

PHILLIDA'S LENT.

In smart attire my Phillida. Was gayest of the gay. The giddy world was all to her! But that was yesterday!

AN INSIDE BARBARIAN.

He thought he recognized me the moment I entered the door, but I refused to encourage him in that belief. It was a strange town to me; all the people were strangers, and I was so far from home that I doubted if man, woman or child in that locality had ever seen me before.

The barber smiled tenderly as he pointed to the chair, and then led right off as familiarly as if he had shaved me every day for a month past. While mixing lather he remarked on the weather, the crops, the panic, and other matters; and although I did not pretend to hear him, he was not to be beaten.

"I hope you will do well here," he said, as he pushed my head over and dabbed the lather on the right cheek commencing at the butt of the ear.

"This town needs another dry goods store," he continued, after a moment, "and I shouldn't wonder if you just coin money."

Perhaps it was the silence which convinced the barber that he had made a mistake, but he was not discouraged. As he lathered the left cheek he suddenly said:

"There are three or four lawyers here now, but as Christopher Columbus said, 'There's room at the top of the heap,' and I think you'll be full of business all the time."

He was looking right down into my face, and through the foam of lather he might have detected a faint smile, a frown, or some other expression which hurt his conceit. He instantly suspected that he had made another mistake. I was looking into the glass on the wall, and I saw his countenance change. Some barbers would not have pursued the subject further, but he was the only barber in the village, and he thought he had certain rights which I was bound to respect. He might have reasoned that I was mulish and obstinate, and need coaxing and flattering, or perhaps he theorized that I was timid and hesitating, and wanted encouraging. At any rate he soon attacked me again, saying:

"This is a nice village, but I never saw so much sickness in my life as we have had this year. Our doctors don't seem to know enough to manage the diseases, and I'm glad you're going to open an office. I am pretty healthy as a general thing, but if I get sick I'll give you my custom in preference to any one else."

Still watching the glass, I saw a self-satisfied smile ripple across his face. For about half a minute he was dead sure in his own mind that he had boxed me up. Then a shade of suspicion crossed his face. Silence sometimes gives consent, but in this case, after scrutinizing my face sharply for an instant, he interpreted it to mean that he had blundered again. He was vexed. I had no right to sit there and treat his round-the-corner queries with such contemptuous silence. He would pay me for such conduct. I saw the spirit of resolve creep into his face, as he said:

"I was saying the other day that this town was able to support another blacksmith shop. Old Jones is good-hearted, but he knows no more about shoeing a horse than a coon does about sailing a canal boat."

His eyes glistened, and he took no pains to keep down the chuckle of satisfaction bubbling up into his throat. He regarded it as a fine shot—a crusher—and if he hadn't been shaving my chin at that time he would have been unable to suppress a laugh.

His razor crossed the chin, scraped up and down, and skipped round to the jugular vein before the barber's smile faded. He had been watching me to catch a start of surprise or a look of displeasure, or something to guide his opinion; and as he had been unsuccessful, he renewed the lather on the left cheek and sighed drearily. I hoped he was a man of determination, and trusted he would not give up. Fearing that he would, I was about to speak, when he smiled blandly, and remarked:

"I can tell a school teacher the minute I get eyes on him!"

"Lather and silence."

"And it's funny, too," he continued, "that I have shaved every professor in the Normal School here the very first morning of his arrival, and have told each and every one that he was a professor before he had said a word to me."

Silence and shave.

"Well, I suppose teaching is a good paying business," he went on, as he looked my face over to see if he had skipped a spot, "and I am willing to help you all I can. I haven't any children—am not married—but if ever I get married and have children, I'll send them to school to you."

His persistence and flattery deserved encouragement, but I was determined to hold out to the last ditch. He shut up his razor with a quick, vexed motion, tossed it on the stand regardless of damages, and he smiled maliciously as he got down his bottle of unadulterated bay rum. I knew it would bite like a serpent and sting like an adder but could I show less stoicism than he had shown diplomacy and persistence? Didn't I commence the struggle?

I shut my teeth, looked straight into the glass, and he sopped the fiery stuff over my cheeks and chin. He expected an equirm and a yell, and his surprise was great. The light of revenge had crept into his eyes, but it quickly faded away, and as he replaced the bottle and wiped my face with the towel he said:

"I never saw but one other man who could stand bay rum like that, and he has returned to California. The climate of that country hardens the flesh, I suppose."

I refused to reply. He got angry again, dug my scalp as he combed my hair, gave my head several unmerciful twists and knocks and pushes, and he jerked the big calico apron off my lap as if he hated me. However curiosity suddenly overcame his reaction of spirit, and as he brushed me he said:

"This town ought to support another undertaker, and if I can be of any assistance in finding you a shop, you can call upon me day or night."

I wouldn't speak, and I heard him gritting his teeth. He also struck me several hard blows with his brush, and once tried to hit me fair on the nose. I thought I had discouraged him, but just as I put on my hat and opened the door he made a last desperate charge. Smiling sweetly, he inquired:

"Less see! Reverend—Reverend—what did you say it was?—Reverend Mr. Brown?"

I didn't say.

Refuse Oyster Shells. The waters of Maryland produce one-third of the total supply in the world. It yields twice as many of the luscious bivalves as are grown in all foreign countries combined. During the present century it has put on the market 400,000,000 bushels of the toothsome mollusks. These have sold for the enormous sum of \$260,000,000. Almost all of this country is dependent for the abundance and cheapness of this edible on the supply of the Chesapeake. From here also come very nearly all of the oysters used for canning. In fact, the output of this industry in Maryland is equal to one-sixth of all the fisheries of the United States put together.

The quantity of oyster shells landed upon the shores of Maryland during the last century has been reckoned at 12,000,000 tons. Until very lately the canning firms have had much trouble in getting rid of the shells, having to pay, in fact, for the removal of all that they could not give away. Recently, however, they have been able to sell them. They are now shipped to all parts of the country and are utilized for roads, for lime and employed in making coal gas. They have also been found to serve almost as good as stone in the manufacture of special grades of iron for railway beds. Cultivators of oysters also employ them, having found that they afford suitable surfaces for young oysters to attach themselves to. They are likewise used to some extent as chicken food. They are very good for hens, the shells of eggs being largely made from them. The trade received \$25,000 in a single year for the empty shells.

Startfishes are the oyster's worst enemy. Other animals the young bivalves have to guard against are crabs and boring snails. They are also in danger of being stifled by mud. In Pacific waters stingrays are their most dreaded foe. The little crab that lives in the shell of the oyster has always excited much interest. It is found in about 5 per cent of the bivalves. It is a sort of parasite of the oyster, whose shell protects it and whose feed supports it.—Philadelphia Times.

Pledges Redeemed. Some time ago at a fashionable salon Baron d'Almerie was one of a group to which he was imparting an account of his pedigree, which, he claimed, was derived from the Pharaohs of Egypt, says an exchange. Just then Baron de Rothschild approached the group, and one of its members called out: "Baron, come and let me make you acquainted with Baron d'Almerie. He comes of Pharaohic stock, and you ought to know each other." "Yes," said Baron de Rothschild, bowing gravely. "I think," said Baron d'Almerie, "you should know our family, as your ancestors took from us certain pledges when they decamped from Egypt."

"True," replied Baron de Rothschild, "but those pledges were redeemed by a check on the bank of the Red Sea!"

Morning Mirage. A characteristic phenomenon in Dakota is the morning mirage, seen on the prairies just before sunrise in the clear, cold, still weather. At such times wide reaches of country ordinarily cut off from the view by rising grounds or belts of timber will be raised, as it were, above these obstacles. Towns and other prominent objects, twenty miles away, are no longer invisible, but are clearly revealed, with all that lies between them and the spectator. The windows may be counted in houses which at other times can no more be seen than if they were at the antipodes, and near objects, usually just within the range of vision, seem to be brought much closer. As the sun's orb rises above the horizon, the vision sinks below it.

Freedom for Children. The happiest children in the world are those who are given absolute freedom within the bounds of safety. From the moment a child is able to walk alone, his world should be free. The rules that govern him should be those of his own incapacity. What he cannot do in safety should be the limit of his activities. The freedom that children have in the play-world and the work-world of his daily life. If his work does not improve his world for his purpose and those of the people about him, he is defrauded of one of the blessings of life. If his play-world is not created by himself, he is doubly defrauded; for his work should minister to his play, increase its opportunities for enjoyment.

The Chinese. Conservative historians among the Chinese claim for their race an antiquity of at least 100,000 years while those whose estimates are a little "wild" assert that the Chinese were the original inhabitants of the earth and that Chinese history goes back at least 500,000,000 years. The government records of China place the foundation of the empire at 2500 B. C. and claim that it was established by T'ohi, who they assert, is the Noah mentioned in the book of Genesis, B. C. 2240.

HUNTING FOR ELEPHANTS.

A Recently Tamed Beast That Would Stand Any Charge.

One of the first things the Maharaja did after our arrival was to hand to each guest a slip of paper on which was written the name of the elephant allotted to him for shooting purposes, which bore on its back the structure known as a "howdah" to carry the shooter and his guns. As these elephants were necessarily large, and the howdah is high, the oscillation was much greater than if one were seated upon a plain pad upon the elephant's back, or on one of the smaller elephants, which have a smoother gait. We usually, therefore, went to the cover, or jungle, upon one of the "beating," or "pad," elephants, which afterwards during the operations of the day were employed in a long line to force the rhinoceroses and other animals out of the dense thickets in which they live.

The howdah-elephant which the Maharajah allotted to me was named "Secunder." Three years previously it was an uncaptured wild elephant ranging at liberty in the jungles of Bengal. It was a fine female, between nine and ten feet in height at the shoulder, with short but perfect "tusches" projecting a few inches beyond the upper lip. There were other elephants in the Maharajah's stud which have been tamed more recently still. It was very gentle and obedient and perfectly fearless, and therefore, very valuable as a shooting elephant; as, for example, on several occasions during the following three weeks, it stood without flinching the charge of wounded buffalo, tiger and rhinoceros, thus enabling me to take a steady shot. Almost all elephants show great fear of the Indian rhinoceros; there are few that will not turn tail when they scent their enemy, and fewer still that will stand the crash and short snorts that precede the charge.

About breakfast time each morning the elephant told off for each guest was brought to the neighborhood of his tent, and the howdah placed upon it, resting upon a saddle composed of two cushions of strong sacking about six feet by two, which rested in turn upon a large cloth covering the whole of the elephant's back. The howdahs for shooting are lightly built of wood and canvas, and contains two seats, three or four on each side. All this is lashed on by ropes passing under the elephant's neck, belly and tail. The weight which an elephant is able to carry upon his back exceeds a ton; for short distances they have been known to carry as much as three thousand pounds, but for long marches half a ton is considered the limit. Many of the Maharajah's elephants had fine tusks, but most tusks are cut at regular intervals to prevent them from injuring one another. One or two of the fighting elephants, however, had pointed tusks.

Lightning Linotyper and Typesetter. The "record" in typesetting made by William Duffy, while operating a linotype machine in Philadelphia last week was astonishing and all the more so because the operator is also a typesetter who in the days of movable types was distinguished among his associates for the rapidity and accuracy of his work. In those days the possibility of one man setting 400,000 ems of type in six days was undreamed of. Duffy's average was 9,192 ems an hour, in actual typesetting the best record did not greatly exceed 2,100 ems an hour. But that was a "spurt." A record of 1,800 ems an hour was brilliant, and in the printers' flush days a typesetter who could work as well as that could make big wages. But if Duffy had been paid at the old rate of 55 cents per 1,000 ems for his week's record of 469,590 ems his wages would have been far beyond the hopes of the fastest printing man of the palmy days. The linotype operator does not actually set type, however, and the printer's case with its boxes full of movable types is practically a thing of the past. The operator sits at a keyboard and proceeds much as the operator of the typewriter does. The machine is as nearly perfect as the ingenuity of man can make it, but the operator who gets the best results from it must have a quick brain and a sure touch. Of course he need be no match in dexterity for some of the heroes of the old typesetting contests, whose sense of feeling was so highly cultivated, and whose rapidity of motion was fairly amazing. The advent of the machine has brought into play new faculties and a new sort of skill. It has also greatly increased the volume of printed matter, and been the cause of some new and interesting varieties of typographical errors.—N. Y. Times.

Powdered Coal as Fuel. For some years past there have been experiments with coal dust and pulverized coal of various degrees of fineness, with a view to ascertaining how much saving of fuel there is in using coal in the fine state. It has been demonstrated that with suitable feeding machinery the saving may amount to over forty-five per cent, above the coal fed on ordinary fire bars. This point is reached in a cupola furnace of the most approved construction. There are several methods of burning coal dust. One is the use of a feeding apparatus, consisting of rotary brushes, that throw the dust into the fire box in a continuous shower. This of course renders the fuel supply independent of dampness of the possibility of clogging up. Another plan is to drive the dust into the furnace by powerful currents of air. It seems to matter but little how the dust is fed. There is a manifest economy in its use, and as soon as the proper dust feeding machinery is perfected the fuel problem will be much less difficult to struggle with.—New York Ledger.

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A Woman's Deed.

A BENEFACTRESS WHO IS DOING INCALCULABLE GOOD.

Devotes Much of Her Time to the Benefits of Children—How She Helps Them.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. John Tansey, of 130 Baker Street, Detroit, Michigan, is one of those women who always know just what to do in all trouble and sickness. One that is a mother to those in distress. To a reporter she said:

"I am the mother of ten children and have raised eight of them. Several years ago we had a serious time with my daughter, which began when she was about sixteen years old. She did not have any serious illness but seemed to gradually waste away. Having never had any consumption in our families, as we come of good old Irish and Scotch descent, we did not think it was that disease. Neither did she have a hacking cough, yet she grew thinner and paler each day. Our doctor called the disease by an odd name which, as I afterward learned, "It is impossible to describe the feelings John and I had as we noticed our daughter slowly passing away from us. As a last resort I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, made by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., which I understood contained in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. Before she had taken half a box, there was a decided change, and after three months' treatment you would not have recognized her, as her health was so greatly improved. She gained in flesh rapidly and soon was in perfect health. I have always kept the pills in the house since and have recommended them to every one I could. I have told many mothers about them and they have made some wonderful cures. One of the girls had a young lady friend that came to the house almost every day, and she was a sight. Honestly, she seemed almost transparent. I did not care to have my daughters associate with her, as I was afraid she would drop dead some day when they were out on the street. I recommended and begged her to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and told her of their sterling qualities and how the cost was slight, being only 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, at any druggist's. Finally I induced her to try them.

"They helped her wonderfully, and undoubtedly saved her life. She now recommends them to other young women. "Every mother in this land should keep these pills in the house, as they are good for many other ailments. I don't believe in doctoring and never spent much money in medicines, but I can recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to every mother that has a daughter just coming into womanhood."

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For further information apply to nearest ticket agent, or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. 9-9-5t.

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COAL.

Table with columns for coal grades and prices. Includes items like No. 6, delivered, 4 and 5, etc.

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