gold."

death-like stillness of the desert. As we neared the scene of the massacre of the Morris party, a creepy sensation went up my spine, and I shivered in spite of myself at sight of the rough stones, each bearing in ridely chiseled lines the tall-tale crossed arrows, which pointed to the graves of the murdered men.

"I made no answer. I was indignant with myself for losing my nerve so easily. I lay down again, but not to sleep; I was quivering with nervousness. The coyote did not howl again—my shot had scared him away—but the wind rose presently, and began wailing in a most nerve-distracting way in the rocks above me.

"S-w-i-s-s-s-h, oo-oo-oo, r-a-h-h-h," a stronger gust would go sweeping past, and then from across the canon would come a series of faint, mournful sounds, such as sorrowing ghosts might be expected to utter. I began to understand how Dominguez came to lose his mind through his experience in the canon, and to wish that I were anywhere else, when the wind died away as suddenly as it had risen, and there was absolute silence. I fell to watching the stars again; the hours dragged slowly by, and at last I fell into a half sleep.

Suddenly I awoke and sat bolt upright, straining my ears for a repetition of the sound that waked me. Soon I heard it again; it was Helen whistling and plunging in fright. He was picked behind a point of rock where I could not see him. Hastily I felt under my pillow for my revolver, but could not find them. Helen's snorting and plunging grew more violent with every moment, and at last, fearful lest he break his rope and we lose him, I gave up hunting my revolvers and started running toward him. The moon was now shining brightly, and when I came to where I could see the mule, I saw something just beyond him, something that brought me to a sudden standstill, and that seemed to freeze the blood in my veins—a beautifully marked pinto pony, its legs moving naturally, but its feet seeming not to touch the ground. And it was moving directly toward me!

Paralyzed with terror, I stood as though grown to the spot; nearer came the pinto, and I tried to yell to Lew, but a hoarse rattle was the only sound my throat would make. Quivering with fear, Helen was standing as close to me as he could get, his rope stretched to the breaking point. Now the pinto was passing close beside him, when he suddenly wheeled round, giving a wicked squeal, and like a streak of lightning, his heels flashed in the moonlight, striking the pony with a surprising crash fairly in the side.

Giving a strange grunt, for a pony, the pinto staggered and fell on its side, floundering helplessly; the next moment, however, its side burst open, and a naked Apache Indian sprang out and ran at me, a long-bladed knife glittering in his hand. Instantly my superstitious fears vanished and my muscles regained their power. Unarmed, I turned to run; but my foot tripped, and I fell with the Indian sprawling on top of me. I realized that it was a struggle for my life, and, yelling to Lew at the top of my voice, I grappled with the Apache. Back and forth we rolled and tumbled, I trying to obtain possession of the knife, and he to put an end to my struggling with it, neither gaining any advantage over the other. Minutes seemed hours. Could Lew never hear, I wondered, my breath coming in sharp gasps, my strength almost gone.

How long we fought I can only conjecture; the Indian's powers of endurance were greater than mine, and at last he forced me over on my back, his one hand clutching my throat, his other, grasping the knife, raised to strike. I saw the steel flash and glitter in the moonlight, and a sickening fear shot through me; the knife was in the act of descending, when two shots rang out in quick succession, and it flew to one side, while the Indian sank down on me, quivering in death. The sudden reaction from utter hopelessness to a sense of safety was more than my tortured brain could bear, and I fainted where I lay; the next thing I knew Lew was pouring water on my face, and I saw that day was breaking.

When I had recovered sufficiently I made an examination of the pony's hide, finding it partially stuffed with grass which rounded it out, giving it a life-like appearance, though the deception would have been readily detected in daylight. Later in the day, following a faint trail, we climbed up to the cliff village and found that the Indian had made his home in one of the houses. Scattered about the room were numerous articles taken from the men he had murdered; among these were several rifles and revolvers, but there were no cartridges, which explained why the Indian had made use of his disguise to get near enough to attack with his knife instead of shooting us at long range.

We were not again disturbed in our work, and when we at last exhausted the sands of Ghost canon, we left it with a sack of dust that amply paid us for having dared the phantom pinto. Two months later I danced at Lew's wedding.—San Francisco Argonaut.

One of the most destructive earthquakes in the world's history was that which occurred in Yeddo in the year 1703, when 150,000 people were killed.

pipe; I was not the least bit sleepy. As I lay there gazing with wide-open eyes at the stars above me, suddenly, from not far away, came the gibbering howl of a coyote; instantly the mountain walls took it up, tossing it back and forth until the canon rang as though all the fiends in hades had broken loose. Scarcely realizing what I did, with my every nerve tingling and twitching, I sprang wildly to my feet and fired a shot in the direction I thought the mangy little beast to be, and the canon roared with the echo.

Slowly the uproar died away, and then I collapsed as a chuckle came from Lew's direction, and he remarked, "Reckon yuh wouldn't have much show with er ghost, pardner, if er pore little cuss of er kyote c'n start yuh ter shootin' wild like that."

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WILD ANIMAL PICTURES

WOMAN WHO PHOTOGRAPHS UNDER RIFLE PROTECTION.

Photographing Wild Animals in Their Native Haunts—"Stirring Up" a Fierce Mountain Lion, or Scaring a Wild Cat to Bring Him Before the Camera.

Photographing wild animals in their native haunts is certainly a unique business for a woman, but Mrs. A. G. Wallihan of Lay, Col., has made money at it, says a correspondent of the New York Post.

The Wallihan ranch composes the town of Lay. It is the only house there, and is the postoffice and road ranch combined—the latter being the mountain term for hotel. It is situated in the wild region on the western slope of the Rockies, several hundred miles from Denver, 90 miles from Rifle, the nearest railroad station, and 111 miles from Rawlins, Wyo. It was an old government ranch in the days when the soldiers used to go to Meeker during the Indian troubles, and ranchmen traveling for supplies to Rawlins often stop there over night. Although there is plenty of masculine society Mrs. Wallihan often does not see a woman for months at a time.

About a mile and a half from the ranch the hills begin, and at this point are the trails over which the deer go south in the autumn. Year after year, when the falling leaves of October rustle beneath the rabbit's tread, and the slender white stemmed, trembling aspens deck themselves in gold, the deer turn southward over the same trails that have been trodden for generations. Hundreds of miles these trails extend, and the deer follow them as unerringly as the water flow finds its way along the "desert and limitless air" to the reedy home of its ancestors.

Then is the time the Wallihans lay in their winter supply of meat. Years ago Mrs. Wallihan learned to be an expert rifle shot, and began accompanying her husband on his hunting expeditions. It was thus that she developed an intense love for the forest and its denizens, particularly the deer. Ten years ago she resolved to have a camera and photograph the deer for her own pleasure; so she rode many miles to ask a home missionary who was going back to civilization to send her a good instrument. Since that time the camera has added a new and fascinating interest to her life. Together with her husband, she studied out the mysteries of operating the machine, and they learned the art of developing and finishing the pictures entirely from books. Then they began to take pictures of wild animals.

The ordinary amateur photographer may not realize quite what it means to photograph wild animals of the fiercer variety. In order to make a mountain lion, a wildcat, or a big grizzly sit for his picture, it is manifestly necessary to get him out of the brush into plain view; either on top of a tree, or in the open. To accomplish this he must be stirred up and excited to action, which is not always a safe or pleasant performance. When an animal of this kind gets close enough to pose properly for his picture, he is apt to be somewhat dangerously near the photographer. So the photographer must be protected while he snaps the shot. If Mr. Wallihan manipulates the camera, Mrs. Wallihan stands over him with a gun, prepared to take a lightning shot if necessary; and if she is the operator, he stands guard. It must be no easy matter deliberately to get the focus and take a snapshot at a raging mountain lion or a furious wildcat, as he comes straight towards one, but much experience has taught Mrs. Wallihan to keep cool, study the effect of light and shade, and examine the pose, even in this threatening case. She has one splendid picture of a wildcat just as it left the very tip of a tree in a mad spring at the photographer. She drew the slide just as the cat leaped, and the result is probably unique in the realm of photography. A German photographer, when he saw this picture in a collection of photographs in New York, almost raved.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "look at that cat in de midair! Himm! haf you efer seen anyting like dot in your life, hein?"

Mrs. Wallihan has heard at night the measured tread of 600 deer, and counted them as they moved, a royal procession, toward the south land. Again, in the night, she has detected the soft swish of the waves as a company swam the river, and with one blinding gleam from her flashlight has caught the picture. By some seemingly mysterious spell Mrs. Wallihan has always been able to get into the immediate neighborhood of the deer in a way that is a matter of astonishment to the average hunter. One day she sat, almost concealed from view, in the tall sage brush. A bunch of deer stamped in her direction. Close upon her they parted in a V shape, and so ran by on either side, their breath on her face, and their great liquid eyes looking into hers. Once she sat upon a bank overlooking a ravine, when suddenly a doe bounded out, bleating piteously as a lamb, her tongue hanging out in the agony of her fright. At her heels leaped a mountain lion in hot pursuit. Mrs. Wallihan raised her rifle and made one of the best shots of her life. The doe bounded on in freedom, and the lion's skin lies before the fireplace in Mrs. Wallihan's ranch house.

Mrs. Wallihan, indeed, has for the deer an abounding love, like that which Seton Thompson feels for them; and while she has not the command of language necessary to portray her experiences, she could give that wonderful chronicler of the wood denizens much interesting material for his pen. She never shoots deer, except for

food; and she cannot do that if she sees their eyes. She has, however, shot 32 deer since she began to use the rifle, and once performed the remarkable feat of dropping two bucks at one shot. There is no record of a similar shot in the annals of sportsmanship, although two deer have been killed with a single bullet more than once. Owing to an injury to her right shoulder, Mrs. Wallihan now generally takes a knee rest. She always takes deliberate aim, and very rarely misses. But she loves her kodak far better than her Remington; and rather than cut the throat of the poor, shuddering creature on the ground, she prefers to see it bound away, leaving its counterfeited behind to charm the artist or the sportsman thousands of miles away.

The Wallihans are the only people in the world who do this work; and in the distant future, should these animals become extinct, the photographs of them in their wild state would have immense value. Mrs. Wallihan is a stout, cheerful, motherly woman, about 50 years of age. When she goes with her husband on her photographing trips, which often last two months at a time, she wears a round waist and knee skirt of gray flannel, tall boots, buckskin gloves and belt, and soft, gray felt hat.

LITTLE BAY TREES.

They Are Imported from Holland and Cost Up to \$250 a Pair.

"The handsome little bay trees that you see rooted in tubs standing in private grounds or indoors in houses, or it may be standing outside on either side of the entrance to a house or a club, are," said a florist, "imported from Holland. The are brought over with their trunks wrapped up carefully in straw and their tops completely covered with burlaps to protect them from injury."

"Some of them, as you will observe, are grown in pyramid form, and in some the branching, foliage-covered part is made to grow globe or apple shaped."

"Bay trees are sometimes rented for decorative purposes, as palms, for instance, often are. While bay trees will thrive with suitable care in conservatories, they pine and the foliage loses life and color in close confinement in houses; and after they have been thus shut up a few months we send them to our place in the country to be restored to health. It takes about two years to bring them back to their pristine beauty."

"The freight on them and the duty add to their cost, so that the little bay trees are somewhat expensive. They are commonly sold in pairs. A pair, say three or four feet in height, would sell for about \$50 and they run from that according to the trees and their size; a fine pair of handsome bay trees, eight to ten feet in height, would sell for \$250. But we import and sell, nevertheless, a very considerable number annually.—New York Sun.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The excavations in progress at Delphos, Greece, have brought to light some curious inscriptions, revealing a method of bookkeeping employed by the ancient which is said to be simpler and more accurate than the methods now in use.

It has been ascertained by experiments that persons who use the telephone habitually hear better with the left ear than the right. The common practice of the telephone companies is to place the telephone so that it will be applied to the left ear.

Some years ago in Paradise Valley, Cal., John Weer, a Cornish widower, with four good-looking daughters, wedded Mrs. Malarin, a French widow with four sons. The boys and girls have now been all mated, and the five couples live under the same roof.

One of the novel industries recently started in Arkansas is a kangaroo ranch. The hide of the animal is valuable, but his tendons are worth much more, as they can be split fine and are much prized by surgeons as sutures for sewing up wounds and knitting broken bones together.

In Vienna recently an electric car ran into an omnibus and overturned it. A passenger, Frau Lankh, who received a severe shock and was badly cut, cried out as she recovered herself, "The wretched fellow, why couldn't he stop sooner!" referring to the motor-man. For this expression she was summoned to court and fined \$8, "for insulting a public official."

Public whipping was inflicted as late as 1805 in Massachusetts, and persons are living who witnessed it. By order of the supreme judicial court of Massachusetts, two men were placed in the pillory in State street, Boston, Piermont, the owner, and Storey, the master of the brig Hannah, having procured a heavy insurance on their cargo for a voyage to the West Indies, the vessel was sunk in Boston harbor, Nov. 2, 1891, and a large portion of the insurance collected. Fraud being proved, both as to the landing and loss of the brig, the court decreed that Piermont and Storey be set in the pillory, and set here, too, several times, one hour each time, and imprisoned two years, and pay the cost of prosecution. The sentence was duly executed, the pillory being set near "Change avenue."

Not a Misfortune.

He—Gladya, I must confess to you that I am a self-made man of obscure parentage. I was found on a doorstep.

She—My own! You will never talk about the waffles mother used to make!—Chicago News.

FEARS OF THOUGHT.

The virtue lies in the struggle, not in the prize.—Mines.

Honest error is to be pitied, not ridiculed.—Chesterfield.

Wisdom is to the mind what health is to the body.—Rochefoucauld.

Celerity is never more admired than by the negligent.—Shakespeare.

To rejoice in the prosperity of another is to partake of it.—W. Austin.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions—they hold him.—Bishop Butler.

The seeds of our punishment are sown at the same time we commit the sin.—Hesiod.

Seeing much, suffering much and studying much are the three pillars of learning.—Disraeli.

Life is a quarry out of which we are to mold and chisel and complete a character.—Goethe.

That is true philanthropy that buries not in gold in ostentatious charity, but builds its hospital in the human heart.—Harley.

Do little things now; so shall big things come to thee by and by asking to be done.—Persian proverb.

A proud man is seldom a grateful man, for he never thinks he gets as much as he deserves.—H. W. Beecher.

The reason why borrowed books are seldom returned is that it is easier to retain the books themselves than what is inside of them.—Gilles Menage.

ORIGIN OF FAMILIAR PHRASES.

Well-Known Expressions That Have Strayed in the Most Natural Way.

To feel in apple-pie order is a phrase which dates back to Puritan times—a certain Hepzibah Merton. It seems that every Saturday she was accustomed to bake two or three dozen apple pies, which were to last her family through the coming week. These she placed carefully on her pantry shelves, labelled for each day in the week, so that Tuesday's pies might not be confused with Thursday's, nor those presumably large or intended for washing and sweeping days eaten when household labors were lighter. Aunt Hepzibah's "apple-pie order" settlement, and originated the well-known saying.

It was once customary in France when a guest had overstayed his welcome, for the host to serve a shoulder of mutton instead of a roast. This was the origin of a phrase "To give the cold shoulder."

"None shall wear a feather but he who has killed a Turk" was an old Hungarian saying, and the number of feathers in his cap indicated how many Turks the man had killed. Hence the origin of the saying with reference to a feather in one's cap.

In one of the battles between the Russians and Tartars a private soldier of the former cried out: "Captain, I've caught a Tartar!" "Bring him along, then," answered the officer. "I can't for he won't let me," was the response. Upon investigation it was apparent that the captured had the captor by the arm and would not release him. So, "catching a Tartar" is applicable to one who has found an antagonist too powerful for him.

That far from an elegant expression, "To kick the bucket," is believed to have originated in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when a shoemaker named Hawkins committed suicide by placing a bucket on a table in order to raise himself high enough to reach a rafter above, then kicking away the bucket on which he stood. The term coroner is derived from the word "corph-connor," which means corpse inspector.

"He's a brick," meaning a good fellow, originated with a king of Sparta—Agelias—about the fourth century B. C. A visitor at the Lacedaemonian capital was surprised to find the city without walls or means of defence, and asked his royal host what they would do in case of an invasion by a foreign power. "Do?" replied the heroic king. "Why, Sparta has 50,000 soldiers, and each man is a brick."

When the Horse guards parade in St. James' park, London, there is always a lot of boys on hand to black the boots of the soldiers or do other menial work. The boys, from their constant attendance about the time of guard mounting, were nicknamed "the black guards," hence the name "black-guard." Deadhead, as denoting one who has free entrance to places of amusement, comes from Pompeii, where the checks for free admission were small ivory death's heads. Specimens of these are in the museum at Naples.

One of Nature's Workshops.

In an island in the Lake of Bombon is the remarkable Taal volcano, which is readily accessible from Manila, writes a correspondent in the New York Herald. Its central crater is oval in shape, a mile and a quarter across the greatest diameter, and has within its rim two lakes of hot water, one yellow and the other green, and a small active cone 50 feet in height, from which escape steam and sulphur gases. The strange colors of the waters are due to the presence of chemicals evolved in subterranean laboratories. The greatest eruption of Taal took place in 1754, wiping out four villages. Apparently the volcanic ash lends wonderful fertility to the soil, and presently a new growth of bamboo and palms appears where desolation had reigned.

The flags to be hoisted at one time in signaling at sea never exceeded four. It is an interesting arithmetical fact, that, with 18 various colored flags, and never more than four at a time, no fewer than 78,842 signals can be given.