

EASTER.

Easter, smile o' the year!
Bringer of music and flowers!
Easter, whose skies are clear
With spring days' lengthened hours!

THE OLD WELL SWEEP.

BY HELEN FORRESTER GRAVES.

OU ain't goin' to take
that well-sweep, away,
Jotham—the well sweep
that was there when I was a baby!

Mrs. Sedgwick stood in the doorway,
with a fat, old-fashioned tumbler and a
glass-towel in her hand.

Ellen, the daughter, paused in the act
of tying up an obstreperous young honey-
suckle shoot; and old Grandis Sedgwick,
leaning on his staff, with his gray hairs
blowing in the fresh spring wind, look-

"Well, so'm I a rickety old thing!"
quavered the octogenarian. "But you
wouldn't go to me with an axe and a
mallet, would you? I used to draw water
with that well sweep afore I stood as
high as the curb."

"Well, well," soothingly uttered the
squire, "if you've any feelin' about it, it
shan't be touched! Only, sence the pipes
have been laid on the spring up on
Savin Hill, Eunice, she thought—"

"I don't keer what Eunice thinks!"
said Grandis Sedgwick. "The pipes from
Savin Spring ain't nothin' to me. I'd
rather hev a glass o' clear water from the
old well than all the springs in creation!"

"So you shall, father—so you shall!"
said Mrs. Sedgwick, picking up the
knotted cane which the old man had
dropped, and tenderly guiding his foot-

"But Ellen tossed her much be-
crimpled head.

"It's the only well sweep left in Ken-
dall," muttered she. "Horrid old fashioned
thing! Everybody calls our home 'the
place with the well sweep.' It's too
bad!"

"Hush, dear!" said Mrs. Sedgwick.
"Grandis's a very old man, and he's
never got over the shock of Dora's run-

Dear though he was, the old man's
ear caught a word here and there, when
it was least expected that he would. He
looked quickly around.

"Dora," he repeated—"little Dora!
My son Adam's daughter, with the black
eyes and the real Sedgwick features!
There ain't but a few things that I care
for left in this world, and Dora was one
of 'em. What have you done with
Adam's orphan gal—eh, Eunice? He
said that hadn't no one but me to look
after her!"

A distressed look crept over Mrs.
Sedgwick's kindly face. She hesitated
visibly.

"It wasn't our fault, father," said she.
"Dora was always a restless child, and
she somehow couldn't seem to be con-
tented in this quiet place."

The old man shook his leonine white
head.

"I dunno nothin' about that," said he.
"I all I know is I miss little Dora, and
I want her. Jotham," turning abrupt-
ly to his stalwart son, "where's Dora?"

"I don't know any more than you do,
father," said the squire, leaning up
against the porch pillar, and saying to
wife in a lower tone:

"What has set him off thinkin' of
Dora just now?"

"Thinkin'! Ain't I always thinkin'
of her?" piped up the old man. "Adam's
gal, that was left to us to take care of,
and Adam was always the best of the
family! You nagged her, and you wor-
ried her, and she was too high-
spirited to stand it, and now she's gone,
an' you say you don't know nothin'
about it. Eh!"—and his voice grew
thriller—"that was what Cain said, mind
you, when the Lord asked him where
his brother was! That's why I set here
on the porch, where I can see half a mile
down the road, to get a sight of Adam's
gal, Dora, comin' back where she be-

The three lookers-on glanced un-
easily at each other.

Martin Sedgwick, the son, flung his axe
emphatically on the ground.

"Grandis speaks the truth," said he.
"The house ain't itself since Dora went
away."

And he stalked gloomily down the
hill, to where his handsome four-year-
old colt was tied to the fence rail, await-
ing its daily exercise around the square.
"Eunice," said Squire Sedgwick to his
wife that afternoon, "Martin is getting
restless again. He wants to go West."

went away," said the squire, dejectedly.
"An' it was she that reconciled him.
Eunice—if we could get Dora back
again! It's as my old father says—she
was the luck of the house."

Mrs. Sedgwick burst into tears.
"It wasn't my fault, Jotham!" she
said. "I always liked the child, though
she wasn't no more like our folks than a
corn flower is like a squash blossom.
But she and Ellen couldn't somehow
agree. Ellen always wanted Martin to
marry Miss Brownlee, and she up one
day and accused Dora of settin' her cap
for Martin, and Dora couldn't stand that;
and when they appealed to me, I'm
afraid I didn't take Dora's part quite so
strong as I might hev done."

"I knowed a woman's tongue was at
the bottom of it all," said the squire,
with some bitterness. "Poor Dora!"

That night the whole Sedgwick fam-
ily were aroused by a light blaze in the
doorway—the old-fashioned well sweep
burning up. Grandis, in his flannel
dressing gown and knotted stick, his
leonine head well outlined in the scarlet
glow, looking more Druid-like than
ever.

"You done it o' purpose," said he,
feebly shaking the stick at the assembled
family, who were trembling in the door-
way. "You know you did. First Dora,
and then the old well sweep. The only
things I keered for in this world—and
now they're both gone, an' I may as
well lie down and die!"

"I didn't mean any harm!" hysteri-
cally sobbed poor Ellen. "I was light-
ing a taper to seal a letter—Marian
Brownlee always uses the new-fashioned
colored wax to seal her letters—and it
burned up too quick, and I flung it out
of the window, but I never dreamed it
would fall among the dead leaves around
the old well curb and set it on fire! I
didn't mean any harm!"

"Don't fret, father," said the squire.
"We'll build it up ag'in—me and Mar-
tin—just exactly like it was before."

The old man shook his head.
"It won't be the same," moaned he—
"it won't be the same! Nothin's the
same in this world!"

And he took to his bed from that
day.

Poor Ellen hung down her head like a
drooping lily. In neither case had she
intended any actual harm, but in both
instances she felt acutely responsible.

Martin was making preparations to go
out West. Grandis seemed to have lost
all interest in the surrounding world.

Her mother went about with swollen
eyes and a pale face, and Squire Sedg-
wick sat by the hour on the front porch,
looking as if he had lost his last friend.

One violet-scented April afternoon,
however, Martin came home from the
city, whither he had been to purchase
some absolute necessity for his travels,
with a flat parcel under his arm.

"Look, mother!" he said. "It's some-
thing for grandis. I don't know but
what I've been extravagant, but I declare
to goodness I couldn't help it. The
minute I set eyes on it, I thought of the
dear old man lyin' up stairs in his bed.
It's a picture," he added, as Ellen came
hurrying to his side—"an oil painting
with a fine gilt frame. Exactly like our
old well sweep that was burned down,
with the red barn in the distance, and
the sun settin' behind the woods, just as
I've seen it go down times without end.
You don't know how queer I felt when
I saw it in the store window, and I went
in and paid twenty dollars for it. I'd
do without them campin' blankets and
the fur robe, mother, but I wanted
grandis to have that picture."

They hung it up on the wall opposite
the head of his bed, and when the old
man waked from a nap, just as the sun-
set beams shone over the unvarnished
bed, he looked at it with a smile.

"It's our old well," said he, not evin-
ging the least surprise. "Just like I was
a-lookin' out of the window at it. I've
got the well sweep back ag'in now, and
I praps Dora'll come next. Who knows!"

And for the first time in a week, he
got up and dressed himself, and deigned
to give a sort of conditional approval to
the repairs going on in the burned dis-

"It looks too new now," said he, ad-
justing his "far-away" spectacles. "But
praps in a year or two it'll be more
weather-beaten an' nat'ral-like, when I
can always look at the picture, though I
want to see the old well sweep."

Ellen pulled her brother's sleeve as he
stood intently regarding the bright little
oil painting on grandis's wall.

"Martin," said she, "nobody ever
could have painted that picture by guess.
It is our old well sweep, and there's the
very butternut tree and the broken
shingles on the barn roof. And don't
you remember, Martin, how fond she
used to be of painting?"

He turned suddenly around with an ir-
radiated face.

"Why didn't I think of it before?" he
cried.

Mr. Solomon Feldman, sitting behind
his desk rail in the darkest corner of the
dark little art store, was startled from an
abstruse financial calculation by the ques-
tioning gleam of a pair of dark eyes close
beside him.

"Is it sold?" a soft voice timidly asked
—"my 'O'd Well Sweep'! I see it is
gone from the window. Oh, is it possi-
ble that I can be so lucky as to have sold
that picture?"

Dora Sedgwick was very plainly dressed.
Her shoes and gloves were unmissably
sensibly; there was a certain pallor in her
skin and sharpness in her features which
told of a battle with the world, in which
she had not as yet gained the advantage.

But at that moment her face seemed
transfigured with exultant joy.

Mr. Feldman referred to his books.
"Twenty dollars," said he, with lead-
pencil between his teeth. "Not a bad
price for a beginner, and twenty-five per
cent. commission. Price of frame, five
dollars, and—here is your ten dol-
lars. You might as well send something
else."

A shadow from without made the lit-
tle gas lighted cubby hole look a degree
dimpler than before at this moment.

"Could you give me the name and ad-

dress of the person who painted the pic-
ture I purchased yesterday—the 'O'd
Well Sweep'?" asked the voice of Martin
Sedgwick.

The veiled and shawl wrapped figure
turned suddenly around, so that the
flashing gaslight shone full on the dark
eyes and mobile lips.

"Martin!" she cried out, with an in-
voluntary step forward.

"Dora—my Dora! No, you shall not
draw away your hand!" he cried. "I've
got you now, and I mean to keep you—
yes, always, Dora!"

"Eh!" cried Grandis Sedgwick, rous-
ing himself from one of the frequent
slumbers of extreme old age. "Dora, is
it? Adam's little black-eyed gal? Well,
I knowed she would come back before
the Lord sent out a call for me. Some-
thin' told me she would. They've fixed
up the old well sweep, Dora, and you're
back again! I ain't nothin' left to
wish for now."

"And she's promised to be my wife,"
declared Martin, with his arm passed
carelessly around the girl's slim waist.

"And Martin's given up the Western
plan," ecstatically cried Mrs. Sedgwick,
"and he's going to be contented to settle
down here for good and all."

"And oh, I'm so glad!" gasped Ellen,
while the squire slapped his son's back
in an encouraging fashion.

Old Grandis Sedgwick looked from one
to the other with a serene smile.

"I hain't nothin' left to wish for," he
repeated.—Saturday Night.

Facts About the Skeleton Industry

Paris is the head-centre of the skele-
ton trade. The mode of preparation is
a very delicate operation. The scalpel
is first called into requisition to remove
the muscular tissues. Its work being
done, the bones are boiled, being care-
fully watched meanwhile that they may
not be overdone. After this cannibalistic
procedure they are bleached in the sun.

Even then spots of grease are apt
to appear when they are exposed to heat.
The French treat these with ether and
benzine, securing thereby a dazzling
whiteness, which is a distinguishing
mark of their skeletons. They are war-
ranted never to turn yellow and to stand
the test of any climate. Now York in
midsummer is not too hot for them.

They are put together by a master hand.
A brass rod with all the proper curva-
tures support the spinal column. Delicate
brass wires hold the ribs in place. Hinges
of the most perfect workmanship give
to the joints a graceful and lifelike
movement. Cleverly concealed hooks
and eyes render disjunction at pleasur-
e possible. The whole construction plainly
indicates the care and skill of an artist
and connoisseur.

Domestic skeletons are generally the
work of amateurs. Janitors in medical
colleges rescue bones from the dissecting
rooms and cure and articulate them. They
find purchasers among the students, who
on the completion of their studies resell
the skeleton, if happily the market is
not glutted. A second-hand skeleton
may thus be had at quite a reasonable
figure—occasionally as low as \$15.

The imported article, however, ranges
from \$50 to \$100. The very high-priced
ones are value because of the preserva-
tion of the nervous and circulatory sys-
tems. Of course, they are beyond the
reach of modest purses, and, as a taste
for medical and scientific research has
not yet developed among the millionaires,
they very few skeletons are sold. They
are always a special order. A very fine
French skeleton may be had for \$150,

and that is as high as the general run
of purchasers care to go.

Skulls, hands, and feet may be pur-
chased separately, but to obtain a rib, an
arm, or a collar bone, the whole affair
must be bought. A skull and cross-
bones, suitable for decorative purposes,
cost but \$10. The skull has but one
outlet; it may be pretty, it is not artistic.

For \$25 a skull that will unbinge and
reveal its hidden contents is possible.
The bones of the ear are compressed in
this measure.—Boston Herald.

The Round City's Name.

The city having been named in honor
of St. Louis many suppose that the pro-
nunciation should be "St. Looie," be-
cause that is the correct pronunciation
of the name of the saint. Louis is not
an English name, and Hume, in angli-
cizing it in his history, always writes it
"Louis." All the French kings of the
name "Louis" are "Lewis" in Hume's
writings. Those who say "St. Looie"
in speaking of the city may think it is
more honor to the sainted King of
France, for whom it was named, to use
the French pronunciation. On the other
hand, our language is English, and it is
perfectly natural that there should be
cities should be as nearly English as
possible. The "St. Looie" pronuncia-
tion will never cause any one to forget
why the city was named St. Louis, and
if it is the most popular it should be
generally accepted. Doubtless the ear-
liest settlers never said "St. Looie," but
it is a long time since they were here.—
St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Arctic Indian.

There are no people in Maine in whom
the aristocratic instinct is stronger or
who have more pride of birth than some
of those who live in Oldtown Island.

At present the tribe is greatly adopted
over the question whether an adopted
child shall be admitted to the inner
circle of the island's Four Hundred. A
year or two ago Mr. and Mrs. Sabatia
Shea adopted a child from another tribe,
the child being half white, as are many
of the Maine Indians. "Owing to the
fact that the child is a half-breed and
belonged to another tribe," says an island
correspondent, "there is a certain class
on the island that is trying to prevent
her from having her rights, while Mr.
Shea claims she is entitled to all the
rights of the tribe, as she was legally
adopted. There are other cases of simi-
lar nature, but no trouble was ever made
before, and Mr. Shea proposes to fight it
out in a legal way."—Lewiston (Me.)
Journal.

BEET SUGAR MAKING.

HOW SWEETNESS IS STOLEN FROM SUNBEAMS.

Beets furnish 60 Per Cent. of All the
Sugar Used—No Difference in Taste—Ex-
tent of the Industry in This Country—Con-
verting the Raw Material Into Fine Table
Sugar.

In a recent number
of the Cosmopolitan,
H. S. Adams
has an excellent
article on beet-sugar
making. The writer
says that while the
beet is personally
asked to name the
origin of his sugar-
beet, would re-
spond, "Sugar-cane,
of course," this juicy
reed and all other
sources combined
save one, supply
only about 40 per
cent. of the world's
product; the remain-
ing and larger por-
tion has been stolen
from the beet. The
beet is drawn through
the veins of myriads
of leaves and stored
up in the tapering
roots of one of the
most important mem-
bers of the vegeta-
ble world—the
beet; a plant that
hides its light under
a bushel, that even
in culinary art comes
to the front only as
epicurean salad and
boiled beets—in
short, a dweller in
tilled fields of which
but little might be
expected. Yet the
whole world is under
lasting obligations
to this erstwhile gar-
den-truck for its
abundant liberality
in supplying what
has come to be
considered one of the
prime necessities
of life. Tell this same
person that he is
eating beet sugar,
wholly or in part,
and he will laugh at
you, because he
labors under the delu-
sion that as com-
pared to sugar, i. e.,
cane sugar, it is a
bleomargarine. In
other words, a substi-
tute of inferior qual-
ity, for of course he
could tell beet sugar
if he saw it. The fact
is, however, that
there is no difference
at all, except in
name. Sucrose, or
crystallizable sugar,
is identically the same,
whether extracted from
cane, from maple
trees or beet-roots,
and those people who
claim, on sampling
the product of the
latter, that they can
distinguish "a vegeta-
ble taste," are giving
too much credit to
their tongue and too
little to their imagi-
nation. European
states; it reaches the
great Eastern refi-
neries, where also
raw sugar

from the cane countries. These two
are inseparably combined, and the ma-
ture goes forth as refined sugar, far
and near; and refined sugar it is, nothing
more nor less. Nothing is distinguished,
as there is nothing to distinguish; so it
must not be thought for a moment that
there is any sailling under false colors.
Only this—that honor should be given
where honor is due. Up to the present
time the cane has received in the
popular mind the credit of being the
original source of all this product; but
now that the sugar beet is struggling for
preminence in American soil, its part in
the matter should be recognized, and can
no longer remain unacknowledged.

The amelioration of the sugar-beet is
a business in itself and would require a
volume to discuss it thoroughly. In
this country it is as yet quite undevel-
oped, but in Europe has very long been
carried on the most scientific and elab-
orate scale. Having secured a seed
that bids fair to produce a large yield
of sugar, the grains, which resemble or-
dinary beet seeds in size and also in
point of containing several germs, are
planted as soon after the first week in
April as the weather will permit, quite
thickly, in rows of eighteen inches apart,
the soil, which must be of the best, hav-
ing been plowed at least a foot in depth
to allow the tap-roots to penetrate as
far as they wish, otherwise a deformed
beet would result or the top appear
above ground, thereby accumulating an
undesirable amount of water. The roots
should be of as perfect shape as possi-
ble, the best type being a long tapering
form with a marked twist, resembling
that of a cork screw. When the young
plants show four leaves, they must be
thinned out immediately, one being left
every six inches or thereabouts, and
cultivation the weeds will have disap-
peared and the broad leaves spread over
the ground. The crop must then be
"laid by," it being very essential that
the foliage remain unbroken so that the
full complement may be in readiness to
absorb the sugar that the sun showers
down in reckless munificence. From
now on each moment that they are
basking in solar splendor the honeyed
substance is mingling with the arterial
fluid, and flowing on, seeks the subter-
ranean storehouses. When sufficiently
ripened they must be topped and carried
to the factory as soon as possible.

Arrived at the factory, the wagon or
car loads are weighed, tared, and as
soon as a sample basket for analysis
has been selected, the roots are stored
in sheds constructed for that purpose.
The latter are immediately connected
with the sugar-house by means of con-
duits through which a moderate flow
of water carries the beets. Into these they
tumble hour after hour, day in and day
out, almost incessantly, for a beet-
sugar mill must never flag during its
necessity short season—say one hun-
dred days in each year. The hapless
beets are borne along to their doom
like so many hogs to a Chicago slaugh-
ter-house; on, they go, in mad con-
fusion, as they are driven down the
length of the canals; through the
factory wall they pass, are
caught by a wheel and hurled with-
out ceremony into a huge gutter,
where revolving arms sped them
along, and—minus stones, dirt, etc.—
delivers them to a spiral, which in turn
carries them to the washer proper. This
is an immense barrel, with sides per-

forated, in which they are whirled round
and round until they disappear beyond
the farther edge, only to reappear bob-
bing along over a set of great whale-
bone brushes; then, with the last vestige
of dirt removed, they leave the
washhouse and enter the factory proper.
Without a moment's rest they are caught
in the buckets of an elevator and taken
to the top of the house, where they fall
pell-mell into the receiver of an auto-
matic scale. When this is full it holds
1,100 pounds. It registers the number
of the weighing and then precipitates
its bulky load into the slicer. A hand
on the lever, and the great mass sinks
like melting snow, until, after the lapse
of several moments, nothing is left but
a few chips dancing and coquetting with
the swiftly rotating blades on the bot-
tom of the receptacle.

The beet-root, being composed of
concentric rings, each full of tiny cells,
in which are stored the solution of sugar
and other matter, it is necessary in
slicing to rupture as many of these ves-
sels as possible. To this end the knives
used are serrated and produce narrow

slices, of which we call "cosettes" for
lack of an English name. As these
leave the slicer they glide down a mov-
able feeder which supplies the diffusion
battery below. The latter consists of
a circular arrangement of fourteen
large cells, within whose walls the juice
is extracted by what is known as the
diffusion process. In other words, the
withdrawal of it by soaking in water.
Briefly, a current of warm water is
turned on the contents of No. 1; this
circulates through the mass of cosettes,
passes out by means of a false bottom
into a pipe which enters the top of No.
2, the mixture of juice and water being
drawn out by a flow of cold water,
which follows it constantly. The tem-
perature of the former is maintained
by steam-chambers attached to each
cell. The same process continues with
the other vats until No. 12 is reached,
when the circuit ends. The juice is
now in a cell must be filling all the
time and an empty one stands ready
always to take its place. No. 1 is then
emptied by removing the bottom, the
wet mass being carried to presses,
where the surplus moisture is removed,
the pulp going out of doors to be used
as fodder. No. 2 then becomes first in
order and so on, until the last cell in
each cell receiving twelve saturations.

After making the round, the fluid,
which on exposure to the air has be-
come a deep purple color, is conveyed
to a measuring-tank near-by, from
which it flows into a mixer, where it is
defecated with lime and then pumped
into a huge carbonation tank in which
the lime and whatever foreign matter it
may take with it are rendered insoluble,
by means of carbonic-acid gas forced
through it.

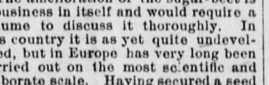
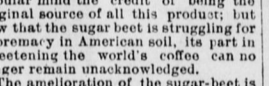
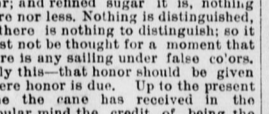
Now the carbonated juice is pumped
to the filter-press room, where, by
means of an elaborate series of frames,
hung with heavy cloths, it is filtered
and becomes a transparent fluid of a
pale-yellow hue. The lime thus re-
lieved possesses about the same con-
tency as putty, and is conveyed at
once to the yard, to be used, in the
following season as a mild fertilizer. The
process of mixing, carbonation, and fil-
tration is then repeated with a second
set of machinery, less lime being used
this time.

This finished, the juice is treated with
sulfur fumes, filtered by means of me-
chanical filters (bags being used in-
stead of folded cloths), passing into the
quadruple effect, four great boilers in
which the larger part of the water con-
tained in it is evaporated by the use
of steam. With a repetition of the sul-
phur treatment and mechanical filtra-
tion the chemical part of the manufac-
ture ceases, and the liquid, now called
"thick juice," is ready for crystalliza-
tion.

This syrup is boiled in the vacuum-
pan, a receptacle containing a copper
coil heated by steam, until the proper
crystals are obtained, which, with the
uncrystallized sugar, forms the "masse
cuite," an unprepossessing mixture,
which the centrifugals are able to re-
nder into white sugar in the brief space
of a few minutes. These machines make
about a thousand revolutions a minute,
the centrifugal force driving the molasses
through the porous walls of the re-
ceiver, leaving a solid layer of crystals
clinging to the side. After being sprayed
with water, the damp sugar is released
and conveyed to the drier, an immense
tumbler whose heated walls remove all
moisture. It gradually works to the

other end, the crystals falling like spray
from a mountain waterfall as they
make their rough journey, and, arriving
there, drop through various-sized sieves
into chutes under which yawn the open
mouths of sacks. These are filled, and
the sugar is ready for the market.

The entire process of converting the
raw material into the finest grade of table
sugar has thus gone on under the same
roof, and the beets which were yester-
day in the farmer's wagon are to-day
sacked and branded "extra fine" and
loaded in cars for shipment. Not all
beet-sugar factories refine their prod-
uct, but in America it is a distinct ad-
vantage, partly because of their pro-
prietors, partly from the great refineries
and partly from commercial reasons. There
are now in this country six plants, the
locations being Alvarado, Watsonville,
Chico, in California; Grand Island
and Norfolk, in Nebraska; and Lehi in
Utah; the last four of which were es-
tablished in 1890 and 1891. All have
been able thus far to cope with the dis-
advantages that lie in the path of the



THE SKYCYCLE.

A Massachusetts Yankee Thinks He Can
Soar Aloft.

Charles E. Duryea, of Springfield,
Mass., is the inventor of the sky-cycle.
It consists of a framework carrying
large sails like sheets, forming a
bird-shaped plane about thirty feet
from tip to tip by ten feet from front
to rear. It is provided with a rudder
at the rear for steering and balanc-
ing, and at the front with a propeller
for impelling it forward through the
air. The rudder is controlled by a

handle bar in the hands of the rider,
the propeller driven by cranks and
gearing, so as to use to the best ad-
vantage the strong leg muscles of the
rider. It is extremely simple, not
costly to build nor likely to get out
of order. It will be as closely as
practicable a large, soaring bird, the
soaring being chosen as the model of
a flying machine, because it is more
difficult to imitate the flapping move-
ments of the supporting surface than
it is to hold them rigid and supply
the driving power by a screw propeller.
Further, the most graceful and
largest birds are soars, while the
smaller birds do not soar as a rule,
which would seem to be a hint that
even Nature found it more conven-
ient for her large birds not to flap. It
contains little that is new or has not
been proposed heretofore, but careful
experiments and much study have
led to the belief that it is sufficient
for its purpose.

The great step, and the next one to
be taken, is that of acquiring the
ability to use the machine. This has
been the great stumbling block to
progress in the past, and like any hidden
treasure it has been more powerful
because it has not been recognized
by the inventors of the world. They
have spent their time in improv-
ing the machine, searching for a
lighter metal or a more compact motor,
or more efficient storage battery, regardless
of the fact that almost any well-designed
machine would fly if properly managed.
The inventor suggests that schools be
established for the teaching of aéro-

nautics.

In BOSTON.—Tourist.—I'd like a
conveyance this afternoon at 4
o'clock. Liveryman.—Yes, sir. Do
you mean a vehicle or a blank legal
form for the conveyance of real
estate.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Small-Pox in Wall Paper.

"Many years ago a person was sick of
small-pox in a farm house in the country
town of Groton, and after the patient
recovered the dwelling was fumigated
and repapered. Ira Chester and family
now dwell in the house. The paper was
removed a week or so ago, and presently
Mr. Chester's daughter was stricken with
small-pox. In the opinion of the physi-
cian the germs of the disease were
dormant in the walls of the room."

The above clipping from the Cincinnati
Enquirer makes good the claims of sani-
tarians, that all disease germs find a hid-
ing place in wall paper, with its vegetable
paste to hold it on the wall, and its
animal glue to hold its colors; that
these, to say the least, are not the
best materials with which to cover
so much space around us as the walls in
which we live and sleep, and that paper
and glue are great absorbents of mois-
ture, of which every person throws off
a certain number of ounces in exhalations
every day, and that such decaying
material as glue and paste gives off de-
leterious gases in such small quantities
that we do not discover them, though
those who study it can smell it in most
rooms papered, and especially where a
number of layers of paper have been
pasted upon each other.

Sanitarians claim that these conditions
have more to do with our ill health than
we are aware of; that such a state of
things in the room in which we live af-
fects us more for better or worse than
does a change of climate; that it would
be cheaper, at least, to try a change of
room or one coated with some non-de-
caying material, before going to the ex-
pense and trouble of a change of climate.

A Bad Dinner.

It has often been proved that habit is
much stronger than reason in the matter
of food. Otherwise, it would be impos-
sible to account for the frequency with
which the table under the guise of
plain, substantial food, nothing could
be a greater misnomer than substan-
tial meal when applied to a dinner of
boiled beef, vegetables, and pie. Yet
this is a common dinner among plain
people, many of whom preach the doc-
trine of "plain living and high think-
ing."

Now, in the very nature of things, the
boiled beef must have parted from a
large portion of its nutritious substance
in the water in which it was boiled.
And it is nine chances to ten that it has
been boiled so rapidly that it has be-
come tough and leathery, and almost
valueless for food. If the potatoes and
other vegetables have been cooked with
the beef, as they often are, they are
likely to be greasy and overdone. The
pie adds very little digestive value to
the food of the dinner.

Did You Ever Hear of a Maverick?

Some years ago a man named Mave-
rick located near Austin, Texas, and
went into the stock business. He had
considerable money and established a
large ranch, mostly of cattle. He was
that every unbranded head of cattle
not suitable to his surroundings. For
instance, he concluded that branding
cattle was useless—in fact, barbarous—and
he determined that the red-hot
iron should never again be pressed
against the side of an animal belong-
ing to him. This was a regular plan for
the cowboys, who picked up Mave-
rick's cattle wherever they could find
them, and it was not long before every
hoof of them was gone and he was re-
duced to almost poverty. Ever since
that night he has termed a progressive
man, but his ideas of progress were
not suitable to his surroundings. For
instance, he concluded that branding
cattle was useless—in fact, barbarous—and
he determined that the red-hot
iron should never again be pressed
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