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Cupid's Graduate.

In days when I groped in the darkness Of language dimly and dead, And tried to get Hedy and Harkness Stowed safely away in my head.

When square and cube roots grew around me, And tangled my pathway to school, You came like an angel, and found me And loved me—a fool.

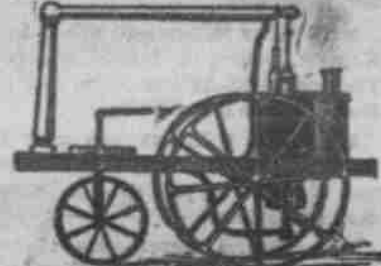
You helped in the hard conjugations—To love was the verb I knew best; You solved all the hard questions That bedeviled my brain with unrest; And when you accomplished all this, you Were satisfied always, at once, If I would but bend down and kiss you, Your lover and—duce.

I was not exactly the chap to Grow famous in college, and yet I learned quite as much as an apt to, And finished without a regret; Then back came your bachelor stipend—Dear girl, I had some sense, you see—And took a course given by Cupid, And won his degree!

—Felix Corwin, in Smart Set.

A Primitive Automobile.

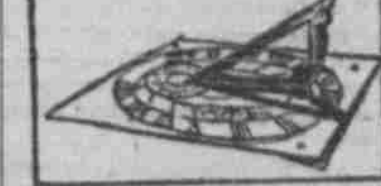
While it is a matter of history that the first locomotive made and run in England was a small model of an ordinary road locomotive constructed in 1825 by William Murdock, it is prob-



First Locomotive Made in England.

ably little known that this original engine is still in existence. The little locomotive is about 14 inches high and 18 inches long, with a width over the driving wheels of 7 inches. The ancient reproduction of a recent photograph of it illustrates its makeup very clearly. There is an oblong boiler, mounted upon three wheels, with two driving wheels at the rear attached to a crank axle, and one steering wheel in front arranged under the boiler, and running in a swiveling fork, which can be set by a tiller handle above. Behind the driving wheels is the boiler, which is a rectangular vessel, 3 1/2 inches high, 4 1/2 inches long, and 3 1/2 inches wide, made of copper. Through the boiler a flue passes obliquely, connecting from a circular chamber forming the firebox to a small funnel in the top of the boiler, which serves to carry off the products of combustion from a spirit lamp arranged to burn within the firebox. The steam cylinder of the engine is mounted on the top of the boiler and the lower part passes into it, and is surrounded by steam. The piston rod passes upward, and is attached to the end of a vibrating beam, which passes to the front of the carriage and is pivoted in an upright pillar. The diameter of the piston is 1/4 inch, and the length of its stroke is 2 inches. As the piston moves up and down, it causes the beam to rotate the driving wheels by means of a connecting rod attached to the crank axle. A leaden weight is placed above the steering wheel to balance the machine, and to prevent it tipping over when water is in the boiler.—Cassier's Magazine.

Jefferson's Sundial.



Thomas Jefferson is said to have made this sundial, which has just been found in Virginia.

This Family is Incorporated.

The Fairbanks Family of America (Incorporated) is one of the latest organizations asking for a charter. The objects of the society are to collect and compile historical records of the clan Fairbanks, to hold property, to preserve objects of interest to the family, and to promote education of its members in subjects relating to the family history.

The first Fairbanks to take up an abode on this continent was Jonathan, but the tribe has been prolific, and about 4,000 American families have descended from him to retrete the racial suicide hobnobbing.

In August last a family reunion was held at the Fairbanks homestead in Dedham, Mass., and one of its results was the incorporation recently asking for a charter. The idea of the society is to purchase the Dedham property and provide for an annual income sufficient to maintain it as a Fairbanks headquarters.

Cash of the Long Ago.

Linear descendants of the bronze axe of remote Celestial ancestors are the little brass coins, the Chinese coins. Here is how this curious pedigree first worked itself out: In the early times, before coins were invented, barter was usually conducted between producers and consumers with metal implements, as it still is in Central Africa at the present day. At first the Chinese in that unpopulated area were content to use real hatchets for this commercial purpose, but after a time with the profound mercantile instinct of their race, it occurred to

some of them that when a man wanted half a hatchet's worth of goods he might as well pay for them with half a hatchet. As it would be a pity to spoil a good working implement by cutting it in two, the worthy Ah Sin ingeniously compromised the matter by making thin hatchets of the usual size and shape, but far too slender for practical usage. By so doing he invented coin, and, what is more, he invented it far earlier than the claimants to that proud distinction, the Lydians, whose coinage dates from the first century of the seventeenth century B. C.

The Quaker Chinaman.

His left hand is the place of honor. He carries a pig instead of driving him. He whittens instead of blackens his shoes. His favorite present to a parent is a coffin. He says sixths-four instead of fourth-sixths. He keeps out of step in walking with others. He shakes his own hands instead of his friend's. He puts on his hat in salutation when he takes it off. He rides with his heels instead of his toes in the stirrups. He seems it polite to ask a casual caller's age and income. His long tails are not a sign of dirtiness but respectability. His visiting card is eight and sometimes thirty inches long. He often throws away the fruit of the melon and eats the seed. His merits often bring a title not to himself but to his ancestors. His women folk are often seen in trousers accompanied by men in gowns. His compass points south, and he speaks of west-north instead of north-west. He does not consider it clumsy but courteous to take both hands to offer a cup of tea.

In the Light of the Moon.

It is not always recalled that in the light of the moon colors are very greatly altered. They are not merely darkened, but changed altogether. Sir William Abney, writing on this subject in "Photography," after explaining the nature of the alteration and how it may be measured scientifically, says, "Artists give moonlight pictures a prevailing tone of green, but nearly always pure white is somewhere to be seen in them. As a matter of fact, the white should have a slight touch of green with it to give the proper effect. Poets, too, are not always exact in their descriptions. Blood seen in moonlight would be black, and the moonlight shining through the painted window of a church would illuminate the floor with a grey light, except where the red glass happened to be, and there a black patch would be shown."

Religious Masks.



Worn by Hindu priests during impressive ceremonies.

Wolves Afraid of Music.

An incident just reported from Sivas via Constantinople proves that music frightens wolves. The musicians returning to their village from a wedding party were overtaken by a snowstorm, and sought refuge in a deserted mill. They were just getting comfortable when they saw a number of wolves run in their direction. For a mode of diversion one of the men began playing on his instrument, and the others joined him. The music so terrified the animals that they attempted to run away, and the door was closed they began fighting. Several of them were torn to pieces, the survivors eventually occupying through a hole in the wall. The incident is vouched for by the Government Gazette of Sivas.

Superstition in Italy.

A curious tale of superstition comes from Italy. In a village near Milan there was gossip of ghosts being seen at night, and a young man was suspected of possessing the power to raise them by playing on a trombone. The other day he was met carrying his trombone by a number of peasants who demanded that he should give them on the spot a sample of his miraculous powers. The poor fellow denied that he could raise spirits. The peasants, fully believing that he could, and enraged at his seeming obstinacy, attacked him with sticks, and so severely injured him that he died.

His Name a Mandioca.

The king of Greece has an aide-camp who rejoices in the name of Papadimitriopoulos. In the ordinary course of things, the gallant colonel would accompany his Hellesic majesty on his travels abroad every summer, but his name was found to leave a train of disquieting jaws in the royal wake; moreover, it was charged so two words in telegrams, and was nullified by telegraphists beyond all recognition; so he is now left at home and a gentleman of the name of Thomas George on his annual visits to Athens and Paris.

Where Gannets Swarm.

One of the most remarkable sights in the world is Bird Island, in South Africa. For the reason that during some months of the year it is literally covered with gannets. Not a foot of ground is to be seen anywhere. Day after day thousands of gannets strut around, and they are so close to each other that the whole island seems actually alive. Those who have seen this sight say that it is one which can never be forgotten.

AMERICAN LEGENDS.

(Gleaned from various sources, by CHAS. C. JAMES.)

American Folk Lore is full and rich in many beautiful legends, often containing an element of truth that is forcible. We have put in many years in gaining knowledge of the legends of Rome, Greece, Merrie Old England, the Fatherland, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, neglecting our own which are marked with a distinct quality—American originality in invention.

LEGEND OF THE INDIAN SUMMER.

Wakobon was high up in the heavens. The white bird was in the hey-day of his glory. (He was the symbol of the sun-god, Wakobon) and the Manito smiled over all the labors of the year. He smiled at the corn, it resulted in full grown kernels of many hues; upon the wheat and tipped it with gold; upon the grasses and they waved their saucy heads and smiled back at the fat, lazy sun-god.

When he fretted, he drew a curtain of heavy gray over the azure sky; the air was laden with the elements of discomfort; the water congealed in round hard balls, with which he pelted the crops as a spoiled child, the earth was covered with debris and ruin thus wrought. When he smiled the azure sky was resplendent with beauty, the air balmy and bracing; the crops sang a fugue of marvellous sweetness, as the winds of summer go soaping through the fields making each leaf and stalk a chord in the great harp of nature, filling our ears with the melodies.

The grain was garnered, the fruits matured, stored away for use; the meadows peaceful; the forests no longer sing the beautiful harmonies of life, the sap is now descending to mother earth; the "Ad-j-daumo, Bena, (1); O-me-mer, (2); Wa-wa, (3); the Wa-hu-co, (4), jumps at the first sound of the alarm, and the song of the O-a-ia-ia, (5), is heard. Then lighting his Cal-nu-net of peace, set to work to think out a plan for future activity.

In great glee he cries out, "Aha! I will get me up and away to the far frozen northland, where my brother Peboan (winter) reigns, and I will help to strip the forests, still the rivers and send icy blasts flying over the great lakes and waters, and the whirling powdery snow drifting high about the wigwams. It will be rare sport to make my brother Seegwon (spring) work till he sweats to repair my mischief, and I'll be back to see him at it."

But Manito had recently enjoyed the feast of Midway in the month of sturgeon, so he sat quietly meditating, building air castles, and, being lazy did not notice the gentle whirring of the variegated wings of Whring (6) as he gently comes with a murmuring, fluttering sound, so soothing to the nerves of Manito, that he drops to sleep. Seegwon now laughs at him, the waters sing a crooning, rollicking and mocking melody, which the breezes carry to his ears, but he hears not. The earth is soothed, the hills are covered with the purple base of the Puck-wan-a (7) from his peaceful Cal-nu-net. This will continue until he smokes it out. Then will Manito awaken. This is the legend of the Indian Summer.

*squirrel, 1 pheasant, 2 pigeon, 3 wild goose, 4 rabbit, 5 blue bird, 6 spirit of sleep, 7 smoke.

THE LEGEND OF THE MOSQUITO.

Many centuries before the trip of Columbus to America, a monster mosquito took up his abode at Onondaga, which was the capital of the Iroquois tribe. Much harm was done by this new enemy. Everyone whom it chose to attack, it sucked out his blood and he died.

The braves organized several campaigns for its defeat and destruction, or to expel him. It maintained its abode until "Hiawatha, the Holder of the Heavens" came to see his loyal subjects. While Hiawatha was there the monster emboldened by its success, as his custom was flew around the fort. Hiawatha attacked the monster. Its movements were rapid, hard to keep

up with; a few days chase and it was seen to be failing. Hiawatha hunted it till the Great Lakes were reached, when in the country toward the "Setting Sun." He killed the Monster, near the Salt Lake, and tradition relates that its blood became myriads of small mosquitoes, and sometimes when I am fishing often with the monster still lived.

You may, if you will follow closely, find a moral truth in all these legends.

THE LEGEND OF THE SACRED FIRE.

You have all read of the Sacred Fire that the Mosaic economy teaches shall always burn upon the altar. I have thought at some time or other this truth was known to the Aborigines.

The Natchez Indians claim that from time immemorial in their sacred temple the "Eternal Fire" was never allowed to go out; if it did there would follow a great mortality among the "Sons," the royal family of the nation who had been their rulers since the advent of "The" who descended from space, or, from the sun. He founded the royal family of "Sons" and was the first of that dynasty. His command was to keep the sacred fire always burning.

Great care was exercised in maintaining this rite. They constantly dreaded the misfortune and afflictions which would follow the going out of the sacred fire. At one time the watcher of this eternally burning fire, went to sleep and the fire went out. The watcher was thoroughly frightened and sought to conceal the fact that the fire had gone out. He rellit the fire with what was known as "Profane Fire." He kept buried deep in his own bosom, this secret, even tho' it consumed the peace of his life. Sickness came. The "Sons" for several years passed away. No one knew the cause of the mortality.

Finally this watcher was taken sick and knowing the end was at hand, sent in all haste for the chief "Sun" of the nation, confessing to him all he had done. He died. There was another temple where the sacred fire still burned, so a messenger was dispatched to bring sufficient to rellit the fire on this altar. The plague was stopped and the nation was again made happy. So let us not attempt to kindle the fire of the sacred life with the strange fire from the altar of mammon.

THE LEGEND OF THE WILD VIOLET.

Pure and happy was the world once. The family of nature was a harmonious whole. The leaves murmured a hymn of peace. The tree top artists carolled to the morning sun a sonata of welcome. The flowers sent out, permeating the air, their burden of praise in the aroma which refreshed all. The dynasty that ruled on the throne of omnipotence was love. Peace was everywhere. Love had an enemy. While love bound all things with a gentle bond, sin, her relentless enemy severs these bonds with pain and sorrow.

The leaves in their grief groaned and tones of sadness were beaten out. The birds' songs contained tears in their notes. The sympathies of men were stirred. The petals of the Flora that he touched shriveled up and fell on the earth.

God had planted in a secluded spot, a loving plant, always happy. The tough things of time never injured her. Smiling and glad she bloomed out a merry life. The clouds came into her experience. She bowed her head under a grief too heavy to bear.

A rose, both pretty and proud, all the flowers of the garden yielded homage to her. The winds made her strong as they wrestled with her. The scarlet poppies lulled her to sleep with drowsing draughts. The rose was the protector of the violet that grew and bloomed so near the earth. When the rose was small, one day, the violet kissed her with lips of love. Still the rose grew greater, reaching up to the morning sun, stealing color from his rays to beautify her summer blooms. The violet was left alone. One day the rose said to the violet, "You should

be up here with me." The thought of it chilled the violet till it quivered in fear. So the violet plead with the rose to "come back, please do not leave me, come back to me my love." The proud rose heeded not the plea. People passed close to the rose and enjoyed the delicate perfume of the violet, which grew under the rose. They never saw the beautiful flower as she poured out her song of thanksgiving to her friends, the happy flowers.

The violet's head drooped upon her breast, there were no protecting arms about her. The violet suffered. She said, "I cannot stay here where I was once so happy. I shall go off to the quiet woods, where my sorrow need disturb no one."

The wind listened to her and worked, and repeated them to the flowers, who earnestly sought her to stay. With bowed head and breaking heart she said, "No, I must go. My place is no longer with happy flowers."

Silently she left the world of fragrance and beauty, where so many seasons of happiness had passed. Her sad song ceased. A look at her told you she had suffered.

After a time she drew near to a forest whose shade and quiet were inviting. The forest spoke through the oak tree saying, "Stop beneath my shade. Here rest and be happy." The rose spoke in mellifluous tones, "put you head on my cool bed."

Here the beautiful violet again assumed her duties. Her sorrows had melted her heart, with a love that comforts trees, brooks and friends. Were she to leave the forest their waters would be drear and their springs weary. The suffering violet, how we love her, frail as she is, she speaks a message true. Seek shelter with submission, and with trusting faith find back of the clouds the sunlight from the heart of the heavenly Father.

(Continued next week.)

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