

Nay, ask no vow, dear heart! Too lightly slips The word "forever" from our careless lips.

ANGELINE'S "BEQUEATH."

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

ANGELINE! Is it good? Take the north side of our well, an' I guess you won't beat it for coldness an' relish anywheres in this country.

constant now that it's give us the name of bein' the poor house, an' it's a real cross to me. Won't you take another glass?"

She was tall and plump and comfortable looking. Her calico sleeves, rolled high, revealed a distinct dividing line between the fairness of the upper arm and the tanned skin below.

"Set down," she urged cordially. "You look real tuckered out. Ain't it hard work turning them cranks up hill an' down a hot day like this?"

"I will sit down and rest a bit," he said. "The other fellows are not in sight. I took a spurt on ahead and left them loading under a tree. You don't mind my resting my wheel here across your poppies? It won't touch 'em."

"Bless you, no! But I guess it'll be a new experience to the poppies. Biscuits are scarce around here, about as scarce as paupers are."

"Not for me an' Jotham, it ain't. Yes, they're dreadful scarce this season. Since old Uncle Elnathan died an' Mis' Parkman got married, an' Hester Ann fell heir to her uncle's place an' live stock, we've run real low of paupers—only her, an' she don't know she's a pauper."

Mrs. Jotham's berry-reddened finger pointed out a slender neat little old lady sitting in the front yard in a high-backed rocking-chair and knitting something white and soft.

"She don't know it?" he queried. "No. Bless you, she ain't so much as a suspicion. You see, she's only been here a short spell, since the other paupers went away—all except Uncle Elnathan, an' she thought he was a hand to help Jotham do the chores. Jotham an' me's kind of hired hands too, only a remove or two higher up than poor Uncle Elnathan, she thinks."

The stranger drew in his breath in a subdued whistle. He shifted his position a little to get a better view of the little old gentleman through the whitewashed pickets of the front-yard fence. She had let the knitting slip out of her fingers, and her head lay over on one shoulder.

"Tell me the rest of it," the stranger said. Mrs. Jotham dropped the last berry into her yellow nappy and got up clumsily.

"You wait till I get these berries set away down sillar," she said. "Mis' Angeline's real particular to have me set 'em down in the cool an' in the dark."

"Mis' Angeline?" "Her." Mrs. Jotham nodded across the fence pickets. "Mis' Angeline Fairbrothers. She was a Peterson from over Bickford way. Married Simeon Fairbrothers' oldest son. She's dreadful particular with me some days."

Mrs. Jotham sighed. The sigh echoed back from her retreating form as she took the berries into the house. Presently she came back. She had a bowl of salt and a little wire strainer. "She wants I should always sift the salt," she said explanatorily. "She

won't eat a mite of salt that ain't sifted. It takes quite a good deal of time to sift it."

"A pauper? Did you say she was a pauper?" "Bless you, yes! She ain't got a red cent in the world, but she don't know it."

"Do you always sift salt for your paupers?" The stranger's hands uncupped and his leg fell limply. He looked up at Mrs. Jotham in unfeigned amazement.

"Bless you, no! But I humor her. Jotham sort of scolds me for it, but his scoldin's ain't only skin-deep. He humors her, too. He stan's a dreadful lot of orderin' an' geein' round to humor her, an' Jotham's a real independent man, too. He's dreadful proud of ownin' this place an' keepin' it up so nice an' neat. Mis' Angeline tries him a good deal. Her notions of farmin' don't just match Jotham's, an' she makes it real kind of embarrassin' sometimes."

"Generally Jotham can get along all right without lettin' Mis' Angeline know about everything. But I've known Jotham to swaller some dreadful big farmin' pills for Miss Angeline. He planted the medder-patch to corn this year, when he was all planned to sow it to oats an' lay it down next season, jest to humor her. An' he fenced in the new pasture with rails when he wanted to make a barb-wire fence. He done that to humor Mis' Angeline. Jotham's bark's a good deal worse'n his bite. Mrs. Jotham plunged the sifter into the bowl and held it over the blue-edged platter on her knee. The stranger watched the fine snow gather in a little drift under the sifter. He waited impatiently for the rest of the story.

"She was brought here to board—the town brought her—an' it pretty near broke her heart. She's real proud feelin'. She thought 't would kill her to go to the poor house, an' it almost did. She took on so an' grieved so it sent her into a fever an' she most died of it. When she come out at last she warn't just herself."

Mrs. Jotham laid down the wire strainer to touch her own forehead with explanatory significance. The stranger bowed silently his recognition of the explanation.

"She come to thinkin' she owned this place, every stick an' stone on it, an' me an' Jotham was ruinin' it for her—hired out to her, you know. She's thought so ever since. We ain't had the heart to undeceive her, poor soul! We'd rather stan' a little orderin' an' geein'. She's real happy an' contented, an' she don't mean to be too particular with us. It's only special particular days she has—today's one—when it's kind of embarrassin' for me an' for Jotham."

The bees buzzed round the salt bowl in evident anticipation of finding it sugar. The stranger watched a growing dust cloud down the road materialize into a farm wagon, clattering past. He turned back to Mrs. Jotham in undisguised relief.

"Tell me the rest of it," he said again. "Up across the field toward the house Jotham was walking wearily. He came out and sat down on the lower step, too, nodding sociably to the stranger. Mrs. Jotham glanced up from her sitting.

"Tuckered out, Jotham?" she said. "Yes, I be; all creation tuckered!" "You got the dreen laid yet?" Jotham shook his head dejectedly.

He followed his wife's glances across the fence to Mis' Angeline's, involuntarily. She was still dozing, and a beam of sunlight had crept through the syringa leaves and played over her cheek. It cast little quivering shadows of the leaves. Jotham looked back, up at his wife, and their eyes met.

"Well, that dreen's a good thing, Hannah," he said reflectively. "It's a good thing, Mis' Angeline done us a good turn that time, orderin'."

Another dust cloud rose at the road's vanishing point, and the stranger eyed it with increasing suspicion. It took on greater proportions and shot suddenly into a reality of two men pedaling something along on their wheels. The stranger got up.

"I'm much obliged," he said. "I've been a good deal interested in your boarder over there. Is there any more to the story?" "There ain't any more to it," Mrs. Jotham said simply. With a few more polite words the stranger mounted his machine and went to meet his friends. He lifted his straw hat to Mis' Angeline as he passed by her, though she did not look up to notice the salute.

"Now, warn't that nice in him, Jotham," Mrs. Jotham murmured appreciatively, "takin' all that pains to please her? Some folks has plenty of the juice of human kindness in 'em, and some is all dried up. That young man's one of the juicy kind."

They watched the bicycles glide away out of sight, and then Mrs. Jotham went in to get Mis' Angeline's tea.

It was two summers afterward that the same stranger asked for a drink of water again at Mrs. Jotham's door. He had noticed that there was no little, prim old lady sitting beside the syringa in the front yard. The whole story came back to him at sight of the house, and he was wondering where she was.

"Is Mis' Angeline sick?" he inquired, the minute the door opened and Mrs. Jotham stood in it. She looked at him in blank surprise. Then her eyes caught the sun's glint on his wheel, and she remembered.

"O, it's you!" she said, relieved. "You ain't forgot the water out o' the north side of our well, have you? It ain't the kind of water to forget! I tell Jotham—"

"Is Mis' Angeline sick?" the stranger persisted, interrupting her gently. "Mis' Angeline's dead," Mrs. Jotham's rugged face suddenly softened.

Its lines melted imperceptibly and the network of laughing wrinkles round her eyes melted, too.

"Mis' Angeline's dead," she repeated, quietly. "Won't you set down?"

"Tell me the rest of it," the stranger said, dropping at her feet, on the lower step.

"She's dead, that's about all there is. She kep' a fadin' right along last fall an' winter, an' come March, there warn't nothin' left of her scarcely but her shadder. She died the thirteenth."

Mrs. Jotham looked over the stranger's head, away into the field where two or three new pauper recruits were helping Jotham stack up hay. She did not speak for a while; then she said: "At a quarter to five in the mornin', she went real easy an' happy. Along about the middle or last of February she was dreadful upset over makin' her will."

"Her will?" "Yes, it seemed to upset her a sight. She didn't breathe real easy till 'twas all over with. She kep' at Jotham till he latched up an' fetched over Lawyer Higginbotham from Forks Village, an' he fixed it up for her, jest to suit. He put in all the 'whereases' an' 'aforesaid's,' too. Mis' Angeline was dreadful pleased. You see, Lawyer Higginbotham understood how 'twas." Mrs. Jotham touched her forehead in unconscious explanation of how it was with Mis' Angeline.

"After the will was made she failed up fast, and breathed her last the 13th of March, at a quarter to five."

During the pause ensuing the bees buzzed insistently among the syringas, and the voices of Jotham and the paupers drifted over to them softened and mellow. The stranger untitled his machine from its resting place against the house and stood leaning on its saddle.

"It must be a relief to you," he said, "not being ordered around in your own house."

Mrs. Jotham's plump figure straightened and she spoke with unconscious dignity. "We miss Mis' Angeline a slight, Jotham an' me," she answered. "I guess she liked us; we laid out to use her well. We humored her some."

A mist of sunshine, drifting through the mesh of thick-laced leaves overhead, alighted gently on Mrs. Jotham's tight, faded hair. Somehow it did not look out of place to the stranger, crowning, though it did, her sallow, unbecomingly pale, and contrasting with it oddly.

"Mis' Angeline left a bequeath," she went on soberly. "She left Jotham an' me the place—the farm an' live stock an' all. She made Jotham her administrator."—American Agriculturist.

India's Hoard of Specie.

For a long period of years India has been characterized as a "sink hole" of the precious metals, or, in other words, there has been for many years a continuous flow of the precious metals—gold and silver—into India, where they have to a large extent disappeared, undoubtedly by burial under ground for the purpose of hoarding and concealment. The motive for this under the Mogul and native rulers was unquestionably to escape direct plunder or confiscation; but under British rule these hoards, amounting unquestionably to many hundreds of millions, are not taxed, mainly by reason of their inaccessibility, and partly by the recognized policy of the Government to avoid direct taxation of active capital, and encourage, by making safe its employment, the tendency of these buried treasures to come to light and enter into the channels of trade. And that this policy has been a wise one is shown by the fact that within recent years there has been an increasing disposition on the part of the Indian owners of concealed treasures—especially the Indian princes or rajahs—to withdraw them from their hoarding places and invest them in Government bonds or other desirable interest-bearing securities; and in this way a very great addition to the world's active stock, the money metals, may be anticipated in the perhaps not distant future.—Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

Preserving Flowers.

A florist of many years' experience gives the following receipt for preserving bouquets: When you receive a bouquet sprinkle it lightly with fresh water; then put it into a vessel containing some soapuds, which nourish the roots and keep the flowers as bright as new. Take the bouquet out of the suds every morning, and lay it sideways in fresh water; the stock entering first into the water; keep it there a minute or two, then take it out and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with pure water. Replace the bouquet in the soapuds, and the flowers will bloom as fresh as when first gathered. The soapuds need to be changed every third day. By observing these rules, a bouquet can be kept bright and beautiful for at least one month, and will last still longer in a very passable state, but the attention to the fair and frail creatures, as directed above, must be strictly observed.

Horses That Take Frequent Baths.

The horses which are used on the Kennebec ice fields are so accustomed to dropping through the ice that they do not seem to mind it. They are yanked out a little roughly, to be sure, but they take their medicine like the chickens belonging to the family that was constantly moving which, every time they saw a covered cart stop in front of their house, would turn on their backs and stick their legs into the air to be tied together, ready for transportation.—Portland (Me.) Press.

A NEW INDUSTRY.

RAISING FLOWERS TO MAKE PERFUMERY IN THE SOUTH.

Highly Interesting Experiments in North Carolina—How Attar of Roses and Other Famous Perfumes Are Made.

IN the so-called "thermal belts" of the Southern mountain slopes the finest flowers are raised in this country, and experiments are being made in flower farming that must convince the most skeptical that there is no product of the soil that cannot be raised somewhere within the limits of the United States. It may sound a little strange to some to hear such a professional as Professor Massey of the North Carolina Experiment Station say that the rich lands of the coast counties of his State can produce better lily bulbs for general purposes than can be grown in Bermuda. It is well known that most of our lily bulbs come from Bermuda, our narcissus from Southern England or the Scilly Islands, and the lily of the valley pips from Holland; but here at the experiment station in North Carolina all of these imported bulbs are being cultivated to demonstrate the superiority of American grown bulbs.

But this is only the beginning of flower farming in this section that is destined to spread and become one of the most important industries in this country. The question of raising flowers for manufacturing perfumery has been agitated for some time in the South, and Professor Massey has given his advice and helped to forward every effort in that direction. Some excellent extracts from the flowers have been made and sold in the market. A pomade distilled from the tuberose flowers was made by a lady in South Carolina, near Columbia, which sold for \$11 per pound in New York. A leading firm offered to take all similar pomades that she could manufacture at correspondingly high prices. At the Atlanta Exhibition quite a variety of American perfumery made in the Southern States was exhibited and attracted considerable attention.

Now efforts are being made toward manufacturing the famous "attar of roses" and the damask rose bush, the Rosa Damascena of the Balkans, has been introduced in the "thermal belts," where every condition seems favorable to its growth. This is the rose from which ninety per cent. of the attar of rose is made. It is the ancestor from which the infinite variety of hybrid perpetual roses derive a large part of their blood. Other sorts of roses have been tried for distilling the celebrated perfume, but only two others yield even a faint trace of this essence. One of these is the white musk rose and the other a dark-eyed variety of Damascena, but they do not contain more than one-half the perfume found in the bushy damask rose.

Although the greatest amount of attar of roses is made in the Balkans and at Leipsic, France is still the home of most perfume flowers, and Grasse, Cannes and Nice are famous for their perfumes of roses, violets, jasmine, lavender and orange. The French chemists have succeeded better than any other in distilling from the flowers the most delicate perfumery. Their methods of extracting the perfumery are supposed to be held secret and guarded with jealous care, and the difficulty in this country has been that no one has given the attention to the distilling part of the business that the occasion demands. A French chemist connected with one of the largest perfumery firms in France recently visited this country to make experiments with our roses, and he claimed that the flowers raised in the South and in California yielded about twenty per cent. more of the volatile oil than similar flowers in his own country. The report to his company was to decide them as to the question of trying to establish a branch house in this country, and it is rumored that negotiations are already under way to secure valuable flower land either in the "thermal belts" along the Atlantic coast or in California.

Meanwhile, however, progress in making American perfumery has advanced to such a point in the South that many growers are actually planting extensive gardens for this purpose. The damask roses of the Balkans have been planted not far from Fayetteville, N. C., and they are rapidly growing and producing large crops. Experiments with the blossoms have been made, and they have yielded a fair quantity of the attar. In their native home the roses are threatened with frost at night, but rarely injured, and it is supposed that this cool night atmosphere develops the precious attar. Now the "thermal belts" along the Atlantic coast are elevated above the damp air of the valleys, and are usually exempted from the late spring frosts, but the nights are very cool. The soil here is of the right texture to produce the rose bushes, and so far as experiments can be made everything seems to be in favor of the new industry. This year the first attar of roses will be extracted from the new plants in sufficient quantity to be sent to the market, and upon the success of this crop will largely depend the future outlook.

The attar of roses is not difficult to make. The chief question is to obtain the flower leaves that will yield the oil. The freshly opened roses are gathered early in the morning and carried to the distillery, where they are turned into rose water within twelve hours. The still is very simple of construction and is filled three-quarters with water and rose leaves. Then a fire is lighted under it. The worm runs through cold water, and in about forty-five minutes the contents of the still have been drawn off

through the worm. This first distillation produces rose water, and this has to go through the same process a second time to produce the attar. The liquid that comes out of the still the second time is highly perfumed, and when put into bottles with long necks an oily substance gradually collects on the surface. This is skimmed off the liquid and put up in ornamental bottles for the market. This oily perfume is the true undiluted attar of roses, but it is always weakened before using.

The process of extracting the odors from the more delicate flowers, such as the jasmine, tuberose and violet, is more interesting and elaborate than distillation. The essences of these flowers are so delicate that they are injured by heat, and the French chemists have devised various methods of extracting and retaining them. The process is by absorption or enfleurage, and the principle is based simply on the established law of affinity which hydro-carbons—that is, beef and mutton fats—have for perfumes. The difficult point in the whole process is to purify these fats so that the odors will be concentrated and caught by them, and not tainted in any way. It is in this respect that the French perfumes excel all others. They have elaborated a method by which the fats are made perfectly pure, and their flower essences are of the most faultless kind. If the grease is not absolutely pure, and the fat odorless, the pomade becomes rancid and worthless.

The modus operandi is plain enough to the visitor to the perfume factory, except the secret process of purifying the grease. Multitudes of wooden frames, having rims about three inches in depth, and fitted with sheets of ordinary window glass, are placed on benches before the operators. Over the first sheet of glass a layer of the prepared fat is spread less than a quarter of an inch thick, and on top of this the leaves of the flowers are scattered. The leaves are fresh and full of odor, and they must be handled shortly after being plucked. When all of the sheets of glass have thus been covered with a layer of fat and a layer of flower leaves, they are fitted into the frame carefully, one on top of the other, and the box closed up tight. In a comparatively short time the odor from the leaves will pass into the fat and be retained there for a long time. These particles of fat can be shipped hundreds of miles without losing the sweet fragrance of the flowers. Next, the fat is cut up into small square pieces and put into alcohol. The essence soon leaves the fat and unites with the alcohol, so that when the former is removed it is odorless.—Philadelphia Times.

Is There Any Hydrophobia?

At this season we occasionally read in the newspapers of a case of hydrophobia. It is supposed that during the hot weather the dog is more subject to the disease. A printed letter has reached us which raises the question whether in fact there is any such disease. It seems that many physicians, having a practice of a lifetime, testify that they have never known of a well authenticated case. At the Philadelphia dog pound, where, on an average, over 6000 vagrant dogs are taken up annually, not one case of hydrophobia has occurred during its entire history of twenty-five years, and in which time 150,000 dogs were handled. One physician made a constant examination of this subject from all the data he could obtain in this country and Europe for sixteen years.—Dr. Charles W. Dulles, Lecturer on the History of Music, University of Pennsylvania—and he declares he has failed to find a single case on record that could be conclusively proven to have resulted from the bite of a dog.

The letter appeals to editors to make these facts known. It is believed it is the power of the imagination which causes the symptoms, that the latter result either from the air or what are known as "mimetic" diseases. In other words, the disease results from scare rather than virus. It appears, also, that there are at least thirty other diseases besides hydrophobia which cause dread and inability to swallow water. It is urged that, inasmuch as nervous people are liable to have the fearful symptoms from the effect of the imagination, it would be well that these facts be extensively known, and then the dread which results from the bite of a dog would pass away, and that such a cure would be better than Pasteur's inoculation method.—New York Observer.

Poisonous "Snowballs."

The fatal effects of the use of what are known as "snowballs," a cheap compound of shaved ice and artificial flavoring extracts, should serve as a warning to parents who allow their children to invest their pennies in these articles. The extracts used contain large proportions of fusel oil and glucose, and they are colored with aniline, making their use decidedly unwholesome, if not positively dangerous. The stomachs of young children are peculiarly sensitive to poison. It is the fusel oil, physicians say, that makes the child become addicted to "snowballs," just as the opium smoker, the victim of tobacco or the drunkard becomes enslaved to his peculiar vice. Thus the taste becomes a disease that may lead to serious results.—Norristown Herald.

A Veracious Rifle.

The photographic rifle is said to have proved a great success with the Emperor of Germany and his guests on a deer hunt. A little camera is fixed to the gun and exposes a plate at the instant the shot is fired. The plate is instantly developed in a pocket bath. The picture shows whether the animal was struck and enables the hunter to avoid a fruitless chase if he has missed his game.

CUNIOUS

Part of a corn field at J... which has never been under... settled twenty feet.

Judge Clifford, of Chicago, the court record the other... hearing three lawsuits at one time.

The execution of some of the French tapestry is so slow that an artist cannot produce more than a quarter of a square yard in a year.

The attempt in England in 1846 to take a census was opposed on the ground of its being a national disgrace, and was not realized till 1851.

In the days of William the Conqueror it was more dangerous to kill a man than a murderer could be with the payment of a fine, a murderer was put to death.

In the towns and cities of China the shopping of any consequence is done in the evening. In San Francisco stores are open till midnight, and in Hong Kong they are open till late afternoons they are closed.

Lightning struck a wire on which grapevine was trained in the Park vineyard, at Moultrie, Fla., stripped the fruit from it, and then to another wire and repeated the effect.

John Quinn, a Louisville politician, weighed 245 pounds, was married another day to Miss Mary E. Smith, weighs more than 200 pounds, are the heaviest bridal couple of year in Louisville.

Unscrewing the cover from a locked melodeon, that the instrument might aid the choir at the funeral of childless New England widow who recently the decedent's relatives upon \$12,000 in United States bonds stowed away inside.

The Chinese are ahead of the world in the preparation of roast pork for table. After it has come out of the oven it is hung in the smoke of aromatic herbs, which give it a curious flavor, and robs it of the taste which is offensive to some palates.

At Tydd, near Long Sutton, Lincolnshire, England, a partridge been seen with a brood of white horn chickens. It is believed that the partridge deposited her eggs in a nest in which a Leghorn hen had laid the eggs of the hen hatching fore those of the partridge account for this novel occurrence.

A Railroad Puzzle.

Between the forty-nine and fifty mile posts on the Carolina Railroad there is a piece of track a distance of nearly six miles that sends a singular condition that amounts to an inexplicable mystery. All trains going and coming are grinding and start a terrible squealing when they get on this six mile track. The noise comes from not one car, but every locomotive, coach, and every car of whatever set up a grinding as if turning on a stone.

The noise is something like the creaking of an ox cart that has no greasing, and it is made by every truck train. The track is perfectly straight and as there is no curve at all cause of the grinding and squealing has mystified the railroad people. Every effort has been made to obtain the cause of the difficulty, but locomotives have been examined, coaches and cars have been sorted over every cross tie and every rail has been inspected, every joint has been greased, and every foot of the track has been regreased, but no explanation could be found. The section has almost crawled over the six miles on his knees in search of the cause.

The roadmaster has tried his best to ferret out the matter, and the superintendent has been over the track inspected it—all of them making pained efforts time and again to get out what was the matter—but have given it up as a bad job. They have not only been unable to discover the cause of the noise, but have been unable to discover any theory to explain the mystery. It is one of railroad mysteries of the age, and has been going on for twenty years. During that time the crosses and rails have been replaced several times with new ones, but without effect.—Louis Globe-Democrat.

How Dogs Are Stung.

This is an era of tiny dogs in English society. The more diminutive parcel of canine flesh that you possess the more are you a swell. It is a how many feminine readers delight in the miniature doggies that they are an artificial product.

There is in London an establishment devoted entirely to the stinging of the animals. The proprietor, an ex-breeder of fighting dogs, but he now more profit in rearing the Italian canines, for which he has a reputation. He does not claim to be the originator of the process, but says that all dog men know of the dwarfing powers of alcohol, but he asserts that he is the only man in London to adopt the principle systematically.

His method is as follows: The dog destined to be stung is taken to his mother when a few hours old, when it begins to whine for sustenance it is fed with a warm decoction of alcohol and water. Deprived of milk, it is brought to this ready. When it reaches a certain age alcohol in various quantities constitutes the animal's sole diet.

The pups do not die, nor do they develop. They soon cease to grow, and after a generation or two of stinging, the much-prized hipplipantia is obtained.—Toledo Blade.

Edinburgh as a Gift Taker.

Some one who refused to do his name has offered to give \$100,000 to the city of Edinburgh, Scotland, to build a Town Hall. During the few years the city has received \$900,000 in gifts.