

A Quaint Shop.

On one of the up town cross streets that are now almost entirely given up to business there is an antique shop owned by a man who is a good salesman. He deals in old silver and old jewelry and...

"I am sure of making a sale," he said, "if I can only get a woman to look at my goods. How do I do it? Why, it is easy enough. Every woman has old jewelry or old silver in some form, and I always tell customers that I will exchange new goods for old. That catches them every time. They will see something in my case that they are bent on turning up in a day or two with some old rings or some silver to exchange for it. New York is not a very good place for dealers like myself, however, because there are so many interested comparatively few people. For instance, take rings. There are only a few people in this city who make any pretense of collecting things. It is an expensive luxury, but to my mind there is nothing more attractive in the line of old jewelry than rings in London and Paris a dealer will sell many rings in his system, but here we must keep them for our own amusement."—New York Sun.

Ductile Iron.

An important feature in the mechanical world is predicted by a writer in Engineering for the material known as ductile iron, now being introduced. Its tensile strength is represented to be 65,000 pounds and more to the square inch, and after being heated to a dull red and plunged into cold water, it can be easily bent, showing that it takes no temper. Specimens are shown which have had portions heated and drawn out under the hammer after being twisted cold with out fracture, and a notable piece of work of the new metal is mentioned—a six-inch heavy chain, of which the links were cast open, then joined and welded without the use of flux; also valve stems, crank shafts and other similar pieces finished to pattern in a lathe and exhibiting surfaces without a blow-hole, intricate castings, too, being reproduced regularly without failure, while a very high percentage of losses has attended other methods of producing very strong castings. The main question, however, is that of cost, for there are foundries that produce castings which will stand all the above tests, but without being really cheap, as is claimed for this new metal.

Hanna's Pineapple Patch.

According to a correspondent of the Washington Star, Marcus A. Hanna owns a little pineapple patch in Dade county, Fla., which he loves to visit. "Mr. Hanna," he says, "was boarding at Palm Beach, where the hotelier changed him during the last week of the year and he stayed in the other place. He and Mr. Hanna were boarding there during the '08 season. The germ of the pineapple contagion entered his blood, and he bought an acre of pine land from Representative Linton of Michigan, where the hotelier changed him during the last week of the year and he stayed in the other place. He and Mr. Hanna were boarding there during the '08 season. The germ of the pineapple contagion entered his blood, and he bought an acre of pine land from Representative Linton of Michigan, where the hotelier changed him during the last week of the year and he stayed in the other place."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Blacksmith's Note.

The sound old proverb about the shoemaker sticking to his last receives new confirmation in a story from The Green Bag. An honest old blacksmith down in Texas, despairing of ever getting cash out of a delinquent debtor, agreed to take his note for the amount. The debtor wished to go to a lawyer and have the document drawn up, but the knight of the anvil, who had been a sheriff in days gone by, felt fully competent to draw it up himself. This he proceeded to do, with the following result: "On the first day of June I promise to pay Joemut Nite the sum of eleven dollars, and if said note be not paid on the date aforesaid, then this instrument is to be null and void and of no effect. Witness my hand, etc."

Telegraphing Through Stone.

The possibility of telegraphing through space is put to account in a most effective way for maintaining communication between the mainland and Fastnet Lighthouse, on the southwest coast of Ireland. Formerly the difficulty of carrying a telegraph cable up an exposed rock, where it was subject to constant chafing, were almost insuperable. The noncontinuous system is now used and is said to work admirably. The cable terminates in the water 60 yards off, and the electric currents sent from the shore find their way through this distance to two bare wires that dip into the sea from the rock.—Boston Journal of Commerce.

A Broken Melody.

"Dearest," he said as he swung to and fro upon the gate, "I wish I might linger here forever."

She was about to say something encouraging when he got his finger caught in the hinge and began yelling so hard that the entire neighborhood turned out to help him loose.

Literary Shark.

It is said that a shark was caught recently by the sailors of the ship Somali, at the time being of the cape of Good Hope. On the creature being opened a complete copy of a London newspaper was discovered in its body.—Boston Globe.

His Portion.

The patience, perseverance and skill common to inventors was exhibited at an early age by Eli Whitney, whose invention of the cotton gin is well known. Of the boy's passion for mechanics and his father's view of it, his sister has given the following account in Philip G. Hubert's recent book, "Inventors": "Our father had a workshop and something made wheels of different kinds, and chairs. He had a variety of tools, and a table for turning chair posts. This gave my brother the opportunity of learning the use of tools when very young. He lost no time, but as soon as he could handle tools he was always making something in the shop and seemed to prefer that to work on the farm, two or three days, on his return he inquired of the housekeeper what the boys had been doing. She told him what the elders had done. "But what has Eli been doing?" said she. "He has been making a fiddle." "Ah," said he dependently, "I fear Eli will have to take his portion in fiddles."—Hubert.

Edna's Approval.

"What am your opinion of this manual training?" she asked. "I like it very much," said Edna. "I like it very much," said Edna. "I like it very much," said Edna. "I like it very much," said Edna.

Clever Robinson.

The Italian tenor Marconi once made a visit to Robinson, during which the latter's little son came tripping eagerly into the music room and said, "This is my fista, papa, and I want a present." "What shall I give you?" asked the tenor. "A fista, papa—a new one, just like the one I have." "What an impatient little son it is!" exclaimed the great musician. "But of course you shall have your gift. Here it is," said Robinson, handing him the fista. "Nero," it seems almost incredible, says Marconi, "but then and there I witnessed and heard a most remarkable phenomenon. The maestro improvised and played a charming waltz with his left hand, giving me at the same time with his right the splendid overtone."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Rough on Shakespeare.

A local paper in Hungary published an account of the rendering of "King Lear" on the stage of a very small theater in the town where the paper appears. The Hungarian critic begins his article in this way: "The historians of literature are still at daggers drawn as to who wrote Shakespeare's piece—Shakespeare or Bacon. After tonight's performance of 'King Lear' there can not be a doubt on the matter if any one will take the trouble to look into the tombs of these two famous men. The one who still lies on his back has not written 'King Lear' at any rate, for the true author during tonight's performance must certainly have turned in his grave."—Troy Times.

He Put Out the Light.

Many stories have been told about the mistakes made by greenhorn telegraphers, but one of the worst we ever heard of that made by a young man who had received his diploma at a telegraph college. He passed an examination and was assigned a position, and the very first night carried a bad wreck. He received orders to put out his red light and give orders to conductor of No. 77 to meet No. 63 at M—, and he obeyed this important message by blowing out the light and letting No. 77 go by unimpeded, and then he wondered why the conductor did not stop to get his orders.—Pittsburg Post.

Young, but Thoughtful.

The new woman begins her career at an early age. A child of 4 was spreading butter on a cracker on the luncheon table when her grandfather—at whose stable she was remonstrated with, her telling her that that was not the proper way to do it. She was lifted her eyes, and when it was finished and she took up the cracker to eat she said quietly to nobody in particular, "Men don't always know what a best."—New York Times.

Righteous Indignation.

The Bride—Kiss me again, dear. The Groom—But, Madge, I have done nothing but kiss you for the last three hours. The Bride (bursting into tears)—Traitor, you love another!—London Tit-Bits.

Escaped by a Neck.

"Alas," she exclaimed, "I shall be thrown upon my own resources!" "In order to understand the situation it has to be known that her face was her fortune. However, her apprehensions were groundless. She was thrown upon the back of her head."—Detroit Tribune.

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Earth, the Mother of All.

To earth well founded, of all things that live Most ancient mother, I this song will give. She doth her nurture upon all bestow. On land, in air and in the sea below. With children and rich fruits, O thou divine, Men thou dost gladdest: Dip to give us thine And thine that will, Whom thou dost honor be blessed with great store of all good things shall be.

The little maidens on the soft field flowers In festive dances join. Rich golden, these Thy gifts to whom to honor thou dost please. All hail, O mother of the world, hail! Thou spouse of the starry heaven, do thou endow For proof of this my song, my minstrelsy, With might that shall all Hymns make glad for aye. And so fresh song will I attempt in praise of thee.—Academy.

Robert Fulton's Fiancee.

What Betrothal Meant to a Girl Early in the Century. For Helen Livingston there remained hardly one more year of happy girlhood. For, in the old innocent English fashion, for at that time betrothal was as sacred as marriage itself and much more restrictive of privileges. That is, the freedom of girlhood was lost and that of the matron had not come. If the lover were present, of course these restrictions were not felt, but in his absence the poor girl little more liberty than a Hindoo widow. She must not accept even the most ordinary attentions from any man, brother or brother, and she must always wear, conspicuously displayed, hanging from her neck a large and so-called "betrothal" badge, which was usually a pearl or emerald ring, and about 2 1/2 inches in size, without counting the gold bands, which were sometimes quite heavy. The betrothal ring which was worn in order for even chance to be taken of its loss or the betrothal badge of betrothal to Helen Livingston, was a diamond ring set with a large and most interesting company of American and foreign gems was expected at Clermont. Helen vainly sought her mother's permission to attend without wearing the betrothal badge. Finding that this would not be allowed and realizing that her sister's disappointment would already be great, she was obliged to wear the betrothal badge, which she was obliged to wear the betrothal badge, which she was obliged to wear the betrothal badge.

At the Church.

Bishop Williams of Marquette was recently invited to serve his alma mater, Cornell university, as university preacher. He did so, coming straight from the synod of the Canadian church at Winnipeg. And he was thinking that with him "There was a missionary bishop there," said Bishop Williams, "who had been six weeks in coming, most of the way by canoe. He rose and began by saying that he would speak for himself and for a brother bishop who, unfortunately, could not be present. He was sorry to say that his brother's diocese had gone with the dogs. A general glow followed these words. He went on to say that the bishop had found so many inquiries after religion among the Eskimo north of Hudson that he had to build a church. As there was no wood he used whale's ribs for rafters, covering them with tanned walrus hide and so made a church to fit the place. All went merrily as a marriage bell for a time until the dogs grew faint and ate the church."—Troy Times.

An Elk Horn Fence.

At Mammoth Hot Springs, in Yellowstone Park, there is a fence made of elk horns. It incloses the greater part of the grounds of Photographer F. Jay Haynes' studio. The fence is composed of over 300 selected elk horns. All of them have 13 points, and a great many have the royal 14 points. They were shed in March, 1895, and were gathered in June of the same year by Mr. Haynes and three of his men within a radius of ten miles of Mammoth Hot Springs and within four days' time. There are about 2,400 elk in the park now. Each pair of horns would bring \$1.50 at the railroad at Cinnabar, about eight miles, or at Kansas City Star.

He Knew a Thing or Two.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, a former premier of the Australian colony of Victoria, was once made the object of a peculiar embarrassment. A man on a public occasion presented himself to Sir Charles, who had been appointed to some petty government office after a campaign in which there had been questionable electoral practices. "I suppose," said Sir Charles, "that you are one of my supporters?" "Three times," answered the man, "with a wink that was impossible to misunderstand."—Pearson's Weekly.

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THE "DELIGHTFUL POISON."

Special. *Wine-making In Persia Originated.* "In the Kingdom of the Shah," by Dr. Treason's Collins, the author tells of the origin of wine-making in Persia. It was during the reign of King Jamshad that the vineyards of Shiraz, as today, were noted for the superior quality of the grapes they produced, and the intense cold of winter and extreme heat of summer—to which they were subjected. King Jamshad was exceedingly fond of Shiraz grapes, and in order to enjoy them throughout the year conceived the idea of preserving them in a jar. Preservation, of course, looked upon and found to contain a quantity of acid liquid it was looked upon as poison by the king. He placed it in bottles and labeled it as such. On a certain occasion one of his female favorites, who was sorely afflicted with a nervous headache, discovered the contents of one in the hope of getting an end to her life. The effect, however, was to throw her into a deep sleep, from which she awoke much refreshed. The result was so delightful that she frequently repeated the dose until all the supposed poison was consumed.

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OFFERED A SQUARE GAME.

A young attorney just starting out in his profession in Chicago was commissioned to collect a number of bills by a prominent tailor of the town. All these accounts were against gamblers. Some of them had been sued on and judgment had been obtained. These judgments, however, had not been collected. A liberal percentage was offered the lawyer if he could succeed in collecting any of them. The attorney had his own notion as to how to go to work on these accounts and listened to the tailor's advice about "going for them hot" with a dubious smile.

He selected a bill of \$75 for one suit of clothes against a quite noted knight of the green cloth and proceeded to try his plan. Calling on this man, he told him that he had not come to threaten him with a lawsuit or to bluff him; that if the bill was correct he would call at any time the debtor would designate for a part or the whole of the bill; that if the debtor would say so he would pay the bill the lawyer would not call again; that all he asked was a square deal; that he would call only when the debtor made an appointment to pay money, as he did not propose to inaugurate a system of "dunning."

Millions of Buttons.

A Man of Figures. *Notes Some Calculations on the Subject.* We live in an age of buttons. The people of the British Isles utilize 400,000,000 buttons every night when they prepare for bed, and next morning rebutton the same number, unless a few millions have been lost in the struggle. The world has become so accustomed to buttons that it has forgotten that there was ever a time when buttons were unknown. It is safe to say that 99 out of 100, if asked to name the date of the first button, would anticipate the actual date by several centuries. In the fourteenth century there were buttons, but they were made of wood, and were of various shapes, some being round, some square, some triangular, and some other queer shapes. They were made of wood, and were of various shapes, some being round, some square, some triangular, and some other queer shapes.

Flowers Made of Bread.

One of the latest, and certainly most effective, methods of making artificial flowers is the use of fresh bread. All that is required is a loaf of fresh bread, some wire and a little coloring matter. According to a well known maker of artificial flowers in the west end of London, this novel method is likely to supersede all others. Not only do these bread flowers look exactly like the real article when freshly made, but as the bread grows stale the flowers assume a slightly withered appearance, which is almost identical with that of a flower beginning to fade.

Hanged and Varnished.

An English custom of not so long ago was to hang smugglers on gibbets arranged along the coasts and then tar the bodies that they might be preserved a long while as a warning to other culprits. As late as 1842 three men thus varnished could have been seen hanging before Dover castle. Sometimes the process was extended to robbers, assassins, incendiaries and other criminals. John Painter, who fired the dockyard at Portsmouth, was first hanged and then tarred in 1776. His disfigurement was given a fresh coating of varnish. This was made to last for many years.

Whisker's Delicious Concoction.

An old lady, lauding up the Thames scenery, said to Whisker, "The whole trip along the river was like a series of your superb clippings." "Yes," he replied, "nature is creeping up."—McClure's Magazine.

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