A Popular Amusement Which is Full of Danger and Perils.

Parents, school principals and other are just beginning to realize the danger attendant upon the practice, which is becoming quite too common, of using phosphorus as an agent for playing boyish pranks, or for the purpose of making miniature fireworks in parlor magic shows. It is also frequently used in "hazing" tricks by college boys and is freely sold and recommended by amusement promoters.

It is generally prepared for such pur poses by placing a half pint of solic phosphorus in a pint Florence flask



adding water and heating over a spirit

lamp.

The Florence flask, used by the Italians principally for putting up wine, ir round-bottomed and covered with wicker work. As soon as the water in the flask becomes heated streams of fire issue from it in the shape of miniature skyrockets. If the heat be removed and reapplied three or four time the upper surface of the flask becomedry and the particles adhering to the side of the flask scintillate like stars emitting brilliant rays, and many of the tars will shoot from side to side. Suct exhibitions as these are strenuously condemned by practical chemists.

Durand Woodman, one of the leading chemists in New York, whose attention was drawn to the subject by the writer, said: "Tricks and games in which phosphorus is used should not be indulged in by persons who are not used by lone experience to handling such stuff. Phosphorus is one of the most danger ous commodities which we have to handle, and should never be used for lamp.

The Florence flask, used by the Ital-

Prosporus is one of the most danger ous commodities which we have to handle, and should never be used for amusement purposes, or in playing tricks, unless by a chemist or some one clse thoroughly familiar with its use. "In parlor magic games, if it must be used, a large kettle full of water should



THE BOTTLE MAY ENPLODE. always be in position beneath the bottle containing the phosphorus, so that if the flask should break the flery fluid would be caught in a place of safety. There is always more or less danger from the skyrecket-like particle which energes from the neck of the bottle. One of these small, flery particles might light on a woman's dress and set her on fire in a moment. Again, if the necessary precautions are not taken, the bottle might break and the phosphorus spread all over the floor, causing a serious conflagration. THE BOTTLE MAY EXPLODE.

rious conflagration.

"No chemist could conscientiously recommend the use of phosphorus for any such purposes," he concluded.

any such purposes," he concluded.

Pursued by a Mad Bear.

A ranchman in Jackson's Hole, Idaho, set a trap for wolves, and on the next day found that a black bear had been rapped. The skin was no good, however, as agrizzly had attacked and killed the captive, literally tearing him to pieces. The ranchman reset the trap, and the next day found that the grizzly had been enught in it, but had run away with the frap and log. The man started off on the trail, and after a mile chase came across the trap with half the lear's foot in it, either chewed or torn off. While looking at it, the grizzly hove in sight, wild with rage, and the ranchman, after firing a futile shot, ran for home. He reached his cabin in safety, and it was two days before he for home. He reached his cabin in safety, and it was two days before he ventured out after his trap.

A Really Wonderful Flower.
The most wonderful flower in the rld, as well as one of the very largest ossoms "known, is a native of the "blossoms" known, is a native of the Malay peninsula. It is simply a gigantic flower without either stem or leaves, and has more the appearance of a fungus than anything else. It is about three feet in diameter and has a glogular central cup which has a capacity of nearly two gallons. This cup is always filled with a fetid liquor which attracts an immense swarm of flies and other insects. The pistils of this queer flower insects. The pistils of this queer flower distill the liquid and it is believed that the rank odor attracts the flies in order that the flower may be fertilized.

"It's a dreadful thing," he said, with a gloomy air, "that ice cream makers are getting so unscrupulous that they put glue in the frozen mixture to give it firmness."

The pretty girl set here.

pretty girl set her lips together

The pretty grif set her may be to for an instant.

"That may be true," she responded, rubbing the spoon suggestively over her empty plate, "but still I do not believe one dish of it ever would make any body

stuck up."

And he had to order a second allowance.-N. Y. Recorder.

plest man alive.
Mr. Ham—That's what I thought before I married her mother, but I was

mistaken.
Y. L.—Did she not come up to your expectations, sir?
Mr. II.—On the contrary, she exceeded them; that's what I found fault with.—Up-to-Date.

Her Husband's Opinion.

And waste its sweetness on the desert

air;"
I wish the case had been so with that My wife could not have made those bis-cuits there.

-N. Y. World. MATRIMONIAL ITEM.



Young Wife-What is "home rule" that the papers talk so much about?
Old Husband (looking sad)—I wish I didn't know.—Texas Sifter,

"She wants 'all presents returned," '1
"used.
"I wonder what she misses!
Perhaps I'd better go back at once
And give her back her kisses."
—Chicago Tribune.

—Chicago Tribune.

Then How Did Waggles Know?

Ir. Wiggles—Didn't I tell you not to

tell Waggles that we were going to move? I didn't want him to know it, to-day he asked me when we were

going to make the change.

Mrs. Wiggles (indignantly)—I didn't say a word to him about it. I didn't tell anybody but his wife.—Somerville Journal.

Wanted to Make Sure.
"Wall, Doc," said the old man, "per haps I'd orter not ha' called you. I guess the ol' woman's right 'nough dead, but I wanted to make sure of the thire."

A Better Reason.

Mack—Is it true that Bullion's daughter eloped with his coachman?

Wyld—Yes.

Mack—I suppose Bullion is furious.

Wyld—I should say so. He says he can never get another coachman that will suit him as well.—Brooklyn Life.

An Eloquent Gown.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—What kind of a dress do you call that red affair Mrs. Styles has on, to-day?

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Tkat's a calling

gown.
"Well, goodness knows, it looks loudenough to call."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Old Hunks.

Mrs. Chugwater — Josiah, did you ever notice how common it is for girls to look like their fathers?

Mr. Chugwater—Of course I have.
Most of them look like their fathers.

That's why so many girls' face their fortunes.—Chicago Tribune.

"Can you give me change for five dollars?" inquired the usually impecunious friend.
"Certainly," was the unguarded answer.

swer.
"Then lend me three."—Washington

Reasoning Backward.

Gent—Mademoiselle looks more beautiful every day.

Lady—You have been telling me so for a good many years. What a horrid sight I must have been to start with.—
Tit-Bits.

The Best Shadow.

"Of course the fat detective will serve your purpose better than any of the others." "Why so?"

"Because he will undoubtedly make the best shadow."—N. Y. World. A Pair of Them.
"That man and his wife run the

"How's that?" "He's the rector and she's the direct

tor."-Town Topics. Not a Bicyclist "Did he look like a bleyelist?"
Oh, dear, nc; not in the least. Why, he could stand up straight with no perceptible effort."—Chicago Post.

Fannle—Is my new hat becoming?
Jennle—Ves, indeed it is; it makes
to look fifteen years younger.—Texas
scientific work.

LIVE QUESTIONS.

A Series of Articles Contributed by Advanced Thinkers.

ROBERT BURNS

The universal welcome to his poems justifies Tolstoi's statement that the books truly appreciated by the people are those written not for the people by people "who stand above them," but those which are born of the people.

The renewed expression of enthusiasm for Burns which is called out by the Too Good a Thing.
Young Lamb—If I was married to bur daughter, sir, I should be the hapcentennial is not an artificial effect produced by the calendar makers. We manufactured some enthusiasm when the centennial of Humboldt's birth came. But the memory of Burns is fresh at every fireside. It connects indeed with 30 or 40 poems, and hardly any more. But these are enough.

For very young admirers of his genius who exult in its success it is as

ius who exult in its success it is as well to say that this is no case of spontaneous generation, where everything is born from nothing or where we are told so. One of Burns' early biographers, speaking with care, says that William Burns, the poet's father, was certainly the best man he had ever known. He is the Cottor of the famous "Saturday Night." He was a well educated man himself, and he took care that his son, whose ability he discovered war asky. whose ability he discovered very early, should be well educated. Robert Burns himself did not fling away such oppor-tunities. Studious, careful and industri-ous at school, he made the best of what schools had to give and was in every instance a favorite of his teachers, wh seem in every instance to have known what a treasure they had in hand. It is worth while also to say that

while Burns had a very loyal contempt for wealth as wealth and knew as well as any of us that wealth as wealth as simply vulgar he had a right and steady respect for work. He knew that work is the triumph of mind over matter, and he was willing to enjoy the results and the methods of that triumph. He would work in the field as no other man of the family or the party could work, and he was never above his work. This is no instance of the dainty "son of toil" who is unwilling to harden his hands or to brown his face by taking his fair share of the unpleasant duties of hu

The English government of that time has been much ridiculed because for the noblest poet of the time it could find no gift but the office of an excise man. But it should be remembered that, at that time at least, no one supposed that governments were formed to provide for poets or that the provision for

Government Aid to Literary Men.

vide for poets or that the provision for poets was one of their duties. We live in a state of high civilization, as we think, but even with us if you have a man like Hawthorne or Howells you have to make him a consul. If you have thing."

To this day the poor old man cannot understand why the do-tor declined his further advances.—Chicago Tribune.

A Better Reason.

Mack—Is it true that Buillon's daughter eloped with his coachman?

With With 1.

made by himself. made by himself.

And he died in his thirty-seventh year, so young! And we should have had so many more treasures from that warm heart and ready pen, that sympathetic friend of everybody who desired

a friend, if-

If he had been able to resist the temp tations of liquor.

Let it be remembered, then, that men

Let t be remembered, then, that men
f his gift, men who have this exquisite
fiber of brain and sympathy of heart are
the special prey of this special devil.
And let it be remembered that 'taste
not, touch not, handle not,' 'seems not I have, to have been known, even by pure and tathers, temperate men in Scotland, in their efforts outpress drunkenness. Such men, if they counseled poor Burns, only counseled 'moderation.'

As if there could be moderation in

playing with fire!

It would seem that no man, woman or child, not the father who loved him nor the mother who bore him, no one probably but his poor wife, ever begged

probably but his poor wife, ever begged him or even asked him to give up whis-ky, wine and all intoxicating liquor. What would this page of literature be today had Robert Burns been taught in his childhood of the dangers to which poets are the nearest? What would it be had the ready sale of a "social glass" been prohibited by law? What would it be had he lived in a social or-der where gentlemen hate and despise drunkenness and those who tempt men drunkenness and those who tempt men to drunkenness? What would it be had not all Scotland combined to defeat his prayer when he asked the good God that he might not be led into temptation? EDWARD E. HALE.

EDUCATING THE PEOPLE. The Chautauqua movement has don and is doing much work among a class of people who otherwise would not study any regular course. It is, of course, a serious criticism on the textbooks of this institution that they are often su perficial and now infrequently one sided.

This can hardly be prevented, as the books are written hurriedly by busy men who have not time to do thoroughly

Other movements like college and Largest Apple Orchard.

The largest apple orchard in the world covers 1,637 acres in Fairmont, Kan.

Little Boy (to his mother, after paternal discipline)—Ma, I'm afraid vegeneral citicism—viz, that their work is scrappy and superficial. The same poetry.

might be said of many schools and col-

A more recent movement, the Uni rsity association, is extending its work in various towns and uses a monthly nagazine through which to impart it magazine through which to impart its information. The editors have accomplished the remarkable feat of giving the history of some nine ancient nations in the brief compass of 44 pages! It will be in order next for some enterprising firm to issue a vest pocket edition of an encyclopedia of universal knowledge!

The erudite author of the small sample of Egyptian history gives the remotest date of the ancient empire as B. C. 3000! Shades of Petrie, Naville and Bunsen! Our author, being a bishop,

Bunsen! Our author, being a bishop, at once raises our suspicions that he is writing in the interest of a theological theory, the importance of which, in his mind, is greater than any facts that the competent Egyptologist may discover. Mariette dates the beginning of the Shinite dynasty (Nena) at 4400 B. C., and he may be considered a conservative and certainly a very safe critic. A little farther along in his work he tells us that the "foundations of the Egyptian monarchy began about 5004 B. C

If our bishop-author desires to defend Horne's theory of Biblical chronology against the well ascertained facts of Egyptian history, he has a perfect right ranging primary, he has a perfect right to do so, but let him not do it in the name of Egyptian history. He tells us another thing that is certainly remarkable for its modesty—viz, that "the languages of the ancient Romans, Greeks, Medes, Persians and Hindoos seem to have had a common origin. seem to have had a common origin.

Why so much assurance in regard to the
dates of ancient history and so little in
regard to a much more certain matter—
viz, the origin of the languages in question? This sounds like a faint echo of the voice of Bopp's critics and oversub-servience to the one sided and dogmatic Rawlinson. If popular educational out-lines must be brief, they need not be inaccurate, and shortness is no excuse for slovenliness. Let us hope that the fol-lowing numbers of the journal will be more accurate in statement and better written, for the movement is certainly a commendable one. C. W. JAMES.

PROSE AND POETRY AND THE FARMER

Probably the farmer is not aware that he is the subject of frequent dis-cussion among the best classes of city people, but all thinkers are looking more and more to the agricultural class-es for a solution of the real difficulties of the age. These are awake as never before to the needs of the hour, and this giant of the hills is also awakening to a sense of his great strength. He holds in his hands the most valuable wealth as well as the largest class vote of the country. May he use it for the good of

We give below a discussion that took place among some literary and society people in one of our large cities last This was based on Emerson's es-

say on "The Poet:"

First.—Poetry and prose—what is their resemblance and what their difference? It was agreed that there are two characteristic points of difference—viz, in the thought and in the literary form. Prose is commonplace, simple and de-scribes ordinary phenomena. Some scribes ordinary phenomena. Some prose, so called, is poetry; some poetry, so called, is prosaic. We find prose in "Paradise Lost" and poetry in Demos-thenes' "On the Crown." The funda-mental difference is in the ideal repre-

scutation, in musical and rhythmic lines. This poetry must be, and hence it deals with the universal. Second.—The poet is not a realist, but sees the part in reference to the whole and describes what ought to be, rather than what is. The difference be tween what we do and what we strive to do, between what we are and what we aspire to become, is the inner meas-ure between the real and the ideal. The poet helps us to mentally or imag-

inatively realize our ideals.

Third.—If nature is the poet's inspiration and his storehouse of symbolic expression, why are not our farmers poets? The question admits of various answers, for the reason that we know so little at best of the inner feelings and answers, for the reason that we know so little at best of the inner feelings and living hopes of those who stand nearest to us. And how could we know much of those with whom we seldom meet? The poetic sense is the deepest in the soul, and most men veil their deeper feeling. On the other hand, the constant drudgery to which the farmer is subjected benumbs the brain and "freezes the genial current of their souls." Farming ought to be so vastly improved that it would become idyllie and inspirational.

Fourth.—It is asserted by a few crities that poetry would cease to be written as science and scientific methods become more generally understood. The thought of poetry ceasing to be fills others with fear. In Dante, Homer and Milton myth and legend play a large part. Were they conscious that they were dealing with myth? As science lays bare the facts of the universe, does it become less beautiful and inspiring?

it become less beautiful and inspiring? Has not astronomy opened up a highway in the skies that is gleaming in beauty and matchless in its enormous extent? Is not chemistry a revealer of finer and more splendid beauty? Does not psychology reveal to us more splendid beauties in the soul? Hence science has given the material for nobler poems than have ever been written, and the reason why the new poets are not numerous and Homeric in their strain is that they have been wondering at the variety and richness of the material in stead of attempting to construct the new and more glorious edifice. Science is making possible a more splendid poetry. it become less beautiful and inspiring?

FACING A GRIZZLY.

Brave Boy Kills an Angry Bear with Blow of at. Ax.

A Brave Boy Kills an Angry Bear with a Blow of as Ax.

It was in September—and the Colorado sun had done its duty and made Phil as brown of face and stout of limb as any of us—that the geology class, consisting of the professor and ten pupils, made an excursion into the range with the object of taking a practical lesson among the limestone beds at the back of Lincoln peak.

Away we went—feeling very hilarious at the idea of making an independent expedition, even with Blinkers for a general—scrambling over rocks and fallen trees, chasing squirrels and chipmunks, throwing stones at birds and rabbits and benaving generally just like what we wers—a parcel of schoolboys.

Presently we emerged from the trees and came out upon another little open park-like stretch of ground. Half way across 15 our attention was suddenly at rease.

park-like stretch of ground. Half way across 15 our attention was suddenly attracted by a stir among the high grass, and out jumped a little, dark-colored, short-legged animal, which looked like a woolly pig—if there be any such thing in nature.

Away it scuttled, and away we all went, with a shout, in pursuit.

Phil happened to be some distance behind at the moment, being busily engaged in digging a tranvalual's nest out of the ground with his knife; but as soon as he saw what we were doing, he came racing after us, shouting: "Look out! Look out! It's a—"

We did not hear what, we were making so much noise ourselves.

We did not hear what, we were making so much noise ourselves.

But the little animal, whatever it was, was too quick for us and disappeared into some willows while we were still 20 yards behind. The next moment the willows waved and bent and out bounced a great she bear—a grizzly!

With a yell of dismay we all turned and scattering like a flock of sparrows when a cat jumps into the midst of them, fled for the nearest trees. Blink-



PHIL KEPT COMING ON SLOWLY.
ers, quite forgetting that he was the
general of the little expeditionary
force, made such use of his long legs
that he was safely up a tree before any
of the rest of us had reached one.
As for me, I never reached one at all.
In turning to run, I tripped over the
ax, and though I was up again in an instant, the check made me the last of
the fugitives.

The chase was very soon over. In six
jumps, as it seemed, the great beast
caught me, and, with one blow of her
paw on the middle of my back, sent me,
face downward, to the ground, with
every atom of breath driven out of my
body.

This last circumstance was a good PHIL KEPT COMING ON SLOWLY

This last circumstance was a good This last circumstance was a good thing for me: I could not have moved a muscle if I had wished to. Consequently the bear supposed that I was dead, and instead of tearing me up into small pieces, as I expected, she began snifling me all over and turning me about with

pieces, as I expected, she began sniffing me all over and turning me about with her claws.

Suddenly, however, she ceased and began to growl, and I heard Blinkers up in his tree call out: "Go back! You can't do any good. You'll only get yourself killed, too!" From which I concluded that Blinkers and the bear had one thought in common; they both supposed me to be dead.

I was beginning to recover my breath a little by this time, and in my anxiety to see what was going forward, I made a slight movement with one arm, and na ninstant the bear had that arm between his teeth. It hurt me so horribly that I fainted, and all that happened afterwards I gathered from the other boys.

Phil, when he saw me knocked down.

Phil, when he saw me knocked down instead of climbing up a tree like the rest, ran back to where I had dropped the ax, and, picking it up, advanced to my resear.

my rescue.

It was a mad thing to do, there is no

doubt about that; but Phil did it—and without a thought of his own danger. It was in vain that Blinkers calledto him to go back; he did not seem to hear, but kept coming on slowly, with his eyes fixed on the bear, and the ax held in readiness to strike.

The bear dropped my arm and advanced a step, standing across my body, growling and turning up her lips until all her great white teeth were exposed; but still Phil came on. At six feet distance he stopped. The bear took a step forward, and then another, and then, with all the strength of his body doubled by the intense excitement of the moment, Phil struck at her with such force and precision that he split her skull clean in two.

But, even in dying, the bear successions and the success of the structure of the bear succession.

clean in two.

But, even in dying, the bear succeeded in doing some mischief.

With a last convulsive effort she struck out, and, with her great claws, tore away the front of Phil's coat, vest and shirt, and made three deep cuts all across his chest from the left shoulder diagonally downward. Another inch and Phil must certainly have been killed. Asit was, he stood for a moment swaying to and fro, and then fell forward upon the dead body of the bear.—Sidford F. Hamp, in St. Nicholas.

Certainly She Doos.

Certainly She Does.

"What number shoe does she wear?"

"A full size too small!"—Chicago Rec

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