

Those Sympathetic "Tickers"

My cousin and I live in a little cottage just large enough for two people and a maid, with an extra room for an occasional visitor. The cottage is situated in one of the numerous suburbs of New York.

Among other things in which we economized were clocks. No handsome timepiece adorned our mantels. I had a gilt clock, about as large around as the watch which our great-grandfather used to carry. It cost me 75 cents. My cousin had one of the same make, as large as a tea saucer, perhaps.

If we had owned watches, what I am going to tell might never have occurred. Preoccupied as we were with our business, and our own petty concerns, neither of us observed the conduct of the clocks when they were together, although if we had looked with all our eyes, we probably should not have seen anything unusual. Just a big clock and a little clock ticking away on the shelf.

How could we guess that they were talking to each other and laying foundations for an intimate friendship?

After a time my cousin went away on a vacation. I and my little clock sallied down alone to breakfast and were alone upstairs at night. No friendly voice or ticking sounded from the next room; it was quiet as the grave.

On the fourth evening of my solitude I found on retiring that my clock had stopped. I laid it over first on one side, then on the other, for I remembered once having made a clock go by turning it on its side. All to no purpose!

I had to go up stairs and arrange with Nora to call me in the morning. At the breakfast table I repeated the shaking operation at intervals of two or three minutes. It was of no avail. There would be one or two languid ticks, and that was all.

The next night my cousin returned. When I told her my clock had failed me she remarked wisely:

"It needs cleaning, of course. It can't be worn out already."

"It is only a short time since it was cleaned," I said. "But I'll have to take it back and find out what is the matter."

From force of habit I took the clock with me to breakfast the next morning. Realizing my mistake, I gave it a vicious little shake, as I set it in its usual place beside the big clock. Glancing up from time to time during the meal, we saw the little thing ticking away as joyously as it ever did.

"Probably I wound it too tight, and my shaking it so much has finally loosened it, so it can run again," was my surmise.

A month or so afterward the same thing happened again, and we laughed about it.

The third time I did not wait for my cousin to return, but wound up her clock which she had left behind, and took them both with me to breakfast. And the little clock, which repeated shakings had failed to set to work, started off as joyously as ever, and then a fourth time the same thing occurred; only then I did not wait until morning, but brought the big clock into my room and set the little one beside it on my bureau.

The susceptibility seems to be all on the part of the little one; the big one is apparently indifferent. The little one stands the separation very well for a few days; then, apparently, the loneliness is too much for it and the sight of its big friend is necessary to rouse it to action.

Is there a scientific reason for this occurrence? or is it merely a coincidence? Is there a process of evolution in what we call inanimate matter and has it just arrived at that stage when the moral qualities are being developed and attachments are formed corresponding to human friendships?

My cousin and I are still asking each other those questions.

CHINAMAN HAD HIS NERVE.

Lowly Celestial Walked With England's Highest Nobles.

Queen Victoria, with the prince consort and her family, attended in state the opening of the great exhibition of 1851. While the choir was singing the "Hallelujah chorus" a Chinaman, superbly robed, suddenly emerged from the crowd and prostrated himself before the throne. No one knew who he was. He might be the emperor of China himself come secretly to England to share in the great doings. The lord chamberlain, greatly perplexed, applied to the queen and the prince for advice and instructions. He was informed that there must be no mistake as to the stranger's rank and that it would be best to place him between the archbishop of Canterbury and the duke of Wellington. In this position of honor the Chinaman, with magnificent dignity, walked through the buildings, to the delight and amazement of all who watched. Next day it was discovered that he was the keeper of a Chinese junk which had just cast anchor in the Thames, and which everybody was invited to visit on payment of a shilling a head.

Tree Forms Natural Arch. In the Antelope Valley of California grows the strangest yucca tree of all the western desert. The yucca is a



tree not given to whims; it has been described by Van Dyke as having "a tall stalk, rising like a shaft from a bowl and capped at the top by nodding creamy flowers." But the strange arching yucca is famous for its curious form. Nobody watched it grow; all that is known about it is that it has two roots, its great stalk or trunk describing a graceful arch, rotted firmly into the ground at each end.

At the top of the arch a great branch, like an extended arm, shoots forth as if pointing out the way. The arch is so high that a tally-ho coach could easily pass under it.



To the Pioneers. Ye men who broke the way to life's new birth, "Tis not your find, through self-renouncing love, That is your crown, but what you sought above And far beyond of so much greater worth. It was the aim, the good to mother earth And all her children, that, we hold, did move Your patriotic hearts to cut the grove And grove the barren soil. You wrested mirth And beauty, wealth untold for future good, By patient struggle and a spirit bold, From the unknown. You toiled in faith for gold, That lives in tower and stone, in drought and flood; You carved for self a fortune, but secured Far more for others, by what you endured. —Rev. L. C. Littell, Rushville, Ill.

Carbolic Acid Was a Nuisance.

An exploring expedition in a remote part of China had a queer experience, which one of the party thus relates: "A large bottle of carbolic acid had been broken inside its wooden case. We exhausted our ingenuity in hopeless effort to unscrew the cover. We feared to carry it farther, as the burning tears distilled by it destroyed everything they touched. We dared not throw it aside, lest the unsophisticated heathen should drink it as a cheering or medicinal beverage. We had no time to wait and empty it, as the fatal fluid would only trickle drop by drop through a chink which had been cautiously and laboriously excavated with a blunt hunting knife. What were we to do? Deftly, as the confession must appear, we had to deposit the torpedo in the middle of the yard and throw bricks at it until it was smashed."

The Bolometer Perfected.

The bolometer, invented twenty years ago by Dr. Langley, has been perfected in its adjuncts, especially the galvanometer, at the hands of Abbot, so that it will measure one hundred-millionth of a degree of temperature with readiness and precision.

Automobile Boat.



This is the automobile boat that won the prize at the tournament in France.

Thief Claimed Sanctuary.

At Cologne recently a thief chased by the police took refuge in a church, and, kneeling before the altar, claimed sanctuary after the medieval fashion. The police arrested him all the same.

DEVICE ENSURES FRESH AIR.

Michigan Man Has Invented Contrivance of Value.

Joel C. Parker, a well-known dentist of Grand Rapids, Mich., has a unique scheme for securing pure air in his sleeping-room and thus improving his health. It is the very simplicity of Dr. Parker's invention that strikes the observer most forcibly. His room is situated on the ground floor, and a window of unusual size opens to the west. Outside of this window, a light frame



work of maple is constructed, and over this is stretched some finely woven cloth. This is the filter. It stops the entrance of rain and drafts and catches the cinders and numerous impurities of the atmosphere of a manufacturing district.

Once in bed and with curtain closed and slide open, there is an unrestricted passage way for the filtered air to the lungs of the person in bed, but not satiated with this, Dr. Parker erected a ventilator pipe on the top of the box. This extends clear to the ceiling of the room and at its lower end, about two inches from the top of the box, a gas jet is inserted. Before retiring the patient lights this jet. The heated air rises naturally, passes out of the top of the ventilator pipe and forms a vacuum in the pipe which is immediately filled by the fresh air from out of doors. This keeps up a continual circulation, and the sleeper's lungs can never take in the same air twice.

The Toilet of a Mandarin.

A recent book on China contains the following account of a mandarin's toilet: "A Chinaman always sleeps with his clothes on—that is, he removes the outer garments and, having undone the waistband, ankles, collar and so on, retires to rest in his linen. The first thing on getting up is to clean his teeth, which is usually a long and noisy operation. In order to do this he takes a large mug, a silver tongue scraper, a brush and often a bit of willow twig and goes out into the courtyard to complete this part of his toilet. One of the handmaids has already filled the copper basin with warm water and brought 'the rag.' Often and often have I enjoyed the luxury of the 'hotel rag' at Chinese inns. This rag is a purely Chinese institution and consists of an old dishcloth dipped in boiling water. The mandarin rubs his head, face, neck and hands with the family rag, ties his drawers at the ankles, hitches himself up generally, puts on a pair of silk leggings and a long robe and his undress toilet is complete."

Is Small but Brainsy.

Michael Hemmelrath of Little Rock, Ark., is probably the smallest man in business life in the United States. He is thirty-four inches in height and weighs a little more than forty pounds. He is advertising manager for a business house in Little Rock, and always appears at his place of business



in a Prince Albert coat and a high silk hat. He is popularly known about town as "Mike." He has had many offers to go on the stage and exhibit himself, but has always refused. He is twenty years old and the oldest of twelve children. A younger brother acts as coachman for him and he drives about the streets with a team of goats. There are ten girls in the family of Henry Hemmelrath, the father.

The Tale of a Squash.

Roy E. Fifield, of Stonington, Me., sent to a Bangor paper the following squash story: "I took seed from a squash raised this year, scratched my name upon it, and planted it. The result was a healthy vine, bearing a 6 1/2 pound squash, upon the surface of which my name appeared, clearly outlined. It was a southern squash."

Lobsters Shed Their Shells.

Several times a year the lobsters shed their shells, and each time the shell is shed the lobster increases in size. During the shedding season they go into the coves with soft muddy bottom and conceal themselves in the mud. A new shell of sufficient thickness to protect their bodies is grown in about a month or six weeks.

Canadian Pig Iron.

Canada produced over \$4,000,000 worth of pig iron last year.

FOUND THE TOWER WELL.

Mason Solved Problem That Has Puzzled London Antiquarians.

For ages antiquary after antiquary found himself baffled by a simple problem at the Tower. How, in the old days, did the garrison get a supply of drinking water?

The antiquary could show you the original fireplace at which William the Conqueror warmed his hands, could point approximately to the spot on which the murdered princes fell; he could lead you to the place where Henry VIII's queens were butchered, and to the tombstones that collapsed upon their poor bones; he knew the tiny dungeon in which Sir Walter Raleigh spent twelve dreadful years hidden from the light; and could have you in a twinkling in the stone dog kennel where still remains the ring to which they chained Guy Fawkes.

But how these unfortunates and their janitors drank, none could tell. The Thames hard by was not the source, they were sure. Organized search was vain.

Then there came a thick-headed, unimaginative mason, to whom and his fellows the work of converting certain of the historic dungeons into storehouses for war material meant 9 1/2 an hour and no more.

His pick struck through the flooring of the corridor from which the prisoners used to enter their cells. Behind these latter and corresponding with the main one ran, and still remains, the little secret corridor along which eavesdropping officers tiptoed to listen to conversations between captives, for the purposes of evidence.

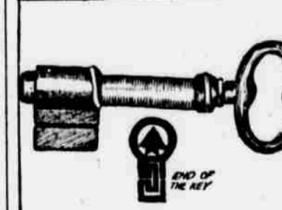
A few blows from the pick brought to light the mouth of a pit. Sixty feet down was water—thirty feet of it. The mason had happened upon the historic well for which search had been made in vain for centuries!

It was as perfect as the day that the Conqueror sunk it. To-day it still carries its thirty feet of sweet spring water.

KEY IS A MONSTER.

Weights Nearly Two Pounds—Relic of Old French Prison.

Nowadays the smallest key is made to turn the largest locks, but in



strange comparison to this is a big key now in the possession of a civil war veteran living in Bangor, Maine. The key is one of the largest, if not the very largest, ever seen in this vicinity, weighing one pound and thirteen ounces.

The key was picked up on the site of an old prison at Morgantown, La., about 100 miles above Baton Rouge. On the approach of Admiral Farragut's fleet during the civil war, the prison was burnt and the inmates fled.

The prison was built by the French long before Louisiana was purchased by the United States and was used by those people as a confinement place for negro slaves brought there from other climes. The building was burnt for fear it would give some shelter or protection to the enemy.

While the Union troops were passing by the key was picked up by one of the soldiers and, considered somewhat of a curiosity, was taken along. It proved to be quite a load together with all the trapping and rations that the soldiers had to carry in those days. But the soldier carried it and finally landed the article at his home.

Locksmiths who have examined the key say that it must have fitted an oak leaf lock, then much in use. To bear this theory out a search of the ruins of the prison at that time showed no trace of an iron lock which the key might have fitted. The oak leaf lock must have been at least two feet square to admit a key of such proportions.—Bangor Commercial.

Remarkable Apple Cluster.

Arista Webber of Auburn, Me., has in his office a branch of an apple tree, two feet or a little more in length, on which grow, by actual count, 39 apples, which snuggle so closely together that there is not room for even one more. These apples are natural fruit, not very large, of a soft pinkish color, and are covered with a bloom, so that at a short distance they resemble peaches.

The Blessing of Toil.

I bless the fates that I must toil, That I may not loiter through the day



While others build and till the soil And clear obstructions from the way.

'Tis good to be upon the list With those whom work is making strong.

To do my little to assist In pushing 'till a good world along.

For who that never tills may know The bliss of him who does his best.

And when the day is done may throw His heels up and lean back and rest!

—S. E. Klier in Chicago Record-Herald.

Poor Pay for Teachers.

Pennsylvania farmers refuse to pay more than \$20 per month for school teachers, but are offering \$2 per day for men to dig potato

STATES OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, 1892.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CHENEY'S CATARRH CURE that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Notary Public, this 25th day of December, A. D. 1892.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public, this 25th day of December, A. D. 1892.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Be sure you get the best. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Tobacco in Japan.

Tobacco is both cultivated and consumed on a large scale in Japan. The plant was introduced by the Portuguese in the seventeenth century, and the trade in it is a government monopoly. Tobacco is almost universally used in a small pipe. While cigarettes are manufactured in large quantities, they are nearly all exported.

Londoners Are Better Housed.

While one-room tenements in London have decreased from 172,502 to 149,624, or 14 per cent., two-room, three-room and four-room tenements have increased 16 per cent., 18 per cent and 21 per cent., respectively.

Paintings by Moels.

The finest paintings of the late Robert Moels of Antwerp, decorate the house of his sister, Mme. Osterrieth, in Brussels. He is noted for the minute realism of his pictures of ships.

Germans Take to Cities.

The Germans are especial lovers of the cities. In the nineteen cities of above 200,000 population, 36 per cent of all the Germans in the country live.

The Teacher Won.

Hinton, Ky., Nov. 2.—For over two years two of the best physicians in this part of the State have been treating Mr. E. J. Thompson, a popular local school teacher, for Diabetes. They told him that but little could be done to help him. He made up his mind to try a new remedy called Dodd's Kidney Pills, and says: "They saved me when the doctors held out no hope. I took in all about ten boxes. I will always praise Dodd's Kidney Pills for the great good they have done for me."

Many people, and some physicians, still persist in the belief that Diabetes is an incurable disease. Our teacher, Mr. Thompson, says it is curable, for Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him after two good physicians had treated him for two years without success.

A remedy that will cure Diabetes will surely cure any case of Kidney Trouble.

Lord Thurlow's Position.

A bishop once invited Lord Thurlow to hear him preach. "No," growled the savage old lord, who affected religion but little and bishops still less. "I hear enough of your nonsense in the house of lords, where I can answer you, and it's not likely I'm going to listen to it in church, where I can't."

Sweeper Accumulates Dirt.

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—You've got some dirt on your eye, John. Mr. Crimmonbeak—Yes, dear; I just swept the horizon with it.—Yonkers Statesman.

Craze for Walking.

Paris has the walking craze. In a recent race around the fortifications, a distance of thirty-eight kilometers, or about twenty-four miles, there were 550 competitors.

Leper Colony to Be Moved.

The Louisiana leper colony will be moved from Indian Camp, which is eighty miles above New Orleans, to a point near that city.

Valuable Sheep and Goats.

At the present time Cape Colony has approximately 19,000,000 sheep and goats, roughly valued at \$47,500,000.

Old English Inn.

The Seven Stars Inn, at Manchester, England, boasts of having been licensed for 550 years.

LIKED HIS "NIP."

Not a Whisky, but a Coffee Toper.

Give coffee half a chance and with some people it sets its grip hard and fast. "Up to a couple of years ago," says a business man of Brooklyn, N. Y., "I was as constant a coffee drinker as it was possible to be, indeed, my craving for coffee was equal to that of a drunkard for his regular 'nip' and the effect of the coffee drug upon my system was indeed deplorable."

"My skin lacked its natural color, my features were pinched, and my nerves were shattered to such an extent as to render me very irritable. I also suffered from palpitation of the heart."

"It was while in this condition I read an article about Postum Food Coffee and concluded to try it. It was not long before Postum had entirely destroyed my raving passion for coffee and in a short time I had entirely given up coffee for delicious Postum."

"The change that followed was so extraordinary I am unable to describe it. Suffice it to say, however, that all my troubles have disappeared. I am my original happy self again and on the whole the soothing and pleasant effects produced by my cup of Postum make me feel as though I have been 'landed at another station.'"

"Not long ago I converted one of my friends to Postum and he is now as loud in its praise as I am." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

For the Moneyless Man.

This poem was written by Henry Thompson Stanton, born in Alexandria, Va., in 1834, and a resident at the time the poem was written of Maysville, Ky.

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth, Where charity dwelleth, where virtue hath birth, Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave, And the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive? Is there no place at all where a knock from the poor Will bring an angel to open the door? Oh! search the wide world, wherever you can, There is no open door for a moneyless man.

Go look in your hall where the chandelier's light Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night; Where the rich hanging velvet, in shadowy fold, Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings of gold; And the mirrors of silver take up and renew In long lighted vistas the 'withering view'; Go there at the banquet and find if you can A welcoming smile for the moneyless man.

Go look in your church of the cloud-reaching spire, Which gives back to the sun his same look of fire, Where the arches and columns are gorgeous with gold; And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin; Walk down the long aisle—see the rich and the great; In the pomp and the pride of their

worldly estate; Walk down in your patches and find if you can Who opens a pew for a moneyless man.

Go look to your judge in his dark flowing gown; With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down; Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong; And punishes right while he justifies wrong; Where jurors their lips to the Bible have laid To render a verdict they've already made; Go there in the courtroom and find if you can Any law for the cause of a moneyless man.

Go, look in the banks, where Mammon has told His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold; Where, safe from the hands of the starving and poor, Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore; Walk up to their counters—ah, there you may stay 'Till your limbs shall grow old and your hair shall turn gray, And you'll find at the bank not one of them with money to lend to a moneyless man.

Then go to your haven—no raven has fed The wife who has suffered too long for her bread; Kneel down by her pallet and kiss the death frost From the lips of the angel your poverty lost; Then turn in your agony upward to God And bless while it smites you the chastening rod; And you'll find at the end of your life's little span There's a welcome above for a moneyless man.

Goat Deserved to Live.

Mike Nolan was smoking comfortably in his yard in East Burlington one evening and a friend of his was leaning over the fence talking to him. As his eyes ranged over the yard he caught sight of the old Billy goat.

"Mike," says he, "I see you have the goat yet."

"Oh, yes," says Mike.

"I thought you said you'd kill the goat."

"Sure, and I did, but I will tell you how it was," answered Mike. "I came home the other night from me work and me wife says to me: 'What do you think the goat's done now?' 'I dunno,' says I. 'He's chewed up Finnegan's red shirt that his wife had hung on the line to dry, and Finnegan says he'll kill the goat if you don't do it yourself.' I says: 'I'll not have Finnegan or any other man lay hands on that goat; I'll kill the

goat myself.' An' so I got down me owd gun and took the goat out into the corner of the yard and tied him to the fence and stood forinst him to shoot him. And he gave me a kind of a knowing look like, and I minded the time when he was a little goat and played wid the children, and I couldn't kill him looking like that. So I took him down to the railroad track and hitched him between the rails and went up behind the wall until the express train came along. Presently I heard the train coming and I says to myself: 'Ole man, ye're gone now. Ye was a good goat in yer day, but ye're gone now.' An' wid that I heard the whistle a-blowin' and the brakes a grinding and the men hollerin', and I says: 'What's that goat done now?' I ran to the track, and what do you think? That old goat had coughed up Finnegan's shirt and jagged the train!"

Boys Struck a Bonanza.

A Boston druggist who went to Maine two years ago told the farmers and lumbermen in Tilden he would give from 25 to 50 cents for every skin of the Down East water snake they could send him. He had a great demand for them from customers who made them into belts and wore them around their waists next the skin as a relief for rheumatism. Owing to the retreating dispositions of water snakes few were captured and the druggist increased his offer to 75 cents for whole skins which were four feet in length. Even this did not bring as many as he wished. Then the state of Maine placed a bounty of 25 cents a head on hedgehogs, and all the hunters forgot the premium on snake skins in the zeal for the new way of earning money.

Last week while three boys were building fires at the mouth of the

cave at the end of Beech Hill pond and trying to smoke out a score of hedgehogs which were inside, they noticed that water snakes were swimming down the brook which emerges from the cave. It was then that they remembered the price paid for snake skins, and for two hours they piled green brush on the fire and killed snakes, paying no heed to the choking hedgehogs which ran by them to gain fresh air. The smoke filled the cavern so thoroughly that the snakes abandoned their den to fall under the clubs of their slayers.

In two days more than four hundred snakes were slain and their skins sent to Boston by express. Three days later the druggist who cured rheumatism wired the shipper that he had all the snake skins he could use for a year, and asked that no more be sent, as he would not pay for them.