



THE AWAKENING OF MARY BLAKE

GOOD natured Mary Blake was a domestic in a family at Oak Park, where she had lived more years than she had fingers on both hands, and she was as much an integral force of that family as the head of it, Mr. Munson. The one hope of these good people was that Mary Blake would never either resign or die. One horn of the dilemma would have been as serious to them as the other.

Mary Blake—she was called by her full name to distinguish her from Mary Munson, the daughter of the family—was as much attached to the people she had lived with so many years as it is possible for those who are neither kin nor kin to their employers, and she was perfectly satisfied with her place and position, with no foolish ideas about "culture" or "aspirations" after the unreachables. She was, however, a model domestic, a cook that would put to shame the greatest chef in the country with her well-seasoned dishes, an excellent landlady, and when there was sickness a capable nurse. Added to these rare qualities was honesty and a fairly good temper. A little stolid, perhaps, and fond of her own way, which was such a good one that it needed no interference. This was the aggregate of Mary Blake's virtues and the Munsons depended on her to such an extent that it really seemed as if any member of the family could have been spared with less friction to its running gear.

One morning—in the eleventh year of her reign—Mary Blake came to grief. She went out the back way with a pitcher in her hand, walked a block or two, on an errand to neighboring grocery store, and returned, fell on a piece of defective sidewalk, where she lay helpless, dazed and badly hurt. She was taken to a hospital by order of a physician, where a serious dislocation of the hip was reduced by the surgeons, and she was laid on a white cot in a private ward, where the Munsons visited her every day, and held themselves responsible for all expenses.

It troubled them much to see their faithful domestic suffer, but under their grief lurked the hope that Mary Blake was not permanently injured, but would return to them, and they did everything in their power to make her convalescence a speedy one. Then a great scheme entered Mr. Munson's head. He feared that they never appreciated the services of this excellent domestic, and he nursed and fondled and nurtured that scheme until at the end of six weeks Mary Blake walked in upon them. She looked white and limped slightly, but after she had taken off her things and given one look around the kitchen the girl who had supplied her place said she was ready to leave, and the cat retired under the range.

Then Mr. Munson unfolded his scheme. He sent for Mary Blake when seated at the breakfast table with the family.

"How are you feeling now?" he asked considerably.

"I'm all right, sir," she answered briefly, not being given to many words.

"Oh, no, not all right. You limp a little yet."

"But it don't hurt a bit. I'm as right as I'll ever be."

"That's it, Mary," said Mr. Munson, "you will never again be well; you've received a shock that you will never get over. You will always be lame and feel the effects of the fall."

"If you're meaner than I can't do my work or earn my wages just say so my'll be leavin' at once," and Mary

Blake gave her little sort of defiance that suggested temper.

"It has cost you," continued Mr. Munson, "all the money you had saved up for hospital expenses and doctor's bills—supposing you had to pay it—and was a loss to us of—let me see—at least \$2 a day."

"Am I worth the likes of that?" asked the "girl," with a look of surprise.

"Oh, those are imaginary figures," said Mr. Munson, who saw he had made a mistake. "Now, Mary, I am a lawyer, and I advise you to sue the town for damages. I will conduct your case, and there will be no trouble in getting a snug sum of money that will keep you in your old age without working. It will be a long time to then, but the money will draw interest, and it's only fair that you should have your rights."

Then Mr. Munson explained that the town owned that particular piece of sidewalk; that it was defective, causing the fall; that he had secured several witnesses who saw her fall, and that his own family would go into court and swear to the large bill of hospital expenses and the value of her services.

It took Mary Blake a long time to get the idea into her head, but once there it took complete possession of her, and the discharged girl had to be recalled to assist in the household, and the kitchen became a scene of wrangling and discontent. Mary Blake was despotic among her own class of people, and no wonder; she found no one who could carry out her plan of work as it should be done, and with a

son when her caller had gone, "at the rapid pace she is going now Mary's damage fund won't last a great while, and when it is gone she may get back her common sense and her usefulness. Until then we must worry along with substitutes."—Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

INCOMES OF SUCCESSFUL INVENTORS

Large Fortunes Derived From the Invention of Trivialities.

Some of the largest fortunes appear to have been derived from the invention of trivialities and novelties, such as the once popular toy known as "Dancing Jimcrow," which for several years is said to have yielded its patentee an annual income of upward of \$75,000. The sale of another toy, "John Gilpin"—enriched its lucky inventor to the extent of \$100,000 a year as long as it continued to enjoy the unexpected popularity that greeted it when first placed upon the market.

Mr. Plimpton, the inventor of the roller skate, made \$1,000,000 out of his idea, and the gentleman who first thought of placing a rubber tip at the end of lead pencils made quite \$100,000 a year by means of his simple improvement.

When Harvey Kennedy introduced the shoe lace he made \$2,500,000, and the ordinary income of upward of six people by as much as \$100,000,000. The Howard patent for boiling sugar in vacuo proved a lucrative investment for the capitalists who were able to remunerate the inventor on a colossal scale. It is estimated that his income averaged between \$200,000 and \$250,000 per annum.

Sir Josiah Mason, the inventor of the improved steel pen, made an enormous fortune, and on his death English charities benefited by many millions of dollars. The patentee of the pen for shading in different colors derived a yearly income of about \$200,000 from this ingenious contrivance. It is stated that the wooden ball with an elastic attached yielded over \$50,000 a year. Many readers will remember a legal action which took place some years ago, when in the course of the evidence it transpired that the inventor of the metal plates used for protecting the soles and heels of shoes from wear sold 12,000,000 of them in 1879, and in 1887 the number reached a total of 143,000,000, which realized profits of \$1,150,000 for the year.

The lady who invented the modern baby carriage enriched herself to the extent of \$50,000, and a young lady living at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, devised the simple little requisite known as the "Mary Anderson" curling iron, from which she derives royalties amounting to \$500 a year. It was the wife of a clergyman who designed an improvement for the corset and made a fortune out of it. The gilt-pointed pen, the idea of a little girl, brought many millions of dollars to the clever inventor. Miss Knight, a young lady of exceptional talents, was gifted with wonderful mechanical powers, as will be seen by the complicated mechanism of her machine for making paper bags. We are told she refused \$50,000 for it shortly after taking out the patent.—Scientific American.

Why One Taleman Was Scratched.

In a certain case the Judge ordered the Sheriff to call the roll of thirty-five "good men and true" selected for jury duty. Only twenty-two answered to their names. The Sheriff looked somewhat inquiringly at the Judge, but the latter was calmly wiping his glasses while he uttered the customary: "Any desiring to be excused from service on this jury will now come forward."

Twenty-two men made a movement forward, and the clerk stopped in his regard to those who had failed to respond to the summons to look in wonder at the entire venire desiring to escape.

"Well," said the Judge, speaking to a long thin, nervous looking young man, "why do you wish to be excused?"

"If it please your Honor," answered the aforesaid individual, "I'd like to be excused on account of illness. I'm suffering from something that might prove embarrassing to the other jurors, and it is certainly embarrassing to me."

"What is the nature of your illness?" asked the Judge.

"Well, said the young man, hesitatingly, "I'd prefer to tell you in private. I'm somewhat delicate about speaking of it in public."

"I cannot hear anything in private," responded the Judge impatiently. "If you want to be excused you must tell me here and now what is the matter with you."

"Well, if I must tell it here—I have the itch."

"The itch?" echoed the Judge, and, turning to the clerk, without marking how apropos his observation was, he said: "Mr. Jones, scratch the juror off."

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Plague of Housewives: Joy of Botanists.

The housekeeper who finds a layer of gray-green mold covering her preserves when she removes the lid from the jar is so far from seeing anything interesting, much less beautiful, in it, that she throws it away in disgust. But if she would examine it with a microscope, as the botanist does, she would find it a mass of fungus plants, with branches of delicate, frost-like tracery and as dainty and clean in the midst of decay as are the lilies in a stagnant swamp.

The mold that thus annoys fruit canpers is the most common of the species. It grows in the form of a grayish-green mat, which gives off a fine dust consisting of millions of spores that correspond to the seeds of larger plants. The spores sprout in every direction on the surface on which they lie, and a little later the spouts turn and grow upward.—Philadelphia Record.

When seated at the breakfast table with the family.

"How are you feeling now?" he asked considerably.

"I'm all right, sir," she answered briefly, not being given to many words.

"Oh, no, not all right. You limp a little yet."

"But it don't hurt a bit. I'm as right as I'll ever be."

"That's it, Mary," said Mr. Munson, "you will never again be well; you've received a shock that you will never get over. You will always be lame and feel the effects of the fall."

"If you're meaner than I can't do my work or earn my wages just say so my'll be leavin' at once," and Mary

Blake gave her little sort of defiance that suggested temper.

"It has cost you," continued Mr. Munson, "all the money you had saved up for hospital expenses and doctor's bills—supposing you had to pay it—and was a loss to us of—let me see—at least \$2 a day."

"Am I worth the likes of that?" asked the "girl," with a look of surprise.

"Oh, those are imaginary figures," said Mr. Munson, who saw he had made a mistake. "Now, Mary, I am a lawyer, and I advise you to sue the town for damages. I will conduct your case, and there will be no trouble in getting a snug sum of money that will keep you in your old age without working. It will be a long time to then, but the money will draw interest, and it's only fair that you should have your rights."

Then Mr. Munson explained that the town owned that particular piece of sidewalk; that it was defective, causing the fall; that he had secured several witnesses who saw her fall, and that his own family would go into court and swear to the large bill of hospital expenses and the value of her services.

USE OF WASTE MATERIAL

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS DUG OUT OF SCRAP PILES.

Innumerable Cast Off Things Are Recycled From the Garbage Dumps and Made Into Articles of Commercial Value—Little Wasted in the Industrial World.

One of the time-honored jokes at the Chicago Stockyards is that every part of a pig is saved except its squeal. Men in the packing business have added their names to the list of millionaires because they discovered methods for utilizing that which had been thrown away as waste material. Great factories are running the year round in Chicago whose raw material is the cast-off stuff gathered by scavengers and rag men. Men of science are ever at work tearing by-products and waste material to pieces to re-group the elements into new material which has a commercial or industrial value. Little is wasted in the industrial world.

Old iron is worked over into new iron. Linen rags are reintermated and live as paper. Woolen rags are shredded and made into shoddy. Bones are made into bone black, to clarify sugar syrup. Old rubbers, bits of garden hose, exploded bicycle tires, and cast-offs in which rubber is a part are made over into new rubber. Worn steel rails are re-rolled into lighter sections. Old rusty pipe is drawn down into bright new pipe. The tin cans which are gathered up in alleys and from garbage boxes are melted down and cast into window sash weights and counter weights for bascule bridges.

The blood which runs into the slaughter-house wells is transformed into sugar, and the process is continued until the pipe is down to the required diameter. Then the new pipe is straightened and is ready for the market.

Steel rails which have been hammered and flattened by the huge drivers of locomotives are heated and re-rolled through the finishing passes of a rail mill. This process, of course, reduces the size of the rail, but it saves the life of the rail at comparatively slight expense. Old steel rails and the saved off ends of new steel rails are made into bars, narrow both, plow beams, tire, spring steel and other forms and shapes used by makers of agricultural implements, wagons and carriages.

The rails are cut by huge power shears into convenient lengths and heated in a furnace. For making plow beams the pieces of rail are passed through rolls, which reshape the head and flange to the required shape. If it is desired to make bars the pieces of rail first pass through the slitting rolls, which slit the rail into three pieces—the head, web and flange. The head is worked down into squares, rounds and other forms of bars; the web is rolled down to narrow tooth steel, baby carriage spring steel, light rounds and spoke steel; the flange is rolled into flats and spring steel. Thousands of tons of old Bessemer steel rail have been transformed into merchant steel and agricultural shapes.

In the copper district of Montana, scrap iron, a waste material, and the water, which might be called waste material, from a copper mine, are brought together to save the copper, which is carried off in the water. Some years ago some iron tools were left for a time in the stream of water which flowed from one of the large copper mines. A miner passing saw that the iron had disappeared and that copper had taken its place.

Being a clever man, he made some experiments, and soon satisfied himself that there was a fortune in the water which had been running away unheeded ever since the mine was opened. He bought scrap iron and tin cans and placed them in tanks into which he ran the water from the mine, and in time the iron, by chemical action, "caught" the copper which was afterward refined.

Railroad companies, large manufacturers and the "captains of industry" are ever on the lookout for ways and methods to turn waste material into useful by-products. Fortunes are hidden in garbage boxes and millions of dollars are waiting to be dug out of the scrap piles.—Malcolm McDougal, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Argument From Precedent.

Lincoln was once arguing a case against an opponent who tried to convince the jury that precedent is superior to law, and that custom makes things legal in all cases. Lincoln's reply, given in Miss Ida Tarbell's life of the great war President, was one of his many effective analogies in the form of a story.

Lincoln told the jury that he would argue the case in the same way as his opponent, and began:

"Old Squire Bagby, from Menard, came into my office one day and said: 'Lincoln, I want your advice as a lawyer. Has a man what's been elected justice of the peace a right to issue a marriage license?'

"I told him not; whereupon the old squire threw himself back in his chair very indignantly and said: 'Lincoln, I thought you was a lawyer. Now, Bob Thomas and me had a bet on this thing, and we agreed to let you decide; but if this is your opinion, I don't want it, for I know a thund'rin' sight better. I've been a squire eight years, and have done it all the time.'

Germany's colonies are five times as big as herself, those of France eighteen times and Britain's ninety-seven times bigger than herself.

Scotland has 146 parishes without paupers, poor-rates, or public houses.

Blake gave her little sort of defiance that suggested temper.

"It has cost you," continued Mr. Munson, "all the money you had saved up for hospital expenses and doctor's bills—supposing you had to pay it—and was a loss to us of—let me see—at least \$2 a day."

"Am I worth the likes of that?" asked the "girl," with a look of surprise.

"Oh, those are imaginary figures," said Mr. Munson, who saw he had made a mistake. "Now, Mary, I am a lawyer, and I advise you to sue the town for damages. I will conduct your case, and there will be no trouble in getting a snug sum of money that will keep you in your old age without working. It will be a long time to then, but the money will draw interest, and it's only fair that you should have your rights."

Then Mr. Munson explained that the town owned that particular piece of sidewalk; that it was defective, causing the fall; that he had secured several witnesses who saw her fall, and that his own family would go into court and swear to the large bill of hospital expenses and the value of her services.

THEY ARE HEAD HUNTERS.

Motives of the Mountain Fastnesses of Upper Luzon.

Far back in the mountain fastnesses of Cagayan, in upper Luzon, is a tribe of irreconcilables known as Kalingas or "head hunters," from their horrible practice of cutting off the heads of all their prisoners. An interesting sketch of these bloodthirsty people is contained in a recent account of an expedition into their stronghold, under the leadership of Senior Constabulary Inspector Frank Geere, stationed at Tuguegarao, province of Cagayan.

"The Kalingas," says Inspector Geere, "are non-Christians and very primitive people. Their intelligence is of a limited order, though they are sharp, shrewd, lithe and active. They are never sleep at nights in order to guard against attack. Their methods of attack are by stealth, hurling a spear from the dense 'ogon' at the unsuspecting traveler, stopping into his tracks from concealment in the jungle, and splitting his head with a 'plapapang' or headax, a weapon with a concave edge and a long hook behind to aid in climbing mountains. The head of the victim is then lugged off with this ax and carried to the village, where it is placed on a pole planted in the earth, around which the hunter, feasting in their houses for nine days, planting sharpened wooden stakes in the trails and grass bordering them, around their houses, or in other vantage places. They are said to sometimes poison water, but I do not believe this is a common practice. They take the women and children of their enemies captive. They are stalwart, finely built men, expert mountaineers, and their clothes are a gaudy and gaudy toga. Their arms are barbed spears, axes and wooden shields. They cultivate rice, maize, sweet potatoes, tobacco, and other produce in small quantities, and the wilder ones grow only such produce as they need for their own sustenance. Those living in proximity to the civilized native are more industrious and less warlike, having adopted some of their customs, though not their religion. These have incurred the enmity of the wilder settlements, and are referred to in my report as 'friendlyes.'—Washington Star.

An English Legend.

The various old legends connected with places are more easily forgotten in London than in the provinces. How many, for instance, of the crowd that swarmed on the banks of Putney and Fulham to watch the boat race knew or recalled the old fairy story which accounts for the naming of these two districts? The story goes that two giants were each building a church on opposite sides of the river (and there stand the churches now to give verisimilitude to the legend). Between them they could only muster one hammer, so when the Surrey giantess wished to drive a nail she called to her friend, "Put it right," and when the Middlesex giantess next dealt with a nail she shouted, "Send it full home." Thus the churches and the districts came to be known as Fulham and Putney, while the story goes on to tell how the head of the hammer was broken, so that the friends were obliged to go in search of a smith, who, being found, gave the name to yet another district—Hammersmith. This is an excellent example of the phonetic method of interpretation of names which is accountable for many interesting legends transmitted to us from the past.

Know the Source of His Support.

Speaking of campaign deceptions we are reminded of an election held in a Confederate company during the Civil War. A rather egotistic member decided to run for a lieutenantcy which was vacant. The member, whom we will call Dick, went to his messmate, whom we will call Jack, and asked his help in the election. Jack promised to work for his friend, and assured him that he could be elected. When the ballots were counted Dick found that he had received only one vote, his opponent receiving all the other votes. Indignant over such a defeat Dick approached Jack and exclaimed: "I thought you were my friend and you promised to elect me for me."

Answered Jack, composedly: "I am your friend and I did my level best to elect you. But the boys who promised me that they would vote for you went back on their promises. I, however, still did my best and put in one vote for you."

Rubies in Place of Ashes.

Metals may be burned for the sake of the heat and light they produce, just as ordinary fuels are burned. As said Professor Roberts-Austen, in a recent discourse at the Royal Institution, London. But the burning of metals, he proceeded to show, differed from that of ordinary fuels in that the products of combustion are not gaseous but solid. "The burning of aluminum gives sapphires and rubies in the place of ashes." An instance of burning metal for the sake of light is furnished by the "magnesium star," a contrivance by which a shell packed with magnesium and attached to a parachute is fired electrically high in the air, thus producing an illumination of the ground beneath at night. This finds its use in warfare. Recently aluminum has been found to be an admirable fuel for producing an intense heat to be used in welding. This kind of metallic fuel has assumed much industrial importance at Essen, in Germany, where, in consequence, metallurgy enters upon a new phase.

Blake gave her little sort of defiance that suggested temper.

"It has cost you," continued Mr. Munson, "all the money you had saved up for hospital expenses and doctor's bills—supposing you had to pay it—and was a loss to us of—let me see—at least \$2 a day."

"Am I worth the likes of that?" asked the "girl," with a look of surprise.

"Oh, those are imaginary figures," said Mr. Munson, who saw he had made a mistake. "Now, Mary, I am a lawyer, and I advise you to sue the town for damages. I will conduct your case, and there will be no trouble in getting a snug sum of money that will keep you in your old age without working. It will be a long time to then, but the money will draw interest, and it's only fair that you should have your rights."

Then Mr. Munson explained that the town owned that particular piece of sidewalk; that it was defective, causing the fall; that he had secured several witnesses who saw her fall, and that his own family would go into court and swear to the large bill of hospital expenses and the value of her services.

USE OF WASTE MATERIAL

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS DUG OUT OF SCRAP PILES.

Innumerable Cast Off Things Are Recycled From the Garbage Dumps and Made Into Articles of Commercial Value—Little Wasted in the Industrial World.

One of the time-honored jokes at the Chicago Stockyards is that every part of a pig is saved except its squeal. Men in the packing business have added their names to the list of millionaires because they discovered methods for utilizing that which had been thrown away as waste material. Great factories are running the year round in Chicago whose raw material is the cast-off stuff gathered by scavengers and rag men. Men of science are ever at work tearing by-products and waste material to pieces to re-group the elements into new material which has a commercial or industrial value. Little is wasted in the industrial world.

THEY ARE HEAD HUNTERS.

Motives of the Mountain Fastnesses of Upper Luzon.

Far back in the mountain fastnesses of Cagayan, in upper Luzon, is a tribe of irreconcilables known as Kalingas or "head hunters," from their horrible practice of cutting off the heads of all their prisoners. An interesting sketch of these bloodthirsty people is contained in a recent account of an expedition into their stronghold, under the leadership of Senior Constabulary Inspector Frank Geere, stationed at Tuguegarao, province of Cagayan.

"The Kalingas," says Inspector Geere, "are non-Christians and very primitive people. Their intelligence is of a limited order, though they are sharp, shrewd, lithe and active. They are never sleep at nights in order to guard against attack. Their methods of attack are by stealth, hurling a spear from the dense 'ogon' at the unsuspecting traveler, stopping into his tracks from concealment in the jungle, and splitting his head with a 'plapapang' or headax, a weapon with a concave edge and a long hook behind to aid in climbing mountains. The head of the victim is then lugged off with this ax and carried to the village, where it is placed on a pole planted in the earth, around which the hunter, feasting in their houses for nine days, planting sharpened wooden stakes in the trails and grass bordering them, around their houses, or in other vantage places. They are said to sometimes poison water, but I do not believe this is a common practice. They take the women and children of their enemies captive. They are stalwart, finely built men, expert mountaineers, and their clothes are a gaudy and gaudy toga. Their arms are barbed spears, axes and wooden shields. They cultivate rice, maize, sweet potatoes, tobacco, and other produce in small quantities, and the wilder ones grow only such produce as they need for their own sustenance. Those living in proximity to the civilized native are more industrious and less warlike, having adopted some of their customs, though not their religion. These have incurred the enmity of the wilder settlements, and are referred to in my report as 'friendlyes.'—Washington Star.

An English Legend.

The various old legends connected with places are more easily forgotten in London than in the provinces. How many, for instance, of the crowd that swarmed on the banks of Putney and Fulham to watch the boat race knew or recalled the old fairy story which accounts for the naming of these two districts? The story goes that two giants were each building a church on opposite sides of the river (and there stand the churches now to give verisimilitude to the legend). Between them they could only muster one hammer, so when the Surrey giantess wished to drive a nail she called to her friend, "Put it right," and when the Middlesex giantess next dealt with a nail she shouted, "Send it full home." Thus the churches and the districts came to be known as Fulham and Putney, while the story goes on to tell how the head of the hammer was broken, so that the friends were obliged to go in search of a smith, who, being found, gave the name to yet another district—Hammersmith. This is an excellent example of the phonetic method of interpretation of names which is accountable for many interesting legends transmitted to us from the past.