RESOURCEFUL SMITH.

Here Is the Scheme by Which He Grew Rich Shoeing Horses.

"I lived at a little crossroads hamlet which was not even a postoffice, on the line between New York state and Pennsylvania," said a story teller to a Sioux City Journal reporter. "Of course, there was a blacksmith shop there. In those days the blacksmith's trade was a notoriously good one. All the blacksmiths got rich with their horse, mule and ox shoeing, and the wagon and the other repair work which they did. Most of the blacksmiths combined with their other work wagon repairing and even wagon making. There were very few big wagon factories in those days, and a good hand made wagon cost big money. When they were doing nothing else, they would make wagons, and when there was lots of transient work the wagons took to wait. This were fine shop was a busy place. There was no tavern there, but the blacksmith also had a cider press, and he made the cider for all the farmers for miles around. But neither cider nor the profits of the shop could account for the rapid way in which he accumulated wealth. As is well known, apple cider, if allowed to stand long enough, will become hard, and after that it will turn into vinegar.

"This cider dealer always had plenty of hard cider on hand, but never had any vinegar for sale. The farmers and others who stopped at his place could always get a drink of hard cider, which they took out of a tin dipper at 10 cents a drink, and the size of the drink was something which attracted very little attention. Hardly any kind of beverage is more intoxicating than hard cider. It is a good deal like champagne in one respect. You can drink a great deal of it one day, and the next day you will be awfully sick and sorry, and a good deal drunker than when you went to bed. The blacksmith required no license to sell hard cider, and he worked the game to the limit. His place became very popular, and the farmers came from many miles around in both states to get their horses shod at his place. Many of them would come home drunk, and their wives began to protest. They always had to have some excuse for having visited the state line shop, and so the blacksmith, after supplying them with a few dipperfuls of hard cider, would take the shoes off their beasts and put on new ones, whether they needed it or not. For this service he would charge a good round price, while in many instances it was noticed he made no charge for the cider.

"But, as is the way of all flesh, this blacksmith died one day, and then his business secrets came out. He left an estate of over $80,000, and in the cellar of the cider press a great number of empty whisky barrels were found. For years he had been putting whisky into his cider and had been setting new shoes on nearly every horse which came along, willy nilly."—Washington Star.

Methods of the Blind.

The blind man has to depend almost entirely on the accuracy of his ears to guide him wherever he may wish to go, and it is remarkable in what a short time he becomes familiar with a new locality and fresh surroundings.

Few people are aware of the powers of the ear, but the blind, through constant exercise of that organ, are able to discover objects almost as rapidly as a seeing person.

For instance, when walking in a perfect calm, he can ascertain the proximity of objects by the feeling of the atmosphere upon his face. It would seem at first that the echo given back were it only from his breathing might be sensible to his ear, but it has been ascertained by experiment that a blind man with his ears stopped can tell when any large object is close to his face, even when it approaches so slowly as not to cause any sensible current of air.

When he is walking along the street, he can tell whether it is wide or narrow, whether the houses are high or low, if any opening which he may be passing is a court closed up at the end or whether it has an outlet to another street, and he can tell by the sound of his footsteps in what lane or court or square he is.

He goes along boldly, seeming to see with his ears and to have landmarks in the air. Of course no blind man likes to go over a new route unattended, but after he has traversed it once he knows every point of importance to him.—Pearson's Weekly.

Quite a Simple Matter.

Jilkins is the factotum of an artist who has made some noise in the world and is quite as important a personage, in his own estimation, as his master. One day a lady called on the artist in the absence of the latter and was received by Jilkins.

"Dear me," she cried, glancing first at an incomplete picture and then at Jilkins, "I declare it is very much like you!"

"It is me," said Jilkins, with a superior air. "I sits for all his old men. That's what he's specially good at."

"You must be a very useful person to your employer," observed the visitor. "So you think that Mr. Blank, R. A., is especially good at old men?"

"Yes. Cos why? Cos he's got nothing to do! I order his frames, wash his brushes, set his palettes, mix his colors and sit there for him to look at. How can he help being good? He's got nothing to do but shave the paint off!"—Strand Magazine.

Cats and Fish.

A sea captain tells of his sailing in southern seas where flying fish abound. They would sometimes, in their flight in the night, come aboard the ship and drop to the deck. He had three cats that, though they were lying asleep below, would hear the sound whenever a fish struck the deck and would rush up to get it. They distinguished this from all other sounds. The crew tried to imitate it in various ways, but could not deceive the cats.

LULLABY.

A dear little head of golden hair
Pillowed against my breast,
A dear little smile on her face so fair—
My darling, sweetly rest!

Two dear little eyes of beauty blue,
With their lids to my lips close pressed,
A dear little heart that beats so true—
My darling, sweetly rest!

A dear little face has my little boy,
A dear little form to caress,
A dear little one that gives me joy—
Sleep, darling, and take your rest!

—Nay Smith Eggleston in Detroit Free Press.

SEEBACH AND THE AGENT.

A German Story of an American Attempt to Boom a Sewing Machine.

The following story, which was published in German in connection with the death of Marie Seebach, the noted German actress, shows very well the conception of American affairs which still prevails in Germany to a certain extent. Seebach was here more than 20 years ago, and it is scarcely possible that such an incident as is described would have taken place then, but many such stories are told in Germany today as illustrative of American enterprise.

According to this reminiscence Marie Seebach one day received a message that a gentleman wished to see her. She told the servant to send him to her drawing room in the hotel, and when he arrived he introduced himself as a certain Colonel Smith. Then he plunged at the object of his visit and said that he represented a certain well known make of sewing machines.

"I have already heard," he said, "that you are a great artist. I want to find out if you are a good business woman as well. Do you want to make some money?"

"Oh, I've no objections to make it that," she said, "if it is possible in a perfectly correct and dignified way."

"Oh, it's in the most correct way possible that I propose," the visitor continued, "and I offer you $10,000 for doing it."

"What have I to do in return?" asked Seebach.

"Nothing in the world," the colonel replied, and as he noticed the expression of astonishment on her face he went on: "I told you that I came from a sewing machine company—one of the largest in the world. All that I demand of you in return for the $10,000 is that as Marguerite in the spinning wheel scene from 'Faust' you will use one of our sewing machines instead of the wheel, and just keep it in motion for a few seconds. Then we would let handbills drop from the gallery, saying that the machine used by Marie Seebach was made by our firm."

The actress is said to have hesitated for a second, but, in the end, her respect for Goethe's tragedy is described as the feeling which saved her artistic reputation.

This story is of a type that disappeared from general use 40 years ago. It is of the kind told about P. T. Barnum in the earlier days of his career, but stories of the kind still pass muster in Europe, although a press agent who attempted anything of the kind in this country would soon lose his job.—New York Sun.

The Use of the Great Toe.

The negroes of the West Indies use the great toe constantly in climbing. Several years ago, while spending some time at one of the famous resorts in Jamaica, I had an opportunity to observe the skill with which the black women, who do a great part of the menial labor, carried stone, mortar and other building materials on their heads to the top of a five story tower, a part of the hotel not then finished.

Much of the morning sentiment with which they (women and girls) chased each other up and down the long ladders, with heavy loads skillfully poised on their woolly pates, was due to the firmness with which they grasped each rung of the ladders with the great toe. They did not place the ball of the hollow of the foot on the rung, but the groove at the junction of the great toe with the body of the foot, and they held fast by making the back of the other toes affect the other gripping surface. In much the same way the Abyssinian native cavalry grasp the stirrup. And I have seen a one armed Sahto Domingan black, astride the near ox in a wheel yoke, guiding a lead mule with a rein held between his great and second toes, while his only arm was devoted to cracking his teamster's whip.—Overland Monthly.

Endless Hardship.

As a gladiator trained the body, so must we train the mind to self surrender, "to endure all things, to dare and overcome difficulty and danger. We must take the rough and thorny roads as well as the smooth and pleasant, and a portion at least of our daily duty must be hard and disagreeable, for the mind cannot be kept strong and healthy in perpetual sunshine, duty, and the most dangerous of all states is that of constantly recurring pleasure, ease and prosperity. Most persons will find difficulties and hardships enough without seeking them. Let them not repine, but take them as a part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at its highest good.—New York Ledger.

Target Fights.

"You men are too cold blooded and mercenary," said a young woman to a reporter, according to the Indianapolis Journal. "If you cannot make an earnest fight for principle as women do—"

"Ah," replied the man with a gift for epigram, "then I am to infer that it is principle that makes you grasp so earnestly at the bargain counter."

Walnuts are supposed by some folks to cure rheumatism and toothache, and for this purpose they say should be carried in the pocket.

If some people would laugh more their doctors' bills would be less.

Women and Men's Clothes.

Ovida believes that, instead of going into society, women would be better employed in applying their minds to "dressing themselves, their children and their men." She says in The Cosmopolitan:

"I do not think men would long resist a feminine effort on the parted women to introduce some better male costume than that which at present makes the streets and the drawing rooms hideous—that is, if the effort were general, sustained and persuasive. The trouser is the enfeebling point in modern male attire of vigilance, endurance, unamiability and intelligent stupidity. The chimney pot is the more hideous, but I think the trouser is the more offensive portion of masculine clothing. It would make a gley of Apollo's self.

It would be interesting to know what most men would say to the proposition that their wives design the clothes they should wear. Imagine the predicament of an esthetic wife with a taste for mauve spike tails and a refractory husband with a horror of attracting notice. The number of combinations is bewildering to contemplate. Ovida is quite right about the trouser, but a mind built to dwell upon flounces can't possibly—would it be entirely safe to trust such a mind with the grim problem of the trouser, the baggy vest, the stern silk hat?

It is doubtful. Best leave man's garments to the tailor—and to the bicycle, which is already doing a great work in exterminating the hated trouser.—Philadelphia Times.

Railway Vibration.

Annoyance and temporary discomfort are small things in the schedule of all chargeable to vibration and noise on railways and the wrecking and terrible roller of many of our cities. The noise of the elevated railways has caused conversation in college and what is equivalent to conversation in adults. One lady of somewhat delicate organization has frequently gone home her feet on approach of a train and found herself trembling so that in the middle of the floor she was unsteadied. It seems to me that a scientifically constructed and well balanced locomotive should be free from this, and that a series of popular lectures should be given on the subject of the nuisance. This is the only train that so affected the officer, and she was obliged to leave the neighborhood on account of it. In ordinary railway travel speed is the most important thing to be looked for, and the noise attending the great rapidity with which the train moves is really a secondary consideration. Medical specialists who are giving attention to this subject are beginning to demand for their patients, especially those who find it necessary to take long journeys for their health, accommodations in which due regard is had for quiet and freedom from that vibration which affects the nervous system. Special routes are mapped out and certain lines are avoided because of the irritation by the clatter and swaying of the trains.—New York Ledger.

He Still Needed Her.

A pathetic little tribute to a wife's tact and self forgetfulness was given by an old New Hampshire farmer.

The couple had lived happily together for nearly 50 years, and when the wife died her husband seemed utterly unable at first to act or think for himself. The funeral was taken in charge by an energetic neighbor, according to rites who were present everything was conducted with propriety. One of the neighbors stopped to speak to the poor old widower when the last offices at the grave had been performed.

"William," she said, laying a kindly hand on her old friend's shoulder, "I think everything was beautiful. It was just such a funeral as Mary wished, I am sure."

"You mean well, Mis' Snowden, I know," said the old man, looking up at her with dim eyes, "but you don't take it in as I do. Now Ellen couldn't see to everybody's comfort as Mary would have. Why, I've thought a dozen times today if Mary was only here to tend to this funeral seems to me I could almost bear to have lost her."—Youth's Companion.

He Forgot the Instructions.

A Georgia man who had made a flying machine offered a negro $10 to make a trial trip in it.

The negro agreed, got in position, had the machine were loosed by block and tackle about 20 feet from terra firma.

When the rope was loosened, the machine took a sudden slanting course toward earth and plunged into an adjacent millpond.

It disappeared with the negro beneath the water, while the terrified man stood shrinking for assaults.

Presently the negro came bobbed up serenely, and he struck out for dry land. On arriving his first spontaneous words were:

"In de name er God, Marse John, why didn't you tell dat fool thing wher to light?"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Juggernaut.

The ghastly stories told of images of the Indian fanatics who at the religious festivals throw themselves beneath wheels of the Juggernaut are for the most part imaginative or at any rate greatly exaggerated. These festivals, which sometimes attract as many as ten thousand pilgrims, are largely peopled in boat of fakirs, who stand these shows very purely and dental.

The tallest captain in the British army is Captain Cowell Amos. He is captain in the Second Life Guards and stands well over six feet 8 inches in height.

An extraordinary find of French and English armor, dating from the time of the crusades, has been made at Constantinople.

Evening Dress Into Street Car.

He swung aboard a Walnut Hills night car at Fifth street and was evidently angry at having had a long wait, for he complained in undertone some about tired men having to stand on street corners. When he stepped inside and saw every seat taken, a disappointed look came over his face, and he grabbed for a strap with a deep groan. Luck was coming his way, however, for at Eighth street a man near the door got out, and the tired man sank into his place with a sigh of relief. The car then proceeded to the opposite side of the street and stopped to take on a man and a woman. The passengers looked up curiously at seeing a couple in full dress climb aboard. A pale blue silk dress, low cut, and with short sleeves, adorned the woman, and her escort was got up in immaculate dress togs. The man was very gallant and looked about for a seat for the woman, even trying to get some ladies to sit closer and make room. When this failed, he approached the tired man who had got on at Fifth street and asked him if he would have any objection to giving up his seat. The other looked up in amazement and said in a drawl way that he did object. The man then said:

"I think it is very mean in you to allow a lady to stand in a car."

Quick as a flash the tired man burst out:

"I think it's —— mean in you to make her ride in a street car in that dress."

Roars of laughter from the passengers followed. The couple alighted at the next street, and the tired man seemed quite sick and repose.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cured by Sight of His Gravestone.

The influence of mind over body is well illustrated in this story from a northern Pennsylvania town, and which is said to be vouched for on good authority.

A man well along in years became ill, and the physician told the members of the family that there was no possible chance for his recovery. They were advised to prepare for the worst, and finally death was regarded as a matter of a very few hours. A wind disposed attendant made all preparations to prepare the body for burial as soon as it surrendered its hold upon life, in order to have the clothes ready for immediate use they were brought into the sick room. The sick man opened his eyes and his glance rested on the clothes. He recognized them instantly, and the import of the proceedings flashed through his enfeebled mind. When the energy was left in his system was caused him and there to utter an emphatic exclamation that wouldn't look well in print. Perhaps the attendant was surprised. Some say she chased from having a fit, but that doesn't matter.

From the moment that the sick man discovered his grave clothes peering on the back of a chair his condition was a marked improvement in his condition, and he has since enjoyed many years of robust health.—Kennet Square Journal.

Shetland Wool.

The chief characteristic of Shetland hosiery is its extreme softness of wool. This wool is obtained from the native Shetland sheep, an animal of decidedly meager appearance, and which a southern cotton master would be inclined to "lease some of." Nevertheless this humble beast, picking up a scanty living on the bleak hillsides where its larger relatives would starve, produces wool of rare delicacy, and when it is mentioned that the natural colors vary from black and white to an endless variety of grays, browns, fawns and shades of many shades (doubtless the reader will be seen that the Shetland people have made their hay while the sun shines of the most suitable kind for their purpose.

In connection with the subject of the wool the question of taking it from the sheep is worthy of note. It never occurs to the shearer to cut it off, but a pair of scissors is used, and the fleece is taken off whole. It is then washed from the backs of the animals, it being argued that shearing would be detrimental to the quality of every succeeding fleece, and of course to keep the yield of wool as fine as possible is a great desideratum. The picking referred to is usually supposed to strengthen so to be a great experiment, but in reality the sheep seem to suffer no more from it than from ordinary shearing.—Chambers Journal.

They Owned the Flats.

A resident of the Washington Heights district in search of a new home visited a neighboring real estate agent.

"Have you any children?" asked the agent.

"None."

"Then I can recommend you to some of the finest apartments houses in the city. They are A1. They are extremely quiet and in the old residence. We desire to keep them so, and for that reason we bar children."

The gentleman selected a flat and moved in. During the week he moved out again. This was the cause:

"I thought you said there were no children in those flats," said he to the agent.

"There aren't."

"Why, the woods are full of 'em."

"Oh, those are the janitor's children."—New York Commercial.

Best Diamond Investment.

"I don't like to see young men wasting their money on diamond rings for me," said a young woman.

"Neither do I," replied the other, "especially when so many of them would rather have diamond frames."—Indianapolis Journal.

Seventeen daily and weekly papers are published in the English language in Japan and over 100 on the Asiatic continent which in all these countries there is only one German paper, the Ostasiatische Lloyd. A weekly German paper is soon to be issued in Japan.

A SOAP BUBBLE.

The Relation of Its Varying Thinness to the Colors It Shows.

The extreme tenuousness of the bubble is indeed wonderful. It is estimated that the film in some places is only one three-millionths of an inch in thickness. Professor Jevons in an course of such thickness, not one expressed it immediately way. The Irish and the New Testament contain about 3,000,000 letters. Now one thousandth part of such a part of an iron are the last letter of the Bible in a part of the earth of all of its letters.

The bubble, however, is not of equal thickness at all points, and it is this fact which has led various scientists. For instance, wherever the film is orange and red measures about three-millionths of an inch, where it is blue, slightly one-millionths of an inch, and at a point where it is green it is about twenty one-millionths of an inch. Perhaps you wonder why the colors change from one part of the soap bubble to another. This is because the film of the soap bubble corporates and grows thinner, not uniformly so at different portions. A gentleman who with a pipe made red spot near it indicates an extreme thinness, and at such a point the film is ready to give way at the least jar.

You will be glad to know the source of the wonderful colors. Everyone is delighted with them, even if not interested in the explanation of their origin. We may say that they come from the light. Light grows color all objects are and exactly as it does to the soap bubble. White light from the sun can be broken into the seven colors which we have seen in the rainbow. In that instance the raindrops separate it into its parts. A glass prism will do the same as you may prove by looking through a glass pendant from a hanging lamp. When the light reaches the surface of the soap bubble, a part is reflected from it. And one ray passes on its way. As if it were a curved mirror. Another part of the light, broken into its parts, is reflected, and is separated so that parts of the spectrum colors are thrown into the bubble and we can see them at various points on the opposite surface. Another part of the light after being broken up, is refracted by the bubble