

* The Limit of Lands. *

By ANDREW LANG.

Between the circling ocean sea
And the poplars of Persophone
There lies a strip of barren sand,
Flecked with the sea's salt spray and
strown
With waste leaves of poplars, blown
From gardens of the shadow land.

With altars of old sacrifice
The shore is set in mournful woe—
The mists upon the ocean brood;
Between the water and the air
The clouds are born that float and
fare
Between the water and the wood.

Upon the gray sea never sail
Of mortals passed within our hail,
Where the last weak waves faint and
flow
We heard within the poplar pale
The murmur of a doubtful wail
Of voices loved so long ago.

We scarce had care to die or live,
We had no honey cake to give,
No wine of sacrifice to shed;
There lies no new path over sea,
And now we know how faint they
be,
The feasts and voices of the Dead.

Ah, flowers and dance! Ah, sun and snow!
Glad life, sad life, we did forego
To dream of quietness and rest;
Ah, would the float sweet roses here
Poured light and perfume through the
drear
Pale year, and wan land of the west.

Sad youth, that let the spring go by
Because the spring is swift to fly;
Sad youth, that feared to mourn or
love,
Behold how sadder far is this,
To know that rest is nowise bliss,
And darkness is the end thereof.

David and Jonathan.

By COSMA HAMILTON.

Glynde and Hilgay, whose friend-
ship puts that of David and Jonathan
to the right about, were fated to be
pitted against each other in every-
thing.

They cemented their friendship by
blackening each other's eyes when
Glynde was nine and Hilgay ten.
They both played cricket. Hilgay's
most brilliant innings for Cambridge
were stopped at 99 by a magnificent
catch by Glynde, of the Oxford eleven.

Naturally enough, it came to pass
that Glynde and Hilgay fell in love
with the same girl. At least, that is
only my way of putting it. Glynde
and Hilgay would tell you, if they
liked you well enough to discuss the
matter with you, that they were in
love with the only girl in the world.
Men in love are never accurate.

"Cigarette?" Glynde thoved his
case across the table.

"Thanks, old man," said Hilgay.
For several thoughtful moments
the two sat blowing rings. Glynde
looked his friend up and down curi-
ously, and thought, with a certain
pride, what a good-looking, clean-
limbed chap he was. He could well
imagine what a poor chance he would
stand against a man with Teddy's
kind of nose, eyes and hair. Then,
too, he was so rippingly sunburnt,
and he had always heard—she under-
stood none of the idiosyncrasies of
girls herself—that sunburn went a
long way. He suddenly caught Hil-
gay's calculating eye.

And then Teddy ran over Jack.

There was, to both of them, a touch
of tragedy about this last coincidence.
They were dining in town together
on an off evening to see the "Man of
Many Collars," at the Alhambra after-
wards.

With something of bluntness Hilgay
had said, "Jack, I'm in love."
Jack Glynde put down his cigar and
turned very pale.

"I don't believe you. It's—it's ab-
surd!"

"Absurd? Good heavens, why?"
said Hilgay.

"Because I am, too, and we're dead
certain to be in love with the same
girl."

A little chilled silence fell upon the
two men. For a moment they sat
looking at each other, superstitious
horror in the eyes of both. Neither
dared to ask what was her name.

Long after Carbis had hurried
away, hot and happy, Glynde and Hil-
gay stood silently looking into their
glasses. The waiter twice came in to
clear them away. It was on the
stroke of 12, and he was keen on
nothing but bed.

They called up two hansomc.
"Jack," said Hilgay.
"Hullo," said Glynde.

"This is the first time you and I are
not going to be pitted against each
other, after all."

"No, and it's the first game you and
I have ever drawn."

In Glynde's heart there was a feel-
ing of great compassion for Hilgay,
and in Hilgay's a feeling of great
compassion for Glynde.—Richmond
Times-Dispatch.

Glynde waited for Hilgay to give
the name and Hilgay for Glynde. At
last they made a simultaneous move-
ment. Their theatre tickets were in
their pockets, but, with that tacit
understanding which can only exist
between bosom friends, they turned
away from the Alhambra and made
for the Embankment. Each felt that
air was a necessity. The Embankment
is the only place in London
where it can be found.

For an hour, arm-in-arm, they
paced the flagstones. Sometimes
Glynde's hand would close hard on
Hilgay's arm, as though to say,
"Whatever happens, old man, nothing
matters," and sometimes Hilgay
would squeeze Glynde's hand tight
against his ribs, and Glynde knew
that he was saying, "Whoever she is,
old man, we are pals to the end." It
is well said that the love of one man
for another passes the love of woman.
These two never really knew what
their friendship meant until the
woman came into their lives.

Of all the occupations known to men, entertaining a
prejudice is the most absurd. Yet the practice is almost
universal.

The prejudice is usually uninvited. He comes in quietly,
removes his hat and coat, saunters up to the guest chamber,
and prepares to become a permanent feature of the estab-
lishment. You entertain him royally, strain him to your
bosom, exhibit him proudly to every one, fight for him, de-
fend him, and perpetuate him. You do not even admit that
he is present. "I entertain a prejudice?" you say, with be-
coming concern. "Never!"

Birds of a feather flock together. It therefore happens
that if there is one prejudice present, there are others. They
always come in unawares, and take their places silently and
unobtrusively. But oh, how they hang together in an
argument!

A group of prejudices is invincible. They have never
been beaten.

The strange part of prejudices is that one would think
they would prefer more commodious quarters. But no, the
narrower the mind, the more content they are. They don't
mind close quarters. The closer the better.

Prejudices are always busy. If they are not tampering
with one's eyesight, they are screening the mind from the
open; putting blinds on, and making it dark enough to sleep
in comfortably.

A man can get insured against almost anything else but
prejudices. He can insure himself against fire and water
and loss of life and accidents and depreciation in his prop-
erty. But there is no company so fortified that it would take
the risk of insuring against prejudice. And then no man
would ever think of taking out any insurance against one, be-
cause he would never admit that he had it. The prejudice
himself fixes that. The first thing he does is to make the
man think he isn't there.

That is why prejudices, no matter how much damage
they cause to character, are never evicted. They have come
to stay.—Lippincott's Magazine.

"Not a dog's chance against a man
like Jack," thought Hilgay. "Look
at that nose, those eyes and that hair
—and the way he fans is simply im-
mense. By gad, too, I never noticed
before what awfully decent hands and
feet he's got."

Thus both men sat, running up a
long list of the other's qualifications
which each considered he did not pos-
sess.

"Who is to propose first?" said
Glynde abruptly.

"Spin a coin," said Hilgay.
Glynde laughed. "What? Even
in this case?"

"Why not? We've always done it
hitherto."

"Very well, old man. And if you
win the toss, I wish you all the luck
I know you'd wish me."

"Thanks," said Hilgay.
They got up. Their healthy faces
were extremely cheerful expressions,
expressions of sportiveness, hon-
esty and a desire to do their level
best.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A good guesser always boasts of his
intuition.

If at first you don't succeed, blame
it on your luck.

The best foundation for success in
business is rocks.

Don't worry, and you'll have noth-
ing to worry you.

A girl's ideal is naturally shattered
when he goes broke.

If you have any doubts about a
strange bed look before you sleep.

Of course the best thing with which
to feather your nest is cash down.

A married man can always get a
little off his sentence for bad be-
havior.

Lots of politeness is wasted on
people who are too sick to be taken
in by it.

Even when a woman feels she is
worth her weight in gold she hates to
get fat.

If wishes were horses there
wouldn't be any room in the world
for automobiles.

Virtue, being its own reward, you
can't very well blame a man if he is
good for nothing.

The fellow who was weighed in the
balance and found wanting must have
neglected to drop a cent in the slot.

Some men can't even find fault
without acting as though they had
discovered something to be proud of.

When a fellow feels like throwing
himself down and worshipping a girl
he should wait. She will probably
throw him down herself.—From "The
Musings of a Gentle Cynic," in the
New York Times.

A man called Carbis came in wear-
ing evening dress and a bashful grin.
He had been at Eton with Glynde and
at Christ Church with Hilgay. They
both disliked him intensely. For all
that, he was a very decent chap, play-
ing tennis with the best of them, and
sang songs like an angel with a sense
of humor.

"Hallo, you chaps."

"Hallo," said Glynde and Hilgay
together.

"Jolly night, isn't it?"

"Jolly," said Glynde.

"Very jolly," said Hilgay.

"You two chaps look jolly, too."
Carbis grinned at them so widely and
unaffectedly that it was almost im-
possible for them to see his heart.

"We feel jolly," said Glynde.

"Very jolly," said Hilgay.

Instinctively they both made a
move towards the door.

Carbis began to twerk his fingers
nervously, although the beam was
still on his face. "I say," he said,
"you fellows, you might give me a
minute if you haven't anything better
to do. Will you, please?"

Glynde and Hilgay turned back.

After all, he had been to Eton with
Glynde and Cambridge with Hilgay.
Besides, he sang a jolly good song.

A Peculiarity of Dreams.

As to dreams, there was a discus-
sion at the club lunch, and one man
remarked that no man dreamed of
himself as braver than he is. When
the dream came, the dreamer was al-
ways the under-dog. "He was in hor-
rible danger, and never did anything
picturesque to face it. There may be
men who are brave in their sleep.
But it would be interesting to find
one man outside of the dozen sleep-
ing cowards who is a hero in a dream."
—London Chronicle.

They glared at each other like two
angry bulls, and then simultaneously
burst out laughing. Again simulta-
neously they hit the bell and broke
the thing, and as the waiter bolted in
with a scared look they each yelled
"So's-a-soda."

These arrived before they had got
through with their laugh, and as the
waiter left the room they silently
allicked glasses and drank.

They returned his grin with some ex-
citement.

Then Carbis became flustered. "Er
—I'm—I'm intensely happy, and as
you chaps have always been my idea
of men, and I've always liked you
both extremely, I should very much
like you to be the first to—to know
why I'm—I'm intensely happy—er—
and to drink me good luck, and that
kind of thing. Will you, please?"

"Rather, old man," said Glynde,
heartily.

"I should think we would, Carbis,
old boy," said Hilgay.

"You will? Oh, now come, that's
nice of you both. I'm going to be
married. The day was fixed to-night.
She's really and truly—the only girl
in the world."

Glynde and Hilgay exchanged
glances of sympathetic amusement.

"Be good enough to wish me happi-
ness and long life, don't you know.
It's a jolly old English institution,
and I've known you two—first one
and then the other—for the best part
of my life so far."

The waiter for Carbis with uplifted
glasses. Carbis cleared his throat and
stended the quiver in his voice.

"To the lady who is to honor me by
being my wife. Her name is Enid
Allerton."

History of Mustard.

The English word, mustard, was
derived from the Italian mostarda,
owing to the ancient custom of hav-
ing a little mus. (Latin mustum, un-
fermented grape juice), mixed with
it, in preparing the condiment. For
centuries the English have been great
mustard eaters—the greatest in the
world. An Englishman may almost
be identified by his liberal use of it,
although it has been said that per-
haps after all there is not so much
really eaten as there is left on the
edges of the plates.

The use of mustard powdered in its
present form, for making into a paste,
originated in Durham, about the year
1720, where it was prepared on a
small scale by an old lady named
Mrs. Clements, who kept the secret
of its manufacture to herself—grind-
ing the seed in a mill, and sifting it
—for several years. She used to
travel twice a year to London and
the principal towns in England to
take orders, and from this arose the
name and fame of "Durham Must-
ard," but the best and finest qual-
ities now made are the genuine Im-
perial and D. S. F. (double super-
fine). In manufacturing mustards
the white, or black mixed seed, is
ground to powder, and then put
through an elaborate course of sift-
ing. The product that remains in
the first sieve is mustard flour. This
is submitted to a finer sieve, and sepa-
rated into a finer quality of dress-
ings, and pure mustard flour. Must-
ard oil is afterwards pressed from
the dressings.

various strengths. The best mixed
mustards now preferred by the con-
sumers are really stronger than many
grades of the pure mustards, and are
mostly made of brown seed, and in
which the oil is neutralized or ab-
sorbed by the other ingredients—
flour, etc.—which has in fact been
virtually done in the government
yard at Deptford, where rice, flour,
pepper and capsaicums have been al-
ways used. The government has now
relinquished the manufacture, but
they used to make it of about thirty-
seven per cent. of brown, and fifty
per cent. of white mustard flour,
with ten per cent. of rice flour and
three per cent. of black pepper and
a little Chili pepper. It also contained
ginger. Besides its ordinary uses,
ground mustard is largely employed
medicinally, as an emetic in cases of
poisoning, in preparing external poult-
ices, making drenches for cattle and
with hot liquids, like milk. The
fresher the mustard is, the better.
The crop is generally harvested in
August and is threshed in October.
—The Retailers' Journal.

It is calculated that upwards of 7-
000 tons of mustard are now manu-
factured yearly in England, and in
no other part of the world is its man-
ufacture carried on so energetically,
two or three of the English firms
sparing neither trouble nor expense
in producing by the aid of the most
elaborate machinery the best possible
article.

The result is, that the best makes
of English mustard are popular all
the world over, and that more Eng-
lish made mustard is now exported
in a single year than there is of for-
eign manufactured mustards imported
in twenty years.

But although a mustard may be
made from ground white seed prin-
cipally, and even kept good for a fair
length of time, also be sold at low
price, yet such mustard is necessarily
very deficient in true piquant flavor,
because it is the brown or black seed
only which possesses the volatile my-
ronic oil, yielding this esteemed fla-
vor.

Ground mustard made from dark
seed with this oil left in will not keep
good long, owing to variations in
temperature and exposure to air. It
soon causes fermentation, cakes the
powder, turns rancid, bitter and un-
fit for use; hence any kegs, tins or
other packages with discolored paper
linings or wrappers showing oil stain,
within or without, should always be
rejected as stale or out of condition.
The oil is in fact a source of great
trouble to manufacturers who wish
to sell a pure mustard in powder of
good flavor, and at the same time one
that will keep good. The white seed
contains practically none of the vola-
tile myronic oil of the black, but an
acid substance, known as "sinal-
bin," which again is but slightly
present in black seed; but of these
two active principles the volatile oil
is by far the most important, and the
black seed is by far the most valued.
Hence also, by reason of manufac-
turers mixing the two kinds of seed,
for although the white seed pos-
sesses very little pungency, yet it has
within it the peculiar ferment which
develops the pungent flavor of the
black, and therefore the art of pro-
ducing the best mustards seems to
depend on the judicious mixture of
the proper proportions. Most of the
English makers now sell two classes
of mustards, one comprising mustards
of different qualities, but all pure,
and the other classes a set of mix-
tures, called mustard compounds of

Grant Under Fire.

By MORRIS SCHAFF.

For the information of those who
have never been in battle, let me say,
without seeming didactic, that the
commanding general or his corps
commanders are rarely where the ar-
tists have depicted them, on rearing
horses leading or directing amid a
sheet of fire. There are times, how-
ever, when the artist is true to life,
as when Sheridan seeing Ayres and
his regulars recolling for a moment
under terrific fire at Five Forks
dashed in, and there and then with
those flashing eyes he might have
been painted; Warren that same day
seized the colors on another part of
the field, and led on. But, as a rule,
the corps commander chooses a po-
sition where he can see all the field
and his troops as they engage. The
test of his genius is in choosing the
critical moment when he will join
them. Suppose McClellan had shown
himself and ridden his lines at Chick-
amauga, the outcome might have been
different. Owing to the character of
the Wilderness, Grant had few
chances to seize opportunities of that
kind. At Spottsylvania, the night
Upton was making his assault and
breaking their lines temporarily, he
was close up, and I sat my horse not
far from him. He was mounted on
Egypt, there were two or three lines
of battle within thirty or forty paces
of each other and of him. The fire
that reached us was considerable; an
orderly carrying the headquarter
standard was killed and a solid shot
struck an oak five or six inches
through squarely, not thirty feet
from us, shivering it into broom sliv-
ers; but through it all Grant wore the
same imperturbable but somewhat
pleading face.—Atlantic.

Tensile Strength of Hair.

A human hair of average thickness
can support a load of six and one-
quarter ounces, and the average num-
ber of hairs on the head is about 30-
000. A woman's long hair has a total
tensile strength of more than five
tons, and this strength can be in-
creased one-third by twisting the hair.
The ancients made practical use of
the strength of the human hair. The
cords of the Roman catapults were
made of the hair of slaves, and it is
recorded that the free women of Car-
thage offered their luxuriant tresses
for the same use when their city was
besieged by the Romans.—Scientific
American.

Scrapple.

Scrapple is a most palatable dish
and can be kept several weeks in cold
weather. Take the head, heart and
any lean scraps of pork, boil until
the flesh slips easily from the bones;
remove the fat, gristle and bones,
then chop fine; set the liquor in
which the meat was boiled aside un-
til cold, take the cake of fat from
the surface and return to the fire;
when it boils put in the chopped
meat and season well with pepper
and salt. Let it boil again, then
thicken with corn meal as you would
in making ordinary corn mush by let-
ting it slip through the fingers slow-
ly to prevent lumps. Cook an hour,
stirring constantly at first, afterwards
putting back on the range in a po-
sition to boil gently. When done pour
in long square pan, not too deep, and
mould. Cut into slices when cold
and fry brown as you do mush.—
Boston Post.

TEMPERAMENT AND DISEASE.

There Are Five Types of Mankind, Each Pre- disposed to Certain Maladies.

In a former article some facts were
stated concerning the different tem-
peraments or types of vital action into
which mankind is divided. These are
usually reckoned as five, although
the classification is now very definitely
fixed. Each of these types is distin-
guished by a predisposition to cer-
tain maladies and by a special mode
of reaction to the poison of infectious
diseases. Those of the lymphatic or
phlegmatic temperament are sluggish
and disinclined to exercise, their mus-
cles are soft and flabby and there is
a general absence of tone in the sys-
tem. The diseases from which they
suffer are those marked by debility,
and they have often to be keyed up
with tonics, even when not really ill.

Those of the nervous type are of
small frame, active in mind and body,
light eaters and light sleepers. Their
tendency is to disease of the nervous
system. They tire easily after a
sport of work or play, but above all
things should resist the temptation to
resort to "pick-me-ups," which have
a fatally good effect for the time be-
ing. These people need sleep—but
must not resort to drugs to get it—
and peaceful vacations.

The jolly people of the sanguine
temperament, with their florid com-
plexions, their hearty appetites and
good digestions, enjoy life as it
comes. The diseases to which they
are most liable are gout and prema-
ture hardening of the arteries, with
its consequent heart and kidney trou-

bles and apoplexy. The regimen best
adapted to ward off these maladies is
a restricted diet, especially as regards
flesh food, avoidance of alcoholic be-
verages, and the drinking of plenty of
pure water to wash away waste ma-
terials.

Persons of the bilious tempera-
ment are prone to diseases of the
liver, gall-stones, intestinal indiges-
tion and constipation. They are large
consumers of food, but derive little
enjoyment from eating. They are
often much benefited by a course of
dieting and consumption of mineral
waters, after the plan developed to a
high degree by the German watering
place physicians.

The strumous type is less distinctly
a temperament than an actual ten-
dency to disease. There is little re-
parative power here; wounds heal
sluggishly, the glands in different
parts of the body often swell and
sometimes break down, the appetite
is small and digestion poor. Persons
of this type do not bear confinement
well, and are prone to become con-
sumptive unless they live much in the
open air.—Youth's Companion.

Occasionally the English railway
section laborer cooks a rabbit without
the aid of a fire. All he does is to
cover it with a thick crust of clay and
immerse it in quicklime. In about
twenty minutes he takes it out, cracks
the clay (which has baked hard) and
inside is his meal done to a turn.



Take two large white cabbages,
chopped fine, and six or eight onions
chopped fine. Mix together thorough-
ly, pack down in wide mouthed jar
or crock, and stir in a handful of
salt, allowing it to remain thus for
twenty-four hours. To a quart of
vinegar add a pound of sugar, and a
tablespoonful each of allspice, must-
ard, pepper, mace, cinnamon and
celery seed. Put into a preserving
kettle and bring to a boil, then put
in the chopped cabbage and onion
mixture and boil together five or ten
minutes, let cool and pack in glass
jars.—Indiana Farmer.

Stuffed Mangoes.

Select the largest peppers you can
procure, cut off the tops and remove
seeds. Cover with strongest salt
water and let stand two days, drain
and cover with cold water.

The filling is made of minced cab-
bage, two tablespoonfuls of grated
horseradish, two tablespoonfuls of
minced onion, mace, nutmeg and gin-
ger, of each one-half teaspoon, and a
full teaspoonful of celery seed,
ground mustard and brown sugar.
Stuff the pepper, tie on tops with
clean white twine, pack in a crock
and cover with boiling vinegar. Cover
jars and pack away.—Indiana Farmer.

Pan dowdy.

Butter a baking kettle or some
kind of an iron kettle and make a
pie crust and put into it, leaving a
small place just at the bottom of the
kettle without any crust. Then put
in some good apples, either quartered
or cored or sliced. Then lay in a few
strips of the crust and some more ap-
ples, a good large cup of maple syr-
up, a few slices of salt pork, one-
half cup of elder vinegar. Cover the
whole with pie crust and put a tight
cover on the kettle. Cook slowly
for three hours, being careful not
to scorch it. Serve with sweet cream
and maple sugar.—American Cook-
ing Magazine.

Farmhouse Apples.

Peel and core tart apples; fill the
centres with seeded raisins, chopped
citron, a little lemon peel and sugar.
Place them in a baking pan and pour
over them one-half cupful of water.
Dust the apples with sugar and bake
them in a slow oven until tender;
sprinkle bread crumbs over the top,
dust again with sugar and allow them
to remain in the oven ten minutes
longer.

Mix one tablespoonful of flour with
one-half cupful of sugar, add gradu-
ally two cups of boiling water and
boil for one minute. Take from the
fire and pour slowly over one well
beaten egg; add the juice of one-half
lemon and pour over the apples.
Serve hot.—American Cooking Mag-
azine.

Scrapple.

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in long square pan, not too deep, and
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and fry brown as you do mush.—
Boston Post.



If you have daughters teach them
to knit and spin, and to keep the
family accounts.

Wet a towel in cold water, hang
in the open window. It will cool the
air wonderfully.

If you have a family and are not
very affluent, remember that a pin
a day is a great a year.

If you lend a man or woman a
small sum, be sure to ask for it be-
fore he or she forgets it.

Five cents' worth of whitening kept
in a bathroom closet is a cheap and
quick polisher of nickel fixtures.

In cutting bread for sandwiches if
a hot instead of cold knife is used the
slices will be thinner and more easily
cut.

Old shoes make good slippers, and
need not be denied the blacking
brush because they are old indoor
servants.

Do not put too much money in
your children's pockets in going to
school. It is sowing the seeds of
prodigality.

If oilcloth is given a coat of var-
nish twice a year it wears longer, is
more easily kept clean and does not
lose the pattern.

Gather all the rose petals you can;
dry in the sun, then add a little
ground cinnamon, cloves and nut-
meg; stir well, then put in small
cheese cloth bags and place in clo-
sets, trunks or any place you wish.