NO MAN'S LAND.

Two shapes were walking on the strand
One starlit night in no man's land;

Two shapes that during mortal life
Gave hate for hope, in deadly strife,

They met. Swift forth their falchions flew;
Each planed the other through and through;

Yet neither fell. Again they strove
For mastery, and madly drove

To right and left their falchions bright,
Nor sound nor cry profaned the night.

Through corselet, casque, and visor, too,
As through the air their swift blades flew;

Until amazed they stood aghast,
And on the sands their weapons cast.

Then laughed they both at mortal strife,
The passing dreams of earthly life.

And cleansing each the other's hand,
They walk the shades of no man's land.
—The Academy.

SAVED FROM DEATH.

Emily Arban was fifteen years old, but she had always been in delicate health and was scarcely larger than a child of ten. Her father had been among the foremost to settle far out upon the prairie when the country was new, and having some money to help himself with, he had prospered mightily. A little settlement had soon sprung up around him on the pleasant bank of a little creek, but outside of this there was not even a squatter's cabin for a distance of many miles.

As has been stated already, Mr. Arban had prospered. The only drawback to his happiness was the feeble health of his daughter. She was small and puny and feeble, but with an exceedingly old head upon her young shoulders; and she was always saying and doing the strangest and most unheard-of things.

Emily Arban was a fearless rider and passionately fond of that healthful exercise; and, thinking it would prove beneficial to her, her father had given her old Buckskin, one of his huge work horses, who was, nevertheless, very easy-gaited and quite speedy, for her very own. So the little girl was in the habit of taking long, exhilarating rides far out on the level prairie almost every pleasant day.

In accordance with this custom she saddled old Buckskin one sunshiny morning in the late fall, forded the creek on whose bank stood her father's dwelling, and spurred rapidly away across the level country. A strong wind was blowing from behind, and the dry prairie grass, scorched almost to a tinder by the summer's sun, rustled breast-high all around her.

Emily was in excellent spirits that day, and even old Buckskin seemed to share in the exhilaration of his little mistress. For some time they sped straight on before the bracing fall breeze, without a single glance behind. Mile after mile was rapidly covered, but at last she wheeled her horse for the return.

As she did so a startled cry escaped her lips, and she reined in with a suddenness that threw Buckskin violently backward upon his haunches in a manner that would have unseated a less skillful rider. And well she might!

Right in her path, between help and home and herself a wall of fire twenty feet high was rolling on before the strong wind with more than railroad speed; while great volumes of ink-black smoke were rolling darkly and heavily upward. Even then the sullen roar of the advancing flames broke upon her affrighted ears.

The deadly danger that menaced her was only too apparent. A spark from some of the chimneys at Arbandale had been wafted across the creek by the wind and kindled a blaze in the dry grass upon the other side. The whole prairie behind her was a sea of flame.

Child as she was, Emily realized her peril only too well. Two minutes would be sufficient for that wave of fire to sweep over, but no living creature could endure its scorching heat for even that brief period. Unless some refuge be found immediately she was doomed.

Fighting fire with fire was an expedient well known to the little girl, for people frequently had to resort to it at that season of the year. So she hastily searched her well-filled pockets for matches. All in vain; nothing of the sort was to be found.

But one resource was left to her—flight; and that was only a forlorn hope for the nearest water in that direction was a stream twenty-five miles away. Yet there, and there only, was safety.

Emily wheeled her horse again and was off like the wind. Even the frightened Buckskin seemed to realize the imminence of the danger, for he strained every nerve to the utmost. Mile after mile of smoking prairie turf lengthened out behind his clattering hoofs, but still the fire gained on him rapidly. The smoke obscured the light of the mid-day sun, the air grew oppressive and stifling, and the distant roar behind increased to a thundering bellow as he fled before the advancing flames.

Nearer and nearer still to the flying fugitive swept that terrible barrier of devouring fire, though old Buckskin's trembling limbs seemed exerted to their very utmost. Fast though he fled the wind-driven flames followed after him with still greater speed. Ten miles of space were soon covered, but in the meantime the conflagration had drawn frightfully close.

Mercilessly indeed did Emily drive the cruel spur into the heaving side of her panting steed, and for a time he responded nobly to its touch. Five miles more and the hasty glances that she threw backward over her shoulder assured the imperiled girl that they were almost holding their own. If it could only last for a little while longer.

But old Buckskin's tremendous exertions were telling upon his endurance. He had been urged beyond his strength, and spur as she would, Emily soon found that the flames were again gaining rapidly. At length, as she rounded the summit of the long, heaving prairie swells in her mad flight, a gleam of hope lightened her almost despairing eyes. An irregular line of small trees appeared in the distance, and she knew that they marked the course of the longed-for stream. If she could reach them ahead of the conflagration she was saved.

But old Buckskin's mighty and long-continued efforts had almost exhausted him, and the flames swept along hot upon his track.

Emily estimated the distance in either direction and the probable duration of her horse's failing energies, and a single despairing groan escaped her. Then she compressed her lips and strove to encourage her panting steed to yet greater speed.

Nearer and nearer drew the trees with every instant, but so did the flames. The air became like a furnace. Great blackened cinders, whirled aloft by the wind, began to fall around her, and her skin dried and cracked in the intense heat. But courage, only five miles more and the terrible race is won.

Just as Emily felt that she was saved, that the heroic efforts of old Buckskin would yet bring her to the life preserving stream ahead of the destroying element, an unexpected and awful calamity overtook her. The old horse stumbled in the burrow of a prairie dog and fell headlong, throwing his little rider heavily to the ground.

She was on her feet in an instant and tugging with all her strength at the bridle, but it was useless. The poor brute had fallen heavily upon his outstretched neck and its joints were shattered and dislocated by the shock. Old Buckskin's gallops were over. He was stone dead.

Then, and not till then, did the indomitable heart in Emily Arban's puny little frame give way to despair. It seemed so hard. Just at the moment of her apparent salvation this unexpected accident had doomed her to an awful death. Only three miles away tossed the waving branches of perfect safety. But, alas! half a mile off the other way the seething billows of fire came rushing on with a roar of exultation.

With a cry of bitter agony she threw herself prostrate on the fallen form of the dead horse and clasped his huge neck in her poor puny arms. To be so near safety and then to die; it was awful.

Suddenly, as she embraced the gigantic form of her dead playmate, a thrill of hope once more shot through the child's slight frame, and she sprang to her feet. With hasty fingers she snatched from her pocket the heavy clasp-knife she always carried, and opened its largest blade.

"Forgive me, old Buckskin," she cried with a choking sob, and with a firm hand she plunged the keen steel to its handle in the carcass of the dead horse.

The sharp knife hissed through the warm flesh as Emily drew it along the animal's side, and with a single, long cut ripped him from hip to shoulder. With frantic haste she tore out the great mass of entrails, and as she did so the fire fiend came swooping down upon her with a deafening roar of triumph.

There was no time for squeamishness or delay. With feverish speed Emily wrenched open the yawning cut, and forced her slight figure into the smoking, bleeding carcass of the dead horse. She had scanty time to wedge herself into her noisome shelter and draw the edges of the cut together again when the avalanche of fire descended and she knew no more. The strain upon her nerves had been too great, and Emily Arban fainted dead away.

A few minutes later a band of horsemen, headed by Edward Arban, came spurring on in the track of the fire in search of the missing girl, and found the scorched and blistered carcass of the gigantic Buckskin lying on the black and smoking plain. A stirrup of peculiar shape lying beside it identified it beyond all question, and the disastrous end of the terrible race for life was only too apparent.

"Oh, my God! my poor little Emily!" groaned the father, with ghastly face and drawn, quivering lips. "So young, so innocent; and to meet such a horrible end! How can I endure it!"

Even as he spoke the carcass of the dead horse was thrown open, and from the cavity within crawled a little pale, blood-stained being that every soul in the party recognized in an instant in spite of its soiled and draggled appearance and the strange, noisome shelter from which it came.—Chicago Sun.

THE DRUM-FISH.

A Natural Curiosity of the Most Curious Kind.

At a meeting of the Berlin physiological society Prof. Moebius described a most peculiar specimen of the finny tribe—the drum-fish. They are found only in the waters of the Harbor of Maurities, the St. Louis Republics ates, and when caught and held in hand they emit a most "striking" noise—a sound resembling that produced by tapping the head of a tenor drum. A careful examination of this strange creature fails to reveal any movement of the mouth, the only motion observable being just behind the gill slit, where a continuous vibration of the skin may be seen. The portion of the skin which vibrates stretches from the clavicle to the bronchial arch. This is provided with four large bony plates and lies just over the air or "swim bladder." Behind the clavicle is a curiously shaped long bone, which is attached by the middle to the clavic muscle in such a manner as to form a lever with two arms. The long arm of this horny lever is imbedded in the ventral trunk muscles, and is capable of easy movement to and fro. The short arm slides, during this movement, over the rough inner side of the clavicle, which gives rise to a cracking noise which can be plainly heard at a distance of twenty feet. Naturalists are of the opinion that the grating noise is intensified by the near proximity of the air bladder, the latter acting as a resonator. Be this as it may, the "drum-fish" is a natural curiosity of the most curious kind. Especially does this strike home when we consider the maxim of the older naturalists: "All fishes are mute:"

Weeping Trees.

The literature of "weeping trees" is enormous, much of it being plainly mythical, but there is a large basis of fact upon which most of these marvelous stories rest. Many travelers have described the famous "rain tree" of Padradoca, Isle of Ferro, the most notable accounts of it appearing in Peter Martyr's "Indie Occidentale" and Ramusio's "Hist. delle Indie." John Cockburn, 1735, describes a tree at Vera Pas, Central America, from which pure water dripped from every leaf and branch.

A man is lecturing in England on "Was Homer a Woman?"

SAD STORY OF MARYLKa.

CRUELTY OF RUSSIA'S IRON-CLAD MARRIAGE LAWS.

Tragic Ending of a Cracovian Wedding—The Young Husband Arrested by the Czar's Sleuths and Treated Outrageously.

Cracovian weddings no longer mean those gay festivities for which the country around Cracow was once noted and which have been so faithfully and beautifully depicted in domestic dramas like "Lobsowianie" and "A Wedding in Ojcowa." Lively peasants, gaily attired in fur-lined coats, in highly polished boots, wearing red caps with peacock feathers, merrily danced with rosy-cheeked, buxom village lasses, with flowing tresses, decked with pretty ribbons and dressed in vari-colored skirts and bodices trimmed with velvet of a golden hue. The air resounded with the lively music of a peasant waltz or cracovienne. The rustic youth of both sexes romped and danced and played in the hall. The old people, gladdened by the spectacle, blessed the newly wedded pair and encouraged bashful swains and maids to join in the games. Such were the Cracovian weddings, so well known throughout Poland.

To-day a Cracovian wedding has a far different and painful significance. In Podlasie and the Chelminiski district the Uniates, forcibly torn from the Roman Catholic church and prohibited by imperial ukase from all connection with it, have steadfastly refused the religious ministrations of the Greek orthodox priests deputed to them by the authorities. They baptize their own children and bury their dead. The greatest difficulty they first experienced was as to how their marriages were to be solemnized. According to the tenets of their faith, this sacrament can only be administered by a regularly ordained Uniatan, a Roman Catholic priest. The only manner in which this obstacle could be overcome was by the young couple stealing across the frontier into Austria and there having the ceremony performed by a Uniatan priest. These marriages have become very common among them and are called "Cracovian marriages." They are generally followed by bitter persecutions on the part of the Russian authorities.

About two years ago one of these weddings terminated in a sad tragedy, and caused a great sensation throughout that country. The pathetic story is told by a correspondent of the Chicago Daily Dsiennik.

Gregory, a young field hand in Podlasie, fell in love with Marylka, the 19-year-old daughter of a small farmer of a neighboring village. His suit met with favor and the parents of the young couple, who rigidly adhered to the faith of their forefathers, met and decided that the union could only be lawfully effected by a "Cracovian marriage.

Accordingly, after the harvest season, the young pair departed for the frontier. After hiding all day in the woods, they succeeded in crossing the border under cover of night into Galicia, where they were united by a priest of their faith.

On his return Gregory installed his bride in their newly prepared home. All seemed happy. One day, during the second month of their honeymoon, the local police, headed by the district commandant, appeared at their home and forcibly parted them.

Marylka was taken back to her father's house and peremptorily commanded never to see her husband again. The governor of the province had been advised by the secret service of all that transpired, and though he permitted notoriously immoral and meretricious alliances to exist in his province unmolested, he determined to break up this perfectly legal Christian marriage of Uniates.

A time of sadness and sighing followed. The ardent couple met occasionally in forests and out-of-the-way places stealthily like two outlaws. The local village police officer was particularly charged with the duty of closely watching their movements.

One night Gregory came to his father-in-law's house. In the morning, finding a large quantity of grain to thrash in the storeroom, he remained to assist in the work. The threshing proceeded at a lively rate, with barred doors, until about noon, when the doors were suddenly burst open and the village police officer appeared. Seeing Gregory he began to abuse him in the brutal fashion usual with the village police: "You hog and rebel, how did you dare to come here?" he exclaimed. Gregory wishing to appease him, quietly said: "Is it not permitted to me to hire out to the landlord in this village?"

"Not in this village, you dog's son; such are the governor's orders."

"Then let me at least eat my breakfast here and get my coat from the house."

"You must leave at once, you contemptible cur, or I will shoot you like a dog."

Seizing Gregory by the throat and applying to him the vilest epithets in the Russian language, the officer proceeded to eject him from the place.

Maddened with indignation, Gregory resisted, released himself from the clutches of the officer, and pushed him away. The officer stumbled over a bundle and fell on the floor. Gregory instinctively raised a flail, as if about to destroy a venomous viper, and probably would have struck the officer had not his father-in-law interfered, disarmed him, and earnestly pleaded with him not to cause any additional misfortunes.

The officer, rising, blinded with rage, grabbed his revolver from his belt and aimed it at Gregory. It struck not the unhappy Uniate husband, but his wife.

Marylka hearing a quarrel in the storeroom, hastened to learn the cause, and seeing the officer with a revolver leveled at her husband, rushed between them in order to save the life of her loved one.

At first the officer was stricken with remorse at the ruin he caused. They carried the body of the young woman, covered with blood, out into the farm yard. There on the snow, in the genial light of a winter's sun, this tender wife and dutiful daughter expired. Beside her knelt the bereaved father and husband, piteously wringing their hands toward heaven and mournfully bewailing their loss. Near by stood the officer with bowed head, realizing that his zeal for the czar made him a murderer.

A few hours later the district commandant arrived from the city and thus disposed of the matter: Marylka was to be buried in a Greek orthodox cemetery by a Greek priest. Gregory was to be put in chains and imprisoned for sedition against the authorities, and the zealous officer was to be promoted and transferred to another district.

The governor confirmed this brutal finding, and Gregory was transported to Siberia, without a trial, by administrative process, where he is to day languishing in the bleak solitudes of Siberia, a martyr for the faith of his fathers.

ON A BROADWAY CAR.

A Man With More Respect for Health Than for a Corporation.

The rain was coming down in blinding torrents, according to the New York Herald.

A gentleman in a light overcoat boarded a Broadway car which was so crowded that the people seemed hanging on by their eyelids. The only place where the gentleman could gain a foothold was on a corner of the front platform, where the water from the roof poured down his coat collar in a continuous stream, while the slanting rain drove in upon him with drenching fury.

So the gentleman raised his umbrella.

"Put down that umbrella," said the driver, gruffly. The driver was enveloped from head to foot in a rubber coat which would have resisted a small Niagara.

"But I am getting soaked," said the gentleman showing the water stains all over his thin outer garment.

"Can't help that," said the driver. It's the company's rule, and you will have to put down the umbrella or get off the car."

The gentleman had already given up his fare.

"You have taken my money and are bound to protect me against the weather. If you fail to do so I shall protect myself. I do not propose to get pneumonia for all the rules of all the fat company directors in this city."

The other passengers on the platform, who were more or less saturated, murmured their approval of these common sense views, but the surly driver from inside his waterproof insisted that the man with the umbrella must get off the car or be put off.

"Now, suppose you try putting me off," said the gentleman hanging on to the umbrella with a grim determination.

"Yes, suppose you try to put him off," chorused the other passengers, and the driver, recognizing that the hour for discretion had sounded, contented himself with swearing at his horses and glaring now and then at the obstinate individual who could not appreciate, or would not, that it was vastly better for him to contract pneumonia, consumption, or anything else and die of the same in the hospital than that one of the arbitrary rules of a soulless corporation should be broken.

Popular Fallacies.

That money marriages are despised.

That a broad waistband is indicative of good living.

That love in a cottage means more than one meal a day.

That the love of office is not supreme in the human breast.

That a box of bonbons contains the quintessence of all earthly bliss.

That a visit to London or Paris is necessary to a person's salvation.

That a tenant can not tell the tread of the rent collector a block away.

That a common spy is much more of a nuisance than the kodak fiend.

That a lucky man doesn't quake when he gets on skates for the first time.

That the number of cranks and lunatics decreases as civilization progresses.—Judge.

A Dry Humor.

Thackeray was not a humorist in the sense that Dickens was, nor a wit in thee sense that Jerrold was, but he now and then said a good thing in a quiet way. He was pestered on one occasion, while in America, by a young gentleman of an inquiring turn of mind as to what was thought of this person and that person in England. "Mr. Thackeray," he asked, "what do they think of Tupper?" "They don't think of Tupper," was the reply. —Argonaut.

Dollars in a Name That Time.

Gaswell—Who was the lawyer who defended you in your recent case?

Dukane—It wasn't a lawyer.

"No?"

"No; it was a counselor-at-law."

"What's the difference?"

"Well, he charged me $250 for his services. A lawyer would have asked about $50. You can figure up the difference yourself."

DISCOVERY AND INVENTION.

A Philadelphian has made an umbrella stand two and a half feet high, which is composed of 1,600 separate pieces and fifteen kinds of wood.

Edison thinks he may be able to hear a sun spot roar. His idea is that a long stretch of copper wire to be set up will be affected by the electrical disturbances on the sun. From the wire these disturbances will be translated into sound waves.

A German physician has been subjecting the belief that cheese aids the digestion to a chemical test. Cheshire and Roquefort cheese took four hours to digest; genuine Emmenthaler, Gorgonzola and Neufchatel, eight hours; and Kottenberger, Brie, Swiss and the remaining varieties ten hours. In a healthy stomach digestion after an ordinary meal is complete in from four to five hours.

Advices from the Argentine Republic bring information of the discovery of a vast bed of silver in the bottom of the bay of San Blas, Argentine Republic. The silver appears in the black metallic sand which covers the bottom of the bay. This sand is full of silver pellets, and divers have brought up a sufficient quantity to justify the belief, as stated by the Buenos Ayres Standard, that "the silver deposit in the bottom of the bay is greater than in the famous bonanza mines of the United States."

LAST OF A BAD BAND.

THE LEADER OF CUBAN KIDNAPERS EXECUTED.

How Modesto Rodriguez, the Notorious Cut-Throat, Carried on His Business—His Audacious Demands for Ransom.

Modesto Rodriguez, the notorious Cuban bandit and kidnaper, executed at Santa Clara, lately, is said to be one of the last, if not the last, of the celebrated band which for ten years or more infested the mountain fastnesses of Cuba and kept the inhabitants in terror by their boldness and unexpectedness of their doings. For years they appeared and disappeared without warning and without leaving the slightest traces by which they could be followed. Within the last two years the authorities have succeeded in running them down. Carlos Aguerro was the first to be surprised and captured. He was executed, and after him, one by one, most of the others were caught and submitted to the same fate.

The bandits confined their work almost wholly to kidnaping. Their method was to pick out some man of wealth and carry him off to their mountain retreat. Then they would force him to write a letter for the sum of money they demanded as a ransom, which was dispatched by one of their number. If the money was not forthcoming by the stated time, nothing more was ever heard of the victim. The province of Santa Clara, where Rodriguez was caught, has been a favorite field of the bands. From that province alone during the last ten years forty-four victims were carried off.

One of the most audacious acts in that neighborhood, in which Rodriguez is supposed to have been engaged, was the capture and assassination of Don Manuel Rosete Blanco. The last that was seen of him was on his stock farm about 8 o'clock in the morning, when his son Frederick, about twenty-five yards away, saw him talking to a strange man in a field. Don Rosete Blanco had just come out of the house, and was apparently on his way to look at the stock, when he was met by the stranger and walked off with him. The son thought nothing of that at the time, but about two hours later the same man appeared and presented this letter, directed to the young man's mother and written by his father:

"I am a prisoner since this morning. For my liberty they ask $2,000. Send to Santa Clara to Don Manuel Fernandez Lloreda, and also send at once to Don Vincente Perez, in order that they may help you get me out of this condition in which I am placed. Your affectionate husband.

ROSETE."

The bearer of the note wore whiskers and was apparently disguised. He announced that a reply was expected immediately at a spot he designated on a neighboring road. The wife at once set about obtaining the ransom. She sought loans of money from every one she could reach at such short notice. What money she could gather she sent at once, but it was short of the sum named. The next news she received was that the bandits had gone off with her husband, and she never heard of him again. His body was afterward found in the woods. Later his son, Frederick, and a son-in-law were also murdered by the bandits.

The bandits were often capricious in their demands and would specify articles of comfort and luxury, which they insisted upon having with as much restlessness as they displayed in the case of money. On one occasion Don Manuel Carreno was on his way from Key West, by way of Havana, to visit a relative in the interior. He was accompanied by two friends, but got separated from them, and was pursuing his way on a lonely road when he was confronted by an armed bandit. The bandit called him by name and showed himself thoroughly posted as to Carreno's business and destination. Carreno was ordered to follow the bandit into the woods, where he was made to write a letter for a ransom. This was dictated to him as postscript:

"You will be kind enough to give me three hats, two pair of shoes, smoking articles, all kinds of sweets, bunches of cigarettes, five rolls of tobacco cigars, four kinds of preserved fruits, one cheese (old), two bars of sweet gum."

In this case the bandits were successful in obtaining all these articles in addition to $3,000 in gold. Then Carreno was politely told that he could go.

HIS TEETH AT HIS OFFICE.

A Fact That Was Forgotten Until Dinner Was Served.

A tall middle-aged man, with hollow cheeks, mounted a stool in a downtown restaurant yesterday afternoon and said to the black-eyed waiter girl who had come to serve him:

"Bring me a piece of broiled chicken—dark meat."

The order was filled, and as the customer took up his knife and fork to carve off a mouthful of the succulent remnant of the bird, suddenly paused in his operations and, calling the girl to him, whispered something in her ear.

The plate of broiled chicken was taken away, and when the girl returned she brought a bowl of custard. After he had finished, and his check had been rung in, an inquisitive gentleman, who had been a witness of the somewhat unusual proceeding, said to the waiter girl:

"Was that piece of chicken a little off?"

"No, sir; it was as sweet as honey."

"What was the trouble, then?"

"He told me that he had left his false teeth on his desk in his office, and that the chicken would be too severe a task for him."—Boston Herald.

Brooked No Rival.

Napoleon was one day searching for a book in the library at Malmaison, and at last discovered it on a shelf somewhat above his reach. Marshal Moncey, who was present—one of the tallest men in the army—stepped forward, saying: "Permit me, sire, I am higher than your majesty." "You are longer, marshal," said the emperor, with a frown.—Argonaut.

BIRCH OIL.

How It Is Manufactured—A Connecticut Industry.

One of the very few ways that the farmers of Connecticut have of getting a living is by cutting the birch brush from their pastures and selling it at the rate of $3 a ton for the manufacture of birch oil.

Birch oil is manufactured largely in Connecticut. There are eight mills in the state for that purpose and all of these are located in the Connecticut river valley.

Six years ago all the birch oil that was placed upon the market was made in Pennsylvania by a company of Germans who owned a mill about twenty miles from Philadelphia and the sale of the oil was controlled by a firm of druggists in Philadelphia.

The first birch mill built in Connecticut was erected in 1885, at Johnstown, by Thomas Dickerson, a Baptist preacher, who was as shrewd in business matters as he was eloquent in the pulpit. Mr. Dickerson decided to turn the forests of birch that cover the hills of Connecticut into account, says the Detroit Free Press, and he sent his son to Pennsylvania as a book agent, and instructed him to get employment in the birch mill if possible, and when he had acquired a knowledge of its practical working to return. The son was absent two years, during which time he had accomplished his purpose. Upon his return the mill was built at Johnstown, and it was not very long before an employe of Dickerson & Son started an opposition mill. The manufacture of the oil was very profitable, and within two years there were eight establishments engaged in the business.

At that time the oil readily brought $3.50 a pound and each ton of brush yields four pounds of oil. For each ton of brush laid down at the door of the mill $3 are paid. This price is highly satisfactory to the hardworking, frugal New England farmer, who often draws the brush a distance of twelve miles with a team of slow-going oxen.

The average birch mill is equipped with a set of three tanks three, four and six feet square. These tanks have copper bottoms, over which are coiled steam pipes. Into those tanks the brush is put, having first been cut into pieces from an inch and a half to five inches long. A foot of water is put in each tank and the steam turned on. The water is allowed to boil six hours. The steam from the boiling water escapes through a pipe that enters the tank near the top, to a coil set in a barrel of cold water. By this means the steam is condensed and the oil drops from the bottom of the coil into a glass jar. Before steam is turned on, the lid covering each tank is cleaned and made air light with a paste made of graham flour and water poured around the edges.

The secret of clarifying the oil by chemical processes is carefully guarded by the manufacturers, but it is simple and very effective. It is as follows:

When the tank is filled and ready for boiling, over the top of the contents is spread a blanket of white wool saturated with water. Through this blanket the steam passes to the worm and the fabric absorbs all sediment and taint of copper or iron that the steam may contain. When crude, birch oil is dark red in color. When clarified it is a very light green. It is very heavy. Thirteen fluid ounces weigh a pound, and its luks in water like lead.

During the last two years the price of the oil has decreased. The manufacturer now gets but one dollar and a half a pound. This shrinkage in value is due to the placing upon the market of an adulterated article known as synthetic oil, that is largely used for the purposes for which birch oil was formerly employed.

Birch oil is used in the manufacture of confections and essences and flavors, where it is known as the essence or the extract of wintergreen. It has a strong wintergreen flavor. A great deal of the oil is sold to tanners, who use it to give a peculiar odor to a kind of leather that they make in imitation of an expensive Russia leather.

The oil can be manufactured only during the winter when the brush is free from foliage and then only the black birch, which is as well known by the names of mountain birch and sugar birch, is used, there being no oily substance in the bark of the white or the spotted birch. That the strength may not escape, manufacturers are obliged to ship the oil in glass bottles and jars.

SOUTHERN WISDOM.

Bits of Happy Thoughts Concerning Men and Things.

The rain falls upon the just, but not upon the unjust, who has stolen the umbrella of the former.

The world is full of jumping-off places.

A society belle is the only work of art that is alive.

Every greedy fish has his pull.

The grasshopper has the longest foot on record for his size, and man comes next.

Most people despise a miser, because they can't get what he has. But this does not make the miser any better.

The finger of scorn is a yard long.

Do not live with your finger on the trigger.

It is contingent expenses that break most men.

Take things as they come and give them up as they go.

No man can have too much patience. When he has too much the surplus is not patience.

It is the paying subscriber who figures in the history which the enterprising book agent has for sale.

It is unaccountable that a man should take mustard suppers, drink beer, smoke rank cigars, tell strong anecdotes, and then imagine some nice little woman likes to kiss him.

When one is filled with disgust there is never any room in him for anything better.

It is the horn of plenty that ruins many people.

The flirt is the young woman who wears the little ringlet of one beau upon her finger and the ringlet of another beau in her locket.

Men are divided into two classes, to-wit: self-mades and hand-me downs.—Galveston News.

"Germany is a man's country," said a titled German lady. "Men will die for their sweethearts, but their wives must live for them."

HISTORY OF KNITTING.

WEAVING IS MUCH THE MORE ANCIENT ART.

Adam and Eve Wore the First Garments, but They Were Not of Human Design—Various Historical Allusions.

A writer in the American Knit Goods Review thus treats of the art of knitting and the manufacture of knit goods:

"Although the art of knitting dates back to the middle ages, upward of three and a half centuries, it is scarcely more than an infant, a mere bantling as it were, when compared to that of weaving, the origin of which is lost in the obscurity that shrouds the very earliest period of the world's history.

The extremely meager known facts bearing on the first clothing of the race, as we find them recorded in Holy Writ, are: That at the first the man and the woman in Eden were naked and "were not ashamed;" that a little later, through an overindulgence in a species of fruit that disagreed with them in their untaught state, they became conscious of their hitherto shameless nudity and proceeded to qualify it somewhat by adoption of a garment so scant and peculiar that it must speedily have withered and shrunk until the sufficiency of this fig-leaf apron as a decent covering must have mounted to little more than a figment of their untutored imagination; that beyond this came more substantial garments of skin, which, by the way, have been worn at some period, by all, or nearly all, the primitive races, and after that, at a date and under circumstances of which there is no reliable record extant, came the woven fabric.

The first intimation of the existence of woven cloth is given in connection with the account of Joseph and his brethren. The blood-stained garment of the hapless youth, the first on record of a long line who have encountered pitfalls in their pathway, might have been either of cloth or of skins; the raiment which the Patriarch Jacob and his son Reuben rent upon the finding of Jacob's coat of many colors was obviously composed of skins, but the "sackcloth" which Jacob put on his loins, in further token of sorrow of his favorite son, must certainly have been woven.

Knitting has been defined as "an art allied to weaving, but of comparatively modern origin, the time and place of its invention being disputed, the weight of evidence, however, going to prove that the time was somewhere about the year 1500 and that the honor of the invention belongs to Scotland. Reverting to the above definition there are but two principal classes of broad textile fabrics, the woven and the knitted (felted cloth being of comparatively small importance), and it is an interesting fact that, although of the former early and frequent mention is found in the most ancient writings, there was no word as to the latter until the beginning of the sixteenth century.

One of the most noteworthy characteristics of knitted fabrics, as compared with woven goods, is their great elasticity and comfort, and, as a rule, greater durability. The implements first in use by knitters were of the simplest, consisting merely of two, three, four or more straight needles of bone or wood, or, as latterly, of steel, and the start was, and still is, made by "casting on," or, as the old "gammers" put it, "setting up," this initial process varying as to the number of stitches, etc., according to the garment to be knitted. The underlying principle in all knitting, however performed, is the formation of a series of loops, whereas in all weaving there is a stretched warp through which the woof, or filling, is shot in and out among the threads of the former and driven home; hence the greater elasticity of the knitted and the firmer character of the woven fabric.

As already intimated, several people claim the honor of having first learned and practiced the art of knitting, Spain, Scotland and France being undoubtedly among the earliest to fabricate garments in this way. Immediately preceding the introduction of the knitting needle a garment in the form of hose and breeches combined was in vogue in England and on the continent. This garment, which clothed the lower limbs and the body to the waist, was made of milled cloth, even for the august person of royalty itself, and was superseded early in the sixteenth century by breeches and knitted stockings, which latter were made in the Pyrenees at a very early date, it may be as far back as in the fifteenth century, and in France about 1527. It is safe to assume that the art of knitting was known in Scotland at about the same date and in England very soon thereafter, both the use and the art having come hither from Spain.

Black and White Mice.

At a meeting of the zoological society Mr. Sclater exhibited some curious black and white mice recently added to the society's collection of living animals, says the Pall Mall Gazette. These creatures are the product of Japanese ingenuity, and show several curious characteristics. Their black and white color is remarkable, since they appear to be merely a variety of the common domestic mouse. They have a habit, too, of pursuing their own tails. This habit is paralleled in a remarkable way by the "tumbler" pigeons. In the two cases it may possibly be due to a defect in brain structure. In any case, the peculiarities are handed down from parent to offspring in both animals. The mice are usually called "spinning mice."

Polished Rocks.

A South African mining journal says the surface of numerous bowlders have been polished by the constant rubbing of countless herds of large game, such as the wildebeest. These examples of the attrition of rocks by animals are found in a good many parts of the Transvaal.

Where Dates Are Used.

In northern Africa date stones are roasted and used as a substitute for coffee. All kinds of basket and wicker work are made from the leaf stalks, while the leaves themselves are made into mats, bags, etc. The wood is used for fences and buildings.