

THE MIRACLE.

Among the hills and valleys of the soul,
Working his miracles, Love came to me
And touched my blinded eyes, and bade
me see.
I watch the water riddle in the bowl,
I drink the marriage wine. Upon the scroll
Of life I trace the word of prophecy
In flaming letters: my mortality
Burns on this altar as a living coal.
Many of Love's disciples have pursued
His wandering steps with worldly aims
and wishes:
Many have climbed, as for a festival,
The mountain where he feeds the multi-
tude.
For them the counting of the leaves and
fishes,
For me—the wonder of the miracle!
—Elsie Barker, in *The Reader*.

HIS SPECTACLES.

They Created a New World Full of
Details.

I am bothered about my spectacles. Since I have had them the world has been so different. Formerly I saw things only (or mainly) in the mass. People were not individuals, they were parts of a picture of blurred details. I spoke to this or that part of the composition, and voices answered me. What the voices meant, how the spot they came from looked (what expression was on the speaker's face, as the cant phrase has it) were questions for intuition to answer. I lived in a world of vague suggestion. I got almost more information from the touch of a man's hands than from the look of his eyes. And yet I knew the general meaning of faces quite well when they were near me—better, perhaps, than I do now. London! You can imagine what London was like, evening London above all. It swam in a haze of romance, wonderful masses of cab, bus and man, aglow with diffused light, loomed out of mist and vanished into it. Clatter of unseen feet echoed up to my very ears. Life was a perpetual surprise, an adventure. Who knew what faces would suddenly take form out of the void?

I put on the glasses and looked at the optician's young man and beheld that he was wrinkled. Horribly wrinkled. He was all wrinkles. His face was nothing but innumerable ugly lines and spots. Expression there was none that I could focus—lines and spots were all that could be seen.

Would I keep them on? Or should he put them in the case? The lines bunched themselves up into hideous questioning creases.

I would keep them on so as to get used to them. I muttered, subconscious of complete loathing.

The oblivious young man agreed. "Yes, you'd better give your eyes a bit of practice before you start reading, sir. Good evening, sir" (with more creases).

I stepped out stupidly into the street, shying at the doorpost, into the concentrated glare of electric lights that danced and flashed on the lenses of my spectacles.

After a moment or two of dazzle I began to see. To see with terrible distinctness. The eyes began to accept this new universe. So awfully new! There was no background now, no picture, no atmosphere. Isolated men and things to the furthest limit of vision stood out, rounded, raw and palpable. I could put my eyes on three sides of them. There was no street of soft-blending shadow and gleam; there were only houses, lamp-posts, electric globes, vehicles, passengers. There were no men, only hats, coats, trousers, boots, jerking ridiculously. No faces—only features—and when they got nearer, labyrinths of ghastly twitching lines. No concrete thing at all—only irrelevant details of things which the painful vision kept pursuing with more and more minuteness.

And yet my eyes had a feeling of pride—pride that they could see so far, that these dots of men slouching under a lamppost before the Mansion House should vibrate so clear an image to Cornhill. They began, with something of an effort, to disregard these insistent neighboring individuals and to shoot off into vast perspectives, to dally with details hundreds of yards away. This was a much larger world I had got. If it would only adjust itself, would behave. But as yet it was so purposeless; every object was detached from its fellows. The old harmony was gone. Things no longer fitted in. Details thrust themselves upon me. I lost a glance at the soul of the passer through watching the twitch of his lips.

Then the faces began to simplify. Lines assumed their proper subordination. I perceived men still had expressions. I perceived that they had eyes, fearful eyes, thousands of eyes, surrounding me, looking at me. I was betrayed. I felt utterly embarrassed; almost I blushed at this infinite critical inspection. Every button and stitch of me knew itself for laughter. I felt that my hat was too small, my hair too long, that my boots were unpolished. I hastened to re-hat, clip and polish myself.

I had come out of my chrysalis. For the first time I was nakedly within handstrike of the world.

The novelty was interesting. One was afraid of it all, but attracted by it. In this world one was in constant danger of attack. A militant world. Every man away down the street walked with his hand on his sword-hilt. A brief fit of shivering, and my spirit rose to the challenge of it. I walked the pavement thrilling to the glance of these innumerable identities.

Nothing has altered. The objects I look at are just the same. My eyes are the same. Only now two little

pieces of convex pebble are fixed between the eyes and the objects. One takes off the spectacles and examines them for a solution to the mystery. Absurd! What easy victims are our senses of their instruments!

It makes one uneasy. Tangible matter ceases to be the steadfast thing we had imagined it. How can I be sure that what these pebbles show me is truer than my old vision? A little difference in the curving of the lens, and lo! another universe. How can I be sure that both of them are not quite untrue? What is the standard? What do you see, readers, long-sighted, short-sighted, clear-eyed, purblind readers? Upon what sort of universe do those unreliable eyeballs of yours look out? We have given common names to the things you and I see, but they are not the same. Luckily there seems to be some sort of family likeness between them, else were we hopelessly cut off from all comparison. What you mean is something like what I mean by umbrella, but not quite. And when we take more remote and complicated objects—when we combine them, when we begin to deal with abstracts, how we must diverge! It is unceasing to realize that each of us moves and lives and has his being in an entirely personal, particular, original world. A place that was never seen or imagined by any one else. To realize that, though I may get help by comparing your notions with mine, in the last resort I must throw myself on the mercy of my ever-changing impressions.

Which is the better world? The old one, vague but steadfast and organic; or this new, real, definite, anarchic world, with its perpetual shifting paradox? For, mark you, there is no world of the spectacles. The spectacles have opened to me infinite panorama of worlds all different, all unbelievable. When was my state more gracious, think you—before or after the spectacles? This question I have not quite decided.—*London Daily Mail*.

WESTERN FRUIT.

Great Development of Fruit Raising in the Northwest.

California oranges, apricots, plums, cherries, grapes and other fruits have long been familiar to Eastern people, who, if they have thought about the matter at all, have very likely regarded this influx of Pacific coast fruit as due to climatic conditions which do not exist elsewhere, and the fruit itself as incapable of being raised in the East. The Eastern apple, they may have supposed, was supreme and destined to remain so.

Such persons are doomed to disappointment. Apples from Oregon, Washington, Idaho and British Columbia have already captured the greater part of what is known as the "fancy trade" of the Atlantic coast cities and the supply is increasing at a wonderful rate. Moreover, Northwestern fruits are rapidly gaining the ascendancy in England, the Continent and Australia.

The rapid development of the fruit-growing industry in this region is due to the great fertility of the soil, the intelligence and energy of the Western farmers, and the co-operative organizations of growers. Poor fruit has been discouraged and almost eliminated. Packing is in boxes, with every apple wrapped separately and warranted to be perfect. The number of apples which a box contains is printed plainly on the outside, and there is absolutely no "decoating."

These methods have enabled the Western growers to realize a profit on apples and pears of \$100 to \$1000 an acre; on berries from \$400 to \$600 an acre, and on other things even more. One especially skillful grower of tomatoes received \$5000 from a single acre.

The fruit pack of the region this year will be the largest in its history—five times as great as in 1906. Canning associations have been formed and canneries built to take care of the surplus. They have been successful from the start. One cannery paid for itself in a week.

There is no mystery about this remarkable development. It is due solely to intelligence, enterprise and hard work, and is just as much within the reach of Eastern growers as it was in the grasp of their Western rivals. The lesson ought not to be lost upon Eastern farmers who wish to retain such of their fruit market as still remains to them.—*Youth's Companion*.

"At" and "Across."

Dissenting from the opinion of most of his fellow-countrymen, Professor John Lester, an English speaker, at a meeting of the Friends' Educational Association, in Philadelphia, declared that the manners of boys in the United States were better than those of English lads. This he held was due to the influence of American mothers and woman teachers in our schools.

"The American boy," said Professor Lester, "learns his first lesson in morality at his mother's knee. The English boy generally learns his across his father's."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

An Unmentioned Ancestor.

Mr. B. is very proud of his ancient lineage and never lets slip an opportunity to boast of it. At a dinner where he had been unusually rampant on this subject a fellow guest quieted him by remarking: "If you climb much further up your family tree you will come face to face with the monkey."—*Lippincott's*.

WHERE ARE THE BONDS?

Millions of Dollars in the United States Treasury Awaiting Claimants.

In spite of the supposed tightness of money and lack of cash throughout the country, there are millions of dollars waiting in the Treasury vaults for claimants, writes the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune. These claimants have merely to appear in person or send the proper documents to receive the money.

According to the last monthly report of the Division of Loans of the Treasury there was no less than \$3,322,959 awaiting the pleasure of holders of bonds which matured on the first of last July. These bonds ceased to bear interest at that time, and there is nothing to be gained by the holders clinging to them. The total issue called in by the Secretary of the Treasury under a circular, dated April 2, was \$36,121,450. The bonds are known in the department as the "1907 4s," and are held by owners all over the world. It is supposed that the great majority of them will come in for redemption some time, but it may be generations before the big pile of \$5,000,000 is reduced below the \$100,000 mark. Some of the bonds will never come in, for they will be lost or destroyed, and the rightful owners, either through ignorance or other causes, will not set on foot the proper measures to recover their money. Half a hundred years from now there may be \$150,000 or \$200,000 still unaccounted for, and the venerable clerks in the department will stroke their snowy mustaches as they speculate over the mystery of the lost bonds. Of the funded loan of 1891, due for redemption in 1900, there is \$32,000 still unpaid and unaccounted for, and of the five per cent. bonds called in by the Treasury in February, 1904, \$26,800 has not yet appeared.

"It is safe to say that the greater proportion of the bonds will show up in time, but you and I will be gone before the account is settled," said C. N. McGroarty, chief of the loan division. "Not nearly as many of these bonds will be lost as you might suppose. As a rule the owners are persons of means who purchase them for investment, and even after the interest on them ceases continues to hold them for various reasons. Perhaps they are not in need of money at present and will wait until they can convert the bonds into cash. Perhaps, again, they have been in the habit of collecting the interest on the bonds at long intervals, once in six months or a year, and have not yet gone over the papers in their safety deposit boxes, and do not really know that the bonds have ceased to draw interest. When they finally wake up to the fact that these bonds have quit bringing in a steady income, they will write to the Treasury asking why the interest has stopped. The Secretary will inform them of the facts in the case, will quote the April circular, and in due time will receive the bonds for redemption. Another very frequent cause of the temporary disappearance of bonds is brought about by the death of the owners and their estates going into the hands of executors. Until the courts order the executors to wind up the affairs of the decedents the bonds they are holding must remain in their custody. Of course, at rare intervals, we hear of the loss of bonds by accident. A mail train may be smashed up and the envelopes carrying them from person to person may be lost in the debris. A steamer bearing the owner may go down and the bonds be lost with his belongings or his person. Thieves may steal them, with other valuables, and throw them away when they find they cannot convert them into ready cash without running the risk of detection. In such instances as these the original owners or their legal heirs may always recover the face value of the lost bonds and whatever interest is due them by making proper application and oath to the Treasury Department, accompanied by an indemnity bond of twice the amount involved.

"Once in a while we run across some greivous relics in the bonds sent in for redemption. A few months ago we received a package of bonds from the West that had been fished from a river with the remains of their dead owner. The owner's body had been in the water for months and was scarcely recognizable and the bonds were scarcely more than a mass of horrible smelling pulp. They had to be examined, however, and passed upon, but before they could be handed they were sent to one of the chemists in the department, who fumigated and disinfected them thoroughly. Even after the heirs of the dead man had received their money the bonds had to be kept in the vaults of the division—as all bonds called in are carefully preserved for future reference—so this particular package was sealed in an airtight jacket and put away with the rest. Once in a while we get a number of bonds that have been taken from the clothing of a yellow fever or typhus patient, and we have to do more fumigating and disinfecting before the clerks are allowed to handle them.

"All bonds sent in for collection are recorded very carefully, and fifty years hence you might come here and find out through whose hands they passed from the time they were issued until they were returned for conversion into cash. In lawsuits over the division of estates the department is frequently called upon to give the history of a bond. The court may wish to know just who had it at such and such a time in order to determine the rights of certain heirs.

The records are here and may always be obtained.

"At rare intervals the department is in receipt of the remains of bonds that have been chewed up by rats or chopped into bits by machinery. If they are unrecognizable their owners must give the Secretary a bond before they recover, just as they would have to do were the bonds lost altogether."

The Tribune printed on July 30 the fact that there is an old account of \$931,415.25 which is held to the credit of claimants who may never appear with the bonds that were called in years ago. Add to this tidy sum the five and one-third odd millions of the 1907 fours and you have a little nest egg that even hungry Wall Street would not despise. The non-appearance of the owners of this amount ought to serve as an argument for the good times advocate. It is impossible to believe that many of the bonds were lost, and the only explanation is that the owners are in no hurry to collect the money that they may have for the asking.

UNPLEASANT FIGURES.

The American Soldier Not the Healthiest Man He Should Be.

It is difficult to compare health conditions in the United States army with those in other armies, the principal reason being that in the United States the hospital admissions include all soldiers who have been excused from any part of their military duties, while this is not the case in any other country. Moreover, recruiting conditions vary greatly in different countries, the United States and Great Britain depending upon voluntary enlistments, while all other countries have conscription. Then, again, the strength is differently estimated in different countries, and some have a low death rate because their sick are promptly discharged or retired and die out of service instead of on sick report.

Nevertheless, certain comparisons are both possible and interesting. The highest admission rate, 1321, last year, was in the Dutch army; the next highest, 1179, was in the United States army, and the lowest, 348, in the Russian army. The highest death rate, 5.61, was in the British army, the next highest, 5.28, was in the United States army, and the lowest, 1.86, in the Prussian army. The best basis for comparison is the record of total losses, representing the combined rates for deaths and discharges. According to this record, the United States army stood fourth after those of Belgium, Russia and Great Britain, but far ahead of all others. An important factor in judging the relative healthfulness of armies is the average duration of each case of sickness. Measured by this standard the United States army stood fourth after the armies of Prussia, Bavaria and Holland. The average duration of each case in the American army was about half that of the average in the British army and a little more than half the average in the Russian army.

The admission rate in the United States army was lower than in most other armies for pneumonia, pleurisy, scarlatina, sunstroke, erysipelas, and cerebro-spinal meningitis, but far higher for alcoholism, influenza, mumps, and venereal diseases. The United States army rate was lower than the Russian rate for diphtheria, erysipelas, malaria, pleurisy, pneumonia, trachoma and variola. The admission rate for dysentery was lower in the British than in the United States army, but while the British had a death rate of 0.16 per 1000 from that disease, there was no death from that cause in the United States army. The admission rate for malaria was lower, but the death rate was higher in the British, Dutch, Russian, Spanish and Belgian armies than in the United States army.

The comparative figures concerning alcoholism—those and others used in this article having been supplied by the surgeon-general of the United States army—tell an ominous story, which is commended to the attention of those misguided persons who oppose the restoration of the army canteen. The figures for the United States army are for the year 1906, and those relating to foreign armies are for the latest year obtainable. The admission rate in the United States for the year was 30.58 per 1000 of mean strength; in the British army, 1.09; in the French, 0.29; in the Prussian, 0.08; in the Bavarian, 0.06; in the Dutch, 0.24; in the Russian, 0.1; in the Spanish, 0.01, and in the Belgian, 0.15. The return of death rates is very meager, those for the American army relating only to troops within the continental boundaries of the United States. The death rates per 1000 of mean strength are as follows: United States, 0.02; British, 0.07; Russian, 0.001. In all, or nearly all, the armies for which the admission rates for alcoholism are given above the troops are supplied with malt liquors and some with spirits. In the United States army alone is the soldier denied the privilege of purchasing beer or light wines at his post exchange. How this deprivation has worked to his disadvantage and injury is best told in the alarming figures we have cited.—*Army and Navy Journal*.

The Ohio Yearly Meeting is the only organization of Friends that does not claim membership in the Five Years' Meeting; it not having accepted the discipline adopted by twelve yearly meetings.

A New York woman has recovered \$25,000 damages from two doctors who pronounced her insane.

Household Matters.

A Water Lily Salad.

Cut fresh lettuce of good size in small points, and place hard boiled eggs, cut in petal strips in a circle on these leaves; fill the middle with the yolks mixed with mayonnaise. Put two egg yolks through the sieve and sprinkle over the petals to simulate pollen. This kind of an arrangement makes the water lily quite perfect. When fully prepared place upon a flat dish.

Iced Chocolate.

Put one ounce of unsweetened chocolate into a saucepan and pour on it gradually one pint of boiling water, stirring all the time. Put the saucepan on the fire and stir until the chocolate is all dissolved, then add granulated sugar to taste and stir until it begins to boil. Cook for three minutes longer without stirring, then strain and cool. Add one teaspoon of vanilla extract, bottle and store in a cool place. When needed put two tablespoons of crushed ice in a tumbler, add two tablespoons of whipped cream, one gill of milk and half a gill of any carbonic water. Stir thoroughly before drinking.—*New York World*.

Corn Cake.

A Southern corn cake recipe is a valuable addition to one's scrap book. Mix and sift three-fourths of a cupful of cornmeal, one and one-fourth cupfuls of pastry flour, one-fourth of a cupful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt and five (level) teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add one cupful of milk, one egg well beaten and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Beat thoroughly, turn into a shallow buttered pan and bake twenty-five minutes in a hot oven. Cut in square and arrange on a bread plate. If a richer corn cake is liked two tablespoonfuls of butter may be used.—*From the Cooking Department of the Woman's Home Companion*.

Bangor Pudding.

Moisten one and one-third cupfuls cracker crumbs (the common "Boston" cracker) with one cup boiling water. Let stand until cool, then add one pint milk, one-half cup molasses, one-quarter teaspoon salt, one egg, slightly beaten, one-half pound raisins, seeded.

Turn into buttered mold, steam eight hours (or less if small pudding is made) over boiling water. I put mine in the upper part of a double boiler.

Remove cover when cooked and set away in mold to cool. When cover is taken off the pudding will be watery around the edges. This liquid, however, will jelly when cold. To be eaten with cream, plain or whipped.—*Boston Post*.

Spanish Beefsteak.

Lay a slice of the tender side of the round (about two pounds) a little more than two inches thick on a tin plate, leaving the fat around the edge.

Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Add a small teaspoonful of water and baste every few minutes.

Remove from the oven, sprinkle with a saltspoonful of salt and half a saltspoonful of pepper, cover with a layer of sliced onion and bake for a quarter of an hour longer.

Sprinkle a second time with a saltspoonful of salt, then cover with a layer of chopped tomatoes (large canned ones will answer) and bake again for fifteen minutes.

Sprinkle over it one tablespoonful of grated cheese and place it again in the oven long enough for the cheese to melt. It will be covered with a thick, rich gravy, and the steak will be tender.—*New York Press*.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Soak hard, dry lemons in warm water for two hours. Dry thoroughly and they will be found juicy and good, and can be grated as well as the freshest.

Bread crumbs come in for use in many ways, and they should never be thrown away. Grated they are excellent for breaded chops and cutlets, and toasted they make excellent croutons.

It is a mistake to keep rooms so warm that a distinct change is felt in passing from one room to another. It is difficult in steam heated apartments to regulate temperature, but every room should have some fresh air in it, never mind how cold the day.

To clean the long, thin vase slice a potato into long, thin strips and drop into it. Shake thoroughly and then add a little water and shake very hard. Pour off this water and add fresh and continue to shake the vase hard. When the potato and water are emptied the vase should be shining and clear.

Wipe the mahogany dining table with a soft rag dampened in tepid water and with pure soap. Rub dry with soft cheesecloth. Caution the children, and older folk, too, about putting their feet on the base and legs of the table. Otherwise unsightly scratches will make the careful mistress most unhappy. Footstools obviate the resting of the feet on the lower part of the table.—*New York Globe*.

RED LIGHTS HELP LETTUCE.

Camille Flammarion Makes Remarkable Experiments With Vegetables.

Camille Flammarion, a French scientist, publishes the results of the remarkable experiments that he has been conducting to discover the effect of various lights on the growth of vegetation. He has a number of plants which he subjected to red, green, blue and white light.

Under the effects of red light certain vegetables, such as lettuce, grew 15 times as fast as under blue light. On the other hand, blue light has remarkable preservative powers.

Instructions to Correspondents.

The late Sol Miller's instructions to county correspondents were characteristic. Here are a few of them: "Milch" cow, when speaking of a milk cow, can never get into these columns if we are about and have our senses. The person who so writes it incurs our deadly enmity. * * * The writer who is writing of two or more married ladies and calls them "mesdames" would rob a hen roost, and we hate him. * * * We will not countenance a writer who, in speaking of a married lady, and wishing to give her maiden name also, says "Mrs. Brown, nee Jones." * * * If any writer, speaking of the bill of fare, set up at any meal, calls it a "menu," we shall club him at sight. * * * Any person who writes us proposing to give a "resume" of certain events, may as well not spoil his paper and waste his time, ink and postage. * * * Those who wish to describe a dance or party will please take notice that "we sma' hours," "trip the light fantastic toe" and "all went merry as a marriage bell" are completely worn out and indicate that the writer has not sufficient brains to express himself in language of his own.—*Kansas City Journal*.

Camels Once in Texas.

The discovery of the skeleton of a camel in Texas caused great local surprise for a time, as the oldest inhabitant could not recall when a circus had passed near Spofford Junction, the locality where the bones were found. A local historian has, however, fully accounted for these camel remains. It appears that in the early '40s, upon the suggestion of Federal officers, a large herd of camels were imported from Asia and brought to Texas to be used as transport animals over the rugged hill country of Western Texas and New Mexico. The camels failed to do what was expected of them, and so the sure-footed burros peculiar to that section were again pressed into service as baggage transports for the troops. The discarded camels were found to be an unnecessary expense to the forage department, and so were turned loose, to live or die. Of course, in due course, they died, and the bones of one of the poor beasts recalls the old Federal experiment.—*Springfield Republican*. 3

Biggest Man in the House.

"Cy" Sulloway of New Hampshire still retains his place as the biggest man in the House of Representatives, and so far no one has appeared that may claim honor to second place ahead of Ollie James of Kentucky. Sulloway is something more than six and a half feet tall and weighs but a pound less than 350. His breadth is proportionate with his height, and he towers above his colleague, Frank D. Currier, as he does above most all the members of the House. He is one of the members who does not exercise his prerogative of taking luncheon on that side of the House restaurant and where the sign proclaims "For Members Only," but each day partakes of a sparing lunch on the public side of the room, where negroes are not barred and where the motto is that anybody's money is good.—*Boston Herald*.

Rome to Have a "Zoo."

Rome is shortly to have its Zoological Garden modeled on the plan of the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, with shady walks and gorgeous flower beds and tropical plants. Rome has no Zoological Garden at present, for the three solitary battered cages placed near the steps of the Capitol, containing three hungry-looking lions, which prowl up and down or gaze sadly at the passersby, cannot be dignified by the name.

RAILROAD MAN Didn't Like Being Starved.

A man running on a railroad has to be in good condition all the time or he is liable to do harm to himself and others.

A clear head is necessary to run a locomotive or conduct a train. Even a railroad man's appetite and digestion are matters of importance, as the clear brain and steady hand result from the healthy appetite followed by the proper digestion of food.

"For the past five years," writes a railroadman, "I have been constantly troubled with indigestion. Every doctor I consulted seemed to want to starve me to death. First I was dieted on warm water and toast until I was almost starved; then, when they would let me eat, the indigestion would be right back again.

"Only temporary relief came from remedies, and I tried about all of them I saw advertised. About three months ago a friend advised me to try Grape-Nuts food. The very first day I noticed that my appetite was satisfied, which had not been the case before, that I can remember.

"In a week, I believe, I had more energy than ever before in my life. I have gained seven pounds and have not had a touch of indigestion since I have been eating Grape-Nuts. When my wife saw how much good this food was doing me she thought she would try it awhile. We believe the discoverer of Grape-Nuts found the 'Perfect Food.'

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in plgs. "There's a Reason."