The Democratic Advocate.

$2 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1891. VOL. XXVI.-NO. 19.

Poetry.

MARCH DAYS.

RICHARD E. BURTON, in Harper's Magazine for March.

The world today is a nun in gray,
And the wind is her wailing prayer
To God, to give her a soul like May,
Flower sweet, white, and fair.

Still as a lake at even is the air;
The heavens are gloomed; I mark not anywhere
A hopeful sign hung out by plain or hill;
Only the etched brown trees and barren fields are there.

How like a madman's dream the thought of June!
Shall this warped pipe e'er swell with some soft tune
That calls for liquid stops and languorous skill,
The piper lying prone beneath a summer moon?

The mystery
And magic of the spring!
It seizes on this bleak and sullen thing
Called March, and see!
Bland skies, faint odors as of slumbering flowers,
Faint bird songs in the bowers,
A soft south wind, and, cradled in the wood,
As sweet as womanhood,
As shy as any maiden lured by love,
The dimly flushed arbutus bloom above
The harsh earth soon will peer,
And April airs be here!

Select Story.

A CLASP OF AMETHYSTS.

"Oh, you're taking in dressmaking, are you?" said Lucia Fanshawe, rather superciliously, as she glanced around the neatly furnished back parlor, with its fashion plates on the table, its lay figure in the corner, and its sewing machine under the window.

Miss Fanshawe was a tall, elegantly dressed young woman, with perfectly fitting kid gloves, a bonnet that had been imported direct from Mademoiselle Devigne's, in Paris, and a general "I ambetter-than-you" air.

Ellen Lilburne was pretty, too, but her dress was cheaper, her manners less aggressive.

The two girls had been desk mates at Madam Dupont's fashionable school in Philadelphia, but since their graduation the wheel of fortune had revolved in far different directions. Lucia had become engulfed in the whirlpool of gay soicety, where a rich husband was the prize for which all were striving, and nothing more serious than the last german or the next progressive euchre party was talked about, while poor Ellen, driven by stress of circumstances into the noble army of bread winners, had dwelt in a more toilsome atmosphere.

"Yes," said she composedly, "I am taking in dressmaking. Have you any customers that you could recommend me? Since papa's death mother and I are thrown upon our own resources, you know."

She had spoken quickly and with spirit. Something in Miss Fanshawe's manner had nettled her.

"Oh, dear, no!" said Lucia, smelling at the La France rose that she held in her hand. "My dresses are all designed in Paris, except the very commonest, and those I have from Miss Attinelli, on Fourteenth street. I never did care for amateur work."

"Indeed!" said Ellen. "Then to what do I owe the pleasure of this call? It is not at all probable that you have taken the trouble to come here merely to see me."

Lucia laughed a little awkwardly.

"You always were so satirical," said she. "But I am going to a fancy dress party as a heliotrope flower next week, and I remembered that pretty amethyst clasp that you used to wear at school. It would match my trimmings exactly, if you wouldn't mind lending it to me for a few days."

Ellen opened a little desk close to the window and took it out—a crescent-shaped line of purple fire, set in a dull gold frame.

"So much obliged to you," said Lucia smoothly. "And if I hear of any one who desires to employ a dressmaker I shall certainly recommend you."

Old Dr. Findley was in his study the next day when Miss Fanshawe was announced. He knitted his shaggy brow. "A silly, flippant votary of fashion," he muttered to himself. "What brings that grand-niece of mine here? I've given her to understand often enough that her visits are unpleasant!"

But Lucia came in smiling.

"Dear Uncle," said she, "I've heard that you are making a unique collection of precious stones, and I've brought an humble contribution to it."

Dr. Findley pricked up his ears, his eyes grew bright.

"Eh?" said he.

"It's an heirloom in our family," said Lucia. "An amethyst crescent that belonged to my mother's mother. Of course we are very much attached to it, but to please you we would sacrifice any feeling of mere sentiment."

"Let me see it," said Dr. Findley.

He turned the trinket over and over—held it so that the sunlight was reflected from the facets of violet fire and scrutinized the setting keenly.

"Hump," said he, "hump! It's a good color, and the pattern is choice. But I shall not take your pretty ornament, Lucia, without making some return. A fair exchange is no robbery. Amethysts are rare, but diamonds are more precious. Here."

He took from a teak wood jewel casket a ring set with a dew drop of glistening whiteness—a diamond of the choicest water.

"Oh, uncle!" cried delighted Lucia, coloring high with pleasure," this is too much."

"No, it isn't," he retorted, curtly, and Lucia went away feeling that she had a ring handsomer than Miss DeBougainville's solitaire that everyone admired so much.

It so happened that young Dr. Lindsay strolled in a few days subsequently to consult with the old practitioner about some new combination of drugs, and found him absorbed in the contemplation of his antiques.

"Look here, Frank, did you ever see a finer row of amethysts? Leave off talking about Materia Medica. One can't eat and drink shop the whole time. Look at the color—see the size."

"It's very pretty," said Lindsay. I seem to have seen one like it somewhere. Although I can't say that I am especially interested in amethysts."

"That you have not! cried the old gentleman with decision. "This specimen is *sui generis*. I don't believe it's mate exists. Certainly not on this side of the water."

Lindsay smiled, admired the drawers of the jewel box, and diverted the conversation back to the drug question as soon as possible. But his opinion remained unchanged.

"There!" he exclaimed to himself as he came out from seeing a case of German measels, an hour or so afterward. "I remember now where I saw the match to that clasp of purple stones. Nellie Lilburne used to wear it in her lace collar.

He drove directly to the Lilburne house.

"Why, Nelly, said he, with the kindly familiarity fitting to old playmates, "how pale you are! Doesn't the dress-making business prosper?"

She shook her head, but tried to summon a smile. "Frank, I have come to the conclusion that there are too many dressmakers in the city already. But what brings you here? You don't want a dress, do you?"

"Nelly. will you sell that old amethyst you used to wear!" said he, in the abrupt fashion that was ordinary to him.

"I believe I can get you a good price for it. Old Dr. Findley is making a collection of antique gems, and I think he would pay you well for it."

"I have lent it to Miss Fanshawe," said Ellen. "She borrowed it to wear to a fancy dress party, and when I asked her for it, she told me she had lost it."

"Lucia Fanshawe?"

"Yes."

"Humph!" said Frank. "In that case why don't she make good the loss to you?"

Ellen arched her pretty eyebrows.

"I don't think Lucia likes to spend money," said she, "except where it will make a show."

"It's very strange," said Frank reflectively.

He met Miss Fanshawe at a reception the next evening. She was superbly dressed and looked very handsome, but he could not help remembering Ellen Lilburne's lost clasp.

"I don't see," said Lucia, petulantly to her mother, "what makes Dr. Lindsay so cold and standoffish of late. They tell me he has got a very fair practice, and, of course, he'll inherit that old Lindsay estate in the suburbs sooner or later. He used to be rather an admirer of Ellen Lilburne, but since she has gone entirely out of society ——"

"Don't fret, dear," said Mrs. Fanshawe; "men have their hot and cold fits; it's their nature. Now, I'm quite sure that Frank Lindsay admires you. Give him plenty of line—you'll be pretty certain to land him at last," added the accomplished old manœverer.

The very next time that Lindsay went to Dr. Findley's house the old gentleman alluded to the amethysts again.

"Have you found that match for my circlet of gems yet?" he said, jeeringly.

"No," answered Frank. "Will you allow me took at the stone once more?"

"Much as you like—as much as you like," said Findley, gleefully. "One or two experts have seen 'em, and they tell me I've got a real treasure in 'em."

"Did you tell me where it was that you obtained them?" asked Lindsay.

"No, I didn't; but it is no secret. My grandniece, Lucia Fanshawe, gave them to me. They were an heirloom in the family, it seems—on her mother's side—but Lucia is a good-hearted little thing, and she knows my fancy for rare stones. However, she has lost nothing by it, for I gave her in return a $300 diamond. I am not one who likes to be under obligations to anybody."

"Ah!" said Frank. "Well, then sir, if I were to use a paradox, your clasp of amethysts is its own match."

"Eh!" cried the old gentleman.

"This is the very ornament of which I was speaking," said Lindsay. "It is the same one I used to see in the dress of a friend of mine—Miss Lilburne. Your very obliging niece has been generous at someone else's expense. She borrowed Miss Lilburne's cresent of amethysts and very conveniently forgot to return it. It is strange to what depth of meanness your society lady will stoop at times," he added bitterly.

Dr. Findley pulled meditatively at his grizzled mustache.

"Humph! humph!" said he. "The diamond was clean gain, then, wasn't it? But where does this lady live, Linday? I must either return this trinket to her, or see if she will part with it to me for a fair compensation. I must say that I am unwilling to lose it."

"The clasp, sir," said Frank. "I will undertake that all shall be right. I am going to ask Nellie Lilburne to marry me—and, of course, the interests of husband and wife are one."

The old man shook hands heartily with him. "I congratulate you, my boy," said he. "I'm a bachelor myself, but there are times when I question the wisdom of my course of life."

And Lucia Fanshawe had never received so severe a verbal castigation as that which Dr. Findley gave her that day.

"Niece," said he, "you have been a thief and a liar both. I don't know from whom you can possibly have inherited this moral obliquity, but I am certain it wasn't from my side of the genealogical tree. Be so good as to give me back the diamond ring, which you neither earned nor deserved; I intend to offer it as a wedding present to the girl whom Lindsay is going to marry—the real owner of the amethysts."

And poor Lucia had not a word to say in her own defence. All her life long she had practiced these little diplomacies, and she had never before been found out. But now, to lose diamond, lover and the esteem of her rich old grandunele, all at once—it was rather overpowering.

Dr. Findley kept his word. He sent the diamond ring to Nelly Lilburne with a pretty congratulatory note. Nor was this all. On her wedding day she received as perfect a set of amethysts—brooch, ear pendants and bracelets—as New York could supply.

"In their way they are perfect," said Dr. Findley; "but they are not, like the clasps, antiques."

But Lucia Fanshawe received no cards to the wedding. Probably she would not have gone if she had. Failure does not like to walk behind the chariot wheels of success.

On Teasing.

It seems to me that one of the most annoying traits of character which one can possess is a disposition to tease, for when it is freely indulged there is nothing that can cause more unhappiness to others. To be obliged to spend one's life with an inveterate tease is like living in a bramblebush or suffering constantly from the torture of innumerable pin pricks. To be sure, one pin prick is nothing much, but when one has to bear ten thousand of them it is quite another thing.

"Pshaw!" says the tease, "I did not hurt you any. I wouldn't make such a fuss about nothing. I did not mean anything. I was only teasing."

Exactly. And it is just because there is no meaning in it, nor necessity for it, because it is only "teasing," that poor, insulted, tormented human nature cries sometimes in a passion against it. If the tease cannot find anything else to annoy he will torment an animal or a little child, and he thinks it is fun; but it is the most malicious, most dreadful and most dangerous fun in the world. I once knew a lady who was literally almost frightened to death by a miserable man who followed her home through the twilight; she reached shelter and dropped fainting on the floor, and the thoughtless fellow who had occasioned the distress explained that "he just followed her to tease her, because he knew she was timid, and he did it just for fun." He found that it was not so funny as he waited, while she hovered between life and death, the victim of the wretched joke.

I think that a genuine tease is always a coward, for he never attacks his equals; his victims are the helpless animals, the little child, the timid woman. If you will notice, it is never the smallest boy who teases the larger one. And then a tease can never bear to be teased himself. Nothing makes him angrier than to be paid back in his own coin.

But really the most distressing thing about the whole matter is the effect which the habit of teasing has upon the nature of the one who indulges in it. A confirmed tease becomes positively heartless. He can look upon physical and mental distress quite unmoved.

If there is a boy who reads these lines who likes to tease his little sister till she runs in tears to her mother, or who torments some little fellow at school just to see him crimson and bristle with impotent rage, if you want to make a man of yourself stop it; for it is a most ignoble and unmanly thing to take delight in causing pain to any living creature, especially if it is smaller and weaker than yourself.

Look Out for Mother.

Many wives and mothers are laboring with hand and brain almost incessantly, day after day and year after year, to supply the oft returning wants of their families; no other class lead such lives of daily self-sacrifice as do our patient, plodding mothers. They anticipate our wants and needs, come and go at our slightest wish, with untiring love and interest in all that concerns us, from early infancy until they sink beneath the burdens and cares of this life.

From force of habit, brought about by the tender devotion of their hearts, they are always thinking and doing for others. Yet in many homes no one seems to think of the mother's comfort, or that she can have any need of relaxation. Now every woman who has led an active life needs to be released from constant toil by the time she is 40 years of age. Those who love her should learn this before it is too late, and make it possible for her to take life easier and lay by a store of physical force against a time of need fast approaching.

The much needed rest the mother will always protest against taking so long as she feels that any of the family need her care and labor, but her future health, and in many cases her life, depends upon a few years of rest, rest, rest!—physical and mental. Who will say she has not earned it? Can you let the time slip quietly by and do nothing while the life of one you dearly love is slowly wearing away in treadmill round which seems a daily necessity to the family?

Arouse yourselves; see to it that your mother gives up her cares entirely for a time, even though your comforts are lessened. Send her to visit a sister or some dear friend, and make her stay a good, long time—six weeks or more. When she returns see that some one is installed to share the burdens that have always fallen upon mother. Take her out to ride often. Encourage her to take walks and call on her neighbors and friends. If she has long regretted that she was always too weary to make the effort to attend church, see that she has a day of absolute rest preparatory, and then offer to accompany her. Make her feel young again by your thoughtful care; she has done so much for you.

An electrician who has made a specialty of spectacular electricity says the day is not far off when electrical fireworks will supersede those now used. He declares that for a comparatively moderate outlay he could arrange an electrical display that would last for many years and could be repeated as often as desired. It would comprise rockets, Roman candles, wheels, Niagara Falls and all the the modern pyrotechnical effects.

The Making of Flint Glass.

From Harper's Magazine.

Flint glass is the general term for all the multiform utensils and ornaments (apart from windows and dark bottles) which make glass an omnipresent blessing in modern life. The distinctive peculiarity of flint glass is the presence in it of lead, which imparts a brilliancy unlike that of most other glass. The lack-lustre surface of all the old objects of glass made before the English invention of a lead formula is noticeable. Lead oxide was originally used only in most expensive glass, prepared from calcined flints. But gradually it has crept into many grades, down to the most common material for household and fancy wares, and for all transparent bottles, giving them all a finer lustre than was otherwise obtained until the recent invention of lime glass. And the costliest of all glass, that used for optical lenses and imitation gems, still gains its extraordinary weight and refractive power from lead. The honors of skill in flint-glass production are broadly divided among the nations, England taking the lead in the crystal or purest flint glass used for cutting; Italy (Venice) in colored designs more brilliant than any made in the days of the republic, when flint glass was not known; Switzerland in imitation gems; Germany in cheap vases; France in lens disks, and America in pressed glass and cheap tableware. Recently a cheaper flint glass has been introduced into American pressed ware, in which lime is substituted for lead, yet which retains much of the lustre and clearness of lead flint.

Flint glass is either blown, moulded or pressed, and frequently all three methods may be seen together in the same establishment.

A flint glass factory is a most entertaining medley of marvels. As you enter the great building that surrounds the huge chimney, the first impression is that you are in a human ant hill, rumbling with inordinate activity. Or perhaps the sensation is better described as a plunge into a purgatorial chamber of industrious demons. In the centre the openings in the gigantic furnace dazzle you like glaring eyes from a soul of fire; but the glow comes really from molten glass in the dozen "monkey pots" about the blaze. Scores of workers, boys, youths and men, throng in restless confusion. It looks as if every one were running about on some impish deed of his own fancy. But stand still and watch closely, and you will see it is all a great system of human clockwork, each movement fitting nicely into the whole effect. The men at the furnace, who seemed at first to be devils thrusting pitchforks into the blazing depths to toast their victims, are only gathering metal on their punties. When a sufficiently large lump has been collected the man wanders off with it. You think he will certainly burn some one with that burning ball of fire, they are all bustling about him so incessantly. But follow him carefully, and you will see him silently hand the tube to an older man, who blows the glass into a large globe, and sits down to play with it at a bench which has a horizontal iron bar on each side of him to roll the tube on. Back and forth he rolls it like a toy, and the glass keeps curiously changing its shape. He has made a hole in the globe and has enlarged it into a symmetrical opening, and now the glass is cooled, so that he can do nothing more. Will anybody in all that hurrying crowd help him? Instantly a young man appears and, without a word, he holds up to the cool glass his long tube with a disk of red hot glass on the end, which fastens to it. The man at the bench scratches the globe, jars it, and it leaves his bar. Off the other man runs with it to the "glory-hole," where the broken end is quickly heated again into softness. Then he hurries back with it to the bench man, who renews his play. A couple of minutes more and suddenly you perceive that he has made a perfect lamp shade, which a stroke detaches from the iron rod into a small bed of sand. A small boy carries it off on a stick to the annealing furnace, and now the gatherer is on hand again with a fresh lump of metal to begin the process again. Turn to the next man sitting at his work, and you notice him finishing a smaller charge into a lamp chimney, shaping the top by a mould. Here is a man amusing himself with a small bunch of soft glass on his rod. You are sure he can have no serious purpose in turning and bending it into ridiculous shapes. Quickly a boy seizes it from him, and you cannot trace him. It has gone over to a fancy vase, where it was needed to complete the ornament. So each bench has its own little task of skill, and keeps repeating it over and over, and each boy of the multitude (there are two or more to every man) has his own particular duties. He pops up always in the moment and place where he is needed. All the workers are busy as their wits can make them, for they work by the piece, and the number of things made determines their wages. They are grouped into sets or "shops" of three or four, who work together and share profits together on a well-understood grade of division. Generally four constitute a shop, the most skillful workman (the blower) at the head, the gatherer (a young fellow) next, and two boys, one handling moulds or tools, and the other carrying the products to the annealing oven. The only way to learn the glass trade is through long apprenticeship in these four stages. And no apprentice is permitted to enter the full privilege and wages of a master workman without the consent of the order. By this severe means of apprenticeship the glass-workers keep the skill of their trade in their own control, much like the old Venetian artisans, and practically dictate their own prices to employers.

A farmer residing near Guilderland, N. Y., has been sent to an insane asylum because he has a mania for whistling at all times and in all places. He whistles from night to morn, and after retiring he whistles until he falls asleep. If he wakens through the night he immediately commences to whistle and continues until he is exhausted.

The Curvature of the Earth.

From St. Louis Republic.

Generally speaking, we say that the curvature of the earth amounts to about seven inches to the statute mile; more exactly, it is 6.99 inches to the mile, or 7.962 inches for a geographical mile. Any amount of artificial assistance with optical instruments does not make it possible for the eye to perceive the least ioto of curvature, even though the gaze is directed from the highest eminence. This is because the vision is not capable of comparing heights and distances. The effect of the known curvature of the globe may be illustrated in the following manner:

Take down your globe, place a book, pane of glass or even a ruler against it—either of the two objects first named being best adapted to such an experiment; you will observe instantly that the book or pane only touches in one point, the globe's surface falling away in all directions from the point of contact.

Now suppose the ocean's surface to be calm and frozen, and a sheet of glass many miles square laid upon it. At one mile from the place of contact the glass will stand out nearly 8 inches (this measurement being upon the ocean, the mile is a nautical one), in fact, will lack but .038 of an inch of being 8 inches from the pane; at three miles it will be 6 feet, at nine miles 54 feet and so on. The number of feet of depression is equal to two-thirds of the square of the number of miles for any observable distance.

The atmosphere plays an important part in estimating the visibility of objects. On this account part of this depression must be canceled to make good the phenomenon of refraction, which causes objects of all kinds to appear higher than they would if there were no atmosphere. Careful measurements have shown that the error from refraction averages more than one-seventh of that from curvature. The rule, therefore, commonly used for correction of curvature and refraction is: Square the number of miles and take four-sevenths of it for the correction in feet. Thus, if an object is visible at a distance of five miles we may know that its height is at least 14½ feet.

Or, if the height of a visible object is known—say 100 feet—take one-fourth of this, multiply by seven and take the square root of the product (which gives the distance of the object), in this instance a fraction of over thirteen miles. A man swimming in the ocean can perceive a tower 200 feet high and nineteen miles away as a mere speck on the horizon; but if the man were elevated 100 feet above the surface of the water he could plainly perceive a tower 100 feet high at a distance of twenty-six miles.

What the Baby Can Do.

It can wear out a one dollar pair of kid shoes in less than 24 hours.

It can keep its father busy advertising in the paper for a nurse.

It can simultaneously occupy both sides of the largest bed made.

It can cause its father to be insulted by every second class boarding house keeper in the city who "never takes children," which, in nine cases out of ten, is fortunate for the children.

It can make itself look like a fiend just when its mother wants to show it off.

It can make an old bachelor in the next room use language that, if uttered on the street, would get him into the penitentiary for two years.

It can go from the farthest end of the room to the foot of the stairs in the hall quicker than its mother can step into the closet and out again.

It can go to sleep like an angel, and just as papa and mamma are starting for the theatre it can wake up and stay awake.

These are some of the things a baby can do. But there are other things as well. A baby can make the commonest house the brightest spot on earth. It can lighten the burdens of a loving mother's life by adding to them. It can flatten its dirty little face against the window pane in such a way that the tired father can see it as a picture before he rounds the corner. Yes, babies are great institutions, particularly one's own baby.

Fire in Flouring Mills.

"When a flouring mill gets on fire," says John Lindsay, chief of the St. Louis fire department, "the department is satisfied to save the adjacent property. There is nothing outside of a powder mill or a paint shop that is as combustible as a flour mill. I have heard a great deal about the explosive nature of flour dust, but I know nothing on the subject. My own idea of the reason why a flour mill burns like a bonfire is that it is built of wood in the first place, and that every part is connected by conveyers, flues, elevators, etc.

"Start a fire in any one portion of a mill and within five minutes the whole structure is in flames. The department never did save but one mill. In that case the fire commenced on an upper floor and we kept it there. There has been more money lost in flour-mill fires in St. Louis within ten years than from all other forms of large fires."

Paper Horseshoes.

It seems not unlikely that a change is imminent in the method of shoeing horses for military work. The German papers are devoting a great deal of attention to the discussion which is now going on in the military world as to the advisability of substituting compressed paper for iron in horseshoes for the German cavalry and artillery. After many experiments under all manner of conditions it has been found that the shoe which appears to be most worthy of adoption is made up of sheets of parchment paper cemented together with a special cement composed of turpentine, Spanish white, lac and boiled linseed oil. The separate pieces are stamped out, cemented and pressed together in a hydraulic press. When dry the shoe thus formed is rasped into the exact form and size required.

Curious Chinese Medicines.

From Washington Star.

The medicines of Caucasian civilization are derived from many a curious origin, but if you want to find funny things utilized as remedies for disease you will discover them in the Chinese pharmacopœia.

Medical science in that country has been somewhat impeded by the respect which the Chinese pay to a dead body. Worshiping their ancestors as they do, their physicians would never think of cutting up a corpse. Consequently they know nothing of anatomy. Such knowledge on the subject as they pretend to possess is derived, according to their own account, from a man born some centuries ago, who had the misfortune to be of a transparent consistency, physically speaking, as if he were made of glass, so that it was possible to see just how things went on in his insides.

From observation of this extraordinary freak it was discovered that certain channels ran to each part and extremity of a human being, and that by these channels it was possible to convey any remedy that might be necessary to any organ or member requiring treatment internally. Ever since then celestial doctors have been able to tell just what sort of pills or decoctions were intended for the cure of this or that disorder. The glass man doubtless suffered from the experiments tried upon him by science, but medical knowledge was benefited inexpressibly.

Probably the Chinese pharmacopœia is more elaborate than that possessed by any other people. Physicians in the Flowery Kingdom mix up together such extraordinary things for remedial purposes as we should never dream of. One of their cures for liver complaint is obtained by administering the fossil teeth of various animals, which are known to them as "dragons' teeth." Antelopes' horns, powdered, they believe to be excellent for rheumatism, and glue from the hides of asses is supposed to be an admirable tonic and diuretic. The shell of a certain fresh water turtle made into jelly is a sure thing for "misery in the joints." A decoction from the hedgehog's hide is excellent for skin diseases, and tigers' bones mixed with hartshorn and terrapin's shell in the shape of a jelly is a first rate tonic in cases of diseases of the bones and of ague.

Energy Always Wins.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Years ago—thirty-five or more—Timothy O. Howe, who was afterwards Postmaster General of the United States, was traveling up the Fox river of Wisconsin in a scow. In a corner of the boat he stumbled across a short, thick-set young man who was reading a big, calf-bound book. The man was dressed like a lumberman, in a hickory shirt, and with his corduroy breeches tucked in long, thick-soled boots. Mr. Howe paused in wonderment at the contrast between the book and the dress. "What are you reading there, young man?" he asked. The young man turned up the volume and the astonished Mr. Howe read "Tacitus." It was many years before the two men met again in Washington, and then Mr. Howe was high in the Government and Thomas Witherell Palmer was a candidate for Senator from Michigan. But Mr. Howe remembered the lumberman in the risen and rising politician, and he said he didn't wonder. This is the sort of man who has taken the Presidency of the Columbian Exposition Commissioners. The lad who could read Tacitus on a Fox river scow is not likely to lose his studiousness in later years, and Senator Palmer can still read Tacitus and more with pleasure. He is a traveler, a man familiar with nations and their tongues, and he is a diplomat.

False Teeth Prolong Life.

Very few people realize how much the dentist has done for mankind. To mention one thing only, says a prominent dentist, the perfection to which the manufacture of false teeth has been carried has practically abolished old age—that is, old age in the sense that I used to know it. You see none of the helpless, mumbling old men and women that you formerly did. This is not because people do not attain the age their parents and grandparents reached, but because the dentist has prevented some of the most unpleasant consequences of advancing years. Men of seventy no longer either look or feel old because they are not deprived of nourishing food at the time when they need it most. Estimates have been made showing that the average length of life has been increased from four to six years by the general use of false teeth.

Will Not Stay Down.

From Singleton (Cal.) Courier.

The engineers on the Fairhaven and Southern railroad in Oregon have struck another natural phenomenon only second to "the Devil's Breadpan." The gap of five miles in the track two miles beyond the boundary is a low, swampy place, which it was found necessary to pile. A forty foot pile was driven right into the swamp, and then another was driven over it. But the second pile would not stay down. As soon as the driver stopped pounding the pile began to rise again. Pound as they would the workmen could not make that pile stay down, for at every blow it seemed to cry "resurgam," and rose again as soon as the pounding ceased.

Tom Jones' Rabbit Ranch.

From Atlantic Journal.

Tom Jones, a worthy colored man, living near the Northeastern depot in Athens, has domesticated a large colony of the old field gray rabbits. Tom has about twenty-five breeders, and says that rabbits are raised as easily as chickens. They run at large in the yard, and become as tame as house cats. They increase very fast, and sell readily at ten cents each for pets or cooking purposes. There are always orders ahead for them. They grow very fast, and from one pair he can raise more rabbits in a year than the best hen will raise chickens.