

PAPER HOUSE STANDS FOR OVER TEN YEARS

Summer Showers and Winter Storms Effect Structure But Little.

WELLESLEY, Mass., Oct. 26.—The frailest house in New England perhaps is one which was constructed principally of thick paper and which has for ten years stood summer showers and winter storms. The structure is owned by George L. Abell, of Wellesley, who built it himself during his spare time for a summer home. A strange part of the history of the paper house is that Mr. Abell and his family lived in it all one winter, finding it fully as warm as their modern home in the centre of the town. The house is situated in the heart of the woods of Ridge Hill, a few miles from Wellesley College.

"A love of country life and a desire for the freedom of isolation were the prime factors which led us to build our home, rough though it is," said Mr. Abell.

In the summer of 1896 he had an opportunity to buy two-thirds of an acre of land covered with fifteen or twenty years' growth of chestnuts, oaks, birches and maples. It was situated three miles from the nearest railroad station and thirteen miles from where he was then employed.

The cost of the land, \$50, had been saved. This was paid over, leaving nothing with which to build except what could be saved out of a salary of \$15 per week. The first summer he got the use of an old farmhouse, a quarter of a mile distant. Here he lived, spending all his spare time in clearing a portion of his land, cutting stove wood and excavating for a cellar.

Planning originally to put up merely a tent for a summer's outing, he decided to put a floor under it. By the following spring he had saved \$60, and then various plans were considered. He finally decided to build a framework of very light construction, twelve feet high in the center, pitching to five feet at the sides and thirty feet square. This was not to be boarded in, but covered outside and inside with sheathing paper and painted. The \$60 was expended for material and tools.

Estimating how much of his salary he could spare weekly to carry on work on his "house," Mr. Abell, with the help of a friend who volunteered his services, working spare moments, completed the structure in about twelve days' working time. This, however, covered about four months' elapsed time.

When \$150 had been spent Mr. Abell moved his family into the house, which then consisted principally of four walls, a leaky roof and a floor. By this time he had established credit with a lumber dealer and had no difficulty in securing material when needed, paying when convenient.

At the end of the following summer the house had been partitioned off a chicken yard built, fruit trees and bushes planted and considerable land cleared. Mr. Abell then started in business for himself in Wellesley, two miles distant, and the real struggle began. His income became uncertain, but his credit was good. The house had now cost \$500, including the land, and Mr. Abell had performed most of the work himself.

HOW THE COFFEE HABIT ORIGINATED.

Turkish Ambassador First Served Louis XIV in the Year 1669.

It is but useless repetition to say that there is a vast difference the world over in the preparation of coffee. No two places seem to prepare this delicious drink in the same way. It is weak here and strong there, boiled in one place and cooked in another, black and roily, brown and muddy.

There may be a great many ways of making coffee but it is only with the new electric percolators that one can get the most delicious cup of this delightful beverage ever prepared since the ancient Arab accidentally discovered the secret. The coffee made a la electricity retains the sweet aroma of the berry, its delicious flavor, its subtle strength and its beautiful color.

It was in 1669, that the Turkish ambassador to the court of Louis XIV served his native drink, "cahove," to his friends—little dreaming that he was introducing the "coffee habit," so irresistible to the civilized world of today. He began by serving the new drink in little cups to the few intimates who gathered daily in his rooms. They became so infatuated with it they could talk of nothing else, and soon all the ladies and gentlemen of Versailles developed a great affection for a sip of the delicious beverage. It was the same

thick syrup you get in the East today.

The first coffee imported into France cost over \$16 a pound—an immense sum in those days. Naturally, it was only for the wealthy. The Armenian, who about 1680 opened the first cafe in Paris, had to serve a liquid within the price of the middle class. This he was able to do by greatly diluting with milk or water—thus evolving cafe au lait and cafe noir. These mixtures immediately jumped into popularity. But even they were beyond the purse of the poor man.

The success of the Armenian's venture stimulated a crippled Frenchman to provide himself with a charcoal stove and a huge copper pot, with which he strolled about the streets crying "Cahve, Cahve!" He was out to catch the trade of the very poor man, and he could afford to sell his "cahve" cheap, as he had first negotiated with the Armenian for the coffee grounds that had already done service at the St. Germain des Pres establishment. The second-hand coffee is what you get in any small cafe in Paris today, between whose proprietor and the chefs of the large hotels and restaurants the same deal is still made.

DIVINE AUTHORSHIP OF BIBLE IS THEME

Mr. Srygley Preaches Strong Sermon at the Fairfax Street Church of Christ.

The sermon Sunday morning at Fairfax street Church of Christ was on the divine authorship of the Bible. Mr. Srygley said in part that the greatest evidence of the divinity of the Bible was the book itself. He argued that the Bible was either the production of man unaided by his Creator or that it was, as all Christians believe, the work of men guided by the inspiration of God.

It was a principle of human nature that men never severely condemned his own conduct. The hypocrite is never severe on hypocrisy nor the liar on lying. Drunkards were never severe in their denunciation of drunkenness and drunk drinkers even among Churchmen had never condemned the moderate drinker.

Law of Human Nature. It was a law of human nature that men never condemned their own conduct. Then with this rule of conduct, can we say any man has ever lived who could or would have written the Bible just as we have it. There is no being good enough to have been the author of the book we call the Bible, except God. No church that exists today would produce a book like the Bible.

Mr. Srygley said he believed there was as good a man living today as ever lived and there are none today who could or would produce a book just like the Bible. The churches all together would not produce a book just like the Bible. There is no church alone which would do it. They would all, or either of them change it at some point. Its doctrines would be different, its morality would be weakened if any man should undertake to make a book to take the place of the Bible. Some strong statement in the Bible would be left out entirely and others barely mentioned would be made stronger.

Book Like the Bible. Is there a church on earth today that, or could, produce a book like the Bible. Your brethren would not do it, my brethren would make changes if they had the task of writing the Bible. Only God would produce a book like this. It carries with it, its own evidence of its author.

Mr. Srygley made a strong plea for the Bible as a complete guide for man resting his contention on the Apostle Paul's declaration that "the man of God may be perfect thoroughly furnished unto all good works." The Bible he insisted was as perfect for the purpose it was intended to fill as its author. A perfect thing could not be added to or changed without marring its perfection.

The meeting will continue morning and evening during the week.

GOOD COPY.

"I have here some twice-told tales."

"If you can guarantee that they haven't been told more than twice, they must be pretty fresh and I'll take 'em!"—Birmingham Age Herald.

WISE CHOICE.

She—Frankly, now, if you had to choose between me and a million, what would you do?

He—I'd take the million. Then you would be easy.—Life.

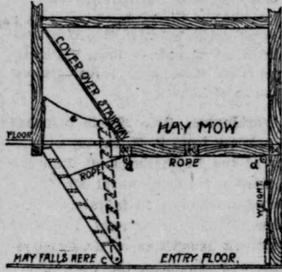
THE NEWS by mail \$3 a year.



STAIRS FOR THE BARN.

They Will Prove Handy and Save Much Time.

A lot of time is saved if one has handy stairs which can be used for throwing down hay as well as a passage way. These steps are made of



A Step Saver.

light material and instead of putting on a lower step, use a block, C, and attach the stringers of the stairs to it at each end with a pin. A rope, explains Farm and Home, passes over the pulleys at D, to a weight which allows the stairway to be held upright, while the hay is being put down. The rope, E, is handy to pull the stairs into position.

SIZE OF COW STALLS.

Three Feet of Space Is Hardly Enough for Comfort.

A cow can lie down in three feet of space if she is of ordinary size, if she lies perfectly straight. Go into a stable, however, where cows are allowed only this amount of room and you will hardly ever find all lying down. Some lie a little to one side, thus preventing their neighbor from lying.

We find 3½ feet none too much space, and four feet would be better if one could afford it; especially for large cows, writes Forest Henry, in the Northwestern Agriculturist. Where cows are crowded into three feet it is an easy matter for them to reach one another's feed. As to the length of platform between drop and stanchion, it will depend altogether on length of cows. I feel that it is a pretty good plan to begin at back of barn with four feet ten inches and run to the front on the bias to four feet six inches. Ordinarily the master or larger cows come in first and go to back of row. This gives a variation of four inches which is none too much. By this scheme you have every length of tieup and will come nearer fitting the whole herd than by any other device I have seen. With the swinging steel stanchion you can hang them so as to make a variation of easily two or three inches.

There are devices so arranged that by loosening a nut the stanchion can be pushed back or drawn forward and make more variation, but I would much prefer the common, plain steel swinging stanchion with nothing to get out of order.

SKIM MILK FOR CALVES.

That Right from the Separator Is Believed to Be Best.

It is sometimes said that sweet skim milk fed directly from the hand of the separator has caused the death of calves and young pigs, but I know of no specific case in which this is true, says a writer in Farmer's Voice, or experiments which indicate that sour skim milk gives better results than sweet; in fact, the evidence is very largely in favor of sweet skim milk.

The skim milk directly from the separator has more or less air in it, as may be seen by the foam on the top of it. I have fed this milk within three or four minutes after separating to young calves, and never had any trouble which might in any way be traced to the skim milk. This would not prove, however, that allowing a young calf or pig to overload its stomach with new milk more or less mixed with air would not prove injurious, though I question very seriously whether this cause alone would produce death. In my opinion if skim milk is allowed to stand ten minutes or so after separating, the light foam from the top removed and only a moderate amount of the fresh warm milk allowed each animal, no injurious results are likely to occur.

Many farmers think that because the fat has been removed, a calf must be given all the skim milk it can drink, and many calves suffer from too much skim milk; also from feeding cold skim milk and from sour skim milk, more especially if it is sweet one day and sour another.

While satisfactory results are reported from feeding skim milk, I recommend the use of sweet, still warm from the separator.

City Milk Inspection.

Agitation in favor of purity in our food supply is resulting in the passage of very stringent regulations governing the milk and cream supply in our larger towns and cities. Within the past few months this matter has received more attention than ever before. It is a sign of progress.

WHITE HAIR AND GAY COLORS

Not Inartistic Combination That New York Women Seem Particularly Fond Of.

The New York women are original in their fashion of dressing, particularly the older women. The whiter the hair of a New York woman, the more she runs to color in her clothing. One New York woman with white hair with golden lights in it wears light blue invariably summer and winter, dainty blues, with blue and white hats. Another wears purple bonnets, violet bonnets, very pretty on her white hair, and gowns of delicate lavender. And they are not unbecoming, either, these white-haired women. Many of them are beautiful. A white hat with blue wings, a white veil with little dots, a pink and white complexion—many of them have really wonderful complexions—and at a little distance they have the look of dainty bits of Dresden.

IN INSECTVILLE.



D. Detective Bugs—Folled—folled. 'Tis not Willie Firefly, and we've been watching that diamond pin for two hours, thinking we were on the trail of Firefly.

X-RAYS TO FIND PEARLS.

John J. Solomon has developed a plant for radiographing oysters, to ascertain not only the existence but the stage of development of pearls without killing the bivalves or opening their shells, says the Chicago Journal. As many as 500 oysters have been submitted to examination in one minute, hundreds of shells spread on a tray being exposed at one time. Oysters showing no pearls are returned to their beds; those showing partially developed pearls are sent into "hospital" to be nursed, while those whose pearls are full grown suffer the fate that attends all things which possess something that man wants.

COLOSSAL CHERRY TREE.

The historic giant cherry tree of this county is located on the Abernethy place, southeast of Newberg. A measurement was made the other day which gave it a circumference of eight feet 11 inches four feet from the ground—this against the Hubbard tree, with its eight feet two inches two feet from the ground. From limb to limb it covers an area of 53 feet, seven inches in diameter. This famous tree is productive in accordance with its size. Its record crop in any one season is a little over 2,000 pounds of cherries.—Portland Oregonian.

THE BRIDAL VEIL OF LACE.

At the recent wedding of Miss Edith Holt and Dr. J. C. Bloodgood in New York, the bride wore two lace scarfs as veils. One of these was of Limerick lace, taken from the collection gathered by her grandmother, Mrs. West of Baltimore. The other was of a thinner lace. This is a very pretty idea to have the veil of some interest other than that of the wedding, but as a general thing the dainty tulle veil is much more becoming.

TAXATION IN JAPAN.

The Japanese people, according to a Tokyo newspaper, pay the heaviest tax per person in the world. The Tokyo paper asserts that heads of families are taxed one-fifth of their income. By way of comparison, it may be said that an American pays out in taxes about one-third of his income. In addition, the American will earn five times as much as the Japanese.

FOR BARGAIN DAY.

"She's no lady!"

"Why, I always thought her most refined."

"On the surface, yes. But what do you think of a woman who wears her little boy's football shoes to the bargain sales, and spikes everyone who gets in her way?"

THE DEEP SEA DIVER

Perils Against Which the Modern Expert Must Guard.

PROTECTING HIS AIR TUBE.

This Is His Chief Care While Delving In the Debris of Sunken Wrecks. Tragic Debut of John Day, a Clever but Ignorant Old Timer.

A great deal of water has run under the bridge since, in the month of June, 1774, John Day made his fatal debut as a diver in Plymouth sound. Day, a clever but ignorant millwright, had laid numerous wagers that, confined in a water tight box and provided with a candle, food and drink, he would remain submerged at any depth for twelve hours. His plan was that the box should be fastened by screws—from within—to a vessel subsequently sunk and that when the allotted time had elapsed he should withdraw the screws and rise to the surface. His mad scheme was actually put into execution on June 22, and Day, as might have been expected, lost his life. Not the least extraordinary part of the affair is that, while he was warned how the pressure of the water would affect his box and greatly increased its strength in consequence, no one seems to have so much as hinted at the danger of his death from want of air.

The diver who goes down today to save the contents of a sunken wreck, recover a dropped torpedo or execute some submarine erection or repairs has better knowledge of the necessary risks he runs and the precautions by which he may avoid all needless danger at his work than had poor Day. Science, mindful of the great increase of pressure brought about by every foot that he descends beneath the surface of the sea, warns him to go slowly down the stepladder that hangs from the ship's side or the dock wall and to pause frequently as he does so, that he may grow accustomed to the increase by degrees. By this means a man fit for the work, sound of heart and free from apopleptic tendencies passes with little inconvenience from the moderate pressure of eight pounds per square inch, which surrounds him at a depth of twenty feet, to that of sixty-five pounds, which he must sustain after descending 150 feet—the greatest depth at which his work can be considered safe.

Once landed at the bottom of the sea the diver has a host of things to bear in mind. Weighted as he is with brass soled boots, copper helmet and often a treble set of underclothing below his diving suit of twill and rubber, the tendency to rise is yet so great that his powers of action are very limited. He can lift a comparatively heavy weight with ease; the attempt to pull down some trifling piece of wreckage from overhead will probably take him off his feet. Readers of Robert Louis Stevenson will remember how when, dressed in full deep sea costume, he accompanied a diver to his work the novelist was able to hop with ease upon the summit of a rock some six feet high. But descend again he could not. His companion hauled him off head downward and propped him on his feet "like an intoxicated sparrow." Even for such an apparently simple piece of work as drilling a hole in a rock or portion of a wreck the diver will perhaps need to prop himself against a stone or make himself secure by lashings to the object upon which he works.

The great danger against which the diver must be ever on his guard is that of getting his air tube entangled in the debris of a wreck—no difficult matter as he creeps in and out of cabin, engine room and hold, among a broken and distorted mass of wood and iron. He may have been moving in one direction, all unconscious that he is being helped by a strong current, until he presently attempts to turn and finds it vain. It is not the deep sea diver only who runs this risk. Some years since a diver was at work in twenty feet of water repairing some dock gates. His job finished, he gave the signal to the boat above to close the gates that he might rise if all worked well. The rush of many tons of water as the heavy gates swung to swept him between and through them. In a flash he realized that his air pipe would be caught between the massive doors and at the same moment saw his only chance for life. He thrust his heavy hammer head between the closing gates, and this kept his pipe free till he could signal for them to be reopened.

The old method of communication between the diver and his helpers at the surface was by means of tugs upon the line, but nowadays the telephone or perhaps a speaking tube accompanies the air pipe at his side. And, though many divers still work in the comparative darkness, both oil and electricity will shed their light upon the scene if need arise.

Sharks are visitors with whom in certain waters the deep sea diver has to count. But the shark is not always so dangerous a morning caller as might be thought. A diver at work in the cabin of a sunken ship saw, to his dismay, a shark swim slowly in. The diver had no suitable weapon of defense at hand, and flight seemed the only chance for life—and a poor one at that. Meanwhile the shark swam to and fro in the cabin as if meditating on a system of attack. The diver made a sudden bolt for the door; the shark—as seriously alarmed, it seemed, as was the man—did the same and, being unincumbered with costume and in his native element, got out an easy first and disappeared.—London Globe.

HUCKLEBERRY FARMING.

Agriculture With a Match in the Timber Regions.

"It may seem incredible to those who have never lived in or traveled much through timber districts where the huckleberry is indigenous," said a native of such district, "but it is a fact that there is a tribe of shiftless persons in all such regions who systematically and without regard to law, property or life set fire to woods or cut over land adjacent to woods simply to increase the area of huckleberry bushes. There is only one way in which huckleberries can be cultivated, and the huckleberry farmer does not need to own an inch of land. If he has the title to one simple lucifer match he can put thousands of acres under cultivation in a very short time.

"He has only to light the match and touch it to the dry leaves and branches on the ground, either in early spring or late fall, and his cultivation is soon under way. No matter what grew on the ground before fire swept it bare, huckleberry bushes will never fail to spring up luxuriantly from the ashes and scorched soil. They will be in abundant bearing the next season. What the result may have been in loss of life or property does not concern the persons who reap the benefit.

"Many of the fires that devastate our forests every year may be traced to this reckless and deliberate making or improving of huckleberry patches. I remember one instance particularly where the setting fire to the brush on a huckleberry barren in northern Pennsylvania resulted in a forest fire that swept over a 10,000 acre timber tract, doing incalculable damage to the standing timber and reducing to ashes 50,000 feet of logs and lumber and 30,000 cords of tanbark, representing a money value of nearly \$750,000. Twenty persons were burned to death and thirty so badly burned that seven of them died from their injuries. The huckleberry crop gathered from this cultivation of that barren waste perhaps realized \$200 to the cultivators.—Washington Post.

PROVED HIS SPELLING.

An Incident in the Career of Stephen A. Douglas.

An amusing incident occurred in McLean county, Ill., at the first court which Stephen A. Douglas, the famous politician, attended after his election as prosecuting attorney. There were many indictments to be drawn, writes Professor Allen Johnson in his life of Douglas, and the new prosecuting attorney in his haste wrote the name of the county McLean instead of McLean. His professional brethren were greatly amused at this evidence of inexperience and made merry over the blunder. Finally John T. Stuart, subsequently Douglas' political rival, moved that all the indictments be quashed. Judge Logan looked at the discomfited youth and asked what he had to say to support the indictments.

Smarting under the gibes of Stuart, Douglas replied obstinately that he had nothing to say, as he supposed the court would not quash the indictments until the point had been proved. This answer caused more merriment, but the judge decided that the court could not rule upon the matter until the precise spelling in the statute creating the county had been ascertained.

No one doubted what the result would be, but at least Douglas had the satisfaction of causing his critics some delay, for the statutes had to be procured from an adjoining county. To the astonishment of court and bar and of Douglas himself it appeared that he had spelled the name correctly. To the indescribable chagrin of the learned Stuart the court promptly sustained all the indictments. The young attorney was in high feather and made the most of his triumph. The incident taught him a useful lesson—henceforth he would admit nothing and require his opponents to prove everything that bore upon the case in hand.

His Curiosity Satisfied.

A wealthy tradesman who had been drinking the waters of Bath, England, took a fancy to try those of Bristol. Armed with a letter of introduction from his Bath physician to a professional brother at Bristol, the old gentleman set off on his journey. On the way he said to himself, "I wonder what Dr. Blank has advised the Bristol physician in regard to my case?" and, giving way to curiosity, he opened the letter and read:

Dear Doctor: The bearer is a fat Whitshire clothier; make the most of him. Yours professionally, J. BLANK.

Pelican and Flamingo.

The hook of the pelican's bill is red, and undoubtedly the fable that the pelican feeds its young with blood from its own breast originated in the bird's habit of pressing the bill upon the breast in order to more easily empty the pouch, when the red tip might be mistaken for blood. Another explanation is that the pelican became confused with the flamingo, which discharges into the mouth of its young a secretion which in color resembles blood.

All His Doing.

Miss Chellus—Is it really so that you're engaged to Mr. Roxley? Miss Pechlis (calmly)—It is. Miss Chellus—My, he was a great catch! Miss Pechlis—I beg your pardon; catcher.—Philadelphia Press.

Too Considerate.

Judge—You say you went into the room at night quite unintentionally? Why, then, had you taken off your shoes? Burglar—Cause, jedge, I heard dere was somebody lyin' ill in de house.—Home Magazine.