

A COLLOQUY.

This spoke my Head: I know I am—I know not whence I came; I know I was—or else I could not be; I know some Creature did my fashion frame—

A "Dicker" with The President

By HOLMAN F. DAY.

CAPT. SIMON SHIBLES, of Thomaston, Me., sitting before his favorite grocery store in the village square at home, used to scrape his gauffered gingham quizzically down the side of his nose and declare that he did the thing as easily as the scuttle-but would roll off the dog-rane.

But all of Capt. Simon's bluff and naive assurance of confidence to-day what it did in the informal days of Andrew Jackson, when the hedge about the president of the United States was lower.

On one trip from Thomaston, Capt. Simon, the heartiest skipper who sailed past Owl's Head in those days, carried lime in his two-master. He had his mind set on a profitable venture, but when he rounded at Baltimore, he found there half a dozen other Maine skippers, all with lime.

"For," said one to his mate as they swished along, "old Shibles will sell that lime, even if he has to tackle Andrew Jackson himself."

Capt. Simon was an early bird when he had business ahead of him. On the morning after his arrival at Alexandria he was out and away, dressed in his best, ere the mariners that were trailing him got their eyes open.

"I INTEND TO GIVE EVERYONE A CHANCE ON THAT LIME." a long-tailed blue coat. On his head he balanced a bell-crowned beaver, its brim very close to the rims of his jutting ears.

"You trot along an' tell President Andrew Jackson," commanded he, "that in case he ever comes Thomaston way I shall take it wrong if he doesn't put up with me. Tell him Cap'n Simon Shibles says so—be known me."

"That ain't none of your special business," bellowed the skipper. "But ye can run along an' tell him—tell President Andrew Jackson—that Cap'n Simon Shibles, of Thomaston, Me., wants to see him an' see him right off, for in two hours the tide will be ebb, and 'Time an' tide wait for no man.'"

"Show the gentleman in, Joseph." It was the voice of President Andrew Jackson. He had overheard the colloquy. Indeed, so had every other person in the neighborhood. The skipper was forthwith ushered into the presence of the president.

see me if ye ask him. Trot along, now, and find out." The roar of the skipper's voice and the bluff authority in his manner had their effect on the servant. He got up, rubbing his knees, and asked: "What am yo' name an' wharfur yo want to see de pres'dunt?"

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The big mariner, with his bell-crowned hat and white trousers, who stood impatiently flapping the tails of his blue coat, was an imposing figure, yet the colored man was not convinced that even the rather lax white house rules of those days would excuse this early intrusion upon the president. He hesitated, looking dubiously toward a closed door. All at once from the other side of that door came a voice:

"The smile that wrinkled the plain face of the president was appreciative. 'Sit down, Capt. Simon Shibles,' said he, poking his pipe-stem at a chair. 'You say you are from Maine, eh? From Thomaston, Me? Ah, that is Gen. Knox's old home! Let's see, he called his mansion Montpelier, didn't he? Spent lots of money there, eh?'"

"Look here, President Andrew Jackson, you don't need a cargo of lime in your business, do ye? I don't want ye to think I'm cheeky, but just as long's business is business I intend to give ev'ry one a chance on that lime."

"President Jackson commenced to chuckle. Then he looked at the bluff mariner, who stood straddled resolutely before him, and laughed aloud. The old wound in his side troubled him a bit, and as he laughed he felt a twinge. He pressed his hands against the weak spot, leaned over and chuckled some more, clutching the long-stemmed pipe to his breast."

"Wal, ye see, I didn't know but ye might have some use for it," Capt. Simon added, apologetically. "Ye could use it to plaster tother party, ye know, or else it would be good to use when ye bury 'em next election."

"Hand that to the commandant," said the president. "Good day to you, air, and a safe voyage to your home." Capt. Simon bowed his way from the presence. His face wore a decorous expression, but he was stifling a mighty impulse to shout "Hooray for President Andrew Jackson!"

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SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The crocodile, the chicken and the ostrich take pebbles with their food to aid in grinding it. There is now made an opera glass which folds to the thickness of half an inch and needs no case.

A fluid capable of anaesthetizing a plant when injected into the tissues thereof near the roots has been discovered by a German chemist. The plant so treated stops growing, but maintains its fresh, green appearance as long as the effects of the injection last.

A few years ago an engine of James Watt's manufacture, with sun and planet wheel complete, was taken down at a London brewery. It had been continuously working for 102 years, and was not at all decrepit when dismantled. It now forms an archaeological exhibit in the museum of Sydney university.

Cottonseed oil, corn oil and linseed oil, there is good reason to believe, will probably have a rival at a not distant day in edible petroleum oil. As a matter of fact, petroleum has been successfully desulphurized and demineralized. Certain other solids and ingredients have been extracted from it and the production of a fairly good edible oil has already resulted.

In the United States alone 5,300,000 cords of wood are converted into paper. New York daily papers take over 135,000 tons annually. The United States itself cannot supply this immense quantity, and about 7,000 cords of wood are imported daily for this purpose. Canada, with her vast ranges of forests, offers a great field for the pulp manufacturer, and where this timber is situated near tide water it is most valuable.

M. Dagan, a French entomologist, has tried several hundred species of insects as food, both raw and cooked in various ways, and has further made himself an authority by collecting travelers' experiences. Spiders, which he has eaten, he does not recommend. Cockroaches, however, make most delicious soup; caterpillars are light and easily digested and are relished not only by African and American natives but by Frenchmen, and locusts fried or made into flour and boiled in milk are prized by the Bedouins.

Edgar Cox, a miner, lately reached Redding, Cal., after a hard trip across the country from Lassen Buttes, 40 miles east of that place, bringing a story of strange discoveries of even deeper interest than the great crater and the springs and caves of the lava fields. The discoveries are of bones and implements denoting a people and a state of civilization existing there many centuries ago. It is believed, says a local account, a second Pompeii may be hidden beneath the lava and igneous rock which was belched in a far remote period from the mouth of the great old crater.

A party of timber surveyors investigating their way over the rough country south of Xooles pass found within four feet of the surface human bones half petrified. They evidently had lain in much greater depth, but erosion had thinned the crust of earth above them. The skeletons were in various postures, as though death had come suddenly upon the ancients, striking them down as they were engaged in the daily routine of life. Next the searchers came upon rude spoons and bowls. They were apparently of stone, but they bore no resemblance to the Indian relics which the traveler sees often in that region. Instruments which perhaps were used as hammers and chisels were found. They, too, were totally unlike the known implements of the Indians. Some of the stone articles were of such design that they could not be classified at all. The surveyors became convinced that they had chanced upon relics of a race that antedated the known Indians so far as to have little in common with them.

It was the conviction of the party that the ruins of a settlement or city, possibly engulfed with its inhabitants by an eruption of the long extinct volcano, lie beneath the lava and can be reached with comparative ease from certain points where little lava remains.

The Nicaraguan Canal. The construction of the trans-isthmian waterway through the productive country of Nicaragua means to that country an opening up of its latent resources, immigration, and improved transportation facilities. The construction of the canal will draw thousands of foreigners to the country, both capitalists and labor, and it requires no stretch of the imagination to see this increasing population spreading over the adjacent country both to the north and to the south, and settling on the lands which can be had for the asking. Where there are now only dense forests, silvery lakes, rushing mountain streams and silent prairies with tall, waving grass, there will spring up towns and villages, plantations and farms, and a new geographical and commercial center of the western hemisphere.—Outlook.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



"DO YOU LIKE MY GOWN, JANETTE? WHERE IS SHE?"

CLEVER BLIND CHILDREN.

Act Upon the Stage Without Making a Single Mistake in the Whole Performance.

A company of blind children enacted the play, "Jack, the Giant Killer," at St. Louis recently, reports an exchange of that city. It was their first attempt in the histrionic line and was pronounced the success of the season by the theatergoers. The children belong to the Missouri school for the blind, and the entertainment was arranged in celebration of the institution's fifty-first anniversary.

The teachers made all of the costumes and trained the performers for weeks beforehand. The latter entered into the spirit of the occasion with all of the zest which more favored children might have exhibited. The remarkable feature was the keenness of perception which they displayed. Guided by some instinct, they never made one false step, but passed and repassed each other on the stage and always found their respective places without a collision. Their movements were all ease and freedom and grace and their steps were as firm and full of confidence as though they had been blessed with the brightest and keenest of eyes.

Sightless lords and ladies bowed to a blind king and queen in courtly style. A blind fairy waved her wand over their majesties without once touching their crowns. The blind Giant Blunderbore marched in all his terrible might across the stage with the most threatening strides and blind Jack the Giant Killer strutted gloriously up and down with his trusty sword. It was all done with such astonishing accuracy, and never was there a mistake in word or action. The orchestra which furnished the music was composed of 15 blind boys, and the attendants of the king and queen numbered some 20 sightless little ones.

So that it was a company which really crowded the narrow stage and made the excellence of the performance all the more notable. A particularly pretty scene was the part in which Jack led the Princess and Fairy Good in a dance which was very much like the Virginia reel. After the play S. M. Green, superintendent of the institution, was the recipient of many congratulations upon the histrionic achievements of his pupils.

"They can do things and accomplish good in the world just the same as people that have eyes," he said, proudly. "Our motto is this: 'It is the soul that sees.'"

"We took that motto several years ago to impress on the public the fact that blind people are not a lot of hapless, unfortunate creatures, as some suppose. Aside from the misfortune of being deprived of their sight, blind children are just like other children. They are affectionate, they like to romp and play, they want to be out in the fresh air and sunshine, and they enjoy hearing the songs of the birds and smelling the perfume of the flowers."

Trade Upon Ambition. Unscrupulous Publishers Who Make Money from Persons with Literary Aspirations. "Everybody is writing nowadays," sighed a magazine editor, disgustedly, as he ran through a pile of manuscripts heaped up on his desk, according to the New York Herald. "Here is a sonnet from a cabman, a story from a policeman and an essay from a soap-maker at Penobscot, Me." It is true. All the world is pushing the pen or banging the typewriter, and one never knows at what moment his best friend may not draw a deadly historical novel

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

California had at the end of last year 2,040 petroleum wells. Iron finger posts bearing the names of all four thoroughfares are now being erected at the street corners in Berlin.

In the Colusa region, California, there is a plowing machine (run by petroleum power) which can plow 130 acres of land per day. On health grounds, an order forbidding the wrapping up of foodstuffs in old newspapers has just been issued by the prefect of Finistère.

According to Dr. Pinaud, of Paris, many careless persons catch contagious diseases by taking off their dusty shoes and then sitting down to a meal without washing their hands. The nest of the tree wasp or hornet is made of a true paper, wood being ground to pulp by the jaws of the wasp and treated with an adhesive matter secreted in the creature's mouth.

In the canton of Zurich, according to the official school report for the years 1899 and 1900, 108,297 children were medically examined, and the ears were found to be in some way affected in 117 per 1,000. The village church at Upleatham, North Yorkshire, is claimed to be the smallest in England. It measures 17 feet nine inches by 13 feet. The church dates back 900 years. Some of the tombstones in the graveyard are dated 1350.

The biggest water-wheels in Britain are on the River Teith, six miles from Stirling. The Deansston cotton mills have four wheels 36 feet in diameter. The Isle of Man has the biggest wheel of all at the Laxey mine. It is 72 feet six inches in diameter.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's Theory of the Destruction of the Ill-Fated American Warship. In his interesting address in this city recently Gen. Fitzhugh Lee gave his theory regarding the destruction of the battleship Maine, says the Indianapolis Journal. After relating the circumstances of the explosion and describing the scene of fire and carnage he witnessed on visiting the locality a few minutes after the event, he said:

"My theory is that it was done by young officers who had been attached to Weyler. After the catastrophe they disappeared. Young officers of the (Spanish) army did not take the trouble to hide their pleasure over the horrible affair. Many of them dropped their usual potatoes of red wine and opened bottles of champagne in the cafes. The government of Cuba immediately tried to forestall European opinion by sending a dispatch which stated that the carelessness of the Americans themselves. As to that I want to say that the keys to the magazine of every American man-of-war are brought to the captain and are hung on hooks at the head of his bed so that he can know where they are all the time. When the divers went to work on the Maine Capt. Sigbee said to them: 'Go into my cabin and see if the keys to the magazine are hanging where they ought to be.' The divers came up with the keys. They had found them hanging by the side of the captain's bed. Furthermore, the investigation brought out that the plates of the forepart of the ship were bent upward, showing clearly that the force of the explosion had been directed from the bottom. The court of inquiry heard plenty of testimony which showed that there had been two explosions; one when the torpedo went off, and tore its way to the ship's magazine, and the other when the magazine itself exploded with a roar."

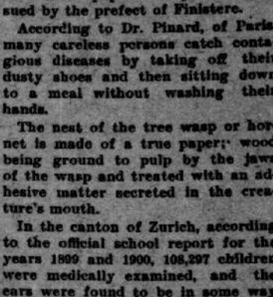
The real cause of the destruction of the Maine is still a mystery, though there is strong reason for accepting Gen. Lee's view. The report of the United States court of naval inquiry sustained the theory of an outside explosion, but said "the court has been unable to obtain any evidence fixing the responsibility for the destruction of the Maine upon any person or persons." The solution of such mysteries comes in time, and probably this one will be solved when those who are in possession of the secret think the right time has come.

Appropriate Cookery. "Your majesty," said the cook of the king of the Carnival Islands, "how will you have the latest captive prepared?" "I always like to cook my game in some way appropriate to their national characteristics," replied the king. "Of what nation is the captive?" "He is an Irishman, your majesty. Is it your pleasure that he be done into an Irish stew?" "Oh, no. You may make soup of him."

"But is that characteristic of the Irish, your majesty?" asked the chief politely. "Certainly it is. That is the way they cook young men themselves in Ireland. I beg your pardon, sire, but I never heard of it."

HOSPITAL SECRETS.

A Nurse Says: "Po-ru-na is a Tonic of Efficiency."



Mrs. Kate Taylor, a graduated nurse of prominence, gives her experience with Peruna in an open letter. Her position in society and professional standing combine to give special prominence to her utterances.

CHICAGO, ILL., 427 Monroe St.—"As far as I have observed Peruna is the finest tonic any man or woman can use who is weak from the after effects of any serious illness. I have seen it used in a number of convalescent cases, and have seen several other tonics used, but I found that those who used Peruna had the quickest relief."

"Peruna seems to restore vitality, increase bodily vigor and renew health and strength in a wonderfully short time."—MRS. KATE TAYLOR.

In view of the great multitude of women suffering from some form of female disease and yet unable to find any cure, Dr. Hartman, the renowned specialist on female entarrical diseases, has announced his willingness to direct the treatment of as many cases as make application to him during the summer months, without charge. Address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

EVERY WOMAN HAS BACKACHE. Hotbeds, wives, mothers, every woman who has the care of a family or household, has at one time or another spells of backache, nervous weakness, sick headache and dizziness in the morning, caused as a rule by domestic worry, overwork, irregular meals or habitual constipation. To all women who suffer in this way, we say:

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. It performs a marvelous transformation. The tired, weak, dependent, pale and bloodless victim is soon a strong, bright, happy woman, with rosy cheeks and cheerful spirits.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Scott's Emulsion.

Keep Out the Wolf. Sawyer's Excelsior Slickers. The best and most reliable in the world. It will keep you warm and dry in the coldest weather. It is made of the finest material and is guaranteed to last for years.

TEARS IN THE VOICE.

A capacity for tears is a necessity for any woman who aspires to fame and fortune on the emotional stage. Not that she need be given to an unnecessary shedding of them in private life, but she must have them at her command before the footlights.

Nor are the tears that flow from the eyes the only ones that are necessary. She must have them also in her voice. There must be that indefinable something about her speech that suggests emotion, a something that is more easily explained as "tears in the voice" than in any other way.

Remain a child if you would succeed as an actress. The child has every quality necessary to achieve success. They have the un cultivated "tears in the voice," and the successful actress is but a grown-up child.

Point to any of the great emotional actresses of history and you will find that they were either gifted with or had cultivated this quality. They would not have succeeded without it. It is far more essential than oratorical ability. It will move an audience when all else fails.

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