RAREST OF AMERICAN BOOKS.

CAMBRIDGE VOLUMES THAT BRING HIGH PRICES.

Published by Stephen Daye and His Successors From 1638 On—One Recently Discovered Sold to E. Dwight Church for About $5,000—Some Owned Abroad.

The recent discovery in England of a copy of the long lost Massachusetts laws of 1648, printed in Cambridge, and its sale to E. Dwight Church of Brooklyn for a price said to exceed $5,000, reminds the collectors of the interesting fact that the earliest works printed in New England are among the world's rarest books and are rapidly becoming as valuable as the earliest imprints of William Caxton, England's first printer.

The foundation of American typography was accomplished in the fall of 1638, when Stephen Daye, lately arrived from London, set up a rude press in a small room in Harvard College, in Cambridge. Here he is believed to have printed immediately the earliest issue of our first press, a small folio sheet containing "The Freeman's Oath," the oath which every man over 20 years of age and six months a householder was obliged to take in order to become a "freeman" of the Corporation, or a legal citizen of the Massachusetts Bay Company.

In the Boston Public Library is carefully preserved the original draft of "The Freeman's Oath," in the autograph of Gov. John Winthrop. The original issue has long since disappeared, however, and in all probability will never be unearthed. If it had survived to our time, none of the early Cambridge imprints now extant would equal it as an important document in the history of Anglo-American printing. A similar broadside from Caxton's press, and one possessing far less interest, is valued at more than £1,000, which would be a low price to set upon "The Freeman's Oath."

During the latter months of 1638, Stephen Daye is supposed to have printed several hundred copies of an almanac for the year 1639, compiled by Capt. William Peirce, an intimate of Bradford, Winslow and Winthrop, and for a long period the most noted sailing master who came into the New England waters. One of the most esteemed and accomplished navigators of his time, Peirce was also master of three of the five ships which brought the first settlers to Massachusetts. He is known to-day as the compiler of an almanac, and that almanac has not survived.

It has been asserted that the Captain followed his pioneer almanac with others for each succeeding year to 1645, although no writer of the period chronicled their appearance and there is no proof that they were printed. The almanac for 1639 is known to have been published. Its printing marked the very beginning of published literature in English America, and a copy of it would bring an enormous sum at the present time.

Daye's third known publication was "the first American book," the famous Bay Psalm Book, printed in Cambridge in 1640 and universally used in church singing for many years by the Massachusetts Bay colonists. Its title really reads: "The Whole Booke of Psalmes Faithfully Translated into English Metre," &c. In reality it is not "the first American book," as printing was done in the City of Mexico as early as 1540; but collectors for several generations have referred to it in this manner.

For the most part the work of translating the Psalms in English metre was accomplished by Richard Mather, the head of the distinguished Mather family, and by John Eliot and Thomas Welde, the two latter in charge of the first church in Roxbury. The preface, written by Mather, is the earliest extant specimen of prose written and printed in English America.

Seventeen hundred copies of the book were printed and were sold in Cambridge and Boston at 20 pence per copy. To-day only ten copies are extant, and a perfect copy is valued at at least $10,000. Two perfect copies are owned in New York city—in the New York Public Library (Lenox Collection) and in the possession of the Vanderbilt family. The latter cost the late Cornelius Vanderbilt $1,200 in 1879. A third perfect copy is in the Bodleian Library in Oxford, England, and a fourth is in the John Carter Brown Library in Providence, R. I. The Brown copy is probably the most interesting of the four perfect examples, as it contains in several places the autograph signature of Richard Mather.

The Boston Public Library owns two of the six imperfect copies of the Bay Psalm Book. Another copy is in the library of Harvard University, and the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester, Mass., possesses a fourth example. The two others are owned in Brooklyn, in the collections of A. T. White and E. Dwight Church. Mr. Church's copy, with the first four and the last three leaves in facsimile, cost him $4,000 in 1903. The two copies in the Boston Public Library were once owned by the Rev. Thomas Prince, pastor of the Old South Church in Boston, whose "New England Library" was the first important book collection formed in this country. Prince also owned the three copies now in the Brown, Vanderbilt and White libraries, and was thus the possessor of five copies of the most valuable American printed book.

A broadside list of theses at the commencement of Harvard College was printed by Daye in 1642, but has disappeared. The "Capital Laws," the first collection of Massachusetts laws, issued in broadside form in 1643, has had a similar fate. Daye also printed in 1643 the theses of the second graduating class at Harvard, a unique copy of which is owned by the Massachusetts Historical Society.

In 1645 Daye printed a pamphlet relating to the Indians and an almanac for 1646, the latter pamphlet, entitled "A Declaration of Former Passages and Proceedings Betwixt the English and the Narrowgansets," was signed by Gov. Winthrop. Only four copies are known, one being in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, another in a private library in Boston, a third in the collection of Robert Hoe of this city, while the fourth is in the New York Public Library. The latter brought $215 in 1879. The present valuation of the Indian pamphlet is not under $5,000.

The almanac for 1646, which was compiled by Samuel Danforth, exists in a unique copy owned by Mr. Church of Brooklyn. This copy, unfortunately, is imperfect, lacking the title page and the second and last leaves. This almanac is believed to have been the last work issued by Stephen Daye, as his son, Matthew, who spelled his family name Day, succeeded him some time in 1646.

Matthew Day's first known imprint is Danforth's Almanac for 1647, which bears his name as printer, and was doubtless issued by him in December, 1646. The only extant copy is owned by Mr. Church. During 1647 he printed three works, the second edition of the Bay Psalm Book, the Harvard commencement theses for this year, and Danforth's Almanac for 1648.

Two copies of the second Bay Psalm Book are known, the British Museum owning one, while the other is in the Brown University Library in Providence. The Massachusetts Historical Society has a unique but imperfect copy of the 1647 "Theses." The only known copy of the almanac for 1648 is in Mr. Church's library.

The next book printed by Matthew Day (and perhaps the last issued by him) is the law book of 1648 entitled "The Book of the General Lawes and Liberties Concerning the Inhabitants of the Massachusets," &c. This work, containing the first complete collection of Massachusetts laws, was buried in practical obscurity until a few weeks ago, although 600 copies are known to have been published. The copy recently found in a small private library in England and now owned by Mr. Church is considered to be unique. It would easily bring $5,000 in the auction room.

During the latter part of 1648 Samuel Green, the third printer in New England, succeeded Matthew Day and issued an almanac for 1649, also compiled by Samuel Danforth. The copy in the New York Public Library is prized as unique. In December, 1649, Green printed an almanac for 1650, compiled by Urian Oakes, which also exists in a unique copy, owned by Mr. Church.

The five almanacs, for 1646, 1647, 1648, 1649 and 1650, were sold at the Brinley sale in 1879 for a total of only $282.50. Their present valuation would not be under $2,500 each. Mr. Church, who possesses the first, second, third and fifth, together with a copy of the "Bay Psalm Book" of 1640 and the recently discovered law book of 1648, is the largest owner of early New England imprints. The eleven specimens of the first thirteen years of New England printing exist in twenty-four copies, eight of them being represented by unique examples. They thus share the rarity of many of the productions of England's first typographer and are justly classed with the Old World's most precious books.

IN EDWARD VII.'S KITCHEN.

Dishes Borne by Relays Through Mirror Lined Corridors.

A system unlike that to be found anywhere else prevails in the kitchen where the meals of King Edward are prepared.

The royal chef is a Frenchman, paid a liberal salary, and with free lodging near the royal palace. It is his business to superintend only the king's lunch and dinner. He has nothing whatever to do, says *What to Eat*, with the breakfast.

When the dinner is to be served the scene in the kitchen is one of perfect order and readiness. The cold dishes which were prepared during the morning stand on the table, surrounded if necessary by ice; the birds and other such dainties which are to be served, cooked to a second, are ready to hand.

Now the hors d'œuvres are sent forward to an anteroom, which in the case of Buckingham Palace is nearly three hundred yards from the kitchen. The assistants are clad in spotless linen, they all work by the clock, and each dish is commenced and finished to within a minute of the appointed time.

The chef walks around and superintends, but his assistants are so well drilled in their respective duties that he seldom needs to give an order, though here and there he offers a suggestion for the further prefection of some little dainty. During this time he is himself thinking out the final details of the masterpiece of the table, which he takes particularly under his own care.

Just outside the door of the dining hall there is an apartment where the final touches are given to the delicate and costly preparations. At Buckingham Palace it contains a hot table, upon which the dishes rest in readiness for their distribution to the table attendants.

The man who wields authority here is clad in immaculate evening dress and wears white gloves, and in a voice which is rarely raised above a whisper he gives the minutest directions as to what is to be done with each particular item on the menu from the moment when it leaves the anteroom and passes finally from his care. Relays of men and women bearers convey all these dishes from the kitchen to the anteroom.

The passages from the kitchen are long, with awkward corners in them here and there, and in order to prevent collisions in the hurry of the work an ingenious arrangement of mirrors has been effected at these corners, so that the bearers may see whether the road is clear for them.

Attendants are strictly forbidden to enter any other apartment than that with which they are immediately concerned, and even the dish bearers are prohibited from passing down other corridors than those which are set apart for their special use.

A CHINESE POTTERY TOWN.

Chingtechen, Where Everything Belongs to Earthenware and Porcelain Industry.

From the Shanghai Times.

For at least 900 years the town Chingtechen, in China, has been devoted to the making of pottery. Walter Clennell, a British Consul, describes the place. He says that everything in Chingtechen belongs to the porcelain and earthenware industry.

The houses are for the most part built of fragments of fire clay that were at one time part either of old kilns or of the fire clay covers in which the porcelain is stacked during firing. The river bank is for miles covered with a deep stratum of broken chinaware and chips of fire clay, and the greater part of the town and several square miles of the surrounding country are built over or composed of a similar deposit.

Chingtechen is unlike anything else in China. The forms, the color, the materials used in the buildings, the atmosphere are reminiscent of the poorer parts of a civilized industrial centre. There are 104 large pottery kilns in town. The greater part are in use only for a short season in the summer. During this busy season the population of Chingtechen rises to about 400,000 souls, but of this total nearly half are laborers drawn from a wide area of country, who come for the season, live in rows of barracklike sheds and do not bring their families with them.

Visitors to Chingtechen pass along street after street where every shop is occupied by men, women and children all engaged in the designing, moulding, painting or distributing of pottery. Potters' sheds, where the clay is mixed and moulded on the wheel, are innumerable. The river bank is crowded for three miles by junks either landing material and fuel or shipping the finished product.

A Poet's Color Blindness.

From the Youth's Companion.

It is well known that the poet Whittier was color blind, and unable to distinguish red from green. He once bought himself a necktie which he supposed to be of a modest and suitable olive tint, and wore it—once. He never wore it again, for his friends soon made him aware that it offended against the traditional quietness of costume enjoined alike by the habits of the Friends and by his own taste. The tie was of flaming scarlet.

On another occasion, when he found a little girl in distress on account of a new gown, made over from her elder sister's, which was not becoming to her coloring and complexion, he tried to console her.

"I wouldn't mind what a rude boy says about it, Mary," he said, kindly. "Thee looks very well indeed in it—like an oread, Mary, dressed all in green."

Unfortunately, Mary was not dressed in green. She was red haired, and her dress was red; that was the trouble.

Once, on a day in mid-March, when out walking with a Friend, and deeply engaged in conversation, Mr. Whittier approached too near for safety to a place where blasting was going on. The danger signal was shown, but neither Friend noticed it, until a workman, violently waving his arms and shouting, leaped before them and warned them back.

"I didn't see the flag at all," said Mr. Whittier's companion.

"I saw it," rejoined the poet, with a twinkle in his eye, "but I thought it was in honor of St. Patrick—thee knows my defect. I can't tell Erin from explosions, except by the harp!"

POEMS WORTH READING.

The Summer South Wind.

From the first hint of faint auroral light
In the tall maples cincturing our lawn
The south wind fluted softly, nor was gone
When the all-amber noon was at its height;
And still when day dusked slowly into night,
The melody, antiphonal of dawn,
Deepened in timbre, nor was it withdrawn
When storm's dark mantle shut the stars from sight.

Stronger it grew in volume like the vast
Plunge and recoil of the unplumbed seas—
The mighty diapason of the main;
Nor did it cease its murmur till at last
Quelled into quietude by long degrees
Through the incessant reasoning of the rain.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Podunk Millionaires.

What would this old town be without
The Podunk millionaires?
Our own, they do not go about
Like Podunk millionaires;
And though we have at least a few,
They're not continually on view—
A circumstance which is not true
Of Podunk millionaires.

I tramp the spacious thoroughfare
Where Podunk millionaires
With gasolene perfume the air,
Like lesser millionaires,
And if I safely cross the way
And live to tramp another day,
I owe my life, I frankly say
To Podunk millionaires.

Sometimes when, late at night, I fain
Like common millionaires,
Would have a bit of lobster plain
Among the millionaires,
I feel my humble self unnerved
To find the tables all reserved
For those who must be later served—
The Podunk millionaires.

I sail my catboat on the bay
Where Podunk millionaires
In steam yachts take the right of way,
Like Podunk millionaires;
And if perchance they run me down
My deepest sorrow as I drown
Will be that I have caused a frown
To Podunk millionaires.

The gardens on the roofs by night
Attract the millionaires;
The ocean breezes, they invite
All sorts of millionaires;
And when these palaces on top,
The champagne and the pistols pop,
Beneath my table do I drop—
It's Podunk millionaires!

If, when I come to Heaven's gate
Some Podunk millionaires
Should chance to be a trifle late
For Podunk millionaires,
Will good Saint Peter sternly roar:
"Jones, get in line outside the door;
You don't expect to walk before
Those Podunk millionaires!"

Plans.

I have planned delicious dinners
On the proceeds of a "pome,"
Stuff that made your mouth to water
Like the old time grub at home.
Oh, the dreaming, luscious treat!
Oh, the steaming meals we eat!
On the "pomes" that don't and won't pan out!

I have paid my obligations
With the winnings on a race,
Given creditors each penny,
Looked them proudly in the face.
Oh, the vets of ancient day,
Oh, the debts we joyful pay,
On the tips that don't and won't pan out!

I have taken pleasure journeys
On a little deal in wheat,
Over all the globe have trotted,
Made the circle quite complete.
Oh, the fairy trips we take,
Oh, the airy trips we make,
On the deals that don't and won't pan out!

I have loved a charming maiden
On the prospect of a job,
And enjoyed a little Aiden,
Fruits of Paradise to rob.
Oh, the duties we implore,
Oh, the beauties we adore,
On the jobs that don't and won't pan out!

MCLANDBURGH WILSON.

The Lingerer.

Every night until half past ten
He hangs on the gate and talks with Jen;
They linger there in the moonlight beams—
Both are doped with the same old dreams.
He takes out his watch and looks aloft,
And says in a whisper low and soft:
"I think it is time for me to go——"
But he doesn't, though.

Next they adjourn to the old front stoop;
Cupid casts his rose-love loop
Over the pair as they sit and chat;
Sometimes they giggle, sometimes they spat.
He takes out his watch and says: "Do you know,
Jen, what the time is? I'd better go——"
But he doesn't, though.

The front door squeaks and they glide in;
Twice he was off—but that's too thin.
Jen lights the lamp on the table and brings
In from the pantry cookies and things,
Such like as cheese and blackberry pies.
He takes out his watch and squints his eyes:
"Derned old turnip is slow—I'll go—"
But he doesn't, though.

HORACE SEYMOUR KELLER.

The Land of Long Ago.

Adown the leafy lane of time,
By vehicle of roving rhyme,
To the Land of Long Ago!

Here shadows underneath the trees
Are love's immortal memories,
And faintly echo down the breeze
Sweet vocal ghosts of melodies
From the Land of Long Ago.

Here every sorrow disappears;
Here hope is king, and will no tears
In his domain, nor any fears—
But years are days and days are years
In the Land of Long Ago.

Here thrives no rank and weedy hate,
Here friendship dwells in noble state:
Oh, he is master of his fate
Who can unlock the narrow gate
Of the Land of Long Ago!

If any man of us there be
Whose heart is pure, whose soul is free,
He shall possess the golden key
To pass him in, with you and me,
To the Land of Long Ago:
By vehicle of roving rhyme,
Adown the leafy lane of time,
To the Land of Long Ago. T.

Trimming.

From Greenland's icy mountains
To India's coral strand,
The kingdoms all contribute
To make her bonnet grand.

The mines give up their jewels,
The birds give up their plumes,
In weird and wild profusion
The gardens give their looms.

The orchards give their tribute
Of bright forbidden fruit,
And every organism
Is fain to follow suit.

Man boasts the only creature
Escaped from her decree—
He wears within his headgear
A Presidential bee.

MCLANDBURGH WILSON.

Where the Ways End.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

What is the sorrow? A little space—
The cry of the fallen in the race;—
The dying cry which the world heeds not—
Ill remembered, or soon forgot.
Joy or sorrow will end in rest—
Dust, and a rose on a dreamless breast.

What is the sighing? It is not long:
One in the end are the sigh and song,
One the faith, and one the doubt—
The cry of the vanquished—the victor's shout.
Victor and vanquished must creep for rest
Where the dust is blown o'er the dreamless breast.

And what in the transient gloom and glow;
Is the beautiful love that we cling to so,
The rose red lip, and the sparkling eye?
A gracious greeting—a sad good-by!
With pallid faces and lips grief prest
The lovers creep to the rose for rest.

So we smile at the dark—on the pathway rough;
There shall be sunshine and rest enough,
After the stormy ways are past,
Rest shall be sweeter at last—at last!
Joy and sorrow will end in rest—
Dust, and a rose on a dreamless breast.

Unbiased.

From the Washington Star.

'Tis true, I am no more myself—
That is, the self of long ago;
But I am nearer like that elf
Than anybody that I know.

Since I am so much like the man
Whom once I heartily admired,
I bear with me as best I can,
Although I sometimes make me tired.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

What authority is there for a variation of the old proverb about finding a needle in a haystack which makes it read "in a bottle of hay"? C. H. DARLINGTON.

The best of all authority, for the "needle in the bottle of hay" is the old proverb and the haystack is a very modern form arising out of the ignorance of the meaning of the old word. The earliest date for the proverb is 1612, when it appears in Nathaniel Field's comedy, "A Woman's a Weathercock," but it is undoubtedly earlier in common use than the Stuart epoch. Five centuries ago and earlier the common bottles were made of leather, an explanation that is needed for the comprehension of the "new wine into old bottles" of the Gospel. Gleemen have not altogether ceased to sing the fine old song of the Leather Bottel. The bottle of hay in the proverb clearly refers to the nosebag still used in feeding horses, though now leathern only in the trimming of its canvas and made sanitary by a ventilating port. In the act of 3 and 4 Edward VI. c. 6, treating of the merchandise of leather the bottelmaker is grouped with the lether-seller, the cobler and the sadler. There is naught but leather in such a bottle as this, leather and good cheer:

Then when this bottle doth grow old,
And will no longer good liquor hold,
Out of its side you may take a clout
Will mend your shoes when they're worn out.

It is only within a very few years that the trade name of haberdasher has ceased to be an English alien. I have investigated the dictionary derivation from the coarse cloth known as hapertas, but that scarcely seems to account for a trade which consists in selling genteel notions. How did it come to pass that the seller of sackcloth has been transformed into the dealer in purple and fine linen? EDWARD TYLER.

That the principal staple of the early haberdasher was the coarse cloth may be inferred from its position in the list of venders in the "Liber Albus" of the London Guildhall, where is found the series of entries, "le charge de canevas, le charge de haperias, le charge de chalouns et draps du Reyns." But at an early period he was acknowledged as a vender of notions, for Riley's "London Memorials," page 422, cites from the London Rolls the contents of a haberdasher's shop as offering for sale such an incongruous assortment as spurs and shirts, chains and nightcaps, spectacles and woollen threads, beads and pencases, combs and inkhorns, parchments and whipcords, gaming tables and coffins.

I have a book entitled "An Apology for Christianity," by R. Watson, D. D., F. R. S., printed by Abraham Blauvelt at New Brunswick in 1796. Kindly inform me whether it has any value. T. R.

Time expired theology seldom fetches a price worth recording and this once famous work by the Bishop of Llandaff has made no entry into the "Auction Prices." It was first published in London in 1776 and was directed against the attacks which Gibbon had made in his "Decline and Fall" against the Christian religion. Of the learned theologian Gibbon wrote "a man whom I should be happy to call my friend and whom I should not blush to call my antagonist." That it should have been reprinted by Blauvelt in 1796 was in much likelihood due to the great demand at that time for the Bishop's "Apology for the Bible, in a series of letters addressed to Thomas Paine," which was also republished in New Brunswick in that year.

What are the apostolic gems? ELLEN HETHERINGTON.

The reference seems to be to the "apostle stones" which the churchly lapidaries of the Middle Ages found consecrated to the several apostles. Just when the list was definitely fixed is not known, but it seems to be Byzantine in origin. This is the list: St. Peter, jasper; St. Andrew, sapphire; St. John, emerald; St. James, chalcedony; St. Philip, sardonyx; St. Bartholomew, carnelian; St. Matthias, chrysolite; St. Thomas, beryl; St. James the Less, topaz; St. Thaddeus, chrysoprase; St. Matthew, amethyst; St. Simeon, hyacinth.

Tell me what name is applied to the poetical usage which Browning employs in the line

I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three.

I mean in reference to the galloping sound of the steeds. R. S. T.

Onomatopoeia. Hamlet's advice to the players to suit the word to the action. The Browning instance smacks of Virgil's essay at the beat of hoof in clattering rhythm upon the way

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

And if Browning copied Virgil, Virgil no less had copied Ennius before him.

What is the meaning of jo in "John Anderson, my jo, John? J. S. T.

Sweetheart is the longer English for that which the Scotch can say so shortly. Some have tried to prove that it is derived from the word joy by curtailment, but the attempt has met with little sanction. The word is probably to be reckoned as part of Dean Swift's "little language" which it takes much warmth of affection to regard as other than supremely ridiculous. The word reappeared after many years, and otherwise a long way after Burns, in the once popular song of "Annie Rooney."

Please state which of these sentences is correct: "Charged with attempted suicide" or "charged with attempt at suicide." CECIL H.

The attempt is what is charged. Of collateral interest is the attitude of the law on the subject. If the suicide be effectually accomplished the crowner's jury over the remains brings in a verdict of unsound mind; if the attempt prove futile the individual is sane enough to be tried for his offence against the peace and dignity of the sovereign State; the madness seems to lie in the success.

Please to give me the itinerary to Boston by trolley. J. S. T.

Start at 129th street and Third avenue on the Webster avenue cars to Mount Vernon. The trip may be made in three long days, New York to New Haven, to Springfield, to Boston; more comfortably in four days, New York to Bridgeport, to Hartford, to Ware, to Boston. The fares amount to $3.21. Full details are to be found in the trolley handbooks to be had of hawkers in the business district.

When should an absence pennant be displayed on a yacht: whether at anchor or under way? HENDERSON WEIR.

At all times when the owner is not aboard.

The Whaler's Sail.—In reply to the query of I. N. T. several friends have enclosed clippings of the following verse without the name of the author or any suggestion that there was more than this stanza of what must certainly have been an agreeable lyric:

We've come home clean as we went out;
We didn't raise a whale,
And we haven't got a drop of oil,
But we've had a damned good sail.

The Railway Muse.—As nearly as I recall them, the following are the words of the "come-all-ye" requested by E. E. C. Gibbs in THE SUN of July 1: P. J. MOONEY.

"JERE, GO ILE THE CAR."

Come all ye jolly section hands I pray ye will draw near;
Attention pay to these few lines which I have written here
Concerning Larry Sullivan, for, alas, he is no more;
Oh, it's forty-five long weary years since he left the Shamrock shore.

For thirty-five long weary years poor Larry worked on the track,
And strange to say in all that time he never had a wreck;
For he made it a pint to keep up the jint with the strinth of his tampin' bar;
"Oh, it's jint ahead and cinter back, and Jere, go ile the car."

When a Sunday mornin' it came 'round, to the section men he'd say:
"Now, b'ys, get ready and hurry up, me wife's going to church to-day,
I want every man to pump all he can, for the distance it is quite far,
And while she's puttin' her ould duds on let Jere, go ile the car."

When a winter's mornin' it came 'round, and the fields were white with snow,
In the height of his pride on his handcar he'd ride as over the section he'd go,
With his ould sojer coat buttoned up to his throat, all dangers he would dar',
"While some of the b'ys are shimmin' the ties, let Jere, go ile the car."

Oh, it's whin I'm dead and gone, me b'ys, there's one request I crave;
It's lay me on the ould handcar and carry me to me grave;
Let the spike-maul rest upon me breast, the gauge and the ould claw-bar,
And while they're layin' me down to rest, let Jere, go ile the car."

"I want it engraved on my tombstone that 'Here Lies a Poor Ould Mick,'
And bury me under the frog, me b'ys, till I hear the handcar click;
And never mind the passenger trains as they go rollin' by,
But make it a pint, keep up the low jint and tamp the Ould frog tie."

"Give my respects to the roadmaster," poor Larry, he did cry,
And "raise me up once more till I see the ould handcar before I die."
He was so weak he could not speak; in a moment he was dead;
"Oh, it's jint ahead and cinter back," were the very last words he said.

"God be good to your soul, Larry Sullivan, it was you that was kind and good;
It was you that would make the section hands go out and split the wood,
To the well, also, for water go and chop up the kindlin' fine;
"And if any ould Mick would kick against that poor Larry you'd give him his time."

SCHOOL FOR CARD PLAYERS.

Auction Pitch. F. J. McD. says: Two are playing. A wants 1 and B wants 3. B bids 2 and gets the pitch. B makes good, but A has high. Who wins?

The successful bidder has the first count, and if he has enough to make good his bid and also to put him out he is out, no matter what the other side scores. This rule was made in order to make players bid on their hands, instead of sitting still and sweating out.

Bridge. S. M. M. says: A bets that if a player takes a card from his hand it is played even if he does not lay it down.

If the card is not dropped on the table face upward or so held that the partner can see any portion of its face it is not an exposed card. The mere taking it from among the other cards cannot be regarded as the same as playing, because a person will frequently take a card from one part of his hand to put it in another, especially if he has sorted his hand wrongly.

Dummy Bridge. R. M. G. says: The three players are A, B and C. A and B have each won a game, B having the better score. C goes no trumps and loses, the value of the tricks being enough to put both A and B out. Which of these players gets the 100 points bonus for winning the rubber?

As dummy bridge is now played the points lost by the declaring hand cannot put his adversaries out, because they do not score them below but above the line. The rule is that the dealer shall score whatever he makes in the usual way; trick points below the line and honor points above, but that if the adversaries score on his deal, they must enter the entire amount, whether it is for honors alone or for both tricks and honors, in the honor column, so that what they win in tricks when it is not their deal does not advance their game score a particle, although it adds to the value of the rubber for them. Under this rule no player can win the rubber except on his own deal.

Pitch. P. M. C. says: Three are playing and B deals. After all had picked up their cards and looked at them B suddenly remarked that it was not his deal and threw up his hand. C did the same, but A held his cards and showed a jack, claiming four points for high, low, jack and game. Is this right?

After a player has looked at his cards he has no right to insist on a new deal, and even if B did deal out of turn the deal must stand. If B's hand had suited him would he have been equally quick to throw it up and say it was not his deal? As to A's count, he must be allowed to score what he claims when the others have no cards to play against him. By abandoning their hands they practically admit that they cannot take a trick.

Hearts. J. L. wants to know the rule for discarding at this game when three cards are laid out.

There is no rule as to the order in which the discards shall be made as long as no player takes up or looks at any of the cards he is about to receive before he has laid out his own discard.

Spade Cassino. G. H. S. wants to know which goes out first when both have enough at the end of the hand but both require the spades to do it. A bets the spades go out in the order of their rank, A, K, Q, J, &c., down to the deuce.

The count must be kept as the cards are played in spade cassino, every point being added to the player's score as soon as it is taken in, so that there can be no possibility of two going out at the same time. A cribbage board is usually employed to peg the scores as they accrue.

Euchre. J. B. B. asks what is the penalty for a revoke if it is made against a player who is playing a lone hand, and when enforced.

Three points in three hand; four points in four hand. As many as would have been made if the lone hand had succeeded. It is usual to abandon the hand the moment the revoke is discovered and proved.

W. B. S. says: When A comes to play to the second trick he finds he has a card too many and insists on a new deal. The dealer objects and says the hand must be played out. It is played out, and the dealer is euchred. Then the dealer is willing to allow the deal to be declared void, but the player with too many cards bets as he let it stand the score made on it must stand also. How about this, to decide a bet?

Having played to the first trick, the deal stands good, but the player who has not his right number of cards cannot score anything that deal. The dealer was right in insisting on playing the hand out, but he does not lose anything, even if he is euchred; neither does he score anything.

Poker. P. M. says: If A makes a bet and B calls him, must A show his hand if B demands to see it, or can A forfeit the pot and refuse to show his hand?

Not only B but every player at the table is entitled to see A's hand if it is called. This rule that all hands in a call must be shown to the table was made to prevent collusion between two players, both of whom would bet but one of whom had nothing. The player with nothing stayed in and bet so as to make it expensive for any one who wanted to play against the really strong hand. When the call came, the strong hand was shown, and the confederate threw his worthless cards into the deadwood, after which he could lie as hard as he pleased about what he had. The new rule stopped that.

F. A. W. says: If the game is all jacks must the opener show all five cards, or openers only?

If no one has come in against him, so that there has been no draw, he must show all five cards. If he has drawn no one can see what he drew unless they call his bet.

F. M. C. says: A discovers, after the pot has been opened, that he has six cards. B bets the hand is dead, but the pot and deal stand good. C bets the deal is void.

It is not stated whether or not A has raised or looked at any of his cards when he announces that he has too many. If he has not lifted or looked at any card he cannot do anything but demand a new deal, the pot having been opened. If the pot had not been opened he could have asked the dealer to draw a card, or have demanded a new deal, at his option.

J. C. B. says: In a game in which it is permitted to break a pair of jacks to draw to a flush or straight, is it also permitted to break a pair to draw to three cards? For instance, a player holds A K J of hearts, another jack and a spade. Can he draw to the three card flush after he has opened?

The latest rule allows a player to do what he pleases in the way of drawing, provided that the opener of a jackpot always places his discard under the chips in the pool, whether he is going to split or not. This prevents any discussion as to whether or not he had openers originally, and also allows him to play his hand as he pleases, without betraying the fact that he is splitting openers when he does split, because there is no difference in the manner of his discard when he splits and when he does not.

W. R. B. L. says: The dealer lays off three cards for himself for the draw, but on looking at his hand again he finds he wants two only. Can he make the change?

No. He must take the cards he himself laid off.

W. J. R. says: A opens a pot and B stays with three of a kind, and C stays with a pair of kings. A stands pat, B and C draw. A bets and B drops, and C, who has improved to three kings, calls. Then A acknowledges that he has not got openers. What happens to the pot?

C takes it, under the rule that a pot once opened, even if wrongly, must be played for if any one has come in against the false openers. Had A drawn cards and still not announced his error he would have been obliged to give all the others, a free ride for another jack.

Stud Poker. H. C. M. says: One of the players, after receiving his second card, takes a peep at his down card, and in so doing exposes it so that the others see it. He therefore insists that as they have seen his down card he should have the third card dealt to him face down, in order that one of his cards shall remain unknown to the others.

As it is his own fault that the card was exposed, he has no remedy, and must play the hand as it is or abandon it.

Cribbage. P. F. J. says: A makes the total count 26 in a four hand game by playing a 3. B plays an ace, and C says go. D plays a 2 and pegs a run of three. A cannot play and says go, so B plays another ace and wants to peg another run of three. Is this right?

No. There is no second run, as the duplicate ace comes before the trey, which is the card necessary to complete the run.

Pinochle. G. C. F. says: A and B are playing when A, wanting 20 to go out, takes a trick and melds 20. B bets that he must take another trick to make the meld good.

The meld was good when A took the trick that entitled him to make the meld. Another trick would give A another meld, which he does not want.

E. A. D. says: With regard to looking at the last trick, is it only the last trick taken in in the play that can be seen, or may one see the last trick taken in by each side or by each of three players?

Only the last trick that was played and turned down may be seen.

Auction pinochle. M. J. W. says: A is 600 up, B is 400 and C is 985. A gets the play on a bid of 280, but sees that he can probably get out, as 400 is possible with his cards. C, however, gets his 15 before A gets the 400 and so C calls out. A bets that if he makes 400 he wins. C bets that if A had bid 400 and made it he would have won, but that he cannot win the game by making 400 when he bid only 280, because after A has got his 250 bid A can count his 15, which puts him out.

C is wrong. The successful bidder must be allowed to play the hand out. If he has made good what he bid, he can score not only what he bid but all that he has made, and he scores this before any other player can score anything, so that if A could play the hand out and make enough to put him out, 400 in this case, he is out, even though he has bid 250 only. Same answer to J. B.

MORE NAMES NEEDED.

Westerner Complains of the Lack of Variety in Apartments.

"What New York needs most just now," said the man from the West, "is a brand new apartment house vocabulary. Every name, whether suitable or not, has been worn positively threadbare, until the apartment houses of New York present the most curious assortment. They are named after actors, opera singers, poets and statesmen.

"What will happen if you keep on with the wholesale building of apartment houses I'm sure I don't know. Half the States of the Union have already been utilized and lots of the cities and towns—mountains and rivers, too. As for Christian names, of both genders—I'd be willing to wager every letter in the alphabet is represented; at least I can recall an Annette and an Anthony, as a good start, with a Viola and a William for an ending. Then I know there are an Ethel and an Edith, as well as a Ruth and a Gertrude, and there are three distinct apartments by the name of Douglass. Evidently Helen is a favorite, for there is also a Helen Court and a Helena. Then there are two each of Henrietta, Leona, Marion, and a couple of Theresas.

"I came across an apartment house the other day named the Arbutus, and I know there is an Ivy Court and a Ferncliff, but aside from these instances your name givers don't seem to have much use for plants or flowers.

"A queer instance of naming a building came to my notice only last week. A cousin of mine is a trained nurse here in New York and she was telling me about the apartment house which is being built, designed exclusively for nurses. The name had been a puzzle to herself and all her acquaintances in the profession; they could think of no possible meaning for the word or its application to an abode for nurses. I naturally asked what the name was and she said, 'The Sesrun.' Well, I thought of every possible language, living and dead, all to no purpose. The thing actually haunted me. Surely there must be some reason for such a name. As by that time I had become somewhat interested in the names given to your buildings here, I went to the office of the architect who was erecting this building and asked why under the sun such a name had been chosen. 'Does it mean anything?' I asked. 'Has it any connection with the practice of medicine or the profession of a nurse?' He admitted that for lack of a more appropriate name it had been decided simply to spell the word nurses backward.

"Then these name givers of yours seem to think that a slight change in the spelling of a word justifies them in any amount of repetition. For instance, they spell Edinburgh with the termination 'boro' or 'borough,' Carlisle and Carlyle, Gainsboro and Gainsborough, Holley and Holly. Then there is Eleanor, Elenore and Elinor.

"From actual count I've discovered more than two dozen apartment houses in the city with names that are repeated elsewhere. Then there are more than half a dozen instances where a name has been triplicated."

CRYING SHELLS OF CEYLON.

Sounds They Make Like the Notes of an Aeolian Harp.

From Chambers's Journal.

Sir J. Emerson Tennent, having heard a story about musical sounds issuing from the lake at Batticalea, in Ceylon, paid a visit to the place. The fishermen told him that the sounds, which resembled the faint sweet notes of an Æolian harp, were heard only at night and during the dry season, were most distinct when the moon was nearest the full and proceeded, they believed, not from a fish, but from a shell called the "crying shell."

"In the evening," says Tennent, "when the moon rose I took a boat and accompanied the fishermen to the spot. We rowed about 200 yards northeast of the jetty by the fort gate; there was not a breath of wind or a ripple except those caused by the dip of our oars. On coming to the point mentioned I distinctly heard the sounds in question. They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibrations of a wineglass when its rim is rubbed by a moistened finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself; the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest bass.

"On applying the ear to the woodwork of the boat the vibration was greatly increased in volume. The sounds varied considerably at different points as we moved across the lake, as if the number of the animals from which they proceeded was greatest in particular spots, and occasionally we rowed out of hearing of them altogether, until on returning to the original locality the sounds were at once renewed. This fact seems to indicate that the causes of the sounds, whatever they may be, are stationary at several points, and this agrees with the statement of the natives that they are produced by mollusca and not by fish.

"They came evidently and sensibly from the depth of the lake, and there was nothing in the surrounding circumstances to support the conjecture that they could be the reverberation of noises made by insects on the shore conveyed along the surface of the water, for they were loudest and most distinct at points where the nature of the land and the intervention of the fort and its buildings forbade the possibility of this kind of conduction."

DIAMONDS IN UNITED STATES.

Discovered in Four Regions—Place of Origin Unknown.

From the Scientific American.

Never before in the history of the United States has there been such a demand for diamonds as there was in 1905. Large quantities were imported, but the country produced none. In 1903 it produced diamonds to the value of $50, in 1901 it had an output worth $100, in 1900 its production was valued at $150, and in 1899 the country boasted native diamonds to the value of $300.

Diamonds have been discovered in the United States in four different regions, but their actual place of origin is in every case unknown. All have been found in loose and superficial deposits and all accidentally. It is not at all improbable, however, that some day the original sources of this queen of gems may be discovered.

The high price of diamonds has made the recent search for these precious stones in the United States and Canada keener than ever before. A careful watch for diamonds was kept during the examination by the United States Geological Survey of many samples of gold and platinum sands at the Lewis and Clark Exposition in Portland, Ore.

A lookout for diamonds has also been kept by a number of people who have been dredging for gold on an extensive scale in the rivers of California. In neither case have any finds been reported.

Gold Dollars for Ornaments.

From the Providence Journal.

"Got a gold dollar, have you?" said the jeweller. "Certainly, I'll give you something for it. It's worth a dollar to spend and a dollar and a half to sell. That's the fixed price for them, and practically any jeweller who makes use of them at all will give you $1.50 apiece for as many as you happen to have about you.

"What do we use them for? Oh, in a variety of ways; for bangles and pins and ornaments of one sort and another. There are more of them used in this way than are taken up by collectors. Of course, there are certain dates that are worth more than the regular market price to collectors. The war year issues, for instance, 1863, '64 and '65, bring from $2.50 to $5, according to condition. There are other dates that bring still higher prices. But for our purpose one date is as good as another, and a gold dollar is 'as good as gold' for $1.50 at any time.

"Yes, they're growing scarcer all the time, of course. The Government stopped coining them some six years ago, but I believe that something like 19,000,000 or 20,000,000 of them had been put into circulation up to that time, so that there are still a good many tucked away in old pocketbooks and carried as pocket pieces."

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Striking Clocks and Billiard Players.

From the Philadelphia Record.

The salesman in the jewelry store was talking of the merits of various wall clocks to a patron and finally pointed out one as a great bargain. "Not for me," interrupted the customer; "that clock strikes and I wouldn't have it as a gift." "You're different from the usual run of purchasers; they prefer striking clocks," commented the salesman.

"Yes, but they don't keep poolrooms," explained the customer. "I want the clock for my establishment and a striking clock would lose me money. Pool and billiards are fascinating games and players get so absorbed they forget all about time, which they wouldn't do if there was a clock striking regularly. A clock striking every hour in my place would make a big hole in the receipts, and I guess a clock that struck half hours would put me out of business. No, sir, you don't find a wise poolroom keeper hanging a striking clock in his place."